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

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

TO THE French people Renan was not so much the great scholar or the great critic of religion as he was the supreme literary artist, says the Independent. No man was a finer master of the French language. As an essayist he was without a superior. Philosophical, witty, clear, always fresh, always suggestive, his words were music itself. The supremest glory of pure French literature was his. What will live of Ernest Renan is his work in pure scholarship.

SEVEN Boston preachers had signed editorials in a Boston paper on a recent Sunday, yet it was not so very long ago that the preachers of Boston declared war against the Sunday newspaper. Of course the Boston preachers are well paid for their editorials published in these Sunday papers. Perhaps the hostility of the orthodox clergy to the Sunday paper will cease after awhile. They had better help improve its character and tone rather than oppose it longer, for the Sunday paper has become an established fact and it will not be given up.

THE decision of Judge Tuthill, Monday, in holding that a minor can not be committed to the Bridewell for non-payment of a fine to the city, is logically correct and eminently just, says the Globe of this city. If a minor cannot control his property he certainly should not be imprisoned for failing to pay a civil fine, and if he could, the Bridewell with its bad influences is not a proper place for him. The decision suggests the necessity of the next legislature establishing public manual training schools, where indigent children can be sent before they commit any crimes, and there given a practical education in the useful arts, that they may become good citizens instead of thugs and criminals.

GENERAL REFUGIO I. GONZALEZ, the editor of *La Ilustracion Espirita*, passed over to the great majority in Mexico, August 17th last. Says *Revista de Estudios Psicologicos* of September, "the history of the life of this man is the history of Spiritualism in Mexico. We should say that Spiritualism had received in that quarter a terrible blow, if we were not firmly convinced that the spirit of Gonzalez would continue to work from space, with more energy than on earth the weight of increasing age actually permitted him, for the upbuilding and ardent propaganda of Spiritualism in that Republic." We wait further particulars from *La Ilustracion Espirita* of the death of this ardent apostle of Spiritualism.

VERY seldom, says the Banner of Light, will the gist of Spiritualism's message to humanity regarding death, so-called—its naturalness and its evolutionary office—be more clearly stated than in the following extract from the views of Professor Henry Drummond—albeit the talented author would hardly admit himself to be a Spiritualist in the usual sense which that title implies: "The part of the organism which begins to get out of correspondence with the or-

ganic environment is the only part which is in vital correspondence with it. Though a fatal disadvantage to the natural man to be thrown out of correspondence with this environment, it is of inestimable importance to the spiritual man. For so long as it is maintained the way is barred for a further evolution. And hence the condition necessary for the further evolution is that the spiritual be released from the natural. That is to say, the condition of the further evolution is death.

Good roads are important as a means of building up the country and making it prosperous. Bad roads are an obstruction to progress and cause districts to be sparsely settled when they might be populous, and lead to poverty and ignorance as a consequence. A movement has been inaugurated for the improvement of wagon-ways in this country, and it certainly deserves encouragement and support. Bad roads, it is argued, cause churches and schools to be neglected, prevent social intercourse in the country and make life in the rural districts somewhat cheerless, because isolated. A movement is under way which aims to utilize part of the grounds of the World's Fair for an exhibit, to show the people how to build and how to keep good roads and to teach them the vital need there is of possessing them. Those who are combined for such a display insist that they should have a building devoted to it especially, but there may not be sufficient room for such a building in Jackson Park. At any rate, road-making and maintenance should be a subject of discussion, for it is something in which the people of the entire country are interested.

THE American Unitarian Association, says the Christian Register, let slip a great opportunity to put itself on record on the right side, when it took action in regard to the Sunday opening of the Columbian Exposition. Without any reference to what should be the proper decision of that question, the true ground would have been that Congress has no right whatever to pass special laws in favor of religion in any form. Before the law and constitution of the United States, Jew and Gentile, Christian and Pagan, stand with equal rights. It is a wonder that no one of us thought of it at the time. It is a wonder that, when opinion was divided as to what recommendation we should make to Congress, no one was wise enough to arise, and say that the whole scheme was foreign to the temper of Unitarianism and the spirit of our government. We have been consistent heretofore in our opposition to the attempt to legislate Christianity into the constitution of the United States; and now, unthinkingly, we fall into the trap set by the adversary of religious liberty, and go on record with the request to Congress that it shall take action in regard to the observance of the Christian Sunday. Are we mistaken when we say that the mere mention of this fact will convince all our readers that we might have taken higher ground in our May meeting? The question is likely to come up in our autumnal meetings. Let us fall back upon our record and fundamental principle, and say that all special legislation by Congress in regard to Christianity or any of its institutions, except to declare liberty of conscience to all men, is foreign to the spirit of our institutions. We see what has

come of such legislation. Could anything be more pitiful than the readiness of habitual Sabbath breakers to put themselves on record, for political purposes, as being in favor of the "Christian Sabbath?" The precedent is a dangerous one. Once let the question as to Christianity come before Congress; and who does not see that there is definite danger that a majority of Senators and Representatives will vote that Christianity is the law of the land, that this is a Christian nation, and that we are bound to support by law Christian principles and to forbid unchristian practices? If, through inadvertence, we have slipped away from our well-defended post, let us make haste to renew our vigilance. There can be no doubt that every advocate of "Christianity in the Constitution" has taken courage at his success in vindicating the honor of the "Christian Sabbath" by voting a restriction on the loan granted to the Columbian Exposition. There can be no doubt that the next step will be taken with greater confidence and more hope of success. It is equally certain that, to make our influence felt, we must not merely support the legislation that we like, and oppose that which is not of our way of thinking, but we must resist all legislation which has the slightest tendency to limit religious liberty in belief, spirit, and practice. Let us remember that it was Anne Hutchinson's fruitful maxim, "No man a delinquent on account of creed," which put the spirit and letter of religious liberty into the Massachusetts Bill of Rights and the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

On the 8th inst., a memorial meeting was held under the auspices of the Whittier Club of Haverhill, (Mass.,) an organization composed of Mr. Whittier's personal acquaintances in that vicinity who for some years have been in the custom of meeting annually on the birthday of the poet, the gatherings sometimes taking the form of pilgrimages to his home, where they were always warmly greeted. Exercises in the little New England farmhouse, according to the Boston Advertiser, were touching and impressive, and those who listened and those who participated were inspired anew by the associations of the hallowed spot. This year Mr. Whittier had intended to visit the old home of his boyhood days at about this time. There was no display or ostentation about the services; the members of the club with their guests, to the number of 125, were conveyed from Haverhill to the homestead, three miles east of the city, in carriages and barges. There in the old kitchen the president of the Whittier Club, G. C. Howe, spoke of the place as a shrine that shall remain through all history; a Mecca for pilgrims the world over who loved John Greenleaf Whittier. Though he passed most of his life elsewhere, it was that house and that vicinity which gave him his first inspiration. His interest in Haverhill was always keen and it was he who has immortalized the Merrimack as Scott did the Teed. O. W. Holmes among others sent letters. Dr. Holmes wrote: "His countrymen and especially his New England countrymen cannot too gratefully cherish the remembrance of one who did so much to render our commonplace life beautiful, and who never wrote a line the whitest-robed angel would wish to have blotted from his manuscript."

TENNYSON AND SPIRITUALISM.

The death of Tennyson takes from us perhaps the greatest poet of the present generation. He lived to a green old age. If he is to be judged by the amount of great work which he did, he certainly stands foremost. Other poets in the present generation have perhaps produced a small quantity of finer and higher poetry, but none of them have equalled Tennyson in the amount of work done of a high character.

Tennyson was a representative of the age, especially of his own country. Taine speaks of him as a representative of the comfortable middle class of England and perhaps this is true at least if we consider that class up to within the last twenty-five years. Tennyson has expressed its thoughts, its emotions, its sympathies, its convictions, with eloquence and beauty. He saw beauties in things as they exist and told of them in a manner that no other poet of this age has been able to command.

In a large sense Tennyson was more than the representative of a class or of a nation. He voiced the deep convictions, the joys and sorrows, the aspirations of the race. He entered into the hearts of men from whom in return he heard words of approval and grateful appreciation from every part of the civilized world.

All Tennyson's work is pervaded like that of our own Whittier, by a lofty moral, and spiritual purpose as expressed in his own well-known lines:

How'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good:
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Although a pensioner upon the State and a member of the peerage, Tennyson rejoiced in the enfranchisement of the masses and when the Queen's counselors had made "the bounds of freedom wider yet," the poet laureate wrote in enthusiastic approval. Some of the poetry which he wrote the last few years is of but little value, but the poet must be judged by his work as a whole and not by fragments.

Who shall take his place? Perhaps nobody ever will. Times change and we change with them and the poetry of the future, although it will essentially be the same as that in all past ages, may be very different in its form of expression.

Although never labeled a Spiritualist Tennyson was a thoroughly spiritual minded poet, and the philosophy of Spiritualism is embodied in many of his poems in more concrete and definite form than can be found outside of those mystics who have received direct revelations from the Spirit-world. Opening at random a volume of his Easter poems we find expressions of his views of continued existence like the following:

Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!
—The Deserted House.

Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight;
Yet ere he parted said, "This hour is thine:
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign forever over all."
—Love and Death.

Apostrophizing the spirit of his departed friend, Arthur Hallam, in his "In Memoriam" poem Tennyson writes:

And doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit

In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

How fares it with the happy dead?
For here the man is more and more;
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head.

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
Gives out at times (he knows not whence)
A little flash, a mystic hint:

And in the long harmonious years
(If Death so taste Lethæan springs)
May some dim touch of earthly things
Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
O turn thee round, resolve the doubt;
My guardian angel will speak out
In that high place, and tell thee all.

The baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is prest
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that "this is I":

But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of "I," and "me,"
And finds "I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As thro' the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.

The use may lie in blood and breath,
Which else were fruitless of their due,
Had man to learn himself anew
Beyond the second birth of Death.

So be it: there no shade can last
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom,
The eternal landscape of the past:

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

In faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place to clasp and say,
"Fare-well! We lose ourselves in light."

The poet's belief in spirit-return is voiced in stanzas like these:

"Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs and sting and sing,
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And on the lower verge of life
The twilight of eternal day."

And his knowledge of mediumistic power is plainly shown in the following description of what he terms "A Mystic":

"He often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect and power and will, hath heard
Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom.
How could ye know him? Ye were yet within

The narrow circle: he had wellnigh reached
The last, which with a region of white flame,
Pure without heat, into a larger air
Upburning, and an ether of black blue,
Investeth and ingirds all other lives."

WRITING BOOKS.

Says Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine: "Some of the brightest and best informed and trained minds in the land give their entire time and energy to the daily and weekly press. They do this under the law of supply and demand. They get better pay for this work than they could get, with few exceptions, for writing books. The newspaper is pushed as a commercial enterprise as it never was before, and it can afford to command the best talent to swell its circulation, upon which its profit from advertising depends. By this demand, doubtless, the higher, the spontaneous, literature loses, but the ephemeral gains in quality and ability to satisfy the wants of the reading public. The authors of books, as a rule, have been inadequately paid for their labors. It is no reproach to them if they desire better pay and a larger public. It was always dignified to write for a first-class review or any periodical of character, but it is within the memory of this generation when the public saw with a shock of surprise the names of men of letters of high rank advertised as contributors to a weekly paper."

Forty or fifty years ago, the authorship of a dozen meritorious short poems even would give to the writer of them immediate reputation as a versifier, which, if properly cultivated, might ultimately become the fame of a poet. The authorship of two or three readable volumes of travels or romance made their writer at once a literary man of note. In fact, the publication of a readable book at that time was more or less of a literary event. A good book was generally read and talked about, and widely noticed. Its author had no occasion to complain of neglect from the public. On the contrary, the recognition of even ordinary literary merit was prompt and ungrudging. Indeed, the so-called criticism of that day, in this country at least, was too apt to be mere fulsome laudation of anybody and everybody who indulged in prose or rhyme. Fifty years ago, the candidates for literary distinction were so few that they were not in each other's way. Several of them still survive, crowned with the laurel of a well-earned fame. One of them, Whittier, has just disappeared in a sunset-like effulgence of glory, honored in both hemispheres. To-day, the conditions of literary distinction are entirely changed, the terms on which it is had being much harder than they were of yore. Now, the publication of a confessedly good book, which all the journalistic and periodical critics are willing to praise and which they can conscientiously praise, is such a constantly and multitudinously recurring literary event that it excites only a languid and temporary interest that quickly dies out, leaving the author of the good book aforesaid in pretty much his original obscurity. Literary merit is so common now that it scarcely confers distinction. Those who write with ease and ability is rapidly becoming in the leading countries of the civilized world a large and formidable moiety of the entire population of each of those countries. An English writer on this subject says that newspaper criticism favorable to a young author produces at the present time little or no result, because there is too much of it, and the competition is too fierce for any one name to emerge from the crush, except by a miracle. "A good book, you say: the critics praised it. Ah, indeed! Why, look at the opinions of the press at the end of everybody's volume, and see if the critics have not praised all. They were every one good, no doubt; but how on earth can anybody read the ten thousand books per annum that are published and that critics have praised?" Such is the pertinent inquiry of a magazine writer. And just here is the rub for the young author, even the young author of undoubted genius. The road to distinction through the writing of books is a hard road to travel. It is so thronged, and there are so many meritorious competitors, that no single individual is very conspicuous or can be. Writing ability was never in greater demand than it is now, because everybody reads; but writing ability cannot now expect much in

the shape of fame; but must content itself with a pecuniary compensation, such as producers of ordinary kinds of wares and commodities are content to receive. Even an omnivorous reader with nothing else to do but to devour books, would stand aghast at the torrent of really good books of all kinds and in all departments of thought and literature which are now constantly pouring from the presses of Great Britain, Germany, France, and the United States. The critical department of the weekly journals has whole columns of notices of new books. In a world like the present, so preoccupied with politics, the daily news, business, and pleasure, readers confine themselves more and more to newspapers and periodicals and books published in pamphlet and periodical form. Meantime, as the world gets more and more on a rational basis, the literatures and histories of the past will become of less and less interest. Their significance will be condensed in a few pages, and that will suffice; for a rational, scientific, popular civilization will have little or nothing to learn from the past, and thus the Gibbons, Mommsens, and Grotes will no longer be read *in extenso* except by the curious archæologist. Society will soon have taken a departure *de novo*, social and individual life being lived according to the dictates of reason and common-sense, and not according to precedent and authority.

THE OPEN FAIR ON SUNDAY.

The World's Columbian Exposition will be a magnificent display of the products of science, art and industry. It will be a great series of object lessons, the instructive value of which cannot be estimated. It will afford opportunities for study and such as will not be presented again in half a century perhaps. There is no class that will be unable to gain instruction by this wonderful exhibit. Its intellectual advantages will be hardly less significant than those of a moral character, for all art and science and industrial displays tend to divert the mind from associations that are bad, when there is inclination in that direction. Therefore, to the great mass of people who will visit and become interested in this Exposition, there will be a distinct moral as well as intellectual advantage. To close such an agency for culture on Sunday, the only day on which the great mass of the people are able to attend without loss of time and wages, would be the height of folly; indeed, it would be immoral. The Exposition is for the people and not for a few individuals. For those of leisure who can attend one day as well as another and to whom expense is a matter of small consequence, to say that the people shall not have an opportunity to view the works of art and industry on Sunday, is to say that the people have no rights which the favored ones are bound to respect. Sunday is a day of recreation and rest, which does not mean idleness. There is nothing more unendurable to an active mind than to be compelled to forego all physical and intellectual activity for days or hours even at a time. True rest consists in giving overworked and overtaxed faculties an opportunity to regain their tone and strength while other faculties and powers are occupied. To the great mass of people who toil with their hands during six days of the week, viewing the objects that will be exposed to sight in the exhibition one day in the week, would be the most complete and proper rest.

On Sunday all the saloons of the city will be, as they now are, open, and the most ingenious devices used to attract those who are unemployed on that day, including of course, the great mass of manual toilers. The saloons, therefore, are liable to be thronged and to be scenes of dissipation and carousal just in proportion as the opportunities for other ways of spending the day are denied to the people. Shall it be said that in one of the most enlightened nations on the globe, in one of the most advanced cities on this continent, all the rum-holes of the city are permitted to have their doors wide open and liquor sold without check to all who visit them, and at the same time a place of education and instruction is closed on the ground that it would be a desecration of the Sabbath?

What are the clergy thinking of in joining the saloon-keepers, the class that is the most anxious for closing the World's Fair on Sunday, in denying to the people so obvious a right as that which is implied in attending the Fair on that day? What desecration is there in visiting a place such as will be afforded to the people by the Exposition? None whatever. Do the clergy think that they can induce people to attend the churches and to hear their sermons by denying to them the right to follow their own wishes in spending Sunday? Do they think they will promote the interests of morality or that religion will be advanced by the course which they are pursuing in utter disregard of the principles of religious liberty and of the rights of the masses? But the alternative is not the Fair or the church. Many who would attend the Fair on Sunday, perhaps the most of them, will not under any circumstances attend the churches. Not a few of them would be found among the demoralizing scenes of the saloons and the low dives of the city. Does not, therefore, every principle of expediency as well as of justice demand that the Fair be open on Sunday, that the people may have all the intellectual and moral influences that may be derived from observation and study of the display?

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Last winter The Forum engaged Dr. J. M. Rice, a special student of educational methods who had made a thorough investigation of the schools of Europe, to visit the principal cities of the United States and to make a critical examination of the work done in the public schools. The results of this examination, which extended over a period of six months, will appear in a number of articles in The Forum, the first of which is published in the October number. Dr. Rice spent the hours every school day from January to June, inclusive, in the school-rooms, and observed more than twelve hundred teachers at their work, and visited the schools in thirty-six cities. The schools considered in this article are those of Baltimore, where the work is not done scientifically because of the political domination of the school management. About the schools in Baltimore Dr. Rice declares that they are "practically in the hands of ward politicians, the teachers untrained, and the supervision far too scanty; and it is not surprising that the schools of Baltimore should be as they are. As for the remedies? These are simple enough after the causes of the evils are discovered. They consist in taking the schools out of the domain of politics, in employing only professionally trained teachers, and in enlarging the supervisory staff."

A CONTRIBUTOR to Light relates the following: I am fortunate in having kept a letter dated June 12th as throwing light upon a subsequent letter of September 5th, from a young lady whom I have known from her childhood, who is a powerful clairvoyant and clairaudient medium. Her father, an intimate friend of mine, died two or three years back; he was one of the early pioneers of Spiritualism, and, in old times, wrote a book on the subject of capacity and interest, and I have a distinct recollection of his death being honorably mentioned in Light. My young friend says, in her letter of June 12th, "On June the first, in the morning, I was standing at my dressing-table doing my hair, when Mrs. — (a lady of her acquaintance) stood at my right side, looked into my face, and exclaimed 'I'm dead,' and immediately disappeared. I saw her as in life, and I was not thinking of her, nor had I been. I took no notice of it till noon, when I received a letter from her son, saying that his dear mother had passed away at 2:40 that morning." She also told me that she saw her father attending his own funeral. Both these details seem to me very interesting, especially the latter; the more so as it removes the event a little beyond the boundaries generally allowed for these appearances of the departed by the Society of Psychical Research; as a funeral ordinarily takes place some days subsequent to the death of the individual. And this detail of my young friend caps a similar one that has dwelt forcibly on my memory told some time back by Dr. Purdon in Light, to

the effect that some twenty years back, when that powerful medium, Miss Cook, was staying with him and Mrs. Purdou, he being the head of the soldiers' hospital at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight, Miss Cook saw a dead soldier heading his own funeral; and subsequently, at the grave, an attendant soldier also saw the wraith and fainted. In a letter of September 5th my young friend writes: "The night before I received your letter I was lying in bed, wondering if my dear old friend had joined my beloved father, when you came to me, and I distinctly saw you. I immediately asked: 'Dear friend, have you passed over to the other life?' You shook your head, meaning no, but did not speak! It brought tears into my eyes. . . . You may imagine, after my vision, how delighted I was to see your handwriting in the morning." I naturally wished to know something further about this unexpected revelation, and felt puzzled as to how far it might have been subjective. So I asked my young friend how I appeared and the hour. By return of post I received the following: "It was dark when you came to me, and between eleven and twelve at night. You had on apparently a sort of white dressing-gown, and an exceedingly bright light surrounded you, but I did not see the flame of it, or whence it came."

It is granted as a general premise that animals have a nervous system of acute sensibility, rendering them susceptible of pain as great as that which human bodies feel. Even their scientific tormentors admit this, and no one can doubt it who has seen them suffer. Yet in actual fact scarcely any one who has to deal with them remembers this, or is in any way influenced by it. Animals are usually treated as if they were without any feeling, mental or physical. They are sold from hand to hand, bartered from owner to owner, torn from their homes and from their habits, forced into alien and unnatural ways of existence, flogged, struck, chained, over-driven, often starved as well, and, unless in some cases of extreme cruelty, the law does not interfere; in many countries it does not interfere even then. Societies for the defense of animals are ridiculed, and even where they exist in some force are almost useless through the apathy or reluctance of the tribunals to which they appeal for authority to act. Of the hundreds of thousands who use and profit by animals there is not one in ten thousand who cares how they are treated, or would incur a personal danger or a passing opprobrium to save them from suffering. The whole attitude of man toward the animal is mean and unworthy; it is simply the bullying brutality of the stronger over the weaker, or rather of the cunning over the frank, for the dominance of man over the larger animals is entirely obtained by the exercise of ruse and ingenuity. No kind of warfare is deemed too treacherous to use in the pursuit of wild animals, and no usage too barbarous to be given to tamed ones, if the interests or pleasures of the human race are thereby promoted. This may be natural, it may be inevitable, but it is certainly ignoble; and the boastful self-admiration with which men speak of it is singularly out of place.

SPIRITUALISM being the harbinger of advanced thought, says the Better Way, its advocates and investigators naturally demand new truths and suggestions for reform from the instruments who have been selected to do the bidding of the spirit world. Revamping old ideas and prejudices do not fit into our programme of to-day, and mediums who do not advance with the progress of the cause, must not wonder if others precede them in popularity. Battling old Church dogmas that even the Church itself has discarded is like kicking at a corpse which neither hurts the corpse nor elevates the cause that does the fighting. If our mediums must be aggressive, let them attack live issues and those that are doing injury to mankind. But best of all would be to undermine error with substitutes that will make it topple of its own accord. Such is the mission of Spiritualism, and mediums who live for the cause and not for self, will find themselves the recipients of inspiration for this effect.

W. STANTON MOSES.

By WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The death of W. Stanton Moses, following so hard upon that of Col. Bundy, is indeed a great loss to the cause of rational Spiritualism. To lose, in a few weeks of each other, these two men, the editors in America and England, of the journals expounding the higher elements of the modern spiritualistic movement, is a calamity of great moment. What the results will be, none of us can tell. In either country, I know of no one to fill the place of the absent one. Not that, in both countries, there are not honest, intelligent, faithful workers for our cause, but each of these men was unique—each occupied a position which he alone could fill. There was work to be done by each that he was specially fitted for—work of vital importance to the cause of psychic truth. Therefore I have said, where are their successors to be found?

Dr. Coues has paid so glowing a tribute to our ascended brother that he has left little for others to say. He knew Mr. Moses personally; hence, in some directions, he is better qualified to speak than those of us who are familiar with the writings alone of the departed one. As a writer and general scholar, perhaps Mr. Moses had no superior in the ranks of English Spiritualism. As a rule, his style of composition was pleasing, felicitous. There was in it more of the suaviter in modo than the fortiter in re, though the latter was by no means lacking. What a contrast between the softly-flowing, smoothly-rounded periods of Stanton Moses and the bold, rugged, incisive sentences of John C. Bundy! At times, though, each would in a measure approximate the style of the other. Many of the writings of Bundy were couched in ornate and polished diction, while Stanton Moses seemed to revel sometimes in critical severity. Both did the work they respectively had to do, and each in his own special way.

The active work of Mr. Moses, in behalf of psychic science and the investigation of the occult realm of nature, gave tone and character to the cause of English Spiritualism. Men such as he command the respect of the non-believer, the skeptic. Himself a psychic of marked and extended experience, he was the more enabled to sympathize with his brother and sister psychics; and in the writer's opinion, this sympathy at times carried him as much too far in one direction, as, in the opinion of some good people (but not in my own), Col. Bundy was carried in the other. That is, he was sometimes disposed to look with favor or leniency upon that which was, in my judgment, unworthy of such consideration, coupled with a disposition to criticise, not altogether justly, those not seeing these matters just as he did. A signal instance of this was manifest in his evident utter inability to do justice to the extremely valuable work of Mr. Richard Hodgson, both in his crushing exposé of the theosophic frauds and in his research into psychic phenomena in general, real and pretended. As a careful, scientific investigator of psychic phenomena, Mr. Hodgson stands second to none, in my opinion, yet the editor of *Light* for years constantly indulged in depreciatory and very unjust criticisms and slighting remarks upon Mr. Hodgson and his work. But this, and other critical work of analogous character, were the spots upon the sun of his intellectual brightness, so to speak. Like all the rest of us, he was not infallible. All men and women have their limitations and defects; perfection is not in any one. We cannot all see alike; each must be true to his own self, his own highest light. Room for criticism exists in the life-work of all.

Mr. Stanton Moses published various works of value pertaining to spiritual phenomena and philosophy—works which should long endure; works, I am sorry to say, too little known in America. They

should be in every spiritualistic library. A favorite saying of Mr. Moses is said to have been, "Few men are important; no one is necessary." With all due deference to our brother's opinion, I am inclined to demur somewhat as to its literal truth; and in the ranks, both of those important and necessary, I would place William Stanton Moses, or "M. A. (Oxon)."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MATTER.

By B. F. UNDERWOOD.

In his little work recently published, "First Steps of Philosophy," Mr. Salter quotes the words of Spencer that "what we are conscious of as properties of matter, even down to its weight and resistance, are but objective affections produced by objective agencies which are unknown and unknowable"—a sentence which Mr. Salter says contains in brief what he has tried to say on this subject.

The majority of people think they know a great deal about matter. They name its so-called properties and qualities, never doubting that they are describing an external substance as it exists per se, instead of the different ways in which their consciousness is affected by a reality of whose ultimate nature they know nothing. They imagine that outward things are directly mirrored by the senses, and that they are exactly what they seem to be. Tell them that to us matter is a congeries of qualities,—weight, resistance, extension, etc.; that these words imply and describe our own conscious states, and the effects on us of an external reality rather than the reality itself,—and they are utterly unable to comprehend what you mean.

It is none the less true that mind and matter form a synthesis, and neither can be conceived without the other. We are compelled to think of mind in terms of matter, and matter in terms of mind. The hardness and softness (resistance), for example, which we ascribe to matter are sensations: the substantial form in which we are compelled to represent mind is necessarily material. Every perception, every sensation, implies a sensitive organism and an external reality acting upon the organism; in other words, two factors, without either of which sensation is inconceivable. This is what Aristotle meant when he described sensation as "the common act of the feeling and the felt." Without the living organism, what are sound, color, fragrance, hardness, softness, light, and darkness, or any of the so-called secondary, not to speak here of the so-called primary, qualities of matter? Can there be sound without an ear to collect and transmit the aural vibrations to the acoustic nerve where, to use a materialistic terminology, they can be assimilated and transformed by some mysterious process into sensation, or where they can be so modified that the motion in its subjective aspect becomes the sensation we call sound? Without an eye can there be luminous effects?

There must be both vibrations of the air and an acoustic nerve to have sound, undulations of ether and retinal sensibility to have light, emanations of particles and an olfactory nerve to have fragrance, and external objects and nervous sensibility to have hardness or softness. Vibrations of the air, undulations of ether, emanations of particles, and external objects may all exist in the absence of a living organism; but what are sound and luminousness, fragrance and hardness, but sensations? And, of the external factors mentioned, what do we know, except in connection with the subjective factor? We need not pursue these reflections far, to become convinced of the truth of Tyndall's remark, that "matter is essentially transcendental in its nature." By psychological analysis, our conceptions of matter are reducible to sensation, "the common act of the feeling and the felt"; and this is what Fénelon meant, when he said of matter, "It is a je ne sais quoi, which melts within my hands as soon as I press it."

These facts give no support to the theory that there is no objective reality and that everything resolves itself into the various states of the conscious subject. The doctrine of the relativity of knowledge,

leads logically to the conclusion, in accord with the universal reason and common sense of mankind, that there is something beyond consciousness that, in co-operation with the organism, produces the sensations of which we are conscious. What is the externality? What can be affirmed of it? We turn to the great philosopher Kant, and he tells us that knowledge of the object unmodified by the subject can never be known, since subject and object co-operate in every act of cognition; and that, "though the existence of an external world is a necessary postulate, its existence is only logically affirmed." "As well might the bird, when feeling the resistance of the air, wish that it were in vacuo, thinking that then it might fly with the greatest of ease." And Spencer says, "The antithesis of subject and object, never to be transcended while consciousness lasts, renders impossible all knowledge of that ultimate reality in which subject and object unite." Mr. Fiske declares that we cannot identify it with mind? "since what we know as mind is a series of phenomenal manifestations," nor with matter, "since what we know as matter is a series of phenomenal manifestations. This is materialism included in the same condemnation with idealism." What is the ultimate reality that produces in us co-existent or sequent states of consciousness, that appears to us under the forms and appearances of space, matter, force, time, and motion? Who shall tell? The whole tendency of scientific and philosophic thought to-day is toward the conception that the ultimate basis and cause of phenomena is psychical in its nature.

LIFE INHERENT IN MATTER VS. INFLUX.

By S. T. SUDDICK, M. D.

There are no two classes of people in the world to-day more dogmatic than Doctors of Divinity and Doctors of Medicine. The D. D. believes all life to be inherent in the soul and "breathed" into man by the Deity himself; while the M. D., believes exactly to the contrary, or that all life is inherent in matter, and is a product of food, water and air. Yet, strange to say, these two great bodies of learned men will drop their own fight at any time to make war on any man or class of men who tries to hold the mirror of truth so that it will throw light upon the real facts, or who will attempt to unravel this mystery of the ages—what is life?

Life is vitalized matter. Beginning at the monad, the protoplasm so infinitesimally small that it has to be magnified five thousand diameters before we can distinguish it or observe its workings, it seems to be permeated with active, vigorous life, and yet there is all around it what we call dead matter, on which it feeds although it has no digestive organs, and in which it moves in many curious modes, although it has no nerves of motion or any other discoverable apparatus by which to obtain motion.

Theologians contend that this life, this motion could not be imparted to matter entirely without organs in any other way than by what they erroneously call spirit. But the M. D. asks them to prove it. The D. D. cannot do this, except by the "sacred record" which the M. D. will not recognize as any authority whatever.

On the other hand the D. D. places before the M. D. this seemingly reasonable proposition by which to prove his theory: Take any simple or compound bit of dead matter, or matter without protoplasm, and impart to it life. But all the wisdom of all the M. D.'s in the world cannot perform this miracle. So his theory also remains unproven.

Now the object of this argument is to prove that both of these widely divergent and thoroughly antagonistic schools are right, and both wrong, and about equally so. We hold as true that the whole universe was in the beginning, (if there ever was a beginning,) divided into mind, (or intelligence,) and inert matter—universal mind and universal matter; that mind and matter are coeval; that mind (intelligence) was, and is, the great former, architect and potter, and matter the material from which all things were and are formed and that they are alike indestructible and eternal.

Our theory is that life is an influx of both mind (or intelligence) and matter; so that both the D. D. and the M. D. is correct; both has part of the truth and neither has it all. Now let us prove this theory and do so we will take man, the highest recognized development of protoplasm as our subject.

First, let us give him all the food and air he wants, with pleasant surroundings and every comfort that he may require, but we will give him no water. What is the result? He dies. We take another subject; we give him water and air, but no food. He dies. Still another we give water and food in abundance, but no air. He also dies, and the materialist claps his hands in glee and says, "It is as I have held; life is a product, not a principle. A product of matter, namely, water, food and air. Cut off the supply of either and lo! man dies. Even what you call mind, soul, intelligence, is simply thought, and thought is itself a secondary product of food, water and air combined in certain proportions—it is what we call brain. From this gray matter of the brain thought is evolved."

This argument then would represent mind as only so much bread and butter, water and air and this is all there would be in it if this were so. Can you prove this, Mr. Materialist? If it was and is a fact that life is only a material product supplied by material substances, and there is no soul, mind also being a product of matter, why is it that man wants anything else, or what more is there in the whole universe that could affect him? Nothing. Is this true? Let us see.

Take a man who is endowed with all the potentialities of true manhood, mental and physical; we will place him where he can have access to food, water, air and everything necessary to sustain robust physical life. Keep from him all poisonous materials and influences that would tend to disease; give him proper exercise, in short do all that scientific and medical skill and knowledge can suggest to keep him in health and what will be the result. If the theory of the materialist be true, and there were none other than material influx needed the man would revel in physical health and get fat like a great hog in a pen. But is this the case? No. Why not? Because there are influences other than material that are potent for good or ill. Suppose one should step up to your subject and say, "Your child was crushed to death five minutes ago by a passing train." What would be the result? The man would drop to the floor dead, or sink into a chair and be for a time powerless to rise, his face ashen white and his whole finely organized physical frame, which a moment before was the personification of robust health and vigor would tremble like an aspen leaf. A ten year-old boy might beat him to death with a club while he was powerless to resist. Yet this man was well supplied with everything that the materialist say was necessary to his well being. He had received into his system no poison or other deleterious matter that could have possibly produced such alarming results. Now what was this potent, subtle something conveyed to him by influx that so affected him? Intelligence—the intelligence of his child's death. Is intelligence then matter? If so it must be very much attenuated, and it then must follow that the more attenuated matter become the more potent it is and the more rapidly it acts.

Suppose the person had said to your subject, "Sir, you are a liar." what would have been the result? Most likely he would have felled him to the floor. Or suppose he had said, "Sir, your ship laden with merchandise, which you long since supposed had gone to the bottom of the sea with all your wealth, has just arrived safe in port." The result of such intelligence would have been how different! So we find intelligence a very potent factor. Man is a dual being, composed of mind and matter—mind as well as matter—and the influx of intelligence upon the mind produces as great and varied results upon the physical man as does the influence of gross matter coming directly to the physical. Mind, the great potter, moulds for itself a temporary habitation, beautiful or otherwise according to its opportunity for it, like all else, is subject to conditions and it can vacate the premises at will without any apparent cause, leaving it to de-

cay; or, strange to say, it can be driven out by something seemingly more potent than itself. Now if mind were a product of matter and not a potentiality or independent principle, as long as the physical machine supplied the brain with good gray matter mind would be evolved thereby and could not depart out of its tenement of clay so long as this supply lasted and nothing hurtful entered the system. But this not the case. Mind can command the body, (no other potentiality interfering) but the body while influencing cannot command the mind.

When the mind parts company with the gross matter it—matter—becomes what we call dead; but only for a time. It soon decays and resolves itself back to the element from whence it came, is thus purified and takes on new forms of life, or is rather taken up and carried into new forms and goes on its way rejoicing, because matter is eternal and indestructible. Upon this point all schools agree. Now if a man should leave his habitation and another should be unable to find him in or about his house, would it be reasonable to say that he did not exist? I think not. So if matter is indestructible why should not mind be indestructible also. It surely is, and at separation from the physical it too goes on its way rejoicing. It is not dead.

If we take the backward steps of evolution and trace man even back to monad, we find signs of the same dual being—mind and matter—mind enough from the first to chase the atom and devour it to sustain itself and to build up and perpetuate its physical habitation. And that chase has been kept up along the path of evolution and we are still keeping it up to-day. I am writing this essay with the expectation of selling the manuscript to buy bread and butter with which to feed my physical. All the difference between myself and the monad is that he was a little savage and got his living by force, while I am partly civilized, and get mine by milder means—a little farther evolved, that is all.

Some scientists claim that we are a triune being. Buchanan says, "Soul, brain and body." Others say, "Soul, spirit and body." Paul says, "Soul, natural body and spiritual body." We claim that the brain is only part of the body, perhaps a little more attenuated. The spiritual body spoken of by St. Paul, we claim and we think correctly is what is commonly known as spirit and permeates the physical at every part. It is what is touched when we say "we feel."

Spirit when united with mind, (mind being only another name for soul and is the most subtle essence of all) goes to make up that thing which we call life; and when they, soul and spirit, or in other words the spirit-body occupied and permeated with mind or intelligence (soul) go out of the physical together, as they always do, the physical body is but so much gross matter for the time being and we call it dead; while the spirit body is still occupied by the thinking, sentient soul or mind, and goes on its way rejoicing. This namely intelligence in a spiritual body is what is demonstrated to a "psychic" and is recognized by us as our "spirit friend." The spirit body which is composed of attenuated matter is what is seen by clairvoyants and is called a "spirit," and the soul (or mind) is the intelligence we also recognize as "our friend," showing conclusively that the great co-partnership that exists in the protoplasm and has climbed the upward ladder of evolution with us is not broken when the gross matter of the physical is tarrown off, but still continues and that the physical body was but the mould, the shell, the no longer useful garment which we by associations ignorantly and foolishly, though fondly got to recognizing as the self, the ego, and mourned over and wept as such when it died.

Theologians, medical doctors, scientists, psychologists and Spiritualists are much nearer together in their belief than they think they are. Each have part of the truth; neither quite all of it, and most of the differences between them occur in confusion of terms.

While Professor Coues is coining words and bringing order out of chaos, let us try it and say that the soul and mind are one and the same thing represent-

ing an intelligence, or something that thinks, hears, knows and reasons. (Now Professor, please name it.)

Let us use the word "spirit" as St. Paul did "spiritual body," and use it in no other sense. He recognized a difference between the soul and spirit. They are not the same. Intelligence still inhabits the spiritual body after the death of the physical. The spiritual body or spirit, is what clairvoyants see and recognize as the exact cast and likeness of the physical body which it once inhabited. Recognizing the fact that mind or intelligence is what we call Deity, (our mind being only an individualized part) it is evident that it cannot be seen either by physical or spiritual vision. Our sensitive spiritual body is given us for the double purpose of protection in this physical existence and for recognition in the next, and what we call life is the joining together of individualized portions of these two, or mind and matter.

We are only clothed upon by the flesh for a season and for a purpose, namely, to propagate our specie and to form those tender and enduring relations with kindred spirits that we could not do outside the physical; and when this is done we throw it off like a worn-out garment and go on up the ladder of evolution to a still higher and more perfect life. So it is that without knowledge, intelligence, food, water and air, one and all, gross matter would become inert, or dead. It takes all that the D. D. and the M. D. both claim to make up that strange thing called life. The D. D. believes with the scientists and the M. D. that it takes food, water and air to sustain physical existence, only the former goes a step further and says that it also takes mind (intelligence) and he proves it by the fact that mental conditions sometimes causes the death of the physical. The Spiritualist here steps in and says, "Gentlemen, you are all right as far as you go; but you stop too soon."

The processes of nature are so plain that "he who runs may read," if only the shells of creed, dogma and prejudice were broken and the victims of these could come out into the light. "The angel said unto me: Come and see." Spiritualism is the angel and it is you who are being invited and this will be shown you, namely:

The great universe of mind and matter, intelligence and material for its work—an atom of each is united and we have the protoplasm. The monad is formed; life is. The combination of mind and matter has formed life. This co-partnership only exists until that first form has been carried on and has germinated a something we might call a seed containing the potentialities of a life a shade higher than itself. Here this first co-partnership between mind and matter end. Matter exhausted goes back to its elements and is soon again ready for use. Mind preserves the germ, gathers to itself other matter and starts a new partnership and the first round of the ladder of progress and evolution has been passed, the second reached, and the eternal climb has begun. Since that small beginning (if there ever was a beginning) aeons of ages have rolled by and this process has gone on and on, until all that we see and all there is man included, is the grand result.

To recapitulate, a spark of mind (intelligence) unites with an atom of matter. Life is the result. It moves in the protoplasm; seeks its food in the monad, wriggles in the spermatozoon, finds its ovum grows and flourishes in the womb, turns itself as a foetus, is born as a babe, learns, grows and enjoys as a youth, extends its physical to suit its development; attains a degree of perfection as did its great ancestor the monad; loves and reproduces its kind; renews its fresh garment gradually every seven years; throws it off when it finds it no longer useful and goes on and on up the great ladder of evolution until lost to our vision in the sphere of a grander and higher life, but is yet just what it was before, an individualized intelligence clothed in a spiritual body composed of highly attenuated matter, not having died as we supposed, but having simply cast off the garment of flesh in which it was for a time clothed.

In this condition it can for a time communicate with friends when opportunity offers and necessity demands. But does it stop there, or does it after a

little rest continue to climb, to soar as an angel, to shine as the seraphin, to glow as the cherubim, and finally to reign as a god? Even so; we believe it still is and ever will be our own, our lived by virtue of former ties and will ever continue to be our friend.

JOPLIN, MO.

THE MAGICAL HAND.

By MARY HULETT YOUNG.

CHAPTER III.

THE LADY OF THE ISLAND.

The next morning after the announcement of her father's decision, Helena stood in riding habit on the terrace which almost surrounded their villa. The beautiful islands, the silvery sea, the freshly-blooming roses and the halcyon sky, all were looking their fairest, and a regretful feeling stole over her. Why had her father made this positive arrangement for an early departure?

The mules were ready for the day's excursion, a few horses among them. Hargrave St. John approached leading a small, handsome white one and with a smile asked permission to place Miss Ray upon it. He then turned to mount his own bay, which was held for him, and took his accustomed place beside the half-veiled, yet certainly glad Helena.

"I ought to be very angry," she thought, "to see him, after neglecting me entirely for three days, come back in this assured fashion as if nothing were to be explained,"—but some way the anger would not come. "I will help him," she thought "to tell me that the Paris favorite has become more than ever a favorite, and he cannot desert her. "Dr. St. John," she said—her forced tone wavered a little—"I am sure something very unfortunate must have taken place during your late journey,—some dear friend of yours may be in trouble or sorrow—tell me about it, will you?"

"And if the trouble, the sorrow is mine, you will not care to hear the story?"

"God forbid I should fail in sympathy or friendship, if you need them."

"I will tell you all the mystery to-morrow evening on the Acropolis, among the ancient columns,—let us give this day to beautiful Scio—together." His hand covered gently, but without lingering, the delicate gloved one near. They rode rapidly, and soon distanced all the other riders of the party.

"Have you noticed," said Miss Ray, checking her horse, "that tufted island which seems almost as a part of this, though separated from it by a very considerable channel of water? I am a little fascinated by that island. I always watch it when we ride here, wondering what discovery might be made if one could enter the bound of its seeming quietude. This our last day at Scio, why should we not make it memorable by a visit there?"

St. John had rode at the side of Helena Ray that morning in almost silence, and when he spoke there was a strangeness in the expression of his thoughts which puzzled and disquieted his companion. She could not imagine that the time had come when Hargrave St. John could no longer talk to entertain her, when he could no longer speak without unveiling a strength of passion which surprised, even appalled himself. His late journey, and the three days of enforced absence had taught him how inseparable from his future for pain if not for joy, was the presence of this one woman of all the world—this one alone who had ever stirred with unrest his hitherto calm and rational existence. Was he sure of winning her? The question made his nerves far from steady.

The slightest request of Helena at that hour must have been law to him, and beside, a suggestion came that on the island which seemed uninhabited he could speak and learn his fate—the fate of his love which at the farthest must soon be known.

Three minutes, and the horses were secured, and places taken in the boat which fortunately was lying by the shore. The rower was swift and skillful, and soon they stood on the white hard sand that formed the beach of the lovely island. It was really much

larger than it had seemed, and the distance from the shore of Scio was greater.

St. John placed his arm under that of his companion and they began the ascent of a half-worn path before them. Passing beneath the pensile branches of a stately elm, they entered an arcade or avenue which terminated in the distance with a pillared gateway. At one side of the avenue and at one-half its length, they paused before a pedestal which supported a large and high vase of stone delicately draped with vine. The grass around was neatly trimmed and a few rarely beautiful flowers showed themselves in the most artistic positions. The next moment they were aware that, seated in a chair-like fragment of rock behind and apart from the vase, was a being suited to the beautiful but half-weird surroundings.

The figure rose courteously for a moment or more, thus revealing a strange, mingled, but picturesque costume which made it difficult to judge of age or sex. The face was pale, delicate, and very decidedly intellectual, with a suggestion of sadness which, slightly felt at first, more and more impressed itself on the beholder until it prompted words to dissipate the painful, growing influence.

"We are intruders," said St. John in French.

"Speak English," replied the stranger, "I like to hear it better than French, and I know that you speak English."

Who has not heard a voice—it might be of an unseen person—that arrested, thrilled, fascinated as if a soul, not lips were speaking? and was that voice ever forgotten?

The one which had been heard there on the lonely island was to the ear and to the mind a magic and a mystery. In its quiet modulations were revealed unaccountably, depth below depth of thought and life-paths. The listeners stood still and earnest—they wished her to speak again, and Hargrave asked very gently, "Is this your permanent home, dear lady, or do you only masquerade here a little in summer?"

"There is no masquerade in my life," she replied, "I have lived here for ten years, simply that I must live somewhere, and in this place are beauty and quiet—all of life to which I have a right."

"Pardon me, lady, if I speak the thought you have inspired, for it assures me that all precious things of existence, past, present, and to come are rightfully yours."

"You are only deceived. Solitude is my rest, and this is sometimes intolerable,—but the victim of fate must not sigh—nothing is her's but cold endurance."

"Tell me," said Helena Ray, moving forward and sinking on the grass beside the chair of rock, "tell me, I beseech you, something of your history. It will relieve you and deeply interest me."

The woman looked at her in silence, and then said slowly and meditatively, "How beautiful you are! I was never so fair,—yet they called me fair once,—and many less fair than I were happy and beloved."

"Tell me all," whispered Helena.

"My mother was the daughter of a noble, and wedded to a prince. My elder sister became a duchess. My only brother was heir to the titles of both father and grandfather. Before my birth my father suddenly died. My mother retired to solitude and mourning, and the belief seized upon her that the child she bore was destined to strange and fearful misfortune. Again and again she prayed to die, that I might die with her and escape my impending woe.

She died—I lived—thus her second sight began fulfillment,—yet my childhood was free and prosperous. I was educated with care and became, as it was said, 'the ornament' of my brother's court. Lovers, so far as apparent homage and words of admiration could make them so, were around me, and I questioned not concerning their sincerity. They might come, they might go, it was the same to me.

When a child of ten years I saw a youth of twenty whose noble face and form in clear outline remained with my memory. When I was seventeen years of age this ruling star of my destiny was brought to touch the orbit of my life; and there were strange fluctuations along that orbit. I no longer lived, but

he was my being, my past, my present, my eternal future.

The seven years during which I had kept without pain a memory of him had been busy with sculptor hands, chiseling his early nobleness to absolute perfection. I looked on him, and nothing less than incarnate gods filled the mirror of my thought. The strain was too great on my half-bewildered mind, and I shunned him—yet knew that I must perish in insane wretchedness if he could not love me. For the first time I carefully recalled a history of the suitors who had asked my hand of my princely brother, and who had bent before me attesting devoted love—yet, when the answer was given that crushed their hope, they lived on—and were content. It was easy for me to see and know not one among them all truly meant the words he spoke.

Then came also to my recollection fair maiden companions who had clustered around me, but they too passed on leaving no evidence of a true and lasting love. Even my own pretty maid, Clarice, for whom I had a real fondness and whose absence was painful, even she could and did go to another.

I started to my feet after that life-review, and the words, 'He will not love you,' seemed as in fire flashed before me.

A fiend—I saw him—bold, proud, unquestioning, opened the door and entered my mind's inner chamber. My childhood and my youth expired in that moment. I felt a power of the will developing within me, which, faintly apprehended before, I now knew could be irresistible and triumphant. It was a fearful thing—yet I exulted in this mad strength.

The next day Hermann, Prince of —, stood before me, noble as Pericles, beautiful as Apollo, grander than Zeus,—and how my inruling fiend boasted himself when I saw the bright blood flush quickly across the white forehead of my magnificent Hermann, and knew that the thing I willed was mine.

We were wedded. He was true and gentle. I know not—I never knew—can never know if he loved me. I only know that the kiss of his dear lips seemed like love. I know that the fair child born to us was precious in his sight, and when she died his thought followed her into the vast unseen continually.

A few years, and Hermann's life went out in blood. I did not bid it flow, but it gushed through my pallid fingers as my hands pressed vainly over the fatal wound. The beauty of death settled over the face so perfect in life. The god still reigned upon the brow, and the wonderously beautiful lips were transformed to mute and chiseled alleluias of triumphant joy.

'Thou hast no part with him,' hissed the mocking indwelling fiend, 'he has escaped thee—and rejoices.'

'Alas, I was not worthy of thee, O Hermann,' I said, sinking down beside the catafalque on which he lay. At my request I was there alone,—alone? and with him? No! I exclaimed, starting to my feet, something of his presence awakened me still—let me not lose one ray. Away with tears, they shall not blind me now. Who shall deny that in the far reach of the eternities he shall come to me and say, 'The time is ours. O Marah, I choose thee as thou hast chosen me, and nothing can divide us two, created for each other.'

And I shall answer, 'If thou lovest me, O Hermann, I would not yield thine for the love of a seraph; we will be one forever in God's presence.' This were a true marriage—it is to be.

He was laid in a costly tomb—there beyond the pillared gate. Our estates I gave to one whose villa is on the Asian shore. My boatman is my friend and knows whom to ferry over to this island. It was your face, lovely lady, that won him.

He knows that I love all real beauty of all things. When I look on beauty I am blest, for I understand the Creator to be beautiful and good. Things that are ugly make me wretched—I cannot help it. I cannot bear to be ugly—why must I become so?"

"You will not," said Helena. "You are good and lovable. Will you not come with me to my home beyond the sea? I will love you as a sister, and you—will you not love me who need it so much?"

Tears were in the eyes of Helena, the first St. John had seen there, and for a moment the stranger struggled with emotion. She calmed herself, and with a smile on her lips but the habitual sorrow in her eyes she said:

"You have many to love you, beautiful one, I shall never forget your sympathy; but I must not leave the tomb of Hermann. If it is all I can have of his presence, if the future existence be a nothing—I must not leave the tomb of Hermann."

"Beside," continued the strange lady, after a pause, "I was not made for daily intermingling with others. I do not"—she hesitated—"love my race, I fear. Their presence tortures me. Except such as you and Hermann, they seem strange, repulsive; I feel when among them as if surrounded by ogres, hideous, malevolent, ready to hunt down victims; and it seems impossible that an infinite being who could have done otherwise has made such creatures,—and He did not.

They have been developed by the perversity of things from animals which one can see they resemble, though the brute man is more hideous and repulsive than the animal creature. The lion man is less as he should be than the maned lion; the bird-woman is only a deformed mockery of the graceful airy bird."

Again she hesitated, but went on. "It may be—I wish to believe so—that man is just on the verge of a wondrous uplifting development. Hitherto he has been an animal with animal wants and desires dragging him downward. Humiliated by these and by the impossibility of escape from them, and by the perpetual recurrence of faults arising in them, man learns to despise and hate himself and to despise and hate the beings who are like him. Some turn the deplorable realities of existence into ridicule, and laugh; but all crave, crave, a chance, an emancipation, a flight somewhere, a better somehow. . . . Shall the change, the emancipation, the better, come by putting on a spiritual existence? No longer a 'beast-god,' shall man know a true being, a true dignity at last?"

"I trust so," said St. John, who leaned against a tree, his hat in his hand, and his noble head uncovered to the light.

"Do not think," the weird lady whispered to Helena, "the gentleman who is your companion to be one of the ogres. He is white, and strong with a strength which is the grand form of beauty. He loves you, he will wed you—and you will be happy."

Hargrave St. John drew near and gave his hand assisting Helena to rise to her feet. He drew her arm to his side, and they courteously passed away from the lady of the island.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

By M. J. SAVAGE.

I am now to relate the story of three most remarkable psychic experiences occurring in the life of the same person, then a girl of not more than twelve years of age. The lady in whose girlhood they happened has written them out for me, and they are corroborated by witnesses who had full knowledge of the facts, so that they would constitute evidence in a court of justice. Following the method I have uniformly pursued so far, I will tell the stories in my own words. I do this for the sake of simplicity; but the autograph documents are in my possession. When the first instance occurred, Miss D. was about eleven years old. She was an extremely nervous, sensitive child afraid of the dark, always hearing strange sounds, and never willing to go upstairs to bed alone. Her father was an educated man, a Harvard graduate, and at this time was teaching a class that met in one of the rooms on the second floor of the house in which they then lived. On this particular evening, just after supper, her father sent her up to this class-room to remove the blower from the Franklin coal stove. This she did, and then started for the sitting room below again. As she reached the top of the stairs, she saw what appeared to be a very tall man coming up, and he had nearly reached the top. She stepped aside to let him pass; and as she did so, she lifted her head and looked him full in the face. He looked down in her face for a moment, spoke to her, and said, "I watch over you," and then vanished as if into the side of the wall. He was unusually tall, over six feet, and Miss D. says she remembers his face now more distinctly than that of any other face

she ever saw. She knew at once that she had seen him by virtue of some strange inner sight. So far the word "hallucination" would easily explain it all, but let us go on. She went on downstairs and spent the evening quietly with the family. She said nothing that night to any one of what she had seen, only all fear of the dark had gone; and when bed-time came and they asked her if some one should go with her, she answered "No." From that time forth all the old timidity had ceased. Instead of being frightened, as at a ghost, she felt cured for and guarded by a loving friend. The next morning she went to her mother and told her what she had seen, adding, "I think the man I saw was my father's father." This grandfather had died when her father was a boy of only eleven. There was no likeness of him in the family, and her father remembered him only as being a very tall man. When her father heard her description, he said that it was, so far as he knew, a faithful likeness. The grandmother was still living, but, being a very strict Baptist, knew nothing whatever of these psychical matters; but she declared that she could not herself have given a better description of her husband than the one her granddaughter gave, from having seen this figure on the stairs. And she always believed that, for some special reason, this visit from the unseen had been permitted. A short time after, this same little Miss D. was seated in her father's study one evening reading a book. After a while she looked up from her book, and said, "Father, there is some one here in this room, and she wishes to speak." Her father was writing at his desk in another part of the room, facing away from her. But as she spoke, he turned and said, "If any one wishes to speak with me, she must give me her name, as I am busy." Then the little girl said, "Her name is Mary," and, waiting a moment, she added, "Mary Pickering." At once her father seemed greatly interested, and said, "If this is you, Mary, tell me something by which I may know that it is you." Miss D. then said (the information seemed to come to her in some inexplicable way, for she heard no words with the outer ear): "She has been in the other life many years. She was from twenty-two to twenty-four when she died. She died quite unexpectedly, after a very short illness, of a fever. She lived in B. You met her and became acquainted with her while teaching in that town and boarding in her father's family, before you left college. You knew her before you went to the divinity school. She has been often, often to you, and you have known it." The father had been educated for the Baptist ministry, and at this time had no faith in the possibility of spirits returning, so far as any of the family knew. But he asked his daughter if she could describe this Mary, saying, "She had marked peculiarities in dress and in the manner of arranging her hair." The daughter replied: "Yes, she has hair almost black, dark eyes, so dark you would call them black; but as you look closer, you see they are hazel. She wears this hair in three curls on each side of the face, and these curls reach down in such a manner that they make a frame for the face, while the rest of the hair is combed back and fastened by a comb in a twist at the back of the head. The last time you saw her she had on a cloth dress; it looks like a black wool, and is cut with a plain, full skirt, and a plain back to the body; but the front crosses one side over the other in three folds, and the sleeve has a look like a leg of mutton." Then the father sat for a few moments in silence. But soon, taking his bunch of keys from his pocket, he unlocked a drawer in his writing-desk which his little girl had never seen opened before. From this he took a daguerrotype, and, passing it to her, he said, "This is a likeness of Mary Pickering; does she look like this?" Thereupon the little girl said, "Just like it; only what I see is spirit." The name of this young lady the little girl had never before heard. She did not know that such a person had ever lived; and no one in the family, except her father, knew that such a portrait was in existence; and only he knew of this episode in his past life. Yet everything that Miss D. had seen and said corresponded perfectly with the facts. This Miss D., now of course grown up, is a personal acquaintance, and her father testifies to the strict truthfulness of all that is here written down. And here, let it be remembered, is no experience with a professional. This lady lives in the quiet of a wealthy home; has never "sat" for psychical investigation, either for money or for any other reason. Only all her life long she has been subject to these strange experiences. Also it is worth noting that she is healthy and sane, and practical to an unusual degree.—The Arena.

THE FUTURE OF PSYCHOLOGY.

Prof. Richet read a paper [at the London Congress of Experimental Psychology] on "The Future of Psychology." In his view there are four great topics to which scientific psychology should address itself: first, the physiology of the brain, and the relation of thought to cerebral circulation and to thermal and electric cerebral changes; second, the experimental

study of sensation, ordinarily called psycho-physics; third, comparative psychology, including the study of animals, the insane, the criminal, of society and institutions and of education in theory and practice; and fourth, the "transcendental psychology," by which he means "clairvoyance, thought-transference, presentiments, etc."—in short, the line of inquiry begun by the Societies for Psychical Research. This may be taken as the platform of the science as one of the most eminent psychologists understands it. It is interesting to note that it includes the subjects which, as I said above, some consider "romance." This programme suffers by defect in the mind of those of us who believe also in analytic introspective work; but no doubt the objective phases need more emphasis, especially in England.

Prof. Pierre Janet, of whom I spoke in a former letter, presented a noteworthy paper on "Anterograde Amnesia"—the name given by Charcot to the condition of a patient who has lost the power of acquiring new memories. Janet cites cases occurring in his hospital practice—one of them a very remarkable case in the Salpêtrière—which show that, although new events are not remembered consciously by such patients, and seem to leave no trace whatever in the mental life, yet in the hypnotic sleep, and even in ordinary dreaming, such experiences may be revived. "During the hypnotic sleep she recited without difficulty new pieces which she seemed incapable of learning in the waking state." Janet has also succeeded in showing, by means of the automatic writing experiment, that such memories are present in subconsciousness at the very time that the patient is trying hard, but quite in vain, to recall anything of them from the past. This fact, that memories may be practically dormant, was the main point of interest also in Mr. Myers's paper on "Crystal-Vision," and in Janet's remarks following upon it. By gazing into a flat, bright surface some individuals can develop visual hallucinations which often take on the form of these subconscious memories. Especially may dreams and hypnotic suggestions be recovered again to consciousness in this way.

By way of interpretation of this—and of the corresponding fact, also brought out by Janet, that in cases of loss of will (*aboulia*), the patient may learn new actions unconsciously which he is incapable of learning by conscious effort—our psychologist holds that it is due to a disintegration of the complex of experiences which make up the conscious personality. When consciousness is no longer able by its synthesis to introduce new events into the circle which constitutes the empirical self, this is anterograde amnesia. But these new events are still retained and reproduced in subconsciousness, as the experiments go to show. It is, therefore, a particular case of psychic disintegration (*desaggregation*). Janet's and Myers's papers excited some discussion, but not as much as they deserved.—J. Mark Baldwin in The Nation.

IT WOULD be a very ill-proportioned biography of George William Curtis that should pass lightly over his Brook Farm experience, writes Albert Shaw in the Review of Reviews! That strange but fascinating experiment lasted about six years. Curtis lived on the farm and participated in its life and work for four years, and then he continued under the same influences for two years longer by finding a home in a farmer's family at Concord, and living as a neighbor and friend of Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau and other less famous but highly cultured people. Garfield was wont to remark that a slab bench, with himself at one end as pupil and Mark Hopkins at the other as teacher, was a good enough university for him. Curtis might well have said that six years—from his seventeenth to his twenty-third—spent with the brilliant group of young transcendental philosophers, littérateurs, poets and idealists, social reformers, who dwelt in Roxbury, Boston, Concord and that general vicinity, were quite a satisfactory substitute, at least for purposes of stimulus and inspiration, for any formal university course in America, England, Scotland or Germany. The wave of Fourierism that swept across the United States between 1840 and 1850 was transient enough, and to those whose generous hopes were lifted high upon its crest there came bitter disappointment when it subsided so completely and hopelessly. But nobody has ever adequately traced and set forth the abiding influence of that movement in forming the intellectual and moral characteristics of many men who have played distinctive and notable parts in the life of the nation. Let the inquiring student of to-day go to the libraries and find, if he can, a file of the Dial, edited in the early forties by Miss Fuller, Emerson, Ripley and others, and a file of the Harbinger, published in the later forties, and edited chiefly by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. In those pages he may discover many an evidence of the ardent spirit that prevailed some fifty years ago. It should be said that Whittier was in touch with this movement and was a writer for the Harbinger.



WHAT SHE SAID ABOUT IT.

Lavies to Inez and Jane,
Dolores and Ethel and May;
Senoritas distant as Spain,
And damsels just over the way!

It is not that I'm jealous, not that,
Of either Dolores or Jane;
Of some girl in an opposite flat,
Or in one of his castles in Spain.

But it is that, salable prose
Put aside for this profitless strain,
I sit the day darning his hose,
And he sings of Dolores and Jane.

Though the winged horse we know must be true
To "spurn [for the pretty] the plume,"
Should the team-work fall wholly on me
While he soars with Dolores and Jane?

I am neither Dolores nor Jane,
But to lighten a little my life,
Might the Post not spare me a strain—
Although I am only his wife!

— C. H. WEBB IN THE CENTURY.

MR. WHITTIER AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The following letter was sent by the poet Whittier to a woman suffrage convention in Newport, R. I., held August 25, 1869:

I have seen no good reason why mothers, wives and daughters should not have the same right of person, property and citizenship which fathers, husbands and brothers have. The sacred memory of mother and sister, the wisdom and dignity of women of my own religious communion who have been accustomed to something like equality in rights as well as duties; my experience as a co-worker with noble and self-sacrificing women, as graceful and helpful in their household duties as firm and courageous in their advocacy of unpopular truth; the steady friendships which have inspired and strengthened me, and the reverence and respect which I feel for human nature, irrespective of sex, compel me to look with something more than acquiescence on the efforts you are making. I frankly confess that I am not able to foresee all the consequences of the great social and political changes proposed, but of this I am, at least, sure, it is always safe to do right, and the truest expediency is simple justice.

Nineteen years later, in a letter read at a convention in Washington, Mr. Whittier said:

I can only reiterate my hearty sympathy with the object of the association, and bid it take heart and assurance in view of all that has been accomplished. There is no easy royal road to a reform of this kind, but if the progress has been slow there has been no step backward. The barriers which at first seemed impregnable in the shape of custom and prejudice, have been undermined, and their fall is certain. A prophecy of your triumph at no distant day is in the air; your opponents feel it and believe it. They know that yours is a gaining and theirs a losing cause. . . . You can afford in your consciousness of right to be as calm and courteous as the Archangel Michael, who, we are told in scripture, in his controversy with Satan himself, did not bring a railing accusation against him.

Mr. Whittier recently made this emphatic declaration:
For over forty years I have not hesitated to declare my conviction that justice and fair dealing, and the democratic principles of our government, demand equal rights of citizenship, irrespective of sex. I have not been able to see any good reasons for denying the ballot to women.

Mr. Whittier was vice-president of the Massachusetts woman suffrage association at the time of his death. It is a noteworthy thing that both he and Curtis, dying so near together, and both acclaimed as great figures in American life, should have both been in favor of this great reform. Mr. Curtis was one of the earliest advocates thereof. It was deserved that the Massachusetts woman's suffrage association, at its recent meeting should recall its obligation to them (joining with their names that of John L. Whiting), and saying, "Each in this own sphere of influence and activity has stood for freedom and justice, and will share the historic recognition which awaits the men who advocate equal-

ity of privileges for all American citizens irrespective of sex."

In the October number of the Atlantic Monthly, Miss Mary A. Jordan describes the two classes of students in women's colleges: "The woman's college is in danger from its own success. Its growth has been unprecedented and unexpected; to a certain extent inexplicable. Among those who have been attracted is the social being. She would naturally find her proper place in the fashionable finishing school, it might be thought. But she chooses college, as likewise does her prototype, the business man. They are alike in many points. Both are admirably competent and limited. Because they are competent they succeed in passing examinations for entrance to college, and term examinations afterwards; because they are limited the examinations are necessary; and because they worship their limitations they are a menace to scholarship. Nevertheless they have rights, and rights in the college, and a clear discrimination of these rights is due them. At present the entire relation is ill adjusted. The social being is perfectly certain of her ultimate aims, but is quite at sea as regards those of scholars. She does not appreciate the fact that her seventy-five per cent ambitions are eternally different from intellectual aspiration—in short, that she is a drag; nor indeed has the college appreciated this until a comparatively recent date. It is becoming daily more evident that some adjustment is necessary to secure their rights to the two contrasted types of student. The distinction between required and elective work afforded the college adequate protection for a considerable time. But now the better preparation and the desire to have what anybody else enjoys combine to make the average student inconveniently experimental. The result reverses St. Paul's dilemma. The weakness is not of the flesh, but of the spirit.

THE World's Fair board of "lady managers" has issued a circular which is being sent to all the women's organizations in the country for the purpose of securing information to be used in a catalogue of the organizations conducted by women for the promotion of charitable, philanthropic, intellectual, sanitary, hygienic, industrial or social or moral reform movements. The idea is to secure information sufficiently elaborate to base conclusions on regarding the growth of women's work in the way of organized societies and the good accomplished by the same. All this from the various States will be duplicated from the encyclopedia being prepared under the auspices of the "lady managers" for the woman's building. The statistics collected through their efforts from every country in the world will form a most voluminous mass of valuable information. It is the intention of the "lady managers" to publish these statistics of woman's work throughout the world in a convenient and inexpensive form. The volume will be given away or sold for a nominal sum, as may be advisable, in the woman's building during the Exposition.

It is wise to make the most of home advantages before going abroad. Drawing from the east and from life can be studied advantageously here, and no one should undertake to study art abroad who has not had thorough drill in these lines at home, unless she has years for foreign training. I ought not to be forced to add that a good common school education is an essential part of the art student's equipment, and that the better her education, the more hope is there that she may succeed as an artist. Without some foundation knowledge of the classics, of mythology, and of literature it is impossible to appreciate the great works collected in art museums at home and abroad, or even to understand the pictures of an ordinary exhibition. Illiterate artists can produce only illiterate art. Too many are pushing their way into the sacred domain of art, who cannot even read or write correctly. Too ignorant to recognize their own ignorance, they are not even ashamed of it, and that is what makes the hopelessness of their future. — Susan Hayes Ward, in the Chautauquan for September.

A WOMAN suffrage bill has passed the House of Representatives of New Zealand, with a probability of its passing the Senate. When woman suffrage last came before the New Zealand Legislature it was lost by two votes—the votes of two Maori members. These male barbarians, only one generation removed from cannibalism,

were of the opinion that civilized women do not know enough to vote.

THE English Geographical Society has decided to admit women as fellows. The Zoological Society admits women as fellows, "with the same privileges and under the same regulations in all respects as gentlemen," but while the rules admit women the doorkeeper excludes them from the meetings. The Geologists Association has always admitted women as members, and has this year elected one as a vice-president.

WHITTIER FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY G. B. STERBINS.

Some forty years have passed since the first and only time I ever met John G. Whittier. On a pleasant May day I went to the office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society on Washington street, Boston, near the historic Old South Church, and in the same building where William Lloyd Garrison's Liberator was published.

Finding Samuel May, Jr., of Leicester, the agent of the society, I spent a half hour, meeting Mr. Garrison and others. At last Mr. May said: "Would you like to see Whittier?" and led me to a recess where he stood looking out on the thronged street below. On being introduced he said: "I am glad to see thee. Let us sit down," and we were seated on a sofa, our conversation, which filled an hour, opening with his simple and sincere words of friendly inquiry, and leading out into talk of persons and events of those eventful days. At that time the anti-slavery movement was strong, the conscience of the people was waking as from a deep sleep, to a sense of the guilt and peril of chattel slavery.

His own impassioned words:

"Hear ye no warnings in the air?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
Up! up! why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only walks in death?"

had been heard far and near. The air was pulsing with new and high resolve, as the storm-cloud trembles with its accumulating electricity, soon to be revealed in the lightning flash and in the live thunder. His voice, which was that of the pioneer abolitionists also:

"Up now for Freedom—not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw—
"The awful waste of human life,
The glory and the guilt of war;
But break the chain, the yoke remove,
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
With the mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God!"

could not be heeded in time, and therefore slavery went down in blood.

The special matters that filled the time I made no note of, but will remember his clear judgment, fine insight and firm faith in the triumph of the right. A fine simplicity, strength tempered by sweetness and so fit for highest uses, the quiet self-poise which comes from obedience to the "light within," and a noble grace and charming friendliness, were the leading impressions made upon me by that beautiful personality.

Portraits have made his features and form familiar, but the wonderful eyes, no artist could paint, not even the sunlight of the photographer could give more than a dim shadow of their radiance. Melting and glowing by turns, they added their subtle eloquence to his words. Not an external brilliance, so much as an unfathomable depth of expression, a light from within, showing that they were "the windows of the soul," captivated and uplifted me with a glad surprise.

Sojourner Truth had eyes wonderful like Whittier's—smiling, strengthening, attracting and surprising the gazer at her dark face, making her quaint words full of meaning and power. A great soul can wear no mask; it will shine out through open eyes.

That hour made me feel sure of what I knew before, that Whittier was no "man of one idea." Not only the freedom of the slave, but the equality of woman, the lifting of man above degrading intemperance to purity and self-control, arbitration and peace between nations, the uplifting of labor, the sanctity of home, the wise and right conduct of State and church—all these came within the broad range of his thought.

He was then in delicate health. As we parted he held my hand and said: "I am glad to have met thee. I go out but little and we may not meet again. I am far

from well and my stay on earth may not probably be long."

This was said with no sadness in voice or eye, but with a calm and quiet cheer. Fortunately he passed safely by a trying crisis of bodily health and lived long to teach us of that "wisdom which is love."

AS REFORMER.

Education and surroundings, and his native genius, led Whittier to be a pioneer abolitionist. From the days when Garrison, who edited the Haverhill Gazette, traced the origin of some fine poems from an unknown contributor, and found the author, a young man hoing corn on his father's farm, they were lifelong friends. Garrison never organized a political anti-slavery movement, but wrought nobly in a moral warfare, while Whittier became enlisted in political anti-slavery and wrought nobly in that line; but this difference in method never cast a shadow over their friendship. I have often heard Garrison speak of Whittier in the highest and most cordial manner, and the poet's feelings may best be given in his own words. . . . "For over forty years I have not hesitated to declare my conviction that justice and fair dealing, and the democratic principles of our government, demand equal rights and privileges, irrespective of sex. I see no good reason for denying the ballot to women."

Years ago in glowing words he wrote:

"Talk not to me of woman's sphere,
Nor point with scripture texts a sneer.
Nor wrong the manliest saint of all
By doubt, if he were here, that Paul
Would own the heroines who have lent
Grace to Truth's stern arbitrament,
Foregone the praise to women sweet,
And cast their crowns at Duty's feet."

His poems bear witness to his deep interest in peace between nations, temperance and other vital questions. Wide as the world were his thoughts and sympathies. A sincere member of the Society of Friends, "calm and firm and true," as he portrayed "the Quaker of the olden time," he believed in religious liberty and progress, and saw the good, and put away the bad, in all sects and creeds.

Some may say that his anti-slavery poems were heated and unbalanced by their intensity. If I see a company of people walking blindly to the verge of a precipice I must cry out to startle and save them. If I see the wife of a fellow-being dragged away as prey to the spoiler, and his fair daughters sold on auction blocks as slaves, subject to the base passions of their owners, and "cry aloud and spare not," am I right and wise, or heated and unbalanced? Is moral indignation useless?

No man who has ever stood in the fire and smoke of the battle field knows what war is. So, no one living to-day who had no part in that great anti-slavery contest in its martyr days, can have any but a faint idea of the need and wisdom of stern rebuke and plain speech in that

"Moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time."

when John Wesley fitly called human slavery the "sum of all villainies."

AS POET.

Before a brief word on this topic it is well to say that Whittier's prose writings, like those of John Milton, are rich in beauty and value, and are far too little known.

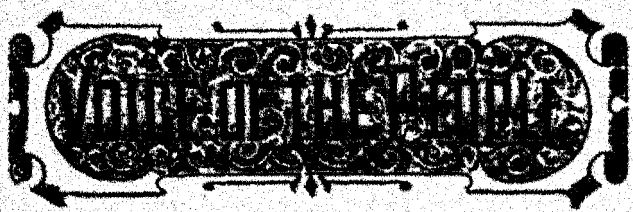
It is for coming generations to give or refuse him place among the great poets whose verses the world will not allow to die. We can but give our own estimate, venturing somewhat to forestall that of the future.

He was, pre-eminently, the poet of New England, at home with the people and the scenery of his native land, but when he of distant lands, their gifted men and women, their thought and life, and their natural scenery, his verse lost none of its charm or truthfulness.

He was at home, using his own words:

"From farthest Ind to each blue crag
That beetles o'er our western sea."

If spiritual insight, mental strength catholic breadth of view, noble aims, the inspiration of higher ideals, heroic courage, appreciative sympathy with all that is tender and true in life, faith in the dawn opening to a brighter coming day, love of nature, and the genius to set all these in fit array to the music of noble rhythm, are essential elements of true poetry, John G. Whittier was a great poet, and his name will live and his pure and noble influence will be felt through coming ages.—Detroit Journal.



TELELEPSIS.

TO THE EDITOR: I am not unmindful of Mr. Sackett's request, in THE JOURNAL of September 17th, that I would coin words designative of telephenomena as apprehended by the senses of touch and taste respectively. I am glad to learn from his article that he found my account of the new tele- words intelligible and useful.

Mr. Sackett will recall that I used the expression teleesthesia for the "sensing" or "feeling" any telephenomena. It would cover both the cases he raises, as well as those of sight, hearing and smell. Since it is thus preoccupied in a generic sense, and a specific word is called for with reference to the faculty of touch alone, I would suggest the word telelepsy, or telelepsy. These are from tele-, as before explained, and a Greek verb meaning to "touch," "take hold of," "seize," and the like; and are formed on the well-known models of epilepsy, catalepsy, nympholepsy, and the like. It would signify the act or the fact of ascertaining any telephenomena by the sense of touch, as when a spirit seems to lay a hand on one's shoulder, or any teleplastic figure gives a sense of impact or contact. The corresponding adjective would be teleleptic; and the adverb, teleleptically.

I will think about the other case Mr. Sackett cites, and perhaps can produce just the word he wants.

When Teunyon sighed for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," he probably had no thought of teleleptics and teleleptics. One is the poetry and the other the prose, of these two telephenomena. My words are not as imaginary as he fancied his to be, and no doubt the poets often hit off scientific facts when they seem to only be dreaming. The touch of a vanished hand would be a case of telelepsy.

ELLIOTT COUES.

ODOROUS MANIFESTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR: All mediums so far as my knowledge goes, have sensed this class of manifestations in some degree. I frequently have the pleasure of sensing exquisitely sweet odors, also those of herbs and medicines and so forth, but wish only to speak of two of the strongest and strangest manifestations of this kind that have been my experience. The first occurred about eighteen years ago. A select party of friends had convened at the residence of Mrs. Judge Rose. I was the medium. As soon as the circle was arranged and quiet I sensed the stifling odor of chloroform. I struggled against its force to supplant my consciousness, saying and firmly believing that the drug had been brought in and used by some one of the friends for mere sport; but I learned differently to my full satisfaction. I became very clairvoyant, but remained perfectly conscious. I saw the spirit who used what caused this odor, and he applied it to my mouth and nose, and oh! how strong it came; but I also beheld my guide using an antidote, so that I was not overpowered by it. This spirit said he was one of the royal house of Prussia and was to have occupied the throne in his time on earth, but was exiled to a private institution because of a mental depression that had settled over him, and by reason of which King William who arose to the distinction of Kaiser during the Franco-Prussian war, gained the throne. This he said in so many words and then disappeared. At that time I related this together with a description of the spirit, to a Prussian who had personal acquaintance with the royal family and he pronounced it correct as far as it went.

I thought nothing more of it after it had passed by, until several years later, at a circle which was composed of about fifteen persons, a physician being among the number, when suddenly the same spirit came again and in the same manner manifesting said odor of chloroform to me. A number of the German royalty were with him this time and he asked my guide that a test be made with chloroform procured from a drug store. I beheld the two full bands of spirits engaged in a lively conversation with regard to this test he desired, then my guide ordered that chloroform be gotten from a drug store and applied to me even as the spirit had done. Mr. R— got

a two ounce vial filled with this drug. Well they used all of it on me trying to get me under its influence, but my guide used a counter-force and prevented it. I observed then that this spirit had been in an envelope of this aura that had been like prison walls about him and from which he was then liberated and wholly emancipated at the time the test was made.

Now he comes again, is bright and happy, and expresses his wish and approval to have me give this experience to the world.

The other striking experience occurred about three years ago when speaking in public. I was illustrating from an arch—of which my guide gave the plan—which was divided into six parts emblemizing the six dominions and the top circle the seventh. These were explained as the dominions of the creative compact or lords of creation. Of course this was done to convey more clearly to the audience, the meaning of what was said. All went well until I pointed to the place set part for drunkards and criminals of every name, when suddenly a promiscuous group of these unfortunate spirits approached near enough for my inspection and with them came such a sickening, offensive odor that I strangled and coughed and was obliged to calmly wait about the space of three minutes when they retreated, this odor going with. My guide then explained that he permitted me to see and sense this and in the presence of the people to impress these terrible facts of these unfortunate spirits on them and spur all on to purer lives and nobler duties, to avoid such painful lots in the worlds of no end.

VAN WERT, O. MRS. M. KLINE.

FULFILLMENT OF A SUPPOSED SPIRIT PROPHECY.

TO THE EDITOR: In 1870 or '71 a singular prophecy was given me by "Wailing Wind." A young girl seventeen or eighteen years of age was a frequent visitor at my house whom I will designate as Lily. Whenever she came I felt a sense of sorrow, an oppression which was partly physical in character, which always presaged something painful or unpleasant. After awhile I asked Wailing Wind what it meant? She told me the girl was destined to suffer much, that she would be a mother before marriage. I could not credit the prophecy as the circumstances of Lily's life were such as to guard her in a greater degree than most young lives are guarded. She was not very strong and I thought it must be early death that was to be feared. I procured a lock of her hair and sent it to a noted clairvoyant doctor for an examination. He returned me a diagnosis which seemed to be particularly accurate, giving the tendencies to the particular disease to which she was especially liable, but saying nothing to confirm the tale of "Wailing Wind." At the bottom of the page however were a couple of lines in a foreign language and an explanatory note by the doctor who claimed that his Indian control had written the lines and declined to translate them, and he, the doctor, had no idea what their purport might be. "Wailing Wind" also declined to translate them although she said she could do so. She requested me to cut them from the letter and put them in my pocket-book for safe keeping.

I frequently told "Wailing Wind" that I would keep such close watch of Lily that no such harm could come to her, but her invariable response was, "What is written, is written."

A year passed with no sign of the fulfillment of the prophecy, then another, and I found it necessary to change my place of residence to a distant town. I had made up my mind that there was nothing in the prophecy and gave the matter no further thought. A short time before my removal "Wailing Wind" translated the lines I mentioned above as follows:

"When the autumn rains come and the autumn leaves fall,

Then shall begin to appear that which hath been foretold."

In the meantime the girl had developed certain coquettish tendencies which pointed to the possibility of a tragedy, but her parents were blindly fond of her and it was impossible to alarm them without something more definite than I could produce.

About a year after my removal Lily and her mother called to see me. Lily's health was bad and her mother gave me a detailed account of her symptoms. The evil days had come, poor Lily was in the most terrible trouble which would assail a girl, and her mother in the innocence of her heart was betraying her. After their departure

I stood by the window oppressed and troubled when a gust of wind and rain beat against the panes and whirled the dead leaves of November in the air. The mystic lines flashed on my mind.

"When the autumn rains come and the autumn leaves fall,
Then will begin to appear that which hath been foretold."

Suffice it say that the prophecy of "Wailing Wind" was literally and specifically fulfilled three years and a half after it was given to me.

(Mrs.) LUCY L. STOUT.

The above article was sent to THE JOURNAL by Professor Elliott Coues with the following remarks by him.—ED.

[The "Wailing Wind" of this communication is an alleged or assumed spirit intelligence with which Mrs. Stout was in presumable communication at the time, and during some years. Various details of the story which have been told to me in confidence are omitted. The poor girl died long ago and as there is no possibility of her being now identified, it cannot be wrong to publish the account. It is certainly remarkable that the prediction was verified to the letter—that the girl's situation should "begin to appear" just at that time.]

SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT.

BY JOSEPH M. WADE.

Spiritual unfoldment is truthfully symbolized in the opening of a rose bud, which, while it apparently in a miraculous manner comes from within itself outward, could not unfold were it not for the natural forces outside of itself. The dews, the rains, the storms, the frost and the sunshine, each furnishes its magic quota of power, and thus it is with man. While the germ of all life is contained within the soul of men, the spiritual germ could not unfold within him were it not for the material influence that surrounds us at all times. The troubles, trials and disappointments of life are as necessary as the moral sunshine, for without them man could not exist, hence the spirit could not unfold were it not for the evil (devil) in nature. This is as important a factor in our life destinies as is good (God); yet the church, from purely selfish motives, has only taught us to pray to one of these principles.

In my infancy my mother taught me to pray. She taught me what to say and how to say it. I was obedient, but in my later teens I began to think that I should see what I was praying to. I shook my head and began my search, and for forty years I have sought God with all the force of my nature, but I looked in the external only where he does not exist, hence found him not; as I was spiritually blind I could not look elsewhere, I could not look "within." My search would fill a volume, and my finding was not as I expected. I began to see the difference between knowledge and an education. I saw that pleasure was antagonistic to happiness. As my spiritual eyes opened pleasure became a displeasure, and all changed. I then saw that all was within myself; then I penned the following prayer for those who have cultivated the habit of prayer.

"KNOW THYSELF"—A PRAYER.

O thou, my higher, my interior and overshadowing self, thou invisible and almost unknown, yet omnipotent and omnipresent power, I pray thee to aid me in knowing thee, and reveal to me thy secrets, which are the source of all true happiness, and which I will fervently guard from the profane, and give to those only who desire to walk in thy footsteps. Watch over and guard me until I thoroughly know and understand thee. Give me the knowledge to reach out and accept the assistance my soul requires, that it may expand. Guard and guide my footsteps aright, and watch over this weak mortal body, and impress my mind when danger is near, should I be inclined to stray from thee. Guard this mortal body from harm, as a mother would guard and guide her young babe, watch over me without ceasing, and see that I stray not from divine truth, which is but another name for thyself. Thou hast al-

ready given me much, yet with all thy giving, give me wisdom and understanding. Amen.

A DEATH-BED VISION.

The widow of Marshall Serrano, the celebrated Spanish statesman and soldier, has just published a small volume of recollections in which revelations of historic interest concerning the life and death of her husband appear. Among other incidents related in "True Facts"—the title of this pious testimonial from a loving wife—is the following: After twelve long months of sufferings, the marshall's end was fast approaching. His nephew, General Lopez Dominguez petitioned the King's council for permission to have Serrano buried in a church, as was the privilege awarded to other marshalls. But Serrano had played too conspicuous a part in the revolutionary history of his country—he was once Regent of Spain—and King Alfonso XII. would not grant the request. He was then at his castle Pardo, and, in a spirit of compromise, proposed to prolong his stay there in order that his presence in Madrid should not prevent military honors appropriate to his rank, from being rendered the marshall.

The rest shall be told in Mrs. Serrano's words:

"The sufferings of the marshall grew worse and worse every day; he could no longer rest in his bed, but remained constantly in an arm-chair. One morning, at dawn, my husband, who was as paralyzed from the effects of morphia, and who could not make the slightest motion without the assistance of several persons, rose suddenly, firm and erect, and in a more sonorous voice than he had ever had in his life, cried out in the great silence of the night: 'Quick, let an ordnance officer mount horse at once and run to the Pardo; the king is dead!'

He fell back exhausted into his arm-chair. We all thought he was delirious and we hastened to give him a soothing potion. He fell asleep, but a few minutes later he stood up again. In a weak, almost sepulchral voice, he said: 'My uniform, my sword; the king is dead!'

This was his last flickering spark of life. After receiving the last sacraments and the blessing of the Pope, he expired. The King died without these last consolations.

This sudden vision of the King's death coming to a dying man was true. Next day all Madrid heard with stupor of the death of Alfonso XII., who was almost alone at the Pardo.

The royal remains were brought to Madrid. Owing to this fact, Serrano could not receive the homage due him. Every one knows that when the King is in his Palace of Madrid all honors are for him alone, even though he be dead, as long as his body is there. By a strange coincidence it was the order of service, approved by the King, prescribing the honors the army should render Serrano's body which served for the King. Alfonso XII. had signed this order with his own hand, the date was left blank.

Was it the King himself who appeared to Serrano? The Pardo is far away; everyone slept in Madrid; no one but my husband knew of this. How did he learn the news? There is a subject for the meditations of those who believe in Spiritualism." —P. F. De Gournay in The Better Way.

The Free Thinkers' Magazine for September has the following: "Very few of the thousands of Liberals who have viewed that stately structure, the Paine Memorial in Boston, know who first publicly proposed the erection of that building and the raising of funds for that purpose. The honor belongs to Mr. B. F. Underwood. In 1870 he was connected with the Investigator as its lecturer and agent, and during that time he contributed to the paper, and some editorial writing for it, and otherwise helped in the office. Mr. J. P. Mendum, Mr. Horace Seaver, and Mr. Underwood were all desirous of seeing a building secured for the permanent home of the Investigator. Several projects and plans were discussed. At length Mr. Underwood wrote an article headed 'A Proposition to Free Thinkers,' which was printed in November, 1870; and in the number of December 7th, of the same year Mr. Mendum favored the proposition. From that time a systematic effort was made to raise money, which was generously contributed, and finally the imposing structure, now a very valuable piece of property, which stands on Appleton street, near Tremont, in which the Investigator is published by Mr. Ernest Mendum, and in which Sunday Liberal lectures are given, was erected."

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

The Wide, Wide World: By Elizabeth Wetherell. New edition, Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Illustrated by Frederick Dielman, pp., 569. Cloth.

After one has read through this long-drawn out story full of sickly sentiment, fanatical and morbid religiousness, nearly every page sodden with mawkish tearfulness, a tearfulness which the reader feels self-angry with for sharing—it is interesting to analyze the reasons why this book nearly a half century ago gave its author a celebrity equal to that of Louise Alcott in later years, and was read with interest by old and young alike, albeit it relates only the phenomenal friendships and fortunes of a little girl between the ages of ten and sixteen—and why to-day, republished, it can still call up tears and smiles from readers of a new generation who cannot well help criticizing its palpable absurdities as sentimentalities. On reflection it will be seen that a great part of the charm of the story consists of the fidelity to reality with which the author draws her sketches of scenes, incidents, and characters. The style of the author is simple, direct, clear. She was a keen observer of details, and though she gives many pages of description yet they come in naturally and not all at one time, but so minutely is the life at Carra-Carra and other places described that most readers feel quite sure they could find their way undirected into every room and closet in Aunt Fortune's house as well as that of the amiable Humphrey family. Although the principal heroine, little Ellen, and her dearest friends are almost tiresome in their goodness, yet they are otherwise sweet and natural, while the types of most of the village characters sketched including the terrible aunt can be duplicated in every country village, not alone in New England but in other sections, changed only in the local coloring. The book will even have a fascination to children of any generation; though a little girl of to-day who has just read this new edition of an old story,—a girl whose ideals of child-life have been built upon Miss Alcott's delineations, exclaimed she as closed the book "What a cry-baby that Ellen was! I just wanted to get hold of her, and shake her for crying so at every little thing." Although its title is the "Wide, Wide World" yet its main scenes are all laid in a small New England farming town, but near the close of the work a jump is made to Scottish scenes. The book will remain a classic from its description of New England life and characteristics.

MAGAZINES.

World's Columbian Exposition Illustrated, for October 1st is of unusual interest. Besides the usual amount of authentic World's Fair information, it will have a large photogravure of the New York State Building at the Exposition. It contains engravings of three other prominent State Buildings, together with those of the countries Great Britain, Germany and Turkey. This number the "Dedication Issue," is in honor of the Dedication Exercises to be held October 21st. It contains the official programme of the Dedication Exercises. Full illustrations of the Exposition Grounds, Buildings, National, State and Foreign, and the leading attractions. Panoramic Bird's Eye View, in rich colors, of the entire Exposition. Rules for Exhibitors and Official Information. This mammoth and magnificent issue is an Encyclopaedia of information and illustrations of the Exposition.—The contributions in the October Arena are varied, interesting and able. Under the title, "The True Character of Christopher Columbus," Mr. A. P. Dunlop gives a severe arraignment of Columbus, quoting numerous authorities. Hon. Thomas E. Watson, who created such a furor in the House of Representatives, by his charge of drunkenness among Congressmen, appears in a thoughtful paper on the "Negro Question in the South." He does not believe in Federal interference, but shows that the only solution of the problem is a division of the vote among the white and black. This issue is the closing of the Symposium on Woman's Dress, prepared under the auspices of the National Council of Women of America. The papers in this issue are by Lady Harberton, of England, Octavia B. Bates, Ph. D., Grace Greenwood and Mrs. E. M. King. The editor also supplements this symposium with a striking editorial entitled "The Next Step Forward for Women."

This paper is illustrated.—Godey's Magazine for October marks an era in periodical literature. This will no longer be known as Godey's Lady's Book, but Godey's First Magazine, established 1830. First in the contents comes John Habberton's complete novel, "Honey and Gall," a companion to "Helen's Babies," fully illustrated by Albert B. Wenzell.—Babyland for October is a charming number. It has a dainty frontispiece, "Telling a Secret to Baby." The Sparrow says a strange thing when talking to the Tiptoe Twins, Teddy's kitty is as cute as can be, Nurse Karen has a delightful bit of sport for Bobby and Sue, and Sweetheart is as cunning as ever. The pictures are pretty. Price, 50 cents a year. D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.—Contributions by Prof. Goldwin Smith, General Sir John Adve, Wilfred Scawen Blunt, J. Astley Cooper, Sir Herbert Maxwell, the Countess of Galloway, Rev. Dr. Jessopp, Field Marshal Sir Lintin Simmons, the Marquis A. di San Giuliano, Rev. B. G. Johns, George Strachey, Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell and Sir Julius Vogel, makes the September issue of "The Nineteenth Century" a brilliant one. Prof. Smith writes on the approaching presidential election in America in a thoughtful paper entitled "The Contest for the Presidency." A paper entitled "An Anglo-Saxon Olympiad," by J. Astley Cooper, is an eloquent plea for an international contest of sports among English speaking people, conducted on a larger scale than such enterprises heretofore have been. "The Last Great Roman," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, is a study of the life and works of Stilicho.

One of the most telling features of Current Literature is its department of "Celebrities of the Day." The October number contains a sketch of George William Curtis, by Mr. Howells; an estimate of Grover Cleveland, by R. W. Gilder, and an essay on Whittier.

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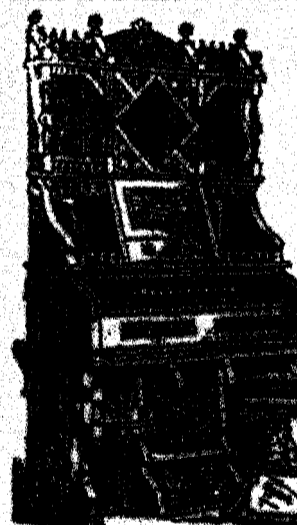
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Whose heartstrings quiver in the hooks
That show their cold dissecting skill;
They work on him their wanton will,
While all his tenderest hopes are torn—
But ah, there's something sadder still
In thinking of the books unborn!

The wounded author may find nooks
Secluded, by some vale or rill,
Where nevermore the critic rooks
Can rend him with their inky bill;
But oh, what solace for the ill
Of hope deferred that waits forlorn
To feel the parent raptures thrill
Of books that yet remain unborn!

The would-be author, whose fond looks
Turn over to Fame's sunlit hill,
Chafes at defeat, and sorely broods
The fate that makes his triumphs nil.
He loathes the phrase, politely chill,
"Declined with thanks." So let him mourn,
Whose bosom disappointments fill
For books that never may be born.

L'ENVOI.

Princes (who publish books), distill
Some drops of pity, not of scorn,
For those poor toilers of the quill
Whose books are waiting to be born!

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SYMPATHY.

In sorrow once there came to me,
Two friends to proffer sympathy.
One pressed warm dewy lips on mine,
And quoted from the Word Divine:
Wiped the hot tear drops from my eye
And gave my sore heart sigh for sigh;
Told me of pain he had outgrown—
Pain that was equal to my own,
And left me with a tender touch
That should have comforted me much.
But my sorrow was no less
For all his loving graciousness.
The other only pressed my hand,
Within his eyes the tears did stand.
He said no word, but laid a rare
Bunch of sweet flowers beside my chair;
And closely held my hand the while
He cheered my sad gloom with his smile.
And ere he went he sang a song
That I had known and loved for long,
And then he clasped my hand again
With the same look that shares a pain.
So when he went I hid my head
Down, and was glad and comforted.
What was the difference, can you tell?
I love my friends alike, and well;
I love them both alike, and yet
The one's warm kiss I could forget.
The other's hand clasp I could feel
For hours through all my being steal.
Each shared my sorrow, yet to me
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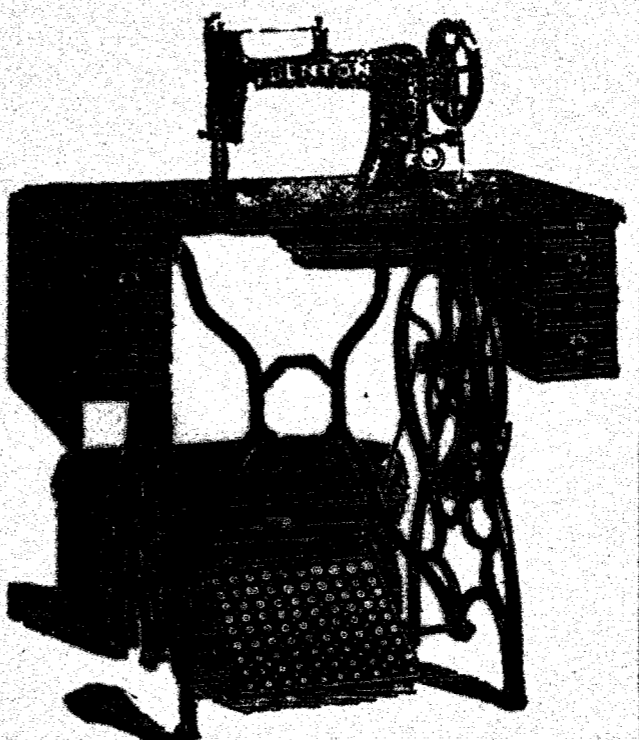
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TRAINING THE MEMORY

A most interesting and instructive paper on "Memory and Its Cultivation," by Prof. B. G. Northrop, gives many interesting points on a subject in which all are interested.

An exact memory is a priceless blessing—it is the basis of the fame and success of the authors and orators most eminent in history. The professor objects to the substitution of artificial and fanciful devices to aid the memory.

"As mental growth is dependent on well understood rules, so it is with memory; there must be cultivation and retention. The English language and the English race is a prominent factor in civilizing and Christianizing the nations; it is the marvel of the age. It has been well said that the sun never sets in English speaking people so universal has the language become."

The professor then lays down a number of rules, which he thinks would tend to promote the attainment of greater facility of memory:

First—The cultivation of the senses, particularly the ocular. This is very noticeable in children; they reason little, but observe well. So, if we would increase the strength of memory, cultivate a habit of observation and quick transfer of what we have seen to a description of it to others. Look into a shop window, use your eyes well, and then leave it and relate to your friend what was in the window.

Second—Awaken an interest in what you see. Have intensity or fervency, cultivate the emotions, set the mind on fire as with an electric spark. This is to the memory what steam is to the engine, what air is to the lungs. Illustration, iron can be welded best when it is at white heat.

Third—Element is curiosity. This is what the appetite is to the body—a craving for more; will not be satisfied with ordinary attainments. When this is aroused, study becomes a pleasure and not a task.

Fourth—Attention or concentration. Fix the thoughts on one thing, excluding all others. The shortest way to do many things is to do one thing thoroughly at a time.

Fifth—Cultivate will power. This is the regal faculty. It is the meter of the man, the main spring of the great mind.

Sixth—Tasking the memory. Nothing else is so strengthened by practice or weakened by neglect as memory.

Seventh—Telling to others is like rivets in the machine. Memory, like a lake, is stagnant if there is no outlet; unlike it, the more it gives out the more it retains.

Eighth—Trusting. Memory does what you ask it to do. Make it worthy of your confidence. Illustrated by the waiter of a hotel, the conductor of a train.

Ninth—Drawing. Reproduce pictures, flowers, people, places you have seen.

Tenth—Classify. Associate effects with causes, individuals with species, ideas by their essential relations—not isolated facts, but in their perceived relations.—Golden Days.

PROF. PICKERING of Harvard makes an appeal for gifts of money for the purpose of erecting a great telescope near Arequipa, Peru, at an altitude of 8,000 feet, where Harvard college has established a station in the most favorable site possible. He wants this done at once, because of the firm of Alvan Clark & Sons, the great constructors of telescopes, only Alvan G. Clark, the second son, survives, and he is between fifty-five and sixty years old, and does not feel that he can undertake the constructing of more than one large telescope. The disks for such a telescope, which are ground in Paris, take years to grind. But a pair of such disks, suitable for telescopes having an aperture of forty inches, have been cast and can probably be pur-

chased for \$16,000. To grind and mount them would cost \$92,000, and a suitable building to receive them would cost \$10,000. What Prof. Pickering wants is the sum of \$200,000, which would construct the telescope, erect it in a fit building at Arequipa, and maintain the expense of its operation for several years, after which the funds of the Harvard observatory would secure its permanent employment.

A CATHOLIC paper published in England says that spirit who communicates with mortals are devils from hell and must be liars because they contradict the teachings of the Holy Catholic Church. Mr. Stead in the Review of Reviews comments thus: "It is instructive to have so clear an exposition of the doctrine which has severed the most intelligent and progressive races of the world from the fold of the Catholic Church. If any fact, statement, or phenomena traverses a priest's idea of what constitutes the truth, it is of hell, and there is an end of it. In the old time this was held to be good enough to consign the heretic to the dungeon or the stake. Now-a-days the power to prosecute is over, but the principle on which it was based remains intact."

THE Theosophists, says the Agnostic Journal, are Re-incarnationists, and Mrs. Besant assures us that we may expect to see "the influx of a numerous and depraved class, from those who lived amid the rotting ruins of Roman civilization, the brutal, cruel, dissolute youth of Rome, of Constantinople, of Alexandria, and of many another city. The thought-bodies then formed are the moulds into which will be, and are being, built the sad prison-houses of those Egos; and the alcohol-soaked and poisoned materials provided by our drunken classes form the tittest bricks for such gloomy edifices." This is a truly appalling and terrible prospect; but, on the lines of re-incarnation, it has undoubtedly to be faced.

SINCE there is but one life-source, it must contain the all of us. If there is a spiritual energy in operation behind the so-called material forces, it must be in operation behind the higher forces,—thought love, will, intelligence. And, if all life is derived from one source, the whole universe is but the one life's varied expression, we as spiritual existences being its highest known expression; and, strictly, of ourselves we are nothing, since we are not so much living as being lived,—somewhat as, on a lower plane, a flower is merely the expression of the unseen forces which are its life, the real of it, its substance.—Abby Morton Diaz.

LAS Dominicales del Libre Rusamiento as its name indicates an organ of free thought, says: There is to be held in Madrid in October, (1892), a Spiritist Congress, which will obtain great importance from the numerous representations which are to be present from America and all the world, since everywhere there are devoted enthusiastic Spiritists. The affectionate regard we have for the most prominent Spanish Spiritualists and their coöperation in the struggle against Catholic fanaticism, induce us to look upon this Congress with the greatest sympathy and to offer our humble and cordial coöperation.

THE Psychological Science Congress, says the Two Worlds, which will be held at Chicago next year during the World's Fair, is likely to be a remarkable gathering, and should exert a potent influence for good. It will at least prove that Spiritualism is neither dead nor dying, by demonstrating that many eminent men and women deem it a subject worthy of their best thought and painstaking investigation. We have

been appointed a member of the Advisory Council, but at present do not quite see in what way we can help other than by good wishes.

AT Lerano, Italy, four years ago none could discuss Spiritism. Lately, M. L. Falcomer has given public lectures in the Teatro Comunale. Some exhibitions of spirit photographs, plaster casts, etc., obtained through mediumship of Eusapia Paladino, under direction of Dr. Eucile Chiaia and photographs of Katie King through mediumship of Florence Cook, under direction of Prof. Crookes were made. The local papers give these lectures extensive notice in terms of praise.

WOMEN are taking conspicuous positions in journalism these days and showing decided aptitude for the profession. Mrs. Lullie Monroe Power, daughter of the late Dr. J. R. Monroe of Indianapolis, has taken her father's place as publisher and editor of the Iron Clad Age of that city, a radical freethought paper. Mrs. Power assisted her father a number of years and knows all about publishing and editing a paper. She is a lady of ability and education and under her management the Iron Clad Age is a bright and vigorous journal.

THERE is a time when the Unknown reveals in a mysterious way to the spirit of man. A sudden rent in the veil of darkness will make manifest things hitherto unseen, and then close again upon the mysteries within. Such visions have occasionally the power to effect a transfiguration in those whom they visit. They convert a poor camel-driver into a Mahomet; a peasant girl tending her goats into a Joan of Arc. Solitude generates a certain amount of sublime exaltation.—Victor Hugo.

EL ANTIQUISTO is a compilation in Spanish of articles respecting occult matters, and some original articles intermingled, sent us by the author, J. de Jusers Morales of Santa Ana, of the Republic of San Salvador, Central America. A method of teaching guitar playing accompanies the work, also in Spanish. The author is a very earnest Anti-Romanist spiritist and our Spanish-speaking friends will find much of value in the compilation.

MRS. R. C. SIMPSON the well-known medium who left Chicago a few years ago and has been living on the Pacific Coast, has returned to this city in improved health and will probably remain here some time giving an opportunity to obtain tests through her remarkable mediumship. A more definite announcement will be made next week.

VERDADE E. LUZ, of San Paulo, Brazil, says: We know from a good source there has been organized in the capital a Society for Psychical Research under the purely scientific point of view. Many noted Brazilian scientists and literary men figure among its members.

REPRESENTATIVES from Revista visited the celebrated medium Eusapia Paladino at Naples recently and the detailed account of four sances is promised in the October number of Revista de Estudios Psicológicos.

The prudent always have Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup on hand. It is invaluable.

Samuel Bowles' Pamphlets: Experiences of Samuel Bowles in Spirit Life, or life as he now sees it from a Spiritual Standpoint, price 25 cents. Contrast in Spirit Life, and recent experiences, price, 50 cents, and Interviews with Spirits, price 50 cents in paper cover. For sale at this office.

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