

RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

There are many people who believe that the secrets of the Cumming affair in England considerably outweigh the disclosures. Lightning is playing around monarchy over there.

The last legislative act of the Thirty-Seventh General Assembly of Illinois before adjourning last week was a tribute to women. The House, by a vote of 82 yeas to 44 nays, passed a bill granting the right of suffrage to women in school elections.

Prof. Foster, of Denver, thinks it probable that Methuselah did live to be nearly 1,000 years old, but he asserts that in those days the year was but a few weeks in duration owing to the more rapid movement of the earth. Prof. Foster's salary should be raised.

Miss Nina Van Zandt, who was married by proxy to the condemned anarchist, August Spies, before his execution is, it is announced, soon to marry an Italian, S. S. Malato, who was sent to this city to handle the Italian department of the World's Columbian Exposition. The marriage with Signor Malato will not be by proxy. The lady will be able to say in the language of Burke, "I have no man's proxy; I speak only for myself."

The truth is that cultivated people are tired of theological warfare, says the *Boston Globe*. In the light of a broader science, the best minds can see no further use for acrimonious disputes over metaphysical shadows. They want peace and a broader ground upon which friends and neighbors may stand without discomfort in their social contact. To sum up the need which is growing among advanced people, they want a religion with no room for heresy in it.

Sam Small, the sensational evangelist, is smaller than he was. A year ago he was taken into the Methodist Episcopal church on trial and assigned to work in connection with the Methodist university at Ogden. Last week his character was brought in question before the Methodist conference. Some suggested his dismissal, but upon his own request he was permitted to withdraw from the church. Mr. Small's connection with the university referred to and alleged shortage in his accounts are given as the reasons for the Methodists wishing to get rid of him.

I recur to Mr. Julian Hawthorne and the discussion as to whether Spiritualism is "worth investigating," says Stainton Moses in *Light*. Well, it largely depends upon the investigator. Some people make out of it the food of their souls, a revelation that could have been had by no other means, and some go empty away. That is to be expected. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and one of the fascinations of this mystery lies in the fact that we never know what is to come out of it. We cannot reproduce its phenomena at our own will. We have to go through a mass of rubbish to find what is useful in the com-

munications made to us. We have to wonder at the audacity of some person who assumes a great name to hide the nonsense that he talks. And yet, how grand are the revelations made to us; how simple and beautiful the teaching given to us; how free from cant and humbug! This last is, perhaps, the crowning characteristic of this much misunderstood subject. It is purged of the cant of ages.

Thousands of people, the lame, the halt and the blind, are again seeking the touch of Father Mollinger, pastor of the Church of the Holy Name at Allegheny, Pa., and many cures are reported, showing, as many claim, the effect of imagination on nervous ailments. Persons who have been living in the vicinity for a long time estimate that he has had at least 50,000 patients since he began his cures. It is claimed that one-tenth of these have gone away either well or in better health than they were previous to their visit, or think so at present. Both the Church of the Most Holy Name of Jesus and Father Mollinger have profited in a worldly way by the latter's achievements. Father Mollinger is said to be worth \$500,000.

To Lady Brooke, the intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, is attributed the revelations of the baccarat scandal. She is one of the beauties of the day, is one of the liveliest of the Prince's set and sat in the game the day after the cheating is said to have occurred. The fact that in his examination in court the Prince was not asked whether he divulged the secret, while all the other parties to the affair were questioned on that point, is taken as a confirmation of the rumor that the secret did actually owe its publicity to his careless tongue. The story is that Lady Brooke revealed it to a friend of hers who happened to have been scorned by Sir William Gordon-Cumming, and who at once saw in this episode the opportunity for her revenge.

THE JOURNAL regrets to learn of the continued and increased illness of Stainton Moses—"M. A. (Oxon)"—who in *Light* of May 30th says: "It is my evil lot once more to be laid aside; this time by illness more serious than I have recently experienced. Relapse after relapse under the attacks of this pest, which has so raised the death rate of London, has ended in my being forced to take to my bed and practically to abandon all attempt to attend to anything, even to a letter. Bronchitis supervening on influenza is not to be trifled with. In lucid intervals I may give some little supervision to my paper, but at present it must be fitful. I hope my friends will not address to me private letters, which I cannot possibly answer." The many friends of the editor of *Light* will sympathize with him in his illness and wish him speedy recovery, that he may continue his able and discriminating work in the advancement of spiritual truth.

Miss Florence Garner's sisters have publicly announced their dissatisfaction with her marriage to Sir William Gordon-Cumming, but the young woman evidently loved Sir William and believed him innocent of the charge of cheating in playing cards at the more or less intoxicated baccarat party, and it is certain that she did not marry the man for a title or

social position. Under the circumstances there is, as the *New York Press* remarks, something very sweet and admirable about the devotion of this young woman to the man she loves. On the very day after he is disgraced in the eyes of the civilized world by losing a lawsuit on which his reputation was staked, and in which the heir to the greatest empire in the world was really his antagonist, she stands up by his side and gives kings and princes and lords and ladies and society to understand that she believes in him, trusts him and loves him still. Sweet and admirable, did we say? There is something sublime about it.

As THE JOURNAL has already announced there will be held this summer, commencing July 1st, a school for the discussion of ethics and other subjects of a kindred nature. Plymouth, Mass., is the place which has been decided upon for this summer school. The department of Economics will be in charge of Professor H. C. Adams, of the University of Michigan, who will give eighteen lectures on the History of Industrial Society in England and America. Along with the main course will be other lectures by eminent writers and thinkers. Professor C. H. Toy, of Harvard University, will have charge of the department of the History of Religions, and Professor Felix Adler will have charge of the department of Ethics, each giving a course of eighteen lectures. Henry D. Lloyd and W. M. Salter, of Chicago, will be among those who will give lectures. All those who wish to attend the school should send their names as soon as possible to Professor H. C. Adams, 1602 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Court of Appeals of New York, commenting upon the efforts of lawyers to save the lives of murderers who have been given every possible chance to prove their innocence, says: "When all the forms of law have been observed and the defendant has had every opportunity to make his defense, and his conviction has been affirmed by the highest court of the state, the contest in the courts should end. The form of law should not be used to subvert the criminal law of the state. It ought to be a subject of inquiry whether attorneys can become the allies of criminal classes and the foes of organized society without exposing themselves to the disciplinary powers of the Supreme court." It is, says a writer in one of the daily papers of this city, within the knowledge of all intelligent observers that many lawyers are in fact allies of the criminal classes. So much deference is paid to the technicalities or the outward form of the law that its spirit is completely subverted and attorneys are given so much latitude that they are often enabled to defeat the ends of justice. Mere quibblings and innumerable devices for securing delay are permitted in courts where such things should not be tolerated. The result is that criminals are emboldened to commit all sorts of depredations. "Get a good lawyer and you are safe" is their motto, and their experience justifies them in adopting it. The courts themselves are responsible for this condition of affairs. In protecting the rights of criminals they have gone so far in the way of concessions to the defending attorneys that they have imperiled the rights of organized society. The Court of Appeals of New York is to be commended for calling a halt.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SURVIVAL.

Mr. H. Wettstein, of Marengo, Illinois, sends a long communication to THE JOURNAL, heading it "Mediums, Attention!" and opening thus:

I greatly admire and approve of your attempts to rid the ranks of Spiritualism of fraudulent mediums who have done so much to bring it into disrepute, and there can hardly be a question that your efforts are seconded by all honest Spiritualists. Now, in view of the frauds which all admit have been perpetrated in the name of Spiritualism, my mind has become sorely vexed as to whether any of the so-called manifestations are really genuine, for which expression of doubt I trust you will not blame me too severely. But in order to restore my confidence in the phenomena upon which Spiritualism is based, I propose the following tests, which if successfully executed, will make me a firm adherent of the doctrine you so ably espouse.

He then proposes to pay a medium \$100 in case certain phenomena occur under conditions prescribed by him, or \$150 in case one medium is able to satisfy him in the several particulars specified. He agrees, also, "to conform to all the usual rules observed at séances," etc., and adds, "I shall only reserve the privilege to resist any hypnotizing that may be directed or applied to me." His first test is of slate-writing, which he desires done on his own slates, tied together by him and the writing executed in his presence with the slates in sight. For this he will pay \$100. His other tests relate to form materialization. He says, "I propose that if the medium will permit me to discharge the contents of a revolver at any materialized spirit that may appear during the séances, I shall publicly acknowledge it as a genuine spirit manifestation." The third and last test is that he be allowed to grasp the hand of a materialized spirit with his "own bare hands, doing nothing but to merely hold it firmly." "If the apparition vanishes from my sight," continues Mr. W., "as well as out of that of the other sitters in true spirit style I shall regard it as a spirit manifestation and the medium entitled to the sum indicated." After declaring, and as we believe in perfect good faith, his willingness to make sacrifices and put himself to much trouble to satisfy himself of the reality of such phenomena, Mr. Wettstein concludes: "But don't ask me to allow myself to be placed under mesmeric influence, for we can see, hear, feel, taste, smell, do and fancy almost everything we desire while under such a spell. Now is my proposition fair? If not, why not?" Commenting upon his proposal to shoot the spirit, Mr. W. interjects thus: "What difference can it make to the spirit? But to me, and probably to the world at large, it will have the effect of placing Spiritualism upon a much firmer basis than it has now."

The refreshing naivete of our correspondent is further exemplified by a note accompanying his manuscript in which he promises to send the subscription price for one year in case we publish his article. Only that the writer in a way represents as a whole the several attitudes of widely variant schools, in their respective positions toward Spiritualism, is the use of space warranted in considering his proposals and their implications. We are not conducting a mediums' employment bureau; neither is it a matter of consequence to us whether any particular individual be convinced of the truth of spirit manifestation or not. Again, even if Mr. Wettstein should for the time being think he had witnessed independent slate writing or feel sure he had shot a spirit, what assurance or evidence could he, from his position, offer that he was not hypnotized? Would he not himself believe after a few days or weeks that his experience was simply one of the vagaries of hypnosis? He evidently lays great stress on the function of expectant attention, and quite as plainly shows his fear of being surreptitiously hypnotized. Query: In this state is he not an excellent subject for auto-hypnotic effects, and how could he ever be able to assure himself or anybody else of the objectivity of his experiences with a medium for psycho-physical phenomena? The trouble with this excellent gentleman is that there is neither niche nor corner in his mind where other than the materialistic hypothesis can find lodgment. The school of thought which had a mortgage

on his mentality before his birth is obsolete; it is no longer entertained by a single philosophical mind in Europe or America; yet this good man, and here and there another, is doomed to carry the dead thing, at times longing to be rid of it, yet never quite able to make a heroic effort; now anesthetized by the doctrine of eighteenth century materialism, and again suffering the pangs of doubt and unrealized hope.

Evidence such as Mr. Wettstein demands as to slate writing is abundant. If he cannot believe those who have had long experience and who testify to the matter in terms which cannot be assailed by any reasonable doubt or scientific objection; if he cannot accept the accumulated and cumulative testimony of hundreds as honest and to say the least as competent as himself how can he have such great confidence in the integrity of his own senses?

The trouble with this worthy brother is that it is impossible for him to give even a semblance of reality to the spirit hypothesis. In discrediting at wholesale and sweepingly the senses of other men, men famous in sciences requiring the highest training and keenest exercise of all their senses, Mr. W. discredits his own powers of observation and bars out his own testimony in advance of his experiment.

Independent writing under conditions giving scientific value to the testimony has been obtained and may be again, but that a particular individual will witness it through a specified medium at a time previously fixed cannot with safety be predicted. That Mr. Wettstein will ever witness it, or if he does that his testimony will be accepted even by his neighbors is doubtful; and yet he is an upright man whose word is as good as his bond in all worldly affairs.

Mr. W. advances his desire to go gunning for a spirit as though the idea was new; possibly it is new to him, but it has often been made, and the foolishness of the suggestion is apparent at once to all who have even a superficial knowledge of psychics and the laws which must be observed in dealing with genuine sensitives. Were Mr. W. to shoot at an apparition with no damage other than to the plastering on the wall, it would not necessarily prove that he saw a materialized spirit form, or that it was other than the common trick so often seen in legerdemain exhibitions. Mr. Wettstein would do well to study the evidence of Prof. William Crookes as given in the record of his experiments with the phenomena of materialization and other physical phenomena through the mediumship of D. D. Home and Florence Cook; he will then see there are much better ways to investigate than to put up money on the result or to shoot at apparitions.

Mr. W. is more facetious than ingenuous when he speaks of desiring these tests in order to "restore my confidence in the phenomena upon which Spiritualism is based." THE JOURNAL has even less hope of the old-fashioned materialist and the hypercritical than it has of the over-credulous dupe of spiritualistic mountebanks—less hope, but more pity.

If the records of experiments and the affirmative testimony of thousands upon thousands of people in all parts of the world and in all ages do not afford a firm basis for Spiritualism to stand on, we must be pardoned for doubting that the success of a medium with citizen Wettstein in the little town of Marengo in northern Illinois would give additional solidity to the aforesaid foundation. Therefore we must be pardoned for declining to act as intermediary or to attach any great importance to the proposition.

OBSOLETE -WARP.

Though the dawn of the twentieth century is almost visible yet do weavers of modern mental fabrics find themselves constantly asked to use the woof of the day upon the warp of long gone periods. Indeed, the main defect in current products of many intellect-mills is because the owners are unwittingly using warp centuries old as a foundation for the latest woof stock. In fact, many of the most productive mills insist that all warp shall be from one hundred to nineteen hundred years old. The consequence is a market stocked with intellectual, moral and spiritual shoddy. The consumer, busy at pot-boiling and with no time

or mind for starting a mill of his own—perforce selects from the confusing and conflicting offerings that which will best fit his mental stature and habit; or, maybe he is a sort of moral moonshiner opposed to paying tribute, or so expanded with abnormal individualism as to believe everything of little value as material and a misfit when given form unless he has supplied the warp and pattern and laid down rules for cutting and fitting;—that his warp is rotten, his pattern uncouth and his rules the mere presumptions of ignorance he may never know.

Discoveries, inventions and improvements in the physical realm have repeatedly wrought temporary disaster, confusion and uncontrollable discontent. During the interregnum between the dethronement of the old order of things and adjustment of the new, minds lacking the perspective quality are always seriously perturbed. To them everything seems "going to the demnition bow-wows" at break-neck speed; and yet how soon does the world adapt itself to the new régime, and all runs smoothly;—only to be again thrown out of gear while some fresh and improving change is being perfected and welded on. All this is as true of the intellectual as of the business world.

Every school of thought making any dent upon the intelligent public mind is rent with dissensions, and the unrest grows more marked wherever brain vibrates at a rate high enough to register. This is well, this is as it should be. The more intolerable grows the situation, the sooner will the climax come and pass; for come it must however strenuously the expounders and followers of the old may oppose and retard the supreme hour. Already in the religious world the cry is heard, and from unlooked-for directions, "Give us a religion in which the intellect shall not be hampered and where there can be no heresy; an organization wherein all who are striving to do right and to help humanity can lovingly cooperate, however widely differing in theological views. We demand a 'modern church,' a 'church of the spirit' wherein each shall be free to cultivate grace by his own process; where the only rivalry will be a generous strife in altruistic work; where doctrinal disputations are unknown, and the fraternal bonds are indissolubly cemented with love—love intelligently understood and honestly and faithfully utilized."

DOROTHEA DIX, PHILANTHROPIST.*

It seems scarcely credible that the amount of philanthropic work accomplished by Dorothea Dix during her life could have been done by any one individual, and least of all by one frail woman, who was much of the time a semi-invalid. Even those to whom in their earlier years her name was a household word representative of reform in charitable and sanitary directions, will find themselves surprised if they read the record of her noble life recently written by Francis Tiffany, at the far-reaching, many-sided extent of her benevolent beneficent work. In no human individuality could be emphasized more strongly the power of mind over matter than in that of Dorothea Dix. In spite of ill health, limited means, and a naturally shy, reticent nature she traversed continents, aroused legislatures, raised immense sums of money by personal appeal, dared peril and insult in her investigations of insane asylums and prisons, awoke sympathy everywhere, where once only indifference and cruelty reigned, and began a work of reform the results, of which are to-day seen in every civilized land, and which is sure to go on as time goes on.

The readers of to-day; accustomed now to steadfast interest in the large, orderly organizations devoted to the scientific study of charitable and sanitary questions, which meet every year to discuss the best methods of such work, can hardly keep in mind how short a time it is since public attention was first drawn to these matters. The great progress in these philanthropic reforms made in the last half century is strongly brought out in Mr. Tiffany's carefully written biography of Miss Dix, to whom so much of that progress is due.

Born in 1802, it was not until 1841, and after having accomplished what in most women would have

*Life of Dorothea Lynde Dix. By Francis Tiffany, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1891. pp. 392. Price \$1.50.

been considered a good life's work as a self-sacrificing daughter, sister and teacher, that Dorothea Dix, Unitarian in religion, the personal friend of W. E. Channing, but sternly puritanic in character, the hereditary outcome of her New England ancestry, became interested in what was destined to be her real life work, that which has made her name forever memorable. And it was only a chance word overheard as she came from church one Sunday, of the horrors suffered by prisoners and lunatics in a Massachusetts institution which awoke that interest and determined her to personally investigate the truth in regard to the matter. From so small beginnings do great things come! She herself felt always as one "called" by superior powers to do the work she accomplished. In a letter to her physician in which she began to state her ailments, but which is mainly devoted to her interest in a new scheme for philanthropic work, she says: "Let me give you an instance of what, in my case, I call leads of providence. So I wait a little now till returning strength comes to assist the weakened instrument of the divine will. This I say most reverently and with full understanding of what I have in view." And her biographer adds, "In her own entirely rational way she was thirty-five years ago as thorough a believer in the 'mind-cure' as are to-day thousands. . . . That is her faith in the renovating power over bodily infirmity of a great purpose or a generous affection was invincible. . . . To her there is no chance in the world. No one need seek after his way of life. It is revealed to him, if he have eyes to see and ears to hear, in the everyday events of life."

It was not only in the subjects of reform in prison life and treatment of the insane that this woman worked wonders. Life-saving stations were instituted in dangerous localities, corps of nurses were gathered together and their services offered to the government during the war, and afterwards monuments were erected to the nation's saviours, all through the efforts of this one woman. As a token of the national appreciation of her services an order was issued from the U. S. War Department, dated December 3, 1866, and signed by Secretary Stanton, as follows:

"In token and acknowledgment of the inestimable services rendered by Miss Dorothea L. Dix for the care, succor, and relief of the sick and wounded soldiers of the United States on the battlefield, in camps and hospitals during the recent war, and of her benevolent and diligent labors and devoted efforts to whatever might contribute to their comfort and welfare, it is ordered that a stand of arms of the United States National colors be presented to Miss Dix." She was delighted with this gift, and on her death in 1887 bequeathed these beautiful flags to Harvard College, where they now hang in Memorial Hall.

With admirable delicacy Mr. Tiffany refrains from giving us more than passing glimpses of the purely personal and private phases of Miss Dix's character, but enough is given to show that under a somewhat brusque and imperative exterior—the result mainly of her intensity of repressed feeling—there was in her soul deep wells of love and tenderness, known only to the few to whom she was drawn in closest friendship. But this is also seen, by those who read between the lines, in the language of the many appeals which she drew up wherewith to address the various legislatures and arouse legislative action on behalf of the insane. Many of these are models of impassioned eloquence which only a tender heart united to intellectual vigor could inspire, and they did their intended work well.

One striking characteristic of Miss Dix, which is surprising in view of the vastness and extent of the work done by her, was her attention to the smallest details of whatever she undertook. When, through her untiring efforts and appeals, a life-saving station was placed at Sable Island, she personally inspected all sorts of life-saving apparatus and interviewed those who had made this service a study. When at the close of the war she had collected money for the soldiers' monument at Fortress Monroe, she spent weeks in visiting the quarries on the coast of Maine in order to test the enduring qualities of the stone to be used in its building. In her visits to the asylums she had caused to be built, she was a terror to the

attendants in her exactions as to the smallest details of their duties. And the editor of the *Christian Register*, on a recent visit to the Alabama Institution for the Insane, asked the presiding physician, "How is it that, when Alabama is so far behind in prison matters and many other respects, you have here one of the finest insane institutions in the country, a model in itself?"

"The explanation is," he said, "that Dorothea Dix came down here about thirty years ago and succeeded in persuading the legislature to establish this institution." To which the editor adds: "But she did something else. With her fine instinct for personality, she went to South Carolina and picked out the man who should conduct it. Dr. Bryce was then working as an assistant in a Charleston institution."

Above most biographies the life of Dorothea Dix is inspiring and uplifting in its lessons, and the face of the philanthropist looking out from the frontispiece page is a remarkably characteristic one, that of a thinker, a worker and a lover combined. Well, was she named "Dorothea"—the "Gift of God!"

The following incident, taken from the "Memoirs of General Sherman," will be of interest to the readers of THE JOURNAL: In the midst of this panic came the news that the steamer *Central America*, formerly the *George Law*, with 600 passengers and about \$1,600,000 of treasure, coming from Aspinwall, had foundered at sea, off the coast of Georgia, and that about sixty of the passengers had been providentially picked up by a Swedish bark and brought into Savannah. The absolute loss of this treasure went to swell the confusion and panic of the day. A few days after I was standing in the vestibule of the Metropolitan hotel and heard the captain of the Swedish bark tell his singular story of the rescue of these passengers. He was a short, sailor-like-looking man, with a strong German or Swedish accent. He said he was sailing from some port in Honduras for Sweden, running down the Gulf Stream off Savannah. The weather had been heavy for some days, and, about nightfall, as he paced his deck, he observed a man-of-war hawk circle about his vessel, gradually lowering until the bird was, as it were, aiming at him. He jerked out a belaying-pin, struck at the bird, missed it, when the hawk rose high in the air and a second time began to descend, contract his circle and make at him again. The second time he hit the bird and struck it to the deck. This strange fact made him uneasy, he thought it betokened danger. He went to the binnacle, saw the course he was steering, and without any particular reason he ordered the steersman to alter the course one point to the east. After this it became quite dark and he continued to promenade the deck and had settled into a drowsy state, when as in a dream he thought he heard voices all around the ship. Waking up, he ran to the side of the ship, saw something struggling in the water, and heard clearly cries for help. Instantly heaving his ship to, and lowering all his boats, he managed to pick up sixty or more persons who were floating about on skylights, doors, spars, and whatever fragments remained of the *Central America*. Had he not changed the course of his vessel by reason of the mysterious conduct of that man-of-war hawk, not a soul would probably have survived the night.

A Paris surgeon removed some of the small bones from the skull of an eight-year-old girl, whose brain had ceased to develop at an early age owing to the premature coalescence of the bones in infancy. Twenty-four hours after the operation relieving the pressure upon the child's brain, she began to grow in sensibility and intelligence and in eight days the scalp wound was healed. An operation exactly parallel to this was performed a few months ago in Cincinnati upon a much younger child, but with results completely successful, it is understood. The point is that the American surgeons are not much behind their brethren in Europe, and this is shown again in a case cited by the *Evening Post* which, called for an operation of an opposite nature. A New York housemaid was so stupid as to be discharged from her place, and

naturally enough she went to visit her sister who worked in a New York hospital. Her severe headaches attracted the attention of the house physicians, one of whom in examining her head found that the bones of her skull had never knitted together. The New York surgeons went to work and succeeded in closing the aperture with such excellent results, says the *Post*, that the girl "assumed her proper brightness and returned to her former service, where she became one of the most accomplished housemaids." Perhaps there is a much larger number of persons than has been suspected in need of a similar operation. There are a great many stupid people in the world, that is certain, and if surgical skill can brighten their minds, the sooner it is applied to their cases the better it will be for them and all with whom they come in contact.

A correspondent of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL thinks, says the *Chicago Tribune*, he has solved the problem of the light and heat emitted from the sun. He supposes the surface of that luminary to be covered with water, which is being constantly decomposed by electricity, causing terrific explosions, and every now and then making openings through the water envelope permitting the dark body of the sun to be seen through the chasm. It is a nice theory, but "won't hold water." It has been pretty conclusively demonstrated that the material at the surface of the sun is heated above the limit at which chemical combination is possible. Hence there can be no water to be decomposed by electricity. Undoubtedly hydrogen is there, and Draper believes oxygen to be present in the sun's envelope. A less openly absurd theory would be that these gases are expelled so far away from the solar body that they have opportunity to cool down to the point at which combination is possible, and that the force observed results from their union to form the vapor of water. But as this must fall back into the sun, to be then decomposed by the greater heat, the latter process would take up exactly as much force as was evolved in the combination, and it is difficult to figure out any net gain from the double process. Hence the conundrum is not satisfactorily answered.

Sidney H. Morse in the *New England Magazine* thus refers to John Brown's creed: Brown placed emphasis on "doing." He despised "mere talk." He would do for others what he would have others do for him. The character of his "doing" in Virginia, considered from a military point of view, struck the country generally as it did the young Virginian, who asked in amazement, "What on earth did you think you could do here with nineteen men?" The "folly of the thing" was the phrase everywhere tossed about. It is by no means certain that there was so much folly in it as was generally supposed. It is claimed that a strong defense can be made of Brown's original plan. He said that he betrayed himself by a too tender regard for the feelings of the inhabitants. But, to wander in uncertain speculations of this sort, is to lose sight of the whole significance of the deed as it stands confessed in history. What is of consequence is to follow along the train of events his action marshalled into victorious motion, swelling the party opposed to slavery by millions of hearts, fixing, as the succeeding months illustrated his deed, the signature of the North to the proclamation of the emancipation of which Lincoln was but the scribe. "A new saint," said Emerson, "than whom none purer or more brave was ever led by love of man into conflict or death,—a new saint waiting yet his martyrdom, and who, if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the cross."

John L. Sullivan, in a drunken condition, so the papers state, staggered to the footlights of a San Francisco theatre, where he was "playing" in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," and announced to the audience that negroes are no good. "If Providence wanted the niggers to be as good as a white man why didn't he make 'em white?" argued Prof. Sullivan. It is suggested that it may have been because Providence was too disgusted with some specimens of white men.



EVOLUTION.

By S. T. SUDDICK.

If you were a marine diver and were to be let down into the bottom of the sea, especially into a tropical sea, and were to look out through the glass windows of your head-gear you would for the first fifty or one hundred feet see yourself surrounded by the beautiful finny tribes that inhabit the upper waters of the ocean in that favored locality, their scales adorned by all the beautiful tints of the rainbow. Whole myriads of them would surround you, and gaze at you in apparent wonder and astonishment. Every movement of their shining bodies, of their fan-like fins and tails would show perfect grace, and although they differed in size and shape, color of scales and manner of movement, yet every one would be a perfect beauty of its kind. None of all the throng would seem to want to hurt you in the least, but only to inspect you, and no doubt if you could read their thoughts you would hear them say, "Well, what a monstrous funny fellow he is anyhow!"

Now jerk your little cord, a signal to be lowered, and down you go one or two hundred feet further, to your next stopping place. Ah! it is getting quite dark down here, and you take up the little glass bulb that is hanging at your side by a metal chain, and turn on your electric light. This attracts the inhabitants of this second—from the top—story of this great tenement "flat" as I shall call it, and here they come, a motley throng. They don't dress quite so nicely as those above them in life, and are not so comely, and some of them are very dark, and some of them bump their homely heads against the glass, as much as to say, "Go away; we don't want you here. We'd bite your nose off if we could."

Well, you have not so good an impression of this story of the great flat as you had of the stories above, and you begin to wonder if those from the first story can not come down, or these pass up. Perhaps not, or maybe they don't want to, like their human neighbors. Again you signal and down, down you go, three hundred feet more. Oh, how dark it is getting. Turn on more light. There, now, take up your knife, for you might have to fight some monster of the deep. Yes, there he comes now, and sure enough his long "feelers" reach for you, and begin to wind around your armored bulk. But a few slashes from your knife make him let go, and he backs off a few yards and eyes you askance, while he feels carefully over his wounded tentacles; then all of a sudden he shoots off into the distance and darkness. Now, look out. This is his master that is coming, and mortal enemy, the gigantic—but I shall not run the risk of dislocating your jaws by placing on this page his long, almost as long as himself—Latin name. Now, let your knife hang on its cord, and take up your long, steel-pointed sharp probe and turn on your electric current, for this fellow has armor on as well as yourself, and your only chance is to probe him "between the joints of his harness" and give him such an electric shock that he will remember it a lifetime.

But he seems to give you the go-by and passes on in pursuit of his enemy, who has left a bloody track behind him. Now comes the small fry, a scaly lot; no good. Jerk, jerk, and lower and lower you go, until your protected feet rest on the slimy bottom of the mighty deep. Then what monsters meet your eyes, huge, slick, black, lazy fellows; ugly, eyeless, sticky, loathsome and terrible; or warty, horned, misshapen things that crawl away as you approach, as if to hide their ugly heads out of sight in the mud, and feeling disgusted and sick you give the signal to "haul away." So up you go, and when you stand again on the good deck of your little craft, with your harness off, oh, how good you feel. How glad you

are that you don't have to live away down at the bottom of the deep, blue sea, among those monsters.

Now, dear friends, there is a deep blue sea, not of water but of ether, all around and above us, and we—now don't be shocked—represent those uncanny monsters at the bottom—some of us. And, like them, we are eyeless, and can not see the beautiful superstructure of which this, what we call earth, is only the rock-ribbed foundation. Our three miles of atmosphere around and above us, and the atmosphere above that again, other three miles, or three hundred or three thousand miles of still more subtle ether, is the home, no doubt, of myriads of beings, getting brighter and still brighter as life advances onward and upward, until we reach the top surface where dwell those bright, beautiful beings who live and move in those radiant spheres as do the beautiful fishes in the clear, bright waters of the upper ocean.

Now we will suppose that one of these "bright dwellers of the upper air," like our marine diver, starts downward on a tour of inspection or exploration to this lower world of ours, all fitted up in his suit of armor of God-like love and mercy, and after leaving his bright companions above, who stand awaiting his orders to "lower rope," or "haul away," down, down he goes through sphere after sphere, and, as in the case of the other diver, the light from the upper sphere begins to shine less and less and he encounters spirits in an ever lessening grade of progression as he goes down, until the spheres of the "elementaries" are reached. Then he fights his way down and still down until his bright and sandalled feet rest upon the very foundation stones upon and around which this vast and incomprehensible superstructure, peopled with its countless myriads of inhabitants, is built. And oh, what monsters everywhere meet his angelic gaze. Monsters of sin and iniquity, of pride and avarice, of hatred and spite, of jealousy and evil! But how stifling the atmosphere. How gloomy and detestable the place. Is it any wonder that angel's visits are short and far between? Is it any wonder they pull the cord to "haul away?" Is it any wonder that they go, leaving a message half finished? But, thank goodness, it will not be so long. On the deck above is planted the dynamo, and the air pump, and the armor is being fitted onto many a bright spirit well supplied with the fresh air and the electric light of Spiritualism, to purify our lower atmosphere of ignorance and superstition, so that we of this under world can breath easier, and the light of its glorious philosophy will soon brighten up its darkest corners, and our eyes shall be opened, and we shall "see things unspeakable" and then shall our angel "divers" stay longer and teach us more.

But don't think, dear friends, that in that good time coming all we shall have to do is to take hold of the "horns of the altar," or rather the angel diver's feet, and be lifted up and swung on board the heavenly craft all at once. No indeed, we shall have to do as the fishes did. "How, was that," I hear you say. Well, let us get Charles Darwin to go with us. Now, Mr. Darwin, lead on and we will follow you on the backward track of evolution. Oh, those bright and beautiful fishes, with their silver and golden scales, whence came they? We shall see. And Darwin starts down the mighty ladder which seems to have neither top nor bottom, and down we go. They first lose their bright scales as we descend; then their comely shapes; then glory after glory departs, and ugliness succeeds. Down, down we go until we trace them back to what? The monad. And we turn sorrowfully and retrace our steps. Up, up we go, and the great ladder is crowded, all going up, up. Then we begin to see the god-like plan of evolution, and joy springs up once more in our hearts, and as we ascend all are ascending. However slow and toilsome the road, everything seems gaining ground, and now we are at the surface once more where our own species dwell, but still the ladder goes up and up until it is lost in the blue above, and Darwin stands pointing with one hand aloft, and with the other into the yawning abyss below, and in letters of living light we see the glorious plan. "From the monad up to man; from man up to the angels; from the angels up to God."

THE GIFT OF PROPHECY.

By JULIA SADLER HOLMES.

Can the future event be foreseen? The nineteenth century is asking this question and all the centuries that have "gone before" arise to answer "yes." Samuel and the prophets still "come up" at the word of the enchanter, to know wherefore they are disquieted, and the spirit of Endor's witch lives to-day in the modern medium of populous cities, and in the outlawed fortune teller of gypsy tents. The careful student of universal history finds the spirit of prophecy haunting every page, and if each individual who has given attention to psychical subjects would publish the results of personal experience, we would have a volume of evidence in favor of prophetic foresight too large for the limits of any library, an unending serial of eternal truth. In view of the attitude science has recently taken toward occult research, and the growing interest of the cultivated masses, it becomes the duty of persons who have anything to say on these mystic matters, to say it, verifying their statements with necessary names and dates, and I for one, have determined to waive my prejudices against "newspaper personalities" and say my little say, carefully and conscientiously without further preface or apology.

In July, 1874, I had a "sitting" with the late Mrs. Hamilton, a medium of unblemished reputation, then living in Brown St., Rochester, New York. She described a box of jewelry kept in the tray of my trunk, said those bracelets were dear to me from association with the dead, and they would be stolen by a chambermaid in a Washington hotel. This maid was tall with dark eyes and hair, wore the traditional maid's cap and apron over a striped gingham dress. I had never been in Washington, had no intention of going, but the seeress insisted that I would surely take such a trip, stop at this large hotel, lose the jewelry and have an offer to go around the world. She thought I would accept this offer as she also saw me traveling extensively in India, Australia, Paris and California. Owing to the subsequent election in 1877, of a relative, Wm. A. Wheeler, to the vice-presidency, I did go to Washington, to the Riggs House, and the first person who entered my room was the tall, black-eyed chambermaid of the seer's vision. Determined to outwit her I put on the bracelet, went down street and bought a new strong trunk, which was duly delivered the next morning. While repacking, the guard chains of the bracelets kept catching in my dresses, so I took them off and laid them on the bureau within five feet of my bed. Just then the chambermaid again appeared, passed between the bed and bureau to the washstand, left some towels and went out. I finished packing, dressed for dinner, started to put on my bracelets, and lo, they were gone. While deliberating whether I ought to accuse the girl on clairvoyant evidence, Mrs. Beecher-Hooker came in, to whom I told my story of the Rochester medium and her various predictions. Let me say, *en passant*, Mrs. Hooker's address is Hartford, Conn., and she will gladly testify to the truth of these statements. The house-keeper happening to pass during our talk, we confided in her, but all to no purpose, as she found upon inquiry the girl had left the hotel suddenly, without her wages. She had only been employed two days and no one knew her address. Of course the bracelets never materialized, but I gained faith in psychic vision and a compensating experience more valuable than gold, more efficacious than all the amulets of augury.

As this was only one among many predictions given by Mrs. Hamilton, which had been literally fulfilled, we began to look for the coming man who was to make the next offer with unusual interest. We believed in him, we expected him, and yet, when James O. Woodruff actually appeared at one of our receptions and the next week offered me the position of special correspondent for his scientific expedition around the world, we were perfectly amazed. A myth of my imagination had suddenly taken form, materialized before my wondering eyes, and made me the most surprising proposition. Taking a day or

two to catch my breath and make up my mind, I settled down finally on the "to bes" and signed the contract. The phantom ship in the dreamy offing became a solid iron-clad reality in the shape of the Gen. Werder, a steamer purchased from the Lloyd line and retained in New York harbor for repairs, while India and the tropics loomed in the eastern horizon as real as my faith and hope in the ultimate success of the Woodruff expedition. At this epoch of experience I was directed by a casual acquaintance to another medium, Mrs. S. A. Lindsley of Lexington Avenue, New York. She also saw me traveling all over the world, described the steamship and the new berths then being built, saw two ladies very ill, saw them die, one of fever and one of bowel trouble, and said they would be thrown overboard from this ship in mid ocean. "So you think the expedition will be a success and will surely sail?" "Why yes; but you will not start as soon as you anticipate, you will be delayed a year, in the meantime you will go south and west and you will pack up and go suddenly in response to a telegram." We were delayed. I did go south and west quite unexpectedly after getting such a telegram. The two ladies died and were thrown overboard in mid ocean precisely as foreseen, but the expedition never started. It was finally abandoned owing to the sudden death of Mr. Woodruff, who had been the life and soul of the whole enterprise from the beginning. The ladies were passengers from Bremen who died on the initial trip of the Gen. Werder after being taken back by the German Lloyd line. The seer seemed to follow the ship in a sort of mental travelling, to note the incidents occurring and reasoned that these passengers were members of the expedition. She also followed me to Europe, saw me standing in a quaint foreign street in front of a post-office opening a letter and reading the news of a sudden death. She felt the shock and surprise of this news, but did not see that the "some man who went quickly to the happy hunting grounds" was Mr. Woodruff and that my journey ended in an immediate return to New York. It happened that I did go on in advance, expecting to join the expedition in London, that I did stand in a street in Southampton and read a letter announcing this sudden death of Mr. Woodruff three days after I sailed, but I did not go on around the world. India and the tropics still loom in my fanciful horizon, a mirage of the prophetic vision. When I do go THE JOURNAL shall have a letter from India.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

By W. WHITWORTH.

It was a notable scene, not long ago, on a bright Sabbath day in Cleveland, Ohio. Crape hung on the door of a pretty white cottage, the home of a workman. He now lay dead in the front room, leaving a young wife and four little children to grieve and to suffer for his untimely loss. He had been cut down in the very pride of his early manhood, with only a few days' warning of the crushing blow that was to fall. The house was crowded with mourning friends, and outside was a large number of fellow workmen, who marched two and two to the church where the last sad rites were to be solemnized. On the raised platform were the men appointed to render the services. Immediately in front was the coffin, with the widow and her four little children, and the sister of the dead man, on the first seat beyond. More than usual interest was felt, because the deceased had been a very active member of the church, as well as superintendent of the Sunday school.

At the close of some sweet singing and a long impressive prayer by the first speaker, the regular minister gave the great central oration of the services. It seemed like a labored effort. As he warmed to his subject he walked to and fro as one in deepest anguish, waving his arms in the wildest excitement, and poured out a stream of words like the rush of a mighty torrent; each few moments making such allusions to the dead brother as caused sister and wife to shriek in the pent up agony of their grief. When the good man at length sat down he was literally

bathed in perspiration and a flood of tears. He had talked for over an hour and the entire church full of people were worked into an hypnotic fever of sympathetic agitation. Weak from the trying anguish they had suffered, wife and sister were supported to the carriage, that was to convey them to the cemetery.

As I sat and listened to this discourse I could not help thinking that if this stream of eloquence could give practical relief to the impoverished condition of widow and orphans, what a blessed outcome of the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth it would be! But it was all words, empty of helpful results.

Widow and children returned to their bereaved home, and after the crushing excitement, how terrible was its desolation! He had been a good husband and father, and strove hard to secure a home for his rising family. But he had been suddenly snatched away while yet a payment was due on the place. No means were left beyond what would defray the funeral expenses and liquidate a few small debts.

While steeped in the misery of looking on the dark future, the widow was summoned to admit the employer of her husband, Mr. Theodore Kundtz, one of the foremost manufacturers of the city, who had risen from poverty to affluence, and knew how to sympathize with those on the low rounds of Fortune's ladder. Accompanied by his good wife, a few words of kindly consolation were offered, when he asked what the widow purposed to do. Upon her replying that she must sell the place and live in cheap rooms, he offered strenuous objections, saying the property would greatly increase in value. But she tearfully said: "How can I keep it, with these four little children? I have no money at all to meet the last payment." Then this big-hearted man rejoined: "Stay in your home, and I will send you five dollars a week till your children are old enough to help you." And from that day the amount has been regularly sent to her, albeit her husband had no more claim upon his employer's generosity than had any one of his four hundred fellow workmen.

Here is practical Christianity from a man laying no claim to church fellowship, but whose quiet, simple doing is worth more than all the lip sympathy in the world.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MATTER SPIRIT SUBSTANCE.

By J. T. DODGE.

II. (CONCLUDED.)

Spirit has been defined by Locke as "a substance in which thinking, knowing, doubting, and a power of moving do subsist," but in these latter days when materialism has so many adherents, the word spirit has come to be in some minds a synonym of unsubstantiality as well as of immateriality. We should, however, disabuse our minds of such ideas and accept the plain inferences which flow from incontestable facts.

Having reached the conception of substance which is not matter, let us look a moment at the possible qualities of this substance. First, although the substance supposed is not subject to the laws of gravitation which pertains to matter, it is not irrational to suppose that it may be subject to an attraction and repulsion of its own, and bearing the same relation to material objects that the substratum of magnetic force bears to non-magnetic bodies. Let this point be carefully studied.

Were the human spirit such an imponderable substance as is above supposed, it would be a rational hypothesis to suppose that it might assume a definite form under the laws of its own attraction, that it might have a certain impenetrability in respect to similar substance, and yet not be impenetrable in respect to material bodies. Thus, many solids, many fluids and gases are penetrable by the assumed luminiferous ether. As the rays of light produce certain physical effects upon matter we may also suppose that spirit substance may exert certain effects upon it. Material substances, in the economy of nature, are often capable of serving more than a single purpose.

For instance, the atmosphere serves several widely different and very important purposes. It supports life. It supports combustion. It aids to destroy and to build up bodies. It is a vehicle of heat and cold. It transports moisture in vast quantities, over great distances and to lofty altitudes. It transmits sound. Not alone the peal of thunder and the boom of cannon produce its vibrations, but the gentlest whisper is conveyed with such nicety that the subtlest shades of thought are borne by its tremors.

Water too serves a great variety of uses. It is a dangerous enemy but a most useful friend. All the processes of animal and vegetable life are dependent upon it. Growth and decay, nutrition and excretion all depend upon its presence. As the atmosphere dissolves and transports many fluids and gasses, so water dissolves more solid matters and transports them both for destructive and constructive purposes.

In view of these evidences of nature's economy, it does not appear unreasonable to suppose that this luminiferous ether may serve still other purposes besides the transmission of light. If the waves of the air may transmit the symbols of thought, why may not thought itself be transmitted by a more refined and subtle medium?

If the mind can familiarize itself with the conception of a substance which, while it has some of the properties of matter, is destitute of its most distinctive characteristics, it may have some idea of what is called spirit. Extension being a property of pure space, may well be a property both of matter and spirit.

So the law of attraction may operate upon spirit substance in a manner analogous to that of gravity upon material substance or that of magnetism upon a certain limited class of material substances. In other words, as certain kinds of matter are not susceptible to the influence of magnetic force, so we may suppose that certain kinds of matter are not susceptible to the influence of spirit force and that spirit substance is not susceptible to the influence of material forces. Hence we may conceive of two spheres of being, co-existing in time and space and yet of such diverse nature that the presence of the one does not even imply the absence of the other. Spirit may interpenetrate and co-exist with matter.

The ideas above advanced are simply an extension of the analogies of nature which have the widest acceptance among scientific men.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XXII.

RAISON D'ETRE OF A SPIRITUAL HYPOTHESIS.

Although we find in the involuntary writing so much impossible nonsense viewed from a spiritual standpoint; the graver forms are to be judged of by their own characteristics. The following statements are not arguments to support any hypothesis, but inherent parts of the subject, equally open to careful observation and equally facts. In the most perfect darkness the clearest vision is enjoyed by the intelligence which addresses you, and the secret questions that may have been prepared are read and answered on the same paper. The most violent and apparently reckless demonstrations are made without injury to the assistants. Instruments, tables, and chairs are swept with fearful rapidity about the face and head, lightly touching the hair, but inflicting no blow. Our own opinion as to some private matter is often contested, and ideas or words not in accordance with those we think correct, substituted. The atheist or materialist with all his dominant will, fails to wring any support from these phenomena, whilst the Christian whose strong faith is to him as actual knowledge, finds himself shocked by a half assent or flat denial of some cherished dogma. The leading ideas promulgated by these phenomena respecting a future existence are so generally uniform, and so persistently contradict many of the established grooves of human thought, that they are not to be accounted for as the automatic offspring of our own mind. The subject of death, especially, is treated by these intelligences in a

remarkably different manner from that in which we have been taught to look upon it.

Again and again we find ourselves in the presence of an intelligence, both of gravity and earnestness, belonging by its form of thought and expression to a past generation. We learn to rely upon it, through our experience of its consistency, and in such a case, no inaccuracy of our own is adopted and no *suggestio falsi* prevails. The mental and moral traits of the different communications, through the same psychic, are as various as those we find among an equal number of people in life, always claiming to be spiritual, and announcing themselves at points exterior to and at a distance from any person. The communications carry a different individuality and fit in consistently with those going on at another place, frequently rising above the knowledge and capacity of both medium and inquirer, and as frequently falling below, yet as a rule, inferior to good examples of human thought and culture. In general, mortal literature keeps in advance of spiritual effort, as we now have it, and probably will continue to do so, until the brain of a Huxley, or the pen of a Tyndall shall be dominated by these forces.

Certain conditions are proposed by the intelligence, to be followed by results altogether unexpected and unknown to us. We secretly arrange these conditions with entire strangers, and the promised results occur; the intelligence establishes pass words, as it were, invariably to be recognized, and always associates itself with them. Each assumed spirit has its own peculiar tone of rapping, unknown as a quality of earth-life, yet becoming familiar as a voice, and by a certain cadence expresses emotions, not cerebrally projected by ourselves, but belonging to the character of the communication. Occasionally also a striking similarity is to be observed between the energy of the phenomena and the character of the deceased person announced to be present.

Frequently pains disappear suddenly when the result has been promised, or are felt when a statement to that effect has been made. The sense of feeling is suspended in the normal state, or limbs are temporarily paralyzed when the phenomena assert that they will be. A marked hesitation often exists, analogous to that of advanced age, in obtaining names and dates, as well known to the questioner as the other matters correctly answered. The intelligence which directs the pencil in psychography, declares itself to be a spirit, and the experience of life that mind always writes with the member belonging to it, and does not call itself a spirit, gives weight to the assertion.

There was unsuggested thought. Whilst the intelligences differed as to mere matters of opinion, they all claimed the same nature, and substantially held the same views as to their general present condition, which if they actually were spirits, would be known to them in common. It was impossible to admit the wild statement that the brain of a woman, often of a mere child, was at one time several feet away from her person forging your grandfather's name, or at another time a deceased stranger's, and personating with accuracy a succession of characters wholly unknown to her. So immensely difficult was it to conceive of this, even under the severest access of "unconscious cerebration," that the alternative of an exterior mind became a reasonable matter of inquiry.

A summary of the more obvious facts which favor a spiritual hypothesis, is far from being sufficient for a correct judgment. On a close acquaintance with the subject, we find that much of this belief is largely due to the veriest trifles of a personal nature not to be understood by another and incapable of being put into words. No oral relation or published statement could convey the force of the numerous small but important features illustrating the belief at every step. A thousand turns of thought, modes of speech and little tricks of habit are continually appealing to a sense of identity and enforcing belief on the rational as well as the emotional side. The hypothesis of intercourse with deceased friends takes root not exclusively from exact and rigorous experiments. Strictly speaking, these experiments chiefly prove the reality of the phenomena and some intelligent cause behind them. The

evidence of identity flows in most effectively on the plane of the affections. "The keenest logical faculty, the most overmastering will is second to the still more masterful power of love." This seems to produce a plentiful harvest of proof, which does not grow on the purely intellectual ground. It is not at all uncommon to be addressed as if from children, who, dying at their birth, never have had a place in the mind as existent entities. The bereaved mother, with no faith, but catching at a straw, goes alone and unknown to a meeting. Little hands caress her, little lips kiss her, and a whisper as of from an infinite distance calls her mamma, and lisps the name of her last child. The cry that comes from a dead mother to her living daughter of "that unkind husband who forgets his beloved wife," tells of her husband's neglect to her memory, with a pathos so sad that the plaint seems to be wrung from a sorrowing heart. There is no one point so constant and characteristic as the emotional outbursts of these intelligences. When two warmly attached persons are separated by death, at the first opportunity the living one, stranger though he may be to all present, is accosted with expressions and acts of tumultuous joy, which subside as the interviews become more frequent into a calm and affectionate demeanor. These emotions are more strongly exhibited when the mind responds to a possibility of their spiritual nature. We may not imagine that this phase is due to any psychic or cerebral force of the living, as it is the continuous and personal expression of the feelings which once existed in the individuality claiming to address us, rejoicing in a renewal of intercourse. The sentiments which these voices never fail to express appear to flow on with the measure of old earth-life, and the anticipation of future companionship they so earnestly dwell upon seems to proceed from an assured conviction that fruition will follow the hope. Said an unembodied voice once in the presence of the writer, "I am waiting for you—waiting and watching—living and loving ever." In the sacred domain of the family love there is an experience to be had of purity and tenderness not to be told in words.

On some occasions and with some mediums the intelligence is so imperfect and feeble in character that judged alone by such instances spiritual causes would not deserve to hold a place in our speculations. But it is not always so, and we must not allow hasty or partial conclusions drawn from imperfect phases to divert our attention altogether.

The crudities and absurdities we meet are for the most part constant with intelligences of the same apparent standard as their questioning friends, but are not to be found with others, to whom trifling seems repugnant, and from whom we have learned to look for graver results. From some alleged sources our experience will teach us to expect nothing unworthy of a refined nature. These contrasts take place through the same medium, more rarely with the same observer, and logically considered lead up to various degrees of culture and different personalities, with habitual modes of thought and expression.

There are some considerations connected with the subject which require more than casual thought to take in their full significance. Design is especially prominent, and without due attention to it our conclusions are imperfect. We may suppose that the communications have been prompted by the automatic play of our own unconscious cerebration, but we can not accept design, with respect to matters of which we have no knowledge, to result from the same cause. Unconscious design and its fulfilment take the question out of our own cerebral activities.

Great inequalities in the communications often occur, even with the same alleged intelligence, for at times it seems incapable of following a thread of sustained thought, giving only here and there, as in dreams, a word to shadow forth the idea, and leaving out the connecting links, much as if it had temporarily lost its grasp of the subject before it. When, however, we have sufficient data to judge by, we can not help perceiving that if some occult support is established by frequent communication with an intelligence of graver character, many defects sensibly dis-

appear, and when the new relations, so to speak, have become familiar, the messages take on a widely different and more sustained character. With some responses there is no indirectness, but on the contrary a continuance of thought and purpose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE DAY WITH PRENTICE MULFORD.

BY LIDA HOOL TALBOT.

The announcement of the "death" of Prentice Mulford has sent a thrill of sudden loss to many hearts. Not so widely known as many a less meritorious writer, he has nevertheless filled a larger place than is generally realized, for he has been writing earnestly of things not in high demand by the public, but his splendid, healthful words have run like roots into the hearts of hundreds of people, who have become strong and knit together in a great sympathy through them.

The writer had the good fortune to become acquainted with Prentice Mulford a number of years ago, in New York City, and while meeting him frequently and gaining much benefit from his high thoughts, one day in particular stands out in my memory "ever bright and fair."

He was at that time on the regular working staff of the *New York Graphic*, dramatic critic I think, and worn out with the attrition of much work and the routine of city life, he decided to "go away into the wilderness awhile to rest and to get hold of himself," as he expressed it; he "discovered a spot down in the wilds of New Jersey," where he built for himself a hut, to which he moved a few of his belongings, and in the early summer retired to it, and for a time was lost to all but a few chosen friends. Some time later, when the season was in full glory of beauty, he sent word for a lady journalistic friend and myself to "come spend the day" with him; he wrote he would meet us with a coach and four at the station and we should ride in state to his "castle"; and one exceedingly early morning we left the hot city, wide awake with the consciousness of our destination, and before the birds had finished their morning services we arrived at the little station where Mr. Mulford stood ready to greet us.

Ah! rare was that long summer's day. It will never be forgotten, for many things spoken that day have since passed out to hundreds of the readers of his "White Cross" series.

The gentle, grave man conducted us to the "coach and four," which was a carry-all and one, but we were so elate with the green, dew-bespangled world that we refused to ride, and with our host preferred to walk in the narrow, hill-winding road, white with daisies on one side and edged on the other with a silver ribbon of a brook; we declared our desire of getting close to mother earth, and he smiled and said, "Those love her that understand her," and that was the keynote of the day. It was the keynote of the man's life, seeking, understanding—and he has found it.

We trudged on through the dew and the powdered dust of the country lane, listening to the birds and the quaint explanatory talk of our host, the sailor journalist. Modest and sensitive creature that he was, tender and delicate as a womanly woman, one could not think of him as having been "just a common sailor," of having shipped before the mast and sailing around the "Horn" in '49, before he was yet in his "teens"; at the age when boys are tenderly mothered at home, sailor, ship's cook, miner in those rough days in California, traveler by sea and land, for he had "tramped" over half of continental Europe in quest of things interesting, and his delightful descriptions of the simple living of the "country folk" of Europe were read years ago by scores of readers of the *New York Herald*—I think it was. I read them from his scrap-book.

He guided us, after half an hour's ramble up and down hill, through the gate and yard of a farmhouse, on through an old-fashioned garden, bright with hollyhock and sunflowers and "bachelor's buttons," and out of its picket gate straight through a "bannered field of corn" to his "castle." It was what the farmers term a "lean-to," which is a long, low building with the "roof sloping off almost down to the ground, like a schoolgirl's sunbonnet."

"There is, you see, but one opening toward civilization, and that is a very small window," said Mr. Mulford, as we approached the building, "which is my loop-hole of observation, that I may escape to the woods in case I am discovered." We went round to the front door—which in this case was the back one—and found it opened into a great elm and cedar woods, densely, darkly green and deliciously cool. A trinity of elm trees stood close to the little habitation. From the generous brown arm of one depended a splendid swing, from the other two a hammock, and a third seat was a big arm chair with a wolf's robe, and we were to have our choice, our host remarked, as he

took our things and told us to make ourselves "at home."

Everything was ship-shape inside the "hut." A cot clothed cleanly in white with an "iron-clad" mosquito net over it, two or three chairs and a small writing table furnished the apartment. A broad, long shelf, built on one side of the room, on which were orderly arranged the dishes, was the dining table we were told. Above each plate, on the wall, little leather straps were tacked, and stuck in each were knives, forks and spoons for the diner. The walls were covered with pictures and cuts from the *Graphic*, *Harper*, *Judge* and other periodicals.

Our host left us to "look at things" while he prepared "a natural man's breakfast," and we came out under the great trees in time to see him disappearing into a farm house, across a meadow, from which he shortly emerged bearing a bright tin bucket which proved to contain real cow's milk. A stake driven into the ground under one of the trees with a board nailed on top and covered over with shining green leaves soon showed itself to be our breakfast table. Our busy host proceeded to the corner of the "castle" and lifting some boards was soon waist deep in a hole in the ground which he called his cellar. He brought up out of it "ox-hearts" and strawberries, which he piled on the table in the midst of the green leaves, adding some sort of confections; then with the milk in cups and slices of white bread and brown, cut thin by our host, we sat down to such a feast as only the gods or a simple hearted philosopher like Prentice Mulford could offer. I thought of Thoreau, who "loved a broad margin to his life," and of his hut at Walden, and of the wisdom he drew out of the heart of nature, as did this man to whose voice we were listening.

All that long, exquisite, summer day, under the trinity of trees, or in the green thickets of the woods, we talked, but listened most—let us hope—to the rare thoughts that came so purely from this lonely man's lips. Mr. Mulford was a true thinker, for he spoke little and had the gift of drawing from others "their better selves." But this day he seemed attuned to expression and he told us of much concerning himself, bits of travel, glimpses of salt-water life, doings on shipboard, running away from his Long Island home, a youthful sweetheart, a sturdy lad before the mast, a ship's cook's calamity, and a delightful sketch of his tramp through rural England with Joaquin Miller, and a thrilling bit of experience of those early days in California, but best of all were the things he thought, his beliefs and philosophies.

During this retirement to the fields and woods he planned to "re-write the Bible," as he expressed it; not that he expected to revise it, but desired to spiritually interpret its words, giving its meanings and stripping its texts of sentimentality, putting them into a practical dress and applying them to every need so that he might reach "young men through them," he said. He wrote one little essay on "Ye cannot worship God and Mammon," which if his publishers have the good fortune to possess, I trust they will give to his readers ere long. I do not think it was ever published. I read it in manuscript. He has embodied his ideas very largely in the wholesome and practical "White Cross" books, but had his time been longer here on earth he would have more fully developed his purpose, I am sure. He was a thorough believer in the higher spiritualistic thought, accepting phenomena as one of the workings of the Almighty law, and necessary for the spiritual development of a material civilization.

The day passed on until the sun rode the tree tops and the ferns, pines and cedars gave forth such spicy scents that in spite of all philosophy our appetites were whetted to voracity. Mr. Mulford said it was time to dine and obliged us to sit helplessly by while with truly professional skill he prepared a most savory meal. His cooking stove stood under a "baby lean-to," somewhat rusty, for the storms had been reckless and the gentle philosopher not given to gormandizing but he "practically demonstrated some of his tales," he said, as we sat down to the shelf where we dined uniquely against the side of the house and thoroughly enjoyed our host's deliciously cooked dinner.

As the stars came out we made our way Indian file through the field of whispering growing corn, out of the little gray picket gate and down the dusty beribboned lane, Mr. Mulford talking of the stars, of their effects upon the life in this planet, at least of astrology and its mysteries. Everything interested him, his was too great a mind to scorn or ignore anything because he did not understand it. In that evening's walk he seemed to hear the meaning of every sound, the dark woods teemed with the resonance of silence and our voices sank wordless before the realization of things this man's words brought us. The train came and he bade us good night with the high look of a great peace on his kind face and we left him to return alone along the narrow lane and the odorous woods, under the stars in the quiet night. Did I say alone? Oh, no! there is no such thing to a mind like Prentice Mulford's, for the inner world, where thought comes

from, is its abiding place. His body was found in the boat, and the boat was anchored, so I read, just as he chose it. No need to tell those who knew him that he did not know he was going.

A boat—the water, so had he started out to make his way in the world. An anchored boat, a boat with a white cross—a body, but not the man who had dwelt in it; he has gone to make his way in a higher life. Anchored? Yes, but to incomparable freedom.

EVANSTON, JUNE 4TH.

WE MAY FLY SOON.

Professor Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, stated to the National Academy of Sciences lately what was repeatedly stated at the patent centennial meetings, that the problem of aerial navigation was likely to be speedily solved.

He said the subject he presented would cause surprise, as it was one the discussion of which had been confined more to the sphere of charlatanism than that of science. It is the subject of artificial light, the propelling through the air of bodies heavier than the air.

The perpetual miracle of a soaring bird was so familiar, he said, that it ceased to excite wonder. About five years ago he resolved to experiment in the matter, and, with the pecuniary aid of a gentleman, since dead, he had set up in the grounds of the Allegheny observatory a whirling machine on a scale never before tried. Its use was to create an artificial wind. Its diameter was sixty feet, and it was driven by a steam engine of ten or twelve horse power.

There was hardly anything, he said, in which statements of men of most honored names were to be taken with more caution than statements regarding aerodynamics, because there was so little founded on actual experiment. In this connection he referred to a paper by eminent French physicists, in which it was held that in order to calculate the work one must put out to fly, it must first be determined how much work is required to merely suspend the body in the air. The conclusion solemnly reached is that a swallow to fly forty miles an hour must exert one-tenth of a horse power, an eagle, ten-horse power, and an Egyptian crane, weighing forty pounds, about forty-horse power. To suppose that an eagle or buzzard is as strong as twelve or fourteen horses was absurd, but the idea seemed not to trouble these writers at all.

Professor Langley said the first experiment he made was to test the question: Does it require more power to move laterally than to stand still in the air? He had suspended a flat brass plate from the whirling machine by a spring. When the machine was put in motion and the plate encountered an artificial wind going forty miles an hour, the spring, instead of elongating, actually shortened, showing that the weight or power required to suspend the plate was less when in motion than when it was standing still. This he considered was demonstrative evidence that there had been some gross conceptions on the subject. After it was done it became apparent at once that what occurred should have occurred.

Professor Langley said he then began the study of another matter connected with it. He found that the brass plate when placed horizontally and moved forward laterally sank to the ground slowly, as if the air had become like dense cream or butter. He illustrated by referring to the case of a man skating over thin ice: He supposed that the man went over 100 cakes of ice in a second, each cake being of a mass equal to his own. In that time, he said—speaking approximately—the ice would sink or yield only the one-hundredth as much as it would if he had stood during that time on one cake. By sufficiently rapid progress, he said, one could go over the most yielding surface without bending it much. He said the poet's figure of swift Camilla's fight over the unbending grain was scientifically possible. He further illustrated by means of a simple apparatus. He had a thin, narrow slat or plane of wood, about three feet long and two inches wide, from the center of which projected a handle about two feet long with a small brass knob on the end of it. First, he let the slat, with the handle downward, fall from his hand while holding it stationary. Then he whirled the stick between the palms so that the horizontal plane or slat was revolved, and let it fall while whirling. It was obvious that it took a second or two more to fall four feet while in motion than when it was dropped from the hand without motion.

Professor Langley explained various experiments made with his whirling machine, and the delicate and ingenious apparatus by which the results were recorded.

As a conclusion of his experiments he said that the amount of power required for artificial flight was perfectly attainable by the steam engine we now possess. The amazing thing demonstrated by his experiments was that the faster you go the less it costs in power, and one-horse power will transmit a much heavier

weight at a rapid speed than at a slow one. Professor Langley showed, by means of a table on the black-board, results he had obtained in figures. With the plane at an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon, moving at the rate of thirty-six or thirty-seven feet per second, at an expenditure of 2,438 foot pounds per minute, one horse power would carry through the air fifteen pounds, while with the plane at an angle of one degree, moving at the rate of eighty-two feet a second, at an expenditure of a little over 100 foot pounds of work per minute, a horse power would carry 333 pounds through the air.

He did not say that man could traverse the air, but under certain conditions and with our existing means, so far as the power is concerned, the thing was possible. The difficulties, he said, would be in getting started, in coming down to the ground again, and in guiding one's self through the air. Nature has supplied an instinctive intelligence in the bird to balance and guide itself. He did not question that man would ultimately acquire it. He thought aerial navigation would pass out of the sphere of charlatanism and into the hands of engineers in a short time, possibly months instead of years. He believed they would see something notable come from it. Mr. Maxim, the inventor of the machine gun, he understood, was making experiments, and had reached results similar to his own.

DIVORCES AMONG CATHOLICS.

It has always been understood that the Catholic church does not countenance divorces, and such understanding is in accord with the facts. But there have been isolated individual cases where, with the apparent or implied consent of the church, such divorces have been consummated.

Notwithstanding repeated assertions to the contrary, divorce is often sanctioned by the Catholic church, especially in a country like our own, where the church has no jurisdiction of a civil kind. Troubles are as likely to occur between man and wife now as ever, and here as elsewhere, and it is argued that, if only for the protection of the children, it is often necessary that some legal action should be taken. That the Catholic church especially deprecates so unfortunate an ending to the marriage tie, together with the causes which have at times, as is said, driven her children to try to take advantage of the civil law in order to dissolve it, is perfectly well known, and also that she does not sanction a separation for the purpose of permitting either party to marry again, this last step being contrary to the laws of the church. However, there have been two instances where divorced people have been married, if not by the church itself, at least by a Catholic priest or even a prelate of the church.

This article does not propose to discuss nor is the writer familiar with the reasons, sometimes inscrutable to a layman, why they have seen fit to set aside the law on certain occasions. It is only known that it has been done here and abroad.

To cite a few cases of perfectly well-known people is all that it is the intention here to do. Mr. Robert Randall, of Philadelphia, brother of the late Hon. Samuel J. Randall, married the divorced wife of a Mr. Miller, the ceremony being performed by the late Rev. Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, a prelate who was regarded in that community much as the late Cardinal McCloskey was in New York. What the facts may have been which were laid before the archbishop at the time, influencing him in his decision to countenance the marriage by performing the ceremony, was never known by the writer, who only knows, with every one else, that the marriage took place at the cathedral, if not in it, and shortly after the divorce was obtained by Mrs. Miller, and that she was a Catholic, and was married by the archbishop himself. There were three children nearly grown, the custody of whom was given to the mother, while the father was allowed access to them. And so it has happened that (the two daughters being at a convent near Philadelphia) Mr. and Mrs. Randall have been seen driving away from the convent when they had been visiting the young girls on the day called visiting day, as Mr. Miller drove up, bent upon the same thing, a visit to his daughters.—*N. Y. Press.*

The Austro-Hungarian prelates of the Catholic church are, with one exception, the most highly paid ecclesiastics in the world. That exception is, strange to say, the archbishop of Vienna. A return of their revenues has just been circulated at Vienna. From this it appears that Cardinal Simoi, primate of Hungary, has £80,000 a year; the Archbishop of Prague, £70,000 a year; the Archbishop of Erlau, £55,000; the Archbishop of Olmutz, £50,000; the Prince Bishop of Cracow, £40,000; the Prince Bishop of Salzburg, £35,000, and the Bishop of Linz, £25,000. All these sees possess vast estates, the value of which has enormously increased of late years, but the Archbishop of Vienna, who has no landed property, gets only a paltry stipend of £4,000 a year.



THE LITTLE WHITE HEARSE.*

By S. T. SUDDICK.

Somebody's baby was re-born to-day,
"The empty white hearse from the grave rumbled
back,"
Yet the morning somehow seemed smiling and
gay,
"As I paused on the walk, as it passed on its way,"
And a halo seemed drawn o'er the sun's golden
track.

Somebody's baby is now with the blessed,
"White as a snow-drop and fair to behold,"
And soft hands and cheeks are being caressed—
In the whitest of robes its form has been dressed,
It is only the mortal lies silent and cold.

"Somebody saw it go out of her sight,"
Not "under the coffin lid, out of the door,"
But attended by angels it took its glad flight,
Where nevermore darkness or sorrow or blight
Can mar the bright glory, or turn it to night,
For her own darling babe that has gone on before.

Somebody's sorrow has hope, though she weep,
If the things of the spirit her soul doth despoil,
"For the dearly bought baby she longed so to
keep,"

Rode not out to-day "to its long lasting sleep,
In the little white hearse that went rumbling by."
It was only the casket the hearse bore away,
The jewels we prize still live and are near—
I know, for I see them, their voices I hear—
Yet I feel for her sorrow, I too shed a tear,
"For the little white hearse stood at my door one
day."

*The above was written some time ago, after
reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Little White
Hearse," commencing "Somebody's baby was
buried to-day."

The members of the Press league met in club-room 2 of the Auditorium, June 9th, at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Claudia Murphy, of the Toledo Commercial and president of the league in Ohio, was the honored guest. She was called upon to speak and made a speech which was heartily applauded. The Press league is formed of women regularly employed on reputable publications, either as editorial or special writers, reporters or correspondents, and is well represented throughout the United States by the newspaper women. The aim of the Press league is to establish coöperation among regular writers for the press, to furnish such information as may be desired by writers from fellow workers in different parts of the country and in foreign countries, and to foster an esprit de corps, also to provide headquarters for the members of the Press league during the World's Fair and to furnish such information and assistance as resident newspaper writers can give those who are in the city at that time. Any woman who has within twelve months been regularly connected with a newspaper is eligible to membership. The headquarters are for the present in Chicago and the officers are as follows: President, Mary H. Krout, *Inter Ocean*; recording secretary, Virginia Lull, *Evening Journal*; corresponding secretary, Eve Broadlique, *Times*; secretary of representatives, Isabelle O'Keefe, *Herald*; treasurer, Antoinette V. H. Wakeman, *Evening Post*; chairman of auditing board, Mary E. Bundy, RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. The organization will have its headquarters in the women's building on the World's Fair grounds during the exposition.

Miss Jane Meade Welch, who attained such brilliant success in New York as a lecturer on American history, is a writer of much force, grace and originality, says the *New York Times*. She is entitled to the distinction of being the first woman who acquired celebrity as a newspaper writer in Buffalo. A few years ago, after overcoming a strong feeling of timidity, she consented to try to edit a column of society news in the Buffalo Courier. Her first batch of manuscript was addressed personally to her friend, the lamented David Gray, who was the editor-in-chief of that paper. He, without consulting Miss Welch, attached the nom de plume "Nemo" to her "copy." The first publication created a sensation. Never before had society news been handled so intelligently, so accurately and so cleverly in a Buffalo paper. "Who is Nemo?" was on everybody's tongue, but so carefully was the secret of authorship preserved that for two years that eager question remained unanswered. Finally, when Miss Welch became one of the regu-

lar editorial writers for the Courier the riddle was solved and everybody in society wondered that he had not guessed it before.

Only last year there died in Washington D. C., the woman, Mrs. Nancy Johnson, who in 1843 invented the first ice-cream freezer. Up to that time the tool used to make ice-cream was a big spoon. She was ninety years of age. The first woman patentee in this country was Mary Kies, of Connecticut—the state that has more inventors in proportion to its population than any other in the Union. Her idea was for weaving straw with silk thread. The notion of syllabic type was a woman's. But only a suggestion can be given here of the great contributions which the genius of women has made to invention in the United States. Think how many women inventors there must have been who preferred to remain in the background and permit their fathers, husbands and brothers to appear as the authors of their creations. Consider, too, how much help the ladies, God bless them! give the men in the development of new thoughts. If the famous Galvani's wife had not been sick, so that he was obliged to make frog-leg soup for her, the frogs would not have been lying on the table amid his electrical apparatus; a live wire would not have touched the limb of one of the batrachians, setting the animal off into a frantic fancy dance, and galvanism would have remained for the time being undiscovered.

A remarkable petition has been sent from India to Queen Victoria. It is more than sixty feet in length and is signed by more than ten thousand women in India who are anxious to have the legal marriage age for girls raised from its present limit of 10 to 14 years.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: The induction current from Charles Darwin's theory of evolution, after sensibly reacting on theistic religion by upsetting creation, naturally invades the economic sphere, men being rather more than gods, subject to the laws of nature—be these what they may. A socialistic writer, indignant at the sanction claimed for right of might by monopolist capitalism, reclaims nature for communism by the plant, against the gardener's need to maintain vegetable privilege by weeding. He denies that "the grasses struggle each plant against the rest for the soil's juices and that so the stronger kill the weaker and survive." To save the weaker, he postulates "nutriment enough for all." But he ignores the fact that the aptitudes of certain species for extension in every direction by assimilation are incomparably greater than that of others, while the quantity of nutriment in a given soil sphere is limited. Hence the invasions of our cultures by the gum tree, the sassafras and wild plum, so difficult to control. If their monopoly is less flagrant than man's, we may ascribe this to the greater differences in the kinds of nutriment assimilable by each. The monopolist appetite has preceded man in nature and grows on what it feeds. With regard to the mutual capability of animals, I find no striking difference between man and others, short of civilization; or of certain equally destructive barbarous countries. Here in America the Indian, though living by the chase, was compatible with the wild herds and feathered peoples, which are now being rapidly exterminated by the white man, and that in wanton waste. The writer referred to reproaches our pretentious scientists, who under pretext of emancipating humanity from the thralldom of religion, promulgate the doctrine of struggle or destructive competition as necessary to every advancement of type until the exploiters come to contribute as it were a distinct species from the exploited, like the carnivora from the frugivora. But were Christendom or Islam less destructive in their great religious crechisms during mediæval periods?

About plants we observe that being more locally limited by their mode of life, they are more strictly dependent on the conditions of the soil sphere where they originate, these including climate; while locomotive animals, and men especially who overrun many spheres, are more subject to the limitation of their increase by warfare.

To make his plants teach communism the Australian socialist says that they take from the soil each according to its needs, if it can, and where there is not enough for all, each going on short allowance in the same ratio. But the needs of plants embracing multiplication and expansion in very different degrees, which the

roots of the mother plant provide for, such ratios are not in fact maintained, and some flourish while others wither in the same dry spell of weather. I have just remarked this among my strawberries of different sorts. I might cite one luxuriant plot as illustrating good-fellowship and Mr. A.'s "fraternal shading of the weaker by the stronger"; but this applies to species and not to individuals of the same species. It accords with the differences of food which they respectively require, while the excretions of one species may be secreted by another as nourishment. Such is the condition of natural grouping; it accounts for the fact that I gather finest berries from the weediest beds, though much fewer there, consequent upon the check to proliferation by runners. Doubtless the partial shade and moisture by the exhalation of vigorous, deep-rooted thickets of other plants is more salutary than the crowding of the same species in full sunshine. But an impartial statement must add the exceptional vigor of the strawberry in question, which for eighteen years has overrun my grounds, competing with the strongest grapes, weeds and bushes; while many other varieties have perished as soon as my guardian care for their exclusive privilege relaxed.

Nature's anti-able communism (?) in plant life is exceptional, like the Shakers in Christendom, and even here you do not look far before butting against the walls of proprietary privilege. But friendship and love, with the liberal economics of great association, which their natural development implies, are in no wise beholden either in principle or practice to communism for their redemption from the baser selfishness. Altruism is a blossom that evolves spontaneously on prosperous egoisms. EDGEMORTH.

A SUCCESSFUL PICNIC.

TO THE EDITOR: The 11th annual picnic of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association took place, according to programme, on the grounds of the association, on the 5th, 6th and 7th insts. The weather was most unpropitious for the occasion. The attendance, however, was 60 per cent. in excess of that of 1890, and there was no lack of interest.

The picnic each year is the initial and preparatory meeting, preceding some five or six weeks the regular camping season in July and August. The large attendance, notwithstanding uninviting skies, and the unusual interest manifested, is believed to be the earnest and prophecy of a successful camp. The management, in the main, have labored zealously to meet the wants of all inquirers, learners and innocent pleasure seekers. It is believed that never before was there a more hopeful outlook for Cassadaga. It is not an easy matter to run a camp-meeting. That is apparent. If there are not too many sensitives, there are too many cranks, and unfortunately they do not always turn the same way. Well, as I was going to say, I know the management aim to be honest, fair and just. While they welcome all honest mediumship, they do not knowingly permit or condone fraud. There is, however, no warrant at Cassadaga or elsewhere that no one will steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in—such are quite as likely to find their level here as elsewhere—and when they do their occupation, like Othello's, is gone.

The little village of 125 cottages with its stores and hotel by the lake-side, known as "Lily Dale," has put on its holiday attire and never looked prettier than to-day. There will not be a vacant cottage during camp—several states are already represented. Many mediums have taken up their summer residence here, and before the season opens every phase of psychical phenomena will be represented. The Grand hotel is already open, and sojourners here, prior to camp, will find a home. The management was never so well equipped as now for a successful camp—seekers for health, recreation and pleasure need not seek here in vain, and more than spiritual investigators. Nature has been bounteous hereabouts, distributing her favors with a lavish hand. ECHO.

LILY DALE, N. Y., June 8, 1891.

WILLIAM R. TICE.

All reformatory movements develop strong characters, and bring out in full force dominant traits, be they desirable or otherwise.

Although not a speaker nor a medium and never forward in obtruding himself upon the attention of the public, Mr. Will-

iam R. Tice, of Brooklyn, who passed to the higher life on Saturday, June 6th, was one of the marked characters in the Spiritualist movement. No layman has exercised a more healthy influence in the field of experimental knowledge of the phenomena than has Mr. Tice. He was almost flawless as an investigator and experimenter. With great mental poise, almost infinite patience, and a persistency unsurpassable, he pursued his researches with a skill and determination which wrung success from most unpromising beginnings and achieved victory where others would have met with disheartening failure. Versatile in resources and of unflinching physical and moral courage he was a man to make his dent wherever he took an interest, whether in the business world or the realm of psychics. He was built on a large pattern both mentally and physically. To these not intimately acquainted with him the impression would be that he was a cold, stern, unforgiving man. His physique, his reticence, his habit of speaking directly to the point in a decisive manner, and an inborn modesty often misunderstood made of him a character not readily rated at the correct register. We knew him thoroughly and well and it is our pleasure and our duty to bear testimony to his high honor, his strict and cultivated sense of justice, his tenderness of heart, his quick sympathy with the oppressed, his charity for those even whose malignant enmity he had incurred by exposures of their rascality. He was not a man ever to be popular with the masses, he lacked that personal magnetism which attracts. He was too loyal to his convictions to temporize, and depended upon convincing people of the accuracy of his statements by proofs and of the soundness of his logic by perspicuous presentation rather than by the seductive arts of speech and manner. Of all his marked characteristics his moral courage and keen sense of justice seem to us to stand out in boldest relief.

Mr. Tice had been an invalid for a year, suffering greatly at times. While hopeful of relief and of a longer lease of this life, he looked without fear upon death, and felt a perfect confidence born of personal knowledge that when the veil was rent for him he would take one step forward in the continuous life of progress; and, joining loved ones gone before, pursue the path of never-ending progress.

RANSFORD A. COMSTOCK.

Ransford A. Comstock, of Rochelle, Illinois, has gone over to the great majority at the age of sixty-three. He was born at Shelburne Falls, Mass. The Rochelle Herald speaks of him as a man of good judgment and quick decision, well informed and keeping pace with the thought of the age; thoroughly honest and reliable; holding what is termed "liberal views" in regard to religion which were fearlessly expressed; having no sympathy with hypocrisy in any form, and able always to give a sufficient reason for his belief. An intimate friend, in a letter to THE JOURNAL, says: "Mr. Comstock was a consistent Spiritualist for more than thirty years, his clear judgment always rejecting the trashy and fraudulent that had borrowed the fair name of Spiritualism to further evil designs; but the philosophy of Spiritualism was his daily bread, and he talked as calmly of dying as of any common occurrence, and used to say, 'Death is just as natural as birth and no more to be feared.' He had read THE JOURNAL almost from its first issue and considered it the best exponent of Spiritualism published." Mrs. Comstock is a contributor to THE JOURNAL's columns, and a lady of literary ability and fine spiritual culture. She, and two sons, mourn the transition of a loving husband and father.



NOTES FROM LONDON.

To THE EDITOR: Social forces are brought to bear on all questions of importance here much more than they are in the United States. They are one of the most efficient means of propaganda whether it be for political, social or religious ideas. Reformatory movements are generally patronized by a few more or less well-known social leaders. In this way much greater prominence is given to unpopular fads than could otherwise happen. I attended not long since one of Mrs. Gen. Gordon's Friday evenings, when Mr. Sinnett gave a discourse in explanation of Prof. Crookes' wonderful discovery of radiant matter and the instrument, the radiometer, which has led him, as he believes, to the discovery of the genesis of the elements. This last was illustrated by a chart that shows very wonderful genius and insight into the causes of things and the creation of worlds. These experiments seemed to carry us to the very confines of matter and entered upon the realm of the occult. In answer to a question from one of those present whether it was not the discovery of radiant matter that convinced Mr. Crookes of the truth of Spiritualism, Mr. Sinnett answered that he did not think it had anything to do with Mr. Crookes' belief in or conversion to Spiritualism, but was a matter quite apart. It was an exceedingly interesting discourse and the delicate instrument, as well as the chart, was curiously examined, and many questions were asked. A very interesting feature of the evening was the fact of a drawing-room full of fashionable people in full dress, an equal division of men and women, listening with deepest interest, and full of questionings. Mr. Sinnett impressed me as being interested in the intellectual phase of the occult. He betrays a great anxiety to settle the mooted questions by scientific methods and proofs. He has obtained a charter for a Theosophical Society of which he is the head and which is quite independent of the other branch. The Theosophists of all shades are very careful to disclaim any belief in or affiliation with Spiritualism. But the air is thick with psychical agitation; one hears about it everywhere one goes; and when we consider that it is only another phase of spiritual activity, that all occult phenomena can be accounted for only by spiritual mediumship, an outcome of modern Spiritualism if you please, anism by another name sugared to please the sensitive palates that cannot take the stronger food, it is after all very gratifying to lovers of spiritual progress.

The interest which the death of Madame Blavatsky has excited in all circles is proof of this. She died very suddenly, was up and thought to be better in the morning, took a chill about 12 o'clock and at 3 o'clock the same day died. The public journals all gave lengthy notices of her career. The *Pall Mall Gazette* devoted two leading editorials to it, giving a history of the Colomb exposé, and Mr. Hodgson's report to the Psychological Research Society. The following quotation from this article betrays the editor's real views:

"O my Theosophists! Madame Blavatsky is said to have exclaimed once to a circle of disciples who were hanging upon the inspired words. 'O my Theosophists!... What a pack of fools you are!' And she once described Colonel Olcott as a 'psychologized baby.' After reading the Story of the Founding of the Theosophical Society, can anybody cavil at Madame's expressive epithets?"

But the closing of the article is by far the most important part of it and shows how active the public mind is upon this whole subject of the occult. It concludes as follows:

"But we have not done with wonders yet. The two greatest of all remain and they are these:

(1) Sincere and clever persons, intimate with Madame Blavatsky, believe her incapable of deceit, and are sworn to vindicate her honor.

(2) The Theosophical Society grows weekly, runs several periodicals, and boasts thousands of disciples in both hemispheres."

It is these two great wonders, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* puts it, that are most interesting. The growth of the Theosophical Society which has, as its principal object, the investigation of the occult side of nature,

at a time when materialism seemed greatly on the increase, with science arrayed against all so-called miraculous events, of both ancient and modern times, and clamorous to eliminate "superstition" from the mind of man, and the fact that so many intelligent and thoughtful minds are being brought to this investigation, and very many of them belonging to the materialistic phase of thought, are never-ending surprises.

Mrs. Besant was on the ocean returning from America when Madame Blavatsky died, and did not arrive until after her cremation. There was a very strong personal attachment between these two women and Mrs. Besant will feel her loss very deeply. She is undoubtedly the most distinguished among Madame Blavatsky's converts, a woman full of earnestness, of great ability, and unswerving devotion to what she believes to be truth. Her conversion to Theosophy has been one of the standing wonders, not only of the Secular Society, of which Mr. Bradlaugh, in connection with herself, was the founder, but to all who knew her peculiar tendencies of thought; and she was the last person one would expect to be converted to a supernatural form of religious thought. But of course she does not consider it supernatural. It is one of the boasts of the Theosophical Society that there are no miracles, that all things are done according to law and order, and that what we have been taught to look upon as supernatural is simply nature etherialized. Just how they arrive at the final goal of Nirvana—pure spirit—I have never been able to understand. Whatever may be thought of Madame Blavatsky's claim as a worker of miracles, no one, it seems to me, interested in the spread of Spiritualism can doubt that the conversion of so brilliant and able an agitator from materialism to Spiritualism—even if it be Theosophical Spiritualism—is a great gain. And the conversion of Mrs. Besant is only a marked example of which there are scores and perhaps hundreds of less telling personalities, but nevertheless of earnest and able men and women of culture who were before ignorant of the realm of the spirit, and who, through the influence of that movement which Madame Blavatsky inaugurated, are earnestly seeking to spread a knowledge of the spirit among those of their fellows who are still engrossed in materialism.

It is a source of congratulation and satisfaction that for some time there has been a growing admiration for Americans over here; and instead of the fact that one is an American being prejudicial to one's interest socially or otherwise, as it formerly was, it is not infrequently a favorable circumstance. In music and the drama our singers and actors are carrying off the honors on every hand. Augustin Daly, who brings his company here every year from New York, is one of the most popular attractions during the season, and several of the most successful actresses at present playing here are Americans. Mrs. Belle Cole, of New York, has made a prominent place for herself, and achieved a substantial success on the concert stage. She has a deep, full contralto voice that fills Albert Hall, the seating capacity of which is 10,000, without the slightest effort. Mrs. Pemberton Hincks, of New Orleans, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Dudley House, the Countess Dudley having given the use of her magnificent drawing room. It was attended by members of the royal family, and had for its patronesses some of the leading ladies of aristocratic social circles, among them the Duchess of Manchester, and the Marchioness of Londonderry. One of the members of the "royalty" entered after Mrs. Hincks had commenced singing her first song, whereupon she was interrupted by the rising *en masse* of the company in honor of her highness, several of the ladies in her vicinity dropped upon the knee, saluting H. R. H. with a kiss upon the hand. It was some little time before composure was restored sufficiently for Mrs. Hincks to proceed. Mrs. Hincks was assisted by M. Maurel who sang the "Romance from Tannhauser" with an effect equal to that produced by him on the stage at Covent Garden; also by Mr. Simonetti and Mr. Holman, who won great praise, the former by his dexterous playing of the violin, and the latter by a superb performance of cello solos. Mrs. Hincks is a very beautiful woman, as well as an accomplished artist, and withal, most earnest and conscientious in the pursuit of an art for which she has great talent, which has been greatly enhanced by the best of teaching. It was a most successful performance not only in numbers but in the distinguished character of her audience.

We hear a great deal about the social

culture in the high circles of English society. I was shocked at the rudeness of the behavior of some of the distinguished ladies present on this occasion. One princess impressed me as a very commonplace personage, bearing none of the marks of royal lineage, not only in her personal appearance and bearing, but in the boisterous manner in which she called attention to herself by her vehement applause. Lady Dudley, on the contrary, fills the ideal one might form of a duchess. She is tall, of beautiful figure, graceful in her movements, with regular features and beautiful eyes, and a wealth of golden brown hair—a picture to look at. There were several other celebrated beauties belonging to the English court present, some of them being American ladies who have married titles and become, "altogether English" in their affiliations and social manners.

HELEN DENEMORE.

LONDON, ENG.

GREAT NAMES AND WEAK THOUGHT.

To THE EDITOR: THE JOURNAL of May 16 contains an article by Mr. Featherstonhaugh in which he speaks of "automatic writing" purporting to come through media from Shakespeare and other famous spirits. As you are aware, my notes all deal with the early dawn of spirit intercourse, beginning in my family forty-five years ago. I have ventured to give you one of the many incidents which to me, even at this time while looking down the vale, are still as fresh, and I might say as laughable as when enacted.

With a party of ladies, all serious investigators who believed all things, I was delighted to be present at a private séance where a high order of spirits were giving an equally high order of truth, such as only a superior mentality could attract. Arrived at the house, it was quite charming to find not only all things arranged decently and in order, but that quiet and dignified expression of home and comfort which characterizes refinement and advantages. The medium, a woman about forty, was introduced and she narrated the fact that she had no education save what was given her by spirit guides. She had been developed by Doctor Blank, the physician of the family, who was also my physician, hence the favor granted to me to be present at that séance. The "circle" was arranged by the medium; being seated we were asked to join hands, while one of the party was called upon to play and sing some appropriate minor key ballad, which I am sure was not "John Brown's body," etc. No sooner had the melody died away than the medium dropped my hand, made a few passes over her mouth and arose, standing erect and dignified, her eyes closed and arms folded. After a few gasps as if catching her breath, she began talking as follows:

"Ladies," with another gasp, stretching out her arms, "No, no, not ladies"—another gasp—"Women"—still louder—"Women, glorious women, come with me to the gates of thunder! I will lead you where you can look higher, still higher up, up where the gates are not ajar, but wide, wide open! we will shout with trumpet and bugle; we can come, we will come and man shall not hinder; come one, come all to the trumpet's call!" Here the medium ceased speaking and began to make violent motions in the air. "A spirit wishes to write," said one of the ladies. "Yes," replied the medium, "Lord Bacon, my control, has spoken to you and opened the meeting; now others will write."

The ladies of the circle thought Lord Bacon fine, impressive and to the point, particularly so the fact of the gates being open wide. "How wonderful," said one lady, "and our medium has such proof that Bacon is her guide!"

Now the pencil held by the scribe began to fly, and in badly written and badly spelled language the following was given:

"Women, my sisters on the mundane sphere with Lord Bacon, I can say rejoice that you are not grovelling men.

Your light is higher, and like the moon
Your spirits shine as bright as noon,
If you will be true we will come at your call,
Yes dear ones we greet you, one and all."
(Signed) HANNAH MOORE.

If Bacon had been eloquent, Hannah was glorious. "Wait," said the scribe, "others are struggling to control." Again the pencil was taken, while the medium assured us that it was such a "high influence" she could hardly sit still.

"Listen to the bugle, hear the guns of truth;
Canon's roaring, see truth's banners, all ye old and youth,
No matter what they say at home,
You in vales of peace shall roam—

Yes, up to the gates of thunder!
Bacon will lead and see your wonder,
For we can come, we will come, and man cannot hinder!
This, dear friends, is from the pen
Of your old friend, George Washington."

Several of the circle were duly impressed with the honor of being in such company and regarded it as of no consequence whatever that G. W. should use an e in place of o in the last syllable of his name; the sentiment was the same. Then, too, it contained a great test for two of the parties; his words, "No matter what they say at home," was conclusive evidence that G. W. knew how opposed their husbands and family were to their new-found faith.

After another song the second part of the séance was continued, the "Faraways" being about us in great numbers. Emanuel Swedenborg told us that he "came near to us each day," and assured us he would protect us from evil spirits. Josephine told us how her love for Napoleon had led him to catch a glimpse of her through those same gates of thunder over which she had pulled him after many hard efforts. Last came Byron, who closed this interesting circle with lines full of burning words of love and botany. Folding her arms in a very theatrical manner the medium rolled up her eyes and recited the benediction:

"Now, farewell, but not forever,
I cannot these lilies sever;
You are like the trees—
Whose quivering leaves—
Shall not longer tremble nor grieve.
Truth through your branches may go
But it will not rock you to and fro,
Your hearts and spirits will be true to me
And I will hold fast to each of thee.
Down in my heart a light will be
Which every one of you shall ever see.
Farewell, and when you ever fear
Then you will know we are to you near.

B. AND B."

(Meaning Lord Bacon and Lord Byron.)

The strange part of this peculiar history of a private and truthful, as well as supposed high development, was the honesty of the intelligent friend, our doctor, who would not be convinced that all this bosh was not from the spirits who gave their names. The medium was perfectly honest and had no education; how, said he, is it possible for her to say "these wonderful things"? "Look, for instance," he said, "at her saying 'up to the gates of thunder.'" I said, "doctor, that is one of your own expressions." Even this he would not admit. Is it not the same now after so many years of careful investigation? So many of us seize a fad, and of all the fads, those of our own getting up are the brightest, the greatest, and best. We clothe and feed them, protect them and become blind to every fair criticism in regard to them. If they are children of our own brain, let us make it our bounden duty to get a trap which will take the rats alive, so that no more infest the upper story. As I have not introduced this account into my book leaves you are at liberty to do as you deem best with it. Meanwhile I assure you it is a very small portion of the forty years' gathering. Kindly yours,
J. M. STAATS.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK ETHICAL SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To THE EDITOR: On Friday evening, June 5th, the Ethical Society gave a reception at our hall on 14th street to our returning pastor, Mrs. Brigham, and to Mr. George Colby, who leaves us after a month's stay. Mr. Colby made many friends while here and we all wished him God-speed as he left us. We had a very pleasant evening. A poem written by our Vice-President, Mrs. Farnsworth, was effectively read by Miss Harris. Several songs were sung by Dr. Crossette and Mr. Colby, followed by recitations, etc., and one of Mrs. Brigham's most beautiful poems. The welcoming address was given by Miss B. V. Cushman. This, Sunday, evening Rev. J. S. McInerney, of Mt. Vernon, Universalist, exchanged with Mrs. Brigham and delighted his audience with the eloquence and frankness of his utterance as he spoke on "The Evidences of Immortality"
VINTON.

NEW YORK, JUNE 7TH.

The above reached THE JOURNAL too late for insertion last week. Matter requiring immediate publication must reach the office not later than Monday morning to be used in the issue of the week.

THE SCIENCE OF THE STARS.

To THE EDITOR: Kindly allow me a few brief lines to reply to Mr. J. G. Jackson's "Judicial Astronomy," and then I will let the subject drop.

Mr. Jackson asks, "By what right of common courtesy does the author of the L. of E. make such a personal attack," etc., etc. I answer by asking another question. By what right does Mr. Jackson make such an attack in a public print upon a science or subject of which he is thoroughly incompetent to judge? I assume the position of knowing that Mr. Jackson does not understand astrology upon the same grounds that a skilled medical specialist can detect at a glance certain forms of organic and functional disease. Mr. Jackson's own statements reveal to the initiated student the plane of thought and state of knowledge which he occupies in regard to this subject.

Mr. Jackson's remarkable proposition for reviewing the "Light of Egypt" certainly surprised me. And if I thought Mr. Jackson was sufficiently informed upon the subject to offer a valuable opinion I should gladly accede to his proposition. To be brief I will put it thus:

I. Can Mr. Jackson calculate an horoscope of birth?

II. Can he calculate the various arcs of distance between the sun, moon and planets for a given moment, and from such calculation deduce the supposed results from an astrological standpoint?

And lastly, has Mr. Jackson ever devoted serious thought and valuable time to the investigation of the subject? The foregoing will test the status of Mr. Jackson's real knowledge, and if he can answer in the affirmative I will frankly own myself in the wrong, apologize to Mr. Jackson for my mistaken position, and present him most cheerfully with a copy of the book in question.

Astrology has been demonstrated time and time again and the mistake always seems to be that the average man of science takes it for granted that astrology has been "exploded." If so, I am ignorant of the fact and request Mr. J. as a lover of truth to give me his authority. When and by whom was this explosion accomplished? If Mr. Jackson will read "The Text Book of Astrology," Vol. I., by A. J. Pearce, London, he will find all the evidence he requires, based upon official records that cannot be called in question as to their authority; if he does not care to purchase this work, and he requests it, I will loan him a copy for a reasonable length of time upon receipt of his address.

I am not calling in question Mr. Jackson's love of truth or his impartiality upon those matters that have been submitted to his experience, but only his biased opinion regarding this, the most ancient of all wisdom, "the science of the stars."

THE AUTHOR OF L. OF E.
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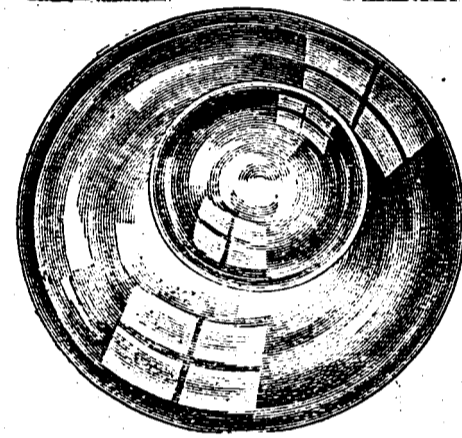
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CHAPTER VII. ABSURDITIES. "When Greek meets Greek." The spirit-costume of Oliver Cromwell. Distinguished visitors to Italian seances. A servant and prophet of God. Convivial spirits. A ghost's tea-party. A dream of Mary Stuart. The ideas of a homicide concerning his own execution. An exceedingly gifted medium. The Crystal Palaces of Jupiter. Re-incarnative literature. The mission of John King. A penniless archangel. A spirit with a taste for diamonds. The most wonderful medium in the world.
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CHAPTER X. THE HIGHER ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM. The theocletical Heaven. A story regarding coffin. An incident with "L. M." A London drama. "Blackwood's Magazine" and some seances in Geneva.
CHAPTER XI. "OUR FATHER."
CHAPTER XII. THE HIGHER ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM (continued). "Stella."

APPENDIX.

This covers eight pages and was not included in the American edition. It is devoted to a brief account of a young medium who under spirit influence wrote poetry of a high order. Extracts from these poetic inspirations are given. The appendix is an interesting and most fitting conclusion of a valuable book.

This is the English edition originally published at \$4.00. It is a large book, equal to 600 pages of the average 12mo., and much superior in every way to the American edition published some years ago. Originally published in 1877, it was in advance of its time. Events of the past twelve years have justified the work and proven Mr. Home a true prophet, guide and adviser in a field to which his labor, gifts and noble character have given lustre.

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STRONG AND ALERT MY SOUL MUST BE.

BY MARY E. EVEREST.

Jesus! lover of my soul,
To thy arms I cannot fly,
On myself, my womanhood,
Simply, solely, I'd rely,
When the waves of sorrow rise,
And the billows round me roll;
To resist will make me strong,
And but beautify my soul.

In no saviour would I hide,
Cowardly indeed 'twould be,
Till the storm of life is past,
Just to hide myself in thee.
No, I'll battle on, until
I am past the struggling tide,
Then into a haven's rest
Loving friends my bark will guide.

Want of refuge have I none,
Strong, alert, my soul must be,
Helpless would I be indeed,
If I only hid in thee;
Mine is not a coward's fear,
Frightened not to be left alone;
And support and comfort, too,
Must be tendered by my own.

If my trust on thee was stayed,
And my help from thee I bring,
Then I'd raise the craven's cry,
In the shadow of thy wing:
Cover my defenseless head,
But cannot, no my soul!
In thyself, find trust and help,
As the seething billows roll.

In thy life, oh Christ, I find
Lessons of unselfishness;
And 'tis sweet to have the power
To decrease this world's distress.
When thy hand imparted strength,
Pain and suffering oft relieved
As a giver thou wast blessed
More than he who all received.

Just and holy was thy life,
Mine is incomplete and weak;
Yet I'm not a sinner vile,
Else the truth I would not seek.
Of thy grace I nothing know,
For thy favor's naught to me;
Only as the good rejoice
In the good around they see.

As thy grace so plenteous is,
Let it dry some falling tears;
Hush the dismal cry of woe,
As it echoes through the years.
Grace to pardon all my sin,
Rather would I have less pain:
I will bear my sins myself,
If for some one, joy I'll gain.

Let the healing streams abound,
Pain and sickness walk this earth,
Thou must feel, as thou art man,
For man's sufferings, from his birth.
Pure within, indeed I'd be,
And each longing of my soul,
Is that sweetest Purity,
May my being rule, control.

But I cannot ask of thee,
Make me pure indeed, within,
For thou canst not do it, nor
Hast thou power to pardon sin.
As example, loving, good,
Thou hast influence great to-day,
And thy life's unselfishness,
Points to some a better way;

But thou art not life's great head,
Life is on a grander plan,
Than to think its fountain springs
All are centered in a man.
What is good of thee I'll take,
Cherish it within my heart,
Thou art man, and I am man,
And of life, too, I am part.

So, thou lover of my soul!
Though to thee I cannot fly
When the storms of sorrow rise,
And the waves beat strong and high,
I have this to comfort me,
Though on rocks I may be tossed,
And feel slipping out of depth,
Even then, I can't be lost.

And I'd rather battle on
For myself than trust to thee,
Feel I'm doing all I can,
Than a lazy coward be.
I expect when life is done,
And its stormy billows past,
To be met by those I love,
When my bark is beached at last.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Abraham Lincoln the Liberator: A Biographical Sketch. By Charles Wallace French. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls. 1891. pp. 398. Price, \$1.50.

Many of the biographies of Abraham Lincoln are chiefly historic of the events which occurred during his public life in which he appears as the principal character. Mr. French produces a work in which the personality of Lincoln is kept constantly in view, and in which prominence is given to facts and surroundings only as they manifest and illustrate the character and career of the man. Mr. Lincoln was a unique as well as a great personality, and his biographers have not lacked for material. Mr. French has studied his subject carefully, and the result of his researches show discrimination and candor, as well as, to quote his own words, "deep reverence and love for the great man 'who, though dead, yet speaketh.'"

"The angularities of his [Lincoln's] character," says this biographer, "often overshadowed his great merits, but the verdict of history is unaffected by many of the characteristics which were most evident to his associates. His greatness grows as time passes by, and his character is better appreciated."

From the last chapter, which relates to Lincoln's religious views, this extract is taken: "Mrs. Lincoln once said to Mr. Herndon: 'Mr. Lincoln had no faith and no hope in the usual acceptation of those words. He never joined a church; but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature. He first seemed to think about the subject when our boy Willie died, and then more than ever about the time he went to Gettysburg; but it was a kind of poetry in his nature and he was never a technical Christian.' (Herndon's Life of Lincoln, p. 444.) Herndon is further quoted as follows: "The world has always insisted on making an orthodox Christian of him and to analyze his sayings or sound his beliefs is but to break the idol. It only remains to say that whether orthodox or not, he believed in God and immortality; and even if he questioned the existence of future eternal punishment, he hoped to find a rest from trouble and a heaven beyond the grave." As Mr. French says, "The world was his church. His sermons were preached in kindly words and merciful deeds."

Why She Became a Spiritualist. Twelve lectures delivered before the Minneapolis Association of Spiritualists. By Abby A. Judson. November 30, 1890—March 15, 1891. Minneapolis: Alfred Roper, pp. 263.

Abby A. Judson is a daughter of Adoniram Judson, the celebrated missionary to the Burmese Empire, and of his first wife, also a missionary, Mrs. Sara Hall Boardman Judson. This daughter was born in Burmah in 1835. She was educated in this country and was a teacher in New England colleges and seminaries. She founded the Judson Female Institute, which she conducted from 1879 to 1890. In 1887 she became a spiritualist. She says that she "used to try to be happy. She is now happy without trying to be so."

In this volume the author gives a brief sketch of her life, "so that all who are interested in Baptist missionary work and all who have been her pupils since she began to teach, in 1853, may know that it is indeed she who has become a Spiritualist and a worker for the cause of Spiritualism."

The lectures relate to Spiritualism, its evidences and teachings, how to investigate it, unreasonable dogmas, the future religion of the world, etc. The work is a valuable contribution to the literature of Spiritualism, and one in which Spiritualists will be interested. The poem "There is no Death," written by J. L. McCreary, is reprinted on page 92 and credited to Edward Bulwer Lytton. In the next edition this mistake will doubtless be corrected by the author.

MAGAZINES.

The June number of the *Phrenological Journal* opens with an article on Von Moltke, a portrait of whom makes the frontispiece of this number.—*Hall's Journal of Health* for June is full of information in regard to health, causes of disease, and how to be beautiful. "Hints for Hot Weather," the first article, is sensible and timely.—As thick as roses in June are the good things in the June *Wide Awake*. It

has beautiful illustrated poems, fine pictures, some of them very funny, stories, original anecdotes and letters from the children. A beautiful romance is contributed by Annie Bronson King under the title "This way went the Lady Mary to Paradise."—The *Homemaker* for June has among a number of valuable papers one on "The Little Wives of India," from the pen of Emma Brainerd Ryder, M. D., a New York physician, whose work in Bombay on behalf of the women of India has been most efficient. The article with its illustrations is from the advanced sheets of a work soon to be published in India. A sadder picture than this of the women of India was never given to the world. It is an exposure in plain language of the infamous treatment of child wives among a people who seem to have no respect for women.

The second number of "Annales Des Sciences Psychiques," a bi-monthly published in Paris, contains a translation of an article by A. Schrenck Notzing on "Telepathy and Clairvoyance according to Contemporary Works" occupying thirty-one pages of the number and being a very full resumé of the results of observation and experiment in the psychical domain. There follow two cases of "vision" or "dream" of death partly verified by Dr. Ch. Richet; "Experimental Telepathic Hallucinations" contains two cases of voluntary telepathy, one the case of Miss Verity taken from "Phantasms of the Living" and the other one contributed by Baron Schrenck. Other articles are "Two Observations of Presentiment" taken from the recent work of Dr. Liebaud, "Therapeutique Suggestive"; an "Old Case of Lucidity" from "Le Sommeil Magnetique" by M. H. Delaage which was published in 1856.

Mr. Benj. R. Tucker, of Boston, will publish very shortly Grant Allen's latest novel, "What's Bred in the Bone," which took the \$5,000 prize awarded by London "Tit-Bits" for the best work of fiction. Mr. Tucker also announces, for early publication, a translation from the German of "The Rights of Women and the Sexual Relations," a work by the famous German-American and revolutionist of '48, Karl Heinzen.

"The Season" for July, just out, is one of the most delightful publications of its kind to be found. This number is unusually well filled with very appropriate costumes for the Summer months. The colored plates show the very latest designs. The International News Company, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York.

David Starr Jordan, the newly appointed President of Stanford University, will have an article in "The Popular Science Monthly" for July, on the "Colors of Letters," giving his own experience with these peculiar psychological phenomena.

The Faraday Pamphlets: The Relation of the Spiritual to the Material Universe; The Law of Control, price 15 cents; The Origin of Life, or Where Man Comes from, price 10 cents; The Development of the Spirit after Transition, price 10 cents, and The Process of Mental Action, price 15 cents. All for sale at this office.

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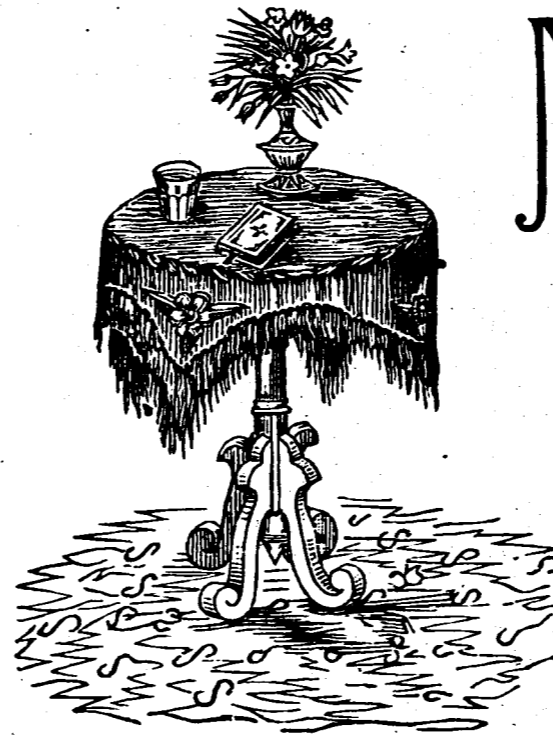
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Our speech is honey served in painted bowls;
We smile, but never frown.

We're very careful souls—why should one wait,
Careless of shelter, till the temptest pours?
Whatever task delays without the gate,
We hide us safe indoors.

"Hush!" is our watchword, whispered under
breath;
Our motto this: "Let well enough alone!"
We burrow, dim with dust, nor wait for death
To hide us 'neath its stone.

There are who lift their faces to the sky,
Sun-fronted, sun-illumined, strong of hand;
We tremble as their earnest ranks go by
To labor in the land!

They sow, they reap, they do, they even dare!
We hinder, cautiously, not overmuch,
Laying a hand on progress here and there
To thwart her with a touch.

We're very careful souls; we would not see
This venerable order pass away;
The hoary past is what it used to be—
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Yet should the loud reformer chance to win,
And should the world at last by him be led,
We careful souls would hold it then no sin
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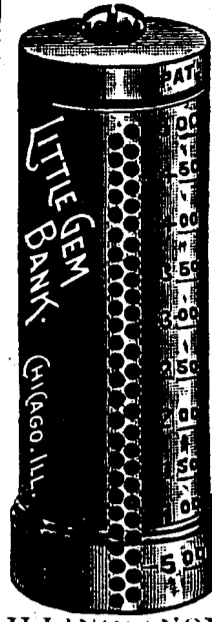
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Her forehead like the lily,
Her cheeks like roses born in June;
And other things as silly.
And then she coldly said to him,
"Don't think that you can play so.
With me; if you can keep a wife
And want my hand, then say so."

Portland, Oregon.

Readers of American history will remember that for a long time it was difficult to determine which city would become supreme on the Atlantic Coast. Looking backward it is easy enough to see why New York City became dominant. It appears to have been decided by the merit of its location. At an early day Boston led in energy and intellectual culture. Philadelphia attained supremacy in political affairs with the location of the seat of national government. Baltimore gave promise of being second to none. The earliest inhabitants of New York were an unpretending lot of people. They came from Holland. They were flat footed, phlegmatic and slow. Perhaps they did not realize the destiny of their beloved New Amsterdam. Indeed it is almost certain that they did not. The simply piled their boats up and down the Hudson River, and built up a trade on its banks far up stream. In after years a canal was built which connected the head waters of the Hudson with the great lakes. Later on when railroad development came they naturally ascended the river in building into the interior of the country. In this way both river and railway communication were centered in New York and the destiny of the coming metropolis was fixed and assured. If any man in New York foresaw the future, that man was John Jacob Astor, the founder of that family. His early and extensive investments on Manhattan Island indicate that he realized something of what was to follow. Mr. Astor appears to have been the original town site boomer of the United States. Through his operations as a furrier he became familiar with the Pacific Coast as well as the Atlantic and gave to the present city at the mouth of the Columbia River his name, Astoria. Mr. Astor's expectations for Astoria would undoubtedly have been realized but for one thing.

The Columbia River proved to be so broad and deep as to be navigable for sea-going vessels for about 100 miles from its mouth. Sailing vessels easily found their way up to the junction of the Willamette and up the Willamette River a few miles to the present city of Portland. The very name "Portland" suggests the peculiar advantage of this city's location, a port within the land. A port inland—a fertile land surrounding a sea port. In this position Portland enjoys a distinction in common with London and Hamburg and other great seaports which are located at a considerable distance from the sea on river banks. Portland has worked out her destiny all unconsciously but none the less surely. She is doing a jobbing business of \$125,000,000 per annum which has been increased for four or five years at the average rate of 25 per cent over the year before. In all its history there has never been a bank failure in Portland. There has never been a failure of crops in the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho. The intellectual and social growth of Portland has kept pace with the commercial growth. Portland to-day is recognized as one of the most typical of American cities. Here the foreign element has scarcely invaded. The policeman who meets you on the street is not an Irishman. In nine cases out of ten he is an American, and in five out of the nine was born in Oregon.

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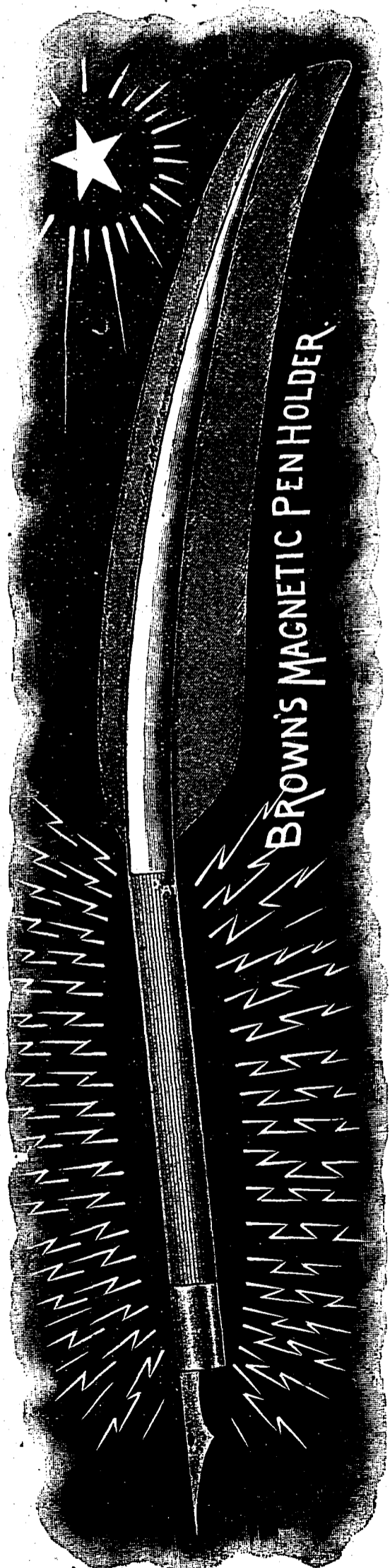
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"THE LETTER B."

"B" begins many important words in the robust and growing vocabulary of the English language, which under the fostering care of such geniuses as Prof. Coues and other dictionary builders has grown to nearly 200,000 pieces.

"B" stands for Baccarat just now and brings the blush of shame, to the cheeks of all good Englishmen, who realize that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the Prince of Wales beats the Chinaman with whom it is in verse recorded Bill Nye had a serious unpleasantness over a game of cards. "B" stands for Briggs, who has put the Presbyterians in a perplexing predicament; and also for Brooks, whose theological soundness is doubted by many Episcopalians. "B" stands for Bundy too, who has innocently and often stirred up an agitation when he only sought to be loyal to Spiritualism. But he has the satisfaction of knowing that all these mental collisions have helped to clarify the truth; and that Spiritualists and the public generally are growing into a realization of this

more and more every day. "B" also stands for better, an adjective which describes days in store for psychical science and Spiritualism.

"B" stands for bread, and likewise for butter. I can get on very well without the butter but my paper-makers and printers will boycott me if I don't furnish it to them; and this brings me naturally to speak of what always fetches a glow of pleasure to him who has one presented, to-wit: Bills. I am always so busy striving to make for you the biggest, broadest and best paper I can that I often forget the bills many of you owe me—until some faithful assistant enters from the counting room and de-polarizes the magnetic harmonies of the sanctum, scattering them from Boston to Bengal, by suggesting that as there is a considerable amount due the office by delinquent subscribers I had better take time to think about sending them bills or writing a gentle reminder thereof for publication. Now I am sure you don't want me to think that this, particular source of inharmony is to persist. So, will not those of you who feel this preaching is directed to you personally, and for good and sufficient reasons, please try your level best to get me in your debt once and see how good it will seem. Unlike the Prince of Wales, I don't play cards for money and have no Wilson from whom I can borrow a million. Those who are paid in advance for THE JOURNAL will, I am sure, do as is their custom, send in new subscribers continuously. As I am reading proof, entertaining visitors and overseeing the general affairs of the office while writing this last word before going to press, I hope you will overlook everything except that I should have what is due me and also your cordial and kindly cooperation all the time.

LOST IN THE FINAL SHUFFLE.

The bill making it a misdemeanor punishable with fine or imprisonment or both to personate the materialized spirit of a deceased person or to present such a materialized form by trick or device for profit or gain or in anticipation thereof, was finally swamped, with scores of other important measures, for want of time. The two branches of the legislature had jointly agreed to close the session on June 12, and nothing but a failure to get through imperative appropriation bills could have prevailed on the worn-out members to agree to a prolongation of the already too lengthy session. The failure of this bill is in no sense a defeat for the measure. The fault if any lies with the editor of THE JOURNAL in that he did not cause the bill to be introduced earlier in the session and then take the trouble to go with it and explain in person the necessity of its passage. He has to thank the opposition for valuable assistance in securing the attention of legislators and their final support of the bill. The arguments, letters and protests against the measure increased the votes for it. A gentleman thoroughly familiar with the personnel of the House and its attitude toward the bill wrote a letter to a friend after the legislature adjourned which has been shown us with permission to use. As it expresses the sentiments of a large majority of the House of Representatives and will save us from more extended comment it is herewith published, as follows:

... If legislative bills always passed, or failed of passage, on their merits, a better than Bellamy's millennium would be at hand, even at the door. But it is far otherwise, even in the shadow of the Lincoln monument at the state capital. Among the really excellent bills that were lost in the grand scramble during the closing hours of the late session in the House none is more to be regretted than that which makes it a misdemeanor for anyone to personate the materialized spirit of a deceased person by fraud for gain. There

was considerable opposition at first, but as the bill and its purpose became understood objection melted rapidly away till, if a final vote could have been reached, it would have passed the House much more strongly than it did the Senate. One member of the Judiciary Committee of the House, who was at first opposed, said that if Mrs. Jennie Moore could have been on hand with her fraudulent séances early in the session there would have been scarcely a vote to record against the bill.

The bill was simple, carefully drawn, and not liable to abuse. I am certain, from personal canvass and observation, that if half the attention given to this matter in the last few days of the session had been bestowed earlier the bill would have gone through its final stage with a rush.

Though swamped at last, with many other good measures, in the whirl and confusion of the closing days, the effort was, after all, a triumph for Col. Bundy and the better element among the Spiritualists, as well as for open-minded and fraud-hating people of all beliefs, for it shows that when the issue is made clear and simple, there can hardly be two opinions among thoughtful people as to the propriety of the proposed enactment.

It is all right to raise the dead (yea, even to "raise the Devil," now that he is dead), but, when professional fakirs play upon the tenderest and most sacred sentiments of the human heart, and themselves personate the materialized spirits of the departed for gain, it is high time to stick a pin there and see who will wince. It will be a short job to enact such a law at the next session.

The editor of THE JOURNAL had the pleasure of meeting in this city, Monday last, an old army comrade, General John W. Noble, secretary of interior. They had not met since parting in Arkansas in 1863. General Noble's curly brown hair has turned white, but still has the curl, and his eyes retain the same lustre and wonderful expressiveness of twenty-eight years ago.

In those old days General, then Lieutenant, Noble impressed everybody with a feeling that he had a tremendous reserve power and would be heard from when more dashing and brilliant contemporaries had exhausted their stock and passed into obscurity. This has proven the case; and to-day he has the same power in reserve, and his intellectual and psychical resources have grown with his years.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the Cleveland Progressive Lyceum will be held at Dover Park Picnic Grounds, Sunday, June 23, 1891. Fare for round trip from Cleveland 30 cents; children under twelve years, 15 cents. Special train leaves Nickle Plate station on Euclid avenue at 8:35 a. m., and from Broadway station at 9 a. m. Returning, train leaves the grounds at 6 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, of San Francisco, are in the city en route to New Jersey and New England. Both are mediums, it is said. Mrs. P. a trance test medium and Mr. P. a test medium and healer, also a lecturer. They are domiciled at 852 West Madison street.

The National Editorial Association convenes in annual session at St. Paul, July 14-18. The editor of THE JOURNAL is one of the delegates elected by the Illinois Press Association, and he expects to attend.

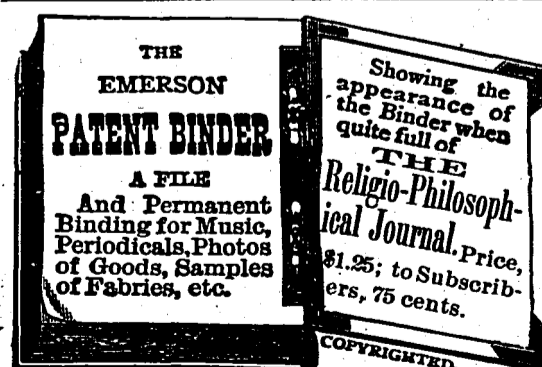
A. B. Richmond to May Bangs: "Dear Friend—... I hope to see you and Lizzie at Lily Dale this summer."

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Would rather be without bread
BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, Marquette, Mich.,
Nov. 7, 1889.

The Rev. J. Kossbil of above place writes: I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I feel now a nervous attack coming I take a dose of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and feel relieved. I think a great deal of it and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

CURED AFTER THIRTY-TWO YEARS.

MILWAUKEE, May 25, 1887.
REV. KOENIG:—I am personally acquainted with a man who (in the year 1878, then forty-four years of age) commenced to take your medicine for epilepsy, which he had had for thirty-two years. The attacks which he had formerly every four weeks diminished as soon as he took your medicine and disappeared entirely since August, 1880. The man is so healthy now that he can attend to his business without fear. By this wonderful cure a large family has been made happy, and of this he is convinced and gladly testifies.
REV. PATER AEGIDIUS.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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