

# RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, OCT. 22, 1892.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 3, NO. 22.

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## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BISHOP POTTER says the Rev. Dr. Newton will not be tried. Here is an extract from one of the sermons which furnished ground for the charges, brought by twelve prominent clergymen: "On every hand throughout our Protestant Christianity one may see the signs of the coming forth of a new theology. Andover may draw its bolts against it, but it will creep through the back window."

FOR THE past quarter of a century Ernest Renan has been busy in chosen fields of literary, historical and philological research, says the New York Press. In them his services must be accounted great. On their results, rather than on the meteoric splendors of his earlier achievement, will rest his assured title to be called in all soberness what his membership in the French Academy caused him to be called, like each of his thirty-nine associates, half in jest, half in earnest, "One of the immortals."

In the October Atlantic Monthly Professor N. S. Shaler thus pleads for better roads: Judged by the standard of our local ways, America as a whole must be regarded as the least advanced of all countries which are commonly classed as civilized. It is true that our great transportation routes, those which are ploughed by the steamers of our inland waters and traversed by locomotives, are well organized, widespread, and efficient in a high degree; but these ways serve in a direct manner only a narrow belt of country on either hand. They have a high inter-state and international value, but little relation to the needs of local life. So far from meeting the necessities of rural neighborhoods or aiding in their development, they have tended to retard the growth of the less conspicuous but really more important channels of communication, our common country roads.

W. H. ZELLER in The Chautauquan says that Girard was an admirer of Voltaire and other infidel writers and while the ministry of his day were merciless in criticism of the man, his college is perhaps one of the greatest in its Christian influence, Christian exemplification and uses known to the present generation. He says that chapel services twice a day, with preaching twice on Sunday are conducted by laymen. No minister of the gospel gets beyond the college walls, except by misrepresentation on his part, and the record of less than forty-five years shows that twenty-nine sons of Girard college are preachers of the gospel. Mr. Zeller seems to rejoice in what he states. The fact is that Stephen Girard, radical freethinker, left a will by the terms of which there was to be no theological teaching in the college. There was to be no preaching by any minister. The will has been virtually, though not technically broken. There is preaching of orthodox theology in the chapel of the college every Sunday and theological services every day. No ordained minister preaches there, but men are prepared to preach in the college just the same as others are prepared and

they are left unordained so that they can enter the college without technically violating the will, thereby evading its meaning and purpose. It implies the violation of a sacred trust. This fact is a disgrace to the State of Pennsylvania and to the country. When the moral sentiment shall have become as strong as the sectarian religious spirit is now, there may be a change by which the exercises in the college will be conducted in accordance with the terms of the will.

PROF. J. J. McCook, who published in the September Forum the results of his investigation of venality in Connecticut, follows this in the October number with an explanation of the actual methods used in handling venal voting, with suggestions and remedies—an article that frankly takes up the secret sins of campaign managers of all parties and degrees of importance. The most startling thing in Professor McCook's study of this whole subject is the demonstration he has made of the looseness of morals which has crept into political management, even when political management is in the hands of men who in all other work are conscientious and upright. Anything is considered fair in politics, and he quotes instances to show that men who hold themselves above reproach and are so considered in their communities are really the most guilty class in this nefarious traffic. This article, analyzing the causes and the methods of venality, is even more startling in some of its details than the preceding article which showed the proportion of the venal.

PRESIDENT McLEOD of the Reading Company, has replied through a New York newspaper to charges of extortion in connection with the coal trust substantially that the advance of hard coal to the consumer is a matter of business to the Reading Company which controls the anthracite market and that it is made to secure dividends on its stock for the Philadelphia & Reading railroad company. The public are thus compelled to pay dividends on watered stock, out of indebtedness which is enormously inflated and out of which, at the expense of the smaller stockholders, the larger ones have made several fortunes. As the News of this city says: "Fortunately it is no longer possible to deceive the American public in regard to the management of large properties. If it is a crime to freeze out small stockholders in the stock-watering process, it is a double crime to 'corner' the poor man's supply of fuel in order that the inflated capital may earn alleged dividends. Robbery is never less robbery because it may be permitted by law. Thieving under the guise of an honorable business transaction is as reprehensible as open thuggery."

THE French people celebrated, September 22, the one hundredth anniversary of the proclamation of the first French republic, September 22, 1792, with all its awful associations. September 22, 1792, was a day that marked a real and most important step in the progress of humanity toward universal brotherhood and universal freedom. It was the first bold and practical assertion in king-ridden Europe of the principles of the American Declaration of Independence. The third French republic has now existed for

more than twenty years. It has given proofs of stability that gladden its friends and have paralyzed the efforts of its enemies. Frenchmen are learning to regard the republic and the nation as one, and the devotees of monarchy are becoming too insignificant for serious menace to the permanence of popular government. Attachment to the ancient dynasty is indeed but the dream of a few sensationalists, and the self-conscious strength of the republic was significantly illustrated a few days past, when the government ignored a visit to France of the wife of the French pretender, and took no notice of the few hundred devotees that thronged to kiss her hand. The republic a century ago locked royalty in a prison as a dangerous and formidable enemy; to-day the pretensions of that same royalty are treated with supreme indifference.

Prof. Haeckel, the distinguished naturalist, is reported as saying, "that the belief in immortality is scientifically tenable only as a general proposition and is in this case identical with the almost universal law of physics, the conservation of energy (coincidentally, of course, with the conservation of matter); on the other hand the actively disseminated dogmatic belief in a personal immortality, a belief supported by the mass of the ecclesiastic religions and of utmost importance as the consciously or unconsciously assumed base axiom of a great number of philosophical systems is scientifically untenable. The human soul that is the sum total individual of the life, activity, feeling, motion and idea is simply a transient developmental phenomenon, a very highly developed vertebrate soul." Here is a great deal of pure assumption, such as a man of science like Haeckel should not indulge in. An immortality based simply upon the conservation of energy would be a physical immortality, an immortality coincident with persistence of force and of such an immortality we can speak only in connection with substance. But by immortality is commonly meant unending life. When Professor Haeckel declares that the belief in personal immortality is scientifically untenable, it is true only in the sense that an unending life can be proven beyond doubt only by living forever, but there is no argument based upon physical phenomena that renders the immortality of the soul an improbable doctrine. On the contrary, science teaches that behind all the fleeting phenomena of the physical world, there is an enduring reality and to this the mind or soul of man belongs. To assume that the human soul is simply the activity, the feeling, the motion, the will, the idea and not the substratum which lies beneath these and makes them possible—the real base of them—is to talk not scientifically but carelessly. If behind phenomena there is a persistent something there is no difficulty in believing philosophically that with all its essential attributes, capacities and powers, it is eternal, without beginning and without end. Prof. Haeckel is a very able physicist and when he keeps within the domain to which he has given years of investigation, he writes instructively and brilliantly, but psychic science is a subject to which he has given little thought and attention and his discussions of questions included in this science are of small value.

### OBJECTIONS TO SPIRITUALISM.

THE Baptist Gleaner, a representative of the hard-shell Baptists, issued in Kentucky, says: "If the stories to be read in THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL week after week are entitled to any credit, there is certainly some reality in the idea that spirits can return to the earth and use certain persons as mediums in communicating their tappings, rappings and other antics to those credulous enough to believe it, but we are skeptical on that point. If intelligent spirits do really return to earth and can really use a lady's hand for writing, or a pencil in their own hand, what is the reason they cannot communicate some sensible ideas and make some startling revelations to men?"

The editor of the hard-shell organ of Kentucky finds difficulty in believing that spirits can communicate with mortals to-day, but it is easy enough for him, going back two thousand years and more, to believe in all kinds of performances by spirits good and evil. He can believe without any undue demands upon his credulity that spirits even went into swine which ran down a steep place into the sea and were drowned. He can believe that dead men came out of their graves, having risen to life in the flesh and that they walked through the streets of Jerusalem and were recognized by friends who had known them before. He can believe that spirits appeared to men at different times and under different circumstances and for different purposes, but that a spirit should appear to-day and communicate to him the height of nonsense and he wants to know why they are not able to communicate something that is sensible and make some startling revelations to men. If he were acquainted with the literature of Spiritualism, he would know that it contains a great deal of sensible thought purporting to come from the Spirit-world. If there is much that is puerile and weak emanating from spirits to-day, why is it more strange than the same kind of thought came from spirits, that two thousand years ago? Is it not true that, according to any rational theory, the intelligence of human beings going into spirit life is about the same as when they were here, and that profecion is not immediate there any more than it is this side of the veil? Why then urge the puerility of communications as an objection against the reality of spirit intercourse? Why cannot this hard-shell Baptist brother take a reasonable view of this subject? His objections to Spiritualism are very similar to those that are urged by large classes who really know very little about the subject and are governed more by prejudice than by knowledge or judicial consideration of the points involved.

### MAN IS A SPIRIT.

That man is a spirit, acting through bodily organs in this material world is not a doctrine of yesterday. It is a very ancient doctrine. At an early period in the history of reflective thought, philosophers pronounced the sensible world merely an appearance, solid-seeming as it looks and feels. They saw that to persons differently endowed in the matter of senses, or with additional senses, it would be no longer the world which it seems to be to us, constituted as we are at present, but quite different. Power is an all-inclusive word in the universe, covering both mind and matter; and all force or power is in the last analysis spiritual. Light is strictly a spiritual fact of consciousness, for the vibrating ether is not luminous. Light, sound, odor, taste, as has been pointed out in these columns before, exists nowhere except in ourselves; for, in the sublime phrase of Lewes, "Nature, in her insentient solitude, is eternal darkness and eternal silence." The above proposition now goes without saying in this age of a dynamical philosophy of matter. Even extension itself is subjective. Matter is the pliant garment of spirit, which is constantly woven "in the roaring loom of Time." What is matter? Mill answers, "A human sensation." Not that we are all-in-all, because there is a power, not ourselves, constantly interacting with our inner self, and thus producing the phenomenal world which environs us. Mill says our feelings and thoughts are the only things which we directly know to be real.

Matter is a mere assumption to account for our sensations. Instead of the world containing us, it is being constantly created by us in connection with the eternal animating power, for which or whom there is no name. Thus modern thought, so far from being materialistic, as the theological reactionists affirm, is idealizing matter.

As the mountains, the cloud-bearing Alps and Andes, are in geological perspective attenuated into undulating vapor and fire-mist, so the scientific and philosophic thought of this century idealizes matter into a vibratory force or power. Spiritualism, then, is not a word that can be degraded by charlatans or appropriated by them. It is a word of the sublimest import. Death, which Mill defines to be a mere cessation of the stimulus of the sensible world, makes us spirits, pure and simple, or clothes us doubtless with a more subtle, pervasive, and beautiful corporeality. The migration to "the land of souls" as Byron calls it, is evidently not much of a journey. It is simply a change of corporeal costume. In the light, then, of current physiology and psychology, the human body is literally a breathing-house, not made with hands, as Coleridge calls it, exactly adapted to the temporal and temporary use of the spirit or "inner man," who peers through its eyes as windows, makes the hands the executive organs of his will, the tongue the exponent of his thoughts, and ears and nostrils the avenue of distinct classes of sensations, pleasurable or otherwise. The brain is as supreme among the organs of spirit in position as it is in function, it being the capital or crown of the corporeal shaft, and the chosen seat, with its intricate nerve-labyrinths, of the mind, which is enthroned in it as a citadel. The lungs give buoyancy, animation and locomotiveness. The great Swedenborgian psycho-physiologist, Wilkinson, likens them to a balloon tethered in the chest. He says: "The breathing lungs are the barometer that indicate the peace or the power of the storm of the soul; the heart is the animal man himself; hearing is a new-born palace of the air, whose shakes are music and whose winds are speech. And the eye, round like the world and rolling on its axis, communes afresh with the whole possessions of light, and sees all, from the sun to the landscape, in the gloss of that glory which is the image of the truth." Man the real man, whether in the flesh or out of it, is a spiritual being and as such belongs to the realm of which all material phenomena are but manifestations.

### STATE SECULARIZATION.

President Grant, in his famous speech at Des Moines, said: "Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that neither the State nor nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land, the opportunity of a good common-school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church and the private school supported entirely by private contribution. Keep the church and State forever separate. With these safeguards I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain."

That is the true doctrine. There should be no union of church and State. They should be completely divorced. Government should confine itself to the performance of civil functions. It has nothing whatever to do with the church except to protect it in its rights, the same as in the case of every other institution or association. There can be no security for free popular institutions, if the government is not kept free from religious entanglements. The secularization of the State, however, does not mean the adoption by the people of secularism. Secularism is a system of philosophy, which should depend upon its merits, like every other system of thought. State secularization means simply that the government shall confine itself to the functions pertaining to government without regard to private beliefs or religious affiliations. State secularization does not mean

the destruction or absence of religious convictions. The great mass of the people of this country have religious beliefs in which there is more or less diversity and each individual is supposed to be protected in the exercise and enjoyment of his religion.

Now in the adoption of the principles of State secularization there is involved no surrender of religious belief, but only the recognition of the principle that the State is secular, that it has nothing to do with either favoring or opposing religious systems or theories, but that it confines itself exclusively to its legitimate purposes, leaving all denominations and sects to be sustained by those who belong to or believe in them.

State secularization appeals to all classes of fair-minded and honest people and it should not be confined in its advocacy to any sect or any class. It means the administration of the government upon a civil basis. It means that all religious worship shall be voluntary and that no such thing shall be known as compulsory support of religious faith. It means that the schools shall be exempt from theological influences, that they shall be confined in their work to teaching secular branches of knowledge and fitting pupils for the duties of life. The religious education may be left to the Sunday-school or the home.

Secularization means that there shall be no appropriation to institutions which are devoted to the inculcation of sectarian religion, for money taken by the State to aid any religious belief is a plain violation of the principles of religious liberty.

State secularization means that there shall be no unnecessary restrictions of the people's liberty on Sunday, that there shall be no Sabbath legislation requiring any kind of religious observance or prohibiting any rational enjoyments which do not interfere with the rights of any class of citizens. A law that should have for its object compulsory church attendance would be despotic in its nature and contrary to the very genius of our free institutions. The people have a right to enjoy Sunday in the way they see fit, subject only to those laws which are needed for the preservation of peace and good order in every community.

Church taxation is another principle that is involved in the secularization of the State. The exemption of religious churches and corporations from a tax is legislation in favor of ecclesiasticism and is virtually compulsory support of the church. The churches should pay taxes and thereby contribute their part to the general expense, the same as other institutions and every exemption of church property from taxation implies that others who do not believe in their teaching may be rightfully required to support the churches and their doctrines. All this is plainly in violation of the principles of religious liberty.

THE JOURNAL, while it does not favor secularism as advocated by Bradlaugh and does not believe that men will ever outgrow religious belief, yet is in cordial sympathy with the American Secular Union and with the National Protective Union and all similar organizations in their work for the complete disjunction of church and State. In the words of Gen. Grant, "Keep the church and State forever separate."

### IS THE HORSE RELIGIOUS?

T. B. Reading, in Science for September 2nd, endeavors to help elucidate the question whether a horse can reason, or acts solely from instinct, by a statement of facts based on his observation.

He has a horse, he says, nineteen years old, which he has owned thirteen years. The animal is gentle, good-natured and has never shown any vices. He noticed on Sundays when he drove him down town that the horse strongly insisted, by pulling on the lines, on going to church where the gentleman had been in the habit of attending. He watched his disposition constantly after that and on subsequent Sundays, when driven out, the horse continued to do the same thing, invariably going to the church and stopping, if left to his own will. The owner thought that the horse was guided by the ringing of the church bells and tested him by driving down at all hours of

the day, before and after ringing of the bells, but the result was always the same. He invariably insisted upon going to church on Sunday, no matter how often he was driven down town. Mr. Reading's office is a block west and one north of the church, and a half a mile west of his residence. In going to church, he usually turns south one block east of the office but sometimes he goes around by the office where he drives him every morning and afternoon. In going to the office, the horse never offers to go to the church except on Sunday, but on that day he begins to turn south to the street leading to the church from fifty to one hundred feet before reaching the crossing; and if not checked, turns into the street and hurries toward the church. He has kept this up for twelve years at least. He never does it on any other day than Sunday. If on Sunday Mr. Reading goes to the post-office, which is on the northwest corner of the street crossing, where he usually turns to the south and goes to the church, instead of going from there direct to the office as on other days, the horse turns to the south and goes to the church. He never willingly goes to the post-office on Sunday but always stops there on week days, if permitted.

"Many times," says Mr. Reading, "I have taken other streets on Sunday to approach the church from other directions but in all cases, if left free, he invariably takes the first street leading to the church. I have experimented very largely with him in this respect, with a view to learning how he keeps the run of time, but I am unable to satisfactorily account for it. I also observed and experimented with him in many other ways and have taught him to know the meaning of many words. When alarmed at anything, he looks back to me with a frightened look, as much as to say, 'Will it harm me?' but on my saying to him 'All right, go on,' he moves on. If much frightened, he will repeatedly look back for assurance from me. He knows the meaning of many words, such as office, post-office, school-house, mill, farm, cemetery, church, apple, corn, grass, water, and many others. The fact that he knows the meaning of these words, or at least attaches a meaning to them, I have tested many times and in many ways."

Do these facts and others of a similar character which Mr. Reading presents indicate that the horse has more than mere instinct, that he possesses reason, that out of the storehouse of his knowledge and experience, he forms conclusions, thoughts, purposes and plans? This is the query which Mr. Reading raises. He says that instinct is inherited knowledge of objects and relations, but that this horse's knowledge in these respects has not been inherited, but has been acquired. He was never at this church until he was six years old. His mother was probably never there. In instinct, there is no necessary knowledge of means and ends implied, though such knowledge may be present, but instinct is always manifested in like manner by all individuals of the same species under like circumstances, which is certainly not true in this case. So Mr. Reading infers that the horse does reason and has a high degree of intelligence, even more than he is able to make one understand and appreciate.

Another query is, does the observance of Sunday by the horse imply a moral sense? For what reason does he go to church on Sunday? Mr. Reading says he goes to church sometimes often at a sacrifice and, therefore, it is not for rest, it is not for shelter, not for food or for company, it is not to gratify any physical wants, for these he has elsewhere every day. It is imagined, therefore, it is a purely intellectual or moral want which the animal seeks to gratify, for he stands near the church door, hears much of the exercises, especially the singing, and will remain almost without motion, whether tied or not, until the service is over or until his master is ready to go home. But Mr. Reading says it can not be for mere speaking and singing which he hears there that he goes, for he often hears speaking, singing, concerts and music of various kinds while he stands tied at the office on the public square. What is the significance of these facts?

There is no room for doubt that the horse has

reasoning power, and there seems to be no grounds for denying to the horse a simple moral nature. But it may fairly be questioned whether it has a religious nature which finds satisfaction in attending church and hearing prayer, preaching, and sacred music. It is true, however, that a horse derives pleasure from music, instrumental and vocal, and may not be insensible to the influence of oratory, even though it understands not a word that is said. Feeling is deeper than thought.

#### PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS NOTES.

Dr. Richard Hodgson, Secretary of the American Branch of the London Society for Psychical Research has been appointed to the Vice-chairmanship vacated by Dr. Coues, and B. F. Underwood has been added to the Executive Committee.

We observe by a recent number of *La Revue Spirite* of Paris that a "comité de Propaganda" of the Spiritists in Paris decided at a meeting on the 8th of July to be represented at the "Spiritualist Congress" in Chicago by a memoir embracing several articles, each to treat of some form of mediumship, etc.

This article seems to be written under some serious misapprehension, if by the "Spiritualist Congress" is intended to be designated the Psychical Science Congress. The editor of *La Revue Spirite* received a copy of the Announcement of the Psychical Science Congress, which was sent to many papers and periodicals in various parts of the world. But while the Executive Committee might not decline to examine and pass upon volunteer communication from any reputable source whatever, they have not invited communications from any of the gentlemen named in the article in question. The Committee have as yet scarcely finished the formation of their Advisory Council, and all matters touching the appointment of delegates to the Congress, and the selection of speakers for the occasion, remain for further official action. Due notice will be given of the programme for the sessions of the Congress, and other details of arrangements made by the Executive Committee will be published at the proper time. Inquiries may meanwhile be addressed to the Chairman of the Committee, care World's Congress Auxiliary, Chicago, or 1726 N street, Washington, D. C.

Dr. Coues has accepted Honorary Foreign Membership of the *Gesellschaft für Wissenschaftliche Psychologie* of Munich, Bavaria, of which Baron Carl du Prel is Honorary President and Herr L. Deinhard President. Both these officers of the Munich Society are members of the Advisory Council of the Congress.

Dr. Elliott Coues and Dr. Richard Hodgson, the Chairman and Vice-chairman of the Executive Committee of the Congress are in Chicago this week, to attend the Dedicatory Exercises of the Exposition and of the World's Congress Auxiliary, as well as to hold Committee Meetings of the Psychical Science Congress. The addresses of these gentlemen will be The Ontario, Chicago.

THE JOURNAL hopes to be able to publish shortly the complete and correct official list of the Advisory Council of the Congress, including somewhat more than one hundred names. We understand that the Committee have about completed their labors in this direction, and that most of the appointments have already been issued by President Bonney to those who have accepted the Committee's invitation to membership, though a few names have yet to be heard from.

THE New York Press says substantially that the source and secret of Tennyson's power as a poet must be sought in his unequalled combination of two elements, each of which he possesses in a high degree, namely, intellectual sensitiveness and spiritual sympathy. He saw through and through nature and human nature. His sensibilities were finer, keener and quicker than those of common men, and men, women and children were seen through by him more com-

pletely than by common mortals. As the telescope reveals starry spheres hidden from the naked eye and the stethoscope makes audible heart throbs that are mute to dull listeners, so did the poetic gift of Tennyson open up to him boundless regions of thought and subtle phases of feeling. Hence the sensation of pleased surprise one experiences in reading his poems. He is Columbus, with whom we sail o'er unknown seas to undiscovered worlds. We follow our guide through gardens of imagination more inviting than that garden into which his "Maud" was invited by her lover. Emerson had great spiritual sympathy. To him who reads with a receptive heart, there is no length or breadth or height or depth of aspiration that the poet laureate has not touched with his magic wing. He has given wings to souls that long to fly away and be at rest. He has taught the preciousness of priceless things. He has glorified friendship, love and courage. The Press concludes its comments by saying, "The greatest debt which mankind owes to Tennyson and the greatest consolation that we have in this sad time is that his matchless fount is one of what Wordsworth called in the title of a famous poem 'Intimations of Immortality.'"

THERE has been some discussion in this city growing out of the resolution introduced at the last meeting of the Board of Education by Mr. Cameron, instructing Supt. Lane to give preference to unmarried women and to widows, over married women, as teachers in the public schools. The proposition of Mr. Cameron is apparently to establish a sex line. He thinks that woman's legitimate sphere, if she is married, is at home, and that as a teacher she cannot do justice to her school and give attention to her domestic duties. The interests of the schools, in his opinion, require teachers who can give their undivided time and attention to the duties which they have in charge. It may be that some schools suffer from the employment of married teachers, in which case there of course is sufficient reason for removing them, but to establish a rule that married women shall not have positions as teachers is really to strike a blow against the institution of marriage, to encourage a class in which marriage shall not be a consideration; indeed, a third class in society. For this there seems to be no good reason. Many married women can attend to school duties without hindrance and just as efficiently as single women and to exclude such from the opportunity to engage in the vocation of teaching would be a great injustice. The only criterion for a teacher's qualifications are ability and disposition to do efficient work. No other test should be required. Only competent teachers whether married or unmarried should be employed and Mr. Cameron's resolution seems to have no foundation in reason or common sense.

SPIRITUAL communion depends upon the blendings of thought, sympathy, and love, says the *Two Worlds*. Then soul meets soul, and the pure and exalting experiences of the unfolding divine nature within prove a blessing to the whole being. The complaint is often urged against our Sunday services that they "lack spirituality," "they are too cold, hard, intellectual, and unsympathetic." Then, for many sensitive souls, the manner and conduct of some who attend are often extremely repugnant. There does not seem to be any appearance of a sacred or spiritual service. A gentleman recently assured us that he had been grieved because of the lack of decorum and reverence at the services he had attended. His wife will not accompany him because of the want of order, and the free-and-easy manner in which the meetings are carried on. Surely our Sunday services should be of a character in which the religious and spiritual needs of our higher nature will be supplied. Truth is sacred. Reverence does not imply conformity to ritual, neither does spirituality require stupid solemnity and artificial assumptions of gravity. But liberty should not degenerate into license, nor freedom into rudeness. Order, quiet, and harmony are certainly necessary if meditation, reflection, and spiritual inspiration are to be enjoyed.

## A CLASSIC POET.\*

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

This esthetic looking volume of poems by B. W. Ball in its dainty garb of pale blue and gold, is as inviting in its contents as in its appearance. This collection from a large number of the author's poetical productions is edited by one who knows him well, Mr. Frederick F. Ayer, who writes the appreciative introduction to the work. Classic Concord, the home of so much original American genius, is to New England what the lake region is to Old England, claims this Hellenic poet, as a native product, Mr. Ball having been born there in 1823, his parents having been native Concord people of English descent. Emerson was one of his friends and a stimulant to his youthful genius. In a letter written to Thoreau in 1843, Emerson says: "Young Ball (B. W.) has been to see me, and is a prodigious reader and a youth of great promise." He was a graduate from Dartmouth College of the class of 1842 and was reputed to be the foremost Greek scholar ever graduated from New Hampshire's famous seat of learning. He has been a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly and other first-class magazines, a frequent writer editorially and otherwise for various leading newspapers such as the Boston Herald and others, and was for some time editor of the Lowell Courier during the Fremont campaign. He studied law with John P. Robinson, of Lowell, immortalized in the "Biglow Papers" as

"John P. Robinson, he  
Says he won't vote  
For Governor B."

But after two years' practice of law, Mr. Ball gave up the profession for pursuits more congenial to the scholarly mind. He is a man of fine commanding presence, and among his personal friends he counts many of the best known names in American literature. Mr. Ball's poetic range is widely varied, but those subjects relating to Greek and Roman classic literature and lore are evidently his favorites as is shown in the seventy and more poems constituting his "Hellenics." In spite of his classic leanings he has ever kept in touch with the progressive spirit of the age in which he lives, as is shown in such poems as "Humanity; or the Colossal Man;" "Europe—America;" "The Task of Civilization;" "The Past," and many others. His religious outlook is very broad. We quote from the sonnet entitled "Names," a specimen sentiment:

"Dull bigots still repeat  
The empty formulae of creeds outworn  
As if to fixed ideas the race was born  
And dullness o'er us held perpetual seat.  
Blow, breath of Reason with a cyclone's might  
And sweep the rubbish of the past away!  
While earth-wide flashes thy meridian day.  
Purging of every tribe the mental sight,  
Cumber the earth too long a church and State  
Which own no ties with things of current date."

Mr. Ball's poetic muse is ever recurring to the questions concerning life and death, the mysteries of being and of the universe, which have disturbed thinkers from remotest time. In his poem "Personality" he outlines his own philosophic conclusions. We give a few lines:

"Matter is spirit's bride and complement,  
There is no sacred nor profane, no high  
Nor low; the eternal universe is  
In all its parts eternal. Concentrated  
Equally in every point of space and time  
Extended matter and self-conscious spirit  
Glows, palpitates the Being Absolute  
Consecrating nought by dwelling specially  
In it, but alike informing all things."

\* The Merrimack River, Hellenics and other poems. By Benjamin W. Ball. P. Putnam Sons, New York: 1892. Cloth, pp. 426.

Mr. Ball's thought is pessimistic. In some of his poems he seems to take a rather gloomy view of the destiny of man, yet ever in spite of the underlying sadness his thought rings out brave, courageous, and vigorous, and here and there betrayed by friendship's longing, he expresses strong hope of continued existence, as when in his lament over Hawthorne's death "At the grave of Hawthorne," he says:

"Still if Hawthorne lives, no longer  
Is he thrall of fate and death.  
Somewhere in the universe, he  
Draweth now immortal breath,  
In a nobler, grand hereafter,  
Where to their full stature grow  
Lofty natures who in earth-life  
Oonly exile, sadness know."

Again the last verse of "The Land of Youth," he dares hope,

"We are pilgrims traveling whither?  
Toward some fabled better land,  
Which the bards and saints and sages  
Have beheld in visions grand?"

It is impossible in a short notice to give any fair idea of the variety and scope of the subjects touched upon in this volume of nearly three hundred poems, but here will be found food for thinking minds in every direction, philosophical, historical, scholastic and sociological, while story, adventure and love receive their due share of attention from this poet whose verse was for many years a prominent feature of the Free Religious Index, of Boston. The handsome volume is chivalrously and tenderly dedicated to Mr. Ball's wife.

## SHALL THE WORLD'S FAIR BE OPEN ON SUNDAY.

BY ELIZABETH CARY STANTON.

To my mind the Fair should be open for many reasons. It is the only day that the laboring masses can enjoy it, as they are practically excluded every other day by the necessities of their condition. When the vast army of men who will construct the magnificent buildings and beautify the grounds, who day by day will lift the heavy machinery and foreign exhibits in place, desire to bring their wives and children to the Exposition, Sunday will be the only day they will have leisure to do so; the only day, too, when farm-hands from the country, men and women from the workshops and the factories, clerks from the busy marts of trade, servants from their domestic vocations, can claim a few hours for recreation. When we consider the multitudes that comprise these classes and their immense value in the world of work, we appreciate the importance of their rights and interests in all the arrangements of society, whether for profit or pleasure. So far from the Fair being closed on Sunday, it should be the one day especially reserved for the masses, when all those who have other opportunities should not crowd the Exposition.

Though the Centennial Exposition in 1876 was closed on Sunday, yet favored statesmen, millionaires, and foreign diplomats visited every department on that day and viewed the exhibits at their leisure. Whether the Fair is open or not, the city of Chicago will inevitably be crowded on Sunday. People will come from all parts of the State, to look at each other, at the Exposition buildings, the parks, and to enjoy whatever attractions the surroundings afford. If the Exposition is closed, they must necessarily crowd less desirable places of amusements; hence, if it is the best interests of the people those in authority aim at, they will keep the Fair open on Sunday.

It is said that "those who watch the exhibits and serve the public through the week should have one day of rest." As their labors are transient, lasting only a few months, and as their surroundings are varied, beautiful, and entertaining, the tax on their time and patience would be light compared with the dreary monotony of the life of ordinary laborers who spend year after year in dingy workshops and dark offices, or with multitudes of young men, sitting with bent shoulders, writing by artificial lights,—a class as

much to be pitied as those who dig in mines, scarcely ever seeing the light of day.

Those who can dispose of their time as they see fit can hardly appreciate what a Sunday at the World's Fair would be for large classes of their fellow men. It is difficult to see from what standpoint these women viewed the happiness of their fellow beings, who, in convention assembled, passed resolutions in favor of closing the Fair on Sunday.

That noble Quakeress, Lucretia Mott, seeing that the laboring masses were practically excluded from the Centennial Exposition, made her protest against the injustice by never passing within the gates herself. With fifteen added years of experience one would think all American women might have reached a similar standard of justice and common-sense.

What is the duty of the State in this matter? Clearly, to do whatever conserves the welfare of the majority of the people. The minority have the right to stay away from the Exposition on Sunday, but they have no right to throw obstacles in the way of the majority by influencing popular sentiment or securing legislative enactments to prevent them from enjoying that day in whatever way they may see fit, provided they do not infringe on the rights of the minority.

Again, in a financial point of view, the State has no right to cripple a great popular enterprise, wholly beneficial in its results, by any interference. The managers of the Exposition, before everything is completed, must expend fabulous sums of money in realizing their ideal of what an Exposition should be, and to close the gates the very day the greatest numbers could be there, would be hostile to the interests of the managers as well as to the happiness of the people. If to close the Fair would drive the laboring masses to the churches, there to drop their dimes into the collection-boxes, there might be some reason for ecclesiastical interference. But the majority will not go to the churches, but rather crowd the drinking and gambling saloon, the restaurants, and the dance-houses, and make the city a pandemonium by night. But, after a long, well spent day, amid such fairy scenes as the Exposition will present, wandering round the beautiful park or sailing on the lake, the majority would take the evening trains to their respective homes, with pleasant memories of all they had seen—enough to gladden the remaining days of the week.

If we would lift the masses out of their gross pleasures, we must cultivate their tastes for more refined enjoyments. The object of Sunday observance is primarily to give the people a day of rest and recreation, a change from their ordinary employments, a little space of time, in the hard struggle of life, for amusements. Sunday by common consent is the day set aside to use the best influences society possesses, to cultivate the religious emotions, the moral sentiments, to teach the dignity of humanity and the brotherhood of the race. It needs but little reflection to see what a potent influence in all these directions the World's Fair will be.

The location is in every way most desirable. A magnificent park, whose shores are washed by an inland sea, vast buildings, that in grandeur and beauty of architecture have never been equaled, filled with the most wonderful productions of all that is new in art and science; from every nation on the globe—what an impressive scene this will be! With multitudes of men and women in happy companionship, now wandering through this museum of wonders, and now down the winding walks of the boundless park, now seated in that beautiful pavilion on the shores of Lake Michigan, watching the rolling waves break at their feet, or in the grand concert-hall listening to interpretations by Theodore Thomas, Seidl, or Damrosch, of the divine melodies of the old masters—where else could such a rare combination of pleasures, amid such surroundings, be so easily provided for the people?

Here, too, in shady nooks gifted orators might speak to the multitudes on popular reforms or religious questions, for there are no meetings more impressive than those held in open air, and many assemblies might be held in that vast space without interfering with each other.

If, then, the influence of the Exposition on the

minds of the people, can be alike entertaining and instructive, we may well ask, "Why should it be closed on Sunday?"

Again, this proposition to close the Fair on Sunday, is opposed to the secular nature of our government, which cannot be too carefully guarded. While all our people are agreed on the importance of one day of the week for rest and recreation, they differ as to which day it shall be. The Jews and the Seventh Day Baptists do not accept the popular Sunday as their holy day, and they might with the same purpose insist that the Fair shall be closed on their day as other sects on theirs.

As all the influences of the Fair will be elevating and refining, there can be no valid objection to keeping it open on Sunday.

Some say it would be a desecration of the day, to have a fee at the gates. If the deacons can collect our dimes in the churches with impunity on Sunday, why may not the managers of the World's Fair do the same thing at the gates?

### THE MIDDLE-WAY—SURPLUS.

By M. C. SEECEY.

The reader must bear in mind that the writer stated in the beginning of this series that his was the "Middle Way—Meliorism." That all life, in its diverse manifestations, assumes the appearance of "good and evil," and in this world, are ever in contrast and often in antagonism. That it always has been so and will continue so. This law of dualism runs through the whole constitution of things. All we can do, therefore, is to accept life as it is and meliorate our surroundings. In other words we must seek to know the laws of life—not to change them; for this we cannot do. "Whatever is, is right;" for all is the manifestation of one inscrutable power; and that power—perfect! To the angel eye there is no disorder; all is harmony. When one reaches this view of the universe one sees a universal diversity in unity. What seems a wrong to-day may be a right to-morrow. For our evolution and development, the appearance is the reverse of this actuality. In this play and interplay of the divine forces our self-consciousness is born and as we grow the whole economy of the One Supreme is seen as an outcome of divinity. All is under unchangeable law—law within law—opening the vistas of the eternal purpose, which is "very good." Without some such comprehensive view of the divine working no one can see perfection in all this seeming imperfection.

The wise man is no reformer. He is the interpreter of the events as they transpire. He is no theorist, but seeks to conform his work to what is, rather than what he may wish it to be. He is, above all else, an observer of the "signs of the times" and seeks to wisely meliorate the ordained suffering which he finds at the door of his observation.

With this prelude I again return to the subject in hand.

The ultimate base of all life is labor and conserved labor—wealth. All human action finds its first fruition here. Until both are scientifically adjusted it is useless to formulate theories. It is a hard lesson to learn because it touches our supposed pleasures and enjoyments. We have to live; and to live we have to work or some one has to work for us.

Every age has its problems. This is called the iron age; but it is the best age the world has ever seen. It is the beginning, so the prophets say, of the golden age. Be this as it may, it is the most complex of all the ages. The introduction of steam, machinery, banking, railroads, and all the appliances to increase production, to distribute its value and to conserve its results, in the form of wealth, make this a difficult age to deal with. All we touch has a residuum of evil; but we have to touch all that is and leave the dreamers to dream on. Evil is the great necessity; without it there can be no progress.

The writer has spoken of the relations of labor and capital. He has attempted to show that their relations are necessarily antagonistic, can never be reconciled, but that these relations can be meliorated by

the wise administrations of the State—the representative of the people united in their social, industrial and political make-up. The how this can be done, when the antagonism assumes a form recently exhibited in the affair at Homestead, is the problem.

A few thinkers, notably Karl Marx, with his "surplus value" postulate, and a few who are not thinkers—those who pride themselves on making the discovery that all wealth in surplus is an "unearned increment"—are beginning to discuss what shall be done with that quantity which wealth now claims as its own and which the laborer denies—the quantity that exists after the laborer is paid and capital receives its proper share of the profits of production. At Homestead capital claimed all as its right—after the wages of the laborer were paid. Labor claimed all that had been produced—ignoring the claims of capital. That is the square issue to-day the world over between these contending forces. Homestead was the mouthpiece—the object lesson—of what is now seething beneath the surface and if it is not met in some way we shall have an eruption which will shake society to its center.

It seems to the writer that the "Middle-Way" is the only way out of the dilemma. What is that way the reader asks? This: Labor and capital must each be relegated to its own place; what this place is I have attempted to show in previous papers of this series: Labor is wealth in course of production; capital is wealth earned by labor and saved by parsimony or self-denial. As Henry George says, it is "wealth in process of exchange." Here is the contradiction, labor passing into its final form—wealth; the cancellation of the labor—form when wealth reacts in the form of "capital," labor and capital become antagonistic irreconcilable. Hence the necessity of a third term to reconcile—to adjust their differences—the State!

Now the law of supply and demand determines the wage price of the laborer—no more and no less as a laborer. Here his "rights," as a laborer, ends. Here his share of profits ceases.

Capital, irrespective of labor, is entitled to its share of the profits because it is conserved labor in the form of wealth. Without it there can be no production and consequently no labor—no wages. It is primal and has rights which are primal. How far do these rights extend? Is there no limit to its share of the profits arising out of the combination of capital and labor to insure production? After labor is paid—after capital has received its rightful share of the profits what is to be done with the "surplus"? This is the one question which this age has to determine; for right here is the unsettled quantity which is the main cause of all this disturbance.

Capital assumes, as it always has assumed, that after paying the laborer the small pittance which keeps him and his from starvation, it is entitled to the "balance." That was the position of capital at Homestead. For denying this, in its ignorant way, the laborer is condemned by law and public opinion and the whole question remains unsettled. Can it be settled? The writer believes it can. He has already indicated, in part the way—Organization—the organization of labor and the organization of capital. The latter is now in a position to say that it is "organized"—a fact patent to all who have and who are now suffering in the process. To-day it reigns supreme in the State, in the Church, and in social circles. Plutocracy "pays"; and Judas like it holds the "bag." How long before it "hangs" itself is to be seen. There is one thing certain—if there is no adjustment of these warring forces the "hanging" may not be voluntary as in Judas Iscariot's case, but the Bergmen and the O'Donnells may take a hand—despite of "law" and "public opinion." Then it will be too late.

After there is proper organization of capital and labor—each respecting the rights of each—then the State, when they cannot agree, can come in and determine the relative distribution of the "surplus" which capital and labor have jointly earned, over and above their legitimate dues. Thus preserving their relations distinct as now. The State is the representative of both and has the right, in the interest of

law and order, and the mutual interests of labor and capital to say what shall be done to settle their rights and differences.

The civil war called out forces lying latent in our civil compact. It was this latent force that destroyed slavery and saved the American Union—the Federal Union. Call it paternalism or what you will. I do not like the word—especially in the light of our "practical politics" of to-day. But the power is there—supreme above all individuals and interests and it can determine all these questions when rightfully invoked declaring that valid which the law of evolution is now bringing to the fore. In this way these now antagonistic elements will find an equilibrium. It avoids socialism which the world is not prepared for. It avoids anarchism, which it never will be prepared for. It avoids the revolution now threatened and allows the peaceable ways of evolution to end, at least partially, the struggle. It can never be wholly ended for reasons already stated.

But it is said our political economists and the world of practical fact, have settled the relations of labor and capital. That may be but the laborer does not think so. The unequal distribution of wealth indicates that something is wrong. The socialist declares that labor is entitled to all the profits of all production, because, as it says, it produces all. Political economy and the past history of the race declare that capital contributes more than labor to the results of production. Both are right and both are wrong. Here the mien between these extreme claims holds—in the view of the writer. Labor contributes its share; capital contributes its. Each is entitled to a certain proportion of the profits; not all. The "surplus" should be divided in some equitable manner. How? By the State!

### THE MAGICAL HAND.

By MARY HULETT YOUNG.

#### CHAPTER IV.

AMONG THE ANCIENT COLUMNS.

The young collegians and their lady friends had made their moonlight visit to the Acropolis, and were wandering in quiet pleasure toward the temple of Theseus, when Dr. St. John and Miss Ray reached the wide uncovered way that leads upward to the Propylea.

"We are to hold it to-night an imperative duty, while ascending here, to forget all common mortals—to think only of the greatest of the Greeks as living, here and now,—of Solon and Socrates, of Pericles and Plato, of Phidias and Ictinus—it is their right."

In the moonlight silence the thoughts of Helena really took the indicated direction, and when she stood at the top of the ascent and looked out between the columns it was ancient and not modern Greece that lay so still before her. That crescent moon was the moon of past ages, shining over the Hymettus of long ago.

Slowly she grew conscious that she was standing in the light of that ancient moon, poured in so solemnly among those ancient columns, alone.

With marble whiteness the moonlight fell over the face of a statue not far away which soon became the centre of her thought.

"I am here alone," she said aloud, yielding rein to the fancy, "I am here alone with the ghost of Pericles, there is no statue. . . . Thank Heaven, he was no blood-thirsty barbarian, I need not fear! but," and now she did not speak aloud, "there are the helmeted head and the grave beautiful lips with the eloquent words lingering on them. Still, is there not too a Parisian talma instead of the Greek mantle? and the helmet is just a lofty fez pushed back from the noble forehead."

She moved a little toward the statue-like form and said, "Ah, my Pericles, I know you, but for a time the illusion was perfect."

The statue too moved forward. St. John extended his hand, and the white ungloved hand of Helena Ray was yielded forgetfully to its clasp. With that silence of his which was more than words, St. John drew her still nearer, and through that downy, soft,

yet fatefully firm hand which held hers went on a swift telegraphy revealing some unknown deeps of mind, and thought, and love.

A strange half-consciousness, yet accompanied by a stinging, stinging dream of pain around the heart came over Helena, and with a sense as if it might really be so, she said "Release me. I believe I am dying."

"I know you are," St. John replied seriously, winding his left arm around her waist. "One half-hour of this would kill you, yet trust me. I must have your confidence—you refuse it, and the strife between us cannot be painless to either. For months I have abandoned all else for your sake. Within one week I yielded to another the certain right to win a world-wide fame—not to speak of risking my life with the robbers of the coast that I might not return to you a moment too late—and you met me with distrust.

"In defiance of all this I know you love me—you tremble—this bold, self-willed man's love terrifies you—you feel that you cannot escape. . . . Yield, dear Helena, and we shall again be calmly happy, as we were that summer day at Heidelberg, as we have been among the islands of Greece—never, never, never, again distrust me—I cannot bear it. It makes me cruel."

His voice sank to softness, and all the truth, the pain, the pleading love hushed in that softened voice cannot be told.

"Will you be my wife, Helena?"

"I am dying," she tried to say.

"One little word, and you shall not die." His ear bent to her—and the word was spoken.

Tender and delicate was the kiss of the proud Pericles, lips on those of his promised bride, and on the fair hand he released.

"Unspeakingly precious you grow to me, Helena, since that little word is spoken—I must care faithfully for my own. You are too much exposed to the night air, you are too much exhausted to walk,—to shorten the exposure and relieve you from all exertion I take the liberty"—he lifted her in his arms.

"Beware, Hargrave," she said earnestly, "it is dangerous for you to do this."

"That lover of the story was going up the mountain, I am going down;" and in that way of his it was useless to oppose, he bore her rapidly to the stone stairs that led up to the lodging of her parents. He placed her on the step above that on which he stood, and after a moment said:

"Forgive me, Helena, that I have taken my bride a little after the fashion of the Fauns and Satyrs of old. Forget, and sleep very calmly to-night, I would not that my violence should harm you. . . . In token of forgiveness, beloved, will you voluntarily give me one assurance of kindness—that I, too may sleep—or at least may be calm?"

A white arm and the white lace drapery of that arm sank slowly and lightly on the strong shoulders, and a pair of lips touched a very pale forehead with a slightly-lingering pressure, which to the lover was inexpressibly sweet.

"And now," Helena said coaxingly, "tell me the mystery of this hand of yours. Have I promised in spite of myself," she tried to be playful—"have I promised myself to a wizard who has wandered down through the ages with souls of lost maidens for his passport, or, are you in truth the ghost of Pericles to rule me?"

St. John answered gently and gravely, "There may be something more than is common of what we call magnetism for want of a truer name; but do not be anxious, my empress love—my hand would have no magnetism if I did not yield myself to be yours—henceforth it shall bring you only blessing—love me, Helena! My heart has waited so long for the love which you and no other can give!"

One more light kiss, but now of trembling emotion, and she flitted upward through an open door.

St. John moved slowly away, and his heart was saying,

"O God! If she had refused me to-night! She would if I had let her. She meant to do it, consigning us

each to a separate misery. This hand must frighten her no more, but the time will come when she will cling to it for life—and be saved. Yet I am no wizard.

"Mystery, all mystery is life—is love. Who can explain, who truly knows his own being? . . . Helena has not understood, may never understand how I love her, how I dreamed of such a woman as an un hoped possibility until I saw her—and when I saw her that May morning off the Palatine, more imperial than all the empresses Rome ever knew, how I kneeled to the imperative decision and authority, 'she must be won.' From that hour, except in the brief journey to Paris, I never lost sight of her for a day. I heard her low voice when others could not hear it; and that magnificent soul of hers with its one shadow, a tendency to distrust, was open to me as a printed page long before she had once looked into my face. No marvel on that day at Heidelberg that the touch of my hand was like the grasp of destiny—yet I am no wizard."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### A PHOTOGRAPHIC GHOST STORY.

From "Allgemeines Anzeigeblat für Photographie Frankfurt a. M." Copied into Neue Spirituallistische Blätter.)

I have been established for a number of years as a photographer, but my business has very much languished in later times. People say I drink too much and don't attend to my business, which is of course pure envy.

One day as I was just finishing my frugal breakfast there came into my rooms a beautiful lady and requested to have a sitting as her husband must have a picture of her. I acceded to her wish and took her in several positions; when I came out of the dark chamber the lady had entirely disappeared.

The case was a serious one for I feared I should receive no pay. Nevertheless I finished up the pictures in the hope that the lady would some day appear again and pay for them.

And sure enough some days after they were finished up the lady came. She was astonished very much at the finish, although the pictures appeared to me to be a little too dark. At the close of the interview she selected one of the photographs with the expression: "Hand this picture in your showcase and write on it Margaret Arlington." This surprised me, since, as you know, ladies are usually quite annoyed if their pictures are thus hung up in a showcase. I believed, therefore, that I had before me an actress. I thanked her and she offered me a 50-mark bill. As the order came to 25 marks I hastened into a drug store on the street to make the change necessary as I had not the amount in my pocket. On going out I took the selected photograph with me to put it immediately in the showcase so that the lady on leaving the house might see it put up there.

"Herr Pilmeyer," said I to the apothecary, "will you be so good as to give me the change for this so I may return 25 marks of it," and offered him the bill, or supposed at least I was doing so. "How much is it?" asked the apothecary. "Fifty marks," I answered. "But where?" I looked at my outstretched hand, it was empty and I held nothing in my hand. I looked on the counter. We both looked for it. The assistant helped. The bill was not to be found. I hastened back and looked over the entire way I had come, but in vain, the banknote was, and remained a vanished thing. What would the lady say, who was waiting upstairs for the change? I resolved at last to tell her about the matter, perhaps I had not received the bill at all from her hands.

"Gracious lady," I began stepping into the room, but the lady had vanished while the five pictures were lying on the table. A mysterious affair! Finally I quieted myself with the thought that some actress had played me a trick to bring her some fame. I resolved at all events to leave the picture in the showcase, and it was well that I did so. Daily, almost, people came to get pictures taken with the words, "The picture of the beautiful blonde in your case is so wonderfully finished, etc." The story brought me much money and

I really cherished no grudge against the lady. I would have been glad to give the five pictures and thank her besides.

I also had the thought I should hear from her again and so it came out. A year afterwards there came one day a gentleman in a long overcoat and traveling cap into the studio. He was pale and very much excited. "You have a photograph of a pretty blonde lady in your showcase. Is its name not Margaret Arlington?" "Yes," I answered, "so the lady was named." "Do you know the lady?" he continued. "Only through the taking of the pictures," I answered. "Is she, perhaps, an acquaintance of yours?" I inquired further. "It is my wife," said the gentleman, "but I did not know of this picture being taken." "So?" said I. "The lady said to me that her husband desired a picture of her, since she had been separated from him for a long time." The gentleman grew pale. "When was the picture taken?" he inquired trembling. "A year ago," I answered. "My wife died five years ago," said the gentleman, "and you may think me crazy, if I relate to you that she appeared to me last night in a dream and said to me, 'Go to the city examine all the showcases of photographers and you will find my likeness.' The dream was so vivid, that I obeyed, and found at your place the likeness."

I related to him the circumstances and we were at the close convinced beyond a doubt that the spirit of the lady had come to have her picture taken. I handed him the five photographs, they were in fact the best photographs I ever took and he insisted on paying for them. I refused, but he placed a five hundred mark bill on the table and departed.

That is my ghost story; every one has experienced something of the same thing, but no one believes what the other relates and yet mine is the sacred truth.

#### SOME WONDERFUL EXPERIENCES.

Robert Geerdes in Sphinx for September gives some clairvoyant experiences from the life of the illustrious poet and patriot Moritz Arndt which are worthy of consideration, as his honesty was unimpeachable and his intellectual fibre of the toughest. From a work "Recollections, Faces, Stories," published in 1845, Arndt relates the following: "It is a well-known feature of dreams, that, while single senses seem to be asleep, those with which the dream is playing are infused with a double or three-fold life and activity. But aside from the usual five or six senses there is at work a mighty sensus communis, an embodiment of all the senses, an innermost sense, higher sense—call it what you will—playing a great role, a sense of warning or premonition, but which often looks back into the infinite distance in such a marvelous way, that we might sometimes call it the sense of a recovery of recollection. To speak of myself, I have in my youthful years especially had this spirit of a forward reach and a backward reach into time, where the forward reach appears more strange and infrequent than the backward reach; I have in dreams seen the most clearly outlined faces of men and women, which I in after years saw really for the first time, mostly faces which were to have upon my heart and destiny a decided influence."

Of Heinrich Vierk, an overseer on the farm of his father from 1780 to 1787, he says: "In his cottage he was in the habit of talking much with his departed, with his old father and his bride, who had left him in early manhood, and related, how they often in the midnight hours came to his bed and gave friendly hints and warnings."

Arndt also tells of some cases of telepathy: "We, several young fellows, were sitting once at the house of Dr. Rector Maius, in Barth, at dinner, talking, when all at once the host was called out with a message to the effect that at the churchyard his boys had been playing, and one, a young fellow from Putnitz, had fallen and had broken his arm. This disturbed and delayed the dinner. Doctor and surgeon were summoned to bind up the broken limb: letters were written, a messenger was ordered to take the letters to the mother of the injured boy who lived about two miles from Barth. So some hours passed. And, be-

hold! just as the messenger was ready to go with the letters, a wagon come up to the door, Frau v. Z.—the mother—sprang out and cried: 'My son, my son, where is my son? What accident has happened to him?' And then the boy with the arm bound up was shown her and she was consoled."

The same Fran v. Z. when quietly sitting on a sofa at coffee at a neighbor's half a mile away from her farm, suddenly gets up, runs to the window and cries to her coachman: "Harness up, harness right away!" Every body about sprang up in terror, the hostess asks her what the matter is? and receives the answer: "I am so indescribably anxious, I must go home at once." And the lady would not be quieted or delayed, but springs into her carriage and directs the coachman to hurry home. When she finally reaches her courtyard, she sees the maids and children quite friendly as usual, but somewhat disturbed, standing in the door, and she soon learns that her smallest child, a girl, has fallen into a kettle of hot water and is now dead.

"As I in the winter of 1811 was on a furlough in the dear home on a return to the Rhine, and was engaged in going about taking leave of dear friends on the eve of departure again, I was," says Arndt, "sitting late at night in my little sleeping room at the house of my most loved patron General von Dyke. I had during the day been to several places, was tired, exhausted, completely fagged out, in short in such a condition that the shots from the spirits even from the farthest distance might reach my heart. So I was nodding in my chair, when behold! my dear old cousin, Sofie, my second mother, stood smiling friendly before me, and was holding on each arm a little boy: two boys very dear to me. She held them towards me as if to say, 'take the little ones.' And behold the following noon, as I was sitting in friendly conversation with my dear old Probst Pritzbur and his spiritual, lovely daughter, Charlotte Pistoribus, there rolled up a wagon of my brother William Von Putbus, before the door with a letter which said: 'Brother, come right back with the wagon, we must to-morrow go over the water to Bucholz and accompany dear old aunt Sofie to the grave, for she died last night.' O, she loved me so much!"

Mr. Elias Mumm and his son tell a story. Elias Mumm was a respectable citizen and merchant at Cologne, a pious, discreet man, who had died three years before (the narration by Arndt) at an advanced age: "We were sitting in the winter of 1841 at Hochst at Frankfurt in the evening, at a neighbor's house at a merry table full of 25 to 30 persons. All at once the oldest daughter of the family, a very pretty girl, jumps up and cries out: 'Listen! listen! what is playing the zither below?' Her sister chimes in and says: 'Yes, really, it is music, surely it is the Major von Oppen, who has come as courier from France and wants to play a trick on us.' And the two girls run quickly down the steps, and inquire and look and explore the rooms and chambers where Oppen had dwelt many weeks with them in quarters."

But the girls find nothing and come back somewhat disturbed again into the company, which joke and chat in usual style and eat and drink at the feast. There is a pause of half an hour, when there begins anew the sounding of the zither, but not alone for the ears of the two girls, but the whole company hear it. The two girls beside themselves again rush out and down exclaiming: "Surely it is Oppen, and the rascal is hidden somewhere about here." And five minutes pass when the girls come back quite pale and disturbed. They remain very still and below it also remains quiet and nothing more is heard. And quietly and somewhat disturbed soon goes away the entire company. But the girls and our Elias have carefully noted the day and hour, and it has turned out on comparison with the newspapers and the declarations of the friends of Oppen; that he had fallen that evening in a fight in France. This Major von Oppen was an adjutant in Blucher's army and as a noble youth burning for his fatherland and its freedom he had fought as a volunteer in Spain in several campaigns against the French, had learned Spanish songs and playing the zither, and had brought

them back with him to Germany and often amused those girls with his playing, in whose hearts he may have left some loving recollections by his singing.

Arndt relates a case of clairvoyance which he observed in a man of forty years, Karl Heinrich Beck, who lived about ten years as accountant in the house of Arndt's parents in Lobnitz at Barth. This Paul Beck, as he was called, must have been a strange man. "He was," says Arndt, "from head to foot a peculiar fellow; his make-up, his demeanor, his glance, his manner, every word he said, were distinctive in their style. Wherever Beck appeared, sleep and weariness disappeared. It was peculiarly singular in this man that he, without being remarkable for any mental cultivation and development, by the most extraordinary and unusual bursts of wit and humor . . . . always roused mental action and a conversation teeming with lightning-like and swift play of wits. The entire compass of his learning was limited to his mother tongue, a little French and fine penmanship and ready reckoning; but he was one of the most widely read men I ever knew, and carried what he knew like a warrior, whose sword easily goes out and in, for immediate instantaneous use, of its sheath. I remember brother Fritz and I were sitting one pleasant afternoon in his room: Fritz had come from Stralsund for his vacation from school and I was telling of the great feats that brother Karl, the boldest and swiftest of all horse riders had accomplished with a young, just bought fox, of his vaulting and springing over walls, ditchse, etc., adventures which I was once obliged also to try with the fox. This narrative must have been related so picturesquely and in such a lively fashion, that my Beck suddenly became beside himself and became clairvoyant in full sunshine. Brother Karl was at Wallach where he was accustomed to trot eight to ten miles a day, that morning had ridden to Stralsund, and we were talking, wondering whether he was having another experience with the game and what it might be. Behold, all at once we hear our Beck puffing loudly Puff! Puff! like one who is freshly lighting his pipe, and he further hummed out: "Oh a splendid pipe, a splendid new pipe, also one white most beautiful meerschaum for me in the pocket. Oh weh! there falls the pipe, there the horse is falling, Herr Arndt in the ditch—there he lies, how the horse struggles! God be praised! God be praised! he is up again on the horse, I hear him galloping off!" This with such violence, with such broken words and such painful pauses between, that we became quite terrified and we roused the old man back into his usual wont. And what had happened? The most real reality and even to the minute of time. At Karmin, a village an hour from Lobnitz, a dog ran out from the thicket near the Wallack, the horse sprang sideways and tumbled over my brother into the ditch. He however held fast to bridle, and winds out from under the horse, then both got up, the pipe recovered and speedily galloped into Lobnitz. He also had in fact a white meerschaum pipe in his pocket which he was bringing with him for a present to Paul." In notice to a letter of Arndt's to Bunsen (Deutsche Revue April 1891 p. 58, the publisher Theodore Bunsen writes: "Of my brother George there has been sent me a notice which, as I believe, will be read with interest. He writes: 'I had met him (Arndt) on a winter evening in 1856. He remarked casually, that the friendly publisher had asked him to have a hauling over of his earlier poems, to see whether he could find enough for a small volume. This is no small labor it may employ me for a year yet.' And with childlike eyes gazing at me he continued: 'You wonder that a man at my age is talking of the busying one's self for more years? It comes of this. Some twenty years ago I once dreamed that I, sauntering on God's-acre at Bonn, saw a tombstone standing upright, whereon I read my full name, together with place of birth. Immediately after the word 'Died' some confused lines. After these followed some others:—in the ninety-first year of his age.' Now I have earnestly striven, to be ready every day of my life for departure. But since that dream I now think I must live out my ninetyeth

year.'" This is almost a word for word statement of his to me. It was a matter of recollection that such expressions of his were common in the circles of his friends he had therefore made no secret of the circumstance—so easy to be explained(?). It is well known that Arndt in fact died in the ninety-first year of his age, on 29th of January, 1860, after he had celebrated on Christmas day of the preceding year his ninetyeth birthday in which all Germany took part.

#### PSYCHOLOGY OF INVENTION.

In all that has been written on how to invent, methods of invention, suggestions to inventors, etc., the advice usually given when condensed to the fewest words has been, "Keep on thinking." This is good as far as it goes, but thinking, unless it has a basis of knowledge, is valueless. The inventor must deal with existing materials, whether they be thoughts or matter, in various forms. He is no more able to create thoughts than matter. The mind cannot be coerced, new thoughts will not come at command.

If a conception of any subject be carefully investigated, it will be found to have some relation to a former experience. Possibly such experience may have been of such a nature as to produce a mental impression so slight as to be received unconsciously, and still sufficiently strong to develop into a well-defined thought or idea under proper mental conditions.

Invention being practically synonymous with new thoughts, and thoughts being the outgrowth of knowledge, the value of knowledge to the inventor is apparent, even though it may be in the nature of obscure impressions of the memory, vague suggestions from men and things, or broad yet accurate and practical information on any subject.

It is a fact that the mind, when occupied on a given subject, and forced to consider correlated subjects, acquires the penetrating quality which is vital to the success of the inventor.

It is while knowledge is being acquired in any direction that inventions in that line become possible, and conceived under such conditions they possess greater value, because the work is done intelligently and in the light of fundamental knowledge.

The works of such an inventor are ascribed to genius, while they really represent persistent effort supported by knowledge.

The term invention is here applied with its broader meaning, which includes the idea of calling into existence anything based on or originating in a new thought, whether in the realm of science, abstract or applied, or art or letters.

After all, invention is little more than an excursion beyond the boundaries of present knowledge, rendered possible by the accumulated experience of ages past. Progress is hindered by the fact that men re-enact the same things generation after generation, instead of acquiring a knowledge of what has already been accomplished, and, with such knowledge as a basis, pushing forward to new fields.

Inventors who have followed the plan here outlined have achieved both distinction and pecuniary reward, and if the general standard of invention could be raised to this level, results could be accomplished which would overshadow everything done in the past.

There is certainly no limit to the amount of material available. It is only necessary for the inventor to place himself in the proper relation to existing materials to enable him to reach out and take the reward.—Scientific American.

#### "THERE IS NO DEATH."

By ST. GEORGE BEST.

There is no death! We fall asleep,  
To wake in some diviner sphere,  
Where brighter stars their vigils keep,  
Where strains of richer music sweep  
Across th' enraptured listener's ear.

In that far land where we shall reap  
What we have sown in weakness here,  
O'er every sense this truth shall creep,  
There is no death!

There gentle hands shall dry the tear  
The pilgrim's eyes did sometime weep;  
And olden loves again shall cheer,  
And olden voices sweet and clear,  
Shall answer to the murmuring deep,  
There is no death!

CHICAGO, ILL.



## MOTHER'S POSIES.

Kind 'o purty, don't yoh think?  
Green an' red an' yellor  
Bloomin' in th' winder there  
Sort o' makes a feller  
Think 't summer's buck again,  
Even though he knows his  
Eyes 'v' on'y caught th' shine  
There uv' mother's posies.

In th' ol' temater ears  
An' th' pots an' boxes,  
There they bloom as big as life—  
Pinks an' hollyhocks,  
Creepin' things an' v'lets, too,  
Purty colors showin',  
Peekin' through th' winder-pane  
Out whur it's a-snowin'.

There's a grea' big fuzie there  
Weth some ferns aside it,  
An' a primrose weth some moss  
Tryin' fer tuh hide it,  
An' geraniums an' sieh  
Cluttered all together,  
Bloomin' there like sixty an'  
Laughin' at th' weather.

Pots o' green an' pots o' red  
Make up lights an' shadders,  
Weth th' ivy an' th' vines  
Climbin' up th' ladders  
Whut I whittled out m'self  
Jes fer them to grow on—  
An' the'r banterin' th' snow  
An' th' wind-a-blowin'.

Yes, sircce, it's purty an'  
Soothin' like, an' cheerin'  
To set here on days like this  
An' see mother clearin'  
Out th' dead leaves an' sich things  
Frum th' vines an' phloxes  
In th' ol' temater ears  
An' th' pots and boxes.

—HARPER'S BAZAR.

ABOUT half a dozen young women will take up the studies of the sophomore year at the opening of the fall term at Brown university. Of special and graduate students there are twelve or thirteen, and the entering class numbers about the same, making in all about forty women who will be ranked students of Brown for 1892-3. President Andrews says that "the women's department of the university requires and must soon have an ample, permanent home of its own, a well endowed and commodious woman's college, presided over by an accomplished lady principal." He wants half a million dollars to carry out his plans and make the college not an "annex," but "part and parcel of the university, giving women students the full university status, and at the same time so furnished, endowed and equipped as to offer them every facility for education, physical and social as well as intellectual, now within the reach of the male students." It is the testimony of President Andrews that "the examinations already passed at Brown have evinced remarkable proficiency on the part of young women taking them, proficiency averaging decidedly above that of the young men in college examined in the same branches." The admission of women to Brown university has been under consideration for several years. The question has had decided opponents as well as warm advocates among the members of the corporation. President Robinson, in his annual reports for 1886 and 1887, recommended the admission of women into the university on the same conditions as young men, and that they recite at different hours, the recitations to be conducted by such members of the faculty as might be disposed to give instruction. No practical result followed the recommendation, and no reference was made by President Robinson to the matter for the next two years. At the meeting in September, 1889, of the corporation it was recommended by President Andrews that the faculty be requested to devise a scheme by which women might be admitted to college examinations and receive certificates of proficiency. Such a scheme was prepared, and by a vote of the corporation passed September 2, 1891, the university was authorized to open all its examinations to women. But no action was taken on the matter of conferring degrees. And yet, as it seemed no more than just that a young woman who had successfully passed all the examinations secured to one of the other sex a degree, it was decided, at the last meeting of the corporation, held June 21, to confer all the honors

of university on women worthy to receive them. A still further step was taken in advance when another vote was passed admitting women "who hold bachelors' degrees and to other women of liberal education, who may secure special permission" to all post-graduates courses of instruction. Sir Thomas Lawrence, an eminent English painter and president of the Royal academy, commended the pictures of a young artist, and then said to him: "You have around your room two or three rough, clever, but coarse Flemish sketches. If I were you, I would not allow my eye to become familiarized with any but the highest forms of art. If you cannot afford to buy good oil paintings, buy good engravings of great pictures, or have nothing at all upon your walls. You allow, in intercourse with your fellows, that 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' So is it with pictures. If you allow your eye to become familiar with what is vulgar in conception, however free and dashing the handling, however excellent the feeling for color, your taste will insensibly become depraved. Whereas, if you habituate your eye to look only on what is pure and grand or refined and lovely, your taste will insensibly become elevated."—Youth's Companion.

THE Woman's Alliance requests the Mayor to nominate a woman to the vacant place on the Board of Education. The Inter Ocean supporting the request says: The women of Chicago are ably represented upon the School Board by Mrs. Flower and Miss Burt, but admirable as the quality of woman's representation may be, its quantity is deficient. The women of Chicago are entitled to more than two places out of twenty-one on the Board of Education. The city recognizes the educational force of women by giving them the preference as teachers. It is strange if the sex that has proven itself best fitted to teach is to be adjudged unfit to supervise the work of teaching. The Mayor wisely nominated Miss Ada Sweet to the vacant place on the board. The Council unwisely refused to confirm the nomination. If, as the absurd chief orator of the ridiculous gang said, it be true that Miss Sweet heretofore has criticized certain acts of the Council, she has done no more than every sensible person has done. Not to have done so would have been to prove herself unfit for any place requiring the use of a sound discretion. Not all the members of the Council are ignoramuses, or boodlers, or vulgar persons, but most assuredly a great many of them are. Who they are may best be determined by examination of the roll that bears the names of those who voted against Miss Sweet. The Mayor did not nominate Miss Sweet as a matter of personal preference, or of party politics. He nominated her because he had learned that her nomination would be acceptable to the best sentiment of the city. If he nominates another woman, as we hope he will, it will be because he remains in accord with the best sentiment of the city. The Mayor can do a great service to the people by nominating some business-like and broad-minded woman to the vacancy, thus giving the Council a chance to retrieve the disgrace of its rejection of Miss Sweet, or of making plain to the people who of its members shall be retired at the next municipal election as base fellows who seek to use the school system as part of the political machine, or as uncivilized fellows who have not learned the American habit of honoring women.

A WOMAN'S woman is, according to the Philadelphia Times, very different, for she is usually a favorite with both sexes. She is, however, one that enjoys a quiet chat with a girl friend as much as a pavilion or beach seance with the beau of the season. She does not ignore others less fortunate than herself, or become puffed up with vanity or self-satisfaction if she dances three times where another is asked only once, but would gladly share her admirers with those to whom the little attentions would seem so much. She loves little children and does not take every opportunity to snub them. She is kind to the unfortunate and has a heart big enough to take in the whole world, shows a deference to the old and is purely and genuinely unselfish. Therefore, how could such a one help being "goody goody," for no woman deep in the recesses of her heart admires the "I want to be an angel" style of feminine morals, but likes a girl of the earth earthy; one not too bright or good for all the fun and pleasure of this life, yet

who does not wish to monopolize the good things, but rather scatter them broadcast over the land. She knows just when to say those little caressing speeches so dear to a woman's heart, and gives such sincere compliments that the recipient thinks at once "what a dear thing she is, so lovable, unaffected, and truthful," and when the time comes and she marries some good man he will be utterly surprised to find how many women friends his wife has, and will realize more and more fully as the days go by that the girl thus beloved makes a model companion, far preferable to the popular flirt, who openly announces that she cares not a snap of her finger for women's opinion if men only prefer her.

## A REMARKABLE GIFT.

We extract the following from the "City Press" of May 25:

A young woman employed in Durrant's Press Cutting Agency, 57, Holborn-viaduct, tells us of a wonderful faculty she has acquired, which enables her to see certain names and subjects at a glance at the page of a newspaper. They are the names and subjects she is paid to look up through hundreds of newspapers every day. What the ordinary reader would have to read column after column to find—and then might miss—she sees at the merest casual glance at the sheet as soon as it is spread out before her. "They stand right out," said she, laughingly, "just as if they were printed in bold black type and all the rest was small print. I couldn't help seeing them if I wanted to. When I begin to look up a new matter and drop an old one it bothers me a little—the latter by being in my mental way all the time and the former to be hunted—but in a few days one disappears and the other appears in some mysterious way; I can't tell how. I used to think bank cashiers and clerks were a remarkable set of people, but I now find that the eye is much quicker than the hand, and is suscepible of a higher training."—Light.

## HOW VOTES ARE BOUGHT.

And now, how are the voters bought? I have shown how thoroughly each district is organized, how carefully each vote is watched, and some few of the many plans adopted to weaken the enemy. In many cases, voters who can be bought beforehand are kept in custody for a day or two before election, then taken to the poles and voted. In one case, in Indiana, a man kept a half-idiot who was working for him shut up in his cellar for some days before an election, to prevent the opposing party from capturing and treating him in the same way. Then, on election morning, with a man on each side to guard him, he was marched to the polls with a prepared ticket in his hands, and voted.

In 1888, in another county of the same state, six "floaters" were kept under guard in an upstairs office over night, the next morning taken down, marched to the polls under guard, voted, brought back to the office, and \$96 paid to their leader—\$16 apiece. How the money was divided among them only the leader knew. The owner of the office is an intelligent, honest, patriotic, Christian citizen, who detests the whole system, but who says that he cannot sit still and see the enemy win by such methods. He favors any law that will stop the custom in both parties, even though it should be to the disadvantage of his own. —The Century.

The following, clipped from a Washington (D. C.) paper, shows the wide and strong interest in the Psychological Science Congress which is increasing continually:

Dr. and Mrs. Elliott Coues have returned to their home, 1726 N street, and will soon give a series of elegant dinner parties. They will entertain many famous foreigners this year in connection with their work for the World's Fair. Next week Dr. and Mrs. Coues and Mrs. S. E. Hibbert will leave for Chicago to attend the opening of the World's Fair, as they are on various committees, and have been specially invited. The doctor's successful work for the Psychological Science Congress, to be held at the Exposition in 1893, has been officially recognized both by President Bonney and by the entertainment committee of the Fair. President Bonney, who is the chief officer of the Auxiliary Congresses of the Exposition, has invited Dr. Coues to assist him in preparing the inaugural exercises, and various programmes for over one hundred great Congresses. These Congresses will convene to represent the progress of

art, science, government and religion all over the world and will include personally and by their contributions the greatest artists, scientists, statesmen, and teachers on the globe. It is but the simple truth to say that Dr. Coues has secured the cooperation and assistance of more distinguished scientists and famous men and women to work for these Congresses than any other one man connected with the Fair. Both the doctor and Mrs. Coues are in splendid health and ready for their arduous labors.

RESOLUTIONS were presented at a recent meeting held in this city in the interest of Sabbath observance to the effect that the statement that the saloons are in favor of having the Fair close on Sunday, is false. The resolution says that a careful examination has proved that the saloons are overwhelmingly in favor of the wide open Fair on that day. We know nothing about the investigation referred to, but a gentleman who spent two days circulating a petition for an open Fair in this city, says that he found with one exception, that all the saloon-keepers he visited were in favor of the closed Fair on Sunday and that some of them insisted upon this on religious grounds. Some of them actually insulted him and intimated that his presence in the saloon was not desired for the reason that he was working in the interests of infidelity.

RENAN never defined his theological belief in his writings, possibly never to himself. That the race of man, and all things else, are manifestations of one force, which may be spoken of as God, but which can never be known as a personality; that the soul of man may be immortal, but on the other hand, may be resolved again into other shapes of this force, and have, therefore, no conscious continuance; that the destiny of man may include amends for the injustices of earth,—such glimpses of thought may be derived from him, but he pronounced judgment on none of the great problems. He was a true agnostic, professing not to know of these things. It has been truly said that such as he do not regenerate a nation or an age, but they often indicate and represent its thought.

WE have received from the office of Light a handsome leaflet containing a fine likeness of Stainton Moses with the words inscribed: "In affectionate memory of William Stainton Moses ('M. A. Oxon'), editor of Light and First President of the London Spiritualist Alliance, who passed to the higher life on the 5th of September, 1892, aged fifty-two years." On one page of the leaflet are these lines:

"Memories, all too bright for years  
Crowd around us from the past;  
Faithful toiled he to the last,  
Faithful through unflagging years.

"Dying he can never die,  
To the dust his dust we give.  
In our hearts, his heart shall live  
Moving, guiding, working, aye."

MRS. R. C. SIMPSON whose return to Chicago was mentioned in THE JOURNAL last week, has taken rooms at 780 West Monroe street, (corner Seelye avenue) where she will give sittings to those who desire to avail themselves of her services as a medium. Mrs. Simpson was very favorably known in this city some years ago. She has always had the confidence of THE JOURNAL as a woman of high personal character and of unusual powers of mediumship.

RENAN'S erudition was great. Nothing stood in the way of his search for knowledge. To learn a language an exchange says, for the verification of a few facts was nothing for him. Eventually he made himself master not only of the language but of the spiritual significance of the eastern philosophers.





**HAVE THE IRISH AND SCOTCH IN IT.**

TO THE EDITOR:

"Believe me if all those endearing young charms,

That I gaze on so fondly to-day  
Were to change by to-morrow, and swift  
in my arms,

Like fairy gifts fading away.

Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment  
thou art

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin each wish of my  
heart

Would entwine itself verdantly still."

If I have been rightly informed the air to which the above words are sung is well known within the classic halls of Harvard. Of the noble sentiment expressed I will only say that it is decidedly Irish, and explains why we Irish have such little use for divorce courts. My object in placing the above quotation before THE JOURNAL is to call attention to the words "fairy gifts." If there are fairy gifts, then surely there are fairies. If there are such supernatural beings in Ireland then there may be some truth in the Spiritualistic faith—that there are supernatural beings all around us. In my young days these fairies were one of the things about my—as I am a woman-suffragist I will say—mother-land that I was most ashamed of. As to our wakes, Posh, didn't the bard of Avon, tell us of the grand wakes and funerals of "ould ancient times?" Didn't he tell us in Hamlet of the "Funeral baked meats hardly cold for the wedding feast?" We had only kept up a custom that other nations had dropped.

And as to intemperance, wasn't it far more ignoble to push down other people that we might profit by their fall as do our Medford rum manufacturers in shipping their devil's fluid with Bibles to Africa, than to go down ourselves, as alas, so many of us do, under this fell destroyer? Will those people who are so glib in talking of the drunken Irish point out a people that the Irish have injured by their liquor selling while they profited by it themselves. While American rum is being sent to brutalize the heathen and Americans are profiting by the inhuman as well as unchristian traffic, the less Americans say about other peoples' drinking the better for them.

But the fairies, leading as a belief in them did to superstition was the one gun of the enemy that I could not spike—until I began to investigate Spiritualism. Then I had no wish to spike it.

Superstition, is about as much of a misunderstood and misused word as we have. The worst the dictionary says of it is, that it is excess in religion, or false religion. As to excess in religion, where do we find it? And as to false religion, well, I have seen such a lack of religion among highly educated agnostics that I must confess I have yet to meet any form of religion so false that I would not prefer it to the agnostic's no religion. If to believe in a supernatural power above us, and supernatural influences around us is superstition then thank God with all my heart I am superstitious. Parnell, on his high pedestal laughed at what he sneeringly called superstition, when advised not to interfere with the forts of the Irish fairies, that for ages less pretentious Irish had respected. He wouldn't respect superstition. Oh, no, but how long before the hand he raised against what he termed that, was powerless, I leave the investigator to ascertain.

In "There is no Death," by Florence Marryatt, she tells of her father's watching for a brown lady (a spirit so-called) and of his discharging a revolver at her, as soon as he saw her!

Why such discourtesy to anyone? Especially to one who for aught he knew was in trouble and came for assistance. No wonder she laughed maliciously in his face and in the face of his revolver. Why not have met her with common politeness as he would have met a living woman?

Why not have met her with: "Is there any way in which I can help you madam?" in lieu of a flashing revolver! Then if she was aggressive, he might justifiably assume the aggressive too.

Because I have been helped and amused by THE JOURNAL I would like to help and amuse other readers of it. Not because of Prof James' connection with fair Harvard but because of his relation to the author of

the Bostonians; (God be with the time I read it) I read with keener interest anything from his pen than from any of the other investigators who write for THE JOURNAL. He seems so earnest about investigating that I can't help wishing he would cross the Atlantic and write up Irish fairies as his brother wrote up Yankee spirits.

I can assure him he will be astonished at the resemblance between their manifestations. One of my relations on coming to this country assured his friends he would soon invest not in a small "skittery" watch, but in a "foine" big lump of a clock! I sympathize with my relative; if I could only have one of the two I'd have the clock every time. Then I'd have something solidly fixed; not an affair even if it was more refined looking that was provokingly elusive, half the time lost like eye-glasses and the other half in danger of becoming so.

I like solid fixtures, and if Prof. James does, he'll find them in his investigations in Ireland; not grim spectacled old ladies as his brother found in Boston; but fair young damsels, fairy damsels of course I mean, and at their head no less a personage than Titania herself who is as she has always been, Queen of the Connaught fairies, though Shakespeare took a poet's license and made believe she was a Grecian! And the beauty of it all she is as young as ever she was! Now as to the Scotch, was there or was there not a Tam O'Shanter?

Did he or did he not see that fairy or spirit (I am not well up in Scotch supernatural lore) dance?

Is there any foundation for the assertions made in "All Hallow E'en" to rest on? Did Macbeth's witches really and truly ever exist?

In short, investigators of THE JOURNAL, I humbly suggest, that at the coming Psychological Science Congress, you endeavor to have a good representation of Irish and Scotch in it. AN IRISH INVESTIGATOR.

**THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.**

TO THE EDITOR: If the managers of the World's Columbian Exposition have met every proposition that has come before them in a business-like and acceptable manner, it is fair to suppose that they are competent to settle in a proper way any future question that may be presented.

It is true that they are not all religionists and it may be true that they will not legislate to meet the wishes of any particular sect, but it is equally true that all people are not religionists and the legislation will most likely aim to accommodate the majority.

I do not mean to say that they will ignore the rights of any class, but they will most likely hear every argument that can be presented from all sides on every subject.

The rights of any particular class must never interfere with the equal rights of any other class, and hence our form of government is that majorities rule.

The question of opening the gates of the World's Exposition on Sunday has been and is being discussed with considerable warmth of feeling, and what the final decision of the management will be cannot at this time be definitely determined.

Now there are good reasons offered on both sides of this very important question. The Sabbatharians insist that to open the gates on Sunday is a violation of God's law and therefore the gates should be closed.

If history is worth anything it should be consulted to ascertain whether our Sunday is the Sabbath of Scripture and if we find that it is not, but that Saturday was the first day of the week, according to Holy writ, then of course the argument that to open on Sunday would be a violation of God's law falls to the ground and the gates should be closed on Saturday instead of Sunday.

But let us examine a moment and see how this would interfere with the rights of any class. I am a regular attendant at church and should not be deprived of this privilege; will opening the gates of the Exposition interfere with this right?

Some of my neighbors never attend church, will keeping the gates of the Exposition closed on Sunday induce them to go to church, or would having the gates open on Sunday induce any one to go who did not wish to?

The world over the parks and public gardens with aquariums and collections of animals are open on Sunday and in many cities the art galleries are open at least a portion of the day and the best culture of

the day says it is proper and right that it should be so.

Now I am not arguing that the Exposition should be open on Sunday, because I recognize the fact that all have not spoken on this question and I believe that when all have been heard a decision will be reached which will be satisfactory. If the principles of liberty are to be discussed in connection with this subject, it should be fairly stated that liberty embraces all men and is not confined to a class. It may be found that a majority of the people would prefer that the gates should be closed on Sunday and if so there can be but little question but that they will be closed. If on the other hand a majority should desire them open there may be legislation on that line, but in either event, no man or set of men have a right to say that it would be a desecration of the day, for the intent of desecration cannot be shown.

"As a man thinketh so is he" and if a man thinks that to attend an Exposition on Sunday would dishonor God, it requires no argument to prove that he should not attend, but supposing he thinks that an examination of the works of man is honoring God, whether such examination be on Sunday or Monday should such a person be deprived of the privilege?

It is more than likely that some conservative ground will be taken on this question and it is not at all necessary for any one to lose their temper, or get excited about it, because such a course does not hasten or help legislation of any kind.

If the management are now considering the question seriously, arguments pro and con should be offered, but there is no use of trying to force any measure for it will not succeed; a calm and dignified presentation is all that will be necessary or tolerated. ORMOND.

**LOVE.**

TO THE EDITOR: Love is magnetic. She attracts to her center the subtle elements of nature. Her peculiar properties are manifested in nature.

Love is the inner circle that vitalizes the outer circle. By love we grow into evolution, through involution. That which is outward is attracted inward and upward.

Love is the everlasting—the far reaching—the companion of wisdom. Whoever sows love's seeds will reap an hundred fold. Love is spontaneous, impulsive, soulful. Truth and poetry at once combined.

Love makes drudgery a pleasure, and is our best friend.

Do not mistake it for the arts and wiles of coquetry for love is no coquette. Think not it is the sentimental twaddle of sophistry and praise. Love is no flatterer. Though your veins are filled with enthusiasm you have not love. Neither is admiration a part of it. True love is true simplicity. It is better to be love's hand-maid than wisdom's kind, yet it is wise to love and foolish to hate.

Love has in store for thee wisdom. Wisdom cannot give thee love. Love is unconfined, uncontrolled, and the supreme edict of a divine monitor.

W. S. HASKELL.

OAKLAND, CAL.

**WHO AND WHAT IS OUIJA?**

TO THE EDITOR: The little fellow who "wanted to see wheels go round" in his uncle's watch has my full sympathy. Further back than my memory goes, if my friends tell the truth, I used to pull my dolls to pieces to see what was inside of them.

The curiosity of my youth is still with me and now impels me to write to THE JOURNAL to inquire what THE JOURNAL and its readers know of the Ouija board. Will THE JOURNAL, or some of its readers, give some information on this subject? Some of the questions I would like answered are when and where and by whom was the first Ouija board made? I am not very easily puzzled but my Ouija puzzles me. It reminds me very forcibly of what Faber writes of moods. Sometimes its dainty little feet just races over the board than again it will not budge; sometimes I feel as sure as I do that I exist that I have nothing to do with its movements, then again I feel that it is I who move it. In short I am puzzled, am in the dark on this subject and come to THE JOURNAL for light.

PUZZLED.

**A PROTEST.**

Under the title "How Spiritualism is Brought Into Contempt," David Gow thus writes in the Two Worlds:

I venture to write you on what I deem to be a matter of paramount importance

to the interests of the subject of which you are so worthy an exponent. You will, doubtless, have remarked the recent outbreak of hostility against spiritists and mediums in the London press. Thus, we have the Star publishing a series of (alleged) exposures of two well-known physical mediums, the Daily Telegraph publishing an account of the visit to a seance of the spirit of Voltaire, who had most unaccountably forgotten how to speak French, and a general weekly tirade against the follies and frauds of the subject in a scientific paper. Now, from my point of view, there is the greatest justification for all this. Your public circles are thronged with weak-minded people, in many cases uncultured and uneducated. You have low-browed creatures calling themselves mediums, who tell you they are on familiar terms with the mighty spirits of the past—one of these persons actually claims to "have shaken hands with Jesus Christ in the spheres." You have some of these individuals propounding views of existence, here and hereafter, so revolting and grotesque that not only are the judicious made to grieve, but the cynical to scoff. You have lady mediums who ask one to believe that their circles are visited by Adam and Eve, by John the Baptist, and the Archangel Gabriel. You have authors who publish theories of re-incarnation and accounts of life in the next world, so absurd in their conception, so debased in their gross materiality, that they are calculated to make the angels weep. And then you (I am addressing the great body of Spiritualists) embody these things in your publications, permanent and fugitive, and ask sane and intelligent people to accept them as part of the literature of Spiritualism. Who can wonder at the scores of educated and cultured people who, having been introduced to the subject, have subsequently withdrawn in disgust? I have known many instances of persons of high intelligence having been thus repelled.

What is the good of having a beautiful and lofty philosophy if it is to be blurred and sullied by the lunatic conceptions spawned by the ignorant and mentally weak people who are permitted to put forward their views and experiences in the name of Spiritualism?

I say nothing of the anomalies and inconsistencies of which the whole subject is full—how the spirit world is divided into seven spheres, and how it is divided into fourteen spheres; how the first sphere is on the earth plane, how it is not on the earth plane, but so many miles above; how it is not so many miles above, but so many miles below; how the spirit body is of etherialized matter, and how it is not of etherialized matter; how there is a spiritual sun in the next world, and how there is not a spiritual sun, because the spirits give off their own light. I will not, I say, dwell upon these contradictions, although as questions of fact, and not of opinion, the differences are so irconcilable that inquirers may well be suspicious of such an olla podrida.

Unless the publications are to be presented with a consistent and coherent body of testimony and a safe and rational philosophy, stripped of the imbecilities I have indicated, I foresee that progress will be slow.

Reason and common sense cry out against some of the assertions so freely made in Spiritualistic circles respecting the return to earth of the spirits of eminent persons to ring bells, tilt tables, and talk ungrammatical drivel. What sane person can believe that an hour or two after the death of some public personage (the late Mr. Bradlaugh is a case in point) he is to found controlling Snooks, the trance medium of Mudford-in-the-Hole? Yet that is the kind of thing we are asked to accept as Spiritualism.

My purpose is to utter a protest and a disclaimer on behalf of rational Spiritualism—that it may not be identified with the mouthings of its ignorant and illiterate votaries.

To recur to what has been called the "free use of great names"—one of the disfigurements of the movement. If the people I have referred to like to think they are on intimate terms with Abraham and Buddha, with Pythagoras and Buddha, with Jesus Christ and John the Baptist, with Shakespeare and Longfellow—to the exclusion of the John Smiths and William Browns, who, after all, form the great majority of denizens of the next world—if they like to believe this, I say, let them, but let them not shock the susceptibilities of the serious, and amuse the light-minded, by publishing what must be, in the great majority of cases, an egotistical and silly delusion.

**BOOK REVIEWS.**

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

*L'Evangeliste*: By Alphonse Daudet; translated from the French by Mary Neal Sherwood. Chicago: F. T. Neely; (No. 4 of Neely's Library of Choice Literature) pp., 304. Paper. Price fifty cents.

Henry James Jr. says of the author of this novel: "The appearance of a new novel by this admirable genius is to my mind the most delightful literary event that can occur." "The Evangelist" is dedicated by its author to the famous specialist in hypnotism, Professor J. M. Charcot, and is intended to be a contribution to the study of this power, from the religious standpoint. The Evangelist of the story is a cold-blooded, austere, yet beautiful woman whose only passion is religious proselytism. Being wealthy and belonging to a powerful family she brings her strong will to bear in making converts and missionaries of other women, even when they have no personal leanings toward the life of a devotee. The heroine of the story, whose assured life happiness is thus broken up by coming under this woman's influence, is a very lovely, loving and beloved girl, the light of her widowed mother's life, the betrothed of a manly man and the promised stepmother of two children whom she once dearly cared for. Under the mesmerizing influence of the Evangelist's religious enthusiasm, she becomes cold and indifferent to all these and leaves them all to broken lives and hearts. The work is indeed a study of fanaticism, drawn with all Daudet's power, and will be considered an excellent contribution to psychic literature.

LA SCIENCE DES MAGES et ses Applications Theoriques et Practiques, par Papus (The Science of the Magi and its theoretic and practical applications, by Papus) is a brochure of sixty-three pages with four figures, engraved by Delfosse, published by Chamuel, 29 Rue de Trevis, Paris at fifty centimes, (ten cents). For some time there has been a demand for a resumé of occultism at the same time short, condensed and clear. The greater portion of the attacks made against Occultism it is alleged spring in reality from an insufficient comprehension of "Science des Magés." The Science of the Magi and of its transmission up to the present time. Papus, in his last publication, entirely inedited, sums up clearly the teachings of occult science on man, on the universe, and on God, as well as on the astral, death, occult phenomena and the practice of magic. Moreover, the author has devoted himself to a labor of very curious research and which does honor to his erudition really in regard to each of his affirmations. Citations from authors, selected who have written during the twenty-four centuries which constitute the historic period of the philosophy in the Occident prove the immutability of the esoteric tradition in its grand lines through the ages and triumphantly answer objections made to Occultism by authors little acquainted with the question. We wish for the new work of the author all the success obtained by the preceding works of the same author.

**MAGAZINES.**

In the October number of the Phrenological Journal and Science of Health, an appreciative sketch of the late Cyrus W. Field is given, with an account of the laying of the first Atlantic telegraph line. The editor gives another installment of the descriptive series relating to the World's Fair at Chicago. "A Plea for Individuality" is well stated by Gracia. A story from life is that entitled "The Secret of Amy's Wedded Happiness." Fowler & Wells Co., 25 East Twenty-seventh street, New York.—The Forum for October lays hold of some of the pressing subjects of the time. Dr. Lewis A. Sayre tells how cholera may be prevented or controlled in any community; Dr. J. M. Rice begins a series of critical articles embodying his observations, this article discussing "Evils in our political system—the nominating machinery—and suggests a radical remedy; "The Chicago Exposition and Sunday;" Bishop Potter makes a plea for Sunday opening. There are other notable articles.—The Columbus interest culminates in the October Century, contemporaneously with

the celebrations at New York and Chicago, the frontispiece being the newly brought out "Lotto" portrait of Columbus, owned by Mr. J. W. Ellsworth, of Chicago. It is accompanied by an explanatory paper by the critic John C. Van Dyke. The Spanish statesman, Castelar, writes of Columbus's homeward voyage after the great discovery; and the architect Van Brunt describes the Fisheries Building, the exquisite Art Building, and the United States Government Building at the World's Fair. In addition to this is an editorial on the Fair, in which it is declared that Chicago, in the housing of the World's Fair, has not only equaled but has surpassed Paris. An article of immediate and almost sensational interest is Professor Jenks's paper on "Money in Practical Politics," describing the methods, shamefully common, in what are called "practical politics" in this country.—The September number of The Nineteenth Century contains a number of very valuable contributions. Prof. Goldwin Smith writes on the "Contest for Presidency;" General Sir John A. Adye discusses the "Defense of Short Service;" Wilfred Blunt has an article on the "Release of Arabi;" J. Astley Cooper writes on "The Anglo-Saxon Olympiad;" "Globe Trotting in New Zealand" is a subject of an interesting article by Countess of Galloway; Rev. E. G. Johns contributes a paper on "The Protective Color of Animals;" "Some Talk about Clergymen" is the title of an article by Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell. There are also other very instructive articles in this number of The Nineteenth Century, which is one of the best periodicals that comes to this office.—The English Illustrated Magazine for October is a very instructive number. Its illustrations are fine. The portrait of Sir Arthur Sullivan is the frontispiece of this number. Among the contributions are "Some Musical Directors," by Joseph Bennett; "Sallie Dows," by Bret Harte, and "A Friend of the Commune," by Gilbert Parker. Herbert Russell writes in regard to "Clipper Ships;" Alfred Watkins writes on "A Summer among the Dove-cotes;" Horace Hutchinson chats about "Golf and Golfing," and Cuthbert Hadden writes under the caption of "Beards and no Beards."

The three-page poem by John G. Whittier, which will appear in the November St. Nicholas Magazine, commemorates the visit of a party of young girls to the poet's home. It contains the following lines, which have a peculiar significance now that the good Quaker poet has passed away:

"I would not if I could repeat  
A life which still is good and sweet;  
I keep in age, as in my prime,  
A not uncheerful step with time,  
And, grateful for all blessings sent,  
I go the common way, content  
To make no new experiment.  
On easy terms with law and fate,  
For what must be I calmly wait,  
And trust the path I cannot see,—  
That God is good sufficeth me.  
And when at last upon life's play  
The curtain falls, I only pray  
That hope may lose itself in truth,  
And age in Heaven's immortal youth,  
And all our loves and longings prove  
The forstaste of diviner love!"

Profit Sharing and kindred reforms are now to be represented in the periodical field. The announcement is just made of the publication on October 15th of the first number of a modest little quarterly called "Employer and Employed," edited by N. P. Gilman, Secretary of the Association for the Promotion of Profit Sharing. It will be published for the Association by Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin street, Boston, at the price of 40 cents a year, or single copies 10 cents.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, the author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "Timothy's Quest," etc., will furnish the leading serial story for the new volume of St. Nicholas Magazine beginning in November.

The Century has sent a man to Europe to gather the latest data with regard to railway-crossings. The magazine is soon to have an article on this subject and kindred topics which relate to "Good Roads."

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The house is haunted! Yes, I know That you will laugh and smile and jeer, And shrug your shoulders—so! But you shall listen to the tale although It sounds like folly in your ear. Within these chambers dark and old Once hope and love held sovereign sway; Once song and laughter rolled From merry lips that long ago grew cold, And sleep in yonder church to-day. Across this foot-worn threshold once Trooped fair-haired girls and careless boys, Intent on ball or dance, Or some adventurous sport or whim, perchance, Whose salient feature should be noise. The days slipped on, and stately men And lovely women soon displaced The boys and girls of ten; Oh, there was talk of brides and bridegrooms then, And prattling infants, rosy-faced.

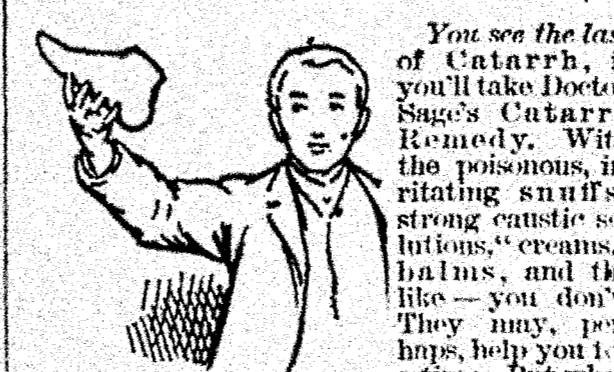
The years creep leaden-footed by, Each with its quota of distress; The lips of youth are dry, The hands are faint, the cheeks are withered, ay! And time has made the number less. Now all are gone, The ancestral halls Are trod by human foot no more. The vine creeps o'er the walls, While here and there the untrained ivy crawls, And jasmines clamber at the door. Here spiders weave and swallows brood, Here owls and bats torment the night; Here insect swarms intrude, And moths have eaten through the paneled wood Of wainscot and through flooring quire. The wind shrieks through the broken glass Like the wailing of some lost soul; Strange lights and shadows pass, And whisperings are heard betimes; alas! 'Twas Fanny in her hood and stole. The urchin on his way to school Avoids the place with settled fear; Old dames and cronies droop, And shake their heads, and c'en the village fool No shining bait can tempt too near. Desire the swain you chance to meet Along the road with sheep or cow, The story to repeat: He hems and haws and shuffles with his feet—"Why, sir, the place is haunted now!"

And so it is! Once every year The dead revive their golden prime. High sounds the din of cheer, Soft music thrills the startled rustic's ear, Who mumbles o'er some pious rhyme. With brilliant lights the windows beam, With hurrying feet the rafters shake; The halls are all agleam, The old-time voices are returned—what dream Is this?—or do our senses wake? It must be real! With dainty grace Each lady clasps her partner's arm In simious embrace; There is a rustling sweep of silk and lace, And all is revel, reel and charm. But hush! The music dies away, The dancers melt into the air, Like bubbles blown a-stray By the breath of the summer wind at play, Or frost before the sun's red glare.

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PUBLISHED AT 92 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO BY MARY E. BUNDY.

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

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION**  
 One Copy, 1 Year, .....\$2.50  
 One Copy, 6 Months, ..... 1.25  
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Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line. Reading Notices, 40 cents per line. Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

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**'BIOGEN—OR WHAT?**

Dr. Coues writes from Washington, D. C.:

Dr. Suddick's article in THE JOURNAL of October 15th has force and point. It is well written, too; it conveys intelligence, and I enjoyed subjecting myself to his method of such conveyancing. But he calls on me for a new word. Needless. We already have a number of names for what he writes about. I coined the word "biogen" for it in 1883—and this is rather a pet name with me, as it has since become the major caption of my six volumes of the "Biogen Series." But long before my time the Baron von Reichenbach called it "biod." Ages before the Baron the Greeks called it "Psyche"—they stole it from somewhere, and earlier thieves probably stole it from Prometheus, who is said to have stolen it from heaven—and heaven only knows where the thing started from.

I doubt that there exists a language in the world without a name for this thing. "Psychoplasm," "protyle," "zoöther," "nervaura," "soul-stuff," "mind-stuff," are among late coinages that I recall, besides "biod" and "biogen," at the moment of penning these lines. In this embarrassment of riches, it is not so much any new word that is needed, as some good fine work in discriminating the various senses this crop of words has borne, and disentangling of their different shades of meaning. Perhaps I will try my hand at that soon, if THE JOURNAL's readers would like to have me do so.

An author made the remark the other day that the one most important thing needed by Unitarians was enthusiasm. This is doubtless true and probably just as true of other classes of liberal religious people as it is of Unitarians. "Without enthusiasm," said Montalembert, "your life will be a blank, and success will never attend it. Enthusiasm is the one secret of success. It blinds us to the criticisms of the world, which so often damp our very earliest efforts; it makes us alive to one single object—that which we are working at—and fills us not with the desire only, but with the resolve of doing well whatever is occupying our attention."

Since the expulsions of devils are again coming into play, there arises for every faithful one who is eager for knowledge the inquiry: How may one by himself really unmistakably recognize a devil? says the Psychische Studien. An article in a Catholic paper, which treats of "the unmistakable signs of possession whereby the most cunning devil can be recognized, affords a thoroughly satisfactory answer to this. Such signs are: Actual speaking or understanding of languages never learned (of course the possibility of a divine inspiration is excluded); the revealing of hidden things, for example events in the life of the priest standing by making the examination; development of capacities or powers, which are, according to the laws of nature, impossible—for example, seeing contrary to the laws of optics, real suspension to the air, resistance to a command only mentally given to the suspected devil (not to the human being); if the person suspected of obsession calls the Holy water, which he of course can not recognize as such, therefore sees shine in his drinking-cup as a quite fresh spring water, sanctified by the smallest bit of salt, abhors it, or on the contrary recognizes as very quieting; if other sacramentals or relics, brought near him without his knowledge, show a corresponding influence. Other signs often indicated, for example cursing God by persons otherwise deemed pious, intermitting blindness or deafness, unnatural fasting, eating unusual things etc., have in view of the peculiarity of many

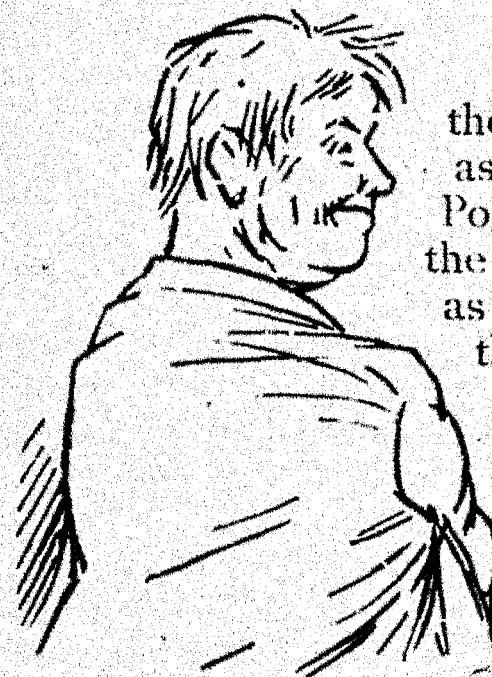
nervous diseases and the refined deceptions of hysterics only a limited evidential power." Wherefore take care: That the last cases are excepted, indicate great foresight and the scientific character of the article. However the unmistakable signs before referred to are entirely sufficient to permit of every devil's being quickly and surely diagnosed.—Leipziger Tageblatt.

THE Association for the Advancement of Women which is announced will hold its twentieth congress at Memphis, Tenn., November 15th, 16th and 17th, in the United States Court House, Executive sessions at ten o'clock A. M. Public sessions 2:30 and 8:00 P. M. At evening sessions an admission fee of twenty-five cents will be charged. All members of the Association will be guests during the Congress. As soon as the complete list of visitors is received, letters of invitation will be sent to each one from her hostess. Lest there should be any mistake in this list, each visitor is asked to communicate with Mrs. Potter or Mrs. Pearson, care of the Nineteenth Century Club, Memphis, Tenn., stating the fact that she will be in the city at that time. Topics for discussion will be "Ethnic Limits of Art," by Sara Wool Moore; "The General Outlook of Affairs in the Americas," by Louise

Benson; "About Kindergartens," by Sally Fairchild; "The Effect of Immigration on the Health of the Nation" by Ella V. Mark, M. D.; "A Talk on Art" by Edna D. Cheney; "The Limits of Self-sacrifice" by Antoinette Brown Blackwell; "Parliamentary Laws a Science and an Art" by Martha D. Strickland; "Individualism in Education" by Harriet R. Putnam; "Pessimism and Optimism as Factors in Social Progress" by Julia Ward Howe; "Ethics of Journalism" by Alice Stone Blackwell; "The Education of European and American Girls" by Jane Bancroft Robinson, Ph. D.; "Does the Modern Humane Treatment of Criminals tend to Increase Crime?" by Adele S. Hutchinson.

It is an old saying that "art is long." This may explain the length of many of the communications received from our contributors. Be the art of writing for a paper what it may, let us whisper a secret in your ear. If you want to see your article soon, make it short. Of course you will make it good.

We regret to learn from the last issue of the Better Way that Hon. Sidney Dean has resigned as editor of that paper which had greatly improved since his connection with it.



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