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

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

It is becoming a very general desire among the younger members of the Congregational ministry in England it is stated, that "Rev." be omitted before their names. This is a favorable indication.

EASTER Sunday, represents the response which faith makes to the deep and universal longing of the human heart for immortality, and as such is to-day as it was in Pagan antiquity a day of preëminent joyfulness.

For delicacy of feeling and kindly sympathy the following advertisement taken from an English paper has probably never been surpassed: Having heard the happy news of your approaching marriage I have the pleasure of offering you my services in setting your teeth in complete order as per annexed price list. This operation, which is useful in all ordinary events of life, is indispensable under the present circumstances. The first impressions of married life are ineffaceable, and their consequences of the greatest gravity. I therefore cannot too strongly advise you to have your teeth thoroughly cleansed by a skillful and conscientious practitioner.

NEARLY all scientists now regard heat, light, magnetism and electricity as different manifestations of the same elementary forces, says a writer in the Nineteenth Century. Owing, however, to the forces being in every possible direction they neutralize each other, and no result of them is perceivable to our senses; but if ever we discover how to so direct their courses as to send the majority of them in the same direction we shall have at our disposal forces as much exceeding any we are now acquainted with as the blow struck by a bullet exceeds the force required to pull the trigger of a gun. In fact, as Mr. Tesla put it in his lecture, "We shall then hook our machinery on to the machinery of nature."

REV. T. L. ELIOT in the Christian Register says: We celebrate Easter in common with the Greek Church and the Roman,—with the Anglican Church, the Lutheran, and all other Protestants,—building upon their foundation, as in ancient times they built on other men's. For it is well known that the word "Easter" is the name of a heathen god of the spring-time; that Anglo-Saxon Christians took the name at least in this way, probably because the festival fell on or about the time of a popular Teutonic holiday in early spring time. And it is equally well known that the ancient name for Easter in Greece and Rome and the modern word in French, Italian, etc., is derived from the passover of the Jews. Easter is the "pascha," or paschal feast. Moreover, many of the early customs of the paschal feast and of other festivals were borrowed or impressively modified from the Greek religion, especially from the "Mysteries," as they were called, which for centuries sustained the moral and spiritual life of Greece. The Mysteries in part celebrated a spring festival, and were survivals of older worship. They commemorated the miracle of seed-

time and harvest; and the symbols of this were mingled with rites and faiths looking to the future and the immortality of the soul, and also to moral purification, as the only entrance into companionship with the gods.

THE Chicago papers give accounts of a girl six years old who plays selections on the piano from the old masters. Her name is Elsa Breidt. She played one evening recently in this city at Lyon & Potter's Music Hall to a large gathering of musicians and music loving people. The program was composed of selections from Mozart, Beethoven, and many of the other famous old masters, and these she performed in a manner which was marvelous considering her age. In addition to being an infant pianiste, she is also a composer, and she played two little gems of her own composition, a birthday greeting and an impromptu. In the "Ave Maria" and evening song she was accompanied by Ludwig Marum, the violinist. Elsa was born in 1885 at 2510 Cottage Grove avenue, where she still lives with her parents. Her gift is inherited, as her ancestors on both sides of the family have been musicians, though not professionally. Her father is a violinist of more than ordinary ability and her mother is noted in amateur circles as a singer and pianist. When Elsa was only two and one-half years old she toddled to the piano one day, and after a hard struggle, managed to place herself upon the high seat of the stool. To the amazement of her parents, who were watching her near by, she commenced playing harmonious chords and finally little tunes she had heard others play. Her father, recognizing her talent, commenced teaching her, and when she was three years old she could read simple music rapidly. A little over a year ago she commenced taking lessons from a professional teacher, and her progress has been so rapid that she now reads and plays the most difficult music in a manner that is not equaled by many players who have taken lessons nearly all their lives. She is wonderfully apt at improvising, and she will sit at the piano for hours and play beautiful little melodies. Then she jumps down and goes into the playroom and amuses herself with her dollies, which she treasures next to her piano.

ONCE more, we have only just reached a time when to speak out does not mean social and pecuniary loss, says Light. It is pitiful, but it is true that many people hold their tongues for fear of cheap ridicule, and give their evidence, if at all, shame-facedly and with many omissions and roundabout periphrases. What a large family Nicodemus has left behind him! A clear, plain statement of a psychical experience is rare: especially so when properly signed and, where possible, corroborated. Such observations on cases as are sent to medical papers, like the Lancet or British Medical Journal, are what we want in reference to alleged cures of disease by what is known as healing mediumship. Plain recitals of fact, such as are sent to Nature and similar periodicals, are what we want in reference to the phenomena which occur in circles and spontaneously in private life. Then we need to follow Mr. Stead's advice and discuss our facts openly and freely, making the results publicly known. This must be done without fear or favor, not to discredit evidence or to pick holes in it, not to

point out flaws while ignoring the real points that advance or confirm our knowledge; still less must it be done for the purpose of advertising a preconceived notion. If, for example, the known and acknowledged powers of the human spirit will satisfactorily account for and explain a particular occurrence, we are not to import the action of external spirit, because it is a cheap and easy *deus ex machina* and because we know of such action in other cases. If, on the other hand, the action of spirit other than that of the medium is indicated, we are not to refuse to recognize that action because it does not square with our prepossessions and preconceptions. Offences against these plain laws by which evidence ought to be treated are common among Spiritualists, who carry their jealousy of non-Spiritualist interpretation of obscure facts almost as far as the stiff-necked scientist whose constant cry is, spirit is the last thing I will give in to. Each fails of perfect candor and impartiality. The Spiritualist gathers much evidence that does not fairly support his theory. The scientist rejects a mass of truth that finds no place in a system from which he has practically excluded the action of unembodied spirit.

REV. DR. PARKHURST is credited with commendable zeal in calling attention to the prevalence of vice in New York districts which have the appearance of respectability, but if the reports in the papers be correct that he went to a boarding-house and participated in the performances carried on there nightly, indulging in a game of leap frog with scantily attired females, certainly his conduct, whatever his motive, was inexcusable in a doctor of divinity. The Herald of this city says: "Assuming a disguise and accompanied by a detective whose real character was also concealed, the reverend doctor visited the boarding-house in question. They were cordially received by several young women, for whom the clerical visitor generously proposed to set up the beer. The stimulant was forthcoming, and under its influence the women became demonstrative. They danced the can-can and indulged in other shocking orgies. As a climax they played leap-frog with the clergyman, who accommodatingly took the part of the frog. After making his escape the reverend doctor caused the arrest of Miss Adams on the charge of keeping an immoral house. The testimony in the case disclosed the identity of the agreeable visitor who had bought the beer and otherwise contributed to the amusement of Miss Adams' boarders. The jury refused to render a verdict against the defendant, she having plainly been the victim of a plot prepared by a man who should have been engaged in better business. If Rev. Dr. Parkhurst has not parted company with his conscience he must be feeling decidedly uncomfortable at this stage of the proceedings. Judged by the most charitable standards he has made a grievous mistake. He would do better to confine himself to his pulpit and leave the regulation of the city's boardinghouses to the police." Unfortunately the police are neglectful of their duty in such cases, and the reason primarily is first because there is a large element more or less in favor of such disreputable places, and second because the higher social classes are comparatively indifferent to the presence of these dens of vice in the city.

THE SEERESS OF PREVORST.

The little village of Prevorst which numbers but a few hundred inhabitants is in a mountainous region in Wirtemberg. In 1801 was born there a woman whose extraordinary powers made her and the place of her birth famous for all time. That woman was Frederica Hauffe who became known as the Seeress of Prevorst. At an early age she surprised people by presentiments and prophetic visions. She seemed to be susceptible to invisible influences imperceptible to others. When she accompanied her grandfather in his walks, when skipping gaily by his side, she was liable on reaching certain spots to undergo a sudden change, to become extremely serious, often shuddering as with fear. She always had such experiences in church yards and where there were graves. Though joyous among her companions when a young girl, as she grew older she became indifferent to things of the outward world and seemed to be absorbed with experiences of her inner life. She was an invalid most of her days, her nervous system being in an abnormal condition of sensitiveness. Her suffering was often intense. Medicine produced upon her no effect or the reverse of what was expected. She was the most benefitted by strength derived from others, by magnetic passes, and in her sleep she gave direction in regard to her treatment which, strictly followed, brought her great relief. She received strength from other people chiefly through the eyes and the ends of the fingers. She declared that she obtained the greatest strength from the eyes of strong men, and many claimed that when near her they felt a weakness in the eyes and at the pit of the stomach, even to fainting. Proximity with persons who were feeble or sickly made her weaker. She was susceptible to electrical influence and was affected by metals, plants, and animals, confirming what Schubert says in his "Natural History" that it appears from observations that the mineral kingdom has a deep connection with the nature of man and his spiritual relations.

The Seeress of Prevorst is described as one from whose eyes shone a really spiritual light of which every one who saw her became immediately sensible. "Should we compare her to a human being," says Dr. Kerner, "we should rather say that she was in the state of one who, hovering between life and death, belonged rather to the world he was about to visit, than the one he was going to leave. This is not merely a poetical expression, but literally true. We know that men in the moment of death have often glimpses of the other world and evince their knowledge of it. We see that a spirit partially leaves the body before it has wholly shaken off its earthly husk. Could we thus maintain any one for years in the condition of a dying person, we should have the exact representation of the Seeress's condition, and this is not the language of fiction, but of simple truth. She was frequently in that state in which persons, who like her, have had the faculty of ghost-seeing, perceive their own spirit out of the body, which only enfolded it as a thin gauze. She often saw herself out of her body and sometimes double."

This remarkable woman said, relating her experience: "It often appears to me that I am out of the body, and then I hover over it and think of it; but this is not a pleasant feeling, because I recognize my body. But if my soul were bound more closely to my nerve spirit, then would this be in closer union with my nerves; but the bonds of my nerve spirit are becoming daily weaker."

The Seeress of Prevorst said that she discerned spirits not with her external eye but with her spiritual eye which lay beneath it. When she saw people who had lost a leg or arm, she still saw the limb attached to the body, or as she claimed, she saw the —to others—invisible nerve-projected form of the limb still in connection with the visible body. A spirit guide, her grand mother, was visible to her and constantly with her. Some of her prophecies are among the most remarkable on record. She had a language by which only she said she could fully express her innermost feelings. As she was entirely consistent in using this to others unknown language, they gradu-

ally learned to understand it. Philologists, it is stated, discovered in the language a resemblance to the Coptic Arabic and Hebrew. For example the words El Shaddai which she often used for God signifies in Hebrew the God Almighty. Handacadi for physicians, alentona for lady, bianna fina, for many colored flowers, toi for what, mo li arato for I rest, were among the words of the language which she often used and which she said belonged to the soul. Her memory of this inner language was perfect. A copy of what she had written a year before was brought to her when she objected that there was a dot too much over one of the signs. A reference to the original which was not in her possession, proved that she was right. Considering that the woman was uneducated, these facts are worthy of notice.

The Seeress of Prevorst passed from earthly scenes August 5, 1829. Her biographer says, "At ten o'clock her sister said a tall, bright form entered the chamber, and at the same instant the dying woman uttered a loud cry of joy; her spirit seemed to be set free. After a short interval her soul also departed, leaving behind it a totally unrecognizable husk—not a single trace of her former features remaining."

Some of the teachings of the Seeress will form the subject of another article.

THE ETERNAL.

The first thinkers were always talking about "beginnings," were always going back to a time or no time, when there was nothing except chaos as it was called. The primitive theologians—and their method survives—got over all difficulties by means of their imagination which called into existence a personal anthropomorphic being who sitting or standing in the void of primeval nothingness summoned into existence the cosmos which then was believed to consist mainly of this earth. The creation was by a fiat. Thus the sum of things was accounted for without the least difficulty, if no impertinent questions were asked. Since such questions were liable to be asked and were asked by inquiring minds, such questions were declared to be blasphemous and the inquirers blasphemers.

The fact is our minds are not capable of dealing with ultimate facts. Of a beginning of things, of the substance and principles of things, we have no knowledge and can form no conception. Man comes to consciousness in an environment of earth and sky and sea, with all their phenomenal belongings and characteristics. The oldest historic and prehistoric men found themselves in substantially the same natural surroundings which we of this period know. For aught that any one can declare to the contrary nature has always existed, worlds and systems of worlds coming into existence and returning to the great mausoleum of worlds, the Eternal Spirit persisting through all these mutations and manifesting its power in all these processes of birth, growth, dissolution and regeneration. All the cosmogonic traditions found in Genesis and other ancient documents were the merest dreams of early poets who craved for an explanation of the sensible world. "In the beginning" was the favorite formula of those old dreamers. But the forces which pervade the cosmos, science teaches were as fresh and as vigorous millions of years ago as they are now. They take no note of time. It is we who talk about time and duration. Time is a mode of consciousness, a form of sensibility, and not a thing per se. Phenomena are undergoing ceaseless changes, but the Power pervading and sustaining the phenomenal universe shows no indication of having had a beginning and no prospect of an end.

Men will continue to use the language of personification in speaking of the Infinite Spirit, but discriminating thinkers are no longer misled by the anthropomorphic tendency; they no longer imagine that they can describe the infinite in words which apply to finite things. Human beings are but little minnows, to use one of Carlyle's illustrations, swimming about in an infinitesimally small creek of the universe, and they cannot account for the All in terms of their own narrow nature. But as limited as the human mind is it can mirror in its depths a vast tract of the outlying

universe. With his telescope man can take in a vast amount of stellar space, which may be called a human domain in virtue of its being comprehended in human vision. Thus human nature is not without its grandeur. Kant said there were two things, which the more he thought of them the more they filled him with wonder—the starry heavens above and the moral sense within. Both have their basis in the essence of being, in the infinite and eternal Power which manifests itself in the revolution of worlds and in the still, small voice of conscience. As on our physical side we are a part of the cosmos, so on our moral side we are consciously allied to—being a spark of it—the Eternal Power which keeps

"The most ancient heavens forever fresh and strong."

COBDEN ON SABBATARIANISM.

THE Parliament of Great Britain once attempted to pass an Act to prevent bakers from cooking legs of mutton, meat pies, etc., for Sunday food. One Monday Richard Cobden arose in the Commons and said: "Yesterday morning, I sat an hour at the window of my lodgings watching shabbily dressed but quiet and orderly women and children carry the dishes which they had prepared for dinner, but could not cook at home, to the bakeshops. I was glad to think how glad they would be over a good warm meal at home on their one day of rest, and how much less likely the boys and girls would be to go off to the gin palaces and taverns. That afternoon I was able to look out from another window into the court yard of the Bishop of London's palace. Tradesmen and servants were hurrying to and fro, bringing game, hot-house fruits, rare flowers and choice fish for his lordship's dinner party. Costly wine was brought up from his cellars and set on ice. Butlers, cooks, footmen were all hard at work, preparing to feast men and women who pass their time in idleness and fare sumptuously every day. Ere long these lovers of Sunday luxury and dissipation came rattling along, disturbing the peace of the whole neighborhood, with their carriages. If we must pass another Sabbatarian bill I insist that it shall not be against the poor people of London, but against their bishops."

Today the closing of markets and bakeries, and prohibiting the rounds of the milkman do not disturb those who have good cellars or refrigerators, but rather those who do not have them, those whose poverty compel them to live in close quarters. The prohibition of baked beans on Sunday in Boston did not inconvenience the rich, but rather those who had scanty fuel and bad ovens. The owners of yachts, cottages at the seaside and billiard rooms, pianos libraries, etc., in their own names, are not the ones who are annoyed by the prohibition of Sunday amusements. It is those who have unattractive homes yet who are not given to drink, who would be glad to have some other resort than the saloon, which is usually the least restricted of all the places of resort. Why should the clergy who profess to represent the interests of morality as well as religion, encourage in the name of both, a policy which increases the inducements to vice by closing places of intellectual and moral culture?

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.*

Students of American history will be pleased to learn that another edition of Mr. John Fiske's work "The Discovery of America," has been issued. This work, which has an excellent portrait of the author, several modern maps, facsimiles and other illustrations, forms the beginning of the author's history of America. It contains abundant evidence of extensive research and painstaking care. It includes a general, comprehensive survey of aboriginal America, a full discussion of the accounts of voyages before the time of Columbus and an account of the trade carried on in the middle ages between Europe and Asia and the stoppage of it by the Turks. The attempts to find an "outside route to the Indies," first by the Portuguese

*The Discovery of America with some account of ancient America and the Spanish conquest. By John Fiske, Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1892; 2 vols.; pp. 1147, gilt top, \$4.00.

eastward, then by Columbus westward are described and an account of the discoveries of the Cabots and Vespucci is given, with sketches of the conquests of Mexico and Peru and much information about the society and government of the Incas, etc. Mr. Fiske's treatment of this subject is wonderfully clear and comprehensive. He possesses, with fine literary abilities, the historical as well as the philosophical spirit, and he knows how to write history in the light thrown upon it by modern thought.

It is only a few years since Mr. Fiske began to give lectures on American history, but he was well equipped for the work and has been since carefully adding to his knowledge until he stands to-day at the head of living historical writers in America. He possesses in an eminent degree many of the qualities of the late Edward A. Freeman, to whom this work is gratefully dedicated, and of whom Mr. Fiske says he is "a scholar who inherits the gift of Midas and turns into gold whatever subject he touches." After reading "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," Charles Darwin wrote to its author, Mr. Fiske, "I never in my life read so lucid an expositor (and therefore thinker) as you are." This lucidness marks Mr. Fiske's historical writings as well as his earlier works on philosophical subjects. He is a writer of whom Americans may justly feel proud.

THE editor of the Methodist Recorder referring to Mrs. Isabella Beecher's recent utterances as to Henry Ward Beecher's attitude toward Spiritualism, says: "The writer on one occasion had a conversation with Mr. Beecher upon this subject. Reports that had appeared in some papers a short time previously of an interview Mr. Beecher had had with a medium, brought up the subject. Mr. Beecher explained that he had upon invitation visited this medium, and upon his first interview was deeply impressed. To use nearly his own language, he felt that he stood near the borders of the unseen world. But a second visit convinced him that he had been imposed upon. He thought he detected the marks of fraud. He then went on to speak of the influence of modern Spiritualism in very much such terms as Mrs. Beecher had used, but added that he believed that there was a substratum of fact, obscurely known but none the less real, which gave a foundation for much that went under the name of modern Spiritualism. This residue of dimly understood fact Mr. Beecher intimated he thought was related to undiscovered capabilities of the mind in relation to the body, and when these obscure powers of mind were better defined the crude speculations that now are based upon them would fade away. In the light of this conversation we could not regard Mr. Beecher as a Spiritualist in the sense of the term as here used." It is very probable that Mr. Beecher's mind wavered in regard to Spiritualism, but he was clearly interested in the subject and at times he was "deeply impressed" by what came under his own observation.

M. RENAN in his "Recollections and Letters" thus emphasizes the importance of the religious sentiment: Nothing proves to us that there exists in the world a central consciousness, a soul of the universe; but nothing proves the contrary, either. We do not remark in the universe any sign of deliberate and thoughtful action. We may affirm that no action of this sort has existed for thousands of centuries. But millions of centuries are nothing in infinity. What we call long is short in comparison with another measure of size. When the chemist arranges an experiment that is to last for years everything which takes place in his reports is regulated by the laws of absolute unconsciousness, which does not mean that a will has intervened at the beginning of an experiment and that it will not intervene at the end. Millions of microbes have been introduced in the interval. If these microbes had had sufficient intelligence they might, by reasoning on the brief period permitted to their observations, allow themselves to go so far as to say: "The world has no room for special volitions." And they would be mistaken. What we call time is, perhaps, a minute between miracles. "We do not know"

that is all one can say clearly about that which lies beyond the finite. Let us deny nothing, let us assert nothing, let us hope. Our immense moral and perhaps intellectual decline will follow the day when religion disappears from the world. We can get along without religion, because others have it for us. Even those who do not believe are swept along by the more or less believing masses; but woe to us on that day when the masses no longer have any enthusiasm. One can do much less with a humanity which does not believe in the immortality of the soul than with a humanity which does believe in it. A man's value depends upon the proportion of religious sentiment which he has carried away with him from his early education and which perfumes his whole life. The religious zones of humanity live on a shadow. We live only upon the shadow of a shadow. What will the people who come after us live upon?

WHENEVER real labor—labor that works six days in the week and wants to rest Sunday—has put itself on record about Sunday and the World's Fair, it has declared in favor of keeping the Fair open, says the Chicago Herald. Whenever leisure, that is idle most of the six days and works with its vocal organs Sundays, has spoken about Sunday at the Fair, it has been disposed to think the workingman of six days should be shut out from the Fair his one day of rest. Fanatics have confounded rest and labor in their hypocritical cant about the first day of the week. It is rest to the workingman of six days to spend part of the first day of the week, when his work is suspended, of a wholly different kind. Rest in true scientific and practical sense is change of occupation. To visit picture galleries Sundays, to hear good music, to read good books, to listen to elevating discourse, to see the works of man's genius from factory and loom, from forge and atelier, is rest and refreshment for men and women who toil with brain and hand six days in the week. No employé of the Fair during six days should work at the same occupation Sunday any more than Sunday the visitors should be required to keep at their work of six days. Let Sunday be a holiday in the Fair for all six-day workers. The Chicago Trade and Labor Assembly has put itself on record for the open Fair Sunday. It certainly does not want any man or woman made to work seven days in order to afford rest and education for its workers Sunday.

THE differences between Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning were many, says an exchange. The former was a mystic, the latter was a man of affairs. The former was a poet, the latter was an organizer and executor. One was the happiest in his study, the other in his diocesan visitations. One shrank from rude contact with jostling crowds, the other was a personal leader in the struggle of London's dock laborers for such wages as would keep them and their wives and their children somewhat further from starvation's edge. Cardinal Newman will be best remembered as author of "Tract No. 90" and the exquisite hymn "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom." Cardinal Manning will longest live in humanity's recollection as the archbishop who vowed that not a shilling should be spent for an English Catholic cathedral until free school education was provided for every English Catholic child, and presided at the Mansion House meeting wherein all that was best in London, Protestant and Catholic, adopted a petition to the Czar against the persecution of Russian Jews.

IN reply to the question "where did the ballot come from," the New York Sun says: Like Topsy and most other human inventions, it "grewed." And in its growth it has taken such varied forms it will make an interesting study. Of course, in the good old times, when all civilized countries were governed by kings, there was no use for a ballot. A primitive, self-governing tribe, like those of the ancient Germans, were satisfied with viva voce voting. The Jews, before they had kings, might be called a self governing people. Strictly, however,

their theory put everything in the hands of God, and in technical terms was a theocracy. If a public officer must be chosen, he was named by God's representative, the priest or prophet, or else lots were cast, and it was expected that God would send the right lot to the right man. It is not unlikely that such casting of lots gave the first hint of a secret ballot.

IN a recent number of Nature Notes, Mr. Robert Morley vouches for the accuracy of a story which seems to indicate the possibility of very tender feeling in monkeys. A friend of Mr. Morley's, a native of India, was sitting in his garden, when a loud chattering announced the arrival of a large party of monkeys, who forthwith proceeded to make a meal off his fruits. Fearing the loss of his entire crop, he fetched his fowling-piece, and, to frighten them away, fired it off, as he thought, over the heads of the chattering crew. They all fled away, but he noticed, left behind upon a bough, what looked like one fallen asleep with its head resting upon its arms. As it did not move he sent a servant up the tree, who found that it was quite dead, having been shot through the heart. He had it fetched down and buried beneath the tree; and on the morrow he saw, sitting upon the little mound, the mate of the dead monkey. It remained there for several days bewailing its loss.

SAYS Sir Edwin Arnold: "The children are never scolded in Japan and I believe they never cry. I am not aware that they ever break anything, either. The instructions which an English mamma gave to a nurse once have no place in Japan. She said: 'Go and see what Master Reginald is doing and tell him not to do it.' Neither would a prayer I heard a little girl make a short time ago have been made in Japan. The girl said: 'Dear God, make me a good girl, mamma tried and she can't.' In Japan people make things as easy as they can for one another. I think it right to say that a Japanese man or woman gets more in the way of happiness in six months than we do in two years." Sir Edwin described the various festivals given to the children, and said the little ones had undisturbed possession of the public streets owing to the absence of horses. He described the 'rickshaws and told what extraordinary feats of endurance are performed by the men that pull them. He attributed the peculiar traits of the Japanese character to the influence of Buddhism.

THE following states prohibit sectarian appropriations in their Constitutions: California, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Missouri, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Washington, Wisconsin, Wyoming—21. In California the legislature can make per capita grants to institutions. The constitutional prohibition in Indiana, Oregon and Wisconsin covers only religious and theological institutions. Mississippi prohibits any testamentary devise, bequest, legacy or gift to religious, charitable, ecclesiastical corporations, or societies. Kentucky has a revised constitution pending popular adoption.

CARLYLE said of Edward Irving: His (Irving's) predictions about what I was to be, flow into the completely incredible; and, however welcome, I could only rank them as devout imaginations and quiz them away. "You will see now," he would say, "one day we two will shake hands across the brook, you as first in literature, I as first in divinity, and people will say, 'Both these fellows are from Annandale. Where is Annandale?'"

LA IRRADACION is the name of a new Spiritualist paper published twice a month in Madrid, Spain. It proposes to devote considerable space to extracts from foreign spiritual publications. The first number appeared on the 27th of February last and is a creditable number. It contains extracts from several foreign spiritual papers, shows great zeal in the cause, and is well printed. We wish it abundant success.



MELIORISM VS. PESSIMISM.

By B. F. U.

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God!"

While this exclamation is but the expression of thoughts and emotions which naturally arise on contemplating the curious structure, the wonderful faculties, and the vast and multifarious achievements of man, on the other hand, his vices and follies have ever furnished a ready subject for the pen of the cynic and the satirist. And not for the cynic and the satirist only. There are but few men eminent for genius and learning who have not, in some of their moods, given expression to unfavorable opinions and contemptuous feelings respecting the "two-legged featherless animal." The private correspondence of our great men confirm this statement more fully than do their public writings.

Excerpts from a few gifted authors will show how they, at times, viewed mankind. Some of them express, perhaps, scarcely more than is warranted by the history of the past or by observations of the present; others are suggestive of more or less truth in regard to certain aspects of human character and conduct.

"Oh! we are ridiculous animals; and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them."

"I wish we had done with glory I would gladly burn every Greek and Roman historian, who have done nothing but transmit precedents for cutting one another's throats."—Walpole.

"Society may be, with great propriety, compared to an ass that kicks those who attempt to relieve it of its burdens."

"It is not long since one of the petty African kings said he would send his son to London to learn to read book and be great rogue." This negro had formed no incorrect opinion of the civilization which he had seen and of the education which is given in the schools of trade."—Southey.

"If our tongues correspond with our hearts, men will avoid our company, because their faults will not be complimented; and if the heart and tongue do not agree, we must certainly have a very mean opinion of ourselves, if we have the least notion of honesty; nevertheless, it is so necessary in life that it has become an art. He that can make his countenance applaud an object, though his heart despises it, is what is called a well-bred man, a polite gentleman, one who knows the world."

"All the virtues that have ever been in mankind may be counted upon a few fingers; but their follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap."—Dean Swift.

"Of beasts it is confess'd the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion."

—GOLDSMITH.

"Well, if the King's a lion, at the least,
The people are a many-headed beast."—POPE.

"If God has given us two pennies' worth of honey, the devil has sent us three pennies' worth of gall."—Voltaire.

"The cunning of mankind never exerts itself so much as in the art of destroying one another."—Arbuthnot.

"The dispensations of Providence seem to have permitted the human race to exist only as the prey of tyrants, as it has made pigeons the prey of hawks."—Arthur Young's Travels in France.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
Wars glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

—YOUNG.

"One certainly has a soul; but how it came to allow itself to be enclosed in a human body, is more than I can imagine. I only know that if mine ever gets out, I'll have a bit of a tussle before I let it get in again, to that or any other."

"I am convinced that men do more harm to themselves than the devil could do them."

"Our life is a false nature; 'tis not in the harmony of things."—Byron.

"They (men) resemble beasts, saving that beasts

are better than they, as being contented with nature."—Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

"We begin
Where our sires ended, and improve in sin
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice and folly, for our sons to do."

—CHURCHILL.

"Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel; but this monument (coliseum) says no. Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in this imperial shamble. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery. A virgin gave the signal for the slaughter, and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming arena to a luxurious supper."—Forsyth, Italy.

"He finds his fellow guilty of a skin,
Not colored like his own, and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a cause,
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey."

—COWPER.

"Could I but choose what blood and skin I'd wear
I'd be a dog, a monkey or a bear,
Or anything, but that vain animal
Who is so proud of being rational."

—LORD ROCHESTER.

Quotations of the above character could be given from authors, ancient and modern, including many of the best known of this century at great length, but the foregoing suffice to show how severely man has been judged by man. The healthy, impartial mind, while admitting that the human race has given to the world a Nero, a Caligula, a Tiberius, a Borgias, is not blind to the fact that the same race can claim a Socrates and an Emerson, an Aristides and a Washington, a Howard and a Florence Nightingale; that if mankind has been guilty of innumerable follies and of dark and damning deeds, to the credit of the human race must be placed all the glorious deeds which make the blood of the student of history tingle with enthusiastic admiration as he reads of them, and all the disinterestedness, devotion to truth, and self-sacrifice, which have been shown by men and women in humble and exalted positions alike, in every age of the world. And all the time mankind is growing more enlightened and humane. If one cannot look through the sunny Claude Lorraine glass of optimism, he need not be a pessimist; he may be, to use the word which George Eliot coined, a meliorist, a believer in and worker for human improvement.

TO WHAT PURPOSE?

By W. WHITWORTH.

We recently read an account of a wealthy manufacturer giving a dinner to a number of his business friends. It was given to honor the guests so far as lavish expenditure of money could accomplish that purpose. The appointments were costly, a master cook being given carte blanche, with equal liberality in the line of decoration. In the midst of the tempting viands that were profusely spread around him, the host, weighted down with accumulated riches vastly beyond his needs, was himself confined to a simple bowl of bread and milk. It was all his medical adviser would permit him to enjoy.

Surely, the question was pertinent: To what purpose had his whole life's energies been devoted in the acquisition of great wealth? So far as health and comfort were concerned, there could be no doubt that the wholesome plain bowl of food was greatly superior to the costly dishes consumed by the others. Yet, eating the simple fare chiefly recognized as food for children, while his friends were feasting on the rarest viands his riches had procured, the compensating mockery of enjoyment must have inflicted keen pangs of dissatisfied feeling, as it pressed on his mind the utter emptiness of mere wealth accumulation to such an end as this.

Similarly, a strikingly parallel case is told by the same author, of a man of immense fortune who had gathered a wonderfully extensive library in his home. A lover of books chancing to suggest how happy he must be to have such a treasure at his disposal, he responded:

"Happy? It is simply tantalizing. I can seldom get

home till late in the evening, and then I am too fagged out to read." "What do you do all day?" was asked, when he replied: "Come to my office in the city, you will find as many clerks as a number of the banks employ."

The fact was, the investment of his large money interests along such lines as would insure safe and profitable returns monopolized his best mental and bodily activities. He was rich, but not rich enough to enjoy his riches!

Again, to what purpose? Is anything more empty of good results conceivable? And yet, how madly the greed of accumulation goes on! All life's energies bent to the sole task of getting, with no resting places for enjoyment by the way, to the very edge of the grave beyond whose grim portal not one farthing can be taken. And what a legacy of ills is brooded in the struggle! Expectant heirs impatiently waiting for tottering feet to be gone; even children filled with hunger to lavish away the riches a parent has wasted his whole strength and happiness to hoard into his selfish coffers. To what purpose? Here is a millionaire twenty times told, fast nearing his eightieth year, as keenly alert to earn his enormous salary as attorney for a huge corporation trust, and to collect to the last penny the rental from his immense landed property, as any laboring man struggles to earn a dollar a day in support of his family. And the chiefest enjoyment of his fading life is sifted down to the relaxation of the paltry game of euchre!

With what capital will he start forth on that soon-coming journey that must inevitably be clean-drained of pretense and shams!

Just now in our city a fortune of some four million dollars, accumulated in a single life-time from the simple increase of value in a waste piece of land, is about to be greedily and savagely fought for by thirty or more heirs, left without the guide-post of a will. No more stupendous barrenness of good can be conceived than is shown in the lives of the man and woman who have died and left this property behind them. To no work of charity did they ever devote a portion of their great wealth, not a dollar in public bequest to the city whose progress gave all of value their waste land became possessed of. They lived and have died, of no more value to the world than dead fungus lying rotten by the wayside. Hatred of one another is engendered in the breasts of the contesting heirs who should be as loving kindred of one blood; every sharp trick and selfish advantage will be put in force by opposing counsel, and a large part of the estate swallowed up by the court and lawyers engaged. What a waste and veriest mockery of the grand purpose to which every human life should be devoted! How Satan must grin as he gazes on this toilsome struggle to the glory and profit of his kingdom, and watches the last wreckage of wasted lives laid away into the oblivion of forgotten graves! And with what glee he can say: "What fools these mortals be!"

JACOB BOEHME.

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

As an old student of Jacob Boehme, I am gratified to find that THE JOURNAL is giving attention to his works. The attempt to class his Theosophy with that of the Blavatsky school seems to the writer a profanation. Boehme's work marks off a distinct epoch in the history of human mentality. Through his childish prattle our modern scientific thought began its evolution—preparing the way for the grand philosophy of spirit to be found in the writings of Emmanuel Swedenborg. In the writings of the latter, Spiritualists especially will find the solution of many problems now claiming attention.

There has been but one religion under all the varying forms that it has assumed in the history of human experience. It has been the involution and evolution of the Divine Life in the consciousness of the race. In the lowest forms of Fetichism, in Polytheism, in Theism it is the one life in manifestation. It is the Ultimate Reality finding accommodated expression in and through the states of the recipients who express this reality in more or less clearness. To use a prevalent form of words it is the unknown becoming the

known. As man has found leisure to think to systematize his thought and to bring this thought into consciousness, the forms of his thought have been clothed in symbol,—in written language, so that poetry, art and philosophy have given to posterity the measure of the race's advance in religion. The one life has made itself known in rounded cycles of evolution and dissolution—each cycle taking up the preceding and then broadening and enriching human experience. It is thus that Brahmanism, Buddhism, Osirianism, Zoroastrianism, Mosaism and finally Christism or Christianity have come upon the stage to express in objective form the Divine Immanence—the ultimate reality.

Nearly twenty centuries ago this process culminated. It found expression in one who, it is claimed, was both God and man—Jesus Christ. We shall enter into no controversy as to the historic verity of this personality. We know the arguments on both sides. One conclusion all can agree to and that conclusion is that around this one has gathered humanity's ideal of Divinity united with man. He stands as the exemplar of the Divine Self-Consciousness dwelling in the consciousness of all: The God-Man! This ideal was representative of what had been accomplished in man's nature under the law of involution, evolution and development. At that point in human experience the law of dissolution ended the prior process and that which was centered in one man became henceforth the common inheritance of the race. The old was taken up and brought over into the new. The church, the state and lastly science have and are doing the grand work which we see all around us in the institutions of society. Brotherhood, association, industry and the modern appliances for self-help are the signs which insure progress. That which was representatively shadowed eighteen centuries ago—the God-Man—is now being realized, under the awakening power—especially of modern Spiritualism—as the Divine consciously felt in many. That which many are reaching after and for the want of a better term call The Unknowable is being perceived as the Divine Self-Consciousness united to and inwardly directing the consciousness developed in all, through the attainment of knowledge by experience, observation and reflection. Hegel demonstrated, through his dialectic, the verity of the first and Sir William Hamilton formulated the process of the second. The race is to be the God-Man as it advances in knowledge, experience and the awakening of what Boehme declared to be in every human recipient of life—the Christ. Here is the meaning, as history reveals it, of the God-Man—the incarnation—the union of the Divine Self-Consciousness with the consciousness of humanity, thus making man the center of the finite and the infinite!

This seems a long prelude to reach Jacob Boehme! But it was just this thought that he represented and expressed in his apparently uncouth way. With Boehme there was, is and always will be but one religion. As we have already declared he had but little respect for the claims of historic Christianity. To him Christ was the "Spirit of Truth" dwelling in those who could realize the One Self-Consciousness standing at the door of each soul awaiting spiritual recognition. This is the central truth underlying his whole system. It is what Spiritualism recognizes as God-in-man. It was taught in ancient Egypt as well as in Palestine. It is coming to the fore as the Religion of Humanity, not as Comte dreamed it, but as the now Operating Force in human mentality and life-bringing to the world a new sociology in which the true in man can find expression and outcome without the aid of church, priest, or the secular power divorced from law and freedom! There is no hero-worship among those who are quickened to a perception of this new life power, but all stand erect in the dignity of a true manhood—helpers and helped!

LENT IN RUSSIA.

By

Not one of the Christian churches of the present day holds such long and rigorous fasts as does the Russian church. As I said in my last letter fasting

223 days in the year, if they are kept regularly is no joke, and I must add that fasts are really religiously kept by all classes, save the "upper ten," and even by them Lent, the longest and severest of all, is pretty strictly observed. There is a curious custom preceding the beginning of Lent which I must not omit. Lent always begins on a Monday, and on the Sunday evening, the last day of Carnival, called the day of pardon, friends and relatives visit one another. Falling on their knees in turn they ask one another's pardon for all offences committed during the year; all quarrels must be forgotten and forgiven and as a sign of pardon three kisses are exchanged: the spirit of their custom is certainly to be admired but unfortunately it has degenerated into a mere form, and the servants who come and ask pardon of their master, on rising from their knees, are perfectly ready to pilfer anything they can. The first Monday in Lent is called "Clean Monday"; on that day, must all bathe and wash away their sins. Certainly those who are most to be pitied during Lent-time are the priests and deacons, who every day have to serve matins, mass and vespers. If we add that the priest may not eat anything from twelve o'clock the previous night until he has served mass, which generally finishes about mid-day, we can imagine that the unfortunate has had time to get up a splendid appetite, but alas! nothing but vegetables, hemp-seed oil, and perhaps tea, will his housewife put before him. What interminable prayers does he go through, but the church says "Fast you must and pray you must"; so that when Easter Sunday arrives the wan pale faces of the priests speak eloquently of the severity of the seven weeks fasting they have passed. Very often have I discoursed on the subject of fasting with our good father Alexander. Say I, Christ says: "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man" (Matt: XV. II.) whereupon the good old man points with triumph to the text: "But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly" (Matt. VI. 17-18) and adds "Therefore there is a reward for fasting." Whereupon, I, who am a bit of a heretic, think to myself that the sure reward is a good indigestion when the fast ends. But one thing remains certain, that a man who, in Russia, does not fast and commune once a year, is looked upon much as a heretic, and his heresy may even entail certain disagreeable effects, such for instance, as when "taking the oath" before a law-court, in which case, if the opposing side can prove you have not taken the sacraments for a number of years, the priest who administers the oath, can refuse to let you take it, in which case your affidavits are considered non-valid. School children, in the government schools, on returning from Easter vacation, must bring an attestation that they have received the sacraments during the holidays. And not a very amusing thing does that mean to the youngsters or even to grown-up people. On the week one intends to do one's devotions, as the French say, beginning from the Monday, one goes three times a-day to church: total six hours standing up;—this lasts till Saturday. On the Saturday morning before mass, you must go to the priest, generally immediately after matins, and confess your multifold sins and wickedness. Here, however, we have a radical difference from the Catholic confessional. No box, no special place is set aside in the church; the first convenient corner near the altar. Here the priest and penitent stand and the priest holding a cross, simply tells you that before partaking of the holy cup you must repent you of your evil doings, but asks you no questions and is forbidden to enter into details. You are free to say what you wish, or simply say "I am a sinner and repent"—you then kneel down, and the priest putting the cross on your head says, "In the name of the Lord, who gave power unto the church to bind and loose, I absolve you, if you are truly repentant, from all you sins." He may however, put certain penances upon you, even forbidding entrance into the church for a certain period, but this last is very rarely employed. The most

usual one consists in the bowing of the forehead to the ground before the ikons a certain number of times during a fixed number of days.

But even Lent comes to an end, and the last week or Passion week, is the one that offers the most interesting ceremonies. On the Thursday, at vespers, are read what are called the twelve Evangels—being lessons from the New Testament relating to the passion of Christ. At the beginning of each lesson, the assistants light a wax taper, which is extinguished when the lesson ends. This is a most fatiguing ceremony lasting over three hours. The effect of the sudden lighting of the tapers and the more sudden extinguishing of them leaves a most weird impression on the mind. On Good Friday no mass is said, but at three o'clock commences the ceremony called the "bringing forth of the plaschtchinitza." This ceremony commemorates the burial of the Lord. The plaschtchinitza is a life-size ikon representing the dead body of Christ. In the middle of the church is arranged a species of altar. The priest arrayed in his funeral robes of black velvet adorned with silver, brings forth on his head the plaschtchinitza and with funeral chants places it on the arranged altar. The ceremony is most sacred and solemn, the chants, when well sang, most beautiful and one involuntarily calls to mind that picture of the dead Christ being laid in the "new tomb." Only what a striking contrast!

Joseph of Arimathea, with the aid of pious women, wrapping the dead body of the Lord in a "clean linen cloth," depositing his precious dead in his own sepulchre, hewn in the living rock, amongst the olive woods, and "rolling a great stone to the door of the sepulchre" departs, leaving the dead martyred body to repose in peace. Here after 2,000 years, we have solemn chants, incense, tapers, funeral procession, striking and effective, but in reality little reminding one of the simple burial of that teacher whose doctrine was destined to become the belief of millions of human beings! The church remains open all the time until Saturday night. In the evening about 10 o'clock, the plaschtchinitza is replaced behind the ikonostase. Towards 12 o'clock, a procession is formed that goes round the church; this procession represents the apostles seeking Christ. On the return of the priest before the altar, he chants the long waited-for words, "Christ is arisen from the dead." The church bells which have been silent since Friday, peal out the good news, guns are fired, rockets let off, people kiss each other three times, exchange eggs, and salute one another with the words, "Christ is arisen," to which the answer is, "Verily, He is arisen." Then begins mass at the end of which the priest sprinkles holy water on the paska and koulitchi, that are laid out all around the church.

Here I must explain the meaning of these words. The paska is a species of cream cheese, made of pressed curds mixed with sour cream, raw eggs, sugar and almonds. This concoction, and most delicious it is, is pressed for twenty-four hours in a form and then turned out on a dish. Its form is always that of a truncated pyramid. The koulitch is a species of very rich white bread, or cake, and is cylindrical. These two dishes, surrounded by the hard boiled eggs colored red, are the indispensable centre dishes on Easter Sunday, and the poorest peasant, as well as the czar of Russia, has his paska and his koulitch, though of course sugar and almonds are absent.

Before mass, these paska and koulitchi are laid out on a clean cloth on the ground before the church in two rows, each housewife kneeling behind her dish on which stands a burning taper. The effect is most beautiful, the burning tapers lighting up the happy faces of mothers and children who wait impatiently for the moment when after the priest has blessed the "goodies," they can carry them off home to break the long seven weeks' fast. For the peasant accustoms his children to fasting from their earliest infancy, and as soon as a child can eat solid food, it is taught to content itself with a lump of black rye-bread and sour cabbage, on fast days.

Mass is over, and we have arrived home, tired and hungry. But alas, we must banish all thoughts of repose, for must I not first of all "break fast" with our

"family," and taste of all the good and indispensable dishes that load the table—roast sucking pig, and paska and koulitch, and ham, and fresh butter, invariably made up in the shape of a lamb, with golden horns, and all the other cold dishes spread out in honor of that truly national Russian holiday, Easter, a holiday on which no workman will think even of taking a working tool in his hands. And hardly have I had time to snatch "forty winks" after supper, when my peasants come in, one after another, with the salutation "Christ is arisen" and pulling out of their pockets brilliant-colored eggs, kiss me three times, to which I answer "Verily he is arisen" and do likewise, under penalty of severely offending the poor fellows—and pour them out a glass of vodka to refresh them—and then arrive the "wives" and bring fresh laid eggs, or an earthenware pot of cream, or perhaps a couple of chickens; so at the end of the day I have more fresh laid eggs, and cream and chickens than I care for, especially as on Monday I must go to all my "friends" and distribute eggs wrapt up with a rouble or two.

And nature itself seems to partake of the general holiday; for has not spring begun to drive away our long winter. The days are long, snow is melting everywhere birds and game begin to make their appearance, the pine woods fill the air with a delicious fragrance, and one begins to feel one's self live again, after moping for six months buried in snow. With what joy one cuts the first twig of beech that shows its tender green leaves, and plucks the first wild flower that shows itself above the dried grass of the fields, grass that begins to take a green tint. Thank God, winter is over!

And many a young moujik says also "thank God, fast-time is over," for during lent and on the eve of all fast and feast days, the solemnization of matrimony is forbidden. But here comes Easter and spring, and our young man begins to think of taking unto himself a companion for "better and for worse." I must say here that as a general rule, the peasant marries young—marriages between young fellows of eighteen and girls of sixteen or seventeen being the rule. The result of this is a large family in the course of a few years, and it is far from uncommon to hear a woman of forty say that she has had fifteen children. The mortality is very great (over fifty per cent.) amongst young children; this puts a slight "break" on the increase of the population; on the other hand, the children who outlive bad food and lack of care, thanks to the ignorance of their parents, who manage, in a word, to conquer in the battle for life, make a race of hardy enduring men, fit to face the life of toil and privations that is their general lot.

I will give an instance of this, taken from my own village. We have an old man whose eldest son, aged sixty-four, died by accident last year—another son died also by accident. Five other sons live in the village all married and fathers of large families—and some of these grandchildren are also married and have started their families, so the old man nurses his great-grandchildren. The old fellow is as deaf as a post, but that is the only infirmity he has, for he thinks nothing of going on foot, during the severest winters, to visit one of his sons who lives in the forest seven miles away, and the old man still works at his trade of making oak casks! Such instances are by no means rare. I knew another old man, who died last year, ninety-seven years old, who the year before his death, ploughed the fields of his grandson!

CATHOLIC REFUTATIONS OF GALILEO.

From the mass of books which appeared under the auspices of the church immediately after the condemnation of Galileo, for the purpose of rooting out every vestige of the hated Copernican theory from the mind of the world, two may be taken as typical. The first of these was a work by Scipio Chiaramonti, dedicated to Cardinal Barberini. Among his arguments against the double motion of the earth may be cited the following:

"Animals, which move, have limbs and muscles; the earth has no limbs or muscles, therefore it does not

move. It is angels who make Saturn, Jupiter, the sun, etc., turn round. If the earth revolves, it must also have an angel in the center to set it in motion; but only devils live there; it would therefore be a devil who would impart motion to the earth.....

"The planets, the sun, the fixed stars, all belong to one species—namely, that of stars—they therefore all move or all stand still. It seems, therefore, to be a grievous wrong to place the earth, which is a sink of impurity, among the heavenly bodies, which are pure and divine things."

The next, which I select from the mass of similar works, is the *Anticopernicus Catholicus* of Polacco. It was intended to deal a finishing stroke at Galileo's heresy.

In this it is declared: "The Scripture always represents the earth as at rest, and the sun and moon as in motion; or, if these latter bodies are ever represented as at rest, Scripture represents this as the result of a great miracle.".....

"These writings must be prohibited, because they teach certain principles about the position and motion of the terrestrial globe repugnant to Holy Scripture and to the Catholic interpretation of it, not as hypotheses but as established facts.....

"It is possible to work with the hypotheses of Copernicus so as to explain many phenomena..... Yet it is not permitted to argue on his premises except to show their falsity."—Andrew D. White, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

OPEN LETTER TO WALLACE.

BY BARON DU PREL.

DEAR SIR:—I have just finished the book, Alfred Russel Wallace's "Les Miracles et le Moderne Spiritualisme. Traduit de l'Anglais. Paris, Librairie des Sciences Psychologiques," in which you have the kindness of mentioning my "Philosophy of Mysticism," translated into English by Mr. C. C. Massey. In your work you call me the representative of the theory of the Unconscious, who makes use of this "unconscious" for the explanation of those facts which you explain through the theory of Spiritualism.

Now, I am sure that you will not take it amiss if I take the liberty of explaining to you in a few words that I am not only no adversary to Spiritualism, but that on the contrary I stand in Germany in the bad reputation of being its most zealous representative.

In 1880 I commenced studying Spiritualism, reading among others some essays contained in your above-mentioned work. After some months I gave up that study, having no opportunity of making experiments, but especially because I distinctly comprehended, that first of all I had to study somnambulism in order to be able to judge where the line of separation must be drawn between those phenomena that are to be explained from the nature of man, and those which are to be ascribed to the "spirits."

By my several years' study of somnambulism I was already convinced that Spiritualism is a truth. In a word, somnambulism led me to the discovery of the "spirit" in man himself, and when I afterwards took up the study of Spiritualism again, I found all those analogies existing between the faculties of the somnambulist and the spirits. Somnambulism belongs now to the "unconscious," and only so far I maintain the theory of the "unconscious," but not in any way in opposition to Spiritualism, among whose adherents I openly count myself.

There are two kinds of representatives of the doctrine of the "unconscious." The one supposes a physiological "double-ego," that is to say, the sensual consciousness and the physiological sub-consciousness. Death, so say these representatives, comprises both these halves of our being (nature). But I myself am of quite another opinion. I also believe in two persons of our subject. The sensual consciousness comprises only the one-half of our being, to which the other remains unconscious, but in itself this other half us, is not unconsciously sub-conscious, but rather super-conscious; it is not the inferior half of our being, but its cause. Death, therefore, stands between these two halves and annihilates only the terrestrial one. Nobody, therefore, can be more strongly convinced of immortality than I; for this conviction I need not even Spiritualism, however valuable its empirical confirmation of the consequences drawn from somnambulism is to me.

It is also my conviction that the truths of Spiritualism will be the more easily accepted, the more those of somnambulism will be recognized; for death cannot give us anything; it disembodies us, but does not present us with anything. Immortal we can only be on the condition that something lasts that exists already now, though latent for our sensual conscious-

ness. The unconscious is merely something unknown; the soul lies beyond the sphere of our sensual consciousness.

That in this sense I am a metaphysical individualist I have shown in a great number of writings which appeared since the "Philosophy of Mysticism," and I believe you yourself would—in consequence of these writings—regard me as one of your most ardent allies.

You say in the last chapter of the above-named book that Spiritualism throws a remarkable light on the history of civilization, and you mention, first of all, the demon of Socrates and the oracles. Well, I have written a "Mysticism of the Ancient Greeks" where I explain this demon, the oracles, and the temple-sleep through somnambulism; the mysteries, however, through Spiritualism.

You then speak of the Old and New Testaments, of which only he can have a full understanding who knows Spiritualism and somnambulism. Now, it is true I have written as yet no commentary to the Bible, but only a very short time ago I gave our "Society for Scientific Psychology" a lecture on the "Speaking in Foreign Languages," in which I offered an explanation of the most astonishing miracle, the Whitsuntide miracle, and that in such a manner that it even might be imitated experimentally.

You then speak of witchcraft, and so have I done, quite agreeing with you, in an essay, "The Witches and the Mediums," in volume I. of my "Studies on Occultism." In volume II. of the same work I have described all the hypnotic, somnambulist, and spiritualistic experiments made by myself.

In short, on the whole line I find myself in agreement with you, and can discover but one difference, namely, that I lay a greater stress on the "spirit" within us, the soul, which is unconscious to us, but which has in itself a super-consciousness and which I thought myself compelled to call the "transcendental subject" in order that my opinion might not be confounded with the vulgar psychology, where the conception of the soul is won from the analysis of consciousness.

If I have rightly understood, there exists only this difference, that we do not draw the line of separation for the phenomena in the same place; as you, for instance, consider "clairvoyance" always as inspiration, whereas I suppose an active faculty of the soul necessary for "clairvoyance," which I am not able to explain otherwise, for the mere reason that this analogy shows itself with the spirits too, who cannot have acquired this faculty but by the simple act of dying.

By reclaiming some of the phenomena for the "spirit" within us I diminish, it is true, the truly Spiritualistic material, but the conviction of the truth of Spiritualism can certainly be with none stronger than with him who acknowledges this "spirit" within himself. Is he, moreover, an adherent to the theory of evolution? It is for him, then, a matter of course that a relation of the spirit-home with us here exists not only nowadays, but that both these halves of the world, each advancing to perfection, must unite more and more closely. I myself am an adherent to the doctrine of evolution; nay more, I have even extended your doctrine and that of Darwin on inorganic nature by showing in my book, "A History of Evolution of the Universe (third edition, Leipzig, 1882)," the cosmical teleology as being founded on indirect selection. Perhaps it is one of Darwin's last letters, in which he acknowledged the receipt of my book. Perhaps I dare venture to suppose that you, too, are no opponent to such an extension of your doctrine.

Finally, you utter the conviction that the acceptance of the spiritual creed will be accompanied by most beneficial consequences. Of this I myself am convinced too, and that so strongly, that for the purpose of promulgating these ideas I lately published a novel, "The Cross on the Ferner," in which I treat of somnambulism, hypnotism, and Spiritualism, and which indeed seems to be read very much, not only in Germany but also in other countries: a Russian translation is just going to the press and a French one is also intended.

In short, you believe yourself obliged to count me as one of your opponents, whereas for a long time already I have cherished the flattering thought of knowing myself in harmony with you in so many respects; it is, therefore, with a special pleasure that I embrace this occasion to assure you of my excellent reverence, with which I remain, dear sir, yours most truly.

CARL DU PREL.—*In Light*.

Munich, March 10th, 1892.

DREAMS AND THE CRONIN TRAGEDY.

The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat some time ago wrote a letter on dreams connected with the Cronin murder, which excited considerable interest in Chicago. The principal part of the letter is given as follows:

"History is full of dream lore. Personal and community catastrophes are often foreshadowed or attended by dreams which bear unmistakable relation to them. Particularly is this true of Celtic people. I know in Chicago a family which always receives warning of the coming death of a member. It is through the appearance of a deceased member, in a dream, to a living member of the family. I don't know that it has been hitherto published that the murder of Dr. Cronin was foreshadowed to him in a dream the week before he was killed. Such was the case. There were in connection with that tragedy other dreams which have become known to a very limited circle of Dr. Cronin's friends. Why, after his own dream warning, Dr. Cronin did not take more precaution has puzzled those close to him. He told of this dream and then went away with an unknown driver. His action can be accounted for only by his well-known devotion to his profession and the cunningly laid plot through which he had been taken out several times previous to the fatal neighborhood for the avowed object of organizing the Washington Club. Thus he was prevented from exercising his usual caution. He did not observe his custom of arming himself when answering professional calls to strange or thinly settled localities.

"Of course the world knows of the dream of Mrs. Dinan, the wife of the livery-stable keeper, in connection with the case. Mrs. Dinan dreamed that the old white horse, with the saddest of looks, approached her bedside. Then the face of Dr. Cronin appeared. She talked to her husband about this strange double dream. He reported to the police the hiring of the gray horse. And that became a clue, the importance of which the subsequent discoveries proved.

"A week before the murder Dr. Cronin dreamed that he was down in a cellar. He thought the location was on Dearborn avenue. It seemed to him that three men were killing him. The Sunday night after Dr. Cronin's disappearance, before his friends or the public knew definitely his fate, and before anybody outside of the band of conspirators knew of the Carlson cottage, one of his intimate friends dreamed that he saw the doctor enter a front room of a cottage on the North Side. This friend did not know of the locality; nor did his dream reveal it to him exactly. Weeks afterward, when he saw the Carlson cottage, he found it very much like the one about which he had dreamed. But in the cottage of the dream there was no hall. The front door was reached by several steps, and it opened directly into the front room. There were two windows. They were covered with green blinds and commanded a view of the street. In this dream Dr. Cronin appeared to have on a light, drab-colored overcoat, which was unbuttoned when he stepped into the room. In a corner of the room there was a bed hung around with calico curtains. The doctor put his medical case on a small table that stood between the windows. He was in the act of drawing off his kid gloves. He had hold of the thumb of the right hand glove with his left hand, when he raised his eyes as if to inquire of some one in the room how the patient was. Then he saw that he was surrounded by three men. One was a small, stout, chunky man with a most malignant, hateful face. This one was standing just behind the doctor. Two men, one considerably larger than the other, stood in front of the doctor. They were all in the attitude of being about to attack. The doctor threw himself into the position of defense. And then the dreamer awoke. This dream was soon after Dr. Cronin disappeared and before there was any definite knowledge of foul play.

"There was still another dream bearing on the Cronin mystery. The dreamer was a lady. Strange to tell, her dream took up the terrible affair in the cottage just where the other dream left off. Yet there was no possible connection between the two dreams. The former, which should have occurred first, to preserve the sequence of time, came last. This dream was had after the disappearance. The lady who saw in a dream the terrible struggle, had her experience on either the night preceding or on the very night of the murder. She kept the vision to herself until some time afterward, and hence the confusion of dates. But her description of the three men whom she saw about Dr. Cronin is the description of the three men whom the other dreamer saw. The story of the lady's dream is best given in her own language.

"I was acquainted with Dr. Cronin," she said. "I had met him at several parties and at Catholic gatherings. Why it was that I should dream of him and that terrible scene I have never been able to understand. The time of my dream was on Friday night before the murder, or on Saturday night of the murder; I can't tell now which it was. On those nights I went to bed about 12 o'clock. At what hour I dreamed I don't know, but suddenly I thought I was in the front room of a cottage on the North Side in some dreary neighbor. There was no explanation to me how I got there, but there I was. When I found myself in the room I was the only person there. The furniture was poor and scanty. A bedstead stood in

the corner diagonally from where I seemed to be standing. It was a very cheap bedstead with a flat, cheap mattress covered by one of those dark, dirty-looking comforters you see so often in that class of houses. There was a chair or two in the room, and between the windows stood a cheap center table. Soon after I got into the room I heard a noise. I felt I was in danger. I looked around for a place to hid and then I saw that at the foot of the bed was a closet. I went in and closed the door so as to conceal me but look out through a crack. It seemed to me I had scarcely got into the closet when Dr. Cronin came in by the front door across the room from where I was hiding. The moment the doctor entered I could see him. He was in a drab-colored overcoat and a slouch hat. He laid his satchel on the little center table between the windows and looked around the room. Then, all of a sudden, three men surrounded him. I could not tell where they came from or how they got into the room. But they were there and in the act of attacking him when I first saw them. The one nearest to me was behind the doctor. He was a short, stout fellow with broad shoulders and a most villainous broad jaw. He had on a pea-jacket and coarse-looking trousers, such as laboring men usually wear at their work. Another of the three was a large man and was also dressed as a workingman. The third and largest of the three bore rather the appearance of a gentleman, as the world would say, in clothes and manner. I think this one had a light mustache, but it was impossible to tell much about the faces, for each wore a black piece of cloth or mask, which came down over the nose, but not below the mouth. I seemed to know that these men meant the doctor harm. I tried to cry out, but, as is usual in dreams, I felt as if paralyzed. Events happened faster than I can tell. As I looked the little man struck the doctor a terrific blow on the back of the head. It was done with a short black weapon, which might have been wood or metal, I could not tell which. The doctor fell, but almost instantly he sprang up again and began to strike out with his fists towards his assailants. But his blows were wild, they did not seem to have any effect. As he struck, he would call:

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph defend me!"

"He seemed to have been partially stunned by that first blow to such a degree that he could not make his best defense possible. When he struck at the two in front of him they were able to dodge and ward off the most of his blows. Now and then one or the other of the men were struck so hard that they staggered. The doctor struggled desperately, getting nearer and nearer to the door. He was trying to escape and the two men in front were bent on keeping him in. The small man behind was striking again and again at the doctor's head. It seemed as if the small man was the one depended upon to do the killing while the others kept the doctor from getting out of the room. All the time I seemed to be whispering to myself:

"Pray God somebody will come and save him."

"The struggle went on. Perhaps it lasted five minutes, perhaps ten. I can not measure the time. And the doctor was crowding toward the door. The men as they were struck back would jump forward and push the doctor away from the door. How many times the small man hit the doctor on the head with that black weapon I can't tell, but it seemed as if several blows were struck before the doctor began to weaken. Then, after another blow or two, he threw up his hands and cried in agony:

"My God! I can not do any more."

"He collapsed completely and fell. The three men vented their rage by kicking the prostrate form. There was no movement of the body. It seemed to dawn on my mind at that moment that murder had been committed. I cried out aloud:

"My God! They have killed him."

"At once the three men turned toward the door of the closet. One of them, the leader, said:

"Who is there? Bring her out and kill her. Don't let anybody escape."

"The three men started toward the closet door. I shrank back into a corner. I thought my hour had come. The door was pulled open. I woke.

"I was all of a shiver, and it was a long time before I went to sleep again. In the morning I said to myself, 'It was only a bad dream,' and dismissed it from my mind. But on the Sunday evening following my husband came home from down town and told me Dr. Cronin was missing and that his friends were uneasy. I at once thought of my dream and said to myself, 'The poor fellow! he was in trouble and crying for help, that was the meaning of the dream.' But I did not then think it possible that he had been killed. I did not even tell my husband of my dream, for I thought it would be foolish to pay any attention to it. As days passed with their slow developments I felt a strong impulse to tell my dream to the police and to suggest that I would try to locate the cottage which I had seen in my dream. Of course I did not do it, and after a time the story of the Carlson cottage came out.

Then I saw there was something in the dream, but I never told it save to a few friends I could trust in confidence." W. B. S.

Laura Bridgman's Brain.

The examination of the brain of Laura Bridgman, the famous woman who lived her allotted years devoid of sight, hearing, speech, smell and taste, taken some time ago to Clark University, Worcester, Mass., proves that the peculiarities were due solely to arrested development in the portions relating to the disused senses. Up to the time of the girl's illness, when she was two years old, the brain developed normally, but after that it grew unevenly. It is a well-known and undisputed fact that the use or disuse of certain portions of the body or of certain sets of muscles results in a marked development or lack of development of these portions or muscles. The same theory was advanced as to the development of the brain; that is, that the use or disuse of the senses would promote or arrest the development of those portions of the brain to which they were related.

There will be a good opportunity to test the truth of this theory in the brain of Laura Bridgman, a healthy woman with an originally normal brain, but which lacked development, living to be nearly sixty years of age, exercising to a very considerable extent, the powers left her and never moody or despondent. The weight of the brain was only slightly less than that of the entirely normal brain. Both hemispheres were developed alike. The gray matter of the cortex (which receives and imparts sensations) was somewhat less than in the average brain. All of the affected cranial or brain nerves were small, and the regions of the cortex, associated with the defective senses and with motor or articulate tongue speech, were poorly or peculiarly developed. In general, the entire cortex was thinner than in the normal brains with which it was compared. The nerve terminations of the nose and eyes were destroyed or highly disordered, and there was great destruction of the middle ear and of the nerves connected with the organs of taste.

The most striking and conclusive feature, however, was the condition of the parts connected with the nerves of the sight. The right eye of Miss Bridgman remained useful to a slight extent some time longer than the left. This resulted in developing that portion of the brain connected with the right eye to a greater extent than that connected with the left. This is sufficient proof in itself that the development depends upon the use of the organ.

There is a quaint story told in the *English Illustrated Magazine* of a lovable parson of the olden time—a real Dr. Primrose. "A lady who was staying at my father's house," says the narrator; "at a time before I can remember, told me that he ordered the constable to put an incorrigible tramp who had had been a public nuisance in the stocks the next time he came. The man did so, and told my father, who sent off to the nearest magistrate to have him taken out and brought before him. There was no magistrate at home, and it came on to rain frightfully. 'God bless my soul,' said my father, 'that poor fellow will be drowned!' So he took out a big umbrella and sat by the culprit's side in the stocks and sent for some bread and cheese for the man. 'Do you think,' said my father, 'if I took your boots off you could slip your feet out?' 'I'll try,' said the prisoner. It was a happy thought, and the man slipped out his bootless feet, my father holding the stocks up as high as he could. Out came the man's feet, into his boots he jumped, and away he cut as he was advised. 'What a funny world! If the man had any sense he could have summoned the clergyman of the parish for aiding in an escape from justice.'"—*New York Tribune*.

The most dreadful insect invader is the white ant. In Africa their houses are dome-shaped mounds, often eighteen feet high. These insects erect pyramids one thousand times higher than themselves! In their travels the ants so conceal their approach, that their presence is not suspected until the damage is done. They usually tunnel into any object which they attack, often reducing it to a mere shell. In this way they have been known to ascend within the leg of a table, devour the contents of a box upon it, and descend through a tunnel bored in another leg, in one night. An officer of the English army, when calling upon some ladies in Ceylon, was startled by a rumbling sound. The ladies started with affright, and the next instant they stood with only the sky above them. The roof had fallen in and lay all about, leaving them miraculously unharmed. The ants had made their way up through the beams, hollowing them out until a great part of the frame-work of the house was ready to fall at the slightest shock.—*St. Nicholas*.



A DELSARTE ALPHABET.

All healthy folks are active and bright.
Be sure to go to bed early each night.
Children, be careful, and keep dry feet—
Damp shoes are neither healthful nor neat.
Eat slowly, and choose the simplest food—
Fresh fruit is dainty, and tempting, and good.
Garments should never be worn too tight—
Hats should always be airy and light.
If you would be happy and healthy and gay,
Just stay in the sunshine the live long day.
Keep your heart pure and your temper sweet.
Let your dress and your home be always neat.
Many have died from lack of pure air.
No child can keep well without constant care.
Old rags and trash should never be kept—
People thrive best in a house well swept,
Quick motion brings to boys and girls
Red cheeks, bright eyes and dancing curls.
See that the water you drink is pure,
'Tis better than coffee, or tea, I assure.
Use all your wits to prevent mistakes;
Very sad are troubles they often make.
Walk every day as much as you can;
Exercise makes the strong woman or man.
Your health is your wealth, and well worth pain—
Zeal in its care is never in vain.

—OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.

A FEW years ago two native women of high caste broke through the prejudices of ages and pleaded the cause of their sisters in India, England and America. The one, the learned and renowned Pundita Ramabai, went first to England, where she was appointed Professor of Sanskrit in the Ladies' College, Cheltenham. From England she came to America, that she might witness the graduation of Anandibai Joshee from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. She came and saw the first M. D. conferred upon an Indian lady in any country, and she remained in America, partly from stress of circumstances and partly because her plans of reform and beneficence grew prodigiously upon her hands as she examined the liberal institutions of the land. Dr. Joshee, after her graduation in 1886, returned to take charge of the female ward of the Albert Edward Hospital, in Kolhapur. Poor girl! She was herself a victim to those hideous, infantile marriages. She was but 21, yet had been a wife for twelve long years. When she came to this strange land—the first high caste Brahman woman who had even set foot upon it—her health was delicate. She carried with her the superstitions of her class and, for many months, persistently refused to have any hands but her own cook or handle her food. Preparing her meals over a little stove in her own room, struggling against her timidity and studying incessantly to master a language and a profession, it is no wonder that the seeds of disease sprouted into death. After the prejudices of the conscientious, shrinking little lady had been overcome she was taken into the family of Dr. Rachael Bodley, Dean of the faculty, who cared for her as if she were a daughter. But though she graduated in March and sailed for India in October, during the succeeding February she died in her mother's arms. That young woman is doubtless the mother of a large progeny of native women physicians—the pioneer of an army. The learned, refined, and benevolent Hindu widow, Pundita Ramabai, has passed a life of romance, sorrow, and triumph, although she is still a young woman. Her portrait is a speaking one, albeit the fine lines of face and brow are somewhat shaded. But one can well imagine that the heart aches for parents, brother, and husband, all dead. When Pundita Ramabai sailed from San Francisco in 1888, she was accompanied by Dr. Ryder, a lady physician and a personal friend, though in no way connected with the proposed school for high caste child widows. Miss Abby C. Demmon, a teacher of rare ability and Christian character, has been engaged by the association as Ramabai's assistant, and while Ramabai was journeying westward over the Pacific, she, too, was on her way, via England. Both she and Ramabai are, of course, responsible to the association. This, however, is but the beginning of a gigantic relief movement, one with the Countess of Dufferin reform, which is in unison with the progress of the century, and which eventually shall have an untold effect in civilizing and Christianizing the far East. Pundita Ramabai arrived in Bombay on the 1st of February, 1889, and having been joined by Miss Demmon, she

opened the school in March with one child widow and three unmarried little girls. A large audience of influential native gentlemen and a few Europeans assembled to show their interest in the enterprise. Pundita Ramabai spoke eloquently of her mission, proving the crying need of her work, and stating what she had done and wished to do. The proceedings were conducted in Marathi, after which a summary was given in English. It is child widows that the home is designed specially to benefit. Because of their life of isolation and oppression they can only know of this haven of refuge from Ramabai personally. Therefore, at present, her principal duty is to go from house to house, and urge these suffering children to come to the home she offers. The school, which has been removed from Bombay to Poona, has now an attendance of thirty unfortunate widows and deserted wives—mere girls, who have been rescued from suffering, starvation and sin. The best wishes of thousands of men and women go forth to Ramabai. Long may she live to at least partially realize her dreams of beneficence.

THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY women are employed in twenty-four prominent libraries, receiving from \$240 to \$1,500, an average salary of \$370. The average is greatly reduced by the large number required to do mechanical work in comparison with the few needed for supervisory and independent work. Thirteen women of recognized ability, trained as apprentices in large libraries, or in the school of experience, receive from \$559 to \$2,000, an average salary of \$1,150. The thirty-seven women trained in the Library school, once of Columbia college, but now attached to the state library at Albany, which was opened in 1887, receive from \$600 to \$1,300, an average salary of \$900. The thirteen highest salaries paid to library school women average \$1,090. Seven women as librarians of state libraries receive from \$625 to \$1,200, an average salary of \$1,000. The twenty-four men filling similar positions receive an average salary of \$1,450. A woman occupying a subordinate position in a library, where faithfulness, accuracy and a fair knowledge of books are the only essentials, can expect from \$300 to \$500. A good cataloguer, or a librarian with average ability and training, can expect to receive from \$600 to \$900. A woman with good ability and fitness, with a liberal education and special training, can expect \$1,000 at the head of a library or of a department in a large library, with a possible increase to \$1,500 or \$2,000. Women rarely receive the same pay as men for the same work. Woman's fitness for library work is proved. She has a recognized place in the profession. She has contributed somewhat to the literature of the subject, and holds offices of honor in the American Library association, due largely to the liberal spirit of the leaders in the library movement of the last twenty years. In England she has no such place. In America her position in the future will be what she has power to make it. She has a fair chance, and if she fails it will be her own fault. A genius for organization, executive ability, and business habits, a wide knowledge and love of books amounting to a book instinct, and the gift of moving and inspiring other minds are absolutely essential to the highest success.

THE empress of China takes a great interest in the working girls of the Flowery Kingdom. A few months ago she established a cloth and silk factory in the grounds of the imperial palace in Peking, for the express purpose of giving employment to women and girls who had no work. The empress is not allowed by court regulations to leave the palace grounds, and she therefore decided to have the factory where she could watch its progress.

MRS. BRAND, the wife of the member of the British parliament for Wisbeach, canvassed the entire district in company with her husband, she charming the electors with her singing, while he devoted himself to their political education.

THE Royal University of Ireland has lately conferred a unique distinction upon two of the lady lecturers of Alexandra College, Dublin, by enrolling them as members of its examining body.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, President of the American Humane Education Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and President of the American Band of Mercy,

(19 Milk street, Boston, Mass.) is trying to awaken public sentiment against the heartlessness or thoughtlessness of Americans who, in imitation of foreign snobs and dudes, dock their horses' tails. Mr. Angell says: In behalf of "The American Humane Education Society" I offer three prizes of fifty dollars, thirty dollars, and twenty dollars for the three best comic songs, adapted to the most popular music, on "The Man (or Dude) with the Dock-tailed Horse," "The Docktail Cavalry," "The Docktail Infant-ry," "The Docktail Artillery," or similar subject, the object being to have them sung in the equestrian drama of "Black Beauty" and on the stage and elsewhere, to awaken public sentiment in regard to the ridiculous folly as well as cruelty of the life mutilation of horses by docking. All wishing to compete for the prizes are kindly invited to write me for more full specification and suggestions.

SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. William Emmette Coleman has an article in the Free Thinkers Magazine from which the following extracts are taken:

The seeing without the use of the physical eyes, the hearing independent of the material organs of audition, the appearance, at a distance from the physical body, of phantasmal forms of living persons,—all these evidence that the material senses and the material form do not constitute the whole of the human being. When to this is conjoined the fact that apparitions of those dead, so called, have been seen in many well-attested instances, the scientific thinker is abundantly justified in thinking that "it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." The materialistic tendencies of modern science, in some of its phases, are being met and overthrown step by step, as never before. Psychic science is coming to the front, and its claims to careful consideration are now beginning to receive their due heed at the hands of the trained neo-psychologists of to-day. At last the strictly scientific method is being applied to the alleged facts of present-day psychism; and the reality of those facts, and their important bearing upon the problems of man's true nature and destiny, are being continuously established. The materialism of Büchner, Vogt, Moleschott, and the Monism of Häckel, have had their day. Their dogmatic denials of the existence, not only of spirit, but of any such things as clairvoyance and genuine mediumistic phenomena, will be regarded by the scientists of the twentieth century as on a par with the denial of the circulation of the blood, and of the existence of Jupiter's moons, in days of by-gone ignorance and prejudice. Materialistic dogmatism, regarding the unseen universe and occult phenomena, is of a piece with the religious dogmatism concerning the Trinity, heaven and hell. Both classes alike dogmatize upon that concerning which they know nothing whatever. If materialism *per se* was true, it could never be proven. If no future life for man exists, if there is no such thing as spirit, it can never be known. It will ever be an impossibility to demonstrate that the soul does not survive the dissolution of the physical structure: at best, it can only be a more or less probable conclusion or surmise. On the other hand, if the spirit does live after death, it is susceptible of demonstration; and evidence in sustentation of this demonstration has been accumulating for nearly a half-century past; and, in the opinion of many thousands of intelligent people, this demonstration is now an accomplished fact.

Another suggestive fact is that a large number of the Spiritualists were disbelievers in the existence of a future life prior to their contact with Spiritualism, including a number of prominent quondam advocates of and workers for materialism. Such men as Prof. Alfred Russell Wallace, Judge Edmonds, Warren Chase, Robert Owen, Robert Dale Owen, Dr. Robert Hare, serve to show the character of the converts to Spiritualists from the ranks of the deniers of the existence of a future state for man. These men, hard-headed materialists all, were forced into the acceptance of Spiritualism against their prepossessions, by objective evidence which they found it impossible to resist. Dr. Hare started out to expose the humbug scientifically, but he soon received evidence that the phenomena were genuine, and proof against all his ingenious apparatus for detection of fraud. Judge Edmonds believed

it humbug until he began to investigate, and both he and his daughter became mediums; and there is credible testimony that the daughter became developed to speak in languages normally unknown to her. As for Prof. A. Russell Wallace, he tells us in the preface to his work on "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," London, 1875, that till he became acquainted with the facts of Spiritualism, he was a confirmed philosophical skeptic, rejoicing in the works of Voltaire, Strauss, and Carl Vogt. "I was," says he, "so thorough and confirmed a materialist that I could not at that time find a place in my mind for the conception of spiritual existence, or for any other agencies in the universe than matter and force. Facts, however, are stubborn things. * * * The facts beat me. They compelled me to accept them, as facts, long before I could accept the spiritual explanation of them; there was at that time 'no place in my fabric of thought into which it could be fitted.' By slow degrees a place was made; but it was made, not by any preconceived or theoretical opinions, but by the continuous action of fact after fact, which could not be got rid of in any other way. * * *

From the first, the spiritual philosophy has urged the transcendent importance of true science, and has claimed to be established upon the truths of natural science. It was Spiritualism that first led me to devote myself to scientific studies, and for thirty years I have been prosecuting researches in various branches of science, in connection with the wide-extending sweep of the philosophy of Spiritualism, in its higher phases,—compassing as it does, in a manner, every department of knowledge. Spiritualism has ever urged the study and investigation of its phenomena and philosophy upon scientific principles, and with truly scientific methods. It courts the strictest scientific investigation and analysis, only demanding that the investigation at the hands of scientists be just and fair, which it has not always been. Spiritualists have been pressing scientific men to test its claims and probe its verity for forty years or more and they are still urging this matter upon the attention of science. During that time a number of scientists have investigated its claims and in nearly every case those thus investigating have admitted the reality and genuineness of the phenomena, many of them becoming open and avowed Spiritualists. Among those avowing the genuineness of some of the phenomena, free from all trick, may be named the following: Dr. A. R. Wallace, Prof. Wm. Crookes, Dr. Hare, Prof. Mapes, C. F. Varley (electrician); Profs. Wagner, Butlerof, Dobroslov, Yowkevitch, Paschutin, Dahl, and Souchtschmisky (all of St. Petersburg); Profs. Zoellner, Fehner, Scheibner, Fichte, of Leipzig; Prof. Hoffman, of Wurzburg; Prof. Perty, of Berne; Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, President R. A. S.; Prof. Barrett, Dublin; Goldschmidt, Challis, Flammarion, and Liais, astronomers; Prof. Esenbeck and Dr. Friese, Breslau; Prof. Thury, Geneva; Prof. Corson, Cornell University; Profs. Edland, Seligman, and Berlin, of Sweden; Prof. Storgohan, Norway; Prof. Batistich, Trieste; Prof. Streiff, Marne; Profs. Pagnoni and Lombroso, Italy; Prof. Delhez, Vienna; Prof. Patreau, Aude; Prof. L. B. Monroe, Boston University; M. Pasteur, physicist; Thos. A. Edison, electrician; Prof. Moseg, Austria, Dr. Keldrew, Zurich; Prof. Henry Booth and Dr. A. Reeves Jackson, Chicago; Prof. Wm. Gregory, N. E. Wood, J. R. Nichols, Mr. Rutter, M. Boyard, chemists; Profs. Murchison, Worthen, Gunning, De Larnie, Denton, geologists; Prof. Strieffe, Chartes; Prof. Bush, philologist; Profs. Buchanan, Mackenzie, and Collingwood, anthropologists; Prof. Hoefle, encyclopedist and chemist; Prof. Hoefler, Belgium; Baron Von Reichenbach, physicist; Prof. De Morgan mathematician; Drs. Ashburner, Elliotson, Puel, Lockhart Robertson, Herbert Mayo, Hitchman, physiologists, magnetists, etc., Prof. Weber of Gottingen.

In view of the fact that these and a number of other scientific men have testified to the genuineness of some of the Spiritualistic phenomena, how foolish is the thought that Spiritualism is unscientific or dreads the light of scientific investigation. For many years I, as a Spiritualist, have emphasized, both in the spiritual and non-spiritual papers, the establishment of Spiritualism upon a truly scientific basis; and for many years one of the leading spiritual papers in America, the Chicago THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, has been devoted to the furtherance of scientific Spiritualism, to the elimination of the fraudulent and foolish in Spiritualism, and to the advancement of that alone which can be scientifically demonstrated as true.

LOVE FOR HUMANITY

A Strong Desire for the Highest Good and Best Welfare of the World.

THE GREAT WORDS OF GREAT MEN

A Most Remarkable Array of Outspoken Statements from Men of Mark in Both Continents

INTERESTING FACTS AND FACES.

The orator before the Senate called this "an age of progress." He was wrong. "Progress" does not half express it; it is an age of revolution. Revolutions carried on, not by armies, but by discoverers.



WILLIAM EDWARD ROBSON, M. R. C. S. I., L. K. Q. C. I. Late of the Royal Navy of England.



DR. R. A. GUNN. Dean of the United States Medical College, New York, and Editor of the Medical Tribune.

Ich empfehle Warners Safe Cure in allen Nieren- und Harnkrankheiten.

David W. Bergen

*Wurzburg
Deutschland*

which affects our very lives and happiness. Formerly the treatment of human ills was made a matter of superstition, of incantation, the same as it is by the medicine men of the Indians to-day. Gradually emerging from such blindness, it was still a matter of bigotry, of folly. What people must have suffered in those days can scarcely be imagined. They were bled, they were cupped, they were leeches, they were subjected to every device whereby their vital-

not the unquestionable proofs present to verify it. Within the past few years the claims made more than ten years ago have been admitted by the highest scientific authorities, both in Europe and America, and it is with pleasure that we present herewith some

*I prescribe and use
Warners Safe Cure in both
acute and chronic Brights
disease and am willing
to acknowledge and com-
mend it most gladly*

R. A. Gunn M.D.



PROF. DR. KOCH, BERLIN.

remarkable reproduced statements, together with the faces of the men who made them.

Kidney troubles, resulting far too often in Bright's disease, are the great evil of modern life. They frequently come silently and unannounced. Their presence far too often is not realized until their treacherous fangs have been fixed upon the vital portion of life. Nothing can be more deceptive, for their symptoms are varied in nearly every instance. Thousands of persons have been their victims without realizing or knowing what it is that afflicted them. Thousands are suffering to-day who do not know the cause.

The discovery made by Mr. H. H. Warner has been acknowledged throughout both hemispheres to be the only discovery for this great modern evil now known to the world. Like all great discoveries, it has had its enemies and met with opposition, but its marvelous popularity with the public has been phenomenal and its complete acknowledgement by scientists and the profession has been deserved. It stands, as it deserves to stand, upon a plane of its own, pre-eminent among all prominent discoveries for the relief of humanity and the promotion of happiness.



DR. DIO LEWIS.

*I emphatically state that
I have been able to give
more relief and effect more
cures by the use of Warners
Safe Cure than by all the
medicines in the British
Pharmacopoeia*

Wm. Edw. Robson

ity could be reduced and their lives endangered. It is almost a wonder that the race survived.

There has been an absolute revolution in the practice of medicine and in the treatment of human ills. Instead of undermining the vital forces by cupping and bleeding, the vitality is now sustained in every possible manner. Instead of tearing down we seek to build up. Instead of increasing misery we seek to create happiness.

But the greatest advancement in medical science has been made by discovery. Harvey could afford to endure the ridicule of the world for revealing to it the grand discovery of the circulation of the blood. Jenner might be ostracized, but millions have benefited by his discovery of vaccination. Pasteur lived in a more enlightened age and escaped ridicule, while the world received the benefit which his discoveries have brought. Koch, although forced to reveal his discovery before its perfection, will be revered by future generations.

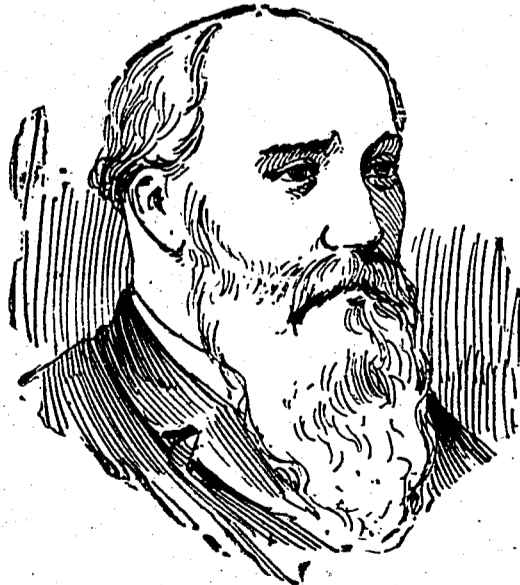
The discoveries of these great men have been of untold benefit to the world, and yet they were not in the line of the world's greatest need. Mankind has been suffering, enduring, dying from a cause far greater than small-pox, more terrible than hydrophobia and more subtle than consumption. The habits of modern life, the very inventions which have made civilization so great, have drained the vital forces of life and undermined the organs that sustain life. Ten years ago this great truth was realized by a gentleman whose own life was in sore jeopardy, and the discovery which he has given to the world has done and is doing more to-day to strengthen the vitality, lessen suffering, preserve the health and lengthen life than any of the discoveries of the other great men above mentioned. The discovery referred to was made by Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., and is known in Europe, in America, and throughout the world as Warner's Safe Cure.

It may perhaps be thought that the above assertion is an extravagant one, and so it would be were

inventors and brain-workers. It is a marvelous age, an age when the ordinary will not be accepted, when the best is demanded. Our grandfathers were content to travel in stage coaches, to live in cabins and receive a mail once a week. We demand palace cars, tasteful homes and daily communication with the world. It is the rapid-transit age; the age of the telegraph and the telephone. A man speaks to-day and the entire world reads his words to-morrow morning. There are but twenty-four hours in the day, but forty-eight hours are crowded into it.

We all know how we have advanced materially. Do we realize how we have advanced scientifically? More than in any other manner. Indeed, it has been the advancement in science which has caused the advancement in material things. The discovery of steam permitted the railroad and the steamboat. The development of electricity made possible the telegraph and the telephone, so that the development of the sciences has been the real cause of all modern advancement.

We will take, for example, one department of science, but the most important department. One



DR. BEYER, OF WURZBURG, GERMANY.

*If I found myself the
victim of a serious kidney
trouble I should at once
use Warners Safe Cure*

Dio Lewis



SLATE WRITING EXPERIENCES.

TO THE EDITOR: I desire to call the attention of Dr. Hodgson, the gentleman who exposed the Gillets in Boston, to a sitting my wife and myself had with Charles E. Watkins a few years ago, with the idea that some progress may be made in regard to the question of how the slate writing is done and by whom. I had had sittings with Henry Slade a year before but wanted more evidence or rather another opportunity for further investigation through another channel, so we went to Boston to see Watkins.

When I first called on Watkins I was told that we could not have a sitting for two days. I did not like this idea, it looked to me that by some means a knowledge of us might be obtained on which to base his writing, notwithstanding I had avoided giving a clew in so much as to make our stopping place in an adjoining town. However an hour was set and we were on time, and were ushered into a small front room. The furniture consisted of a book case, a few chairs and a table 2x3 feet with a felt inlaid top. No cover was used on the table. All the writing was done on top of the table. The medium gave each of us five pieces of paper, torn from a block 2x4 inches in size. On these we were requested to write questions to our spirit friends, while we were left alone for some ten minutes. We had formulated our questions at our stopping place. Our questions not to be known to each other. I took the precaution to roll all of them up myself so that there would be no difference in their appearance. This Mr. Watkins requested. When this was done I re-washed two slates which had just been used by a man and wife. I then put private marks on the slates by which I should know that no exchange had been made; I also examined the table, no appearance of trickery being seen. On Mr. Watkins coming in he stirred up the pellets and showed us how to place them on the table, which was three inches apart in a line. He then gave each one of us a pencil and we were requested to point first to one and then to another. I wish to say right here that being the proprietor of the opera house in my town where exhibitions had been given, I knew during this stirring up of the pellets is the time that the slight-of-hand performers take to get hold of one or more of the pellets, covering the proceeding by substituting their own. At this point I took extra care to observe his motions but detected nothing wrong. While we were busy with our pencils Watkins said to my wife: "There, take that up and hold it in your hand." At the same time he placed a small bit of pencil on the slate I had marked and covered it with another slate. These were held by us in the following manner. My wife was at the left and took hold with her left hand; being on the right I clasped them with my right hand. Watkins being on the opposite side of the table held the other edges, all hands resting on the table. When we had sat in this manner a few minutes Watkins told my wife that she was a Hervey but that her mother was a Sanborn. This remark at once gave us an idea of what pellet my wife held, the contents known to her alone. In a few minutes more the writing was said to be finished. I was requested to open the slates. There had been no sound made by the rubbing of the pencil against the slate heard by us, so that this kind of evidence was lacking. This sound can be simulated it is well-known by the medium, as his fingers are under the slate. (This however amounts to nothing and must be ruled out as evidence that writing is being done because you hear the writing.) On taking the slates apart a complete answer was found signed Elizabeth Sanborn Hervey. This was the name addressed, being the name of my wife's mother. While we were reading the message Watkins said there was an old gentleman present who says "Elizabeth, you have not spelled your name right." I at once looked at the name to find the mistake. My wife seeing my quandary helped me out by saying that she understood it and would tell me later. Now this is the explanation: About one hundred years ago Mr. Thomas Harvey's children who were about starting in business at Newburyport Mass., changed the spelling of their names by sub-

stituting the letter e for a, making the name Hervey. The father was always provoked at this; telling them that they were proud and were ashamed of their names. I don't recollect that I ever heard of that change of names until that time. The question now is, was there an old man there or did Watkins read my wife's stored knowledge which was not called in play at this time?

On this same slate and just below the other message was the following:—"Tell mother that I send her my love and to all." (signed) Alice. Now, here is a message that is hard to account for. It will be understood that only one of the pellets has been taken up, nine still remaining on the table. Had Watkins substituted one of his for one of those we had written, read and replaced it on the table, or was my daughter present, and did she dictate the message? It reads, "tell mother", etc. Now why should she use the word tell. By leaving this word out all would seem natural as her mother was there at the table. To give my impressions obtained from my investigations, I think the most natural conclusion is that a scribe or clerk does the writing, but is influenced by the spirit of the dictator as we will observe that the hand writing is not exactly the same in all messages and certainly are not in the hand writing of the one said to have sent them. We went on with the pointing. Soon I was requested to take up a pellet and put it into my pocket. Again my wife was asked to hold one in her hand. The slates were adjusted as before and the following came on the slate. "He appeared as I did at first and then we grew young together." My wife's father died at the age of thirty-one and her mother at eighty-five years. This was a natural question for a child to ask and purported to be answered by the mother who would naturally tell the truth in so extraordinary a case. Is this the condition of the spirit world? Do the old grow young, or was this answer the dream of the medium, or was it a reflex of my own mind as I have often suggested it might be in the other world?

I will notice another case. I have said that I had taken up a number of pellets and put them in my pocket. Seven had been answered correctly, under the same conditions. There remained three. I was requested to take one out and hold in my hand. Soon Watkins appearing somewhat puzzled said: "You have written to two persons." "No," I replied. "Then Martha Hopkins was the wife of Capt. Robert Emery," I assented to that. The question was then answered correctly. Was my mother there or was the answer taken from my mind? Another case. I took a pellet from my pocket and held it as before. Watkins at once appeared very much excited and remarked that this man came to his death in an instant. Watkins struggled for a minute or two with great effort to control himself; he soon became calm and said, "This spirit has tried hard to entrance me but I will not be to-day as I have been over-worked." The facts in this case are somewhat singular. In the first place it was impossible for me to have known which pellet I held in my hand of either of the three put in my pocket. This was my question: "Under what conditions did you die?" This case was as follows: My father sailed for Boston from Belfast, Me., went into Portland for a harbor. While his vessel lay at anchor in a heavy snow storm a larger vessel coming in from sea ran into her. My father thinking his was about to sink attempted to get on board of the brig. In doing so he slipped from the icy rail between the vessels, being crushed at the time it was thought. Watkins said "this man died instantly." No word came from father direct. A part of the communications came on the slates without any pencil being used while we held them as usual. I will say that at a subsequent sitting I held them out in one hand, holding the medium by the other. I have now in my possession ten slates covered with glass putted just inside of the wooden frame, also a written letter by Watkins pasted on one of them. With these facilities I can compare the writing and draw my conclusion. It was by this method I found Dr. Slade's hand writing was the same as in his slate writing. Mr. Watkins will sell any slate for twelve cents; and a scribe ought to carry home such for future reference, in his cooler moments. It would seem that in case a deception was to be practiced that a smaller size slate would be used—7½ x 10½ is quite a large size. At these sittings there was a pile say about fifty on the floor near the table and as fast as I bought one, another was taken from this lot—all fresh and new.

Four years before the advent of modern

spiritism I was employed by Mr. P. P. Quinby of Belfast, Me., to take charge of his jewelry business while he lectured on mesmerism, as it was called then. He and his subject Lucius had for a few years previous been experimenting and got to be very proficient. During the year I was engaged I became one of the family and witnessed hundreds of exhibitions of the different phases of the power. I was however more interested in clairvoyance, as Lucius was a fine subject. It is hard for me to assent to the spiritual explanation of much of the phenomena on that ground. I do see much evidence that clairvoyance coupled with mind reading will account for all except the physical part. In the matter of question reading with Watkins, to me it was a clear case of clairvoyance as he often answered the questions himself after first naming to whom they were addressed. It would appear that as soon as he named the one addressed he became the possessor of the writer's mind, either active or dormant, and was able to formulate an answer either as one would in a dream or according to facts known to the sitter.

I give this as an idea, suggested by my investigations, as to the mode or way the writing is done. I will now admit that my cable is not long enough to reach bottom; perhaps Mr. H. of Boston, can make all matters clear. JAMES EMERY.

BUCKSPORT, ME.

WHAT SPIRITUALISM OFFERS.

TO THE EDITOR: Many attempts have been made to describe in brief the difference between man and the lower animals. But these sayings, pungent and concise as they are, fail to perfectly define the distinction. Man is not the only animal that talks or laughs or weeps; neither is he the only unfeathered biped (witness Plato's man). But without exception and beyond all question he is the only of all God's creation who holds within his heart the earnest expectation, the heaven born hope, the God given intuition of immortal life; the only being in the universe who mourns for his dead with the hope of reunion. To prove this hope well founded, this intuition true, the church has vainly striven. Far be it from me to belittle the work that this time-honored institution through its ministers, lay and clerical, through its saints canonized and uncanonized, has done for humanity; in loud protest against me would arise the institutions of learning and asylums for the afflicted that dot and bless the land. Not to the church alone by any means do we owe all that we have of benevolent and educational institutions and effort, but in so far as we are indebted to her for these and kindred good, the full measure of credit should be given her. There was a day, a dark day in the church's history, when she stood holding in one uplifted hand the likeness of that instrument of torture upon which had perished the man whose pure and gentle precepts she professed to follow, while with the other she sought to strangle the infant thought, that conceived in the minds of men struggled for free expression, and with her despotic iron heel she would have crushed the very heart of science. In that day the church uplifted to an insulted heaven hands thicker than themselves with brothers' blood. And yet we can say of all this: It is past, and the church of to-day is in no wise blamable therefor, save in so far as she would attempt to excuse, palliate, or continue such crimes. The law of heredity applies sometimes as well to a spiritual organization, as to the physical body, and we have occasional evidence that a little, at least—of the old persecuting, domineering, freedom hating spirit still taints the church's blood. But thank God, that a newer life has been infused into her veins, and that through the darkest aisles and transepts of the old churches, the free winds of heaven have been made to blow for the last forty-four years. Thought has broadened and the souls of men have grown. The church at its best is unable to help us in our greatest need. In times of sorrow and bitter bereavement, when we would draw upon this supposed-to-be bank of spiritual consolation our drafts are unhonored, the church fails us. Tell me you who have seen the shadow of death darken dear faces, the light leave loving eyes and hands grow chill even in your close clasping, could the church help you then, or to grief's persistent questions give reply?

The minister at such a time would fain comfort us with a tradition, he would soothe our sorrow and ease our aching hearts with something that he supposes, that he hopes, that he believed to be true, does that suffice you? Herein lies one of the

beauties of Spiritualism, that instead of vague theories and unsubstantial hopes it offers evidence clear, proof positive of immortality; instead of a heaven of idleness gained by your acceptances of another man's suffering for your wrong-doing, it teaches of an endless life of earnest, active progression, and that so-called rewards and punishments are but the inevitable consequence of right or wrong-doing, the natural result of natural law; and I must say here at the risk of offending, that in my humble opinion the best way to the obtaining of this positive knowledge of immortality lies not through a paid public mediumship, but in the privacy and sanctity of the home circle. No one need misunderstand me. I say that the best way lies not there. I recognize and admire those honest men and women, who gifted with mediumship have cultivated it from the purest motives and used it to noble purpose, accepting therefor a just pecuniary compensation. When you have found such a combination of medium and Spiritualist you have found a pearl of great price—value it. But in your search for such a one you run the risk of encountering a hundred of those wolves in sheep's clothing who sport with our sorrow, make market of our griefs, trade in our tears, coin our hearts blood, and rob our very graves of the decaying bodies of the dead to aid them in their vile traffic, and then add to their sin by calling themselves Spiritualists. For such a one's offenses no language under heaven holds words strong enough to express an honest man's contempt. And yet I am persuaded that in the economy of God there lieth the possibility of the final purification of even such souls as these. The home circle offers no inducement to defraud and I am convinced that to every spiritually minded family that establishes a weekly circle, most happy results will come not only in the obtaining of the spiritual knowledge sought, but in an increase of harmony among themselves and of kindly affection one toward another, and I believe that in this, the home circle aided by the public teaching of our philosophy lies the future growth and strength of Spiritualism. I have only to add that we have here for free distribution copies of our constitution; and if I had a name the proudest in the land and millions of dollars, I would sign the name to that constitution and spend my dollars in promulgating its principles.

BELLE V. CUSHMAN.

224 East 39th st, New York.

MORE INTERESTING EXPERIENCES.

TO THE EDITOR: First let me say that I am a believer in Spiritualism, but not one incident that I relate to you has occurred to a believer. The friends who have told me these things have been absolute skeptics, accepting nothing of the phenomena, until forced to believe at least the one thing that reached them. I believe the incidents related to be wholly true and authentic; and I personally have not heard or seen any similar things, showing that spirits reach the unbeliever with as much force as they do believers, if not greater.

My brother's wife lost her father a number of years ago. One morning she was in her kitchen attending to some home duties. She needed something from the pantry, and quickly stepping to the door, thinking only of haste and necessity, she found the space through the pantry door occupied by her father. He looked as usual, natural and smiling; and like all who have ever given me their experiences, she says she was not at all surprised or shocked at seeing him. He simply seemed alive; the moment that the remembrance of his death came to her the form faded. This occurred early in the forenoon. She thought of it a great deal, and worried about it, thinking it portended some evil; but toward night housekeeping annoyances had caused her to think of other things. About five o'clock she was very much upset by the going out of her fire, and had stooped for kindling; upon rising she had to move suddenly backwards, for her father's spirit stood so near, as to almost touch her. He never had appeared before nor has he since. But some time after that while I was having a sitting with Mrs. Simpson, her "control" "Ski" related this occurrence to me, telling me that the lady was wonderfully clairvoyant, and that the father had tried for a long, long time to show himself, and was most happy at having succeeded. As before I give you personally the names; also let me say, that my brother's wife had told me this before "Ski" did. E. C. D.

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 Rationale of Mesmerism. By A. P. Sinnett, author of Esoteric Buddhism, etc. London: Kegan Paul, French, Trubner & Co., pp. 163.

Mr. Sinnett prefers the term mesmerism to the term hypnotism which he says was adopted to "cover a cowardly retreat from denials which had become no longer tenable." He adheres to the belief in a subtle fluid passing from the operator to the subject. He says that "many mesmerists of the higher order entertain no doubt concerning the existence of this fluid, for the simple reason that they can see it." Baron von Reichenbach's experiments properly followed up would, he declares, have resulted in a complete demonstration of the theory of mesmerism advanced by Mesmer and adopted by his immediate followers, De Puységur and Deleuze. Modern writers on hypnotism are for the most part, he claims, committed to a theory which concentrates their attention almost wholly on what is rather a disease of the science with which they deal, than the science itself. People who adopt the expression hypnotism, he says, think they include in its range all that was genuine in Mesmer's discoveries. When for fifty years the medical profession had denied the real facts, Braid recognizing some of them, labeled them with a forged ticket and continued to swim with the tide and at the same time, afforded his confreres a chance to escape the inconvenience of being in opposition to established truth without incurring the humiliation of confessing that what they had derided was true. Mr. Sinnett's "occult" ideas run through the book and are mingled with facts in a way which is likely to mislead one not acquainted with the subject, who accepts as indubitable all that is advanced in the name of mesmerism. Mr. Sinnett is generally very much stronger in the statement of his theories than he is in supporting them with proof. Nevertheless this work is suggestive and contains some criticisms which may be read with profit by those interested in the subject treated.

A Concept of Political Justice by J. W. Sullivan. Twentieth Century Publishing Co., 7 Clinton Place New York. paper ten cents.

This pamphlet of fifty-eight pages leans toward the idea of the abolition of governmental restrictions with no other basis for communities than voluntary association subject to the law of personal liberty limited only by the rights of all. If men were perfect Mr. Sullivan's ideas might be carried out, but while men remain imperfect one of the conditions of social life will be government of restraint for the protection of communities and individuals from wrong-doers. Such government involves laws, courts, and officers to execute the laws against offenders.

MAGAZINES.

The International Journal of Ethics for April is a number of unusual excellence even for this high class publication. The opening paper is on "Economic Reform, Short of Socialism" by President Andrews of Brown University. Miss M. S. Gilliland of London, who was years ago a contributor to the Index, writes on "Pleasure and Pain in Education" Professor Bloomfield of Johns Hopkins University contributes an article on "The Essentials of Buddhist Doctrine and Ethics." Dr. J. S. Mackenzie concludes his paper on "The Three Religions" and Dr. C. N. Starcke of the University of Copenhagen writes on "The Conscience." All these essays it is hardly necessary to say, are of superior worth. The book reviews are numerous and they accord with the character of the magazine which students of Ethics, of political economy and of religion in its higher aspects, cannot afford to be without. This publication is under the charge of an editorial committee consisting of Felix Adler, New York, Stanton Coit, London, Alfred Fouillée, Paris, G. von Gizycki, Berlin, Fr. Jold, Prague, J. A. Mackenzie, Manchester, Eng., J. H. Muirhead, London and Josiah Royce, Harvard University. S. Burns Weston, 118 South Twelfth St. Philadelphia, is the managing editor.—The Eclectic for April is a remarkably strong number. The opening paper is "A Calendar of Great Men" by John Morley. Sir C. Gavan Duffy continues his "Reminiscences of Carlyle" with increasing interest.—The Westminster Review for March has an able defense of Vivisection by Rev. Lionel J. Wallace who has made a careful

study of the subject.—The frontispiece of the April number of the Freethinkers Magazine is a very good portrait of William Emmette Coleman, who contributes a strong paper in defense of Spiritualism.

Newspaperdom is the name of a new monthly which aims to be "A Trade Journal for the makers of newspapers." "Some Newspaper Bad Habits," by E. W. Howe; "The Publisher to the Public," by J. M. Bailey, and "The Danbury News man," by George Watson Hallock are among the contributors to the first number. There is much in the journal of special interest to editors and publishers. Published by Charles S. Pattenon, World Building, New York.

The English Illustrated Magazine for April has among other illustrated articles an admirable paper on "Some Singers of the Day" with portraits of Madame Albani, Madame Nordica, Mrs. Henschell, Mr. Geo. Henschell, Mrs. Anna Williams, Miss Margaret Macintyre, Miss Hilda Wilson, Madame Patey, Edward Lloyd and Charles Santley. MacMillan & Co., 112 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

Knowledge and Choice Literature is an illustrated weekly which undertakes to give, in attractive form, the highest amount of useful knowledge and choice literature which can be given for 50 cents a year. It starts out with four pages a week; give it 100,000 subscribers, and it will increase to six pages, average—half a million subscribers, and it promises eight pages. John B. Alden, Publisher, 57 Rose st., New York.



Comrade G. W. Hammond of Root Post, G. A. R., of Syracuse, N. Y.

Wounded at Gettysburg

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "I was in the Army of the Potomac and in the great battle of Gettysburg was struck in the ankle by a minnie ball, which smashed the bone. My leg was amputated in the field hospital, and after a long time it healed. I was discharged and went home. After 8 years

My Wound Broke Open

afresh. Dr. Pease amputated an inch of the bone, and it healed. Four years later it once more opened, and for eight years how I suffered! I do not believe it possible for a human being to suffer worse agony. During this time I had to go on crutches, being unable to wear a wooden leg. Whenever possible I relieved my sufferings by taking opiate, but when I was obliged to go without it, I suffered fearfully and thought I should go crazy. I tried every thing I could get with my limited means. Physicians said I would never be any better. Finally my

Blood Became Poisoned

and it broke out all over my face and on some parts of my body so that my face is all covered with scars now. One day I read of what Hood's Sarsaparilla would do. The first dollar I got I sent and bought a bottle and began taking it. A week or two later, my wife in dressing my leg, said it seemed to be improving, and after taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

a few months, thank God (and I say it reverently), the sores all over my body had healed, and now, four years later, have never shown any sign of reappearing." GEORGE M. HAMMOND, 219 Magnolia Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Col. C. A. Weaver

Commander of Root Post, G. A. R., himself a one armed veteran, fully confirms Mr. Hammond's statement, and J. L. Belden, the pharmacist, also endorses it.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

The Sixth Sense, OR ELECTRICITY.

A Story for the People. BY MARY E. BUELL.

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This admirable book might have been called Dorothy, but then the title would have given no clue to the contents. The author "hopes the story of 'The Sixth Sense' may not only prove sweet and rich to all young people, but that it may fill their receptive minds with a higher and fuller sense of that 'Elder Brother' and his mission on earth eighteen hundred years ago." Some writers have described wonderful psychical experiences without daring to attempt a discussion or explanation of their causes. Mrs. Buell essays the task of explaining the laws and naming the forces by which denizens of the Spirit-World return and manifest. Whether she is wholly correct will remain a moot question with many; but it may be truthfully said that she is very much in earnest, and in the simplest language possible sets forth her views. While the story has a high motive, it is not prosy. On the contrary it is a breezy, healthy, inspiring volume, adapted to both old and young.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY Drawer 134, Chicago.

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The work is printed from large clear type and covers 156 pages.

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Signs of the Times

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BY PROF. ELLIOTT COUES, M. D.,

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

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6. Emptied the contents of his mother's work basket down the furnace register.
7. Tried to squeeze the head of a cat into a tin cup and was scratched badly in the attempt.
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9. Fell off the edge of the whatnot and brought down with him two costly vases which were ruined.
10. Broke two panes of window-glass with a cane which uncle let him have.
11. Fell into a coal hod and spoiled his new white dress.
12. Set fire to the carpet while uncle was out of the room hunting up something to amuse him.
13. Crawled under the bed and refused to come out unless uncle would give him the molasses jug.
14. Got twisted into the rungs of a chair, which had to be broken to get him out.
15. Poured a pitcher of water into his mother's best shoes.
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Something in the sight chilled and frightened her. Not daring to turn, she reached around and touched the woman at her side, to whom, before this, she had not spoken.

"Look!" she said, earnestly: "look at that!"
Attracted by her manner, the stranger leaned forward and peered over her shoulder into the darkness outside.

"I see nothing," she said, and as she spoke the face vanished.

"Why, didn't you see it as you turned?" the other asked, eagerly. "A marble white face like Longfellow's, only larger and with more hair and beard. Whose could it have been?"

She turned and scanned the occupants of the seats near her, then got up and walked the length of the car, searching for the original, thinking she was the victim of some illusion of refraction. There was nobody in the car whose face in the least resembled that she had seen, and she and her seatmate talked of the matter till the latter left at the next stopping place.

On her way from the train the Connecticut woman related her vivid vision to her husband, and then dismissed it from her mind for the time.

The next morning, however, on opening a Sunday paper she started back in alarm.

"Why," she exclaimed, "there is the face that looked at me through the car window," pointing, as she spoke, to a large cut of Walt Whitman, "and he died last night," she finished in an awe-struck voice.

In the accounts of the poet's death it was stated that he breathed his last at 6:43 p. m. By recalling the station at which her seatmate had left, the Connecticut woman was able to estimate that it must have been a few minutes before seven that the face showed itself.

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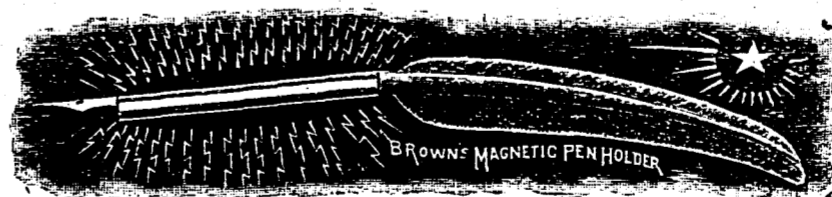
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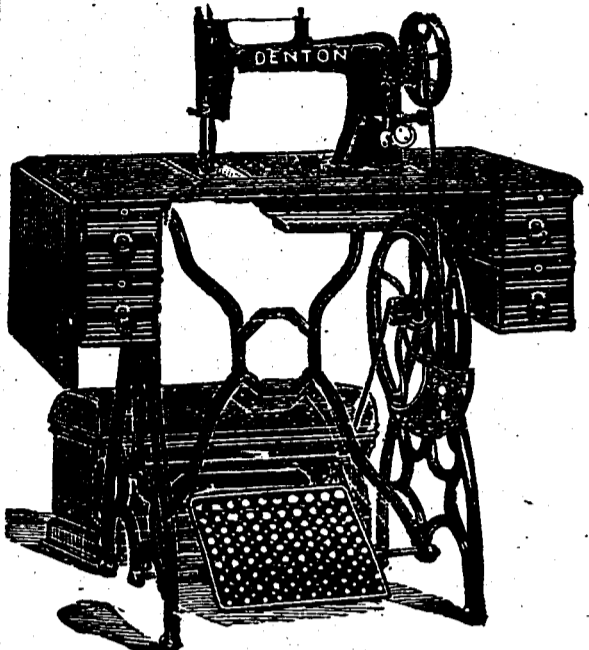
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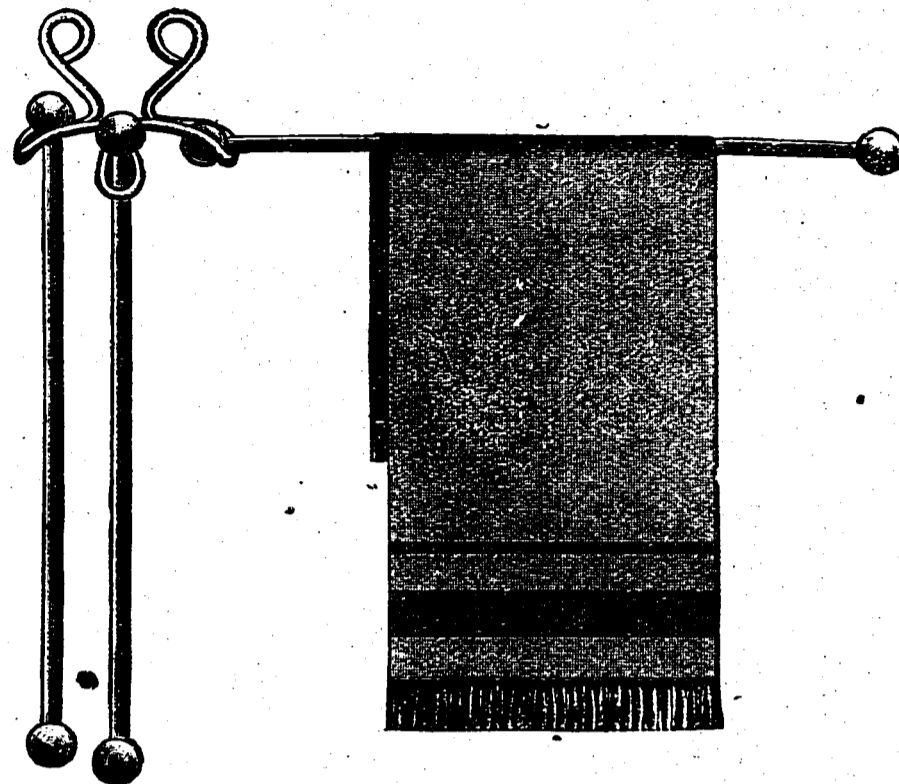
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Last week Franc B. Wilkie, for thirty-five years identified with the press of Illinois and the Mississippi valley, passed to spirit life from his residence in a Chicago suburb. The departed brother has left an impress upon the world and particularly on his profession that will endure long after his name has grown unfamiliar. He was not a religious man judged by conventional standards. He had faults and weaknesses, —otherwise he were out of place in this world—but a kinder heart never beat in breast of man. This is the verdict of those who knew him intimately. He hated sham and pretense with an intense hatred. He had no reverence or respect for sinners in high places, but scourged them without stint. For the poor and ignorant he could find excuses, condone their follies and mistakes, and bid them cheer up and try again. For pretentious charlatans whether in politics or religion, public or private life, Franc Wilkie had no mercy. With a pen keener than a two-edged sword he was ever ready to rend them hip and thigh.

That such men as Rev. H. W. Thomas and Prof. Rodney Welch were the intimate friends and ardent admirers of Mr. Wilkie speaks volumes for the intrinsic worth of the man. The brief, impromptu eulogy of Prof. Welch, delivered at a special meeting

of the Press club, was the finest thing, judged from any standpoint, that we ever heard; it deserved to be preserved as a classic, yet it was not reported, and its impressiveness, eloquence and beauty can only be known to those who listened with moist eyes and throbbing hearts to the testimony of affection which welled up from the innermost being of the aged speaker, who with trembling voice he began with these words: "Franc Wilkie was the best friend I ever had."

The funeral services were conducted by Dr. Thomas in McVicker's theatre which had been generously placed at the disposal of the Press club for the occasion by Mr. McVicker. The preacher spoke with all the feeling of an old-time friend who knew the departed as did few others, and with glowing words he confidently declared the departed brother still alive, though his mortal form was motionless in death.

That the old ideas of death, and the theological nomenclature used in speaking of it are passing away was shown in a marked degree in the memorial adopted by the newspaper men who make up the Press Club. It began thus:

WHEREAS, On the night of April 12, the Angel of Death relieved Franc B. Wilkie from the pain and struggle of mortal life, and the indomitable spirit bade adieu to the form which had served it through a long and arduous career. * *

Nothing could have been formulated more in harmony with the philosophy of Spiritualism than that declaration! Verily the world advances. The shackles of superstition and the sway of old theology are broken. The evidences of a new and brighter era appear on every hand.

Our departed friend was not convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. He wanted to believe in it and often talked with us on the theme, but he had been unfortunate in his personal investigations, and his mind was not one that could accept and believe on the testimony of others.

Yet he did not accept the Christian plan of salvation nor the orthodox doctrine of a future life; and we fully believe that the weight of his judgment, and certainly his hope, was all in favor of the doctrines of Spiritualism.

Brother journalist, you have now solved the mystery! You now know that what we told you was true. You did your level best here. You made a gallant fight and won victory over yourself. That your first Easter Sunday in the higher life was a joyous one we hope and believe. To you it must have been a day of rejoicing. Farewell, Companion Sir Knight Wilkie! Hail, gallant spirit!

B. F. UNDERWOOD in an address to a full house at Columbus, O., last Sunday evening in regard to ecclesiastical encroachments upon civil government in this country, said: The orthodox Protestant clergy who lose no chance to denounce the aggressions and designs of the Romish priests, are themselves everywhere preaching and plotting in favor of restrictive legislation to protect their decaying theology from the influence of the Time-spirit. They are really for the time being more inimical to the principles of secular government in this country than are the Catholic clergy.

Mr. JOHN W. LOVELL, the enterprising manager of the U. S. Book Company of New York, was in town last week and made a fraternal call at THE JOURNAL office. Mr. Lovell informs us that his house is about to transfer some branches of its business to this city. Chicago always welcomes men of ability, and offers unequalled advantages in almost every line of activity. This is well known to Mr. Lovell and thousands of able men in all parts of the world; and they are hastening to get a foothold.

THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.

Under the above title Mrs. Emma Harding Britten has founded another magazine, to be published monthly at Manchester, England. However widely people may differ with this veteran medium, journalist, lecturer and author, none can deny her ability, versatility and industry. That Mrs. Britten will make an interesting magazine goes without saying to hosts of people the world around. The first number contains forty-eight pages. The price to American subscribers will be \$2 per year or 20 cents a number. Address Mrs. E. H. Britten, The Lindens, Humphrey street Chatham Hill, Manchester, England.

"MORE GHOST STORIES."

Such is the title of the New Year's number of the English edition of the Review of Reviews; and its contents are true to the title. This number is illustrated with pictures of M. Camille Flammarion, Prof. William James and others. THE JOURNAL office has a limited supply for sale. Price, 25 cents; postage, 5 cents.

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In the article entitled "Our Ghost" in THE JOURNAL of April 9th the figures printed in the second column, page six, \$7,500, should have been \$75.00.

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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.

WM. PHILLIPS, PRES.
CLACKAMAS, OREGON.

W. E. JONES, SECRETARY.
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"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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