

# RELIGIO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Cecil Carus Wilson, the discoverer of sands that emit musical notes, announces that he has succeeded in getting music from sands that were before dumb.

The efforts made by the authorities in New York to prevent the publication of the details of the legal killings, which are based upon the knowledge that familiarity with such scenes is degrading and brutalizing, have been at least partially successful.

One of the great dailies of Chicago says that partisan feeling is so strong as to make it impossible to learn the truth in regard to Mr. Blaine's health, "impossible to determine whether he be a robust athlete engaged in a daily exhibition of strength or awaiting death with an entire loss of mental faculties."

In the province of Quebec 200 Catholics had been worshipping in a temporary chapel erected by them. A new parish church was built, but they were dissatisfied with the site and refused to attend mass in it. The priest, attired in his vestments and carrying a crucifix, entered the chapel and ordered them to go to the church. On their refusing to do so he pronounced the customary anathema upon them, whereupon many women fainted in the scene which followed, but many men assaulted the priest and put him out of the chapel. Evidently the curses of the priest are losing their terrors somewhat, even in the priest-ridden Province of Quebec.

The minister who spoke at the annual meeting of the Orangemen held in this city last Sunday to commemorate the victory of King William of Orange and the Battle of the Boyne, said that there were no agnostics among Orangemen, and that they believed all men were brothers. Why then, it may be asked, do they keep up in this country the celebration of an event that occurred in another country long ago and which revives bitter memories and bloody combats between Catholics and Protestants? Orangemen as such have shown as much bigotry and cruelty as have been exhibited by Catholic Irishmen, and the readiness with which Orangemen have resorted to throwing brick-bats and paving stones and in acting in a riotous manner in other respects, has shown as little of the spirit of brotherhood as has the conduct on the same occasions of their Catholic opponents.

William T. Stead, editor of the *London Review of the Reviews*, says that since the Prince of Wales is not allowed to do any public work he is warranted in turning his attention to baccarat, horse racing and kindred pursuits to kill time. Considering the tastes he has inherited from the Georges, it might be expected that the Prince, with nothing to do but lay corner-stones, open country fairs and receive visitors, would do as he has done, turn to gambling, etc. But had he possessed any taste for science, literature or art, or any interest in the cause of education and reform, he would have found no lack of opportunity to exercise his faculties in legitimate, honorable and useful pursuits. For these pursuits he was not, unfortu-

nately, fitted by nature and he has been entirely unfitted for them by a life of idleness and dissipation, for which the English aristocracy and the English government, it must be admitted, are to a considerable extent responsible.

A sensible Polish priest in Baltimore said lately, referring to the scheme of Herr Cahensley: "Why should we have a Polish bishop if we are content to remain under English-speaking bishops? In fifty years there will not be a Pole in America. The young people are learning the English language very rapidly and there is no good reason why we should impede their progress and keep them back from becoming Americans." This is the truth in a nutshell. The Pope has rejected Cahensley's plan to appoint bishops to preside over the various nationalities represented by Catholic immigrants in the United States. The proposer and supporters of the scheme were ignorant of the spirit and principles of American institutions. They desired to perpetuate distinctions of language, training and prejudice, which ought to be effaced as soon as possible, in the interest of the government which extends its protection alike over native and adopted citizens. There is room here for only one nation, and that nation is the American people.

At San Jose, a few days ago, died Prof. Hermann Kottinger, at the age of ninety. He was once a professor in Heidelberg University. He came to this country more than half a century ago. Twenty years ago he was the leading violinist on the Pacific coast. He owned a Stradivarius violin, 200 years old, which had descended to him from his grandfather. For this violin which, when he was found dead was in his right hand clasped to his breast, he had repeatedly refused \$1,000. He was author of several works in prose and poetry, including an elementary history of the world and text books designed for liberal schools. He lived alone, was believed to be worth considerable money and, in the last years of his life at least, he was disposed to hoard his possessions. Prof. Kottinger was a strange character. Not only was he a great musician, he was deeply interested in education, and although the papers which speak of his miserly disposition make no mention of this, some of his books were published at considerable pecuniary sacrifice.

According to published reports a peculiar case of perverted vision has been presented to Dr. E. W. Brickley, an oculist of this city, writes a York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*. A little girl of ten years, the daughter of one of this city's most respected citizens, was discovered by her school teacher to be unable to read her reading exercise unless the book was held upside down. The teacher, Miss Busser, immediately communicated the fact to her parents, and they became very much worried. The oculist was called in and an examination made of the child's eyes. They were found to be entirely normal. The only conclusion arrived at was that the strange freak of vision was the result of a habit of trying to read with the book pages in an unnatural position, a habit contracted some years ago when the child was first sent to school. At that time the child in writing numbers upon a slate always made them upside down, and as it was never observed nor corrected, she gradually drifted into the habit of reading the same way. The only

means of cure possible, it is said, is to teach the child everything over again, as though she never knew anything before. This will be carefully done, and a cure of this really phenomenal case is anxiously looked for in the near future.

The pope was asked to give his official sanction to the establishment of Catholic banks in the cities of Europe. He wisely declined. Sectarian religion is possible, but a sectarian bank cannot be successfully conducted. Archbishop Purcell tried the experiment, becoming banker for thousands of Catholics, upon whom he brought financial ruin. There was a Catholic banking establishment in Lawrence, Mass., a few years ago which collapsed, leaving many pious Catholics, including servant girls, minus the money they had denied themselves luxuries to save. A Chicago daily says with truth: There never has been a bank that made a great display of piety in the management of its affairs that did not come to misfortune or disgrace. The affairs of trade are not sectarian; a loan is to be considered in relation to the security offered for its payment, to the interest which it bears, and to its employment upon the productive industries of the world, and not in relation to the religious sentiment or character of the borrower. . . . There is no such thing as a Jewish bank, or a Methodist bank, or a Presbyterian bank; there can not be, for money is cosmopolitan. The head of a bank may be Jew or gentile, Christian or infidel, orthodox or latitudinarian, but he must keep his theology out of his business; he must weigh the security, not the creeds of his customers.

In volume ten of the writings of George Washington, edited by Worthington C. Ford, is a letter from Gen. Washington to Thomas Paine, dated September 18, 1782, in which reference is made to Paine's forecast of the situation in one of the numbers of "The Crisis." The suggestion of Paine, Washington says, is ingenious and it will encourage the men of the army. The suggestion is as follows: "I believe," says Paine, "we have seen our worst days. The spirit of the war on the part of the enemy is certainly on the decline full as much as we think for. I draw this conclusion not only from the difficulties we know they are in and the present promiscuous appearance of things, but from the peculiar effect which certain periods of time have, more or less, upon all men. The British have been accustomed to think of the term of seven years in a manner different from other periods of time. They acquire this, partly by habit, by religion, by reason and by superstition. They serve a seven years' apprenticeship; they elect their Parliament for seven years; they punish by seven years transportation or the duplicate or the triplicate of that number; their leases run in the same manner and they read that Jacob served seven years for one wife and seven years for another, and thus this particular period, by a variety of concurrences, has obtained an influence in their minds superior to any other number. They have now had seven years war and are not an inch further on the continent than when they began. The superstitious and the popular part will conclude that it is not to be and the reasonable part will think they have tried an unsuccessful scheme long enough and that it is in vain to try any longer."

### MRS. WATSON'S EXPERIENCE WITH A SECTARIAN SOCIETY.

Some months ago Mrs. E. L. Watson decided to adopt a boy to take the place as far as possible of her son who passed to spirit life three years ago. She has an ideal home in the beautiful Santa Clara valley, California, and she felt like taking some forsaken child, affording it an asylum, educating it and giving it a start in the world. She went to the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, and seeing there a bright boy with large brown eyes and a spirituelle face, just the little fellow for whom she had been looking, she applied to Mrs. Barstow, president of the society. "I want to adopt one of your boys," she said. Mrs. Barstow inquired as to what church Mrs. Watson belonged, and on learning that she was a Spiritualist the president remarked that she had never received an application from a Spiritualist before and added that she would have to have references. She was at once referred to half a dozen persons well known for their high character. "Well I shall require you," she said, "to promise to educate this boy in the Christian faith. He must be sent to some Christian church and Sunday school every Sunday." Mrs. Watson stated that she would not guarantee to take him to church every Sunday, that she did not believe in some of the doctrines taught in the churches and that she should use her own judgement in the religious education of a child in her charge; that if she took the child it should receive the same care in all respects that her own child had.

Mrs. Watson's application for the boy was refused. Her friends could not understand the affair. The constitution and by-laws of the institution declare that it knows no sect. The state contributes to its support on the ground that it is strictly non-sectarian. The gentleman who endowed the Society gave it \$400,000 with the understanding that denominationalism was not to be introduced and that the institution should be conducted on broad and liberal principles. The action of the society became a subject of discussion. The friends of Mrs. Watson, who at first took only a personal interest in the matter, soon saw the importance of exerting themselves in defence of a principle. A petition was prepared, signed and sent to the managers of the Society, in which the petitioners stated that "Mrs. Watson was eminently qualified morally, religiously and financially to have the training and care of said child, and that under her instruction he would receive a high moral and religious conception of the divine principles which are the bases of an upright life, and that the intellectual, moral and religious training of the child can be with perfect safety intrusted to her, and that under the sheltering care of Mrs. Watson, the highest and best interests of the child would be secured." The managers were asked by the petitioners to reconsider their former action and to grant the petition of Mrs. Watson. Rev. John Q. Adams, Presbyterian clergyman, and Mrs. John Q. Adams wrote, "We see no good reason why the action of the managers in this case should not be reconsidered and the application of Mrs. Watson granted." B. F. Crary, editor of the *California Advocate*, and Mrs. B. F. Crary added their testimony in these words: "Mrs. Watson lives seven or eight miles from Santa Clara. She is a cultured, conscientious lady of high intelligence and great moral worth. I have no doubt of her qualifications to train any child." Dr. Henry M. Fiske wrote: "From years of acquaintance with Mrs. Watson, I believe her eminently qualified to take charge of a child. I believe her influence and example and teaching such as would promote the child's welfare and tend to make him an honorable and useful member of society." Space will allow us to give only one more of the numerous testimonies to Mrs. Watson's high character and her fitness to have charge of a child, that were sent to the managers of the institution. Rev. Horatio Stebbins and W. A. Aldrich wrote: "I am unable to understand what the religious opinion of one who proposes to adopt a child from the Protection and Relief Society has to do with the question; what the requirements to send the child to a Sunday-school has to do with it. The matter to be decided is, is the applicant fit to have the care of a

child and would the child's condition be improved by the adoption? In my opinion Mrs. Watson is a fit and proper person to adopt a child." Notwithstanding the strong petition accompanied with numerous statements from well-known and worthy persons as to the character of Mrs. Watson, her application at a subsequent meeting of the board of directors was again refused.

This is a most aggravating case of injustice—injustice not only to Mrs. Watson and the little boy to whom she would like to give a home, but to Spiritualists and liberals throughout the state of California. The constitution of that state allows no distinction on religious grounds against any class of people. Section four provides that "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship shall forever be guaranteed in this state." The Ladies' Protective and Relief Society professes to be unsectarian; it receives personal contributions and state support on the ground that it is undenominational, and can therefore consistently receive aid from all classes irrespective of religious belief. Its constitution, by-laws and reports are worded so as to convey the impression that it is conducted on humanitarian principles alone, and that theological beliefs and differences are, in carrying out its work, left out of consideration. Yet when Mrs. Watson applies for one of the orphans in the institution, and shows by the testimony of prominent teachers, clergymen and physicians, that she is able to give the child a good home and is in every respect a most worthy woman, her application is refused on the ground that she is a Spiritualist, and would not promise to send the child every Sunday to a Christian church. The Protection and Relief Society is undeserving further aid from the state or from unsectarian people until it reverses its action in the case of Mrs. Watson, and rises in its work above petty sectarian methods. The Spiritualists of California, and fair-minded people of that state generally, should insist upon the granting of Mrs. Watson's application and should start an agitation in favor of excluding religious sectarianism from all institutions which receive money from the state. Appropriations of money by state legislatures in aid of institutions, educational or charitable, which teach or commend theological creeds are secured chiefly by men who make a business or profit out of charity. Such find it easy to get the votes of those who, while pretending to act in the interests of religion, vote appropriations to get in return the support of the religious classes interested in these institutions. Taking money from taxpayers by legislative action to aid sectarian institutions ought not to be possible in any state. The lobbyists who procure such appropriations "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." Any representative of the people who votes for such appropriations, whether they be for Catholic or Protestant institutions, should be voted at the next election by Spiritualists and by all liberal people to stay at home and make way for honest men.

#### A QUESTION OF METHODS.

Some people seem to imagine that the whole superstructure of Spiritualism is involved in the vindication of all sorts of pretended mediumship. Some impostor is caught with the usual paraphernalia personating a spirit and straightway they proceed to palliate, excuse and condone the offense. They declare there are frauds and counterfeits everywhere; that there are bad people in the churches. True. But professing to be Christians does not make them so. Spiritualism is not involved in the one case, nor Christianity in the other. When some greedy fakir, whether mediumistic or otherwise, is detected personating a departed human spirit, Spiritualism is no more responsible for such deceptions than is Christianity responsible for the frauds and abuses committed in its name. The best way to serve Spiritualism is, to promptly relegate all such impostors to the background. Genuine mediumship, like genuine coin, is best protected and passes current most readily when freed from all spurious imitations. Purity and impurity, chastity and unchastity do not affiliate, and no amount of charity induces them to go hand in

hand. But, says the objector, genuine mediums sometimes resort to deception. Be it so. Just to the extent that they resort to deception they compromise their mediumship, and ally themselves to lying influences, and should no longer be encouraged or trusted. Such may furnish interesting subjects for psychical study and investigation, for purely scientific purposes, but they open up no desirable avenues of communication with the Spirit-world. One does not seek communication with such spirits in the flesh, unless to reclaim or reform them, and why, save for such ends, should one seek communion with them out of the flesh? But, it is said, when Spiritualists expose fraudulent mediumship, the church "takes up the refrain" and a Talmage indulges in all manner of false accusations against Spiritualism generally. Therefore the overzealous Spiritualist proposes to retort in kind, by saying, "You are another." In vulgar phrase they say it is a case of the "pot calling the kettle black." So it is proposed to ascertain how many Judases there are in the churches, to institute a "clipping bureau," and turn the spiritualistic press into a great national police gazette, in which all the crimes of preachers and church members are to be published to the world as a delectable entertainment for Spiritualists. It is proposed to make the background so black that Spiritualism shall appear clean, pure, white and immaculate in the contrast. "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." "Dearly beloved avenge not yourselves." Rather give place to those eternal laws which will eventually work out for all their beneficent purposes. Avoid this sluice way of filth as you would a pestilence. Sanitary regulations are established to protect the body against the ravages of disease. Swamps are drained, cesspools and places of filth cleansed or abolished to get rid of malarious poisons. Must moral cesspools and disease-breeders remain untouched? To profess Spiritualism implies care for the health of the spirit. Were garbage or filth to be dumped on the lawns of Spiritualists they would resent it both as an insult and a menace to health, and would prosecute the offender for trespass. Why should it be esteemed less offensive to turn a sluice way of moral filth into their parlors? Let those who will, become moral scavengers and prepare a repast suited only to the depraved castle of moral vultures; but spare the Spiritualist public such an infliction. THE JOURNAL hopes it is not too severe; but really, it seems it were better to establish a "clipping bureau" to collect and publish accounts of beautiful deeds of self-sacrificing charity and incidents of noble endeavor which adorn human nature and bless mankind.

#### DARK BECAUSE THEY DENY DOGMAS.\*

Representatives of the Roman Catholic church have for centuries taught that beyond the visible world of material things there is an invisible world of spirits, and that these spirits sometimes manifest themselves, for good or for evil according to their good or evil nature, to inhabitants of earth. In former times the testimonies—the voices or messages or miraculous doings—of spirits were appealed to by the church in support of her authority and teachings, all dissenting whether in the body or out of it being, as far as possible, silenced, and this is true now among peasant populations where ignorance is dense and faith is strong. With increase of intelligence and of intellectual activity and independence among men comes increasing protest against priestly authority, theological dogmas and ecclesiastical rituals from the invisible world. The only way the Catholic church can maintain her authority amid the growth of Spiritualism is to declare that all spirits that do not acknowledge her claims are evil spirits acting under the direction of Satan.

Among the works on Spiritualism by Roman Catholic authors that are approved and recommended by leading representatives of the church, is one entitled "The Spirits of Darkness," by Rev. John Gmeiner.

\*The Spirits of Darkness and their Manifestations on Earth; or Ancient and Modern Spiritualism, by Rev. John Gmeiner, professor in the Theological Seminary at St. Francis, Milwaukee Co., Wis. Hoffmann Brothers, Catholic publishers, Chicago and Milwaukee, 1889. 3d edition.

The main object of this volume is to prove that Spiritualism (Spiritism) is based on actual spirit phenomena, but that the phenomena are for the most part due to the agency of evil spirits and that communication with them should therefore be avoided. Thus Professor Gmeiner would defend his church and its theology against materialism, which recognizes no spirit life, and at the same time against modern Spiritualism, which teaches the existence and communion of spirits, while it rejects the authority and many of the dogmas of the Catholic church. The chief value of the work for Spiritualists consists in the numerous facts, proofs and arguments it ably adduces in support of the claim that spirits actually exist and are able to manifest themselves to men and women still in the flesh. The author admits that some of the manifestations are from good spirits.

"The range of so-called modern science" [he says] "is rather limited; it takes in but that part of the grand universe which can be reached by the senses through physical appliances and experiments,—the material world. The Christian religion on the other hand, teaches that besides and, in the scale of created perfection, above this material world there exists also a world of Spirits that, under the guidance or permission of Providence, take an active interest in human affairs, and occasionally manifest their presence on earth by unmistakable signs. These Spirits are of various kinds. In the first place the Church believes in 'the communion of Saints'; that is, in a spiritual union existing between all real human members of the Church of Christ—between those who, having already departed this life, are either in heaven or still linger in purgatory, and those who are yet living on earth. The great theologian St. Thomas teaches that souls or Spirits of the dead may, by special dispensation of God be present among men and ever appear to the living. Remarkable cases of apparition or manifestation of persons who had died, are related by eminent, learned and pious, and not over-credulous writers. That by permission of God the souls or Spirits of those still detained in purgatory may manifest themselves to living friends or other persons, to obtain the assistance of their prayers and other good works, is the doctrine of St. Thomas, of Cardinal Bona, and of other saints and teachers of the Church."

But modern Spiritualism, this reverend professor says "as a system of phenomena tending to ignore or deny Christ and His church, must be looked upon by all members of the Church as the work of evil Spirits trying to delude men under the mask of departed, and often dear persons. Moreover no member of the Church knowing this can—with a good conscience—be present at Spiritualist circles or séances." If the spirits would only confirm the teachings of the Church there would be no objection to their manifestations. "Every Spirit teaching anything contrary to the doctrines of this church, is to be unhesitatingly considered a lying Spirit whatever he may pretend to be. The Church then does not deny that also good angels, and even souls of departed persons, may occasionally appear and manifest themselves to men in various ways." But this author would have men avoid curiously seeking the return of the dead, since great caution is needed in dealing with spirits to learn whether they are evil or good, since the former transform themselves into angels of light. The sign of the cross and the name of Jesus it is alleged have now as in the middle ages and in the first ages of Christianity powerful influence over evil spirits. Prof. Gmeiner says that a priest "twice suddenly stopped the performances of the Davenport brothers in St. Louis, by simply making the sign of the cross," that a table "used for Spiritualistic experiments broke asunder at the very moment when a blessed rosary was placed upon it for the third time," that a basket "was seen to twist itself like a serpent and fly away from a gospel." Statements like this are made to show the power of Christ and the Catholic church over evil spirits. And yet if a person "drop some holy water on a slate" or "make on it the sign of the cross" and then from curiosity go to a medium "it would be no wonder if that person would not be protected by Providence against 'the snares of the devil'; for God does not grant us means of salvation to play with or make experiments with them from mere curiosity."

If Prof. Gmeiner could dispossess his mind of the idea that his church is infallible and embodies all the religious truth and wisdom of the world, he might see

that it is the less enlightened spirits that still cling to the dogmas of Rome, and that those who deny the authority of his church and repudiate some of its teachings are the more advanced and independent spirits. "In theology we balance authorities; in science we weigh facts," said Kepler. The seeker after truth has the moral right to communicate with intelligence wherever it manifests itself whether in the physical body or outside of it, and an independent thinker will not submit to any priestly system of protection against investigation in any field of research. The right of every man to read the Bible, as well as every other work and to interpret it for himself and his right to examine the phenomena of Spiritualism and to judge from them as to the moral character of the beings who cause them, rest upon the same basis—the imprescriptible right to think, to reason, to investigate, and learn the truth in all things.

#### TOO FAR IN ADVANCE OF HIS AGE.

More than once attention has been called to the fact that the religious views of Thomas Paine were essentially the same as those taught to-day under the name of Unitarianism. The truth of this statement was unwittingly confirmed by a prominent Unitarian minister who once, in defining Unitarianism, used the very language in which Paine, in the "Age of Reason," made his "individual profession of faith." The minister had no suspicion that he was quoting from the "infidel," Paine. Paine said, "I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy." Jesus, he said, "was a virtuous and amiable man," and the morality he preached and practiced, although it had been preached "by many good men in all ages, it has not been exceeded by any." Paine pointed out errors in the Bible to show that it was a collection of books written by men, and not a supernatural revelation from God. This is now also the Unitarian view of the subject. He was so far in advance of his time that the declaration and defence of his religious convictions, including his opinions in regard to the Bible cost him his good name among Christians everywhere, Unitarians included. Paine and Jefferson, whose religious views were the same, were in their essential religious positions so far in advance of the Unitarians of their day, that they really represented what is now taught as Unitarianism by its present radical leaders—Savage, Chadwick, Gannett, Jones, *et id omne genus*. We have been waiting a long time for some editorial word in a Unitarian publication in this country, giving credit to Paine for his advanced position, and making an acknowledgment that he was in his views as to God, Jesus, the origin and authority of the Bible, miracles, etc., more in accord with the Unitarianism of to-day than were those who represented Unitarianism in his time. Some years ago *The Inquirer*, the English Unitarian paper admitted substantially what is here claimed; but the Unitarian papers of this country have carefully avoided any expression that might identify "Tom Paine" with the views they hold. At last the *Christian Register* has said the right word and given to Paine the meed of praise to which his services as a religious reformer entitle him. Paine did not represent the scientific criticism of this day, nor did he have the knowledge of evolution possessed now, without which no one can understand religious systems, but he was far in advance of his theological opponents and had grasped essential principles of liberal religious thought which no Christians of his time acknowledged. This is what the *Christian Register* says about Thomas Paine:

"Again and again we find a man who is ostracised or excommunicated in one age practically reappears in another. The process of transmigration of souls or reincarnation goes on whenever some great truth or idea needs embodiment. So it is that Thomas Paine, though stigmatized and set aside as an infidel, finds reincarnation in the modern scientific Biblical critic. Paine pointed out the contradictions in the Bible which rendered impossible the claim that it is an in-

fallible book. He lived too far in advance of his age. The spirit of modern scientific criticism had not yet come. Paine had the destructive method, but not the reconstructive. He showed what the Bible was not, but failed to show what it really is. And now it is interesting to find that, in a different spirit and with different tools, and bound by certain traditions from which Paine was free, the professors in our orthodox theological seminaries are doing again the work which Paine did, and, like him, in the interests of honesty and truth. The apologies which his work called forth would now be set aside by the candid Biblical critic as utterly puerile and insufficient. The contradictions of the Bible must be acknowledged by the modern investigator, and the theory which denied their possibility must be set aside."

Mr. Washburn, editor of the Boston *Investigator*, relates the following: We were to officiate at a funeral in Chelsea on the afternoon of the 4th inst. It is our custom to carry a small leather grip to and from Boston, as we have about two dozen exchanges to look through every day, besides correspondence, books, etc., to read, all of which we do at our home. We were to stop at the funeral on our way to Boston. We reached the house at just the time set for the services to commence. As we entered, carrying our grip, the funeral-director, who was a stranger, approached and took it from our hands and was about to open it, saying, "Shall I assist you on with your robes?" Great Caesar's ghost! Robes! Think of it! To be taken for an Episcopal clergyman! We assured the gentleman that we should not change our robes until bed-time. A friend of the family appeared on the scene and explained that we were not educated that way, but the undertaker looked as though he thought we had done him a personal injury by not having a black gown in our leather bag for him to smooth over our figure. We are trying to get prepared for anything, but we wonder what will come next.

A student of prison life at Sing Sing, says the *Personal Rights Advocate*, gives it as his deliberate judgment that reformation is impossible, when criminals are crowded together under one roof. In a penitentiary the prisoners sentenced for a term of years for small offences go out into the world after their release more wicked than before, and plunge still deeper into the abyss of crime. Another thing has been observed at Sing Sing. While the prisoners do not derive any moral benefit from their association with each other, the officials, whose duty it is to watch them, seem to be affected by the contagious iniquity around them. The reported heavy defalcation among some of the officials will make startling reading when the story is given to the public. So it seems that our prison system not only educates the prisoners into malefactors, but tempts their guards to become criminals. If Sing Sing is a fair sample of our penal institutions the whole business needs a thorough overhauling.

One of the earlier yeomen of Bridgeton was a pump-maker, a good citizen, but with "no religious preferences." One day he was waited upon by one of the church assessors, who handed him a bill for the support of preaching. "I hain't heard no preaching," said the old man, somewhat surprised. "Well, brother, it's your own fault then," said the churchman. "It's been accessible to all every Sabbath for a year." He paid. Not long after the parish received from him a bill for a pump. "We have bought no pump of you," was the answer. "Well, then," replied the old gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye, "it's your own fault, for I have been making them for years."

In talking with one of America's best known literary men the other day, he expressed his conviction in—as nearly as I can remember—words like these: "The battle, it seems to me, has got to be fought out between the agnostic scientists and the Spiritualists. Orthodoxy is now only a tradition, and does not count." So far as this great problem of continued existence is concerned, I agree with him.—*M. J. Savage*.



## PSEUDO "SCIENCE OF THE STARS."

By J. G. JACKSON.

In THE JOURNAL of June 20th, the "Author of The Light of Egypt," addresses me personally with sundry questions, assertions and insinuations. I have cursorily looked over his book and find it less valuable as regards the giving forth of any real light or true "science of the stars," than I could otherwise have conceived any person scientifically cultured to have written. But it is not possible to review critically and point out the paucity and absurdity of its well-worded and well-printed utterances, without attacking radically a work which the publisher of THE JOURNAL has issued, and seems to consider worthy of a place in libraries for public institutions. \* Not desiring to do this, it yet seems proper for truth's sake to make brief response to the astrologist's queries lest the readers of THE JOURNAL might be led to suppose our "star-eyed mistress" regarded the stilted volume with other than a quiet smile of contempt. How can she do less, when the author seems to regard a diagram, striking to the eye, as sufficient to establish any foolish theory or assertion whatever, regardless of the absolute need of further demonstration and correlative facts.

To illustrate: He adopts in his frontispiece—"The Realm of Spirit"—and also in his "Grand Man of the Starry Heavens," (page 171) the seven prismatic colors which were formerly supposed to compose the solar light. How can science do less than laugh on noting that the author of so much presumptuous and verbose obscurity—"The Light of Egypt"—has not yet penetrated deeply enough into nature even to learn what Sir David Brewster demonstrated more than fifty years ago, namely, that solar light is composed of but three primary colors, the red, the yellow and the blue, and that all the other four—the violet, indigo, green and orange are only produced by admixtures in the spectrum, caused by varying refrangibility in some of the rays of the three primaries. See "Treatise on Optics" by Sir David Brewster, LL. D., F. R. S. of L. & E., American edition of 1837, page 68-70. I am afraid to tell our star-eyed mistress at either of her select receptions to which she sometimes invites me, that there are high-flying empirics in these days, who hold to a correspondence between the twelve signs of the zodiac and the twelve sons of Jacob, that prince of Bible cheats, the son of one pretty but deceptive woman, and the husband of another that could both lie and steal. (See L. E., page 211.) The "Star-eyed"—aye! the star-crowned lady might rebuke me before assembled notables by asking, "What have you to do with such subjects? May be he has written the book under the inspiration of the same fiery-cup which enabled the prophet Ezra to write the history of all things from the beginning, (II Esdras, chapter xiv)."

But to my brief answers for truth's sake—not to make boast. I "attack in public prints" pseudo science of astrology, because it is discarded by all positive scientists, and hold myself, in spite of the "author's" assertion, in a good degree competent to judge it. I calculated the great Transit of Venus of 1882, forty-five years before its occurrence, and lived to observe minutely its complete fulfillment. I can determine for the stated time of any birth, the precise position of the sun, moon and all the planets, and tell "the various arcs of distance between them (and each pair of them) for a given moment," but do not deduce as he asks, any "supposed results from an astrological standpoint," because they are altogether "supposed" and I do not believe in them. Yes, I have been an amateur astronomer, a teacher of the science and a practical worker in that line for over sixty

\* A publisher in issuing a book for an author does not necessarily endorse its teachings any more than he does all the articles which appear in a paper which he publishes. —ED.

years—using the telescope and other astronomical appliances throughout that period of time. Amongst the rest was a set of mounted circles and planes somewhat original, that I named a "Cometorium," which is still standing in my office ready for use when any stray comet of note comes along.

It is neither more nor less than a miniature solar system, made to scale of one-eighth of an inch to a million miles, and is provided with adjustable planes, which are set to suit each comet as soon as the inclination and other elements of its orbit are determined. It becomes practicable then to make out upon the properly adjusted plane, the elliptical orbit of the comet and its perihelion point therein; so that one can readily measure with a scale, for any day required—past, present, and future—the comet's actual distance from the sun or from the earth. The machine can be used also for determining a comet's apparent path amongst the stars. Nay more! I am almost tempted to say our "Author" could get his cometary horoscope from it if he should need one. Doubtless it would show an erratic life-line. Yes! I have, I will say in reply to his inquiry, "devoted serious thought and valuable time to the investigation of all such subjects."

No doubt there have been astrologers in the past who have sometimes made prophecies that were genuine. But many more false than true ones have been reported. Any that were actual previsions were the result of that most wonderful psychic power, of the human soul, which is now being wisely made a matter of most serious and interesting inquiry. The grand and universal cosmos of more than one hundred millions of suns and their dependencies, endowed throughout with soul life, is doubtless a connected unit of law-abiding and corresponding powers and influences. But practical simplicity and proportion seem everywhere to inspire the governing powers and phenomena of the world. Influences generally when understood, seem to rule with powers, "inversely as the square of the distance," and "victory in a general way goes with the heaviest battalions." Our God-father, the Sun, seems most to rule our destinies and shape our lives, in and under the universal reign of law upon this planet. It can make little difference what time in the day a child be born on a globe constantly in motion, and to every inhabitant of which each star and planet presses over and under once in the twenty-four hours. Simplicity and due proportion, we repeat, is a rule of law. There is a "Science of the Stars" but it is not the old so-called "Judicial Astrology."

## REMINISCENCES.

By MRS. J. M. STAATS.

## CHAPTER VIII. (CONCLUDED.)

## TRANCE SPEAKING, HOW IT CAME ABOUT AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

For a period of seven years my time as writing medium was almost entirely occupied, all other manifestations having ceased so that save writing we had no evidence of physical manifestations. My mother would occasionally regret that we had no more raps or table-tipping, feeling as did I that after all independent sounds were more convincing, and who knew but that after all it might have been myself that had been writing all this time, unaided by spirits. Perhaps some occult force of my mind hitherto unknown had by some unexplained method been wrought upon, thereby producing results so few of which are here recalled. My friends thought me sincere but had pity for my delusion. I began to reason on the same basis with those whose pity failed to offer the slightest clew whereby the constantly recurring and even more stubborn facts could be explained. It was no part of my plan or purpose to persist in deceiving myself, and I surely would not deceive others. At length my reasoning became like one walking around a beaten circle, each time meeting the same obstacles and at every step encountering the very same crystalized facts and constantly recurring proof. All physical manifestations might be regarded, so said many who wished to settle the question of causes, as due to electricity, but who could tell what electricity was and by what possible law it operated.

Electricity, according to Webster's lengthy definition, gave no light on the subject, hence I confessed myself more puzzled in my vain search to study up physic and occult forces, aye, vastly more bewildered than I was to accept the facts as they stood, calling it spirit communication, until honest investigation should reveal another name for it. Then, too, the Fox sisters had been put through every known process to test the electricity question, had been placed on glass plates, and dressed in fabrics which were known to be non-conductors.

Mrs. Hayden had allowed Prof. Hare to place her hands and arms in water, meanwhile the manifestations went on as before. Finally when electricity failed as proof of intelligence, then came a sweeping denunciation of the whole subject as the work of the evil one—proof of which was the Bible, which sacred volume gave more for than against in so many places that we were happier for our search. One of our friends, the wife of a very excellent clergyman, being most earnest and anxious to learn of the subject, came to us one day to convince us that it was of evil origin. She had been told that if the Bible was placed on the table there would be no manifestation.

We were happy to make this attempt and at once placing the dear old book on the table drew around it, the lady holding her side of the table firmly down, one of my nieces being opposite. After a few moments silence the lady said very triumphantly, "What did I tell you?" Scarcely were the words uttered before the table gave a lurch and off went the book, with leaves apart, down it came on the floor, wide open. A rush was made to pick it up, when to our surprise we found it opened.

As I have said at the beginning of this chapter, as to trance speaking, and how it came about, I will keep more to my text. The first Spiritualist society was then holding meetings at Dodworth's Hall, on Broadway, their speaker having disappointed them they were casting about for some other speaker. There had been a long stop in my writing, whether from lack of faith or loss of vitality I am unable to say. During this rest I had fallen into a habit of talking in my sleep. I had no recollection of dreaming, had indeed no knowledge of what had occurred, only knew that I was very sleepy, yawned and fell into a delightful slumber, always awakening refreshed. From one of these naps I was surprised upon awakening to find my mother greatly disturbed by what I had said. Upon asking why she was displeased she told me that I had talked upon subjects and advanced ideas totally different from all truths in which I had been educated, in fact had avowed a doctrine which she considered false and pernicious, she being avowed pro-slavery for I had talked abolitionism.

It so happened that the late Alvah E. Laing, a very warm advocate of the spiritual philosophy, called the afternoon of this event, which my mother narrated. Some comment was made and I promised to go to sleep in my chair for his entertainment the next afternoon at a given time. Mr. Laing was punctual, so was my slumber, from which I awoke as usual, finding my hearers greatly pleased at what had occurred. Whoever or whatever it was that had made use of my powers of speech, it told Mr. Laing that I would supply the desk at Dodworth's Hall the following Sabbath, morn and evening, which I of my individual self in my own estate positively refused to do. After much persuasion, willing to prove how entirely foolish it was to expect such things of me, an agreement was made whereby all blame for disappointing an audience should be assumed by the committee, that I would stand up or go to sleep in the desk at the hall. Somehow, I knew not why, I had not the slightest anxiety after the promise was given. I only remember going there, and seeing a large audience in which I recognized not a single familiar face. The only recollection remaining is the sweet music of Mr. Harry Dodworth's band which lulled me into a pleasant slumber. After talking, I never knew of what, over an hour, without evident unnaturalness, I came to myself before the large concourse, was thanked for my effort and surrounded by a number of people, men and women, who congratulated me on my success.

The late Dr. J. F. Gray, although an entire stranger to me, took my hand and remarked that my answer to his question was exceedingly interesting and satisfactory; what the question or what the answer was I knew not, nor did I learn until my mother expressed surprise and grief at my ideas so entirely foreign to her preconceived conception based on her early education. For instance, the reply to the doctor's question, "What think you of Jesus Christ." My mother declared the reply disrobed Christ of divinity and placed him merely as the highest type of manhood, through whom flowed the evidences of God the Father, manifest in mortal, being in harmony with the purest and holiest influence of the spheres; he evidenced the fact of living, moving and having a being in God whose divine presence made him the first fruit of immortality so plainly exemplified in his life and death. He gave you the living principal whose example and life emulated, not whose blood is to elevate humanity and draw them nearer to the Father God. To defend myself was beyond my power. I regretted the fact that so much had been said to hurt my mother's feelings, yet I had become the victim of her darling subject; hence she perforce must seek explanation of the invisible Samuel, who usurped a certain control we knew so little of, as he had never given us more than the name.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON'S TEMPLE OAK.

[Report of religious exercises conducted by Mrs. E. L. Watson at her rancho, "Sunny Brae," Santa Clara County, California, on Sunday, June 7, 1891, in the open air, under the branches of a giant oak, Mr. F. H. Woods acting as chairman. Stenographically reported for THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL by Mr. Hawes, of San Francisco.]

After an overture and singing of the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee," Mr. Woods opened the exercises. He said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS: In the name of our hostess, Mrs. Watson, I give you a cordial greeting and hearty welcome. We meet here to-day for social and friendly communion; also, the programme says, for religious services; and what better place could we have for such services than under the wide-spreading branches of this ancient oak, whose roots run back into past centuries, and which to-day is to be dedicated as a Temple Oak. Perhaps some of you may be mentally asking, "Why this new departure?" Without speaking by authority, I may say that I understand this meeting to-day is to inaugurate the commencement of similar reunions intended to be held here annually. Also that you may have a better conception of the public position and the religious convictions of our hostess, who has now been among you some ten years and is widely known throughout this valley as a thoroughly competent and careful business woman, and a woman of rare mental and spiritual gifts. Many among you have experienced her kind ministrations in sickness, and some have felt the sweet consolation she has brought in the hour of death; but not having done much public work in this valley, all do not to-day fully know what are her religious convictions; all do not know that at an early age her life was in a great measure dedicated to public work in the great cause of truth and humanity. After years of public labor in the eastern states, where she is widely and most favorably known, failing health compelled her to seek a more genial climate, and I believe our friend was angel-guided to this beautiful valley. And where in our golden state can you find a more genial climate, more beautiful homes or a more cultivated, intelligent and progressive people than in the Santa Clara Valley? Here she has made her life-home among you, and by patience, skill and labor has brought this place up from a barren waste to what you see it to-day. In doing this our friend has not escaped the usual struggles, trials and discouragements pertaining to home-building. The passing years had their shadows, and during the last four years death has made sad inroads into this home. First the noble man, the wise counsellor and business adviser, the true friend, Champion, was stricken down and called to a higher life, followed one year later by the death of the only and dearly beloved son and brother, the stay and prop of the house, taken just

when most needed, and just as youth was dawning into manhood. One year ago the dear old friend and aged patriarch, Jonathan Watson, he, too, "tired with the march of life," lay down to sleep. Those were dark hours, but still one dear child was left, hope was not entirely lost, and you, Mrs. Watson's neighbors, may never know how much your sympathy and your kind, neighborly acts have done to keep the fire burning on the altar of faith and hope. Now, after two years rest from public ministration in San Francisco, and with health restored, there seem to be indications that in the near future Mrs. Watson will be called to resume her public work, and I think it is her desire to commence that work right here, and thus to consecrate this place.

At the conclusion of Mr. Woods' introductory, the song, "When the Mists have Rolled in Splendor from the Beauty of the Hills," was finely sung, when Mrs. Watson preluded her discourse with the following remarks and invocation:

Dear friends, in our search after spiritual truth, there is but one appropriate attitude, that of prayer, receptivity, aspiration, desire to know the truth. Will you unite with me this hour in such an aspiration, addressed to the infinite source of truth.

Our Father and Mother God, whose life is our life, whose smile of love rests upon all creatures, from the least to the greatest, whose presence fills all the worlds and whose will is manifest in nature's laws immutable; Eternal and Infinite Spirit, Thou knowest what we need before we ask it. We have no petition to put up to Thee that Thou change Thy purpose toward us; but as the flowers open to receive the dew and light, as the birds sing their free and happy songs, as the mountain streams leap seaward, and all worlds turn yearningly toward the sun, so our spirits turn to Thee, seeking the smile of Thy love, seeking food for the soul, which is Thy truth, and asking only that we may learn to obey Thy laws, knowing that this alone will bring us happiness and harmonious relations with Thee. We thank Thee for this sacred hour, dedicated to the soul's best aspiration, to its noblest thought, and to human brotherhood. We thank Thee for the beauty of this summer day, so rich with tenderness, so full of life and beauty for our eyes, of harmony for our ears and of sweet hopes for our hungry hearts. We thank Thee for the past with all its struggles, its bitter storms and black upheavals; for we know that thereby have light and beauty and blessedness come into the world, and that we need the contrast which the nighttimes of humanity bring us. We thank Thee for every word of truth courageously spoken in all past periods, for every protest against tyranny and wrong; for every whispered message from the angel world; for every breath from that immortal realm whose portals open for all enfranchised souls. We thank Thee for the visions of the seers who have passed into higher and better worlds, and for the promise which we read in the history of noble men and women; for in the good deeds of others do we find the prophecy of what we also may sometime know and do. We thank Thee even for the shadow of grim death, which is gloomy only because we have not learned its full significance; even as men groped for countless ages without lifting their faces to the stars and so knew not of the blooming heavens hanging there, so have we groped in the night of doubt, seeing naught of the heavenly radiance that lay all around us in the life new-born of spirits. We thank Thee, Infinite Spirit, for every harmony that pours from the heart of humanity in sweet songs of love, in heart-throbs of sympathy, in hand-clasps of friendship, and in the laughter of innocent children; and also for the treasures of memory and hope and faith.

And now here, under this old oak, whose spreading branches and luxuriant foliage make of it a fit temple in which to pour out our adorations and lift our hearts to Thee; here, where the perfume of countless flowers is brought to us on the breezes of heaven, and where everything evidences Thy prodigal bounty to man; where the birds sing Thy praises and Thou showest Thy goodness on every hand, here we aspire to come close to Thee at this hour. May our hearts be softened, our understandings quickened and our receptivity enlarged. Through the medium of the spoken word enriched by Thy grace may we all receive such an influx from the spheres supernal as shall strengthen us for life's struggles and cause us to remember this hour, and to gather here again for an outpouring of the spirit divine and an uplift of the spirit human.

ADDRESS.

DEAR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS: This is preëminently the age of individualization; freedom of thought, free speech, and the liberty of the press have accentu-

ated the value of individual opinion. What you and I think is becoming of value. The inventor, the scientist, they who sail out upon the sea of thought in any direction whatsoever, if they make discoveries of laws whose operations have hitherto been veiled, or bring to light hidden truths, are not now rewarded as oforetime, with the rack and faggot, but the world at large cries, "Welcome! let us behold your treasures." So, page after page is being added to our modern book of revelations, and the more we learn the more we feel that God is in the world, active, inspiring, comforting; and our brightening convictions, our visions of the future, our growing faith in man, are bringing us closer together. The man or woman who gives us a new thought is a benefactor,—and it is a noteworthy fact that every fresh thought of to-day is brighter with hope and breathes more of beautiful promise than ever before.

You have come here to-day to know what I, a professed Spiritualist, may hold in common with you, or have to give that you had not before. Now, all systems of religions as well as so-called sacred scriptures begin with a history of creation, a theory of the cosmos. My ideas of creation are founded upon what we know of nature. Science is what we absolutely know of the laws governing the phenomena by which we are surrounded, and it is only by observation of the operation of these laws that we can form any opinion of the world in which we live, the methods of nature and purposes of the creator, worthy of expression; and what has been discovered by earnest researches into the great mysteries of nature has done much to dispel the old doubts and fears felt by us when facing the old problems of life.

We have become pretty well satisfied that the universe is governed by law; that all there is in the boundless realms of space ever was there, and the words, "In the beginning," have no real meaning in relation to the processes of nature; all so-called creation is merely reformation; there never was a beginning of anything in its spiritual life, no beginning of force, no beginning of manifestations of force, but ever and ever the methods of nature have been going forward, and ever and ever the union between matter and spirit has been unbroken. The more closely we investigate these processes, the freer are we from apprehension, so far as our own individual lives and our relations to the universe are concerned; for we see that the Divine Spirit is as deep in its tenderness and as close in its care of the little things of life as He is in the great. God is infinitely little as well as infinitely large; we need not travel through boundless space to find him. He is here in every quivering leaf and sunbeam; he is here in every heart throb. I do not believe that his is an arbitrary and sometimes tyrannical and changeable will existing outside of the laws of nature and that we are at the mercy of it, but rather that an infinite intelligence which is consistent, in unchanging law, is over all, and what we have sometimes thought the inexorableness of nature proves to be the infinite beneficence of God. For the more closely we read these living pages, the more clearly do we see that what is a necessity has a divine reason behind it also; and love works its miracles through storm as well as calm. So my theory of the universe is: immutable law as the manifestation of divine intelligence, and the unity existing between matter and spirit perpetuated with a forward and upward movement of life in its entirety.

Did you ever think of what a tremendous reproach it was upon the nature of God to charge him with having created totally depraved beings? What would be your idea of an incarnate fiend with infinite power? What do you suppose would be the result of such a power in the universe? Can you think of anything worse for such a being or power to create than a totally depraved creature? Can you think of any more cruel act for such a power to perpetrate than to condemn one creature (I will not say an infinite number of creatures) to perpetual, indescribable, unmitigated torment? Would not that be the natural consequence and work of an infinite fiend? Yet, this is the old idea of God,—that he made a failure of creation in the beginning, that he tried to amend it, found his totally depraved creatures more than he could manage, and finally, after vainly attempting to relieve himself of the load, gives it up and concludes that he himself must make a supreme sacrifice and pass through human life, human suffering, and human death, in order to redeem his creatures from everlasting woe.

My theory of creation and destiny is in direct contradistinction to that of the established Christian church. I do not believe in evil as a positive power. Some one has said, "Evil is the friction necessary to the mechanical movement of the universe." It is a necessary contrast to good, it is the background of life's great picture. Fancy a landscape from the hand of one of the great masters without a shadow in it, What would it look like, do you think? It would have no form or character, it would be no picture. Fancy life without any movement, Action

necessitates friction. That which from our standpoint seems discord is in reality, from the plane of the infinity, a symphony of love, a benediction of goodness. My theory of the world is that God was in it, is in it, and will be in it forever and ever; no movement of all this material universe but is in accordance with the infinite will, wisdom, goodness and love. It is our misreading of other lives as well as our own that fills us with disturbing, doubt, and fear; and as the world moves forward in intellectual and moral development we shall find that all that has been was of necessity, that all that is, is pregnant with all that is to be. So that our life here and now is a part of the life of the infinite, and your thoughts, your feelings, your sentiments, are a part of the sacred scriptures of life. You have a right to your thoughts as you have a right to your eyes and ears. Faith, belief, is no credit or discredit; we are here to learn, to communicate our thoughts and feelings and sympathies one to another, to help one another; we are bound together by ties of sympathy, hope and aspiration. God, the father and mother of us all, is back of all our movements; above our wisdom is the infinite wisdom; and, therefore, are we a part of the constitution of nature, as to-day is a heartbeat in the thrilling harmony of eternity.

Did you ever ask yourself how the world ever came to have a religion? What is the source of man's religious conviction and aspiration? Why, it is his spiritual life, that portion of the divine intelligence which constitutes the indestructible personality in each and every one of you. Your religion is your highest and best thought of God; it is a relation of your duty to your fellow creatures. The noblest religious offering that any man or woman can make is an intelligent conviction as regards his or her duty and a determination to do it. This is the highest religious service. The thought that we are more than mere animals, the suggestion of something capable of surviving death; human love, its desire to keep what is precious; the charms of virtue, the beauty of goodness, these are the sentiments which form the main-spring of all religious feelings; these are the bases of all sacred scriptures. We talk of God's purposes—what do we know about them? What do we know of God's will toward us? All we know is what we have gained from human experience. But you say, "We have the word of God in our Christian Bible." Of what is that Christian Bible composed? Simply a history of man's experiences. His vision of the immortal, his hearing of the inner voice of God in the soul, his conception of what is right, what he must love; and what is wrong, which he must hate and avoid. God gave his word through human experience, and were we to cremate all the Bibles in the universe, wipe them out from the memories of men, do you think our Bibles would be lost?

No; it would not be long before we would have Bibles as voluminous and plentiful as now. Why? Because the Bible-making principle resides in man; the relation between man and God is unbroken; the sources of inspiration are never sealed; the bond which unites souls in the flesh and those who have experienced what is called death, draws us ever to the unseen, and to the contemplation of spirit; and therefore, though the Bibles that we now worship were lost to the memory of man, we should repeat their noblest passages. It is to be hoped that we would not repeat the errors and vulgarity which more or less mar all so-called sacred scriptures; it is to be hoped that human nature is so far in advance of the old conception of Jehovah that that conception would not be repeated, and that Bibles we hand down to future generations may perpetuate only truth.

You now have my idea of the scriptures—that they are of human and divine origin; that God is working in and through man always. His presence and inspiration are in the sublime and pure passages of Christian, Buddhist, and all other sacred books; colored by the channels through which they flowed, and consequently contradictions and errors appear along with the eternal verities. What is our duty, then, in relation to these scriptures? Is it not, as free souls, to examine all things with an eye single to truth and the uplifting of humanity; believing in the eternity of truth; knowing that error must come to naught; and adding what we can to the wise sayings, reproducing and complementing the visions, the beautiful dreams, the hopes of the past, in our own lives? Truly "all scriptures given under heaven" are sacred in so far as they serve the good of humanity; and all writings are profane that desecrate human rights, retard the progress of the race and help to keep the mind in bondage.

"What think ye of Christ and the way of salvation?" I answer reverently, and with due consideration of your religious training, your worship of the Nazarene whose precepts we none of us fully keep, whose example is ever before the world but never followed, whose pure and lovely image and noble heroism will be an inspiration to humanity throughout all time to come: I believe that God manifests himself

through men and women, chosen, in a sense, by spirit powers, who by their heroic lives, pure precepts, and noble self-sacrifice for other's good show us the way of salvation. Jesus of Nazareth was one of these. I accept his own account of himself, not yours. He always calls himself the Son of Man. Many of you call him God, or the only son of God. To the young men who would have worshiped him, calling him "Good Master," he said, "Call me not good, there is but one good, and that is God," distinctly denying that he was one of the God-head in the sense taught by the Christian world to-day. So I accept Jesus on his own testimony, as our elder and revered brother; I recognize in him the true hero, and greatest radical of his time. He never wrote a word, you remember, except those in the sand soon washed out by the waves of the sea. He never laid the foundation of a single church, in the material sense, but he said, "A new law I give unto you, that ye love one another." We have not yet reached that high water mark of pure Christianity. It has become a fad to name everything Christian, particularly if we wish to make it popular, until the word "Christian" means so much that it means almost nothing. I want to hold to a clear definition. Pure Christianity as Jesus of Nazareth taught it is simply this: Love one another; serve God by serving man. He cried out to his generation, "Oh, ye generation of vipers, hypocrites." I wonder what would be his cry to-day were he to look into the hearts of many of his followers who, with bowed heads and solemn faces, read the litany in his name. I would be a Christian according to Christ's doctrine, not according to Calvin. I believe God is sufficiently powerful to keep the universe balanced by his love; that he is sufficiently tender to care for the meanest of his creatures, and that to call one of them totally depraved is to malign the Creator.

What do I believe in regard to the atoning power of the blood of Jesus? I believe in the atoning power of the blood of every hero that has died in the name of truth. "Atonement" should be "at-one-ment;"—that is the true meaning of the word; through his ministrations, his tender teachings, which recognize our natural relations to God, we become one with him. I do not believe in the vicarious atonement through the blood of Christ. I do not believe in the Almighty's condemnation of one of his creatures; but I do believe in consequences. In other words, to suspend a law of the natural universe for a second of time would throw all into chaos; to suspend the action of spiritual law and allow the innocent to suffer and the guilty to go free from the consequence of his action, would be to throw the whole moral universe into confusion. Therefore, I believe, as I have said, in consequences, not in condemnation; you and I shall suffer or enjoy the consequences of our actions, be they right or wrong, and Jesus will serve as scape-goat never, nowhere; but is to us a teacher and guide—a beautiful example, a ministering spirit of love whenever he finds a soul responsive to his will. I believe these things because experience is our only guide. We know nothing except what some man or woman has seen, felt, heard, or experienced through reason and the senses. These senses were given us to use; they are from God—they are the highway to knowledge, to truth, to better living. Therefore, I believe in cause and effect, not in the idle whim of an arbitrary will outside of nature. Our daily life is a constant confirmation of the fact that as a man does, so he is. There is no escape from what we do to-day, to-morrow, and always.

Then, what is of supreme value in life? What is the best thought to be incorporated into religious and spiritual teachings? It is summed up in the one word, character. "You have what you are," says Emerson. For instance, you look out upon this scene as it lies stretched before you, touched tenderly by the sunlight, with coming and going shadows, the whispering leaves, flitting birds, and all the varied points of interest, and there are as many pictures as there are souls in this congregation. No two behold this landscape through the same mental vision. Its appearance varies according to your intellectual, moral, and physical constitution, you take home just so much as you can appropriate—it may be the trained eye of the artist will carry to the soul such precious outlines, such beautiful lights, such delicate shades, that he will go home and fling upon the canvas a picture glowing with inspiration; or it may be the vision of the sluggard, who feels the warmth of the sunbeam, without a conception of its wondrous power and beauty. So to each soul come different pictures, and all phases of consciousness combined constitute the supreme symphony which sweeps through the measureless space in response to the love-thoughts of the Almighty.

Man is a spiritual being. Before he was born into this physical, he was a part of the sum total of the divine intelligence, personal wisdom, and power which we denominate God. By being born into the flesh he comes into new relations with matter, becomes individualized; is a spirit as much now as before he was

born in the flesh, the flesh being merely the vehicle through which the spirit comes *en rapport* with certain manifestations of nature. Therefore, the death of the body signifies simply the casting off of a devitalized and worn-out implement and the evolution of another form better fitted to the uses of the unfolded powers. In other words, life is perpetual transition from one stage to another. The spirit of man travels, ever moved upon by the infinite wisdom through natural processes, both spiritual and material, impelled onward into more complex manifestations.

Now what is our daily need? What significance has this life in relation to the eternity which lies before? What of our environments, and what is beyond death?

First, the meaning of life. Oh, if I could express to you the thought, even in imperfect form, that flits before my spiritual vision this instant, of you as individual beings with such incalculable treasures of intelligence yet to be unfolded, such abundance of virtuous action prophesied by your heart's desire at this hour, with such capacities for enjoyment as are indicated by your present happiness, with such promise of life to the least of you, I should make your hearts leap with joy.

But, you say, "the drudgery of life! I am so tired of it, and of the bereavements; the world is so full of heart-break and disappointments; they shadow me so continually. I am pursuing an object and have almost reached it, when suddenly it disappears, until the very foundations of my life seem to be giving way." Ah, but the Spiritualist's philosophy of life says,—all this drudgery is like the training which comes to the child just learning to walk; it takes a step and tumbles only to give the muscles training and to indicate that more care is needed; it takes another step and finds itself a little stronger, and so on until it can cross the nursery floor. That nursery for the time being is its world; broken toys bring suffering; if new and beautiful, the face dimples with joy. In a little while he grows to look over the window-sill, and lo, there is a realm of mystery around him; he sees the sunlight and the laughing leaves, and he longs to get out there. How many tumbles are necessary before the child learns to walk over the rough ground safely. They are every one needed, and full of happy interest to the parental eye.

And so it is with us. We are only tumbling about life's nursery to-day, playing with our toys, gaining the use of our muscles, material and spiritual. We know not yet our own capacity, and have only faint conceptions of what sleeps within us. But I say to you, the life of each and every one seems to me full of beauty. I look upon these young friends, my neighbors; as I meet them from time to time, I feel their hands, hard and stained, but in their faces I behold a fixed and noble purpose. I say to myself, this hand is but the implement of the soul that is behind it. The faithfulness, the integrity of the daily life, the industrious application from year to year, the services rendered to one another are indicative of the spiritual forces that lie behind you. Young men, you never conquer any difficulty but what the angel watching over you claps its hands with joy and says, "One step higher has my charge taken." You, young woman, never exact on the part of your male associates a higher standard of virtue, without having added to the sum total of the world's happiness.

When you ask me how shall we be saved, I answer: You shall each work out your own salvation; not with fear and trembling, in any low sense, but with faith, hope and courage, knowing that you have not a fiend back of you to torture you because of your shortcomings, but an angel who with the prods of pain warns you not to go too far on forbidden paths. The tears we shed, the pangs we feel, are but the birth-pangs of power divine.

Your life here and now is a part of the heavenly life. Day by day you are building for eternity. Some of you may think that you can cheat the lord of nature, bribe the builder of the universe with a promise; or that you may, coward like, lean upon the good graces of another, and so sneak into a heaven which you have not earned. You will find yourselves mistaken, for just as the body contributes to our happiness only by our care of it, so our recognition of the value of virtue comes only from having incorporated it into our being, where it begets happiness. The gentle Nazarene said, when they were disputing as to where Heaven was and what its character: "The kingdom of heaven is within you"; I would also add that the spiritual world is all about you.

Our religion has a purely natural basis, founded on the facts of being as we know them. Passing along the line of observation, even to the very portals of death, what then? The materialist will tell you that in the natural realm there is no evidence of man's immortality; that as the tree falleth, so it lieth; that there are no transformations taking place in the universe about us which are analogous to the resurrection of the spiritual body. I have said that our religious convictions have arisen from human experience. Men

have experiences as physical beings; do they not also have experiences as spiritual beings? There is a psychical side to nature, and man has a right to spiritual experiences as a spiritual being. What he has a right to, that will he have, for nature and God are one, and work in unison forever. What are the facts in the case? The facts are that all religions are founded upon the idea of immortality, of life after death. Where did that idea come from? You may say God gave it to the world. Yes, he gave it to the world through man's personal experiences. Take the Christian Bible from beginning to end, and if you deny the Spiritualism in it, all you have left is a mass of poorly authenticated history. The spiritual portion of the Bible is drawn wholly from man's spiritual experiences. The angel of the Lord came and said thus and so. The angel of the Lord appeared to Moses, Abraham, Jacob. Who was the angel of the Lord? Sometimes Samuel, sometimes Moses or Elias, men who had lived in the flesh, died and appeared in spiritual form. The whole scheme of salvation, the evidence of Christ's divinity, rests upon spiritual dreams and visions; angel ministrations all the way through. Angels cared for the father, mother and divine child. The angel of the Lord appeared in many forms, and many places, always giving human-like messages, relevant to the human need in its day and hour. The Bibles of all nations are somewhat similar and all teach the immanence of the spiritual powers.

What has been can be again; there is no break in the continuity of law, either physical or spiritual. Therefore if the time ever was that men could have visions and hear a spirit like that heard by Saul before he became the believing Paul, visions like that seen upon the Mount of Transfiguration, of Moses and Elias, communications like that given through the Woman of Endor—if these things could once transpire, if man is so constituted that he ever could communicate with the spiritual world, we may believe that the time has come, or may come, when he will do so again.

What are the facts in the case? Instead of loss of spiritual vision, man through a higher moral unfoldment has become more sensitive to angelic influences and in stronger sympathy with the spiritual world, until you can scarcely find a household to-day that has not a history of some dream, or vision, or spiritual impulse that has proceeded from the world that at one time was altogether invisible, but which is day by day projecting itself more clearly and forcibly upon the consciousness of men. So our scriptures are increasing, our faith in the goodness of God is deepening, our hope for mankind drawn from our experiences and the pure inspirations received from higher sources and the visions of our beloved arisen, is intensifying through the length and breadth of this world, until here in this little gathering to-day, I doubt not there are a score or more whose spiritual eyes are opened and to whom this congregation is multiplied a hundred fold by the appearances of spiritual intelligences in forms similar to our own.

But I am holding you, I fear, a wearisome length of time, carried away by the breadth of our theme. I hope you will have gathered from these utterances, which of necessity present a large view compressed into a very small compass, a few thoughts which will be the seeds of higher hopes and dearer comforts. I think all of us feel at times as though this life were scarcely worth living; and that without the assurance that this life hinged upon another, higher and sweeter, where harvests ripen with fewer blights, toward which our aspirations point, we would gladly lay the burden down, never to resume it. But, thank God, to us all there come lucid moments in which His light streams through our personal prejudices, overtops preconceived opinions and educational tendencies; and sweeping aside all that has barred the way between our souls and the higher sentiment, the higher comfort, we stand in the presence of the supreme truth that our lives are precious in the sight of God, that our personal joys and sorrows have a divine meaning in them, and that the now in some mysterious way is sympathetically united with the to come in such a degree and in such a relation as will compensate for the sorrow, for the poverty, for the sickness and bereavements of earth.

I have done to-day what Emerson commended. He says: "Look into your heart and write." If you would instruct humanity, if you would touch the hearts of men, look into your heart and speak. I have tried to-day to look into my heart and speak; to tell you something of the thoughts that have come to me through more than forty years of an eventful life; thoughts that have been born of strange changes, revelations of truth born of the bitterest bereavements that the human heart can know, living bereavements as well as those that come through death; and I say to you that amid it all this conviction, that we are immortal and that love knows no death, that there is divine order in and over our lives, as sweet significance in all our suffering, rainbows arching all our tears,

this thought has deepened and strengthened as the years have gone on, until to-day the shadows of death that rested upon the home-altar are luminous, and in them I see the faces of my arisen ones still bound to me by ties of sympathy, still ministering to me and mine through the common order of our human lives; and that we are, side by side, marching onward and upward to a larger knowledge of God, to a deeper trust in Him, as we see how He evolves good from evil, and beauty and hope for all humanity.

I had thought to tell you how close this union may be in the mortal life, and to ask you if it is not a reasonable thing to suppose, since death is but a transition—but one stage in the progressive journey of life, that these dear ones who have done with the common drudgery and have taken up new duties should send back to us encouraging words, loving, sympathetic appeals and warnings when we stray from the path of virtue. I had thought to speak of the incentive which this angelic presence is to nobility of life, to purity of action; to know that the eyes of an angelic being rest upon you, that hearts whom you would not wound for your life are still thrilled by your experience, still have sympathy with your griefs, and still help with their tender presence to bear your burdens.

But the hour allotted is spent. I leave my humble offering on the altar of your hearts as the richest in my power to bestow.

#### IMPROVISATION.

This noble oak that has withstood  
The tempests of a century,  
Defying earthquake, frost, and flood,  
Gaining in size and symmetry,

Until we sit within its shade  
As in a temple pure and sweet,  
Above the living arches laid,  
And soft mosaics at our feet.

Is like God's truth in human life;  
The storms of error round it blow,  
But strengthened by the bitter strife,  
Its beauties ever brighter grow.

The acorn was a humble thing,  
Cast from some laden parent stem,  
Light burden for a robin's wing,  
Yet richer far than any gem.

For lo, it held the mystery  
Of life in death, and knew the way  
Through some sweet, secret chemistry  
To climb from darkness into day.

See what a breadth of space now lies  
Between its birthplace in the sod,  
And where its topmost branches rise  
Like arms outstretched in prayer to God.

Yet had we watched the miracle  
With sleepless eyes the whole time through  
No one the story e'er could tell,  
Of how or when the great oak grew.

Silent and slow, the powers unseen,  
In veiled joy the wonder wrought,  
Until complete, our temple green,  
We dedicate to holy thought.

And 'tis with man as with a tree,  
Pushed from below, drawn from above,  
He rises to his destiny  
Guided and guarded by God's love.

The sweep of seasons, cloud, and sun,  
Fair summer's smile, pale winter's blast,  
The swing of Time's great pendulum,  
That swiftly marks the present, past,

Are but the heart-beats of one life,  
From which all lesser life-forms spring,  
The least with that sweet glory rife,  
Whose birth did make the stars to sing.

As in the acorn lay impearled  
The spendors of the full-grown tree,  
So shall our larger human world  
Unfold its might and majesty

Until it stands forth in the light,  
Illumined by truth in every part,  
Forever pledged unto the right,  
God's peace enshrined within its heart.

After the song, "God be with you till we meet again," Mrs. Watson dismissed the audience with the following benediction:

Now may the ministrations of the blessed arisen be with you through all the days of your mortal life; may they welcome you at the open portals of the better world; and may the smile of God rest upon you now and evermore. Amen.

#### THE PRINTED BIBLE BEFORE LUTHER.

One of the comical legends of Protestantism is the absurd story of Luther's discovery of the Bible, and his being the first to make it known. Professor T. S. Doolittle, D. D., in *The Christian at Work*, without going headlong into all the absurdities put forward by many, says:

"When Martin Luther discovered that old Bible chained fast to its place and seldom opened, and when he broke the clasps, translated its contents, sent them flying on oracular leaves through the land, proclaimed them in thunder tones from his pulpit, or arrayed them as the one supreme authority against popes and councils; then men began to cry aloud for the salvation of Christ and exhibit new lives."

The new lives exhibited were indeed something far removed from the salvation of Christ. When Luther fell away from the Catholic church printed Bibles were not so old. Gutenberg's Bible, the first book printed from type, was not seventy years old. His edition issued between 1450 and 1455 had been followed by a host of others in Latin; Bibles had been printed in many languages. The Hebrew Old Testament had been printed, and Luther learned in his convent from Catholic teachers to read it; the Septuagint and New Testament had been printed and Luther learned Greek from Catholic teachers to read them. The Bible was printed in German as early as 1466 and at least twelve editions in German and some in Low German appeared before his Bible was completed in 1532. To put him forward as the first to disseminate the scriptures in the vernacular is simply an attempt to impose upon the ignorance of readers. In 1877 there was a great Caxton celebration in London, and early printed books were brought together. The catalogue has been printed under the editorship of George Bullen, keeper of the printed books in the British Museum. The collection was not made by Catholics or for them. They had nothing to do with it. Yet there never was a more splendid refutation of the silly stories about the Bible before Luther, which have been so persistently circulated among deceived and deluded Protestants. The catalogue does not include all editions, but simply those collected from public and private libraries for this exhibition. Now, on the catalogue Luther's Bible, lacking the Prophets, is given on page 112 as number 735. The preceding editions, beginning with Gutenberg's No. 611 pages 91 to 734 were Catholic versions. One hundred and twenty-four Catholic Bibles, testaments, psalters, were there on exhibition, the books themselves bodily, for anyone to see, all printed before Luther's and, all printed between 1450 and 1523, a period of less than seventy-five years, being at the rate of three in every two years. Many were in Latin, but there were also German, beginning 1466; Italian, from 1471, French, from 1477; Dutch, 1477; Low German, 1480; Greek, 1481; Hebrew, 1482; Bohemian, 1488; the polyglot of Cardinal Ximenes giving Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek and Latin in 1514; the psalms in Arabic also in a psalter of 1516. So that in the Caxton exhibition alone with no settled purpose to collect all editions, there were more than a hundred Catholic Bibles printed before Luther's, in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, Low German, Italian, French, Arabic, Chaldee, and Bohemian, gathered together in the western galleries at South Kensington. Surely in the face of the Caxton celebration of 1877 the silly old fables about Luther and the Bible ought to be dropped by men with a single grain of common sense.—*Catholic Press*.

#### KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

The obligations of law and equity reach only to mankind, but kindness and beneficence should be extended to animals of every species; and these still flow from the breast of a well-natured man, as streams that issue the living fountain. A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are young, but when old and past service. Thus, the people of Athens, when they had finished the Temple called Heatompedon, set at liberty the beasts of burden that had been chiefly employed at the work, suffering them to pasture at large, free from any other service. It is said that one of these afterward came of its own accord to work, and putting itself at the head of the laboring cattle, marched before them to the citadel. This pleased the people, and they made a decree that it should be kept at public charge so long as it lived. Many have shown particular regard in burying the dogs which they had cherished and been fond of; and, amongst the rest, Xantippus of old, whose dog swam by the side of his galley to Salamis, when the Athenians were forced to abandon their city, and was afterward buried by him upon a promontory, which to this day is called the Dog's Grave. We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like shoes or household goods, which, when worn out with use, we throw away; and, were it only to learn benevolence to mankind, we should be merciful to other creatures.—*Plutarch*.



## NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

I'm alone to-night in a solemn wood  
That murmurs afar like chafing seas,  
For the wandering winds, in fitful mood,  
Are playing a march on the towering trees,  
And the balsam-firs are sighing soft  
To the gentle touch of the courting breeze.  
I have pitched my tent on a mossy bank,  
And kindled a fire before the door,  
Where the flames leap up with many a prank  
From the pitchy knots that hiss and roar,  
While I turn my steak on a wooden spit,  
And the grateful odors upward pour.  
How sweet to the taste is the simplest dish  
When the wood-nymphs pour their flavors rare:  
Ye housed-up kings in vain may wish  
In a banquet half so rich to share  
As regales the palate of him who drinks  
Of the sylvan stream and the tonic air.  
But now the evening meal is past,  
And the wings of flame have flown away  
From their nest of coals, now fading fast,  
And drowning deep in the ashes gray,  
And to me, when alone, draws nature near,  
And talks in a sweet, familiar way.  
She whispers love from every breeze,  
And laughs in the brooklet soft and low,  
And, down through the netted limbs of trees,  
She looks on me from the stars that glow  
As a mother's eyes, when the beams of love  
On her first-born babe begin to flow.  
And I, as a child in the mother's arms,  
O'ercome with sleep and with love caressed,  
Full far removed from the world's alarms,  
Lie down in the soft embrace of rest,  
While nature chants her lullaby song  
And soothes me to sleep on her gentle breast.  
—FOREST AND STREAM.

In physiognomic mobility, and variety, and definiteness of expression Japanese women are doubtless, as a rule, inferior to our women; but by way of atonement they have a fixed facial expression of amiability and girlish sweetness that is extremely fascinating. This charming expression, which is a result of the habits of obedience, kindly disposition, and desire to please, inbred and cultivated from their childhood, is common to all classes from the humblest to the highest, says the *Cosmopolitan*. In courteousness, esthetic taste, good manners, and personal cleanliness the lowly and ignorant women of Japan are far superior to the corresponding grade in America or Europe, and, indeed, to many who make pretenses to a higher sphere. Besides the expression of amiability there is another one of contentment and absence of worry that attracts one in these women. This is found even in the servant-maids, who are always at beck and call; even in the laborers in the muddy, malodorous rice fields, under a hot sun; even in the poor women and girls who, for one cent an hour, spend ten hours a day stirring tea with their bare hands in a hot kettle. As regards sparkling, laughing eyes it would be difficult to find anything to match the dark orbs of the Japanese maidens when you chaff them in English, which sounds so funny to them, or in (your) Japanese, which sounds more funny still. They are the merriest girls in the world, always ready to laugh on the slightest provocation, and their laugh is as musical as their language. They are naturally fond of reading, and there is a large literature especially written for them by authors, male and female. As regards the latter Mr. Aston remarks: "I believe no parallel is to be found in the history of European letters to the remarkable fact that a very large proportion of the best writings of the best age of Japanese literature was the work of women." Were I asked, "Are Japanese women beautiful?" I should say that Japanese women are rarely beautiful, because they age too soon; but Japanese girls are often extremely pretty, and as a rule delightfully sweet, fascinating, and girlish. Japanese men perhaps seem to us somewhat feminine in physical appearance, but in Japan itself this does not strike the eye, because the women are so much more so. They are indeed the most womanly women in the world.

Says a New York paper: "It may not be generally known that a half-a-dozen gentlewomen earn a handsome living in New York city by holding conversation classes, and giving private lessons in that

most difficult art. The members as a rule represent the very best social element, being men and women of polite birth and breeding. . . . boys and girls just graduating from the school-room, or elderly persons who insist on private coaching, are often shy and filled with consternation at the sound of their own voices. It is the task of these ladies to instill courage and grace into their pupils' manner of talking. They are not only taught the art of selecting suitable topics, with happy comments on the same, but are advised against long-winded anecdotes, dreary stories, tiresome personal and family affairs, *risqué* allusions, sarcasm and scandal. Then the careful professor gives laughing lessons, which include correct modulation of the voice, and a stern repression of the giggle. She stimulates the despondent by showing how much attention has to do with catching up the thread of a conversation and carrying it on to entertaining lengths; and teaches that a courteous, intelligent listener has already learned a potent secret in developing the agreeable talker."

Elizabeth B. Chace, of Valley Falls, R. L., a pioneer Abolitionist, a co-worker with William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, now in her eighty-fifth year, has written, and published, dedicated to her children, a small volume of ante-slavery reminiscences, says the *Philanthropist*. It recounts many most interesting incidents of the historic anti-slavery contest of which she was personally cognizant, and interprets its lesson concerning other needed reforms. Referring to its educational value she says: "There is no better influence toward the building up of a strong virtuous manhood and womanhood, than the spousal, early in life, of some humanitarian cause as a foundation. By such preparations men and women are ready to take up all questions which concern the advancement of mankind. The slavery of the black man is abolished. The shackles have fallen from his limbs, and he is crowned with the diadem of citizenship. It is too late to become an Abolitionist now. But, in the process of over-throwing one great wrong there is always laid bare some other wrong, which requires for its removal the same self-sacrificing spirit, the same consecration to duty, as accomplished the preceding reform."

An extraordinary woman died lately at Lansingburg, N. Y., her life having spanned one century and ten months of another. The centenarian naturally attracts public attention because of great age, but it was not longevity alone that made Mrs. Deborah Powers, especially in her last years, one of the most striking figures within our observation. Her career was remarkable in its two-fold character. A daughter, wife and mother for thirty years, this woman then entered man's estate so far as the assumption of business cares and responsibilities permitted. She died famous as the "oldest banker" in the world and the reputed possessor of \$2,000,000. For over sixty years Mrs. Powers was the actual head of a large manufacturing establishment, and even as late as the beginning of this month she had personally inspected business affairs demanding her attention and had signed papers submitted to her for approval. There has been no other woman whose life can be cited as a parallel. Mrs. Powers was born Deborah Ball, August 5, 1790, at Hebron, N. H.

Of the support that a wife may claim from a husband Lelia Robinson Sawtelle says in the *Charitativian*: At common law and in the great majority of states, a wife, however wealthy she may be in her own right, may yet claim and receive from her husband necessaries suitable to his means, however poor he is. And there are very few states where a wife's property may be taken in payment for necessities for herself or for the family, even if the husband is penniless and cannot pay. Unless, of course, the wife contracts for necessities on her own credit instead of his, in which case she and her property may now be held nearly everywhere. But the support which she can claim is only such as accords with her husband's means, not her own. And he is the soul arbiter as to the place where the family shall live and the manner of life, so that it be reasonably healthful and comfortable. In a recent case, a wife owned a fine house and estate where she wished to reside with her husband and family, but he required her to live elsewhere with him in a much humbler fashion, probably expecting her to lease her own place and apply the rent money to family expenses. It was held that she must go with him where he chose to establish the

family domicile, and that if she refused so to do, it would be desertion on her part.

The daily *Saratogian* of July 9th, referring to Mrs. Hester M. Poole as a guest at the Circular street house in Saratoga, says: Mrs. Poole is a woman of strong intellectual powers and literary ability. Her articles on "Interior Decoration," rich with new ideas and practical hints for making the home beautiful are to be found in all the leading journals of the day. Her vivid descriptions of the interior of some of the great houses in Washington, the White House and the residences of the Childs and the Logans were eagerly read by readers of the *Art Journal and Decorator* this spring. Her facile pen also discusses matters relating to culture and morality with marked effect.

A large bouquet from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, was sent to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe at Hartford lately on her eightieth birthday. It has been the custom of the firm for many years to send a floral tribute to the veteran authoress, and at this time flowers give her the greatest pleasure. Her mind steadily fails. Her physical faculties, however, continue remarkably well preserved, and she is yet able to make daily visits to the houses of friends in her immediate neighborhood. Her physician believes that she may survive for ten years longer, yet it is not impossible that death may occur at any moment.

The history of women in journalism dates back of 1772, when Clementine Reid printed and edited the *Virginia Gazette*, a paper devoted to the colonial cause. Two years later Mrs. H. Boyle started a royalist paper having the same name. The latter was the first paper to publish the declaration of independence. Since 1850 women have been editing departments in weekly papers and for twenty years they have served upon the city and correspondent staffs of daily papers.

## "BOSTON AND OTHER SACRED PLACES."—OLD BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR: Some time in May you said that I had gone eastward, "to Boston and other sacred places," using the words, I sadly fear, in such jesting mood as the ungodly sometimes indulge in. I may, however, be wrong in this, and will bring no railing accusation against so serious a personage as an editor is supposed to be. But I did find in the old city by the sea, proofs that it was growing in a sanctity higher than that of its olden days. I saw in Music Hall a thousand people at a woman suffrage banquet, and heard good talk there, upholding the sacredness of womanhood. I found, during anniversary week, that the yearly meetings of Universalists and Unitarians had come to the front in interest and importance, while those of the so-called orthodox sects are in the rear, a change, showing that ideas of the Divine goodness and the progress of man in spiritual life are being held more sacred than the wrath of God and the hells and devils of the bygone faith.

At the Longwood yearly meeting of the Progressive Friends in Pennsylvania, I found that the "inner light" of Quakerism was shining beyond the range of discipline or query, and in the pulpit of the old Unitarian church at Newburgh on the Hudson there was liberty to seek for more light. I found no yearly meeting of Spiritualist, but the leaven of the inspiring truths of our movement is everywhere.

I write this from a pleasant Quaker-like home in Sherwood, south of Auburn, N. Y., where I used to meet Slocum Howland of anti-slavery memory, and where his daughter Emily, known for her good works, now lives. In the library here I find two rare old books. One is "The History of the World," by Sir Walter Raleigh, the first of three volumes, the only one indeed ever printed, as his brief life on earth was ended by the axe of the executioner after his seven years imprisonment in the Tower of London for alleged treason, during which he wrote this great work. It is a heavy book of a thousand quarto pages, its original cover of vellum, with brass clasps, replaced by a plainer leather binding, but its quaint type, its old leaves, its strange pictures and spelling all as they were when it was printed, as its last page tells us, "by William Jagged, London, for Walter Burre, and to be sold at his shoppe in Paule's Churchyard, at the sign of the Crane, A. D. 1621." A sentence from its last page will give some idea of its wealth of thought

as well as of its ancient style. The author says: "God is the sorest and sharpest schoolmaster that can be devised for such kings as thinke this world ordained for them, without controulment to turne it upside-downe at their pleasure. . . . O, eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared thou hast done; and whom all the worlde hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the worlde and despised; thou hast drawne together all the farre-stretched greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words: *Ille jacet.*"

Raleigh was a brilliant gentleman, a ripe scholar, a better man than some of those who brought him to a sad end. His letter to his wife and child, written in the Tower just before he was led out to meet a cruel death, came to my mind as one of the most wisely thoughtful and tender epistles in the world, as I looked over these old pages. A written leaf on the opening page tells that it was brought from England about 1636, by George Colton, of Oxford University, an officer of the British army, who settled in Springfield and Long Meadow, Mass., and from whom are descended the Coltons I knew in my Springfield birth-place.

The other old work found here, and open before me as I write, is the "Magnalia Christi Americana, or The Ecclesiastical History of New England; from the first planting in 1620 unto the year of our Lord 1698, by the Reverend and learned Cotton Mather, D. D., F. R. S., and Pastor of the North Church in Boston, New England." This is printed in 1820, a reprint of the London edition of 1702, and its two volumes are a compound of history, biography, pedantic learning, theology, grim bigotry and tender feeling, strangely jumbled together. Hard epithets are piled on the Quakers, who are held as rank infidels, and a story comes in of one of this "pestilent sort" who stroked people with his hands and so made them subject to his wicked will—a devilish power, as the Puritan preacher held it, but quite like what we call mesmerism or hypnotism.

No evil deeds are told of, but all are held as from Satan. No ray of light as to the real meaning of Quakerism ever reached the mind or soul of Cotton Mather. His bigotry was like a triple wall of brass shutting out the white radiance.

Of witches we have a score of examples; women riding on broomsticks at night to some devil's meeting and signing their names in the devil's book; children tormented, men smitten down; poem and prayer and sermon from lips all unversed in eloquent speech and quite like modern mediumship; raps and moving furniture like later manifestations, all devoutly believed and all held as satanic in origin and aim, leading to the gallows in a score of cases, to heart-breaking cruelty in many more. A single extract must suffice: "Mr. J. C., deacon of the church in Charlestown, told me that his wife, sick for divers months, was, on August 8, 1683, seized with the pangs of death; in which, being jealous, she asked divers times who would go with her whither she was going? At length she said: 'Well, my son Robert will go,' and, addressing her speech as to him, expressed her satisfaction that they should go together. This son was at that time in Barbadoes; and his friends here have since learned that he died there and this at the very hour when his mother here gave up the ghost, and (which is further odd) not without the like expression concerning his mother which she had concerning him."

The following is given as, in Mather's opinion, a work of good angels: A saintly woman, in 1691, dying, in good standing for piety and in blessed peace of soul, and his friend, John Bailey, her husband, an excellent man, being present says: "She then desired that we would sing some psalm of praise to the riches of His grace; but our harps were hanged on the willows and we could not. Yet there was melodious singing at that very time! I heard it myself, and intended never to speak of it until the nurse B. and M. S. both spoke of it. They went unto the fire thinking it was there, but they heard it best when within the curtains. God, by his holy angels, put an honor upon my dear little woman; and by it reproved us, that seeing we could not sing (being bad at it) they would."

In this instance Mather's heart was touched, but the woman was not a heretic or a reputed witch; for such his tender mercies were cruel. We may well be glad that a better light is dawning.

By the middle of July we hope to be home at Detroit again. Yours truly,

G. B. STEBBINS,  
SHERWOOD, Cayuga Co., N. Y.





PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

**TO THE EDITOR:** In 1888 I had a lady friend staying with me who was very mediumistic, a Miss Hess, now Mrs. Wesley Fanning, of San Jose, Cal. We, with the other members of my family, used to sit quite often to see what kind of manifestations would be given us. After a few sittings my oldest child, a boy of ten, began to develop remarkable clairvoyant and very good psychometric powers. The things he saw were seldom of a spiritual nature, but pertaining to persons or things on the earthly plane; for instance, we would say to him, "How many letters will there be at the postoffice to-morrow?" and he would tell us the number of letters and papers, who they were from, if he knew the senders; if not, he would give an accurate description of them. This he would do at any time or place after he had sat in a few circles. He would also describe the writer of any letter we gave him, giving the physical appearance and mental characteristics. One day a gentleman who was interested in Haytian affairs asked to see if he could take a trip to Hayti. My son at once began describing an ocean steamer such as plies between this port and New York, the arrival in New York, the change to a different steamer, the long journey in a different direction, the arrival of the steamer in port, a city with hills beyond, the clear streams of water running from the hills to the seashore, and many other things; then he remained silent for some time, but after awhile said: "The people are nearly all black; they are dressed like soldiers, and they are fighting." The gentleman said: "You are right about every thing but one—there is no fighting there." "Well," said he, "I saw them fighting away." A short time after this the gentleman stopped to show us the morning paper with an account of the revolution in Hayti and speaking of a battle near Port au Prince, which occurred on the same day the child saw the vision. He said a gypsy he called Roscoe showed him everything he saw in pictures that looked as though they were alive, and that when he told us about things he did not see, he felt them like something pushing hard inside his head until he told them. With Captain Massey, of Ohio, he seemed to come in very close rapport, and could see and describe many events in his past life to the minutest detail. At one time he told a long story about an old house and some dark, piratical-looking men, who buried a keg and a box of money and jewels under one corner of the kitchen. The captain said the things the child described were exactly what he had dreamed several years before, concerning an old house in the city. Afterward when out walking with the child, he pointed to a house and said: "There is the house I saw, Captain." "Well, that is the house I was in when I dreamed that dream, Eddie, and that is the house I dreamed about," said the captain.

After a time other boys found out about the child's clairvoyance, and laughed at and teased him so much that he grew very reluctant to sit for us, and at the present time the gift has almost left him.

VIRGIE C. MOON.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

**TO THE EDITOR:** Any theory of life worth a moment's thought, must rest upon God as a bottom idea. All forces are, in their sum total, the resultant of one great force; otherwise the unity of the universe is broken up, because the continuity of law is destroyed. The boasted thesis of the unbeliever is the uniformity seen in the operation of law. The outcome is man, mind, intelligence. Intelligence then must have been the great driving power behind these forces, because the result proves it. Forces operate, but are not operators.

Physical forces do not govern man as if he was a lump of inert matter; on the contrary he governs them—not by the might in his arm, but by the might that is in his mind. Any theory of materialism that can be made to stand upon its legs, must make man an automaton—that is, man must be considered as wholly material. The moment we give supremacy to mind over matter, that moment materialism becomes a dead carcass, because right here

freedom steps in—the freedom of the will—and this is the pivot upon which the controversy turns. No doubt all had been well but for freedom. Perfect machinery works perfectly. Nosing could have entered through the closed gates of necessity; but then merit would have been shut out, praise and blame could not have been put into our dictionary. Exercise had been needless. Floating jellyfish would have described man as simply the product of necessity. But if crape is upon all our doors because of freedom, why was such a devil permitted to enter into the world? With no tendency to sin, man could not have gone wrong. All would have worked like oiled machinery, no friction, no jar. Love would have ascended from the heart as perfume from the flower. Really, I wish it could have been that way, since merit belongs now to the few and demerit to the many. But God knew best.

After all, the good man grows more and more automatic, for the time comes when he cannot do wrong. So also the bad man, by force of habit, grows to be automatic because he cannot do right. But see what a struggle of contending forces have been employed to make the world what it is. The cosmos is a maelstrom that drowns all but the strong swimmer. The centripetal and the centrifugal forces are universal. Life itself is a struggle, because the death forces are busy to push us into the grave. To live at all, the physical forces are to be fought. They are in line of battle to fight us from the cradle to the grave. The tree growing upward defies gravitation, because the life force approaches mind, which is the master force of them all. Gravitation pulls against the balloon, but the man in it inflates it—not with gas simply, but with intelligence. Thus he ascends to the stars! It is by cuffing the clouds that the eagle grows strong. It is by heroic effort that man achieves personal immortality. He survives because he is fitted for a loftier world.

PINELLAS, FLA. R. E. NEELD.

SUICIDES.

**TO THE EDITOR:** It must strike the attention of most observers through the daily press the increasing numbers of suicides! Sometimes the prompting cause is apparent, and sometimes quite obscure; or so obscure indeed that it can be known but to the perpetrator. The writer having long since discarded the orthodox idea of a fiery future, has come to feel that when a human creature whether from disease, disappointment or want of power of giving himself or others relief, find his prospects and surroundings unbearable, he should not be blamed, if so disposed, to retire from the world in the least offensive way.

One would think that the idea of a fiery future so constantly preached was loosing its influence, inasmuch as Christian divines are found at times to "jump the life to come."

Being for many years past an examiner into the occultism of Spiritualism I have many recognitions of former acquaintances from the spirit domain from whose brief messages I have learned that some regretted their unprepared condition for so important a change. Some were killed in violent personal contention, some in ungovernable passion; and alas! too many by indulgence in the intoxicating cup. Now if this rudimentary state of earthly existence could be considered as one vast academy, a rash suicide would be thought a species of truancy, a shirking, as it were, from the academy with their lessons unlearned.

Among the various recognitions I have received, there was one from a former associate by the name of E. N—le; he committed suicide by drowning in the year 1855. In age he was about forty-three. In the first message from him—for I have had several—he expressed extreme misery over his condition, said he found no body, saw nobody, and seemed to be in a vast wilderness and hoped God would forgive him. In his next message he said his surroundings were more cheerful, and concluded thus, "I have now seen my mother," and denounced the sale of liquor, saying "Rum is the ruin of mankind." When he committed suicide he kept an extensive hotel.

For some years I had nothing from him; but at last one was received, and the way it came was remarkable. I was getting a message from a young man, Orville W. Fisher, when he paused to say, "Here is an old friend of yours by the name of N—le; would you like to hear from him?" "By all means," I said; "let him give me a few words." "Bruce, I look back with abhorrence on my deed of suicide, and still

greater abhorrence at the blinding Roman Catholic religion."

I should mention that Mr. N—le was in earth life a strong Roman Catholic.

DAVID BRUCE.

MIXED.

**TO THE EDITOR:** Speaking of the blending of the true and false in mediumship recalls a point or two in my experience in the seventies, when I was ardent in the pursuit of "tests," and in which I continued with alternate success and failure until I feared that I was the dupe of an *ignis fatuus*.

I was among the many victims in Boston of Mrs. Bennett and her fellow-conspirator, "Sunflower," the Indian spook. Before their exposure and their confession of fraud as "materializers," I introduced Mrs. Bennett to the late Charles H. Foster at the Parker House, where he was giving striking evidence of his great power as a psychic. Foster received her with cordiality and volunteered to assure me of her genuineness as a medium. He said he should attend one of her seances, where he hoped to meet his friends, the late Alice and Phoebe Cary. Then he admiringly recited a verse of a poem by one of the sisters and arranged with Mrs. Bennett for a meeting with them in materialized form. I went with Foster to the Bennett house at the appointed time, and, of course, the "Cary sisters" were not only there, but one of them repeated the verse which Foster had recited to Mrs. Bennett. I am ashamed to confess that I did not question the genuineness of the performance, while Foster, inconsistently with his previous expression of faith in Mrs. Bennett, privately assured me that it was an ingenious and robust fraud.

After "Sunflower" had been pulled out from under the trap-door in the floor of Mrs. Bennett's back parlor, in McLean street, she called on me and protested that, although she had been guilty of personating spirits, the performances were accompanied by so many inexplicable incidents of seemingly supermundane origin that she had herself become frightened. Among these incidents she mentioned the frequent identifications by friends of those whom she personated. Mrs. Wildes, to me, an undoubted psychic, who attended one or more of these exhibitions and like the rest of us swallowed it all, insisted, even after the exposure, that there was something more than fraud in it all.

Z. T. H.

"CHILDREN'S DAY."

**TO THE EDITOR:** I think some of our representative Spiritualists ought to take up the subject of "Children's Day," as observed at this date by various orthodox churches. The ideas concerning declamations, flower decorations, tableaux, etc., have been stolen from the Spiritualist and free thought elements, the more progressive church denominations, or those that ought to be such, having been the first to do the stealing. Or, perhaps it would be more charitable to call it a "borrowing" of ideas! I remember that seventeen years ago, when I was one of the younger members of a progressive congregation of liberals under the leadership of Charles C. Burleigh, and Elizabeth Powell, how dreadful our children's day exercises—held oftener than once a year—did seem to our pious neighbors. What would they have thought, how do they feel to-day, regarding similar exercises held on "Rose Sunday" by their own brothers and sisters in the Presbyterian faith? And what of a Spiritualist being allowed to compose a poem for such an occasion, as I was permitted to do of late? The exercises referred to took place yesterday, and I send you the poem.

Respectfully yours,

LELIA B. HEWES.

[The poem is given below.—Ed.]

CHILDREN'S DAY.

(Except ye become as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.)

The words of the Master, meek and mild, Are, that to become as a little child, Is to enter the kingdom of heaven! And, therefore, do we come to-day, From our human natures, to cast away All taint of a selfish leaven.

That, all alike, we may children be! No malice, spite, or hypocrisy, That their deeper wisdom may be ours. The love of the Christ-child come to stay In each of our hearts, this Children's Day, Among the birds and flowers!

THE SALVATION OF MEDIUMSHIP.

James Burns, editor of the *Medium and Daybreak*, who for nearly forty years has been in close and sympathetic relation with mediums, in a discourse last month, said:

The salvation of mediumship consists in the normal culture of the spirit from within, and not an abnormal domination of the medium's mental powers from without. Our normal workers in Spiritualism have most of the "inspiration," the boldness to state their views, new ideas, disinterested motives. The Spirit-world helps those most who help themselves. It is a monstrous pretense to suppose that a certain controlled class are the special favorites of the Spirit-world. We all bear the same relationship thereto. It is expressed in one way and on one plane through some, and in other ways and on a different plane through others. It is the light of the conscious spirit within the mind that is of greatest importance. Our best mediums, if they overdo this promiscuous and abnormal work, falter and flounder about in their descriptions and speeches, not knowing whether they are speaking truly and sensibly or not. But the interiorly enlightened medium, who does not prostitute his gift and abuse it with evil conditions, knows that what he says and sees is true! In the one case it is like a blind man being led; in the other case it is like a man with sight, intelligently directing others.

To save mediumship all this professional traffic must be abandoned; these platform exhibitions for collections and pay must be put a stop to. How painful it is to think that the self-constituted "leaders" of Spiritualism are quite ignorant of its principles, and by their wrong methods are doing all they can to destroy it! Do not use any spiritual power for worldly purposes: it is for high and holy purposes. Learn to know the truth; speak it with mind and soul alive to its beauty, and you will be inspired with a force and speak with a power that is wholly wanting on our platform to-day. Desire to bless humanity spiritually, instead of pandering to their selfish needs, and a light of clairvoyance will shine forth which has never yet been seen in Spiritualism. In proportion as we regulate and cultivate our own minds, so will we be fitting instruments for the aid of spirits and the expression of high and glorious spiritual truths.

OVERHEARD.

"Good mornin' brudder Rippon, Ize glad to meet yer."

"Mornin' brudder Green; hopes yer iz rite well. Wife an chilluns all well?"

"All wery well tank de good lord. But, brudder Rippon Ize been quite obflustercated in mine 'bout de hubbub 'bout wision an de shism ob de grate 'feshon and de grede ob de westerner."

"I spouse yer 'lude brudder Green, to de grate abner grede an de minister west perfeshon. Well yer know mos ob our troubles ob late com frum de vest. Dar am de 'narchists, de grate 'liances, people's party, de cyclones an de buzzards, an now hit am dis west abby perfeshon—what's boun to tro a man ebbry time yer rassal wid it."

"Why, I taut hit wuz 'bout 'ligion sum greede we iz boun to no or be dam."

"Yes, brudder Green, grate dele 'bout 'ligion in 49 chapters—to be continued—a grede long an grave like az de vestminister cimetary. Plenty 'ligion an risticratc teology and not so much ob de simple charm ob de chile Christ."

"Brudder Rippon stop rite dar, yer struk hit rite. Now I unnerstan bout de late big fite—wus dan de Jackson an Corbit—and rassal wid de gredes by de revered gemplins, and de D. D's, an LL. D's, an de F. R. S. an de A. S. S's. Who wud tink divinity so sick to make so much docterin ob 'cesity. Gredes! gredes! only gredes, wat am hit hall 'bout? Wat de debbil am de use? I tel yer Brudder Rippon I beleve dat deeds—do good to yer nabor am better un any creed—an praps hit am dis we read am hid from de grate an mity learned, de punishin grave an reverend sinners an am 'vealed unto babes."

"Yes, Brudder Green, yer got it rite—'ef yer nabor's hungry, feed him; 'ef he's dry, give em a drink. Mornin, brudder, see yer later."

W. D. R.

When we are trying to keep cool,  
Then comes along the summer fool,  
With beaded brow and fiery phiz,  
Exclaiming, Phew! how hot it is!

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity. A Study of the Gospels and the History of the Gospel Canon During the Second Century, with a Consideration of the results of Modern Criticism. By Orelio Cone, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891. pp. 355.

This is a work well adapted to the use of laity and scholars who have not the time or patience to dig in the mine of German theological works. The very catalogue of German writers on the canon and the several gospels is almost as formidable as Homer's catalogue of the ships. In this book, evidently by a ripe scholar and a diligent worker in the German mine, not forgetting the comparatively few English and French works, is a very complete summary of the results of modern criticism of the gospels and the literature, to which a discussion of their origin and history has given rise. The author disclaims any dogmatic tendencies and strives to be impartial between the several theories propounded as to the origin of the gospels, but his rational or liberal leanings are manifest, though by no means offensively so.

The first chapter is occupied with the text, in which is described the autographs, copies, extra-textual witnesses and manuscripts, with a description of the changes made unintentionally, intentionally, and with dogmatic leanings. Chapter two is occupied with the formation of the canon, in which it is shown that the claim of inspiration of the authors of the four gospels was not made before Irenaeus and Tertullian, near the close of the second century. In chapter three is discussed the "Synoptic problem" and the hypothesis of copying from a common written source of an original gospel and of oral tradition. The chapter concludes with the course of more recent criticism and the author's summary, which is substantially to the effect that the original of the three synoptic gospels was the "Logia," or as Strauss says, the "pithy sayings of Jesus." The author says, "The hypothesis accordingly appears reasonable that in the earliest tradition, the sayings of Jesus were handed down only as isolated fragments; and not until later were inquiries raised as to the occasions which gave rise to them." The remaining four chapters are devoted to a discussion of the composition of the four gospels, Mark being regarded as the earliest, next Matthew, followed by Luke. The composition of Mark at Rome is put in the last years of the sixties, Matthew not before the year seventy and is ascribed to a Jew of the dispersion, probably in Asia Minor, certainly not in Palestine; the date of Luke is given as about ninety, and it was written outside of Palestine in Gentile-Christian territory. A long chapter is devoted to John, "the only tender, true, chief-gospel" according to Luther. The composition of this gospel was by a writer unknown, who had probably the other gospels before him. He wrote with the purpose of exalting the character of Jesus. "The personality of the writer of this gospel is exclusively prominent." It was probably written in the second quarter of the second century.

The "Eschatology of the Gospels" is the subject of chapter eight. Dogmatic "tendencies" of the gospels are treated in chapter nine "The Old Testament in the Gospels" is next discussed, and an interesting chapter on the Gospels as histories follows, in which a thread of real historical character is recognized, however obscured by legendary matter, "tendencies" and other disturbing elements.

There is a summary of results in the last chapter, under "Criticism and Historical Christianity," in which the author says: "The history of criticism shows a tendency, in fact, to construct rather than destroy, to establish rather than over-throw historical Christianity. If historical Christianity is made to include such doctrines as the infallibility of the records, original sin, total depravity, the trinity, imputed righteousness, a vicarious atonement, and endless punishment, then, so far criticism is unfriendly. If, however, it means that Jesus of Nazareth lived, that he was a personality of unsurpassed moral and spiritual greatness, that he taught a morality and religion founded upon the doctrine that God is the father of all men, and all men are brothers, the central, practical precept of which is love toward God and man, that he lived a blameless, worshipful life of consecration, in which his great teachings were eminently illustrated; that he performed some works which in his age were

regarded as wonders, that after an amazing and brilliant career of a few months in Galilee, he was crucified at Jerusalem; and that he was thereupon in some way manifested to those who loved him and followed him, as victorious over death; if these are the essential contents of historical Christianity, then it finds in criticism not an opposing and destructive agent, but a helpful ally."

The book is a valuable addition to the discussion now going on, of the origin and value of "The Scriptures."

Bars and Thresholds. By Mrs. Emma Miner. 1891. Published by the author, 35 Water st., Clinton, Mass. pp. 210. Price, paper, 50 cents.

It usually spoils the charm of a love story proper to have any "ism" mixed up with its plot and denouement, and few are the writers venturing to do this who do not thereby mar the romance of the story they aim to tell. But in "Bars and Thresholds" Mrs. Miner gives us a story in which love and Spiritualism are about equally mixed, and yet so skilfully are they combined that the reader's attention is interested in the outcome of each. There is not in the whole book a tiresome speech or "preachy" page. The action is rapid, natural, vigorous. The dialogue is unstilted, bright, spicy, true to life. A rich but stern Presbyterian grandmother, a bigoted, spying governess and a returned missionary are the heavy "villians" of the story. The principal heroes are two noble-hearted men, a preacher and the village doctor; these two become converts to Spiritualism through the mediumship of the pretty orphan heroine, Doris, the granddaughter of the Presbyterian lady, who thinks Spiritualism is of the devil, and persecutes her grandchild and all who aid in her mediumship. Another medium is an innocent but ignorant child of the slums, adopted through pity by the doctor's mother. One of the principal characters in the book is a charming old lady, grandaunt to the heroine, who at the beginning of the tale is the only believer in Spiritualism of the group. Nearly all phases of spirit phenomena are described incidentally in the working out of the story. Several minor love affairs crop out of the events occurring to the chief personages which give an added interest to the story as a whole. Mrs. Miner will be remembered by JOURNAL readers as the author of the bright storyette, "Was it a Dream?" and other contributions to this paper in verse and prose.

Verses. By Helen T. Clark. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1891. pp. 70. Mrs. Clark is well known as a contributor of stories, essays and poems to such periodicals as the Christian Union, Cosmopolitan Magazine, Springfield (Mass.) Republican, Boston Transcript, Frank Leslie's Newspaper, Boston Index and other literary journals. In this modestly named little volume she has brought together only a few of her widely scattered gems of poetic thought. Sometime we hope to see a full volume containing all her best work, for from this we miss a number of remembered poems. These "Verses" give forth rhythmic tones, as love, sorrows, and sympathy touch the heart fibres of the writer. A noble humanitarianism inspires her muse, and "Prometheus," "Deferred," "On the Heights" and "An Appeal to Caesar" with many others are nobly uplifting in their expressions of unselfish idealism. Mrs. Clark is not a Spiritualist, and yet the poem entitled "Transients" which is given in another column would seem to indicate a knowledge of spirit presence.

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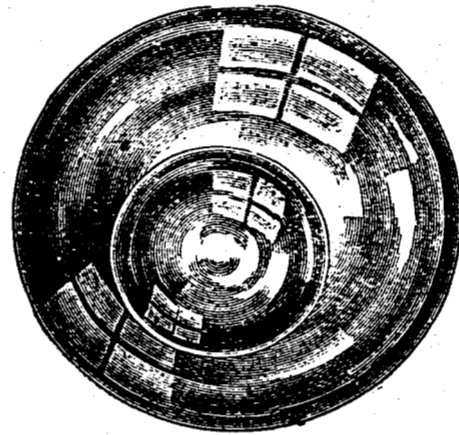
—BY—  
PROF. ELLIOTT COOPER, M. D.,  
Member of the National Academy of Sciences of the London Society for Psychical Research, etc., etc.

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BY D. D. HOME.

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By Mrs. E. L. WATSON.

Be still, my heart; thy prayer denied  
Mayhap some greater good doth mean,  
Fulfillment of a sweeter dream  
Born on some near, in-coming tide.

Be still, my heart; in retrospect  
Re-read the pages of thy past,  
Behold how sorrows deep and vast  
Were glooms where latent glories slept:

Be still, my heart; and then perchance  
Thy inner ear may catch a strain  
Of higher music, born of pain,  
From souls up-caught in holy trance.

Be still, my heart; in love with Love  
Thou sought for some one needing thine,  
Ne'er doubting that the gift divine  
Would meet with blessings from above.

But though mankind a-hungry seems  
The proffered bread untasted waits  
Without the world-hearts closed gates,  
While my full heart hugs empty dreams.

Be still, my heart; be still and trust;  
No wise prayer ever was denied;  
No evil can the good betide,  
God rules, and what He wills is just.

SIR CUPID.

Sir Cupid once, as I have heard,  
Determined to discover  
What kind of a man a maid preferred  
Selecting for a lover.

So, putting on a soldier's coat,  
He talked of martial glory;  
And from the way he talked, they say,  
She seemed to like—the story.

Then, with a smile sedate and grim,  
He changed his style and station;  
In shovel hat and gaiters trim  
He made his visitation.  
He talked of this, discoursed on that,  
Of Palestine and Hermon;  
And from the way he preached, they say,  
She seemed to like—the sermon!

Then, changed again, he came to her  
A roaring, rattling sailor.  
He cried "Yo-ho! I love you so!"  
And vowed he'd never fail her.  
He talked of star and compass true,  
The glories of the ocean;  
And from the way he sang, they say,  
She seemed to like—the notion!

Then Cupid, puzzled in his mind,  
Discarded his disguises.  
"That you no preference seem to find  
My fancy much surprises."  
"Why so?" she cried with roguish smile,  
"Why, prithee, why so stupid?  
I do not care what garb you wear  
So long as you are—Cupid!"

—TEMPLE BAR.

A SUGGESTION.

She had lingered long by the window-pane,  
And watched with her childish, impatient eyes,  
The countless drops of the beating rain,  
And the leader, relentless skies.

At length, when the dreary day was done,  
She told her thoughts, in the twilight gray;  
"You know there's a bureau in Washington,  
Where weather is stowed away.

"And when it's so stormy and cold and wet,  
I wonder what they are thinking about,  
Not to open some other drawer and get  
A different weather out!"

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Haste in, dear ghosts, that we may bar it out

Here are your places in the broken chain,
Dear lips un-kissed—dear hands we may not hold—

When you go forth into the wailing night
Back to your lonely graves, bear with you hence

Aye, let those tears—dropped crystals in the
snow—

"Your son, I hear, is becoming an excellent land-
scape painter."

"Does he imitate nature well?"
"Imitate nature! He beats nature. He can put

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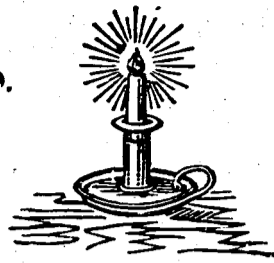
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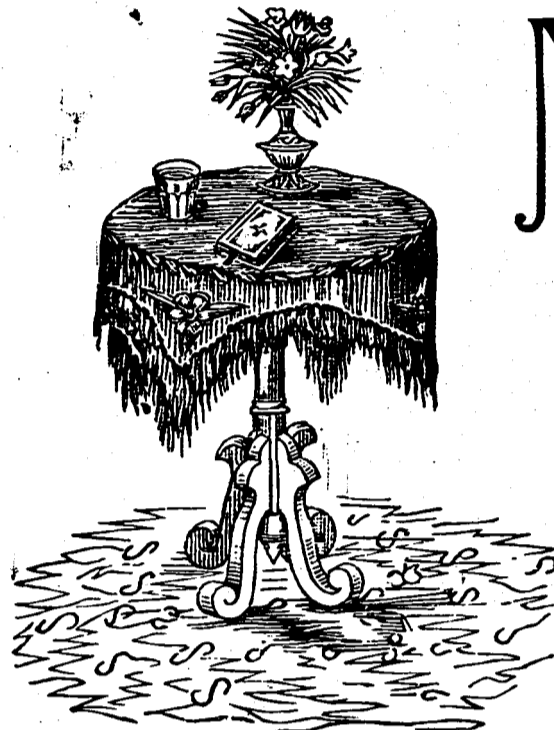
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Smith hammereth cheerily the sword, Priest preacheth pure and holy word, Dame Alice worketh broidery well, Clerk Richard tales of love can tell, The tap wife sells her foaming beer, Dan Fisher fisheth in the mere, And courtiers ruffle, strut and shine, While pages bring the Gascon wine; But fall to each what'er befall, The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castle fair and high, Whatever river runneth by. Great cities rise in every land, Great churches show the builder's hand, Fair palaces and pleasing bowers, Great work is done be't here and there, And well man worketh everywhere; But work or rest, what'er befall The farmer he must feed them all.

—CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

LOGIC OF EARLY RISING.

"He who would thrive, should rise at five."

He who would thrive more, should rise at four.

He who would more thriving be, Should leave his bed at turn of three.

And who this latter would outdo, Will rouse him at the stroke of two.

He who would never be outdone, Must ever rise as soon as one.

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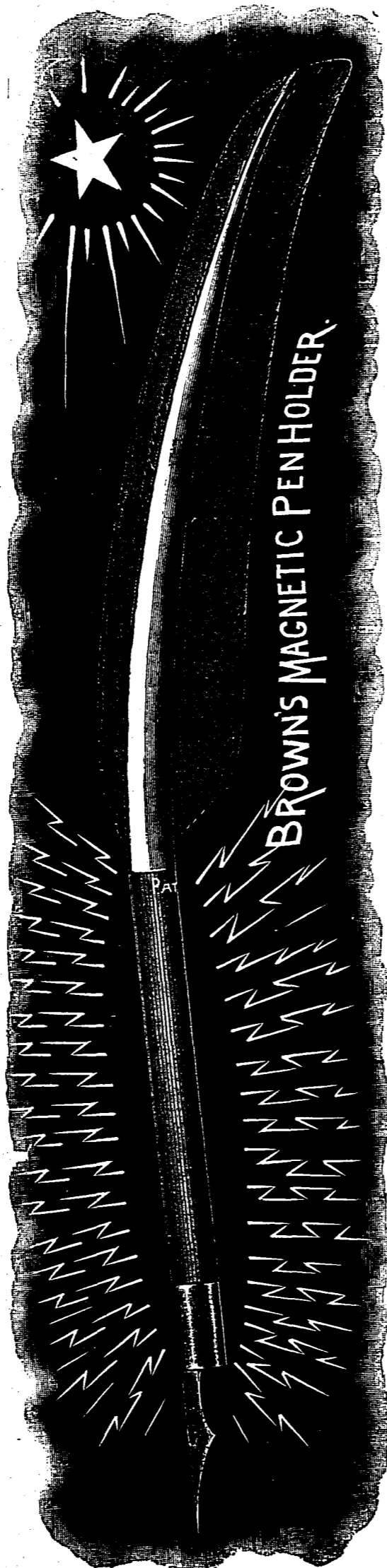
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