

RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, JUNE 27, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2, NO. 5.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

An attempt was made to silence Prof. Max Müller as Gifford lecturer at Glasgow, but the effort failed even in that stronghold of orthodoxy. The Glasgow Presbytery threw out the charge of heresy by a vote of seventeen to five, and the General Assembly at Edinburgh dismissed the appeal which was then made. The professor will soon publish, under the title of "Anthropological Religion," the course of lectures which he is now delivering.

The widow of Capt. Burton has burned the manuscript of a book which her husband translated from the Arabic and left her to publish as a source of income to her and for which a publishing house offered her £6,000. The work is described as "spicy," and was regarded by Lady Burton as unfit for publication. "Not for £6,000,000," she said, "would I have risked its publication." As the *New York Press* observes, even the men who yield to the temptation to buy or read such publications will applaud her course as in the highest degree noble and honorable. Possibly in the greater wisdom of another world in which moral responsibility is seen with a clearer vision than in this the shade of her husband is also smiling approval and regretting only that he cannot change his fame for such as hers will ever be.

Reports differ as to the work of Father Mollinger, the Troy Hill priest whose peculiar power is now a theme of newspaper sensation and comment. The *Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette* says: "If the newspapers only recorded the failures of Rev. Father Mollinger as liberally as they do his successes the annual pilgrimages to Troy Hill would very soon dwindle to nothing if they did not cease altogether." The *Philadelphia Times* has this to say: "Pathetic, indeed tragic, is the disappointment of the halt, the maimed and the blind who have journeyed to Pittsburgh to Father Mollinger and have not been made whole. If faith were all that were needed these people ought surely to find the relief which they seek." Father Mollinger has visitors from every part of the country, suffering from a great variety of ailments. The priest is a regular physician, and he combines his priestly and medical functions, religious superstition and druggists' prescriptions, in a way that appeals powerfully to the ignorant class of invalids. He shows sacred relics, such as a piece of the "cross of Christ," to his patients and stimulates their faith in his power as a healer. Then he quietly writes out a prescription to be filled at a drug store. Father Mollinger asks nothing for his services, but a table covered with money left by previous patients greets the eye of the ailing visitor. The priest's séances before the crowds of invalids in his churchyard are a picturesque feature of his daily programme, for here he appeals to their imagination through the power of religious forms and symbols. The afflicted ones also visit the shrine of St. Anthony, and after touching the saint's statue they rub their eyes, ears, face or other parts of their bodies according to the nature of their complaints. Some of the papers state that his per cent of cures is

less than that recorded by the average medical practitioner, but this is probably conjecture. The local newspapers already report some remarkable cures. Father Mollinger's bearing is described as that of a man extremely kind and sympathetic by nature, and he seems to possess simple faith and piety in large degree. He thus easily enters into the sympathies of the patient and by the reflexive influence of the laying on of hands and the magnetism of the personal touch, all accompanied by the divine invocation he works upon the imagination and the vital energies at the same time. Whether he does or does not intend by this to leave the impression that the result is accomplished by some superhuman power, the effect on the superstitious mind is the same, and therein is the unfortunate aspect of the case.

The Emperor William, at Bonn, some days ago responded to a toast to his health at the beer commers held to open the summer session of the University, and praising German student life, said: "It is my firm conviction that every youth who enters a corps or beer-drinking and dueling club will receive the true direction of his life from the spirit which prevails in them. It is the best education which a young man can get for his future life, and he who scoffs at the German student's corps does not penetrate their real meaning. I hope that as long as there are German corps students the spirit which is fostered in their corps and which is steeled by strength and courage will be preserved, and that you will always take delight in handling the dueling blade." This remarkable speech by the Emperor was applauded to the echo by his youthful hearers. The Emperor remained among the beer-drinkers and song-singers till near midnight, and then withdrew with his brother-in-law, Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, amid a scene of great enthusiasm. As a German writer says the Emperor's speech came from a man who desires to grow plenty of "kanonen-futter" — food for cannons. Think of such a man claiming to be a disciple of Christ!

A Christian minister, C. W. W., writes to the *Christian Register*, under the heading "To Clerical Travelers," as follows: "It may not be generally known by the ministers of our body that, by the terms of the Interstate Railroad Law, all clergymen in good and regular standing may be granted half-fare tickets where the journey extends over two or more states. The Vanderbilt lines, and possibly some others, refuse this privilege to the clergy; but it is in general practice in the West, especially over long routes of travel. For instance, the Canadian Pacific Railroad sells to clergymen and their families a half-rate ticket from Boston to San Francisco, all rail, via Montreal, Chicago, St. Paul, Winnipeg, Victoria, Puget Sound, Tacoma, and Portland, Ore., for \$52.70, with a further reduction in case the steamship route is taken from Victoria to San Francisco." It is natural of course for preachers, like every other class of men, to take all the favors that are offered them, but what reason is there in a railroad company granting to preachers and their families half-fare tickets when lawyers, physicians, teachers, merchants, mechanics, and even the poorly-paid day laborers, have to pay full fare? Why should a

preacher who, like Talmage, receives \$10,000 a year, or one who receives \$1,000 or even \$500 a year, be granted a privilege by a corporation or company that is denied the man who by manual labor can earn only \$1 a day? Judge Cole, of Iowa, once said in substance that the clerical profession is the best paid of all the professions in proportion to the talent required or possessed by it; yet its members expect not only half-fare rates in traveling, but reduced rates in many of their business transactions. Probably the custom is due primarily to the old superstitious reverence with which the ministerial office has been regarded, and secondarily to the expectation of advantages in return owing to "the pastor's relation to his flock" and his influence in a community. In a country where church and state are separate, why should "interstate railroad law" discriminate in permitting the sale of half-fare tickets in favor of clergymen, and against men and women of other professions and avocations? Why are clergymen, more than Spiritualist or Free-thought lecturers, entitled to the privilege of traveling at half-fare rates? If the business of clergymen is to advocate justice and oppose injustice, why do they not denounce this unjust discrimination instead of encouraging it and profiting by it? Will the *Christian Register* please answer these questions, or refer them for reply to C. W. W. (Rev. C. W. Wendte) from whose printed letter the above extract is taken?

In an able and discriminating article on Herbert Spencer's philosophy, printed in the *Herald* of this city, Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman says: What he does affirm is that behind all manifestations, either of matter or of mind, there is a power manifested; that the nature of this power cannot be known, yet its presence is the absolute fact without which there could be no relative facts. It is the unknowable reality hidden under all the changes of phenomena. The special emphasis which Mr. Spencer has given to the unknowable and the important part which it plays in his writings has justly earned for him the title, the Corypheus of Agnostics, or the master of those who do not know. The epithet, however, is misleading, since the unknowable which he posits at the base of his system is no empty negation, powerless and insignificant. It is, on the contrary, a metaphysical entity, full of energy, the source of all life and being. Instead of denying a permanent first cause, he affirms it, and offers a rational basis for religious belief. That atheistic or materialistic tendencies are not the necessary results of Mr. Spencer's influence is evident from the fact that many of the most intelligent students of Mr. Spencer still hold to a belief in God and immortality. It is claimed that more of his works are sold on this side of the Atlantic than on the other, and that in the United States his works have been read and studied more thoroughly in Chicago than in any other city of the Union. Judging from Chicago students of Spencer, many of whom are clergymen or well-known members of churches, it is safe to say that Mr. Spencer's writings, so far from leading to infidelity and crude materialism, stimulate the zealous soul to grapple with the difficulties which the modern time offers and to rest satisfied only when the best possible solution of these problems shall have been given.

WHAT IS REAL?

While insisting on fair dealing all around, accurate observation under conditions admitting of the fullest exercise of the senses, and conscientious record of all circumstances attending experiments or manifestations, we also insist with no less emphasis upon the importance of avoiding dogmatism. One often sees, or hears accounts of, manifestations which in part are not what is assumed for them, but this is insufficient reason for rejecting them in their entirety. Right here is a serious blunder made by many excellent people and keen observers; their abhorrence of deception is so stimulated by exhibitions of trickery that they cannot bring a truly scientific spirit to an analysis of the case as a whole. Insane patients and sick people are often detected in shamming, but this does not in the opinion of the medical practitioner warrant him in declaring the insanity a pretense, nor the illness a make-believe.

We desire however to say, in passing, that nothing herein is to be taken as a plea in extenuation of the offense of fraudulent manifestations, nor in support of the demoralizing practice of patronizing notoriously dishonest mediums—a practice than which nothing can be more detrimental to the seeker or hazardous to the welfare of Spiritualism. We are simply discussing the matter here from a philosophical and scientific point of view. For scientific purposes innumerable things may be handled by those trained for the work without danger and with final benefit to the public, which if indiscriminately meddled with in the raw by the untrained, would bring disaster in many instances and confusion in all.

The objective phenomena of Spiritualism have been a fruitful source of contention and error among Spiritualists from the inception of the modern movement; and comparatively little progress has been made in their study. The reasons for this are patent to the intelligent observer and need not here be dwelt upon. The next ten years will show vastly more progress than the past forty.

Among the many letters brought out by a late article in THE JOURNAL, the following from a lady of more than average intelligence and experience is given:

I was attracted to an article in THE JOURNAL of May 30, in which Mrs. Duffey says: "I have yet had no reason to believe that there is any genuine slate writing, or spirit materialization either." I was at one time much in this frame of mind myself, but am now convinced that materialization is a fact. At one time I sat in a number of sances with one who was evidently a very strong medium and at the same time a very tricky one. At one sance where there was much trickery, I was called into the cabinet and saw the medium tricked up to represent a friend of mine. I knew this was the medium and said something to him to that effect. He answered me and said: "I can't help it, the spirits make me do it. This man I represent says his name was Bill, that he died in a fit, and that his wife was your oldest brother's sister-in-law." All of which was unknown to any one in the room but myself. While the medium was speaking to me I distinctly saw behind him, crouching in the corner, with his hand held out to me, a small, slender, colored man who I at once recognized as a friend, a judge from Hayti, who came to New Orleans on business and died here. He was a Spiritualist and had promised me before he passed out to come and see me at the first opportunity. Later this same spirit came through George Cordingly, and spoke of seeing me in the box at the other medium's, and told me that his "withered flowers were blooming in heaven." This remark referred to a bouquet of roses I sent him a short time before his death, and which, all dry and withered, were placed in his casket by his sister-in-law. He would allow no one to touch them while he lived, always saying, "Keep your hands off. Those flowers are not for you; Madame —, my good little friend gave them to me. If they wither they will bloom again in my memory."

The paraphernalia worn by the personator shows conclusively the premeditated nature of the deception. The plea "I can't help it" cannot be accepted as relieving him of responsibility. This on the moral side of the question, the one not now under consideration. The narrative on its face seems to prove the cabinet operator clairvoyant possibly, impressional and clairaudient probably. The evidence is not conclusive as to the objective nature of the colored man crouch-

ing in the corner. Those of us who believe such manifestations possible will rather incline to the opinion that the lady actually saw a materialized form; others will believe it a subjective vision. The corroborative testimony of the slate-written message does not clinch the evidence beyond question. We could cite numerous instances where through automatic writing and independent slate-writing similar confirmations of the settled conviction of the sitter have been obtained, and afterward it transpired that the materialization was merely a personation. How far these independently written messages are sometimes colored by the sub-conscious mind of the sitter no one can tell; neither can it be absolutely proven that they are always the work of a discarnate spirit.

That these obstacles and uncertainties exist does not to the reflecting and undaunted mind bring discouragement or suppress zeal. Rather are such difficulties powerful incentives to further researches and redoubled efforts to make headway in mastering the complex and subtle problems of the wondrous psychical field, whose exploration has already developed such magnificent results as a whole, however incomplete and unsatisfactory in detail.

THE GAMBLING PAUPER PRINCE.

Rev. Dr. Parker, of London, in some comments upon the ever-to-be famous case of Sir William Gordon-Cumming against Wilson and others, said: "Without disputing the verdict, it is impossible not to feel that Sir William Gordon-Cumming was very meanly used, and not the least by those chiefly responsible for the gambling and so-called hospitality. Why all the bother about cheating, when the game itself is a complete fraud." The evidence was not of a character to exonerate Gordon-Cumming from the suspicion of cheating at baccarat, but it should be remembered that not he, but Wilson and others were on trial—on trial for slandering Sir William by accusing him of having cheated at baccarat, and that the theory of the law is that he who charges another with a criminal act must prove the fact, not the suspicion of crime, or himself be held guilty of libel. There were many circumstances of the trial, such as the continual presence of the Prince of Wales upon the judicial bench as an expression of sympathy with the Wilsons, and the delivery of an inflammatory address to the jury after the lawyers had concluded their speeches, by General Williams, private secretary of the Prince, who also occupied a seat on the bench during the trial, together with the general character of the witnesses who testified against the plaintiff, sufficient to raise strong doubts as to the justice of the verdict. The charge of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge to the jury was more of a speech against Cumming than an impartial summing up, and a judicial statement such as the case and the occasion demanded. Some of the references in the charge showed not only partiality, but flunkeyism to the Prince of Wales worthy only of a lackey.

What has excited the most interest and the greatest indignation is the admitted fact that the Prince, "the first gentleman in England," the future king of England, the future "head of the church" and "defender of the faith," is not only an habitual gambler, but one who constantly carries about with him what is commonly known as a gambler's "lay out." The evidence was brought out in the trial that the Wilsons reluctantly consented to the game of baccarat in their house only because the Prince demanded it. They could not disregard the wishes of so distinguished a personage. That the public have until lately been ignorant of the failings of the heir-apparent will not be affirmed by anybody.

For years it has been generally known that he was a gambler and libertine and that he drank more than was good for him. It is only when the facts of his life become a matter of legal record that they seem to disturb greatly the English public. Now the Prince is in disfavor, but he is no worse than he has been for years. When he drove up to the Ascot races the other day, with some of his "noble" friends, some of the crowd, which was a respectable one, cried out,

"Have you brought your counters with you?" The Prince and his companions were extremely surprised and indignant, but such salutations of familiarity and contempt will probably not be uncommon in the future.

The shame is that such a worthless fellow has been made by the accident of birth and inherited rank so conspicuous a character. There should be some charity for him. He seems to have inherited the worst traits of his weak-minded, gross, sensual Hanoverian ancestry. His sisters are cultivated and refined women; indeed Victoria, the German empress, is a woman of strong intellectual qualities and of high moral worth, but the Prince of Wales is deficient in mental vigor, has no interest in literature, science or political economy, and cares nothing about social or governmental reform. He lays corner stones of churches, but knows nothing about religion, and although a field marshal, he could not perform even the duties of a corporal. Betting, gambling, drinking, and associating with prostitutes, or women of tastes like his own, seem to be his main objects in life, which have been determined by his bad natural inheritance and by the numerous temptations which his position and surroundings offer. He resembles in a great many respects George IV. A system of government which requires an honest and industrious people to support such a pauper—a man who never did a day's work in his life—in magnificent style, is in need of reform. But aristocracy is still strong in England, as shown by the manner in which, after Gordon-Cumming had been disgraced, the government resorted to mere trickery to save the Prince of Wales from censure.

Both his mother and his long-suffering wife, whose virtues have endeared them to the English people, are doubtless in need of all the sympathy now silently tendered them, for human nature is the same whether clad in homespun or in royal robes.

CONSISTENCY.

Spiritualists very properly reject the orthodox scheme of the universe and decline to credit man-made dogmas as of God. They believe in evolution and do not limit its workings to the physical world. They hold death of the mortal body to be a necessary and beneficent step in the progress of the spirit; that, in fact, there is but one world, with no hiatus at the grave. With varying ability, judgment and temper Spiritualists oppose orthodox theology and do not fully fellowship the so-called liberal sects. Now why should the obsequies of those who have taken the next step in the eternal march be so generally conducted by orthodox or semi-orthodox ministers? An individual passes on after ten, twenty or thirty years' profession of Spiritualism and antagonism to church creeds. He held in utter abhorrence the doctrines of Calvinism; he rejected in toto the theology of Wesley. In very many cases the family shares in the views of the departed, yet no sooner has the breath left the body, and before the spirit has adjusted itself to new conditions, than is haste made to engage the services of some preacher who, if he believes the creed he professes, believes the departed has gone into eternal torment, or, if loaded with too much native tenderness for that, feels that the deceased though a Godless creature and a vile sinner may have an infinitesimal chance through after-death repentance. What a depressing, inconsistent funeral service is the result. What a libel on consistency, on Spiritualism, on the faith of him over whose clay is being uttered what to him is false—mere superstitious mummery! And this we say with no disrespect to the minister or his sect. He is consistent. He is but doing an act of humanity, by request. The onus of the funereal farce rests upon those nearest the arisen one.

Than the funereal services of a true Spiritualist properly and consistently conducted, nothing can be more soothing, more beautiful, more hope-inspiring. At such a service one gets nearer to God, and glimpses eternal verities and their glorious possibilities as at no other time. O, the feeling of reconciliation with destiny and oneness with the universal spirit; O, the holy calm, the divine aspirations of such an hour.

How many, many times has the scoffing church-member and the crasse materialist been melted into receptivity and their spiritual perceptions stimulated to healthy life and action by such a scene. And yet you, a Spiritualist, and you another, through the force of habit or under the whip of conventionality, or from the lack of moral courage throw away these rare opportunities to show your consistency and faith in a way so impressive, so heart-searching, so spirit-quickening as to bring the scoffer and the bigot in sight of that rational life beyond the grave and fill them with a respect for your faith and desire to walk with you henceforth rather than to follow the old path. Don't you know you breed contempt by your inconsistency? Don't you know your evangelical friends have a right to doubt the honesty of your professions and the intellectual and spiritual integrity of the one you mourn, when they thus listen to the conventional and orthodox utterances of the Presbyterian, the Methodist or the Episcopalian instead of hearing, as they had a right to expect, the teachings and consolations of your own faith.

When you cannot secure the services of a Spiritualist who suits you, nor of an unsectarian speaker with spiritualistic tendencies, then it were better that you have a simple service with such speech from a friend as may seem fit and as may help those who are present to pay respect to the departed. What is still better, when possible have the one closest of kin and faith say the final word of the one gone before and speak the saving truth to those gathered in the solemn place. We have now in mind a funeral such as this, one which those present will never forget. A loving mother who while faithfully doing her duty as mother, housewife and breadwinner found time to commune with the angels and to bear to mortals the messages and inspirations gathered from higher spheres, came at last to the hour of greatest trial. A refined, gentle, loving woman much that came in her way to do was a sore trial; the continual drafts on her physical strength as well as upon her mental and spiritual resources sometimes wearied her beyond description. She had a son just reaching his majority, a boy who in all things was a joy and support to her. She confidently looked to him as a stay and comfort in those years far ahead when worn out and her work completed she would need some strong, loving, soul close to her, who loved her for her own sake and who would relieve her of all worldly cares. But this was not to be. He sickened while she who was dearest to him was far away. The mother cancelled her engagements and hastened across the continent to her dear boy. Tenderly and hopefully she nursed him, but she could not bring him back to health; and this noble, self-sacrificing woman whose burning words had carried joy and hope to thousands was again smitten. But standing beside the clay that once imprisoned the spirit of her darling, she reached out into the world invisible for strength and help. She found what she sought. With bleeding heart, but clear vision and undimmed faith in God, she bade her friends and neighbors come to the house—not of the dead but of the living. Then there came to that mourning through a revelation straight from the central throne of Love. The mourning mother was lifted out of herself, and carrying her hearers with her they dwelt for a time in the holy of holies. Through her inspired lips poured the message from the spiritual spheres, and all felt it blessed to be there. A bright, cultured woman, member of an orthodox church and prejudiced against Spiritualism and Spiritualists was among the listeners to the inspired discourse of this mother at the bier of her son. That woman received a benediction of the "Holy Ghost" such as she never got in her church. Not a month ago she said to a friend: "The address of Mrs. — at her son's funeral was a revelation to me; she brought God nearer to me than ever I had felt Him. I thought of little else for weeks than her appearance, her words, her exalted influence. She did more for me religiously than I have ever experienced from other sources. God is more real and comes closer to my life ever since that day."

Not all can voice the music of the heavens nor so

eloquently portray spiritual verities as did this gifted mother; but in his own way, doing the best he can, and sustained by the faith within, every true Spiritualist can bear such witness at the bier of his beloved as shall make the world better and more hopeful, and reflect credit upon Spiritualism. Let a reign of consistency begin.

WOMEN ON THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

There is a strong conviction among those who have given careful thought to the subject that the supervision of the public schools can be better intrusted to a mixed board of men and women than to one composed exclusively of men. There is, in the management and care of children in a school, many things that need looking after and that would be attended to by women, though very liable to escape the attention of men. Women are accustomed to children, to providing for their wants, and are quick to discover defects and discomforts that can be remedied. There are more women than men engaged in teaching in the schools of this city and there are more girls than boys attending these schools. Will any intelligent person say that women's knowledge, insight and experience are not needed in the direction of such schools? Women should be consulted in planning, building and furnishing the school house with a view to the convenience and comfort of the children who spend a considerable part of their early life within its walls. Women who have made a careful study of the needs of children and of the methods of education, and who in addition have had large experience in dealing with children are equipped and fitted as fully as any men can be, to say the least, to judge wisely in regard to the questions that come before school boards. There are often complex and perplexing difficulties that arise in the discipline of schools, especially in the primary grades, which woman's sympathetic knowledge and peculiar tact would help to solve. In cities where women serve on school committees teachers are almost unanimous in the expression of their approval. Women teachers say that upon some questions which come up in school pertaining to the health and morals of the pupils they can talk more freely to one of their own sex, a fact which is no small advantage. Women should have a voice in the sanitary regulation of school buildings everywhere. In fact one half the members of a school board in every city should be women—women of education, experience and practical good sense. It is now asked of our new mayor that he re-appoint Mrs. Mitchell, who has done such faithful service and whose term now expires, and also appoint two more women, as he has eleven vacancies to fill. Miss Barnard is urged to fill one of these vacancies; she has been a teacher in Chicago forty years and has now retired, and certainly her experience would fit her admirably for the position. Mrs. Flower is the third candidate. We hope to see them all appointed.

A USEFUL SOCIETY.

The Children's Aid Society of Chicago, which was organized in 1890, is doing what it can to meet the necessities of a great city which has outgrown its early methods of charity. The object as expressed in its charter is "to improve the condition of poor and destitute children." This it does by securing places for them in respectable families, where proper care and training may prove their salvation and make them a blessing to those adopting them. Misfortune, sickness and death are constantly throwing upon the world children not only pure and innocent, but of good tendencies, who, left to the influence of the street are likely to become a burden to society, but if cared for and directed before they are tainted with bad habits, can be saved to themselves and to the world. Thousands of homes all over the West and Northwest are waiting to receive these homeless children, while the number of such children in this city is extremely large and constantly increasing. It is said that hundreds are being born every week in the various hospitals, both public and private, who are given away or disposed of by cruel or criminal methods.

The Children's Aid Society commenced the work of handling children in January, 1891. In the first quarter, according to its report, sixty-four were received, including four young mothers with their infants, and only six remained on hand at the end of the quarter. The treasurer reported the expenses for that quarter \$1,624.25. Mr. Glen, secretary of the society, writes us that since its report was prepared "there have been thirty-five added to the number of children and child-mothers who have been rescued and placed in good homes. We have learned that the Philadelphia society has been looking after these young mothers for about a year and finds that to be a very important and encouraging part of their work, inasmuch as nearly all the girls abide, with their infants, in the homes where they are placed, and thus both infant and mother are rescued."

The society states in its printed circular that it has on record over two hundred applications for children of all ages, from infancy to the age of fifteen, to which additions are constantly made, and that daily reports of children needing homes are received from various sources, especially visitors and missionary workers of the older societies working cordially in cooperation with this new organization. The Children's Aid Society asks for contributions of money to help carry on its work and increase its usefulness. Since it is much easier and cheaper to protect society by preventing children from becoming paupers and criminals, than by supporting the one and punishing the other, the society is evidently one which appeals strongly to humane men and women who are able to assist it. The president of the society is Harvey B. Hurd; and its headquarters are at 204 Dearborn street, Honore Building, room 44. All remittances or pledges should be sent to D. J. Harris, care of N. W. Harris & Co., Bankers, 163 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Under the influence of religious zeal men are sometimes as ferocious as wild beasts. This fact finds illustration in a recent act of the peasant inhabitants of a Russian settlement. According to a dispatch from St. Petersburg, the schoolmaster of the Tersk District had, by his liberal ideas and teachings, excited the religious opposition of the peasants who saw in a power which they considered inimical to the conservative views which they had been taught and the interests they deemed it their duty to protect. They accordingly held a meeting, and as a result they dug a mine under the schoolhouse. During the morning session, when the room was filled with children, they proceeded to fire the train. A tremendous explosion ensued and the building was completely wrecked. The noise at once attracted a crowd, and busy hands soon set to work to bring the wounded and dead children from the ruins. It was found that ten children were killed outright and twelve others had been very seriously wounded. Some of the latter, it is feared, will not be able to survive the injuries they received. By a singular coincidence the schoolmaster, against whom the whole affair was plotted, and whom it was sought to remove, escaped unhurt.

The lover of moral beauty, struggling through a world full of sorrow and sin, is surely as much the stronger for believing that sooner or later a vision of perfect peace and goodness will burst upon him, as the toiler up the mountain for the belief that beyond crag and snow lie home and rest. For the other side of the picture, who shall exaggerate the deadly influence on personal morality of those theologues which have represented the Deity as vainglorious, irritable, and revengeful, as a sort of pedantic drill-sergeant of mankind, to whom no valor, no long-tried loyalty, could atone for the displacement of a button of the uniform, or the misunderstanding of a paragraph of the "regulations and instructions?"—*Professor Huxley.*

The German kaiser aspires to regulate the style of dress worn by the ladies of the court. It will be interesting to see how he succeeds. The first Napoleon, who was a very much bigger man, tried it and didn't succeed at all.



POOLEY AND THE COLERIDGES.

By B. F. U.

In these days of unprecedented activity and of rapid change, when history is being made faster than ever before, one cannot live much in the past. The present demands all one's thought and energies. But it is well to recall occasionally events and incidents that help to show the progress that has been made, or to shed light upon questions or occurrences of to-day. The one-sided charge of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge in the case of Gordon-Cumming against Wilson and others, brings to mind an event which illustrates how the ignorant and the poor may sometimes be deeply wronged by courts established for the purpose of making such injustice impossible.

A third of a century ago John Coleridge, who is now Lord Chief Justice of England, acted as prosecutor in the famous Pooley case, which is alluded to by John Stuart Mill in his work on "Liberty," published in 1858, in the following passage: "Penalties for opinion, or at least for its expression, still exist by law, and their enforcement is not even in these times, so unexampled as to make it incredible that that they may some day be revived in full force. In the year 1857 at the summer assizes of the county of Cornwall, an unfortunate man said to be of unexceptionable conduct in all relations of life, was sentenced to twenty-one months' imprisonment for uttering and writing on a gate some offensive words against Christianity."

Thomas Pooley was a common laborer in Liskeard, Cornwall, where he had lived for years. He was known as an industrious and honest man, but of rather unsound mind, in consequence of an accident from which he had suffered. This poor fellow who, although eccentric, was entirely harmless, wrote upon a gate a few words referring to the potato rot and the Bible and indicating his aversion to Christianity. For this act he was committed to jail by a clergyman, who was at the same time a magistrate, and upon information lodged against him by another clergyman of the neighborhood. At the next assizes he was brought before Judge Sir John Coleridge, when the son of the judge, the present Lord Chief Justice of England, acted as counsel for the prosecution. The poor laborer had no counsel to defend him. He was found guilty and was sentenced to imprisonment for the term stated above.

Thomas Henry Buckle, the historian, wrote in regard to the case, which he carefully investigated, as follows:

The father and son performed their parts with zeal and were perfectly successful. Under their auspices Poole was found guilty. He was brought up for judgment. When addressed by the judge his restless manner, his disordered countenance and glaring eye, betokened too surely the disease of his mind. But neither this nor the fact that he was ignorant, poor and friendless, produced any effect upon that stony-hearted man, who now held him in his grip. He was sentenced to be imprisoned for a year and nine months. The interests of religion were vindicated. Christianity was protected and her triumph assured by dragging a poor, harmless and demented creature from the bosom of his family, throwing him into jail and leaving his wife and children without provision, to starve or beg."

Within a fortnight after the sentence had been pronounced the poor fellow went mad, and it was found necessary to remove him from the jail to the county lunatic asylum. While lying there a number of high-minded and benevolent men endeavored to procure his pardon, that he might, if he recovered, be restored to his family. Their petition was refused. The petitioners were informed that if the miserable lunatic should regain his reason, he would be sent back to prison to undergo the rest of his sentence. The determination of the authorities was to sustain the judge, and the efforts made on behalf of the unfortunate man, it was hoped, would soon subside. But those

who had interested themselves in the case were not to be baffled. Preparations were made for bringing the whole question before the country.

Then it was [says Buckle] that the authorities gave way. Happily for mankind one vice is often balanced by another, and cruelty is corrected by cowardice. The authors and abettors of this prodigious iniquity trembled at the risk they would run if the public feeling of this great country were aroused. The result was that the proceedings of the judge were rescinded, as far as possible by a pardon being granted to Pooley less than five months after the sentence was pronounced. By this means general exposure was avoided; and perhaps that handful of noble-minded men who obtained the liberation of Pooley were right in letting the matter fall into oblivion after they had carried their point. Most of them were engaged in political or other practical affairs; and they were obliged to consider expediency as well as justice. But such is not the case with the historian of this sad event. No writer on important subjects has reason to expect that he can work real good, or that his words shall live, if he allows himself to be so trammelled by expediency as to postpone to it considerations of right, justice and truth. A great crime has been committed, and the names of the criminals ought to be known. They should be in everyone's mouth. They should be blazoned abroad in order that the world may see that in a free country such things can not be done with impunity. To discourage a repetition of the offence, the offenders must be punished. And surely no punishment can be more severe than to preserve their names.

Of the two clergymen, the informer and the magistrate, and of Justice Coleridge, Mr. Buckle wrote:

It is to be hoped that their names will live and that they will enjoy that sort of fame which they have amply earned. Perhaps after all we should rather blame the state of society which concedes power to such men than wonder that having such power they should abuse it. But with Mr. Justice Coleridge we have a different account to settle, and to him other language must be applied. . . . The charge therefore which I bring against this unjust and unrighteous judge is that he passed a sentence of extreme severity upon a poor and friendless man in a remote part of the kingdom, where he might reasonably expect that his sentence would escape public animadversion; that he did this by virtue of a law which had fallen into disuse and was contrary to the spirit of the age; and that he would not have dared to commit such an act in the face of a London audience and in the full light of the London press. Neither could he, nor those that supported him, have treated in such a manner a person belonging to the upper classes. No; they select the most inaccessible county in England, where the press is least active and the people are most illiterate, and they pounce upon a defenseless man and make him a scapegoat. He is to be the victim whose vicarious suffering may atone for the offence of more powerful unbelievers. Hardly a year goes by without some writer of influence and ability attacking Christianity, and every such attack is punishable by law. Why did not, Mr. Justice Coleridge, and those that think like him, put the law into force against these writers? Why do they not do it now? Why do they not have the learned and eminent indicted and thrown into prison? Simply because they dare not. I defy them to do it. They are afraid of the odium; they tremble at the hostility they would incur, and at the scorn which would be heaped upon them, both of their contemporaries and by posterity.

Thus did the fearless and eloquent historian vindicate the cause of Thomas Pooley against "the unjust and unrighteous judge," Justice Coleridge, and against the heartless counsel for the prosecution, the present Lord Chief Justice of England, who toadies to the gambler, libertine and loafer known by the high-sounding title of the Prince of Wales.

REMINISCENCES.

By Mrs. J. M. STAATS.

CHAPTER V. (CONCLUDED.)

After this discovery my brother expressed great curiosity regarding his teacher, as the invisibles obstinately refused to give information concerning them. Charles Foster was sitting at that time and giving wonderful tests to all who visited him. To him our artist would go, getting the assistance of the late Professor Mapes, to whom he had shown the drawings. He lost no time in securing his sitting, at which he was accompanied by the professor, only. Seating himself at the table Foster said to him, "A gentleman came in the door with you—an elderly man; he desires you to place a piece of paper on the floor, he

will give you his name." This being done, three loud raps were heard, when Mr. Foster said, "Take up your paper"—which being done, the name Oliver Goldsmith, in a plain, bold hand written in pencil, was found upon it.

The medium (Foster) never having touched paper or pencil, immediately remarked, "He says he is your teacher, that he makes you to draw birds."

My brother had never before seen Mr. Foster, nor did Professor Mapes introduce him; nor was the drawings spoken of before or after the sitting. A careful examination of the connected cards brought the following remarks from the professor: "This to my mind represents the creation; the vegetation and animal life are shown springing from the ground, the horse is the highest of the animal kingdom—then follows man—really nothing could be plainer." Evolution was not then talked of, hence the origin of the species had not disturbed the mind of our drawing medium.

Whether or not Professor Mapes's interpretation was according to the intent of the guide, no one knew; it is most strange, and will ever remain one of the most extraordinary developments and controls I have ever witnessed. Although executed so long ago, the cards are still intact and can be seen by any one sufficiently interested to examine them. My sister values them as evidence beyond the power of mortal to explain as resting on a basis other than that of spirit control.

CHAPTER VI.

ADVERSE DEVELOPMENT AND UNBELIEF—DETERMINED SPIRITS—QUESTIONS REGARDING IDENTITY, ETC.

Although many marvelous manifestations and new developments went on about me I was still opposed to the prophecy regarding myself, which was still heard at every new place of meeting and with every new medium.

One, however, I must confess brought home still stronger conviction that there was more in it than I had been willing to admit. My mother, who lost no time in visiting new mediums, had visited a lady by the name of Gilman, and had received a most astonishing test. Going to her an entire stranger, she took a seat in a large circle some distance from the medium. Being unknown to any of the party she was sure that her communication, if any should be received, must be given by an outside intelligence. After sitting a long time and giving tests to many present, Mrs. Gilman walked over to my mother, offered her hand and began talking as follows: "Mother, we are glad to meet you here, we have tried before to convince you all of our presence. Ask Jenny (meaning me) if she remembers the time she was showing our daguerreotypes at sister Eliza's—how frightened she was when we failed to appear. You little thought our spirits stood between you and hid the shadow which could not be reflected on the plate. Tell her it is useless to desist, she will have to give up, and will write by the guidance of disembodied spirits." (Signed)

"HENRY AND FRANK."

To say that my mother thought this the final blow to my obstinacy is saying very little. She saw all the proof together with evidence of identity needful for anybody in his right mind to ask. Not content, however, a week later she prevailed upon my father to visit Mrs. Gilman alone, where, strange to say, the same story was accurately repeated.

I did not visit Mrs. Gilman, nor indeed any medium. I was content to keep within our home investigation, greatly pleased with the development of all but myself. Not alone was I averse to development, but others very dear to me had expressed great fear lest the new ties which had come into our home should be sundered and our peace disturbed by the unpleasantisms and schisms which had already begun to couple themselves with Spiritualism and Spiritualists.

The next medium visited was Mrs. Gourlay, a very fine lady, who had given even greater tests than had either of the preceding mediums seen by my mother. My mother remarked to the spirit communicating that there was no use in her telling me what they said, as

I would not receive it. To this the reply came, "Tell her if she does not receive us we will compel her to!" "In what way?" asked my mother. "Through adversity. She little knows the power she is dealing with." Here then was a threat. I was like the small boy in the farmer's apple-tree. I had not listened to mild persuasion, I was to be tortured into acquiescence.

Alas! they were true to their vow. As I started in my first chapter by saying I should be obliged to narrate home and family events, I must briefly pass over circumstances and incidents too painful to myself and those closely allied to me to narrate or recall, as I do not desire to live them over again—rather bury them beyond, if possible, even memory's resurrection.

Days wherein the angels were struggling with my pride and earnestly laboring to place before my darkened soul the purer gleams of light and life which were destined to draw me nearer to my heavenly Father, nearer to humanity by teaching me their needs and to give of that which was so bountifully showered upon me—never shall I forget their first message, written by my own hand, under the most positive test conditions! The message was written from right to left—and every other line reversed, while all was joined together, there being no separation of words or sentences. Deciphering it, we found it read as follows:

"Give whatsoever cometh to thee to those who seek it. The angels, not thou, knoweth best what humanity needs. Compromise not with wrong, nor be deceived by false externals. Waste not thy strength in search of tests which satisfy to-day and are as naught to-morrow. Immortality and continued progression is the gift of every mortal. It behooves every human soul to learn something of the position he will take when ushered into the world of spirits—to which all are journeying."

As no name was appended to the above I very naturally desired to know who was going to control my thoughts, regulate my actions, and in fact become possessor of the mentality belonging only to myself. It was not a pleasant reflection to feel one's self a machine, subject to the direction or action of any spirit desiring to manifest. The only source of information, I was assured, would be to seek a reliable medium. Mrs. Gourlay seeming to be that one, to her I went, full of unbelief and confusion—just the frame of mind and body in which one never should visit a medium. Mrs. Gourlay received me very politely, asked no questions, but taking my hand began talking, described spirits whom I did not know—one of whom was an elderly man who told of my future mission, *i. e.*, that I was to become a writing medium, gave the name Samuel, and said he was my father. At this I demurred. I knew no one of that name, and my father was living; however, Samuel assured me that he was my guardian spirit and that I would know more of him hereafter.

It was a very unsatisfactory sitting, for which Mrs. Gourlay was in no way responsible. Had she manufactured her communications she would not have failed in my case so entirely; all that was said had reference to my future. "Don't seek mediums, they will confuse you; sit alone, we will direct you. All that has been said of and about you is true—ask no more; obey and follow us." Of course all this conveyed no intelligence in which there was what an investigator would call a test of spirit communion. Nevertheless I tried sitting alone, sometimes with my mother, and I began writing all sorts of rhyme and jingle expressing views directly opposed to my own ideas. For instance, anti-slavery songs would be addressed to my mother who, being an old-fashioned, pro-slavery Democrat, was not at all pleased, while I was mortified and surprised that such unauthorized liberty should be taken with my hand, while my head had no part in the matter. Samuel finally succeeded in converting us to abolitionism, an incident which must redound to the credit of spiritism, as I do not think it could have been done by spirits in the body.

Meanwhile the writing continued; my poems were published, some fairly creditable, others commonplace, yet all written without thought or labor on my part. One, an Indian legend called "Oneontah," began in the middle of the story, the last half was writ-

ten first and laid aside, when to my surprise, without thought or preconcerted action of any kind, the beginning commenced and continued, joining, and perfectly completing the story. To this sort of mediumship I made no objection—in fact it appeared to be just the right thing; and as evidences of the threat compelling me to become a medium were not wanting, I began to feel that my gift would indeed become a very satisfactory blessing, inasmuch as I was receiving very fair pay for effusions which cost me no labor and very little time, so rapidly were they written. My happiness however in this direction, like all else, was fleeting; my poetry season came to an end very abruptly and without warning; every effort was unavailing and every attempt became a sad failure.

I was stopped seemingly never to write again, and so remained for a period of two months, during which time my only desire was to sleep, early and late. I was perfectly well and perfectly inert—a state from which I had no power to rise. One day while asleep in my chair I called out to my mother to come to me, and I was made to tell her that as the time had now come for me to sit for strangers, they wished her to tell me that I was to begin at once, and turn none away that sought me for investigation.

Unpleasant as this intelligence uttered by myself was, both my husband and myself had been brought during the last two months to see how futile it was to work longer against the unseen powers which were defeating our every plan and project; whether important or of minor value, all were failures.

Every avenue of hope appeared closed against us; men whom we had known for years seemed to be placed in positions to disappoint and become useless. It mattered not what was the prospect of certainty and success, some untoward event would circumvent us. All this time our bread winners wearied not, nor lessened energies which were put into each new hope with a feeling that showed no intention of giving up or succumbing to blind fate. So the battle was waged; unequal it was, from the fact that a host unseen is too formidable for mortals to cope with, expecting or trying for victory.

Thus began a history through contact with the world which few if any have duplicated—an experience forced upon me and a mission, if so I may call it, in every respect distasteful—one upon which I entered praying earnestly for divine guidance and courage to abide in the truth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XXIII.

RAISON D'ETRE OF A SPIRITUAL HYPOTHESIS.

We are particularly bound to notice that when the medium becomes confused by a multitude of apparent visions (hallucinations) and breaks down in uncertainties and mistakes as to relationship, the right application of names or the sex of children, an audible voice, other than her own, comes to the rescue and in a positive and authoritative manner, as one who speaks from personal knowledge, clears up the misunderstanding and explains it correctly to you. In a hundred or more instances observed, this voice has always been correct and we find ourselves obliged to put faith in its exactness.

One assuming to be a sister of some person present does not use familiarities with a stranger or talk to him of family matters he does not understand, but addresses at once her brother, who knows of what she speaks. If two or more brothers are present, each one is addressed and called by name. A male relative comes with a friendly grasp or kindly hand on your shoulder; a child with arms around your neck, and kisses on your face. The voices call you by your Christian name, although sometimes using, particularly if they had done so in life, a pet appellation of your childhood, unheard perhaps for fifty years or more. Almost on every occasion it is evident that the warmth of the demonstration follows a degree of affection, for we often see the alleged spirit of a wife

or of a husband coming to this one with a full measure of gladness, or to another in a hesitating and doubtful manner. There is also to be perceived a difference in the tone of the voices that address you and the choice of the words that are used. The traits of character that marked persons in life are often represented through the phenomena. The declared spirit of an uneducated or boisterous man presents many points of similarity to himself when on earth, or to living friends of the same stamp. An intelligence addressing you and giving the name of a cultured person does not take coarse personal liberties, as the more uproarious ones of less delicacy often do.

If those who were distinguished in life for refined and gentle bearing assert themselves to be present, they still seem to be the same, often with fitful and incomplete demonstrations, if the surroundings are uncongenial, yet when they do come more clearly under better auspices, give as a reason that they could not break through the veil of coarseness. If we conduct our experiments among persons of noisy and rough temperament, our feelings and taste revolt against the effects produced as unworthy of ideal spiritual beings, yet patience and perseverance bring the assurance, that apart from all the adventitious coarseness of such cases, there are phases, especially in the family circle, most worthy of respectful attention.

The alleged spirit of your grandfather speaks of your parents by their Christian names, as he would have done in life, not as you think and speak of them. So also with respect to the names of others, the formal prefix is often omitted, as has never been your habit of thought or speech. When a male voice addresses you, and you are touched, it is a man's hand you feel, if a female's voice, then a woman's. These features are not imaginary but the result of much experiment and must be duly weighed by those who care to deal accurately with the subject. The apparent identity is, however, not at all times to be trusted, for at intervals, and generally when the persons promiscuously assembled treat the subject with idle jocosity, we find ourselves addressed by intelligence of a similar low type, assuming to be a friend, whose characteristics when living were radically different, and giving communications with no resemblance to those received when the company consists of serious and cultured persons. A marked difference exists between the quality of the effects produced at a public séance, and at private gatherings of friends and relatives, especially when the medium is a member of the family.

It has been almost the constant result of substantial examinations, that every person making it, came upon the proof of a great reality, but also became assured of the important fact, that the progressive character of these phenomena could not be overlooked, the first methods being in a great measure dropped, as entirely different and more wonderful ones were being substituted, by some independent and inventive will other than our own. The hypothesis of an exterior, invisible and intelligent force is so antagonistic to all our experience and preconceptions, that it presents serious difficulties to our habits of reasoning, yet without this hypothesis the difficulties are apparently insurmountable, for it is impossible to conceive of any more trustworthy evidence than has been advanced, by innumerable observers, both of mind and act at a distance from any living being. Every sense has been appealed to until the limit of their joint capacity has been reached. If the reality of invisible and intelligent force has not already been proved, no human evidence ever can prove it. The observed and recorded facts of every degree, time and place centralize in one focus. When we take in the whole scope and facts of the movement, it is irrational to deny an apparently sufficient cause for this widely extended belief in occult intelligences imperfectly using human agencies for some ulterior purpose.

As the phenomena in general lead up to the examination of a spiritual origin, so does the phase of independent writing imperatively demand it. Indeed so exact a reasoner as M. Carl du Prel is of the opinion that psychography alone is sufficient to prove it.

He sums up his reasons in a strong statement. "One thing is clear: that is that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: 1. That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. 2. The place upon which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate-pencil. 3. That the writing is actually done at the time. 4. That the medium is not writing. 5. The writing must be actually done with the morsel of lead or slate-pencil. 6. The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. 7. This being can read, write and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. 8. It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence, as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore, although invisible, of human nature or species. It is of no use whatever to fight against this proposition. 9. If these things speak, they do so in human language. 10. If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. 11. When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of the human form. . . . Spiritualism must be investigated by science."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE INCOMING AGE—V.

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

The writer has received several private letters asking a continuance of the thoughts so imperfectly given in THE JOURNAL under the above caption.

To be a favorite with the editor of THE JOURNAL one must be short, sententious and sparkling. In the production of the series of articles alluded to I tried to comply with all of these requirements except the last. The reader will agree with me that they were not sparkling. It is for this reason that I cannot comply with the many requests to give a fuller expression to the thought attempted to be conveyed in the articles with the above heading. THE JOURNAL has kindly consented to allow me this privilege. I appreciate its courtesy, for it is only the very few who take any interest in such discussions. An editor must please his readers—to the exclusion of the caprices of his correspondents. That is if he has an "eye to business" and the special wants of the public. He must surrender his own interests even and publish a paper not to please himself but his readers. Those of THE JOURNAL being critical and accustomed to the best, a writer who has the privilege of its columns should consider himself supremely blessed and favored. I make this short preface that my friends may join me in the expression of our good fortune. Although the fourth article of the series had the word "concluded" attached to the heading, I "continue" to worry the amiable editor with my favorite words, "The Incoming Age." So with this brief expression I shall feel free to give random thoughts as they come to me on the lines of angelic teaching already alluded to in a previous paper.

It is unfortunate for the writers who claim to postulate the scientific thought of the age that they use terms which are wholly misleading and which they themselves do not intend. For instance, Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy is called the "Philosophy of the Unknowable"—a contradiction on its face. He does not mean this in its technical sense. What he does mean, if I understand him, is that we know nothing of the Absolute except in its manifestations. From what we see and cognize, he infers—as all philosophy infers—that there is one Supreme, Universal, Ultimate Power. Spencer is not an agnostic except in this sense; and in this sense all men who think are agnostics; for they do not know the Absolute as it exists in itself; it is only known through the forms of its manifestations.

The angelic society to which I belong holds to this view. They say that this law is true on all planes of being—angelic as well as human. That all they know of the Supreme is his manifestation in and

through themselves and the universal angelhood with which they are associated. That the highest angel is the highest manifestation of Godhood; but the highest angel is finite. That he has attained his place and position in the universe of being through the allotments of the one Supreme Power—working in and through him—her—as the one expression of all they know of the Infinite I Am. To their union, which is simply less than infinite, there is still the greater beyond.

THE BIBLE TAKEN TO PIECES.

Few persons, even clergymen and Sunday-school teachers, are aware of the extent to which scholars have gone, and are every year going more and more, in the work of disjointing and separating the Old Testament of King James's version into component parts of various authorship, authenticity and inspiration. Protestantism under Luther and Calvin began this work—the New England Puritans excluding the Apocrypha from their Bibles; but these fathers would be amazed at the boldness of their modern followers in Scotland, England and the United States at questioning other parts of the Septuagint collection of the Hebrew scriptures. "The Expositor's Bible," a serial work which has followed the recent revision of the authorized version, contains in its latest volumes by "evangelical" clergymen, one of them a doctor of divinity, some startling evidences of this boldness. George Adam Smith, a Scotch minister of Aberdeen, edits and comments on the last chapters of Isaiah, from the 40th to the end, and proceeds throughout on the hypothesis now held by the best English and German scholars, that this "Second Isaiah" is the work of several writers who lived long after Isaiah's time, during and after the exile of the Jews in Babylonia. Mr. Smith says that the different prophecies of which it is composed were gathered together by an editor soon after the return from exile, in an order as regular, both in point of time and subject, as the "somewhat mixed material" would permit. The difference between Isaiah i-xxxix and Isaiah xl-lxvi is summed up, says Mr. Smith, in their different use of the word "righteousness."

In Isaiah i-xxxix, or at least in such of these chapters as refer to Isaiah's own day, righteousness is man's moral and religious duty, in its contents of piety, purity, justice and social service. In Isaiah xl-lxvi, righteousness (except in a very few cases) is something which the people expect from God—their historical vindication by his restoration and reinstatement of them as his people.

Now this opinion of the Aberdeen Calvinist, in which hundreds of other scholars agree, with more or less variation in particulars, quite sets at naught the traditional opinion that all the chapters of Isaiah were written by that prophet. The alleged fact that the latter half of the book treats of scenes and characters from 150 to 200 years after Isaiah's time, long since raised the question of a single author. Even Calvin doubted on this point, and his Aberdeen disciple has settled the matter in his own mind as to the assumed predictions in these later chapters. He says that Cyrus the Great is not spoken of as a prediction in this "Second Isaiah," but as a proof that a prediction is fulfilled. "Unless Cyrus had already appeared, and was on the point of striking at Babylon with all the prestige of unbroken victory, a great part of Isaiah xli-xlviii would be unintelligible." Mr. Smith then goes on to expound this new and later Isaiah under four heads—the Exile, the Deliverance, the Servant of the Lord, the Restoration. A new translation from the Hebrew, except where passages are taken from the revised version, has been provided for nearly the whole book; and the reader finds a great deal of learning well expended on this revised historical prophet, who dealt with the past more than with the future.

Dr. Samuel Cox, in 1867, published a book on Ecclesiastes under the far-away title of "The Quest of the Chief Good"—the *summum bonum* of the Latin ethical writers. He has now revised this as a volume on the "Expositor's Bible" series, and has made some additions marked by a bolder tone of criticism than was in fashion a quarter of a century since. He declares, and is sure he proves, that Ecclesiastes is of late origin—long after Solomon's time. This also is the view held by nearly all recent critics, though the statement of the text, that these are "the words of the Preacher, son of David, king in Jerusalem," leads laymen to persist in the old belief that the book is a confession made by Solomon. Dr. Cox contends that "its author was not Solomon, but one of 'the Wise,' whose name can be no longer recovered." It was written, he thinks, not in the time of Solomon (about 1000 B. C.), but five or six centuries later, and was addressed, not to the wealthy and peaceful citizens whose king Solomon was, but to their degenerate descendants during the Persian supremacy. That is to say, it is later than the "second Isaiah,"—instead of being earlier than the "first Isaiah" by several cen-

turies. This comparatively modern moralist, who wrote Ecclesiastes, making use of the historical and traditional Solomon, describes under that name the moral experiments of the king. "He depicts himself as having put the claims of wisdom, mirth, business, wealth, to a searching test, and found them incompetent to satisfy the cravings of the soul; as attaining no rest nor peace until he had learned a simple enjoyment of simple pleasures, a patient constancy under heavy trials, heartfelt devotion to the service of God, and an unwavering faith in the life to come." That is, he makes the old Hebrew polygamist a good Scotch Christian.

Another of these "expositors," R. F. Horton, takes up the Solomon of popular belief from another point of view, in writing about his alleged book of Proverbs. Mr. Horton declares that "much of the teaching contained in this book is crude and imperfect, of value for us only when it has been brought to the standard of our Lord's spirit, corrected by his love and wisdom or infused with his divine life." The great beauty of the first nine chapters is brought out, and their superior ethical character praised in comparison with the Proverbs of Solomon, strictly speaking—that is, those which reflect the historical king of Judea, and not the later and more refined moralist, who wrote the first chapters. This process of taking the book to pieces and giving each portion to some distinct author, really opens the way for the admission of other proverbs, such as Mrs. Spooner, of Plymouth, in old times, innocently foisted upon the Bible. Speaking of some young man who had sinned, the worthy woman said, "Well, hunger will break through stone walls, as the good book says." "What good book, pray?" snarled the old lawyer to whom she said it. "The good book of proverbs, my dear," said the ever courteous and ready-witted Mrs. Spooner. And if we are to take out from the Bible what modern criticism pleases, why may we not put in a few passages, suited to modern ideas?

This agreement of scholars in the new view of the Hebrew scriptures as compilations must indicate to any fair-minded reader that the prosecution of charges of heresy against Dr. Briggs and others is the veriest folly.—*Springfield Republican*.

REASON AND INTUITION.

Lillian Whiting writes from Boston, to the *Inter Ocean*:

There is much discussion here and there regarding reason and intuition and their relative values in life. There are people who should never do the thing they know they ought to do, so to speak. Which were sometime a paradox; but it is that there are a certain class of persons who are so little in touch with the prudential range of the world, who have so little affinity with the facts and figures of the economic plane, who are so lacking in the power of rational and business-like calculation, that any attempt to set their chart of life by the logical methods of the world of affairs results in hopeless entanglement and failure.

To the intuitive temperament intuition is the only safe guide. It is the illumination of high light, while reason would be merely, for this type of temperament, groping with a candle, whose faint and flickering ray would only serve to make the darkness visible.

Conversely, however, the logical and reasoning temperament would be still more at sea if attempting to set the course by intuitive perception or insight. Intuition is a gift, not an acquirement. The Eastern philosophers hold that it is the result of the stored-up experience of a multitude of lives in the endless chain of being whose inflorescence is the intuitive power. It is vision, insight—the swift recognition of the whole at once rather than by estimating it in detail and by partial steps. The residuum of each incarnation, according to this philosophy, is a certain amount of experience, and this stored up in the spiritual nature becomes intuition. Reason is of the terrestrial, while intuition is of the celestial plane. It is as the glow-worm to the star, and who would grope about with the one when he might walk under the illumination of the other? To the intuitive nature trust in this invisible leading is the only path to success.

Take, for instance, the preëminently practical plane of income and outlay. Prudence may suggest the reduction of the latter in order that the latter may accumulate into capital. But one is not enriched by money alone. There is that scattereth, yet increaseth. Atmospheres and influences, however intangible, are as potent in life as are stocks and bonds. There is always the power to make stones into bread, always the unseen force close at hand to transmute the commonest things into the heavenly gifts. The steam from the fountain may, at any moment, become the living water. There is not the slightest necessity of laboriously earning possessions and toiling for worldly goods, if one can but catch the eternal secret of living in the current of receptivity to divine influences.

We cannot take so readily or so swiftly as these influences are ready to give. The treasures of life are poured out freely. The best gifts are without money and without price. It is only necessary to make place, to make room for happiness, and happiness descends swiftly to fill the place prepared for it.

And so with material things. The earth has a profusion of them prepared, and entreating all who will to enter into possession. If one will but work for and with the higher ideal, the material conditions adjust themselves. The secret of commanding them is to hold one's self receptive to the higher, to live in the magnetic current of divine energy, and in zeal for co-operating with the important and the permanent work of life; and all material details on the physical side of existence fall into order by means of a law as unerring as the law that holds the planets in their courses.

Now when the person of the intuitive and ideal temperament sees before him the parting of the ways—the one in which he shall follow the practical and prudential lead of restriction of outlay, of the narrowing of social life, because, indeed, social life implies social expenditures, and of the shutting out of atmosphere in general, because thus alone shall he increase his bank account; or the other, in which he shall live in freedom of thought and in beautiful surroundings, and in a magnetic current of all high and beautiful inspirations—when before him appear this parting of the ways, which shall he choose?

If he have a nature in touch with the ideal world then only can he live out his best by keeping in the sphere of his magnetic attraction. Saving and calculating may be all very well for the temperament adapted to it. It requires judgment, logic, and that quality rather nebulously known as common sense. But while extravagance and lavish wastefulness are by no means to be commended or recommended to the intuitive nature, yet to such a one the most hopeless extravagance is in any contemplation of material economies. Where he could thereby save a penny, he could, if he followed the bent of his nature, earn a pound, because his line of action is the creative, not the restrictive.

The bird that can fly through the air to a given point would, manifestly, waste time and energy to a deplorable rate if he were to attempt to reach it by walking on the ground. Intuitive power gives wings. It is this marvellous gift that can realize its thought and its vision; that can transmute, by some process of divine alchemy, transient conditions into imperishable realities.

And these realities are always of the spirit—always of the eternal—not the temporal.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

By REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

I have attended a good many seances of all kinds, but have obtained the most important results, not in the presence of public mediums, but through personal friends, who possessed what is called 'mediumistic' or psychic power. I have rigidly followed the scientific method in all my investigations, first trying to be sure of my facts without any prejudice of what those facts ought to be, then trying to find out what those facts meant. There is undoubtedly a good deal of fraud mixed up with Spiritualism, but probably more honest misconception and misinterpretation than there is of fraud. There are any quantity of persons who have strange experiences who make them mean what is they were investigated they would not mean. In all my experiences I have earnestly and carefully tried to explain everything in accordance with known and accepted scientific theories, without supposing the existence or agency of spirits as connected with it. I believe this is the true way. We must push accepted theories as far as they will go, and resort to something else only when compelled to. The present status of the matter I believe to be just about here. Hypnotism, which has for a long time ridiculed and rejected, is now accepted by everybody, and is even being used in the practice of medicine by old-style physicians. While a great many people who claim to be clairvoyants are not, yet clairvoyance as a genuine power is established beyond reasonable question. In the next place, telepathy or mind-reading, or the impression made on one mind by another at a distance, is established as a reality. But of course neither of these establishes Spiritualism. They can be explained and generally are explained as the result of the action of minds still embodied, although they do establish the remarkable fact of minds being able to act apparently beyond reach of and without the aid of the ordinary senses.

In regard to Spiritualism there are two points I would like to make: I have been told things which the medium did not know, but which I did know, so many times that the novelty has worn off. I have always said in such cases, wonderful as they are, that they did not go far enough to demonstrate the central claim of Spiritualism. But while the whole class

don't go far enough to establish this claim, yet if the claim were established on other grounds I might find it easier to explain them, than by the far-fetched theories with which I now try to explain them. The second point I want to make—and here is what staggers me—is this: I have been told things which neither the medium nor myself knew, or could by any possibility have known.

If there is any other theory than a spiritualistic one to explain facts of this sort, I don't know what it is. I can't explain certain experiences of this sort, except on the theory that I am dealing with some invisible intelligence.

My present attitude of mind, I say, is just this: I am in possession of a respectable body of facts that I do not know how to explain except on the theory that I am dealing with some invisible intelligence. But I am not prepared as yet to say that there is no other possible explanation. I hold that as the only tenable theory I am acquainted with."

WHAT HAS SPIRITUALISM TAUGHT AND DONE?

By EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

1. It proves man's immortality, and the existence of a spiritual universe.

2. It destroys all fears of death, annihilates the doctrine of eternal punishment, and substitutes the cheering assurance of eternal progress.

3. It sweeps away the idea of a personal devil, and locates the sources of evil in man's own imperfections.

4. It denies the doctrine of any vicarious atonements for sin, and on the testimony of millions of immortal spirits solemnly affirms that every guilty soul must arise and become its own Savior.

5. It ignores the degrading conception of a partial and vindictive God, and substitutes the worship of an Infinite, Eternal, and all perfect spirit; an Alpha and Omega, all Love, Wisdom, and Law.

6. It demolishes the materialistic conception of the theological heaven and hell, making each a state of happiness or misery dependent on the good or evil within the soul itself.

7. It is the friend and promoter of all reforms that tend to advocate and benefit humanity.

8. Whilst Spiritualism proclaims that there is a standard of truth in everything, it acknowledges man's incapacity to discover all truth, and therefore it fetters no one's opinion, and teaches, but never forces its belief on any one.

9. Concerning all spiritual life, state, and being, Spiritualism accepts no theories that are not sustained by proven facts and corroborative testimony.

10. Its phenomena—being all based upon immutable principles of law—open up endless arenas of new research for science, its concensus of revelation being founded upon facts, tend to place new religion on the basis of science and vitalize science with all that is true and practical in religion.

11. Spiritualism is a ceaseless incentive to practice good; it re-unites the friends separated by death; strengthens the weak by the presence of angel guidance, cheers the afflicted with the certainty of another and better world, where justice will be done, every wrong righted. It is terrible only to the guilty, proving that spirit eyes read every secret crime, and that all crimes must be abandoned and atoned for by personal suffering and personal compensation before any guilty soul can attain happiness hereafter.

12. Spiritualists have no creed, but may all unite in the following simple summary:

I believe in the Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man,
The Immortality of the Soul,
Personal Responsibility,
Compensation and Retribution hereafter for all the good or evil deeds done here.

And a path of eternal progress open to every human soul that wills to tread it by the path of eternal good.

Given by the spirits through Emma Hardinge Britten, and laid by her under the Foundation Stone of the Spiritual temple, Oldham, Lancashire, England, April 19, 1887.—*Two Worlds*.

A STUDY IN BACTERIA.

Our systematic knowledge of the bacteria is still so meager, so many species and doubtless so many families of them have never yet come into the range of human vision, and our glimpses of their life powers have been so fragmentary, that as yet we can only try to bring a little temporary order out of the chaos by grouping them according to their shapes. We find, when we muster all the forms which have as yet been seen, that they all fall into one of three classes: spheroidal, rod-like, or spiral. Further subdivisions of these classes have been made, and generic and specific names attached to many hundreds of forms; but over these details we need not linger now. How they look and what they do is here of more importance than

what we call them. Although with the ordinary microscopic powers the bacteria look like little balls or straight or spiral rods, we find, when we use the most powerful and perfect lenses, that they consist of a minute mass of granular protoplasm surrounded by a thin structureless membrane. When we put them under favorable conditions for growth, and give them food enough, they may be seen to divide across the middle, each portion soon becoming larger and again dividing, so that it has been calculated that a single germ, if kept under favorable conditions, might at the end of two days have added to the number of the world's living beings 281,500,000,000 new individual bacteria. In fact, if this sort of thing went on for a few weeks unhindered there would be very little room left on the earth's surface for any other forms of life, and pretty much all the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen which is available for life purposes in the world would be used up. There would be a corner in life stuff, and even the master, man, would be forced to the wall, and become the victim of his insatiable fellow-worlder, the bacterium. But, as it happens, this sort of thing does not go on; the food grows scanty; or the temperature becomes unfavorable; or the sun shines hot—and the sun is a sore enemy of your growing bacterium; or, as it grows and feeds, the germ gives off various chemical substances which often soon poison itself, or its fellows, or both together. So the proportion is preserved by such a fine balance of the natural forces that, prolific as they are, the bacteria in the long run are held closely within bounds.—*T. M. Prudden, M. D., in Harper's*.

A FAILURE.

The Catholic priests who are at work civilizing the wild man of Borneo have a hard time convincing the older savages of the meaning and value of education. The Rev. Thomas Jackson, prefect apostolic of North Borneo, who is now in New York soliciting aid to carry on the work on the island, tells this story, according to the *Sun*.

The priests induced the chief of one of the wildest tribes to let them take his son to one of their schools. The boy was in the school two months. One day the chief and all his big warriors came sailing down the river in their canoes. They were heavily armed and called loudly for the boy. One of the priests came out of the school and said: "The boy is all right and in fine health."

"We must see him," said the chief.

The boy came out. The father looked disappointed. "Your skin is not white," he said.

"Oh, my," said the priest. "How can any one get white in the broiling sun?"

"But you said you would make him like yourself," said the chief.

"We did say that," replied the priest, "but we meant intelligent, like ourselves, not white."

The chief looked puzzled, and then called the boy to him. "When is it going to rain next time?" asked the chief.

The young man shook his head. The chief looked displeased.

"What will be the size of the rice crop next year?" he asked again. Once more the youngster shook his head.

"We have lost our great sword in the wood; we have searched everywhere for it but can not find it. Where is the sword?" The boy shook his head the third time.

Turning to the priest, the chief said angrily: "You promised lies. The boy is no more intelligent than he was when you got him." And taking the lad by the shoulder he walked off with him, followed by his warriors.

APPARITION AT TIME OF DEATH.

This is direct from a personal friend: My little daughter, Lily, then two years and four months old, was in our house at Liverpool, on the evening when her father died at Calne, in Wiltshire. I was with him and learned the facts that I am narrating from the nurse and servants, and from my child, whose memory was perfectly clear. She was on the evening of that day playing about, and went into a room used as a day nursery. There she saw and conversed with her father, just dead. He wished her to send her elder sister, five years of age, to say good-bye to him. She went back to her sister who was with the nurse and said quite naturally and as though it was an ordinary remark, "Papa wants you to come and say good-bye. He is in the other room and has just kissed me." The child so spoken to was frightened, and the servants would not allow either of the children to leave the room.

On being asked years after when she last saw her father the child said over and over again that she "last saw her papa in the nursery in the dark, and that he looked very pretty." She had not really seen her father at that time for some six months, as he had been away ill.—*H. in Light*.



A SONG OF POLLY.

Polly, Polly, the kettle sings,
There's a puff of steam like fairy wings,
A fragrance of Oolong stealing;
Dainty china cozily set,
Fragile as frailest of eggshell, yet
Strong in my housewife's dealing.

It's hey for toast, and ho for tea!
Old reminiscences brought to me
Over the tea with Polly;
There's the fragment of song when hearts were
young.

A trembling minor never sung,
Hushed in tears from Polly.

For Polly and I, ay, hey for toast,
Ho for the tea, too, who can boast
Of youth and love forever!
Let broken heart and hint of wrong
Find cheerier note in the kettle's song,
Striving with brave endeavor.

So, over the crisp brown toast for two,
And tea in the old cups quaint and blue,
Heigho for bygone folly!
Though yellowest hair has turned to white,
Old songs to minor, yet to-night
We love on, I and Polly!

—JEAN KATIE LUDLUM, IN TRAVELERS' RECORD.

As a rule the Indian women of Bolivia are superior to their lords in intelligence and earn the larger share of their mutual support. Being the older of the two, she is naturally the head of the house, and is more likely to thrash her dutiful spouse than he is to misuse her. In the markets where farm products are disposed of, she can drive a better bargain than he; she can carry as heavy burdens, endure as much manual labor, chew as much cocoa and drink as much alcohol. The Indians have little or no money, their mediums of exchange being whatever they may raise, or the labor of their hands. They will eat when not hungry, drink when not thirsty, sleep when not sleepy, anywhere and any time when opportunity offers, "against the time of need," as they say. The majority are in a state of semi-intoxication from babyhood to the grave, alcohol being used on every pretext, as freely as their means will allow, on occasions of births, deaths and feast days—the latter occurring nearly every day in the year. They are social creatures and not at all inclined to live alone; hence their houses are always in groups, and a community of them, though numbering not more than half a dozen, is called an estancia. In the interior of Bolivia if an Indian desires to change his place of residence he is not allowed to settle in another village until the authorities thereof have looked into his private history, when, if the record is not satisfactory, he is ordered to move on. But that seldom happens, for they are like cats in their attachment to places, and will cultivate the same bit of poor land from generation to generation, though barely able to keep body and soul together.

Mrs. Deborah Powers, of Lansingburg, N. Y., a woman of most extraordinary business capacity, died recently at the age of one hundred years. Although not devoting her personal attention to business for some years she was the head of a banking firm, D. Powers & Sons, and of an oil cloth manufacturing concern bearing the same firm name. She leaves an estate valued at \$2,000,000. Mrs. Powers was born August 5, 1790, in Hebron, Crafton County, N. H. In 1816 she married William Powers, of Lansingburg, N. Y. Mr. Powers began the manufacture of oil cloth, his wife being his only assistant. They built a factory in 1829, and the same year Mr. Powers was burned to death while making varnish. Mrs. Powers assumed direction of the business and continued it with even greater success than her husband had done. In 1842 she admitted her elder son to partnership, and some years later another son became a member of the firm. Mrs. Powers about 1875 turned the active management of the business over to her sons, but she retained an interest in the firm. Her mental faculties remained unimpaired to the last, although she had been ill for several years.

Mrs. Fanny B. Ames, whom Gov. Russell has appointed one of the two women factory inspectors, is the wife of Rev. Charles G. Ames of Boston. Mrs. Ames served five years on the board of visitors

of the state institutions in Pennsylvania while her husband was a Philadelphia minister, and both of this well-matched couple were foremost in every good work for many years in that city of good works. Miss Ellen Halley, the other woman selected, was tending a loom in the Washington mills at Lawrence when her appointment was made. She has worked in the mills since her school days. The appointment has not been criticised on that score, and Gov. Russell's independence in the matter is praised, and may serve as a precedent for future action. It does not follow that because a woman has spent her life at work in a factory she knows all that is required for service on this commission, but she has an advantage over those who may only theorize in regard to the subjects they are required to report upon.

A policeman winked at Miss Kate Kane, of this city, attorney and counsellor at law. She made complaint against him and he was dismissed from the police force. The Chicago Herald referring to her action says: "By so doing she has performed a service for every unprotected lady who has to appear alone upon the streets of Chicago. There are enough toughs in the city not connected with the police. To wink at Kate Kane or at any other woman is no part of an officer's duty, but, unfortunately, not all women are so capable of taking care of themselves as Miss Kate Kane seems to be. Perhaps it might be well for other ladies who happen hereafter to be insulted in the streets to put their cases in Miss Kane's hands.

The richest widow in America, it is said, is Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, of New York city. She is still young—at least not old—and is a handsome woman, with fine dark-blue eyes and golden hair. Mrs. Roberts was a New England girl, Miss Suzanne Endicott, and had a thorough New England training in all household arts. She is quite capable of going into the kitchen and cooking a sumptuous dinner without assistance. She has one child, a boy of twelve.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in an address favoring equal suffrage, appeals to the women of America "not to be content to act as mere spectators in society, but to concern themselves in the condition of their sex, remembering that women have no consideration in the government of the country. The enfranchisement of women would break the last fetter of slavery, and the victory of good will would be complete on earth as it is in heaven."

The arrest of a woman cashier and book-keeper of a Boston firm is so unusual an occurrence, says the *Indianapolis News*, as to create a widespread comment. The newspapers and other business firms are almost a unit in testifying to the unvarying honesty of women employees. In the present instance the alleged peculations did not begin until after her marriage, about a year ago. This fact may offer an explanation.

HASLETT PARK CAMP.

The bulletin of this camp has been published; those desiring a copy should address Dr. A. W. Edson, Manager, Lansing, Mich., or Mrs. E. F. Josselyn, Recording Secretary, 190 N. Division st., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A series of meetings will be held at the National Prohibition Park, Staten Island, New York, beginning July 4th, and continuing over six weeks, under the auspices of the National School of Methods for Reform. Leading prohibitionists in America and other noted men will be among the speakers. The park itself is a delightful summer resort within eight miles of the City Hall of New York. Further information in regard to these meetings can be obtained by addressing R. S. Cheves, secretary, West Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

Dr. J. H. Green, in renewing his subscription, says: I thought THE JOURNAL was cheap at five dollars several years ago. Now in new dress its value is decidedly enhanced. I think that I am doing a favor to anyone in recommending THE JOURNAL.

Mrs. Adaline Eldred will on July 1 change her office and may thereafter be called upon or addressed at 103 State st, suite 34.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

TO THE EDITOR: To one far advanced in his ninetieth year, I consider it a great privilege to have an outlet for my ideas. I intimated in a former article that I had journalized with day and date, all the communications I had since the year 1851 to which I occasionally refer to gratify my friends.

Through a rapping medium I was present when the following message from Ethan Allen was given. After giving his name, he was questioned what relationship he was to the questioner, Mr. Fisher. His answer was, great-grand-uncle, which Mr. Fisher pronounced correct. At silent mental request of Mr. Fisher the following communication was given:

"The birth of the spirit differs much. Some sleep, others do not; but I will give you the process of my spirit birth as it was given to me; and most of them are much the same. The body of earth took, or filled the place of the mother; leaving the feet first, as you must know the limbs die first. You can easily understand this. When it has drawn itself entirely from the earth form, it stands and looks down upon it. It is often half an hour before it detaches itself entirely from the form, for it is still connected with the body by the life cord. When this cord breaks the spirit is its own individual and has no more to do with earth. I say often the spirit sleeps hours. You can the better understand me perhaps, if I tell you that the birth of the infant into earth's atmosphere is a type of the spirit in the spiritual.

"ETHAN ALLEN."

Although I have had several remarkable tests, I will give here only the following case. I had a companion by the name of Carr. He was a careless liver, fond of amusements, fond of plays and sports. He was a good singer, and if he chanced to fall into social company would occasionally get intoxicated, but was not an habitual drunkard. His career finally ended in consumption. I knew of his prostrated condition and called upon him. I found him very low indeed and surrounded by a group of earnest praying women appealing earnestly for his salvation. Looking around in the absence of his pious female friends I discovered a tract entitled the "Sinners Last Hope." "Why Captain," I remarked, "this tract is absolutely an insult to one's common sense!" He answered, "I don't want you to talk that way to me. I suppose you would talk that way before these pious women." "Most likely," I said. "Well," he replied, "I don't want you to talk so to me." I looked for a mute minute at the now terrorized Captain, bid him good bye, and left.

I had at that period few opportunities of getting spirit communications; but chance gave me a sitting at the tipping table of the late James Doans and to my surprise it spelled out,

"Richard's himself again.

"CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. CARR."

The message wanted but little explanation to Mr. Doans, who had never heard of him, and of the Captain's now healthful condition of mind.

DAVID BRUCE.

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: A simple experiment illustrating the action of mind upon mind, and the power of mind over matter, was tried in our parlor last evening, which I decide to "write up" for THE JOURNAL, hoping to reach thoughtful persons who are turning their attention to these subjects, especially members of the Psychical Research Society, and I suggest that they supplement our experiments with others of like order, and send to the headquarters for further elucidation and analysis. It is but a step from the Willing game, common among parlor amusements, to the more serious "studies" of Baron von Notzing, our German member, who made pictures in simple lines and willed his precipient to reproduce them in an adjoining room—studies serious enough to arrest the attention of the society—see proceedings for April, 1891—and to lead one obscure American associate to try an "improvement" in genuine Yankee fashion. Let me premise that this was an initial experiment by four novitiates, my two sons, my daughter, and myself, all except myself

ignorant of the literature upon the subject, and rather prejudiced against the occult in any and every sense. Their astonishment when their silent orders were automatically executed by their obedient subject who was considered generally a most wayward, untractable specimen of a "well-brought-up" mother, may be imagined. My daughter, Mrs. K—, wrote the alphabet on a sheet of paper, the letters detached, and enlarged, put them in my lap on a lap-board and sat quite near me; the older son, aged twenty-three, held my hand while the younger one—a twin brother—stood behind my chair rubbing my eyes, a process which soothed the nerves, and seemed to assist the inner perception. Then they all concentrated their minds upon the letter N, the first letter of the word Noah, which they had pre-arranged for me to spell, and willed me to touch it with my pencil. After several gyrations of the arm in a wrong direction, I did finally make a long mark about an inch under the N, but this not proving satisfactory to my royal willers, the feat was greeted with dead silence, and I was led to suppose my effort a failure, when suddenly I distinctly saw a capital N outlined in light, directly in front of my closed eyes. Admitting that N was the initial letter of the mystic word agreed upon, I was ordered to touch the next. This the unruly hand absolutely refused to do. After making wild stabs at various points on the paper, and going off on all sorts of tangents above and around my head, what was our amazement to find it slowly descending, turning the pencil toward my closed eyes and deliberately making an unmistakable O in the air. "Why, it's making an O; can you see the motion?" "Is the second letter an O?" "Yes, it's an O—now for the third." Then more gyrations and aimless stabs followed by a form which appeared like a triangle with a line through it, and suggested a pointed letter A. This A I did not see or find on the paper, but seemed to sense. Here the experimenters, fearing that I would guess Noah, said something to make me think of a longer word, something that suggested moabites. While thinking of moabites my hand was again slowly raised, the pencil pointed toward my eyes as before and a small h distinctly outlined. "Why, it's h! Yes, it's h, N-o-a-h."

Noah having proved such a success, some one suggested cards. I protested that the card experiment would fail, as Prof. Rodes Buchanan had tried it with me years ago without success. But they persisted, turned me away from the light, lowered the gas, placed the ace of hearts on my head and ordered me to describe it. In a moment I saw a red heart, like the heart on a playing card. "Do you see only one?" asked my inquisitors, in a tone implying that that was a small part of what I was expected to see. "No, only one." "Don't you see anything else?" "Yes, I see what seems like a small red dot up in one corner." "How large?" "Well, larger than a pin-head considerably." "Which corner?" "Upper left hand corner." "Is that all?" "No, there is a sort of triangle in red lines over it." "Can you see nothing more?" Yes, I see another red spot about the same size in lower right hand corner, with a similar triangle over it." "Is the spot perfectly round?" "It looks so to me."

This spot proved to be a small heart with the letter A above it. I could not discern with my spiritual eye the slight bend in the top line or the point at the bottom, and not being accustomed to the new style of playing cards I had forgotten what ought to be there.

Not entirely satisfied with these results we tried another card, the three of diamonds. Almost instantly I saw and described what seemed to be a large diamond, double the size of those usually printed on cards, broken at each point by jets of flame which so disfigured the outline I could not be certain it was a diamond. Of course the experimenters would not throw any further light on the subject, and preserved the most impassive demeanor while I floundered about among kings and jacks, spades and clubs, and made all sorts of marks on the paper, until I was finally voted a failure and allowed to see with my mortal eyes an inoffensive little three-spot of diamonds. "Why didn't you acknowledge the diamond when I first saw it? then I might have gone on and told you the number of spots. That's no way to treat a medium"; and so I might, what do you think, Mr. Editor? To the careless reader these simple details may seem unnecessarily diffuse and stupid, but to the wise man there is nothing simple, nothing stupid in God's great world.

JULIA SADLER HOLMES.

SPUTTEN DUYVIL, N. Y.



WHAT GOOD DOES SPIRITUALISM DO?

TO THE EDITOR: As an answer to the oft-asked question, "What good does Spiritualism do?" I offer the following: When my dear mother married my much beloved father they were living in England, where they were born. My father was a Methodist and preached at times. My mother in those days would exhort after the preaching. Later my father became a great thinker, and the natural result was that he broadened so that he grew out of the church and became very radical and an anti-slavery man, in fact a great reformer, and he used to preach in the market place, and kingcraft and priestcraft did not escape his censure, till finally my mother was glad when she persuaded him to come to America, fearing that his free speaking might cause his arrest. All the while he was advocating all that was good and noble. No one could say that he ever failed to live up to his highest conception of what he thought to be right, and the best for mankind. Much to the grief of my dear sainted mother he became an unbeliever in the immortality of the soul. With this unfortunate feeling, as it were, groping in the dark, he became somewhat bitter toward the ministry, thinking preachers did not believe the doctrine they preached. Soon after coming to this country my beloved sister Alice passed to spirit life. Soon afterward I became entranced by her, and in due course of time my father was convinced that Alice was not dead. Knowledge he now had and not merely faith such as his church had enjoined and which did not and could not hold such an inquiring mind as his. So peace was restored, and my mother receiving tests from time to time, through her own mediumship, no longer refrained from speaking of them, still feeling that she must cling to her church. Nearly three years ago my mother passed to spirit life, and she has written my dear father almost without exception a weekly "love letter." She has written the letter at times under the most unfavorable conditions, for instance on railroad trains, and once she wrote when I was in London, in the Victoria hotel, in the public writing room when the room contained many people. The letters gave great comfort to him. We lived in a country place about an eighth of a mile from the postoffice, but he was always seen going to the village on Monday to get "Ann's letter," which was far more to him than this pen can describe. It would take too much space in your able paper to recount all his experiences of joy at the contents; it is enough to say that nothing except my mother's actual presence would have been so precious, for the two were a loving couple, always tender and true, beloved by all. They were called by the people of the village near by "John and Ann Waterhouse." I have seen my father hold mother upon his knee and rock her, at the age of seventy, as if she were a child. So careful were they as to following the "golden rule" that I have seen them, when counting eggs for the store, put an extra one into the basket if they were rather small. In father's later days he had a garden the produce of which he sold in the villages; people were always glad to see him come and sorry to see him go. Mother's death bed, or rather her exit from this life, was a most pleasing one, for she saw Alice and all her dear ascended, and conversed with them for days previously. On the 20th of May my dear father joined her, and so long as he retained his reason, till a few days previous to passing away, he expressed himself as going to meet his "Ann lass," for in all his conversation with her and in all her letters from spirit-life to him they used the broadest Yorkshire dialect because it best pleased them; of course in public it was left off. My father left a request that his funeral services should be held at the Methodist church where mother's took place, still wishing a Spiritualistic speaker, desiring me to take one from Boston to Rhode Island, where father's home was. I feared the church people would object, but to my joy they loved father too well to refuse his request, so I engaged Mr. H. B. Storer, who filled the place so perfectly that it will not be forgotten for many a month by the people of the locality. Even the minister took a part,

and the gathering did not present a funeral aspect, we mourners almost forgot to take leave of the body, so tangible was his presence. At the close as the choir were singing, forgetting that it was not in order for me to join in, I went near the singing and tuned up in my loudest and most joyful notes. And I could hear my dear mother and father singing by my side.

Mrs. JENNIE POTTER.
BOSTON, MASS.

REFLECTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR: It used to be said of the old and infirm, "one foot in the grave, the other upon the lowest round of the ladder of life." We now in our conceptions reverse the order and say, "one foot upon the next round higher of the ladder of life." To climb is to ascend, not to go downward. The earth claims nothing but the earthly and the visible; the real of all things is invisible to the physical eye. We are yet a flesh-eating tribe. What a multitude of animal forms live on each other. To escape our kind we must be ever upon the watch. Human warfare has been, and oh! is yet, the employment of many. Cities and empires have gone down before the hand of man. Some ancient animal forms, the most gross and flesh-loving, have become extinct. Periods of time are required for the slow and gradual refinement of all things. The earth yet breeds her serpents, it is true, and myriads of viper and insect forms, but their extermination is aimed at. Life is developed in putrid masses. No place too foul for some manifestation of animal life. Are all forms subject to pain and suffering, and in what is their enjoyment?

The intellectual and spiritual in the human no doubt are the greatest. Pleasure does not always promote happiness. The physical senses and the intellectual senses differ. Instinct, evidencing thought, exists in every form of animal life. Thought as well as power rules the constellations. The accuracy of control, is so wonderful in the planets that we can hardly think the same control exists for humanity. We know but little about other planets, and in fact but little about our earth, but for the nature of all things we are searching. For things useful we dig in the earth, and for mental entertainment we climb to the skies. The velocity of motion in the planetary bodies exceeds our conception, but motion is the purifier of life. Galileo was made to recall his statement that the earth turned over, which did not agree with the religion. He did so to save his head. What millions of human heads have been cut off for so-called religion, and what human suffering for its name's sake! A high official in his report to Trajan says: "When an individual is accused of being a Christian, he or she is arrested and brought before me. I then ask the person three times, 'Are you a Christian?' If the answer is 'yes,' I at once order their execution." Well, how much better has been the so-called Christian?

All inspirations partake of the mentality of the person inspired in all periods of time. When we have attained to a certain degree of the Christ, or God element, our religion is "to do unto others as we would have them do unto us," to live soberly, righteously. Suffering is the effect of inharmony. Where perfect harmony prevails with the laws of nature there can be no suffering. There must be eternal progression or annihilation in order to express infinite goodness and power. The dark ages originated eternal punishment. According to the Bible, as well as profane history, angels were wont to interfere to prevent extreme acts, and the effects of extreme superstition. Moses had a wonderful guardianship and a great work to accomplish. The angel's charge concerning us has not been withdrawn, nor has inspiration been exhausted. Kingcraft and priestcraft have become so modified that persecution for opinion's sake, killing each other for God's sake is no longer allowed in the most enlightened communities.

PETER THOMPSON.
CEREDO, W. VA.

SEANCES WITH DR. SLADE.

TO THE EDITOR: I am moved to send you some extracts from my "Diary of Séances" with the medium, Dr. Henry Slade, who spent several days at my house a year ago, hoping you may select from them a portion at least sufficiently interesting for THE JOURNAL readers.

I met him for the first time at Lake Pleasant, in August, 1889, and at a séance attended by my wife and son, we received the following message between slates held

with his right hand and laid across my arms as I sat next to him at the table, his other hand being joined with ours upon the table before us:

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: Oh, dear mother, do not doubt me, for mamma it is true. Uncle George is with me and Uncle Charles. They say to tell you all is true—you will live after what they call death. The more you learn the more you will enjoy this life. I will come home if you will sit for me. I am your affectionate son.

FRANK.
The names given and general tone of the message demonstrate that the intelligence from which it came had a knowledge of facts connected with our personal and family life and history, such as certainly was not possessed by the medium at that time.

Upon taking leave of the doctor we gave him a standing invitation to visit us at our home, and the next spring we arranged by correspondence to have him with us a few days. During his stay there were ten parties, numbering from one to three, and aggregating about twenty different persons, to whom he gave séances, at which about twenty slates were written under varying, but always test, conditions such as rendered it plainly an impossibility for the writing to have been produced by any power under his control or dictated by his intelligence. Of these slates I have copies of eighteen, and six are now in my possession. I was present at four séances when eight slates were written, and my knowledge of conditions accords entirely with that of the other sitters who have given me the facts as they saw them. With one exception—hereafter noted—the writing was produced under some one or more of the following circumstances: The medium joined his left hand to the hands of the sitters upon the table top and taking a single slate, laid a piece of pencil on it and held the table leaf with his fingers underneath and thumb on top. Usually raps were heard upon the slate, and always the sound of writing as it progressed was plainly heard by all. Sometimes the pencil was laid upon the table and covered by the slate, or between two slates laid flat upon the table, with one hand of the medium and one of the person next to him joined together upon it, while at the same time his other hand was joined to those of the rest of the circle upon the table—the breaking of this connection by raising his hand would at once cause the sound of writing to cease, though it could be heard again as soon as the hands were joined—showing that the magnetic forces used in its production were caused to circulate through the combined physical or nervous systems of the sitters in a manner similar to the electric current in the operation of the telegraph, and like that a purely natural force, but acting under the guiding and controlling intelligence and power of some unseen yet potential individuality, foreign to both the medium and sitters. Sometimes the slates were held by the medium's right hand at one end, the other resting upon the shoulder of the person next to him.

To assert that purely human power and intelligence produced these strange phenomena and consequently that they do not prove the claims of Spiritualists would require the intellectual blindness and spiritual perversity of the Sadducees of old, whose descendants are found in every age and among all nations. Even the orthodox Pharisees are compelled to deny the facts, and claim fraudulent deception alone in explanation, or to admit them and in the same breath declare them to be the works of the devil, as did their ancestors who said of Jesus "He casteth out devils with the power of the Prince of Devils," forgetting that, both ancient and modern miracles—so-called—are but the evident operation of that power and wisdom which is the same unto all generations—and that to discredit these in this age when they are seen and known by millions of living witnesses is doubly to discredit the recorded testimony of every past age and people and undermine the very foundations of all religions.

[Mr. Ainsworth gives a number of messages which he says contained facts unknown to the medium, but we have space for the following only.—Ed. JOURNAL.]

One morning I arranged to have a sitting for ourselves, and before doing so I was controlled to write automatically a simple request to which the name of my son was signed, followed by a line of approval from Dr. Davis, Slade's control, but inasmuch as all the many pages I had written under similar circumstances during two years or so before contained no internal evidence or actual demonstration that it came from any mind but my own, I had persistently

declined to believe that it really came from or was dictated by any spirit except mine. The independent writing, however, which came first to us at this séance seems to remove the foundations of this doubt. I cannot understand how these facts can be true, but I am reminded that all facts are mysteries until we understand them—and this is no deeper than the first great mystery of life and its ever-changing, never-ending manifestations throughout nature—"the same yesterday, to-day and forever"—seen by all but known and understood by none. The slate-writing message was:

MY DEAR MAMMA, PAPA AND BROTHER: Here we all are again to greet you. When I say all, I mean Uncle Charles and William and many more. Papa says mamma doubts, but I think papa doubts more, for when Dr. Davis and I controlled him to write this morning he had doubts. Papa, we did and do control you to write; so do not doubt again. Your loving son,

FRANK.
This slate is in the same handwriting as the one received by us at our first séance with the doctor at Lake Pleasant the previous summer, and resembles the natural hand of our son as I recall it.

We next received these messages addressed to Mrs. A., and one of them contained a statement of facts absolutely unknown to the medium:

DEAR MATTIE: It gives me more pleasure to come to you than I can express with this little pencil. Oh, I am so happy in this life—you know I was not very happy in my earthly life, you remember my troubles, but that has all passed. Your uncle (my husband) had one weakness. That gave us so much sorrow. My dear niece, never doubt your loving aunt,

JENNIE.
MY DEAR DAUGHTER MATTIE: It is but little I am able to say, but what I do say comes from my soul. Dear child, I am often with you, and Frank comes with me. He is growing to be a young man. He loves his brother Charlie not more than your loving mother, CORDELIA C. W.

I do not see how words of comment or argument can add anything to the convincing power of these facts, and that they are facts as fully and powerfully demonstrated as anything on earth ever was or can be admits of no question whatever. Kind reader, if you still doubt them, just seek to prove them false by your own experience whenever you can arrange to meet Dr. Slade or any other of the several reputable mediums for this phase of spiritual phenomena, and ask yourself if it be not worth the trouble to determine this question for once and all.

E. P. AINSWORTH.
NORTH AMHERST, MASS.

EXPLANATORY.

TO THE EDITOR: I am suffering badly from overwork, and so cannot go fully into the points at issue, but I wish to say a word to you concerning your editorial, "Pertinent and Plausible," in your issue of May 30th. My personal friendship for you and my long support of THE JOURNAL will assure you of my friendly spirit and prevent you misunderstanding my motives. I cannot but think your editorial unfair and misleading; though I am very far from supposing you intended it to be either.

1st. Having accepted the presidency of the new society—for the few months till January 1st—I may perhaps be allowed to speak with some authority. I do not know who "F. W." is or the source of his infallibility, but, so far as I know, Dr. R. C. Flower has nothing to do with the society. I say this merely as a matter of fact, and without assuming to know anything about the gentleman.

2nd. I fail entirely to see the pertinence or relevancy of the remarks concerning Mr. Allen. Mr. Allen has not denied or covered up his past work or opinions. Neither does he pose as a novice. Whatever his personal opinions may be, he now acts and speaks as one of a society. And, however certain any member of the society may be, either as to the truth or falsity of Spiritualism, it seems to me the true distinction is plain. He is now engaged not in trying merely to satisfy himself, but in the endeavor to accumulate and arrange evidence so that it may be of use in satisfying other people. In his official capacity as secretary of the society, it would simply be impertinent for him to obtrude his views as though they were those of the society.

To believe oneself, and to make others believe—these are two very different things. As in the latter case, personal opinions count for little and gathered facts for a good deal.

BOSTON, MASS. M. J. SAVAGE.

GOD AND NATURE.

To THE EDITOR: If the laws of Nature are the laws of God, it is difficult to see how he can be more merciful than gravitation. But that there is something else in this universe than the heartlessness of law, is evident to every one whose consciousness awakens to the touch of tenderness and pity. If physical law attests the being of a lawgiver, so also does moral law do the same thing. Inexorable law, in the material world, is pitiless; but the attribute of mercy in the moral world relaxes its hold upon the victim, and human ingenuity finds the way of escape. How can that be if God is omnipotent in the only way he can manifest himself—in law? Devouring fire is comparatively harmless in the presence of a well-equipped fire company. Can it be that puny man can resist Jehovah?

Thus we see that the God of gravitation, simply, is quite a different being—from the God of our human consciousness. The one is apparently merciless to the guilty and the innocent alike; the other relaxes its hold even upon the guilty. How is that? Simply because our consciousness is a reflex of God's personality. Pity is not the product of matter. Inexorable law is automatic; but mind is not, because mind is not the slave of Nature, but is the master of all its forces. We must obey when we cannot conquer; but mere machinery can do neither. But if man conquers Nature, is he not that far supernatural? The stream does not rise higher than its fountain. If man is merged in Nature, the same as all the lower forms of life, law clutches him as it clutches the oyster, and he, consequently, is just as helpless as the bivalve.

Man is not free from heredity nor from environment; neither is he absolutely helpless, for if he were, savagery would have been his fixed condition. Whenever the precision of machinery varies from a given line, that moment we see some influence introduced from the outside. Gears and wheels do not generate that alien element. Now, then, if man is the least bit free he is not a machine, but a personality capable of loving and obeying God. To make man wholly the creature of necessity is to degrade him to a level below "the beasts that perish." Men have never done this except when goaded on to desperation by a pet theory. To make man an irresponsible creature, incapable of praise or blame, is the demand of materialism. "Consciousness," quoth one of them, "is the universal mistake and malady of mankind." That is to say, there is no sane man who believes anything attested by his consciousness. Of course everything outside of consciousness is non-existent. Man is thus not only insane but non-existent!

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R. E. NEELD.

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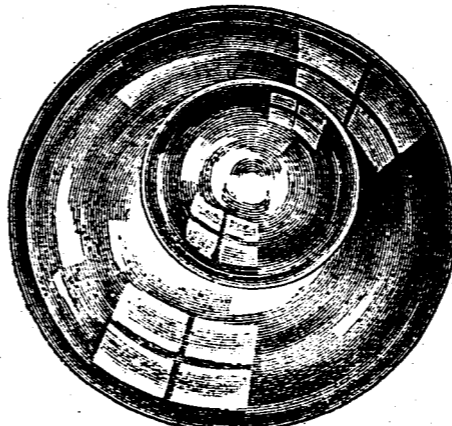
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CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTORY. CHAPTER II. DELUSIONS. American false prophets. Two ex-reverends claim to be witnesses foretold by St. John. "The New Jerusalem." "The New Motor Power." A society formed for the attainment of earthly immortality. CHAPTER III. DELUSIONS (continued). The revival of Pythagorean dreams. Allan Kardec's communication after death. Fancied evocation of the spirit of a sleeper. Fallacies of Kardecism. The Theosophical Society. Its vain quest for spirits and gnomes. Chemical processes for the manufacture of spirits. A marclian wanted. CHAPTER IV. Mental diseases little understood. CHAPTER V. "PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD." A pseudo investigator. Gropings in the dark. The spirit whose name was Yusef. Strange logic and strange theories. CHAPTER VI. SKEPTICS AND TESTS. Mistaken Spiritualists. Labels on the Spirit world. The whitewashing of Ethiopians. CHAPTER VII. ABSURDITIES. "When Greek meets Greek." The spirit-costume of Oliver Cromwell. Distinguished visitors to Italian seances. A servant and prophet of God. Convivial spirits. A ghost's tea-party. A dream of Mary Stuart. The ideas of a homicide concerning his own execution. An exceedingly gifted medium. The Crystal Palaces of Jupiter. Re-incarnative literature. The mission of John King. A penniless archangel. A spirit with a taste for diamonds. The most wonderful medium in the world. CHAPTER VIII. TRICKERY AND ITS EXPOSURE. Dark seances. A letter from Sergeant Cox. The concealment of "spirit-drapery." Rope tying and handcuffs. Narrative of exposed impostures. Various modes of fraud. CHAPTER IX. TRICKERY AND ITS EXPOSURE (continued). The passing of matter through water. "Spirit brought flowers." The ordinary dark seance. Variations of "phenomenal" trickery. "Spirit Photography." Moulds of ghostly hands and feet. Baron Kirkup's experience. The reading of sealed letters. CHAPTER X. THE HIGHER ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM. The theological Heaven. A story regarding a coffin. An incident with "L. M." A London drama. "Blackwood's Magazine" and some seances in Geneva. CHAPTER XI. "OUR FATHER." CHAPTER XII. THE HIGHER ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM (continued). "Stella."

APPENDIX.

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

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

8vo., 412 pages. Price, \$2.00. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY Chicago.

SOWING AND REAPING.

All through the long drear days
When the autumn rains fell from the cold grey sky,
And withered leaves in the harsh gusts flew by
He trod the beaten ways.

O'er the blue hills he came,
Expectant of a country dry and bare,
But lo! rich swelling cornfields smiling fair,
Edged with a colored flame

Of flowers in the sun
That laughed and flung their odors to the breeze,
What time the quick fruit ripened on the trees.
The sowing had been done.

Within his grasp the scythe
Flashed as it swept the plenteous harvest down,
And the fair flowers he wove him for a crown
Sat on his forehead blithe.

And all the world with praise
Greeted the golden sheaves the reaper brought,
Forgetful of the patient hand that wrought
So long thro' past sad days.

The sower was at rest;
The worn limbs still, the tired eyes closed for aye,
He never saw the glory of this day,
And yet he, too, was blest.

WALTER CRANE.

YOUNG LOVE'S DIFFICULTY.

Upon the timber bridge she stood,
That spans the water near the wood;
A maiden innocent and good.
The day was bright, the month was May;
The frisky lambs around were sporting,
We both were young; and youth, they say,
Youth is the time for courting.

She paused; a word might make her stay—
I would that she were here to-day!
I spoke not, and she passed away.
You laugh, no doubt and deem me cold,
That in my arms I did not fold her;
The reason? I was ten years old,
And she was ten years older!

"How do you know he loves you?"
"He said he would die for me."
"Is that all?"
"Isn't that enough?"
"Certainly not. If he said he would give up smoking for you that would be a real proof of love."

Some fancy the charms of the lily-white maid,
Of ethereal form and languishing eye,
Who faints in the sunshine and droops in the shade,
And is always "just ready to die."

But give me the girl of the sunny face,
The blood in whose veins courses healthy and free,
With the vigor of youth in her movements of grace,
Oh, that is the maiden for me!

She is the girl to "tie to" for life. The sickly, complaining woman may be an object of love and pity, but she ceases to be a "thing of beauty" worn down by female weakness and disorders, subject to hysteria and a martyr to bearing-down pains. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure cure for these distressing complaints, and will transform the feeble, drooping sufferer into a healthy, happy, blooming woman. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

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The Best

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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Which Wins? A Story of Social Conditions. By Mary H. Ford. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891. pp. 312. Paper, price 50 cts.

This interestingly told story which is dedicated to the Farmer's Alliance deals with the social problems involved in the present aspects of Western farming, especially with the mortgage system which the writer seems to have carefully studied, and her graphic portrayal of the evils of that system cannot fail to awaken serious thought even among those who have had no previous interest in the subject. Her principal hero is a romantic and wealthy young man, with high and Christ-like ideas, who puts his theories into practical effect; gives away his money, becomes a Nebraska farmer and one of the people. He keeps his high principles to the last, but loses about everything else through the treachery of his more business-like friends and dies declaring it folly for one individual to attempt to right eternal wrongs.

Intimations of Eternal Life. By Caroline C. Leighton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 139. Cloth, 75cts.

In the preface to this volume the author states that having been separated from schools, churches and libraries for a long period, she is very much impressed upon returning to a centre of thought, with the amount of skepticism which has crept in among sacred things. With her thought aroused by conditions so different from those of her early days, she has investigated the subject of a future existence, and has examined and quotes many conflicting statements from scientific and religious authorities. Her deductions and speculations while searching for the truth, are given in a clear and concise form and will interest those engaged in the study of the great question of the future life.

Main Traveled Roads, Six Mississippi Valley Stories. By Hamlin Garland. Boston: Arena Publishing Company. 1891. pp. 260. Paper covers, 50 cts.

These stories, all distinctly American, deal with the lights and shadows of Western life, with the experience of men who have toiled and struggled and suffered, with whom the author is evidently in deep sympathy. The stories are pictures of life and conditions as they are found today, thoroughly realistic and very readable.

MAGAZINES.

The *North American Review* for July, a very excellent number, includes articles by Baron de Hirsch, under the head of "My Views on Philanthropy"; by the President of the Farmers' Alliance, on the "Farmer's Discontent"; on "A New Variety of Mugwump," by the Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, ex-President of the Civil Service Reform Commission; on "English Universities and Colleges," by Prof. E. A. Freeman; on "The Relations of Literature to Society," by Amelia E. Barr; on "Industrial and Financial Cooperation," by F. B. Thurber; on "The Inheritance of Property," by Prof. Richard T. Ely; on "Loafing and Laboring," by the late E. P. Whipple; on "Domestic Service in England," by Emily Faithfull; and on "The Theological Crisis," by Dr. Charles A. Briggs.—The *Chautauquan* for July has an attractive table of contents. Among the articles are "The Disagreeable Truth about Politics," by George Hepworth; "Horace Greeley's Boyhood," by Theodore Temple; "English-Speaking Caricaturists," by C. M. Fairbanks; "The Spanish Creole," by Annie R. King; "The Woman's World of London," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; "Woman's Work in America," by Catharine Hughes; and "What Support a Wife may Claim from Her Husband," by Lelia Robinson Sawtelle, LL.B.—*Romance* for June contains some very exquisite short stories, the chief being "The Mystic Krewe," by Maurice Thompson, always a charming story teller. Whoever wishes to while away a pleasant hour can always find it in *Romance*.—The *Westminster Review* for June has a number of readable articles among which are "Prince Napoleon," by Constance Eaglestone, and "Abraham Lincoln," by Theodore Stanton.

"The City of Paris," which Dr. Albert Shaw calls "the typical modern city," is to be the subject of a paper by him in "The Century" for July.

"The Forum" for July will contain a review of the policy and an estimate of the character of the Emperor of Germany, by F. Heinrich Geffcken, Imperial Privy Councillor, who explains in detail the dismissal of Bismark and the relations between the Emperor and the ex-Chancellor.

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

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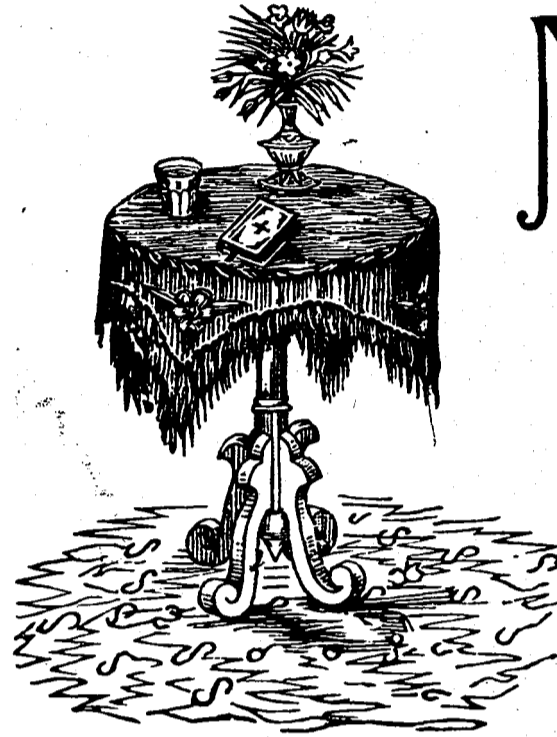
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By S. T. SUDDICK.

I want no "great white throne" in mine,
I want no golden street,
I want no crowns or palms or robes,
To hamper busy feet.

I want no "golden harp" in mine,
Or useless "palms" to wave,
Or ceremonies all so fine,
My usefulness I enslave.

I want a mission to perform
Some weary soul to cheer,
Strongholds of bigotry to storm,
As I have stormed them here.

I want to tell benighted minds,
Whose thoughts with sorrow swell,
To search God's universe; he finds
There is no burning hell.

The hell and all the hell there is,
We make within our breast,
It comes to us, and heaven too,
All at our own behest.

I want a useful life below,
A useful life above,
For God is not a flend, I know,
But is a God of love.

JUNE.

By JULIA GREY BURNETT.

Seated one day in a shady nook,
Where blossom and bird and rippling brook
Were wooing me with their music sweet
From the city's din, and noisy street.
I wondered if heaven itself could hold
In its jasper walls, and streets of gold,
A fairer scene or sweeter tune
Than blossom, and brook, and bird in June.

The clear, blue sky through trees above,
Looked glad and pure as life's first love;
While the breezes soft with the leaves at play
Seemed kissing the branches brown and gray.
And off to the right the meadows green
Were waiting the dance of fairy queen;
For June had appeared with modest pride
Queen of the year and its chosen bride.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the heart where Love doth dwell
Palace, cot, or prison cell,
Every care with joy doth blend,
Toil is welcomed as a friend.

Sorrow's face a smile doth wear,
Death the name of Peace doth bear.
Grief may come, but all is well
In the heart where Love doth dwell.

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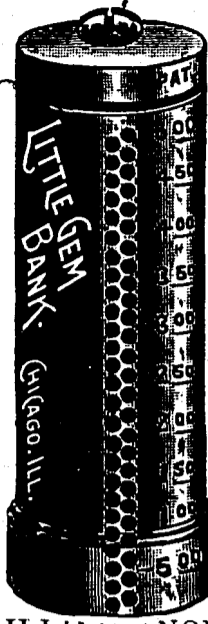
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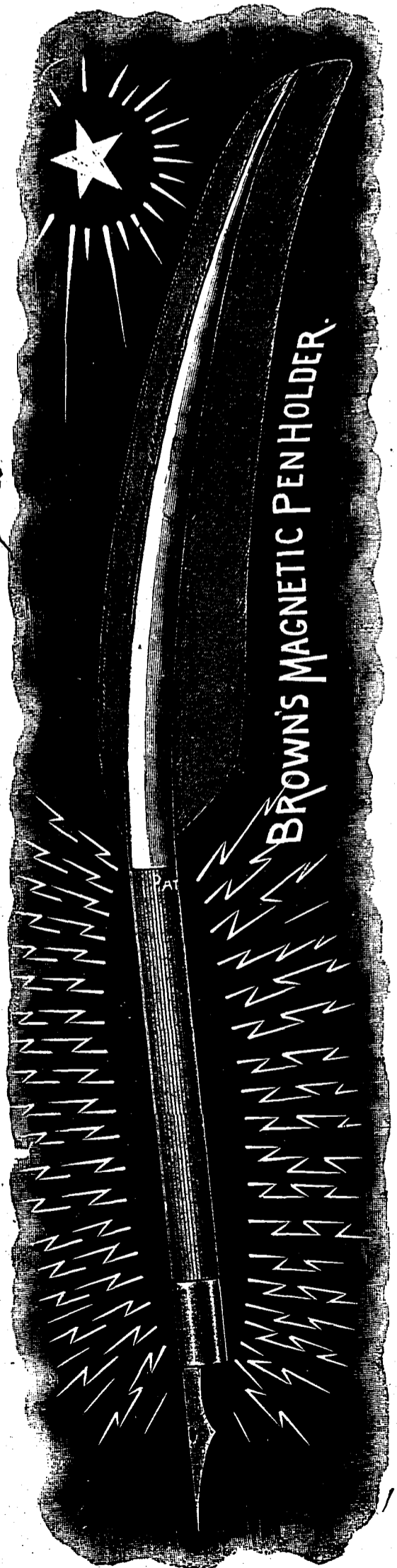
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Entered at the Chicago Post-office as Second-class Mail Matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Copy, 1 Year, \$2.50
One Copy, 6 Months, 1.25
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Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line. Reading Notices, 40 cents per line.
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"ONE OF FIVE HUNDRED."

The spontaneous proposal made by Mr. Bemis in the letter published below is timely and thoroughly practicable. Indeed, it ought to be no trouble at all to accomplish it. The warm season is in most lines of journalism one of depression, but for many reasons the causes for this do not exist in spiritualistic journalism, or if existing are more than offset by agencies peculiar to the field. The spirit of fraternal cooperation evinced by Mr. Bemis is most encouraging and I hope the publication of his suggestion will act as an inspiration, not only to four hundred and ninety-nine others but to all friendly readers. How many will do their utmost in the direction indicated for the next sixty days? Read the proposal of Mr. Bemis, then sit down and write me a postal card notifying me of your enlistment as one of the noble five hundred:

MEADVILLE, Penn., June 19, 1891.

I know THE JOURNAL is the ablest of all the Spiritualist papers in this country, and should command an immense circulation.

I have but little time, and so can do but little; but will do my best. There should be 500 readers, who, during the next sixty days, can add five paying subscribers each to your list, and I propose to be one of the 500. About the 20th of August the time will be up. Five times 500 is 2,500. I propose to do my part to make good this proposition, and hope 499 others may join in the effort. I do not think I could do a better service to genuine Spiritualism than to increase the circulation of the paper which to my mind is, to state it mildly, one of the best exponents of its essential verities. I intend soon to prepare a contribution for publication; but am more anxious to strengthen your hands, by increasing the number of your paying subscribers, than to make contributions to your columns. I feel that I owe THE JOURNAL five new subscribers which should be paid within the next sixty days. If I do not pay the debt within the stipulated time, you will please call my attention to the delinquency. Who will volunteer to help?

Fraternally,

F. H. BEMIS.

TRANSITION OF DR. N. B. WOLFE.

Again is THE JOURNAL called upon to chronicle the transition of a veteran Spiritualist and long-time friend. After a protracted and painful illness Dr. N. B. Wolfe closed his mortal career on the morning of June 17, at his residence in Cincinnati. His remains were taken to Lancaster, Penn., by his daughter, Mrs. Washington Van Hamm, accompanied by her husband and Mr. Cal Van Hamm, and Mr. Robert E. Pugh who delivered the funeral address at the crematory. The ashes were deposited at Columbia, Penn., the place of his birth.

Dr. Wolfe was born in Columbia, Lancaster County, Penn., on the 25th of December, 1823. His father was Paul Wolfe, an architect, a descendant of the Wolfe and Eppy families, of Pennsylvania, of which Gov. Wolfe, of Pennsylvania, is a cousin. His mother was Mary Lockard, a granddaughter of Thomas Lockard, one of the Holland redemptionists, whose wife, Mary Hudson, was one of the Pennsylvania colonists coming over from England in the Canterbury with William Penn on his second voyage. The Lockard family is one of the old proprietary families of Lancaster County. Their descendants are numerous. Dr. Wolfe's country house in Lancaster County, "Glen Manor," being near the old family country seat. The old mill, built of stone, and now fitted with all modern conveniences, was erected in 1789.

Paul Wolfe, Dr. Wolfe's father, was the architect of the capitol at Baton Rouge, La., where he died while it was in process of erection in 1823. Dr. N. B. Wolfe spent his childhood in Columbia, Penn., and at the age of fifteen left home to carve out his fortune unaided. He early displayed ability as a writer, and had his attention not been directed to medicine, journalism would seem to have been the field most likely to afford him the greatest success. He formed the acquaintance of James Buchanan, who afterward became President of the United States, and, being an ardent Democrat, became his private secretary and resided with him at his elegant home at Wheatland. Until his death Dr. Wolfe was in intimate correspondence with the president, and by him was appointed commissioner to India to study the flowers and botany of that country. When Mr. Buchanan was Minister to the Court of St. James Wolfe was tendered but declined the Secretaryship of the Legation. After the passage of the fugitive slave law Dr. Wolfe ceased to be a Democrat and left his native town, seeking a residence in Canada.

Like many another successful man, Dr. Wolfe made several failures before fortune smiled upon him. Not until 1864 or 1865 did he get a firm foothold, and that in Cincinnati where a previous attempt had been a failure. His professional success and shrewd business sense enabled him to ac-

cumulate a fortune despite large losses entailed in attempts to assist friends.

Dr. Wolfe as early as 1850 found from practical experiments that there was something in Spiritualism, and later became an ardent Spiritualist and investigator of psychical phenomena. His experiments in 1872 in his own house with Mrs. Mary J. Hollis—now Mrs. Billing—are well known through his book "Startling Facts," which has had a world-wide circulation. To those sciences he invited F. B. Plimpton, Don Piatt and other writers of prominence, nearly all of whom were thoroughly convinced of the spirit origin of the manifestations. We believe the record of the experiments with Mrs. Hollis, as well as those of an earlier date, are good evidence, well worthy of credence. Within the past few years Dr. Wolfe published accounts of astounding phenomena had with mediums known to be arrant swindlers, and this with many has weakened the force of the evidence recorded in "Startling Facts." While we cannot accept the later testimonies we are not among those who think less of the earlier evidence. We believe it will stand.

Dr. Wolfe was head and shoulders above most men in intellect and will power. With a less rugged experience in early life, with the softening and refining influences which fell to the lot of many of his contemporaries he would have outshone them all. We knew him well and although in his later years he looked coldly upon us because of differences of opinion we never for a moment felt other than the same cordial friendship for him which characterized the earlier years of our intercourse. The only surviving member of his family, Mrs. Van Hamm, is a woman of brilliant intellect. She graduated from Pulte Medical College some years ago with great

éclat; and with the fortune of her father will be able to accomplish great good for humanity.

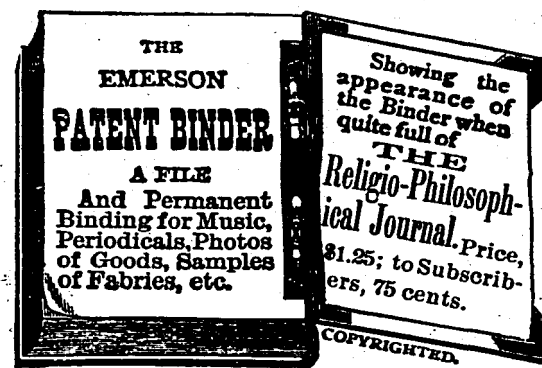
The Fifth Annual Corn Palace Festival will be held in Sioux City, October 1 to 17, 1891, inclusive. With the world-wide reputation for beauty, novelty and expression of the resources of the west, which the Corn Palace has acquired, the knowledge and ambition of its builders have increased, and the Fifth Annual Corn Palace will be one of the handsomest structures yet conceived. The festival, too, will attract a greater number of people than ever before. The flattering prospects for an abundant crop in all cereals and forms of vegetation, which are so essential in making eloquent the Corn Palace, assures also a wider interest in the region which produces it. The attractions, therefore, will be arranged on a grander scale than ever before, and the exhibits of the palace and the people who visit it as spectators will be drawn from nearly every quarter of the globe. All are invited, and Sioux City is prepared to entertain them.

The meeting held on June 1, under the great oak tree at Sunny Brae, the home of Mrs. E. L. Watson, was a grand affair. The inspired words of Mrs. Watson seem to have sunk deep into the hearts of many not accustomed to attending Spiritualist meetings. THE JOURNAL will in the near future publish a stenographic report of the discourse. On Monday of this week, Mrs. Watson spoke by request for the Capertino Society of King's Daughters on a theme she is peculiarly well fitted to discuss, "Woman's work."

A. E. Stanley, in renewing his subscription, says: People should pay promptly for so good a paper.

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Would rather be without bread

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, Marquette, Mich., 11
Nov. 7, 1889.

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

CURED AFTER THIRTY-TWO YEARS.

MILWAUKEE, May 25, 1887.
REV. KOENIG:—I am personally acquainted with a man who (in the year 1873, then forty-four years of age) commenced to take your medicine for epilepsy, which he had had for thirty-two years. The attacks which he had formerly every four weeks diminished as soon as he took your medicine and disappeared entirely since August, 1880. The man is so healthy now that he can attend to his business without fear. By this wonderful cure a large family has been made happy, and of this he is convinced and gladly testifies.
REV. PATER ARGIDIUS.

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This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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