

# 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.

THE clergyman's defence of Jay Gould—that "in his domestic life he is one of the loveliest of men"—is strongly suggestive of Macaulay's words concerning Charles I: "We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defense is that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him!"

ONE of the speakers complained the other day, in the course of a debate among Chicago Congregational ministers over the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday, that even now many of his church members were out visiting the parks Sundays and the church was losing strength by it. Things must be in a bad way, it is suggested, when the fields and the fresh air must be shut out to the crowded of the cities in order to preserve the strength of the church.

SAYS the Chicago Daily Herald: "England gives us a sly and not too fastidious nudge by way of revenge now and then. Salisbury was in sardonic mood when he appointed Biddulph Martin a World's Fair Commissioner and unloaded on us in this semi-official manner the Woodhull sisters. The best way to treat their proposed orgy of stirpiculture is to extirpate it and their entire notoriety-seeking business by asking Anthony Comstock's aid for a little while. Let them take their propaganda back to England. It is more needed there than in Chicago or the United States. With Sir Henry Wood, Secretary of the British Commission, attacking our institutions over his own name in public, and now the Woodhulls proposing to hold under World's Fair auspices clinics and conferences that belong to veterinary science, the Fair can scarce be said to be laboring under auspicious English omens." Chicago can accomplish the purpose mentioned without the aid of Comstock whose pruriency and whose methods are almost as bad as the evil against which his efforts are directed.

A COUNTRYMEN standing on one of the wharves at Albany one summer day was so badgered by a gang of hoodlums that he offered to bet five dollars he could throw the chief hoodlum across the Hudson River, says George T. Angell in *Our Dumb Animals*. The money was put up into reliable hands, and the countryman threw the hoodlum into the river about a rod from the shore. The hoodlum swam out and demanded the money. "No, you don't," said the countryman; "I didn't agree to dew it the first time; I can dew it, and I will dew it, and I'm going to keep trying till I dew." The hoodlum lost his bet. And so we say to these men who defy the laws of Massachusetts by the cruel life mutilation of valuable horses, and others who seek to distinguish themselves from their fellow citizens by riding and driving these disfigured animals, that, if we live long enough, we propose to stop this business in Massachusetts, and we are going to keep trying until we do. In spite of the opposition of some hundreds of sporting gentlemen, we succeeded a few years ago in obtaining the enactment of a law which has driven out of this Commonwealth forever the cruel and brutal spectacle of shoot-

ing live pigeons from traps for sport: and we have full faith to believe that we shall, before we get through, be quite as successful in abolishing this brutal and cruel life mutilation of horses.

SOME particulars of a remarkable case of revival from apparent death are reported from St. Petersburg, says Light. A lady who had been suffering from a violent nervous attack sank into a state of syncope, and after a time ceased, as it seemed, to breathe. The doctor who was attending her certified that death had resulted from paralysis of the heart. For some reason which is not explained another medical man, Dr. Loukmanow, saw the body, and, having been informed that the lady had suffered from attacks of hysteria and catalepsy, thought it worth while to make a thorough examination. After trying various other means, he applied the microphone to the region of the heart, and was enabled by this instrument to hear a faint beating, which proved that life was not extinct. Everything was done to resuscitate the patient, who shortly afterwards recovered consciousness.

THE JOURNAL had some editorial remarks recently in regard to the Reading coal combine which controls ninety-two per cent of the output of anthracite coal in this country. President McLeod declared that the trust was not formed to advance the price of coal, indeed that the people would really be benefitted by the "economics" which the trust would carry out in production. The "benefits" are now being realized. On January 28 there was an advance of twenty-five cents a ton on stove coal. In March another advance of twenty-five cents a ton was ordered by the trust. And now the trust has increased its benefits to the public by decreeing a third advance,—an advance of ten, fifteen and twenty-five cents a ton on grate, egg and nut coal respectively, which will net the coal combine half a million dollars on the output for the present month. Future "benefits" may be expected in due time. This method of overcoming competition and raising prices is a form of conspiracy against the public which will not be submitted to forever.

EVERY man may find matter for serious reflection in the article published elsewhere relative to the difficulty of finding employment in this city, says the *New York Press*. The facts should appeal with especial emphasis to fathers whose boys are yet in school. What course is to be taken to guard a boy from the possibility of lack of employment? The common schools, of which we justly boast, do much, but not all, and the most serious defect in the system of education now in vogue may be remedied, if not by the school managers, by parents. Is a boy properly prepared for the battle of life by leaving school with an elementary knowledge of mathematics, geography, history and grammar? We think not. As population increases the pressure of competition becomes more severe. As the world progresses the demand for a high order of skill in every department of activity increases. Specialization is the order of the day in every trade and profession. It is, therefore, of paramount importance that a boy should learn some trade or business before his school or college days are over. If he is fit to be a wage earner he will make all the

better employer of wage earners later on. It may be plumbing, or it may be bookkeeping, stone cutting or "clerking;" but it should be something. The merchant or the manufacturer has no time for the instruction of novices. The general laborer must be idle or "saw wood." The skilled laborer is almost always in demand. The late Emperor Frederick had one son taught shoemaking, another cabinet making, another navigation, and so on. It is an impressive fact that the president of the greatest railroad in the country learned surveying in his youth and the first vice-president became so perfect a master mechanic that when the Johnstown flood paralyzed the entire system he took personal command of the construction corps sent out. Yet neither President Roberts nor Vice-President Thomson were poor boys, but both learned a trade. Teach your boy one.

SAYS a Chicago daily: "The rumor that Patrick O'Sullivan, one of the murderers of Dr. Cronin, is dying of consumption is revived, possibly with a view to encouraging the movement to secure O'Sullivan's pardon. The deliberation and brutality with which the Cronin murder was planned and executed are without a parallel. O'Sullivan's part in the atrocity was peculiarly inhuman, illustrating to a shocking degree treachery, ingratitude and cowardice. Up to this time O'Sullivan has made no indication of his penitence. When he has confessed his crime and manifested contrition therefor, it will be proper to think about extending to him a little of that mercy which he did not show Cronin." The evidence against O'Sullivan was such as to leave no ground for doubt as to his guilt. It has been rumored from time to time that he would sooner or later confess his crime and make a revelation in regard to the part taken by others than those who were tried with him. His lawyer has been buying him up with the prospect of a new trial, which it is believed has kept him silent. A message from Joliet states that Mr. W. S. Forrest after an interview with him said that he "was reassured when he saw O'Sullivan, and the iceman told him he had made no such statements as were attributed to him. Pat O'Sullivan was not the man, Mr. Forrest said, to say anything, whatever might be the outcome of his sickness." It seems strange when a man has been convicted of murder by a jury of twelve men, upon evidence the force of which no amount of fraud and perjury could destroy, that an able and skillful criminal lawyer should continue his efforts in behalf of the criminal and against the interests of society. In justification of such efforts it may be said that Mr. Forrest probably acts on the theory which he maintained during the trial, that O'Sullivan is innocent. Then a lawyer paid to defend a criminal may be insensible to evidence which convinced not only the jury but all who read the testimony. Or may a lawyer use his legal abilities to secure the release of a client after he has been convicted, even though the lawyer is himself satisfied of his client's guilt? How far may the legal profession employ its resources against the interests of society, in behalf of men known to be murderers? Can an honorable man feel satisfaction in securing the acquittal or release of a criminal, known by him to be such, in consideration of a few thousand dollars?

## DEPEW'S DECLAMATION.

At a meeting held recently in New York in honor of Frederic Douglass, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew made some remarks in regard to slavery which have been widely published, with words of praise by the religious press and generally with approval or without criticism by the secular press. "He (Mr. Depew) desired," says the New York Mail and Express, "to call the attention of the colored man in his studies of the progress of emancipation of the race to another fact, namely, that the conscience of the North was roused to the point at which it fought the war of the rebellion and emancipated the slave mainly by the teachings of the Northern Christian pulpit. The enthusiasm which greeted this manly, eloquent and Christian-like defense of religion was wonderful. The applause was deafening and prolonged. The outburst was spontaneous. This occasion, when Mr. Depew used his rare gifts in defense of Christianity, will not soon be forgotten. It adds another wreath of honor to the many which Mr. Depew already wears." THE JOURNAL deals mainly with the living present rather than with the dead past. It is concerned with live issues, and not with those which have been settled by the logic of events, but when a palpable falsehood in regard to a great movement which culminated within the memory of men who are not yet old in the emancipation of 4,000,000 slaves is uttered and circulated in support of religious conservatism, THE JOURNAL has something to say. Chauncey M. Depew is an eloquent orator and an attractive personality, and for this reason what he says gains currency and is often invested with an importance beyond its merits.

The statement "that the conscience of the North was roused to the point at which it fought the war of the rebellion and emancipated the slave mainly by the teachings of the Northern Christian pulpit" is contrary to the fact, and it is contradicted by the memory of thousands still living. During the years preceding the War of the Rebellion the pulpit, like the press, both North and South, reflected public opinion in regard to slavery. In the South the pulpit gave slavery the most powerful support it could, by defending it on Bible grounds and by denouncing anti-slavery teachings as infidel and satanic. In the North the pulpit for years defended slavery, afterwards it apologized for it; when there was a considerable and growing sentiment against slavery, but before this sentiment was general in the North, the pulpit preserved silence in regard to the great evil, discouraged agitation of the subject and denounced the agitators as infidels. The work of educating and rousing the "conscience of the North" was done in the early days of the anti-slavery struggle by men who were not allowed to enter the pulpits, whom the pulpits united with the press in denouncing as fanatics, social disturbers and enemies of religion. Every Christian pulpit, every Christian hall in Boston was closed to Garrison, and the only place he could secure in which to hold a meeting in the interest of the slaves was Julian Hall which was then under the control of Abner Kneeland, a freethinker, a man of learning and noble character, who was imprisoned in Leverett street jail, Boston, sixty days for blasphemy.

"Advert for a moment" wrote Albert Barnes, years later, "to the efforts made to remove slavery from the world, and to the hindrances which exist in all efforts to remove it in consequence of the relation of the church to the system. . . . The language of the ministry and the practice of the church members give such a sanction to the enormous evil as could be derived from no other source, and such as it is useless to convince the world of the evil. The most efficient of all supports, the thing which most directly interferes with all attempts at reformation; that which gives the greatest quietus to the conscience, if it does not furnish the most satisfactory argument to the understanding is the fact that the system is countenanced by good men; that bishops and priests and deacons, that ministers and elders, that Sunday school teachers and exhorters, that pious matrons and heiresses are the holders of slaves and that the ecclesiastical bodies of the land address no language of rebuke or entreaty to their consciences."

Read what Martyn says in his biography of Wendell Phillips. "At the period now under review [1840 to 1850] with one or two small but honorable exceptions, like the Free Will Baptists and the Free Presbyterians, the churches were all the apologists and often the defenders of man-stealing. . . . Individual pulpits and individual church members, shining lights in this dreary midnight, were found in all the historic denominations, refusing to quench their beams. But exceptions do not break—they prove the rule. As organized bodies, the churches admitted slave-holders to their communion, installed them in their pulpits and screened their sin with palliative resolutions. At the same time they branded the Abolitionists as fanatics, meddling with what did not concern them, and anathematized them as infidels assaulting the administration of Providence. For example, the Rev. Wilbur Fisk, the leader of New England Methodism, declared that the general rule of Christianity not only permits, but in supposable circumstances enjoins, a continuance of the masters' authority." A New England Methodist Bishop maintained that the right to hold slaves was founded on the dictum. "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Prof. Moses Stuart of Andover Theological Seminary, one of the greatest scholars and theologians of his day, said: "The precepts of the New Testament respecting the demeanor of slaves and their masters beyond all question recognize the existence of slavery" Prof. Stuart wrote to President Fisk, who was President of Middletown Seminary, "that slavery may exist without violating the Christian faith of the church," and President Fisk replied "This doctrine will stand, because it is a Bible doctrine." Alexander Campbell, who founded the sect that bears his name, and lectured East and West as well as South, wrote "There is not one verse in the Bible inhibiting it [slavery], but many regulating it. I could as soon become a socialist or a freethinker or a skeptic, as say or think that it is immoral or un-Christian to hold a bond servant in any case whatever, or to allow that a Christian man cannot have property in man. I therefore dare not, with my Bible in my hand, join in the anti-slavery crusade against the relation of master and slave in all cases whatever, or proscribe from the Lord's table a Christian brother because he holds property in man." Campbell was himself a slave-holder.

The strongest opposition the anti-slavery agitators had to encounter in their work of education was that based upon belief in the inspired and authoritative character of the Bible and the conviction that the Bible recognized slavery as a God-ordained institution. Against them were constantly quoted the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus and the names of Biblical scholars, famous divines and religious leaders. From the time of the amiable Bishop Berkley who was, while in Rhode Island a slave-holder, and from an earlier time, slavery which had been established on this continent by Christians was naturally supported by the pulpit generally and by the highest and most powerful religious authority. Gradually by agitation and discussion extending through many years, a large proportion of the people in the non-slaveholding states, where pecuniary interests were not largely and directly involved, came to have something like a perception of the great wrong of human slavery and a desire to prevent its extension. The Northern pulpit and the Northern press changed their attitude in relation to slavery as fast as the people did and no faster. A multitude of causes combined to strengthen and intensify the public sentiment against slavery. Here and there a pulpit was pronounced in denouncing the evil when to be an abolitionist was to be a social outcast, but its influence was necessarily very limited. The work of agitation and education up to a comparatively late date had to be done mainly outside the churches. As one of the leading religious papers had to confess: "The church has pusillanimously left, not only the working oar, but the very reins of salutary reform in the hands of men she denounces as inimical to Christianity, and who are practically doing with all their might for humanity's sake, what the church ought to be doing for Christ's sake

. . . . Woe, woe, woe, to Christianity when infidels by the force of nature, or the tendency of the age, get ahead of the church in morals and in the practical work of Christianity."

Reference was here made to Garrison, and those working with him, outside of all ecclesiastical organizations, whose labors prepared the way for conditions which made possible years later, Sumner's eloquent denunciations in the United States Senate of "The Barbarism of Slavery," and "The Crime against Kansas," with those other powerful speeches in Congress which voiced the enlightened moral sentiment of the nation. The slaveholders, defeated in their efforts to extend slavery, resolved to take the Southern States out of the Union. Fort Sumpter was fired upon and the unity of the Republic was imperilled. Then the people in the Eastern and Western States were aroused with determination to prevent secession, and as the war proceeded the people were taught in the school of hundreds of bloody battles that the only way to end the war with the Union undivided was to free the slaves, and thus a measure of military expediency became a sublime act of justice in the history of freedom. To represent that the efforts which succeeded in overcoming treason organized in armed rebellion, and that the moral sentiment and military necessity which led to the Emancipation Proclamation, were due to the teachings of the pulpit is to pervert the truth with a shameless disregard of facts which the intelligent and fair minded among the clergy themselves must deplore.

## PUBLICITY AND PROMOTION.

Every great cause or enterprise must be promoted with skill and persistence to insure success. The merits of an enterprise may be great, its scope universal and yet if it is not presented to the world in a way properly to inform the public and also to stimulate coöperation and sympathetic interest the chances of success are seriously abridged. People wonder how it is that within a year from its inception the interest in the Columbian Exposition was more general and information concerning it more widely and effectively disseminated than ever before in even an international event. How is it that the magnificent Paris Exposition at the flood tide of its glory was not as well advertised as is the coming Fair at Chicago, a year before it opens? How is it that in every language that has a literature and even among savage tribes the fame of the coming event has travelled far and wide? It is all simple enough in the telling. The managers of the exposition are keen and experienced men. They realized that there was promoting to be done. They established a Bureau of Publicity and Promotion, and selected for its chief an able and enthusiastic journalist, Major Moses P. Handy. To his genius and untiring industry is due the efficiency of his department and in a large measure the success in heralding the vastness and perfection of the plans and scope of the exhibition throughout every nook and corner of the globe, both on the vast continents and on the islands of the seas. A mere business venture may be promoted without disseminating much information, but an international exhibition requires vastly more. Knowledge in ten thousand forms must be spread before the world, and the world must be made to receive it whether it will or not; and this the department of Publicity and Promotion has accomplished. It has supplied the information in such admirable forms that its absorption has been a matter of course. As an educator of the world relative to the Columbian Exposition, Major Handy's Bureau has done a work that could not have been accomplished under the direction of other than a trained journalist for ten times what it has cost. Indeed, money could not have compassed some of its achievements. Journalists the world over are indebted to Major Handy for the prestige his work has given the profession. THE JOURNAL offers this spontaneous meed of praise in token of its appreciation of merit and with no desire to belittle the magnificent work done in every department of this the greatest enterprise of the kind since the dawn of civilization.



## PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS NOTES.

Our esteemed co-worker in journalism, W. Stainton-Moses, M. A., (Oxon.) Editor of *Light*, and President of the London Spiritualists' Alliance, writes with his wonted courtesy and never-failing friendliness of the coming Psychical Science Congress. Responding heartily to the invitation to act as a member of the Advisory Council, Mr. Stainton-Moses writes to Dr. Coues: "Whatever I can do to make known what you are engaged on shall be cordially done. . . . You honor me by the desire to associate me with any work that you and Col. Bundy are engaged in. . . . As long as I live I shall work and so long am yours to command. After that you must catch me!"

The Rev. Minot J. Savage, member of the Society for Psychical Research, whose liberal and progressive views are well known to all *THE JOURNAL'S* readers, writes "heartily if in great haste": "I will gladly accept a position on your Advisory Council and do all I can to help on the success of the proposed Psychical Science Congress." The committee expects to secure an address from this gentleman.

Psychical science has exceptionally close relations with religion; and in further evidence of the attitude of some distinguished divines toward the Psychical Congress may be cited the following letters received by the committee:

NEW YORK, April, 12, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I am a member of the society here at the east, but if this is another with a separate action and work put me down for that too. As I can have no wish but that the truth shall be made clear about this momentous question.

Indeed yours,  
ROBERT COLLYER.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION, NEW YORK, April 4, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I have already consented to act upon the Committee of Religion, the exact title of which I have forgotten, and it seems to me that it would not be advantageous to put the same name on two committees of the World's Congress. If you at headquarters are clearly of the opposite opinion, I shall certainly not object to have my name put upon your committee, though my judgment would be decidedly averse to such duplication of a single name. I am interested in psychical science. . . .

Yours sincerely,  
LYMAN ABBOTT.

Dr. Abbott may be assured that headquarters are clearly of the opposite opinion regarding the objection thus raised, as in many cases the same name appears on two or more of the Committees and Councils of the various Congresses. We may therefore hope for his friendly and efficient services as a member of Psychical Science Congress.

Bishop Phillips Brooks sends the Committee the following cordial letter, which speaks for itself:

233 CLAREDON ST., BOSTON, April 6, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR: I am much interested in the papers you have sent me with regard to the Psychical Science Congress, to be held in connection with Columbian Exposition. I need not say how very important I think the researches in this great subject are, and how valuable I think such an assembly may be made. I must, however, decline to allow my name to be used as one of those who can take any active part in carrying out the plans of the Congress. My engagements make it impossible for me to take any part in such an interesting and important work, and I am exceedingly reluctant to allow my name to appear where I am not personally active. Therefore, pray excuse me, and believe that I value your invitation very much indeed, and shall wish for the Congress every best and most valuable result. I am, with sincere regards,

Yours very truly,  
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Another Episcopalian clergyman sends the following:

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., April 7, 1892.

I will be delighted to serve as a member of the Advisory Council, and give the subject—or object—all

the attention I can. . . . I feel honored that you have chosen me, and will fulfill all duties to the best of my ability—even though it should "commit me to belief."

Faithfully yours,  
A. R. KIEFFER.

Professor F. W. Putnam, the eminent ethnologist, of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology at Cambridge, says: "Please put me down on the Advisory Council of the Psychical Science Congress."

Medical Director Richard C. Dean, U. S. Navy, of the Navy Department at Washington, writes: "By all means put me down among the Advisory Council of the Psychists."

Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson writes from Sunny Brae (Saratoga P. O.) California: "Your valued favor of March 28, in which you do me the honor of inviting me to become a member of your Advisory Council, and also suggesting that I deliver an address at the Psychical Congress, is gratefully received. I hope to be at the Exposition when the Congress meets, and will gladly do anything in my power to contribute to the success of this lofty enterprise."

Professor Henry Wade Rogers, President of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois, accepts membership in the Advisory Council in very cordial terms, and offers some valuable suggestions upon which the Committee have already acted. One of the most profound and philosophical thinkers of our day writes as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
BUREAU OF EDUCATION.  
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 4, 1892.

DEAR SIR: Your letter calling my attention to the announcement of the Psychical Science Congress is received. I am very glad to know that this subject is to be treated in a Congress and I hope that there will be a large attendance from all parts of the world to discuss the important questions announced on its programme. I shall be glad to serve on the Advisory Council and "give advice" when ideas occur to me.

Very respectfully yours,  
W. T. HARRIS,  
Commissioner.

Another clear-thinking writer and speaker deeply versed in philosophy and well acquainted with modern scientific thought, who has recently given much attention to the researches known as psychical, writes a letter we must cite in full:

CHICAGO, April 2, 1892.

DEAR PROFESSOR COUES: Replying to your favor of March 30th, I have to say that I am quite willing to serve as a member of the Advisory Council, and you are authorized to use my name in this connection. My own observations and studies, the last few years, have led me to believe that the science of the future will enter upon new possessions of incomparable value through the doors of Psychical Research. I have no doubt that the Psychical Science Congress, under the judicious management of its Committee, will prepare the way for, and contribute to this result. Great have been the conquests in the domain of psychical science; as great or even greater may be future discoveries in the unexplored subconscious or subliminal regions of which we now begin to get glimpses. I wish the Psychical Science Congress success in its proposed work, in which I shall be glad to assist in any way I can.

Sincerely yours,  
B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Among the cultivators of formal biological science with whom the Committee is in correspondence are Professor E. D. Cope, of the University of Pennsylvania, and R. W. Shufeldt, U. S. A., of the Smithsonian Institution. The latter is well known to readers of *THE JOURNAL* by his contributions to Psychical Research, but much more widely known, abroad as well as at home, for the extent and variety of his investigations in natural history and comparative anatomy.

Professor Cope is a man of brilliant genius as well as of great erudition in biology, a writer of great versatility and unwearying industry. Both these gentlemen have the insight and discernment to see in Psychical Science some things that have thus far escaped most of their orthodox biological brethren, and both are members of the Advisory Council.

Among the most prompt and unqualified responses to the Committee's Announcement are those of several of *THE JOURNAL'S* oldest and warmest friends, among which we may name Mr. W. E. Coleman, of San Francisco; Hon. A. H. Dailey, of Brooklyn, and Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit. Says Judge Dailey: "Your kind invitation to place my name upon the list of those interested in the World's Congress Auxiliary, found me in bed from illness, and I take the earliest occasion to dictate a reply. Please make such use of my name in this matter as you please. I shall be glad to be of some service in the important work you with Col. Bundy have undertaken. It ought to be productive of much good."

We gladly make another quotation from a letter received from the venerable Auditor-General of the State of Connecticut:

HARTFORD, CONN., April 11, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 7th is received. I am greatly interested in the fact of the Psychical Science Congress you speak of, and shall be in its character and work, and have no objection to any use of my name that will be helpful. But I am too old (76) to undertake any work in its behalf, and probably should be substantially useless to it. My preference would be not to take the official position you propose as I do not like to be a useless officer—but will leave it wholly to you and Mr. Bundy to put me there, if it will be of any benefit."

Very truly yours,  
JOHN HOOKER.

Our friend needs no assurance of how highly we value his good will and good wishes. These are themselves helpful to the Committee.

Psychical and Military Science are not generally credited with close kinship, but interest in psychical research is by no means confined to civil life. More than one member of the Committee have military titles, and the following is from a member of the medical corps of the army:

SAN FRANCISCO, CALA., April 1, 1892.

DEAR SIR: Replying to your note of the 28th ult., I would say that I am quite willing to be a member of Advisory Council in connection with the Psychical Science Congress, and to do what I can in furtherance of the aim and object thereof. I am, my dear sir,

Faithfully Yours,  
J. P. WRIGHT,  
Surgeon U. S. A.

THE Rev. Joseph Cook, a pulpiteer of some repute in Boston, is quoted, observes a Chicago daily, as having said: "There is a little provision in the constitution which says that the president of the United States shall have ten days in which to sign or veto bills presented to him by congress, but that he cannot sign or veto them on Sunday. Now, there is the constitution of the United States which expressly prohibits the president from working on our national rest day." And from these premises the reverend gentleman argues that the World's Fair should be closed on Sunday. Mr. Cook probably knows his theology better than he does his constitution. It would probably puzzle him to find in the fundamental law of this nation any express direction that the president shall neither sign nor veto bills on Sunday. He would search long and fruitlessly for anything which "expressly prohibits the president from working on our national rest day." Custom, indeed precedent, and the individual convictions of the presidents have made Sunday a day of perfect rest in the white house. But so far as the constitution of the United States is concerned the president might make that his chief day of labor and of toil just as Mr. Cook does.



### A JOURNEY FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

By VINCENT BECKETT.

Mr. Asa Older, tall, thin, and wiry, was hastening along an awakening city street on his way to business. His sharp eyes were on the pavement and his ever busy mind was struggling with problems awaiting him in the day's routine. Mechanically his quick steps turned a familiar corner. A hubbub, a clatter and a loud outcry struck his ears and caused him to cast a glance ahead and almost at the same instant a foaming pair of runaway horses in mad flight struck him down, trampled him under their merciless feet and went on.

The accident was so sudden and so stunning that Mr. Older could hardly realize that he had been run over. He had scarcely dropped the reverie thus disturbed before he had regained his feet. He looked about to see if his mishap was observed, recovered his hat, brushed the dirt from his clothes and proceeded to make an examination of himself. His left arm hung loosely and the bones seemed fractured in two places, his chest was crushed in, and the sharp cork of a shoe had pierced his temple. He pronounced his injuries severe, and was greatly surprised that they gave him no pain or inconvenience. The broken bones of his arm grated together when moved but did not interfere with its use. He needed no assistance from the crowd that soon gathered on the spot but he was a little chagrined that no help was offered even no inquiry made after his welfare.

He continued his walk to the office. It was early and the door was still closed. He felt disturbed and uneasy and disinclined to work, so he sauntered over to the park and seated himself on one of the benches.

Mr. Older had never been a lover of nature. He had, in fact, never raised his eyes from his desk long enough to see anything more to a tree than a convenient shelter, or to a grass plot than a welcome relief from sand, dust and weeds. But on this morning the carpet of green velvet penciled with light and shade the swaying branches and fluttering leaves, the chattering of the squirrels and the varying tones of the garrulous birds soothed his disturbed nerves and gave rest and peace. He wondered that he had for so long time allowed this charming place for innocent recreation to go undiscovered. He resolved to visit the park oftener in future.

When he reached the office again there was a crape on the door. Startled at first, he recollected that his partner's mother had been ill and her death expected for a long time. It was the dull season and there being nothing pressing in the way of business he returned to further enjoy the newly discovered beauties of the park. The sun had taken possession of his previous seat, so he selected another. He drew some nuts from his pocket and tried to make friends with the squirrels, but the little fellows sat and rubbed their paws or dug at the roots of the grass and gave him no heed. Friends hastened past intent on errands on which the fate of the nation seemed to depend, and he nodded pleasantly but no one returned his salutation. No one appeared to see him. He was inclined to be displeased, but when he recalled how often he had been scolded for passing his best friends on the street without seeing them, he turned away from the passers-by and amused himself by conjuring figures and pictures from the chance shapes of the patches of sunshine and shadow spread out on the tree-studded lawn. In one shadow he traced the outlines of a church with a steeple many times higher than itself; then he turned to a rug of light and made out a camel with two humps kneeling to receive a load; another shadow pictured a mountain with a tree growing out of a shelf of rocks on its side; turning to the church again he found it changed to a pair of lovers in fond embrace. Thus employed the forenoon passed quickly.

Inasmuch as he was making of this a holiday he

would surprise and delight his wife by going home to lunch. It was more than likely that she had not yet heard of his partner's bereavement and, therefore, would not be expecting him. He jogged his memory for the last occasion when he lunched at home on a week day but only reached the conclusion that it was many years ago. He promised himself much enjoyment in the unusual occurrence to-day.

There was crape on his own door. This time Mr. Older was actually astonished. He was vexed, likewise. It couldn't be, he queried, that they intended to hold the funeral at his home. Lowther had a roomy residence, larger and more convenient than his, and with the old lady gone there was no one but himself and sister to occupy it. There could certainly be no good reason, he protested, for bringing the remains to his home, if that had been done, and if not the families were not so intimate socially as to call for such a marked expression of sympathy. He hurried into the house. The windows were darkened and he found in the dining-room and kitchen no preparation for luncheon. The servants were sitting with listless hands or walking about on tiptoe. Mrs. Older and daughters were not visible and he made a search for them. They were found in the parlor all plunged in the deepest grief. A bier stood in the center of the room with snow-white covering outlining a human figure. Mr. and Miss Lowther were present, but Mr. Older fancied that his own family acted the part of chief mourners, while the Lowthers took the role of comforters. He was nonplussed.

He felt that this was "not his funeral," as he expressed it, and that the making of it so without consulting him, was, to say the least, an intrusion. He was not in an amiable frame of mind when he entered the room. However, nobody looked up or otherwise noticed him. He stood beside his wife and laid his hand on her shoulder. He uttered her name, but even when he shook her, gently at first and then almost savagely, she neither raised her face from her handkerchief nor in any manner recognized his presence. Questions repeatedly addressed to his daughters and to Lowther elicited no response, and, having satisfied himself that attention was deliberately refused him by all, Mr. Older, thoroughly incensed, strode noisily from the room and out of the house.

He seated himself on the portico and long and earnestly pondered the strange attitudes assumed toward him by his family and friends. His wife was ever a pattern of devotion and his daughters kind, loving and obedient. Now, without warning or cause, that he was aware of, he was made a stranger in his own home—worse than a stranger, a nonentity, ignored, made an object of contempt and ridicule by those he loved best. The thought was gall and wormwood to him who was used to having his commands obeyed and his slightest wish respected. Impatiently restless with the riddle that he could not solve he passed out of the gate and stood on the walk. A neighbor hastening homeward almost ran over him but made no response to his friendly greeting or gave him faintest notice. Surely the neighbors must be in the plot, he thought, and he almost resolved in his mighty indignation to knock down the very next person who should insult him, just to let it be known that he could resent it. He also felt inclined to return to the house and raise a brisk racket—do something that would fetch the police and bring scandal on all concerned. But his pride allowed such rash thoughts only momentary harbor. Dignity suggested that if people wished to snub him it was one of their inalienable privileges to do so. If his own family could live without him he certainly could live without them.

But in spite of his wrath he had to smile to see the June zephyr sport with a gentleman's hat, and his frantic efforts to recover it. The hat took a dash across the street and lodged against the curb. The owner followed and put out his hand, confidently, to grasp it as it started off rolling slowly on its rim. The man made a flying leap, took a few quick steps and planted a foot savagely on the spot where his hasty calculation said it should be, but where it was not, because of its having gone careering away to the right. The hat lay in the dust until the moment

when he would have seized it and then it started on again leading in a sprint race of a block and dropping into a pool formed by a defective hydrant.

After this diversion Mr. Older felt better. Misery loves company and he had seen somebody else annoyed. But this was a day of surprises. Walking down the street, at the first corner he met, nearly face to face, an old and highly esteemed friend whom he had not seen for a long time, not since—truly, he attended his funeral a year or more ago. He halted in pleased astonishment and gazed a moment at the gentleman as at an apparition. The conspiracy, as Mr. Older termed it, seemed far-reaching, for even this person would have gone his way without speaking had not Mr. Older hailed him. Hearing his name called, however, he turned back and expressed much pleasure at the meeting.

The friends sauntered on together. After the first moment Mr. Older forgot that there was anything remarkable in the apparent resurrection of one whom he had helped to bury and they conversed on the leading topics of the day as if there had been no separation of a year. As they walked they constantly met other acquaintances who were supposed by Mr. Older to be lying quietly under six feet of earth. Some he had not seen since childhood. One was a man solemnly condemned by a jury of his peers, sentenced by a just judge, and who it was thought slid down to purgatory on a rope greased by the county sheriff. The day being warm the light scarf about his neck was thrown back and the livid marks of the rope showed plainly on his neck. The natural wonder excited by these unusual and unexpected meetings passed off quickly and they appeared the most natural things in the world. Mr. Older soon forgot his troubles at home and spent a happy afternoon in renewing old acquaintanceships.

As evening drew near he turned his steps homeward. He found no welcome change in the situation. There was the same air of gloom and the same tearful wife and daughters. There was also a continued inattention to his presence, but this no longer angered him. Indifference took the place of indignation, and he made no further attempts to command notice. Alone and in silence he partook of the cold lunch set out. He sought his accustomed bed early.

The occurrences of the day so unexampled and mystifying occupied his thoughts and drove away sleep, and he arose, dressed, and went out for a stroll. He wondered at so many people being abroad at night. He met the man with the rope marks on his neck and soon perceived that most of the prowlers were of like stamp.

He returned to the chamber and quietly seated himself beside the bed. His wife's face was turned toward him. Her cheeks looked unnaturally white and drawn as from suffering, and tears had marked their pale surface. Again he marvelled that his partner's affliction should so distress her, and after much study he left the problem still unsolved. He sat a long time and studied the careworn features and it occurred to him that this was the first time in twenty years that he had paused in his absorbing pursuit of wealth long enough to closely observe that dear face—dear still if long neglected. He had not before noticed that gray hairs had wolfishly crept in among the beautiful auburn locks and that the angular tally marks of departed years marred the fair skin. In reverie he went back to courtship days, and the love then declared again thrilled his being and he knew that it had not diminished in the rubbish of business. His conscience smote him and, in his penitence, he bent over the quiet woman and gently kissed her lips. He thought her asleep but as he touched her the white arms came up and closely encircled his neck and the parted lips, still soft and sweet, murmured his name. Long he rested in the welcome embrace. Days and scenes pushed so far back into the past as to seem to belong to an altogether different person, returned with all their joyful sensations and he became a happy lover once more. A look of supreme happiness brightened his sweetheart's face lending it girlish beauty and making it certain that the husband's caresses in age were not less welcome than the lover's in youth. Two



hearts, long estranged by worldliness, once more entwined and the old days of unalloyed happiness were relieved in reminiscences. The hours were as moments that brought a timid glow of light to herald the day.

After the tender experiences of the night Mr. Older expected to resume his old position in the eyes of his family. He was, therefore, disappointed to find the studied neglect of yesterday continued. He could hardly tell whether he was most angered or wounded. Without partaking of breakfast he sought the street and its companionships. He was not needed at the funeral so he remained away and, to use his own expression, "let them run it to suit themselves." But in the evening he returned to dinner and at bedtime sought his chamber. Again the night brought no veil of sleep, but instead, he enjoyed the sweet intoxication of a second lover's visit to his long neglected sweetheart.

He was late at the office next morning. His arrival was unnoticed. A stranger was seated at his desk engaged with his books. Surprises of this kind had become too common to excite him but he looked around for Mr. Lowther, intending to ask for an explanation. That gentleman was not present, so Mr. Older walked over to the park, it being the most pleasant place to wait. In thinking on the subject he saw that his displacement at the office harmonized with his treatment at home, both undoubtedly being parts of a well-laid plan. It was plain that he was in the way of some one to him unknown who was using a powerful influence to relegate him to oblivion. He had to admit that the opposition had its forces well disciplined, but if he should fight for his rights he was certain to come out winner. That was beyond question. But his two days' relaxation from business, a boon he had not enjoyed before since he reached manhood, had given him a relish for idleness. Thus influenced he reasoned: Why should he engage in a quarrel? Whom had he been slaving his life away for anyway—whom indeed but his family. For their benefit alone he had toiled from early morn until bedtime, year after year, holidays included, and now if they chose to dispense with his services they were but doing him a kindness. He would accept it as such and thank them for the holiday; they were welcome to the property he had accumulated. For himself he could start anew with nothing, live comfortably and take life easy.

Mr. Older spent the days with his new-found cronies, continued his surreptitious nightly visits with his wife and was moderately happy. He found consolation in the knowledge that though Mrs. Older acted a part in the strange conspiracy her heart was not in the plot, but was still his very own. And again, as so often before, he tried to unravel the absorbing mystery, but only succeeded in tangling the skein.

Ten years went by—calm uneventful years. The twigs that Mr. Older planted in his garden when it acknowledged his ownership were crowned with shapely heads of leaves and blossoms and shed sweet perfume for all passersby. The vines that he set beside the porch now sturdily fought a winning battle with the sun's red hot darts and gave grateful protection to its supports. Dame Nature, year by year had strengthened and beautified all her loyal dependants, but otherwise the home place was unchanged. Not unchanged, ah, no! two daughters had taken mates and sought new nests. One daughter only—the baby, just blooming into womanhood, remained to cheer the mother's loneliness.

In the mother, sad-faced and mournful, Mr. Older had for some time been noticing, with much pleasure, a gradual return of smiles and cheerfulness. He also observed, but with feelings quite different that the visits to her residence of his old partner, Mr. Lowther, were becoming quite frequent. Three times a week, calls that terminated only with the evening were, he thought, not explainable on the score of business necessity or friendship. The green-eyed monster was awakened in Mr. Older's breast and he forthwith ceased his lover's visits to his wife. He argued that his wife could not be sincere in her expressions of attachment to himself else why would she encourage the attentions of another, and she certainly did man-

ifest pleasure at Mr. Lowther's frequent visits.

Suddenly a bright ray of light pierced the dark curtain or mystery that for half a score of years had enveloped him and the hidden things were made plain. In this courtship, and courtship it certainly was, he found the explanation long waited for, of his own strange usage. The plot was well conceived and great deliberation attended its execution, but it was now laid bare. It was a most dastardly piece of business and of a nature that he would not have believed either Mrs. Older or Mr. Lowther capable of. He could not conceive that his daughters and all who assisted in the conspiracy knew what they were doing. At this late day the deception would not be suspected.

For months the demon, jealousy, raged in Mr. Older's breast, and he walked the streets day and night, uttering threats and laying plans for revenge that he never executed. He did, however, one evening, intrude himself on the offenders' privacy and roundly denounced each individually, and both as one, for their perfidy. He used the most forcible adjectives and the most effective manner he could command, but instead of the shame and confusion that he expected they ignored him utterly, and in his presence, to prove their contempt, actually kissed goodnight. This was all that human flesh could bear and Mr. Older bolted for the street that he might escape further temptation to enact the murderous thoughts he harbored. Henceforth he avoided that neighborhood and sought the lowest quarters of the city to fellowship with the vicious and depraved. Once only, inspired by uncontrollable curiosity, he passed his old residence. The name of Lowther had replaced that of Older on the doorplate. His heart gave a bound and a sharp pain went through him like a dagger. The last tie that bound him to his old life was severed and he returned to his wild companions. Though he took no part in their crimes, their general wickedness was in keeping with his revengeful mood, and therefore sweetly agreeable.

Mr. Older was a man of noble mind and high spirit, and when himself, abhorred all that was low and vulgar. Consequently, when Father Time, the great consoler, had shown him the folly of his ways and gently led him back to sanity, life in the slums grew irksome and he reappeared among his old friends. Even this society was far from satisfactory. It comprised a crowd of loafers and though an improvement on the type he had lately known, it was still a crowd of loafers, having for leaders vulgar and ignorant minds whose highest conception of wit was an objectionable story, whose clearest diction was profanity, and whose heroes were the base and unprincipled. He endured and made the most of this society because he could find no better and it was his policy to agree rather than to quarrel with the inevitable.

In his enforced leisure, seated on his favorite bench in the park and inspired by the simplicity and perfection of nature's handiwork, Mr. Older gave much thought to subjects metaphysical. Accepting as true the much ridiculed statement that man is mind and not matter, and that the thing we call the natural body is but the creation of mind and visible only to minds on the same plane of thought, he began a course of reasoning on this basis. He studied himself in the light of present and past experiences, comparing the mental and physical characteristics and seeking to discover their exact relation to and influence upon each other. As he delved, the physical grew less and the mental more in importance. He came to perceive that the physical is but the self made manifest. In studying self he discerned that it is a collaboration of the evils, aptly termed devils: Hate, lust, avarice, pride, revenge, fear, and kindred thoughts. Broken bones and pierced flesh gave no pain, but a day spent with the gossiping crowd left him a crick in his back. Envy and greed when entertained, disarranged his bowels; malice induced headache, fretfulness arrested digestion and anger interrupted the heart's action. Blood circulation, digestion, nerves and flesh being no part of man but simply the human creatures of the passions, how could it be otherwise than that the passions should control them, and that

with the mind freed from these evils the physical body should vanish?

Having arrived at these conclusions, Mr. Older paused to take a survey of his associates and it came to his consciousness that the friends whom he met in his earlier days of idleness, and, in fact, all others that he had since known and was glad to call friends, were no longer about. Whither they had gone he knew not, neither did inquiry elicit any information concerning them, but he could not wonder that they had deserted him and his debased and debasing fellow loafers.

Mr. Older in his active days owned a country place that skirted a range of hills. Here, in a quaintly sequestered spot he had erected a rustic cottage. A mountain stream crashed through rocks, eager to arrive and more in haste to depart from its door. Giant pine trees, their mighty trunks shaded dark on the north side and light on the south, showered their cones and needles on its roof and protected a green turf that, innocent of undergrowth, formed a carpet spreading to the limits of vision in one direction and to the base of sharply jutting cliffs in another. To this charming spot he had been accustomed to send the friends who loved hunting and fishing and who, unlike himself, had leisure for such unbusiness-like pursuits. Hither it was he betook himself when other shelter became unbearable and here, with more helpful surroundings he continued his studies and sought with earnestness to become harmonious with his new found truths.

He waged war against the powers of darkness which, since he perceived that thoughts are things, assumed true forms and figures. Unexpectedly, he found the solitude occupied by multitudes of people who, like himself, were striving to solve the problem of life. From them he received encouragement and assistance. Love was his only weapon. Deep in the sombre forest he fought the first stern combat, and, in the flush of victory, fashioned a crown of founced pine cones and glossy chinquepin, placed it upon the brow of hate and bade him go. High on the hill's steep slope he wove of fairest flowers sweet garlands for conquered envy, greed and fear. From feathery moss that fringed the crystal flood he conjured parting gifts for malice, lust and pride and bade them all a kind farewell. As one by one the unholy beings left him, faith entered in and gave expansion to his spirit. His eyes took in new beauties and new friends grasped his hand. His form grew light as air and earth seemed not needed for his feet. One perfect day in spring he sat beside his cottage door imbibing the beauties of a glorious sunset and plucking from its brilliant hues the gilding for a cross that rested on his knees. The last of all the sins, selfishness, alias death, knelt feebly at his feet. From out the circling heavens came sweet strains of music and a voice crying "welcome to my father's mansion." He stood and beckoned with his hand. He stooped and printed a kiss upon the demon's marble cheek, placed the priceless cross upon his back, and whispered adieu. He watched the vanquished tyrant as with earth and air, water, trees, flowers, birds and beasts, sun, stars and sky, he vanished into the nothingness from which corrupted mind had brought him, and then, having worked out his own salvation, Mr. Asa Older, thirty years after the runaway accident, with angels surrounding him, emerged from death into life eternal.

#### THE LAW OF PROGRESS.

BY MARY E. BUELL.

"I walk in the light of unrisen suns,  
I list to the music of silence;  
The dawns and the chantings are already here,  
That throb on the mute lip of science."

An aged clergyman, a grand old patriarch gave me those lines and asked me to write a poem on them. I answered that the poem was already written, but that, as a page of prose often contained a whole volume of poetry, as did his lines, I would put my thought in unrhymed words. When a single sentence of doubt causes the ancient structure of belief to joggle, what may we not expect will happen in the light of the

"unrisen suns?" Sometimes the slightest wind will cause a mass of old, decayed timbers to topple and all. A big noise, a cloud of dust and all is over, a place is made vacant for a new and finer structure, built upon improved and firmer foundations.

True a few lamps may be broken and the oil of an old faith be spilled. But the new lighting material is not inferior to the old; on the contrary, when one is accustomed to the dazzling magnificence of these illuminating essentials, a much wider space may be visited by the organs of sight than heretofore. And a true soldier fighting under such circumstances and with such surroundings will feel like a man freed of heavy armor.

Let us walk in the light of these "unrisen suns," even through the valley and the shadow of death. For one may go himself, or watch his friends take their departure with some degree of courage since science teaches that nothing is lost. Every vessel however poorly equipped, will in time gain the harbor.

"I list to the music of silence"

"Touch me!" says the rock, and I will sing you the song of the ages. "Watch me!" says the grass and I will teach you the law of harmony. For as the rivers run down to the sea, and yet the sea is not filled, so I, the Lord of all am here, with outstretched arms, waiting to receive even the meanest little rivulet of life that winds its way down through the rocks and barrens of the world called earth."

"The dawns and the chantings are already here." Do you not see? Do you not understand, O, sleeper and dreamer? The universe is alive with light and sound. The harmony was here since the world was created; the light since time began. It is man alone who plods and slips and stumbles upon and into the facts of life. The mute lip of science is indeed throbbing its secrets. And our dear old clergyman has caught the air and has entered the chorus.

The sinful soul o'ercome by pain,  
Accepts the Lamb but newly slain;  
For since time was, while it shalt be,  
God ransoms man and sets him free.

MARY E. BUELL.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

### THE RECONCILIATION.

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

The writer has read Mr. B. F. Underwood's articles on "Religion," recently published in THE JOURNAL; also Mr. G. B. Stebbins's criticisms on the same. When rightly understood is there any disagreement? I think not. Each position is a half truth; their union makes the whole truth. Is it not true that divinity in man is the primal fact of religion and that the knowledge of the fact comes through experience—the concreted experience of the race? If I am correct in this then is not my affirmation true: that there is really no cause of difference between these two friends and that they can continue to "sit side by side in peaceful comparison"? I believe in the gospel of reconciliation, because most of our differences arise by viewing truth, not in its mediated form, where the apparent contradiction is reconciled, but in its immediateness, where the two sides of truth are seen from one or the other side only.

We must affirm the absolute although we know nothing of it except through internal and external impressions or experience—through its manifestations. As these accumulate and are verified, logic—the exercise of reason—comes to our relief and the church and the state perpetuate the facts and we rest in what the soul asserts as true—its veritable connection with God which is the essence of all religion.

The writer knows both of these gentlemen. In the silence and quiet of his own estimate of their mental peculiarities—through personal intercourse—he is impressed that they represent, in their mental make-up, just what he is trying to make clear. One is intellectual—scientific; looks at the outside and ascends to God through induction. I mean in the refined spiritual sense. The other by nature is a child of God who unites the "innocence of wisdom" with his other attainments. He never reasons up to God, but

sees him in his own soul. In one sense he is the higher development; but this gift is largely due to an inheritance bequeathed to humanity through ages of experience—developing and bringing forth to consciousness that which subtends all common mentality—the divine self-consciousness. This latter, formerly subdued by a few chosen representative servants is to be the awakened state of the race; revealing the fact that it and not Jesus Christ—as a person—is the true God-Man.

If Mr. Stebbins would drop Channing and Mr. Underwood would drop some of his favorite philosophers and both master Swedenborg's Principia they would find much to modify their respective views. They would find that God is not in nature—I mean nature as generally understood—except mediately through man. He dwells in man only in plenary fullness. It is the failure to recognize this fact that has caused most of our confusion in dealing with the subject of religion. We must go to history and not to nature to find our objective God—a God outside of the limits of the human soul. Here both Mr. Stebbins and Mr. Underwood will find common ground.

Mr. Underwood represents the modern school of science which assumes that man commenced his religious evolution first in fetichism, second in polytheism, third in a modified theism and fourth in pure theism, and lastly in agnosticism; the latter affirming a positive, ultimate reality—positing as its final term, "universal energy." I do not profess to be an adept in this phase of religious thought. But taking history, or the recorded experience of the race as a starting point, the oldest historic religion of the world—Oeirianism—records theism as the ground of its evolution. The religion of ancient Egypt passed into the Monotheism of Israel, thence into the polytheism of Greece and Rome; the two currents being taken up into Christian or what is call Christianity—the latter underlying the church and state of modern civilization. Through the whole movement we see the divine-in-man outworking through the race consciously, in experience, the divine purpose in history. In all this we have Mr. Stebbins's seeing-eye and Mr. Underwood's science—without sentiment—both reconciled to each other in a common work. The full reconciliation is to be found in modern Spiritualism.

Let us come a little nearer home and perhaps we can find a further analogy, if not fact, to illustrate our meaning. The evolution of the race—if we may judge from what we have reason to believe—is similar, if not identical, with the evolution of the human soul in embodied conditions. The first awakening of religious consciousness in the infant is the shudder possibly of experiencing the recession of light and the overwhelming of darkness. It realizes something outside of itself—as superior to itself. A noise in the next room—unseen and unknown—still further confirms its dawning fetichism. Its doll soon becomes to it a something which it loves, holds sacred and finally becomes familiar with; at length dismissing its polytheism. The nursery tales glow in the imagination until finally the mother teaches it to pray to what to its ignorance is a mystery. All this has its analogue in the experience of the race.

As the religious consciousness begins to form or, as I prefer, is awakened in a more advanced manhood a deep sense of finiteness takes possession of the same. It realizes its far-offness from God; its consciousness of sin; the need of a Saviour. That unless it can find the latter it feels itself eternally damned. Here I can speak from experience. I was in this state for seven years; and only got relief by a thorough mastery of Swedenborg's philosophy and theology. From him I learned that this moral experience is provisional—a stepping stone to that higher realization where God's righteousness reigns in the soul as its actuating Reality. The decalogue, with its old Jewish righteousness, faded from the memory and to do right because it was right was, to me the true basis of a genuine manhood. The worship of a personal god gave place to a God whose life was my life; whose love, my love; and in place of this Externality I had the spontaneity of impersonal worship—God's life of infinite freedom. As with the individual, so with the race.

Experience and the Inner Seeing Eye is the basis of it all. Eternity alone will reveal the outcome of the God-man: Humanity its form; Divinity its animating soul!

We all have our ideals if not idols. Jesus Christ is doubtless Mr. Stebbins's ideal. Spencer the ideal of Mr. Underwood.

Whether Jesus had an actual personal existence on this earth is a matter of no consequence. As an ideal that life is human consciousness unveiled in history, and therefore is an actuality to every freed aspiring soul. Let us look at him in his representative relation. For this purpose we will consider him as the one pivotal man of the race. What was his leading characteristic? This: He utterly repudiated Jewish moralism—declaring that God's righteousness implanted in each human soul was its eternal antagonist. To emphasize his conviction he took to his heart the outcasts of all sorts and asserted that all men and women are our brethren; that they are children of one Heavenly Father and to draw these external moral distinctions was to perpetuate Phariseism; the only thing the Christ ever condemned. The church to-day—which is Jewish moralism gone to seed—stands condemned in the sight of the "Spirit of Truth" for the same reason. It is crucified between the two thieves: the Church and State. No wonder the sorrowing, sinning souls turn to Jesus as the only refuge. No wonder he is idolized—translated into the personal God and worshipped as the Absolute revealed in time. I confess, when I look back over my own life, a feeling of sadness comes over me and I sometimes wish science had never been born. It is cold and cheerless beside such a faith. But Spencer and others have shown us that we must bow to the inevitable and accept law as the external manifestation of the Absolute. That only by knowledge obtained through experience can the soul ascend to the altitude of Godhood. Our messiahs and saviors have had their day. No more hero-worship, but the stern reality of evolving manhood is to replace all this myth and mirage.

### DEATH AND AFTER.

In a discourse with the above title delivered before his congregation on Easter morning, Rev. M. J. Savage said:

We dream of an immortal life here on earth; but, if you stop to consider the limitations, the conditions, of such a life, even were it possible, I do not believe you would choose it. Even if we could live here forever on this earth and all be healthy and strong, if we could gain what is at present an almost unimaginable control over the native forces of the earth, would you take it, as compared with that which I believe to be true? I would not. Suppose we lived here year after year and century after century, it would not be a great while—indeed, it would be a very short while—before the earth would be full. Then births must cease. All the people on the earth would be grown up and old. There would be no more family life, no more children, no more of the joy of watching those unfolding minds and hearts and training these uncertain steps. How much of what makes up the happiness of life would be wiped out by that one fact at a stroke! But that would be a necessity. Then I have curiosity enough, so that I should want to explore. I would not like to be kept forever on this tiny planet, only eight thousand miles through, when the universe seemed to be inviting study and opening on every hand its vistas of unexplored glory. But with these bodies that sort of dream would be an absurdity.

For, did you ever stop to think that our lives depend moment by moment on the stable equilibrium of our climate and the purity, the balance, of the particles that make up the air we breathe? We could not live except at the bottom of this ocean we call air. We could not dream even of visiting our own little satellite, the moon. It would be an absurdity with our earthly mortality, such as we are to-day. Then it seems to me that the horrors that in our minds surround death are almost entirely imaginative horrors,



no more real than the creatures that frighten a child as he is asked to go upstairs alone at night,—creatures that exist only in the fancy of the child.

Death, then, what is it? We confuse it with a thousand things that are no part of it at all. The pains and sickness that are the result of our ignorance and carelessness, of our breaking the laws of life,—these are no part of death. Purely natural death is only going to sleep, and, generally, is as painless as going to sleep, is as much a relief, a something sought with as great eagerness. I have watched it within the circle of my own family and friends, and have seen that this natural dying is only ceasing of the candle-flame when the fuel is consumed, is only the slow cessation of the ticking of a clock as it runs down,—no horror, no suffering, but only a sleeping. We have no right to confuse with the fact of death all the evils of disease and suffering which are the concomitant of our ignorance, our carelessness, our law-breaking lives, and then charge this as an indictment against God, and say he is cruel and unkind to ordain death for us all. There is nothing cruel or unkind in the fact of death.

Then we add another horror to it by imagining that there is suffering in the separation of the soul from the body which does not exist. Even when death comes as the result of prolonged disease, it is almost always painless. The muscular movement and nervous activity ninety-nine times out of a hundred are purely unconscious: they do not indicate pain.

I believe—and I can tell you so this morning—that the spirit world folds this lovely, beautiful old earth around like an atmosphere; and when you ask me where those we call the dead are gone, I do not believe that they necessarily have gone so very far away. Milton imagined and put into words his belief that millions of spiritual creatures walked the earth unseen, when we wake or when we sleep. I believe that this world of those we call the dead is close by us and all around us, and there is a difficulty about that to our imaginations only because we are the fools of our eyes and ears. We fancy that we see all there is, that we hear all there is; while, as a matter of fact, our clear-headed science has taught all those who have cared to find out its truths that it is only the tiniest part of this physical universe that we ever see or hear,—just a little fraction that our senses enable us to explore. It has taught us that the mightiest of all the physical forces of the world are the invisible forces, the intangible forces. We talk about spirit as being shadowy, ghostly, thin, unreal. Why? The things that dissolve, the things that change, the things that disperse like shadows, are what we speak of as material things often, from the point of view of science. The things we cannot see and cannot touch are the mighty physical forces. There is nothing then, in the science of the world to make it seem unreasonable that those we love may be close to us, watching our lives, able to render us services in ways that we can as yet only partly comprehend. This, friends, I believe.

But, says some one, would not that take away from all the joy and peace of our friends—to see us in pain, in sorrow, to see us grieving over their departure? Could it be heaven to them to know all this? Does it take away all your happiness, all your peace, does it ruin all the brightness of your lives, as you watch a child crying over a broken toy, disappointed at the destruction of some petty scheme that you know will be forgotten to-morrow? If we can imagine these friends of ours as really about us, knowing the outcome that we do not know, seeing the meaning of the discipline, the sorrow, the burdens that we bear, do you not see that our sorrows, our griefs, would be to them only as the griefs and sorrows of children are to us, and need not necessarily interfere with their happiness at all?

But I hasten to another point. What kind of people are these? We have dreamed of ghosts and of hauntings until there is this unreasoning kind of fear in the hearts of thousands of people. I wonder, sometimes, as I think of it. I have known people that you could not hire with money to spend the night in the presence of the dead body of the dearest friend they had on earth. What do they fear? Who are these people that used to live here? Why, they are simply folks like ourselves. There is not an inhabitant in all that world that I know of whom I should not want to see at any hour of night or day. Why should I fear them? I have done them no harm. I have no idea that they wish to do me any harm. They are people like us. They remember this old life here. Indeed, they have

never been very far away from it. Why should they forget it? They love us just as of old. There is nothing in the fact of death to change a man's love, to change a man's character, to change a man's purposes or aspirations or desires. Death does not turn us into angels or devils, nor make ghosts of us. It simply leaves us what it found us. By going through a door you are changed. You were not changed by going to sleep last night and waking up this morning. Neither does death touch or change us in one essential of our nature or characters, our purposes, our desires.

Do they wear a body over yonder? To my thinking, this question answers itself. We talk sometimes about pure force. Now, no man on the face of the earth ever had any thing to do with such a thing as pure force. There is no such thing outside the dictionary. Nobody ever knew of any force dissociated from matter. Force and matter go together forever. And, so far as we know, matter is as eternal and indestructible as God, whose garment and manifestation it is.

I believe, then, that our friends in the other life have bodies as substantial and real as are these that we wear. And there is nothing in science to contradict such a hope or belief. Indeed, the scientists themselves are to-day on the verge of such discoveries about the nature and constitution of matter as promise to revolutionize all our ideas even concerning the world we live in. Pure spirit to me means pure nothing. I believe, then, that these inhabitants of the other life are real and substantial, substantial as we are. Which is the more substantial, electricity or a brick? Which is more the substantial, a fossil bone or the ether which thrills through all space? Here, again, we are only the fools of our own tiny, limited senses. We have not learned to think beyond. Substance does not mean something I can feel with my hands. My power of sense is very limited. Substance does not necessarily mean something that these eyes can see. My power of vision is yet limited. Indeed, it is not the eyes that see at all. I believe that we shall see each other in that other life, not necessarily with this kind of visual organ. But do you think that people are blind merely because they lose their eyes? When two persons are conversing over a telephone, and the line gets out of order, does it annihilate either of the speakers? It is the brain that sees; and, when we trace it even to the nerves and brain, we are not at the end. It is I who see, not any one part of my body, any more than the telescope is part of the eye.

What do they do over there? I believe they lead purely human lives, just as natural lives as we lead here. There are certain occupations that will be gone, I hope; but, if you will stop to think of it, you will understand yourselves what is the principle that ought to guide your dreaming. Many things, associated with the body as at present constituted, will be done away with; and here comes the tremendous motive force that ought to lead you to cultivate while here more of those faculties and powers that you can take with you, not go over there stripped and naked of occupation and interest. The things that are connected with thought, feeling, love, the intangible things, music, art, the search for truth and beauty,—these, I believe, will endure. Is Mendelssohn through with his music? I trust not. Is Michael Angelo through with his devotion to beauty and art? I trust not. Is Shakspeare forever done with his poetry? I trust not. And then, as thousands every year go over as children, as uneducated, as criminal, as degraded, as helpless, beyond any power of ours to conceive, there will be a wide field and scope for the tenderest philanthropy, for the widest brain culture, to help to uplift all these. So I believe the occupations will be as natural as here.

How shall we be related over there? Those relations which exist here, and which are not true, not central, not based in that which is permanent and eternal in us,—these will pass away and change. But no one will mourn over any such change, because I believe that that which is eternal in us in the way of love and truth and hope will find full sway and increasing satisfaction over there.

One point more. It will be endless growth over there. I do not believe that we are going to be at once perfect, with unalloyed happiness and enjoyment. I, for one, would not have that kind of world if I could. Imagine yourself over there perfectly wise, perfectly happy, every desire, wish, and longing satisfied, and sitting down that way for a thousand years! What would you do next? It is because there is in us the possibility of endless unfolding, it is because there are infinite avenues of search open for the student who wants to learn, because there is the possibility of the joy of achievement, because, in short, this is an infinite universe and we are finite creatures growing in the midst of the infinite, that this dream of immortality is a rational dream. If we could get through, we should wish some means of suicide. It is because we need not fear getting through that we can dream of still pursuing the pathway which opens up places not only of temporary refreshment, but avenues of ever new delight.

### THE DWARF AND THE GIANT.

The King's gigantic porter, Williams Evans, was another thorn in Jeffrey's flesh, and a very big thorn, too. Evans was truly a giant, measuring seven and a-half feet in height. Jeffrey and he could never meet without squabbling, and indeed the very sight of this ill-assorted pair standing side by side was enough to occasion remarks that made Jeffrey's blood boil.

One evening, when a merry-making or masking-frolic was going on at the palace, the giant and the dwarf happened to meet. As usual, an angry quarrel took place. Evans began to tease his tiny rival by allusion to pies, venison-pasties, and the like, and, in the style of the well-known Goliath of Gath, when deriding David, cast reflections upon Hudson's diminutive size. Jeffrey, though extremely angry, tried to preserve his dignity. With a very red face he strutted up to the giant, whose knee was about on a level with the dwarf's head, and said with an angry stamp:

"Peradventure, my friend, you have never sufficiently considered that the wren is made by the same hand that formed the bustard, and that the diamond, though small in size, out-values ten thousand times the granite!"

At this sally Evan's mighty lungs thundered forth a peal of laughter that drowned the shouts of the courtiers, and snatching up the valiant knight he thrust him into one of his huge pockets. Holding an immense hand over the midget to prevent his escaping, Evans proceeded to take his place in the pageant, where he was to perform a dance. When this was finished he drew from his pocket a big loaf of bread which he broke in two, and then from the other pocket he took the squirming Jeffrey, placed him between the half-loaves as if he were the slice of meat that goes to make up a sandwich, and intimated that the King's giant would lunch upon the Queen's dwarf.

The surprise and mirth of the spectators were gall and wormwood to poor Jeffrey, whose little feet could be seen kicking furiously in all direction from the sides of the loaf.—*Mary Shears Roberts, in St. Nicholas.*

### THE READING AND WRITING QUALIFICATION.

The danger to our institutions does not come from the anarchist and bomb throwers, writes Charles Stewart Smith in the North American Review. We can rely upon the operation of the law and police vigilance to protect society from these pestilent fellows, and Chicago justice has settled this question for some years to come; there is, however, a real and permanent danger to this country in the continued influx of so large a proportion of ignorant masses, for as stated by an ex-president of the Board of Education of New York City: "Four fifths of all our criminals are uneducated, and it costs \$29.40 per annum to educate a child in a grammar school in this city, and \$110 per annum to maintain a criminal in the penitentiary." It is impossible to make a character-standard for the immigrant a passport to the privilege of landing upon American soil; such an inquisition into the former life and occupation of the numbers who are flocking to this country would be impossible upon the part of American consuls; but a simple test of intelligence is practicable and could be enforced. An Act of Congress requiring immigrants over fifteen years of age, as a condition before embarking for the United States, to appear before the American consul and receive from him a certificate to be presented on arrival, that the party intending to emigrate to the United States could read and write his native language, would be in itself to some extent a guaranty of character. It would naturally restrict the number of immigrants, but it would improve their quality and furnish fewer inmates for our prisons and poor houses. I hold the opinion that existing laws, properly enforced, with an amendment embracing the reading and writing qualification above indicated, would protect society from the evils connected with immigration, and would insure to us the immense benefits arising from the enormous human stream which must continue to flow to this country.

An experiment in telephony has been made in Melbourne. The Postmasters General of Victoria and South Australia, with their principal executive officers, succeeded in establishing conversation between Melbourne and Adelaide, a distance of 500 miles. The governments of the two colonies having erected a copper wire of a little more than one-eighth inch in thickness, which is to be used for a new quadruplex telegraph instrument, and it was determined to see what could be done with the telephone over the wire. For over an hour an animated conversation was carried on, and the chimes of the Adelaide postoffice clock were distinctly heard in Melbourne and vice versa. The instruments used at Melbourne were the Hunning, Berthon, Berliner and the Blake, and the two former were found most effective.





### THE BORDER LAND.

In the twilight hour, soft shadows came,  
And flitted to and fro,  
But I heard no word, nor heard a name  
Of friends I used to know!

Yet their presence seemed so very near,  
I waited for some sign,  
Or some sound to tell me, they were here,  
Those long-lost friends of mine!

And I sat and waited all alone,  
Whilst silence closed around,  
Till its heart was beating next my own—  
Till earthly sighs were drowned!

Forth from depths there came then, unto me,  
Dear voices speaking plain,  
Old-time voices—such as used to be,  
Before life's days of pain!

"Truth is joy," they said, "and God is truth,  
And grief and tears pass by!  
Life is love, and love is endless youth,  
The youth that cannot die!"

"Death is birth," they said, "a higher birth,  
That sets the spirit free!  
Souls will stand for soul's own worth,  
Through all eternity!"

Gently thus they spake in tender tones—  
Swept away the earthly ills,  
Lit with light earth's sorrow-stricken homes—  
Crowned then with the peace that stills!

Deep within my soul, the truth I felt,  
I knew my loved ones near,  
Reverent, with thankful heart, I knelt,  
Death's mystery was clear!

Close is the border-land to me,  
And shining is its shore—  
Peopled with the precious forms I see,  
Of loved ones gone before!

—ELLA DARE.

THE Illinois Woman's Exposition Board, Dr. Frances Bundy Phillips, President, desires that there be formed in each county of the State a World's Columbian Exposition Club, whose object shall be to secure full representation of the industries and interests of the women of the county at the Columbian Exposition in 1893. It is desired that such clubs work in their respective counties in the following specific lines, and such others as may from time to time be suggested by the Board.

#### To secure for exhibition—

- Copies of all newspapers now or hereafter edited by Illinois women.
- Copies of all books written by Illinois women.
- A list of all inventions made by Illinois women, and whenever possible, models thereof not exceeding twelve inches in any one dimension.
- Scientific collections of every kind made by Illinois women, if of genuine scientific value.
- Colonial relics owned by residents of Illinois.
- Statistical and graphic representations of the educational and charitable work of women, the graphic representations to be preferably by means of maps so marked as to indicate the location of schools and charities operated in whole or in part by women.
- Domestic utensils from the mounds of Illinois.
- Noticeably fine examples of the product of woman's work in every line, domestic, artistic, professional or industrial.

To urge upon the women of the county the desirability of entering the general competitive exhibits of the Exposition; to disseminate information as to premiums and other matters relating to the competitive exhibits, and in general to awaken and foster interests in the success of the Exposition.

To furnish accurate and carefully tested receipts for the proper cooking, in as many ways as possible, of Illinois food products.

To encourage the organization of clubs for the study of American history, and other subjects as preparatory to the intelligent and profitable study of the Exposition.

To encourage the accumulation of personal savings for defraying the expense of a prolonged stay at the Exposition.

To create a public sentiment in favor of a liberal congressional appropriation in aid of the Exposition, and to bring this senti-

ment to the personal attention of members of Congress.

Women interested, and all women should be, may address Dr. F. B. Phillips, President, Illinois Woman's Exposition Board, World's Fair Headquarters, Chicago.

AN important conference was recently held in London, under the auspices of the Society for Promoting the Return of Women as County Councillors. Lord Hobhouse presided and made an excellent chairman. On taking the chair he said that it might be encouraging to those present to recall, as he was able to do, the battles which had already been fought and won on such questions as education, as the right of married women to retain their own property and to serve their neighbors whether in public or private life in the manner for which nature had best fitted them. By unceasing exertions on the part of women such battles as these had been won and victory would finally be theirs also in this matter of local government. He was one of those who believed in the natural right of every individual to render the best kind of service of which he or she was capable, and unless it could be proved that the public interest was the gainer the law should not step in to prevent any one from exercising that right. The work of women upon school boards and boards of guardians had been of a character to show that women's services could not be dispensed with when domestic interests were involved—as they were involved, for instance, in the management of lunatic asylums now directed by the county councils. Alluding with much feeling to the death of Lady Sandhurst, Lord Hobhouse said that nobody could deny that she was a most valuable public servant, "and yet," he added, "Lady Sandhurst was a person whom the law excluded from serving on the London county council." It was high time that such terrible blunders should be rendered impossible.

FANNY KEMBLE, the famous actress, at the age of eighty-two, still breathes the breath of life, but the divine afflatus has departed. She is still vital in the flesh, but the spirit, the bright and vivacious spirit of old, has vanished into the world of shadows. One comes to this sorrowful conclusion with the utmost reluctance, but it is one that cannot honestly be avoided, writes Frederick Dolman in the Ladies' Home Journal, fresh from a visit to Fanny Kemble at her country home, "The Bower," Limpsfield, Surrey, England, where with her daughter, the wife of Canon Leigh, the once famous actress is spending her declining days. She now never writes a letter with her own hand except to her daughter in Philadelphia, when it is guided by Mrs. Leigh. The letters which duty requires or inclination suggests are written by her maid, and of literary work there is none. Music is no longer enjoyed except as a listener, while reading is limited to the Bible and a few religious books. Sometimes she takes the air in a brougham; less frequently she is induced to take a seat in the pretty pony carriage, which Mrs. Leigh drives with masculine skill.

THE women of Wyoming are in various ways fitting themselves for the duty of voting for president at the next national election. Among other things some of the women of Cheyenne have formed a woman's republican league, furnished headquarters, where they will meet to study, talk and listen to addresses and discussions. The Cheyenne New Commonwealth says, in speaking of the league: "We now enter upon a campaign in which women take a part in national issues. The horizon of their political duties has grandly broadened, and in their distinguished position they will be the observed of all observers. From this high position it is eminently proper that they should seek to inform themselves in practical politics. The move to establish a league club is in the right direction. They propose to make a thoughtful, earnest and quiet study of the great questions upon which they are called to act, and the organization of the club last night is an event of almost national importance."

A WRITER in the *Christian Union* gives an amusing account of the first letter ever written to his wife by a certain old gentleman. The couple had never been separated in all the years of their married life until "pa," at the age of 70, concluded to visit some friends in Boston. When he was preparing to start on his memorable trip, his wife, who was to stay at home, said: "Pa, you never writ me a letter in your life, an' I do hope when you git

safely there you'll write a line and let me know how you bore the journey. I'll buy a sheet of paper and put in a wafer, so you won't have no trouble about that." Pa was absent a week, and faithful to his promise, he sent a letter. It read thus: "Respected Lady: I got here safe, and I am very well and hope you are the same. I shall be glad to git home, for the pride of the airth that I see here is enough to ruin the nation. Gad! the women folks are too lazy to sit up in their carriages. They loll back and look as if they was goin' to sleep, and I don't 'spose one of 'em could milk a cow or feed a pig. Nephew Abijah has a proper lot of horses, and I have rid all over Boston. There wa'n't no need o' puttin' them boughten buttons on my coat, for nobody noticed 'em. I am YOUR RESPECTED HUSBAND."

THE recent death in London of Mrs. Terry suggests thoughts of the remarkable family of actors of whom she was the mother. Frederick and Charles Terry are clever members of "the profession;" Mrs. Morris, nee Florence Terry, made her mark on the stage before she retired upon her marriage; Kate Terry won her reputation with *Fetcher* at the Lyceum, and is now Mrs. Arthur Lewis, while Ellen and Marion Terry's fame exceeds that of their brothers and sisters. The father of them all is still living.

THE story is told of a chivalrous Justice down in Alabama, who says that when the young lawyers spout law at him till they don't know which side they are arguing, and he doesn't either, he listens to them all, and reserves his decision until the next day. Then he goes home, states the case to his wife, and she gives the opinion which he announces in the morning. The man says his wife doesn't know a line of law, but that she has the biggest stock of common sense of any woman in that part of the country.

A CO-OPERATIVE home for single women is to be started in Vienna. Each will have a share in the housekeeping on certain days. One hundred persons are wanted at the start. An income of from \$5 to \$7 per month from each one is expected to pay expenses and accumulate a fund which will pay for the home.

### THE BETTER WAY CHANGES EDITORS.

The Better Way of last week contains the valedictory of Mr. Melchers who has edited it for three years. That he did his best, and much better than would many with a superior preparation for the difficult task we take pleasure in testifying. His sincerity, amiability and devotion are worthy of record in THE JOURNAL. We trust his avenues of usefulness will not be abridged by his retirement, and that his opportunities for study and happiness will be increased. Hon. Sidney Dean assumes the responsible position vacated by Mr. Melchers. Mr. Dean at seventy-three years of age has more vigor than most men can boast at sixty. He brings to his new duties a wide and varied knowledge, gained in various walks of life. He has been twice a member of Congress and forty years expounded theology and religion from a Christian pulpit. He has also experience as editor of a daily paper. Although he came into a knowledge of Spiritualism late in life he has displayed none of the folly which so often characterizes those espousing the cause at that period. That he is eminently fitted to conduct a denominational organ his career both prior and subsequent to his advent among Spiritualists demonstrates. We extend fraternal greetings and wish Mr. Dean full measure of success.

### THE SCHOOL OF APPLIED ETHICS.

As mentioned in THE JOURNAL last week the second annual session of the School of Applied Ethics will open at Plymouth, Mass., July 6, and continue six weeks. In the department of the History of Religions, the week day lectures will be devoted to the study of the religious ideas of the Hebrews. There will be six courses, of five

lectures each, by Professor Moore, of Andover; Dr. Jackson, of Columbia College; Professor Jastrow, of the University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Peters, of New York; Professor Toy, and Dr. Hirsch, of Chicago.

The Sunday afternoon lectures will deal in general with the relation of religion to the social and literary questions of the day. In the department of Economics there will be the following courses: Changes in Theory of Political Economy since Mill, by Professor H. C. Adams, University of Michigan; Theory of Social Progress, by Professor F. H. Giddings, Bryn Mawr College; Function of Philanthropy in Social Progress, by Father Huntington, of New York, and Miss Addams of Chicago; Function of Law in Social Progress, by Professor F. W. Taussig, Harvard University; Statistical Presentation of Industrial and Social Questions, by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, Washington, D. C.; Critical Study of the Labor Problem and the Monopoly Problem, by Professor H. C. Adams. The principal course in the department of Ethics will be given by William Wallace, M. A., Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, England. It will consist of fifteen lectures on Variations of the Moral Standard, illustrated by the History of Ethical Theories. The shorter courses in this department will include lectures by John W. Burgess, W. L. Sheldon, Wm. M. Salter and others.

THE managing editor of a leading daily in a thriving city of the great Northwest in a letter of inquiry concerning psychical matters says: "I think the position yourself and some Spiritualist friends are taking against the frauds and humbugs which seem ever creeping into your cause will do more to save it and remedy the evil than all the exposures by skeptics and defenses by too credulous believers." That this is true every person of ordinary business sense knows. Yet many who know it allow partisan spirit to dominate their judgments and carry them along with the scum, under the silly delusion that loud pretenses will impress the public at large. They fool only themselves, they deceive nobody with their claptrap. If the editors of some of our spiritualistic exchanges would but mingle with the world of non-Spiritualists they would soon learn better than to expect to convert or favorably influence intelligent and interested outsiders by the publication of such slush as often appears in their columns. Tickling intellectual infants and promoting the business of doubtful characters may be congenial work, but is not calculated to build up a great cause; nor likely to bring the world to accept the doctrines of Spiritualism. Let our spiritualistic exchanges make a note of this.

As THE JOURNAL goes to press newspaper and social circles in the city are agog over the arrival of that eminent journalist and philanthropist, George W. Childs, of the Public Ledger. Philadelphia could have sent no other citizen who would have elicited such universal expressions of good will. Mr. Childs and party will halt here three days on their way to Colorado and the Pacific coast. The Philadelphia Evening Star of April 30, in a leading editorial devoted to Mr. Childs and his trip says: "Our citizens have come to look upon Mr. Childs as about our best achievement in citizenship. None better in this generation. We pray our all too hospitable friends to guard him and send him back, rich with the trophies of a splendid journey."

MR. VINCENT BECKETT furnishes an interesting and deeply instructive contribution in this issue of THE JOURNAL under the title "A Journey from Death unto Life." The story on which his philosophizing is built suggests "The Gates Between" by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.





## LETTER FROM PORTLAND, ORE.

TO THE EDITOR: One of the most successful, deeply religious and thoroughly enjoyable anniversary meetings I have had the good fortune to attend in this city was held on the Sunday evening immediately succeeding the forty-fourth anniversary of modern Spiritualism, under the auspices of Mrs. Flora A. Brown, a lady who combines convincing psychic power with those admirable qualities of Christian character which ought always to accompany nature's divinest gift to mortals. Although deprived of the advantages of early education, Mrs. Brown has had the benefit of later opportunities which she has conscientiously improved; and being young, pleasing and unostentatious in her manner, makes converts readily among the cultured classes who are ordinarily hard to reach.

The hall was elaborately decorated with flowers and evergreens; the service and recitations were of an order much above the average at such meetings, the tests related expressly to matters germane to a religious service, and the lecture by the writer, subject, "The New Birth," was chosen from the talk of Jesus with Nicodemus, when the latter went to him "by night" in quest of knowledge.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but couldst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the spirit," saith the Scriptures.

Among the audience were many Baptists, pedo-Baptists, Campbellites, or Christians, Catholics, Jews and avowed agnostics, to most of whom the teachings of "The Church of the Spirit" are new, but welcome and convincing.

It is Mrs. Brown's and the writer's purpose to reopen these meetings in September, when we hope to secure a suitable place of worship large enough to hold the crowds that hunger daily for a natural gospel that may be demonstrated, at least to such a degree that the presence of supermundane intelligences claiming to be spirits cannot be doubted by those to whom the evidence is clear. It is Mrs. Brown's habit to hold the audience for half an hour or longer at the close of the other exercises, during which time many tests are given, generally to strangers, to whom her messages bring surprise and joy.

The eminent soloist at the meetings is a devout Catholic lady who sings at the morning service in St. Lawrence church, but omits her regular evening church work to participate in the worship of the church of the spirit when the meetings are in progress.

The Spiritualists of Oregon will hold a protracted camp-meeting service at the New Era camp in June, largely under the management of Mrs. Brown.

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

## PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

TO THE EDITOR: In these latter days when scientists are so lucidly explaining (?) psychical phenomena by attributing them to unconscious cerebration, sub-consciousness, "hypnotic suggestions," and other equally transparent causes, it may be well for the readers of THE JOURNAL—and secular papers admitting such matters—to give occasional items of personal experience which tend to overthrow their conclusions.

While sitting for manifestations with a friend at a stand recently, the control was asked if he could see objects about the room. The answer by raps was "yes." "If we call the alphabet can you name some object here unknown to us?" "Don't know." "Will you try?" "Yes." A looker-on selected a newspaper from a pile at hand, and without examining it herself or allowing us to do so, laid it in a chair. I called the alphabet, and its name, "Metropolitan," was spelled. She placed her fingers at random between the closed pages of a book, and I said, "Can you rap the number of the right hand page?" "Yes." "Go ahead." It rapped "32," which upon examination we found to be correct.

This account may seem unimportant compared with some published in THE JOURNAL, which is admitted, but it establishes the great central fact of an outside independent intelligence, a mentality not ours, and the ability to communicate intel-

ligently. This proven, the next step is ready to be taken, i. e., to learn who inspires the replies. In this instance we never could ascertain, because, as he said, "I am ashamed to tell my name, not having done what I should have done when on earth." A.

EAST FLETCHER, VERMONT.

## RECOGNITION.

TO THE EDITOR: Mr. J. M. of Ashford, or Eastford, Conn., formerly of Woodstock, who died I think in 1887, was an intimate acquaintance of the late Mr. J. H. of Woodstock. The two were much interested in the subject of Spiritualism, and once made a mutual promise that whichever died first should if possible manifest himself to the other.

Mr. H. was killed by a runaway horse in the autumn of 1861. Before the news of his death reached the M. family, who lived some little distance away, Mrs. M. distinctly heard a voice, which she recognized as that of Mr. H., which said, "Well, I have got through."

I think it was not until the following day that she received the intelligence of Mr. H.'s death, confirming the impression produced by the voice which she had heard.

Mr. H. was in perfect health up to the time of the accident, so that his death could not have been expected by any of his friends. He was moreover an exceptionally careful man, not in the least inclined to rush into danger. Yet neither prudence nor health saved him at this time. The writer was intimately acquainted with him, and also knew the M. family, though but slightly.

L. H. and H. C. two young men, also of eastern Connecticut, made a similar mutual agreement that whoever should die first would if possible make himself known to the other. Mr. H. was kicked to death by a horse. His friend saw him appear before him, recognized him, but knew that he was not physically present. He noted the time of this apparition, and afterwards found that it corresponded almost exactly with the time of his friend's death. Mr. C. has since removed to the West.

MARCUS T. JANES.

## LINEAR EVOLUTION NOT TRUE.

TO THE EDITOR:—THE JOURNAL remarks in No. 47 that objections have been raised against evolution on the ground that fossils do not show gradation of lower into higher species. Allow me to say, that the new science of palaeontology or of petrified remains of plants shows all the gaps filled out in this realm of nature. It also discloses the fact that the linear evolution theory has to be discarded, evolution going on from different points in different directions. Species of plants have developed to the highest forms and retrograded while other species again were developing independently. Long before any plant life appeared on earth, the highest type of fish the Port Jackson shark was flourishing with his whole family. KARL CROLLY.

PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

## THE FIRST INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

TO THE EDITOR: It strikes me that the first independent slate-writing occurred through Henry Slade's mediumship in the early part of 1862 at the house of Gardner Knapp, who at that time resided at Albany, Ind.

In "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," Robert Dale Owen mentions a case of independent writing on paper with pencil in the presence of Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island; also of independent writing claimed to have been received by Baron Guldenstube.

There may have been other isolated cases, but I think it can be safely said that Slade was the first medium through whom it was produced consecutively.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. J. SIMMONS.

## LINCOLN AND SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR: I heartily endorse the remarks of Giles B. Stebbins in a recent JOURNAL, upon the book, "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" This is a noteworthy contribution to historical literature, and should command a large sale. That it is substantially true, I think is beyond reasonable doubt; and that it was written in complete good faith I am convinced. The fact that the medium-author has been an invalid for years, should prompt us all to render such aid in extending the sale of the work as may be in our power. It is to be

hoped that she may receive adequate returns for the labor expended in its production. The dissemination of truth on all matters is much to be desired; and that this volume embodies the truth upon subjects treated will be granted I think, by every impartial, intelligent reader. Let the facts be spread!

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

## LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF EGYPT."

Several weeks ago we received a letter from a valued correspondent in Kansas in which he spoke at some length of his favorable impressions concerning astrology, also of the remarkably correct weather forecasts of Rev. Mr. Hicks, of St. Louis, and of the striking tests of spirit presence and intelligence given through the mediumship of his (our correspondent's) wife. Believing the letter would interest the author of "The Light of Egypt" we sent it to him. His reply, though not intended for publication is so interesting that we cannot forbear giving it to our readers, and we hope our esteemed correspondent will not take offense at its publication:

Thank you very much for a reading of Mr. A's letter upon astrology. He is evidently a reasoning, sensible man. Astrology is certainly one of two things, viz., fraud or fact, and most certainly I should have discovered the real truth of the matter in an extensive practice of now over a quarter of a century. If it had been a fraud I should certainly have seen it, because, to begin with I was a sceptic. I went to an astrologer, a retired school master, Mr. Wagstaff, of Lee Bridge, Derbyshire, when quite young, not to have my "fortune" told, but because I had lost a £5 Bank of England note and was told he possessed second sight, and could tell me where it was to be found if such a thing was possible. He told me it was stolen; he then described the man whom I knew instantly, but I strongly objected and would not believe it; twelve months later I accidentally discovered he was right. Second sight was simply hearsay, he was an astrologer. He cast my horoscope, so to say, and I then put the thing to the test in a very rigid manner with people living a hundred miles away whom he never could have known. I then consulted other astrologers who were supposed to be honest and I found all their conclusions to tally; they differed only in details as all humanity do. I saw that they must all of them have followed the same methods to obtain their conclusions. Then I set to work to learn the methods. Steady and patient work was necessary, but I soon became astonished with my own accurate judgments. In other words I knew that I was honest in my deductions, that they were really based upon the rules of this old "exploded" science, and I found the results to be invariably correct in all important matters. What conclusion could I come to? Could I be one who was guilty of some hocus-pocus to give things forth as the results of astrological rule when they were not? Certainly not. And if astrological rule has proved to be absolutely correct when properly applied, during these twenty-five years am I not justified in asserting astrology to be a divine truth? And, when I find that every individual who condemns it as a humbug, is, strangely enough completely ignorant of its practical details, am I to blame if I assert that they are not competent to judge? No matter how talented they are in other respects. Astrology is exactly like Spiritualism in this one respect, viz., that it is a question of fact, not of argument. Spiritualism was opposed at first and is now because it is repugnant to preconception as to what the laws of nature are. The planets that are millions of miles away cannot ordinarily be supposed to kill a man, make a thief of him or break his neck, nor yet produce a saint. It does seem strange, and so long as materialistic law sways men's minds it will remain strange, but not so strange as to see a lead pencil stand upright, and write off a lecture of eight or ten pages without any mortal or physical contact, a lecture full of strange and truly sublime ideas totally unknown to those present. And yet I have seen this with my own eyes, have held the hand of a psychic form while it melted before my very eyes leaving nothing palpable to the touch. I say that planetary influence over human destiny is not half so strange, or hard to realize as all this, and now that

science is able to telegraph without wires or other physical mediums for conducting the current, men will soon, perhaps be ready to acknowledge that a planet may send its psychic influx to each man's magnetic brain, and by reaction upon surrounding conditions and individuals produce what the astrologer calls the events of life as foreseen from the horoscope of birth.

I could produce evidence in my own practice of astrology that would convince anyone not insane of the wonderful truth of planetary influence, but when learned men will not believe, when they will not even accept facts, and will ignore tests upon the plea of coincidence, I am content to wait, content to smile at their ignorant animosity against a science that is older than the oldest records we possess.

Very truly,

T. H. BURGOYNE.

CUMMINGS, CAL.

P. S. The data given by A—, as coming from Rev. Hix of a storm, came here on time, exact; fearful storms, snow! And is at it yet. Good for Hix! The U. S. signal service needs some more like Hix instead of rain catchers.

Mr. Burgoyne is now, or soon will be, in Denver, Colorado, where he has a large number of enthusiastic pupils, and where he is to give a series of lectures.

## PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

The American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research has issued a circular which is here reprinted and to which the attention of readers of THE JOURNAL is specially called. The society is doing admirable work in sifting genuine from spurious psychical phenomena and in establishing beyond question among men of science and non-Spiritualists generally, a class of facts the recognition of which for years has been confined almost exclusively to Spiritualists. The American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research deserves to be generously sustained in its important work and it is hoped that readers of THE JOURNAL who appreciate this work and are pecuniarily able will donate to the society and thus help increase its efficiency. The circular says:

We desire to remind our members that the Branch has been heavily subsidized from England during the past two years. In addition to our contributions from other persons in England, the indebtedness of the Branch to the parent Society on account of all the Proceedings and Journals supplied to the members and associates of the Branch during the past two years, has been borne by one English gentleman.

There are now about 420 names on our roll, of which about ninety represent full members. The income of the branch from assessments is thus about \$2,500.00. It is obvious that this sum is but a small portion of the amount required for the following items:

1. Payment of Proceedings and Journals supplied to the American Branch.
2. Salary of Secretary.
3. Salary of assistant.
4. Rent of offices.
5. Expenses of travelling for the interview of witnesses and for experimental investigation.
5. Postage, printing, etc., etc.

The work of the Branch must therefore continue to depend chiefly upon voluntary donations, until the membership, which is steadily though slowly upon the increase, is large enough to provide an adequate annual fund by the mere payment of dues.

We believe that nearly all our members might render great service to the Society by extending the knowledge of its methods and work, and obtaining new adherents to the society either as full members or associates. With this object in view we enclose herewith a blank form for the proposal of new members. Additional forms can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

In the meantime we hope that those of our members who can contribute voluntary donations will either remit at once to the Treasurer, or express their willingness to make a contribution later in the present year.

WILLIAM JAMES.

S. P. LANGLEY.

RICHARD HODGSON,

Secretary and Treasurer.

5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.



BOOK REVIEWS.

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

*Angela's Visits to my Farm in Florida.* By Golden Light. New York: United States Book Co., successors to John W. Lovell & Co., 142 to 150 Worth street; pp. 283. Cloth, \$1.00.

This work is a gossip chat by an old Floridian farmer, telling in a homely way about his farm and farming, giving an account of a month's visit of some friends at the farm. The motive seems to be to show that modern Spiritualism and primitive Christianity as taught by Jesus are one and the same thing, and a strong case is made out for the claim. Golden Light, the author is, according to his own statement, a plain farmer, the son of a mechanic, and his family at the farm consists of his daughter Miriam and himself, the mother having passed on, and the son Tom, practicing law in a far away city. Comfort Miller, an old friend of the farmer, and his friend Dr. Graeme, of England, and Miss Mary Van Elt, an old school-mate and friend of Miriam's have all come at about the same time for a month's visit at the farm, and are joined for a week by the Rev. Caleb Soyer, a Methodist minister. But a small part of the book is devoted to the details of the farm, and yet much instruction on that line is given, but the far greater part is a report of the evening conversations when gathered in the cozy parlor after the day's labors are over. Comfort Miller is a student and philosopher of no mean order, and also an inspirational medium, while Mary Van Elt is a spiritual young woman, and a trance medium. Dr. Graeme is a learned man, a chemist, and also a stenographer; of liberal views and a lover of truth, and farmer Light and Miriam are Spiritualists, and the daughter is a medium as well. Caleb Soyer, though well aware of his friend Light's liberal views has not known him as a pronounced Spiritualist, nor even dreamed that Miriam was a medium, and having all the prejudices of a thoroughly earnest, and honest, yet greatly bigoted minister against Spiritualism, of which he knew nothing, yet believed it to be of the devil, he was horrified when he was told that Mary Van Elt was a medium, and at once conceived it to be his duty to rescue her soul from perdition. This determination on the part of brother Caleb, gives direction to the evening conversations, the final result of which is a complete change in the belief of the Rev. Soyer as to Spiritualism and its mediums and adherents. The book is entertaining and instructive.

MAGAZINES.

The Nineteenth Century for April is a very strong number. Among the valuable papers is one on "Prospects of Marriage for Women," by Miss Clara E. Collet which is replete with information in regard to women in industrial life. The article by Sir H. T. Wood, Secretary of the Royal Commission, on "Chicago and its Exhibition," will be of special interest to Chicagoans, and very satisfactory too. "Lord Lytton's Rank in Literature," by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt; "Vegetable Diet," by Lady Paget; "The Story of Gifford and Keats," by Prof. David Masson; "Color-Blindness; its Pathology and its Possible Practical Remedy," by Dr. Almroth E. Wright are some of the very readable papers in this number of the Nineteenth Century. New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co., 231 Broadway, N. Y., \$4.50 per year. Single copies, 40 cents.—The New England magazine for May has an article by Reuben Gold Thwaites on "Village Life in New England." It is finely illustrated by Louis A. Holman, who spent the summer of 1891 in England, and who furnishes the frontispiece of the number, "A Picturesque Bit of Old England," finely engraved by M. Lamont Brown. Mr. Edwin D. Mead at the Editor's Table writes a strong indictment of eastern provincialism in regard to Chicago and the World's Fair. Mr. Mead has just spent several weeks in the West, and he denies the charge made by some eastern papers that the Exposition will be a gigantic cattle show. "On the Track of Columbus," a valuable and interesting paper by Horatio J. Perry, is another feature of this number of the New England Magazine.—St. Nicholas for May has a table of contents presenting thirty-nine distinct dishes, each of excellent flavor and well served, but none too highly seasoned for the healthful palate of youth. Of the longer stories, "The Conspirators," by Emma S. Chester, is an excellent piece of work; it tells how a little South American lad schemed to remain in the United States rather than go back to his uncle in Brazil. His plot, though successful, is

none the less exceedingly funny reading. Mr. Du Mond's illustrations are of unusual interest and merit.—Herbert Spencer and the Synthetic Philosophy is the subject that opens the May Popular Science Monthly. The writer, Mr. W. H. Hudson, who was for some years the philosopher's private secretary, traces the development of Spencer's philosophic thought, and points out the true relation between his work and that of Darwin. Considerable space is given to anthropology in this number. A copiously illustrated article on "Cave Dwellings of Men" is contributed by Mr. W. H. Larabee. It relates not only to the ancient cave dwellings of America and the Old World, but describes also the way in which modern troglodytes are living in several parts of Europe to-day.—Emilio Castelar, the Spanish orator and statesman, has written a life of Christopher Columbus for The Century Magazine, which is begun in the May number. In the first article Senor Castelar presents an eloquent picture of the age which produced Columbus. This number has poetry by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Louise Chandler Moulton, Edith M. Thomas, Maurice Thompson, Julian Hawthorne, Herman Melville (some posthumous verses accompanied by a sketch by Arthur Stedman), Frank Dempster Sherman, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, James Herbert Morse, and Richard Watson Gilder.



Mr. Warren D. Wentz of Geneva, N. Y.

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which I have been unable to touch for years. The English language does not contain words enough to permit me to express the praise I would like to give to Hood's Sarsaparilla." W. D. WENTZ, 18 1/2 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

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 American Branch.

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Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.  
 Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed. Information concerning the Society can be obtained from **RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.** Secretary for America, 5 Boyls on Place, Boston, Mass.

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 Shall we enter "Spring Eternal," but as one go on again.  
 I will watch beside the portal, look beyond the "harbor bar,"  
 Where thy lonely ship goes sailing, guided by one faithful star;  
 Lift thine eyes above the breakers, trust thy barque to love divine,  
 And thou'lt find me, darling, waiting, for the angels call thee mine,  
 Weep no more above the casket, that a jewel held for thee,  
 For in all this fair sweet country, thou art fairer still to me;  
 Leave the "daisies" that have blossomed, where thy tear-drops fall like rain;  
 For thou'lt find me, darling, waiting; we shall surely meet again.  
 Listen not to idle rumors, let thy course be true and straight;  
 Knowing I, thy love, am waiting faithfully at Heaven's gate;  
 Naught shall tempt my soul to enter, till I see thy barque afar,  
 Safely make the voyage over, gaining Heaven's harbor bar.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. MARY E. BUELL.

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So the cricket was taken on board the vessel. But soon the little fellow was missing. Antonio sought him high and low, calling him by all the endearing names he could think of. But in vain. No merry tune came to beguile the weary hours.

At last, Columbus, disheartened by days of unsuccessful sailing, was about to turn back, and by abandoning his enterprise bring dishonor on his name. At this fateful moment imagine the joy of the baker's lad when the merry chirp of his beloved cricket suddenly greeted his ears.

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Then Antonio, prostrating himself at the Admiral's feet, while he called upon the sailors, winds, and waves as witnesses, said:

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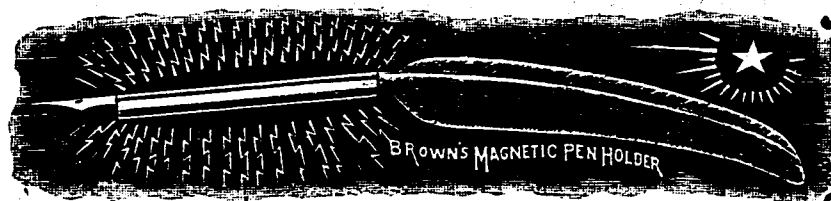
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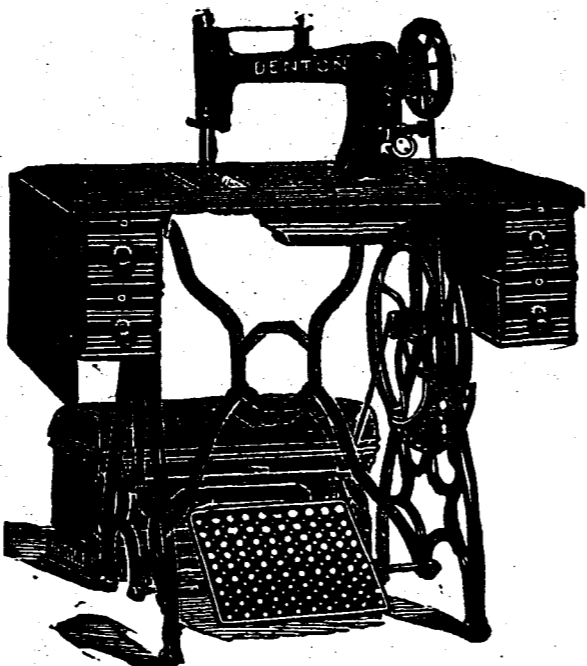
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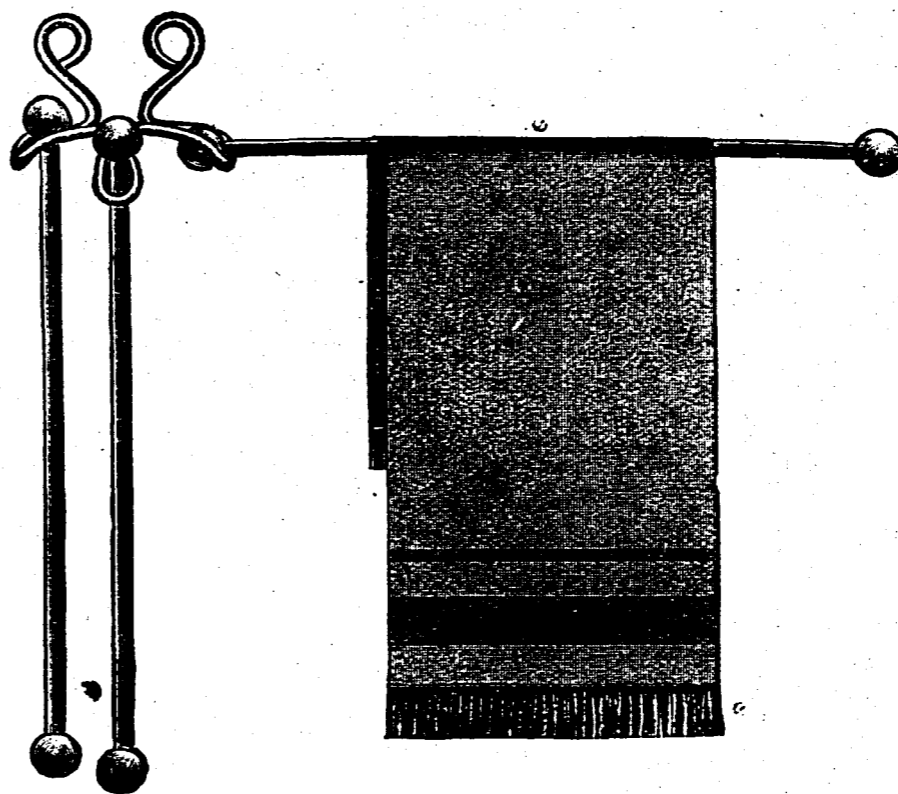
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**TWO MORE PIONEERS GONE.**

To all the older residents of Chicago the name of Thomas Richmond is familiar. He passed to spirit life from Woodstock, Vermont a few days ago at the age of ninety five. Mr. Richmond settled at Chicago in 1847, and was among the first to see the future greatness of the city. In 1848 he predicted that in twenty years Chicago would have 100,000 inhabitants and that in 200 years it would be the metropolis of the world. At the end of the twenty years he saw Chicago with over 250,000 population and before he closed his eyes on earth the city had added a million more to its numbers. Mr. Richmond was an enthusiastic Spiritualist from almost the beginning. A public spirited man he made his influence felt in many directions. A writer in the Daily News of Chicago in speaking of Mr. Richmond closes thus:

It is doubtful if the history of any early Chicagoan is crowded with more interesting data than this man's, and if the present generation were given to building monuments to deserving early settlers one would soon be erected somewhere, say the foot of State street, to the memory of Thomas Richmond, and on the base of the shaft should be inscribed his prophecy.

Only one day behind his old time friend

in entering spirit life was E. W. Capron who passed away at the Chapin Home New York City on April 21. Mr. Capron was one of the ablest advocates of the new thought at the inception of modern Spiritualism. He advocated its claims in a public lecture in 1849, and was from that time forward always closely identified with the movement. In his later years, he was poor, and from Leah Fox Underhill he received generous consideration. In his old age, she was able to return some of the favors he had rendered her family forty years before. In speaking of him the Banner of Light says:

It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Capron was one of the most active supporters of the Fox children at the most critical and eventful periods in the history of Modern Spiritualism. Because of this fact Spiritualists throughout the world should "keep his memory green" in pure gratitude, realizing that it is largely through his unintermittent efforts they are given palpable proof that their "dead" live; and because of that, they are in possession of a knowledge of inestimable value through life, consolation as they stand at the graves of their friends, and a wealth of content that no one can deprive them of.

**OFF FOR CALIFORNIA.**

On Monday, May 9th, Mr. and Mrs. Bundy expect to leave for California on one of the special trains furnished by the Santa Fé road for the delegates to the National Editorial Association's Annual Convention which meets in San Francisco on May 24. Two or more special trains will start from Chicago and one from St. Louis. The first stop will be at Colorado Springs, on the 11th, where the delegates will take part in the grand opening of the printers' home which Messrs. Childs and Drexel have built for work-out printers. From there the specials will transport the delegates to San Diego, where one day will be spent; then on to the Golden Gate; taking in Los Angeles, Riverside and many other points of interest en route. Mr. Bundy is a member of the Executive Committee of the Association, Chairman of its Committee on the World's Columbian Exposition, and delegate from the Press Club of Chicago and the Chicago Publisher's Association. Mrs. Bundy goes as a delegate from the Woman's Press League, a thriving organization composed entirely of newspaper women.

**OUR RUSSIAN CORRESPONDENT.**

"I have been greatly entertained and instructed by the series of brilliant articles on Russia published in THE JOURNAL," writes a Cincinnati subscriber, and "would like to know the name of the writer. He writes like one who has indeed been a close observer and more than a mere traveller."

There is no longer any reason for suppressing the identity of our Russian correspondent. He is G. D. Home, son of Daniel Douglas Home, whose memory is revered by Spiritualists the world over, a noble man and medium. Mr. G. D. Home writes from Kouznetz, Russia, which as near as we can figure is about seven hundred miles from anywhere. Older readers of THE JOURNAL will remember that this young man is half Russian, his mother having been a Russian lady.

In answer to a correspondent: Mrs. Maud Lord Drake was in Kansas City at the last advices. She will undoubtedly make a tour of the East during the summer. Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Robinson of San Francisco, have no intention of making an Eastern trip, so far as we know.

Mr. J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, whose very able contributions to THE JOURNAL must still be fresh in the minds of contin-

uous readers, in renewing his subscription says: "I must congratulate you on the present position of your paper. The articles compare most favorably in interest and ability with those of the best periodicals in other fields; and as they have a sound basis of truth, are infinitely superior in importance."

Mrs. ELLIOTT COVES is announced to address the Pro Re Nata, Washington, D. C., at the next meeting of the club on "Woman's Part in the Chicago Fair." Mrs. Coves is fully competent to speak on this subject and her lecture cannot fail to be instructive and of great interest, especially to those who have at heart the advancement of women.

THE Veteran Spiritualist's Union of Boston has just published, in fine style on a large sheet suitable for framing, its objects, purposes and by-laws. The sheet is illustrated with a border of portraits of the officers, fourteen in all. Those desiring copies can procure them from Mr. W. H. Banks, Greenleaf street, Malden, Mass.

MR. LOUIS BLASI, 389 Vine street, Cincinnati, Ohio, has a bound volume of THE JOURNAL for 1889-90 which he will be pleased to donate to some intelligent investigator. Every issue of the paper has always contained matter of permanent value, and this volume is as desirable to-day as when published.

MISS GERTRUDE BUNDY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Bundy, after spending her Easter vacation at home has returned to Ann Arbor where she will graduate from the University of Michigan in June.

**PUBLIC MEN SPEAK.**

**OPINIONS OF IMPORTANCE FREELY EXPRESSED.**

**MOST INTERESTING AND VALUABLE FACTS BROUGHT OUT IN AN INTERVIEW BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.**

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 6th.—The interviews with various prominent men which I recently sent you as to the apparently mysterious cause of the untimely and sudden deaths among them, has aroused a great deal of excitement.

Senators, representatives and heads of departments all declare that unless some steps can be taken to avoid the killing strains of public life, few prominent men would care to run for office. Traced to its source, it has become fully apparent that there is one great cause for it all, and that cause is the wearing strains upon certain organs of the body which cause their tissues to give way, and hence bring about sickness or sudden death. I continued the investigation, which was reported yesterday, by calling upon a number of leading public men.

Hon. Daniel Lockwood, genial and whole souled, has an extensive knowledge of the public men of the country. He was well aware of the strains to which they are subjected, and the sudden deaths which have been so prevalent. "It would seem," he said, "as though there should be some way of preventing these things. Our grandfathers had family remedies that seemed to preserve health and prolong life, and it would appear as though some modern discovery should be found which would answer the same purpose for the added strains of modern life. I think if any one has such a discovery it is certainly my friend Warner with his famous Safe Cure. I know of a great many people who use it constantly, and I have in mind one gentleman connected with the Government Printing Office here who, together with his wife, has occasion to be exceedingly grateful for the restored health and strength which Warner's Safe Cure has imparted."

Hon. H. S. Greenleaf was found in the House of Representatives. He said: "The exhaustions of public life are certainly very great, but so also are the strains of business life, of professional life, of social life. I have personal acquaintance with Mr. Warner, the discoverer of the celebrated

Safe Cure, and I consider it far superior to any or all other preparations. Certainly any article as popular as that and selling as extensively as it does, must have unusual merit."

Probably the most remarkable case of a government official brought to death's door and then rescued is that of Mr. J. Henderson Wilkinson, a prominent attorney of this city. In conversation with me, he said: "Ten years ago I was seized with an attack of Bright's disease. I was then at work in the Treasury, here. I know it was Bright's disease for several reasons. In early life, I studied medicine some little time. I knew from my symptoms what my trouble was, but I was also in the hands of my physicians. How badly I became, you can understand when I say that my hands became bloated and actually cracked open. My limbs and body would alternately swell and collapse. I could only creep across the floor. Finally my physician said to me: 'You are at death's door with Bright's disease. You may live a few weeks, but there is absolutely no hope of your recovery.' Although I was so very sick my friends did not desert me. Numbers of them called to express their sympathy. Col. Daniel A. Grosvenor, Judge Tarbel, Rev. Dr. Rankin, Col. Robert M. Douglas—more than a hundred prominent men—extended to me their sympathy. None supposed for a moment I could ever recover. Upon the advice of the Rev. Dr. Rankin, now president of the Howard University, I began the use of a preparation of which I had but little knowledge. I began to improve at once. I continued its use, nothing else, and I state to you to-day that I owe my life solely to Warner's Safe Cure, which rescued me from the grave after the doctors had abandoned all hope. I am certain that if men and women generally fully realized the wonderful power of this great discovery, and used it faithfully, there would be less sickness, fewer deaths, longer life and more happiness than at present."

I was greatly impressed with Mr. Wilkinson's earnestness of manner. Certain it is, that his statement is true, and that he is to-day in perfect health.

Senator Blackburn not only knows what wearing strains of political life are, but also of the power which the great discovery above mentioned has shown both in Washington and throughout the land. Indeed, he is a living example of its efficiency.

I saw Senator W. C. Squire, Mr. H. C. Clark of the First Auditor's Office, Captain J. G. Ball, and many others, and their statements amply confirmed all I had previously learned.

Mr. Abraham I. Hahn, well known in newspaper and army circles, said: "Personally, I have used Warner's Safe Cure, and consider it the best medicine in the world for the diseases it is recommended to cure. A member of my family has also been cured after several physicians had failed to do any good."

Mr. H. McNeil, a highly educated man, a graduate of a medical college, said: "I have frequently heard Mrs. Hahn mention Warner's Safe Cure, and its highly beneficial effect."

Wherever I went I found the testimony the same. It was generally admitted that the strains of public life in Washington were wearing and shortening the life, but it was universally conceded that for overcoming these tendencies for strengthening the vitality, toning the health and prolonging the life nothing had ever been known equal to the great remedy I have above described.

**"A CHAPLET OF AMARANTH."**

"This is the third work from the pen of a lady, who writes under the control of her husband in Spirit-life. It is possibly the most interesting and valuable of the series. It consists of short sentences—Spiritual gems. On very many important Spiritual points it gives most valuable suggestion. In some respects, a work like this is more than a connected treatise; it leaves the mind to its own resources every few lines, stimulates thought and promotes self-unfolding. Some beautiful and appropriate readings could be culled for a Spiritual meeting; many lessons might be chosen from it for the Lyceum; and most of the sentences would be admirable texts upon which speakers might be invited to discourse. It would possibly be hard to find an equal amount of the quintessence of Spiritual wisdom in the same number of words. We heartily wish this neat volume the same gratifying success which has attended the first issues of the series."—Medium and Daybreak, London.