

RELIGIO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

ACCORDING to the papers, the well-known medium, Henry A. Slade, without money and utterly friendless was recently taken to the Sanitarian hospital at Sioux City, suffering from nervous prostration bordering on insanity.

MISS WILLARD asked Mr. William Stead what he thought of the W. C. T. U. He replied: "I think so much of it, and I have so much faith in its development that I object to three-fourths of its title. It consists of four words. Three of them limit its scope. 'Woman' restricts it to one-half the race. 'Christian' affixes a label which repels many who are really Christian in spirit. 'Temperance' elevates one single plank in your platform to a disproportionate position and therefore to a misleading predominance. If you can get rid of these three sectional and limiting words, I don't see any limit to the future scope of your Union." *Sensible words!*

A NUMBER of writers of late have given fanciful descriptions of things and conditions on the planet Mars. For instance, Miss Mary Proctor in a late number of Frank Leslie's Weekly in speaking of Mars, referred to the "mists of morning, gradually clearing away as the sun rises, gathering of clouds at eventide, though probably to pass from the skies at night, leaving the same constellations we see shine with greater splendor from the rarer atmosphere." "We can clearly see the changes of the Marsian day, for it reveals the long white shore lines, the clear mists of the morning, the gathering mists of the night and we know that there must be air currents in an atmosphere indicating such changes. There must be rain and snow, thunder and lightning, tornadoes and hurricanes, blowing more fiercely than those on the earth." Flammarion, the French astronomer, is inclined to believe that the double streaks seen in Schiaparelli's chart are due to atmospheric refraction and can be explained by the known laws in optics and he attributes the redness of Mars' appearance to the existence of organic life on the planet, but one's faith in these speculations is suddenly shaken on turning to a paper recently written by Prof. Holden, who with the biggest lens in the world before him, that of the Lick Observatory, is not sure that the red regions of Mars are land, that the dark regions are water or that the white regions at the poles are snow caps. "In fact," he says, "I know of no phenomena of observation which cannot perfectly well be explained on the supposition that the general surface of Mars is red hot, and that the white regions are clouds." Is it not best to stop speculations in regard to the surface of Mars, its inhabitants, etc., etc., until at least it is learned whether it is red-hot or in a condition admitting of inhabitants?

A WRITER in the Dubuque Daily Ledger replying to an attack upon Spiritualism says: Spiritualism is a phenomenon, a philosophy and a religion. It is the foundation of all religions, as the records of India, Egypt, and the Old and New Testament show. Spir-

itualism has established the knowledge that man has a conscious existence beyond the grave. That the future existence is one of mental progress and spiritual unfoldment for all human intelligences. While undermining the false and overthrowing the labels of bigotry and superstition, it is constructive in purpose and eclectic in method. It gladly conserves the good and adopts the right and true wherever found. It has given free thought a new impetus. It has severed the bonds of fear and dread of death and the grave. It has revised the geography of the heavens and convinced multitudes of Atheists and Deists of a future existence. It has brought joy and consolation to millions of sorrow stricken homes. It has encouraged the desponding, comforted the sick, and with the tender hand of sympathy brushed away the mourner's tear. "Add to your faith knowledge," said Paul. Following this safe advice we study the manifestations, and discover the naturalness of converse with the spirit world by sympathy, vision, trance, impression and inspiration, as well as all other phases of mediumship. The tendency of spiritual research is to elevate the thoughts, encourage fidelity, spiritualize the affections, induce true righteousness, and promote the principles of fraternity and equality. Underlying all reform movements physiological and social, philanthropic and religious, we would strike the ax at the root of the tree by rightly generating, then wisely educating, all the nations of the earth. Kindling in believing souls the loftiest endeavor, the broadest tolerance, the noblest charity, and the warmest friendship; with good deeds for prayers and hymns sung to melody furnished by guardian angels; its ideal the Christ life of perfection, and its temple the measureless universe of God, Spiritualism guides its followers to eternal progress and happiness.

THE Inter Ocean referring to the fact that Mrs. Mary E. Lease is in the race in Kansas for the United States Senatorship says: Archie Williams, formerly Attorney-General of Kansas, and a jurist of ripe attainments, knows of no constitutional reason why Mrs. Lease shall not be Senator. "There is nothing to prevent it," he says, "but the popular belief that the Senator shall be a man. I hope they'll elect her. I am for her." Joe Ady, United States District Attorney, says: "The question would have to be settled no doubt in contest and the results would be interesting. Other things being equal, Mrs. Lease is certainly entitled to the support of the Populists. She is the leader of them all." General Weaver writes to Mrs. Lease that he has made careful examination of the constitution of the United States and finds that no legal objection exists which would prevent the election of a woman to the United States Senate. So much for the authorities. As to the consideration of equipment, there would be no question about that. So far as the Populists are concerned, Mrs. Lease is easily the leader of them all. . . . She knows more about economics than all of the rest of them put together. "Shunning the meaner track of common minds," she has delegated the dull round of household cares to others and has delved into the study of public issues with keen avidity. She is impressive in public discourse; she has a voice which rivets attention and carries conviction to the ear; an eye like

Mars, to threaten and command, and withal, a combination and a form indeed, to give the world assurance of a woman born to lead and rule. How this prophetic from Kansas would stir things up in the Senate! With what impetuosity the populace would crowd to fill the galleries upon the announcement of her appearance on the floor! The vitriolic oratory of Mr. Ingalls would speedily become a mere reminiscence and the shades of Harvey, Caldwell, Pomeroy and Ross would shrink into deeper obscurity. Even the volcanic Jim Lane would rise in spirit to greet his peer in the Upper Chamber of the National Legislature. The woman and the hour have come. Kansas is confronted with the greatest opportunity in all of her eventful history. Will she improve it?

CHARLES E. BESSEY, of the University of Nebraska, writes to Science: That the sense of direction is feeble, if indeed present, in civilized man cannot be denied. I have had some experiences which lead me to suspect that it may be obsolescent rather than quite obsolete. It has frequently occurred that in coming into a strange town or city at night, when compelled to abandon all conscious effort to keep my direction, I have found that in some way I had not lost the points of the compass. These may have been happy accidents, but they may have been cases of unconscious orientation. Again, upon visiting a cave of considerable dimensions, I purposely refrained from any conscious effort in keeping the points of the compass, with the same result as in the preceding cases. To the foregoing I have added some inquiries, and a few observations upon others, and feel that there may be a feeble sense of direction still left to us, though so feeble as to be easily overborne by suggestion from the other senses.

MR. WALTER BESANT thinks that a man of letters should be on the same basis of men in other professions. The author now is regarded as a sort of mendicant, subsisting on the bounty of the publisher. Mr. Besant sees the remedy for this, as he imagines, in the establishment of a society corresponding to the French Academy. Such a society, it is held, would not only protect the author but tend to raise the standard of literature. He would have admission to membership therein granted only on the test of merit and make it a disgrace for an author not to belong to this society. Mr. Besant's idea in the main is perhaps unobjectionable theoretically, but it is hardly practicable. In the first place, in the present condition of society and the world of letters, wealth and social position would be the strongest recommendations to admission. Those who could by their membership add to the financial strength of the society give to it the influence of their social position, would stand a better chance than those with no other recommendation than their literary achievements. The most of these who have really won distinction would be as they now are indifferent to such a society, if being able, they would prefer to select their company to promiscuous association with all kind literary people. Such a society is, therefore likely to be founded and less likely to succeed the present social condition has been replaced better one.



MRS. AMANDA M. STENCE

PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNKNOWABLE.

A WRITER in THE JOURNAL who recently endeavored to point out the weakness of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, says, "How can there be a philosophy pertaining to what is unknowable? Is it not a vain philosophy which endeavors to deal with and formulate what according to confession is unknowable? If it is unknowable, then why spend labor on that which profiteth not? Why, attracted by such a will-o'-the-wisp, do thoughtful minds allow themselves to be drawn to what proves to be an ignus fatuus? For it resolves itself into nothing more nor less than a philosophy of agnosticism, and I might say, of nothingism." The writer of the article from which the above is taken does not fully understand Spencer's position. Although Spencer postulates the Unknowable as the basis of all phenomena, he does not advance or attempt to propound any philosophy of the Unknowable. He recognizes phenomena as appearances or the shows of underlying realities and regards the ultimate existence as inscrutable to the finite mind, but he has no philosophy which seeks to explain the unexplainable or to know the unknowable. With Herbert Spencer, the region of philosophy is the relative, the phenomenal, that which lies below and back of phenomena being postulated merely because its acknowledgment is unescapable, though it is un-picturable and can correspond with no representative form of thought. If the writer referred to had studied Spencer carefully and understood his position, the irrelevancy of the criticism would have been evident before he wrote it. The same critic says that Spencer teaches that "two factors are required to produce the consciousness of perception, the object, and the mind which perceives the object," but he declares there is a third factor required and that third factor is man himself. Here is another criticism which is misdirected and based upon misapprehension. Spencer recognizes an objective order corresponding with the subjective order. He recognizes the fact of consciousness and he postulates what he calls "the substance of mind" underlying the mental phenomena and this substance of mind certainly in the deepest sense must be the essential man. There is perhaps no substantial difference between the author of the message from which we have quoted and Mr. Spencer when the views of the latter are fully comprehended and correctly stated.

REPORT OF A SEANCE.

HORACE PELLETIER has translated from Lux for Le Messenger the following report of a seance at Rome held last March in the presence of G. Hoffmann, editor of Lux, Mesdames the Countess Brenda, Bergamini, Mazzi and Messrs. Lombardi, Arbib, Figa, Ercolani, Balena, Francosis, Centulicci. The medium was the Chevalier R—. The seance began at 9:15 in the evening and closed at 10:30. The table rose in full light. Intelligent answers were made through raps. We begged the spirit to make us hear the roll of the drum and the sound of a saw in active operation. Our wish had full gratification. There was at first heard a very light roll of the drum, which gradually grew louder, then weaker and finally ceased altogether. To the roll of the drum succeeded the sound of the saw tearing through the fibres of wood. Signor Francosis being invited by me to try the transmission thought begged the spirit to reproduce the rhythmic sound then in his mind and the spirit imitated with exactness, and to the great amazement of the sitters the sound thought of. The lamp was extinguished and numerous "apports" consisting of bouquets and flowers were obtained and we thanked the spirit which answered us by patting us on the backs of our hands in token of satisfaction. Psychic lights were very intense; one of these lights descended from the ceiling to the table and again ascended dragging with it a bell which had been purposely placed on the ceiling. The bell violently shaken in space fell into a corner of the room whence it was carried back by the spirit to enable us to hear the sound of dragging across the ceiling of the room punctually

obeyed us, repeating the phenomenon two or three times. The medium was borne upon the table. Then one or several materialized hands produced the sound of palms struck one against the other and the snapping of fingers which make the round, full fraught with caresses and patting the sitters on the shoulders. Exposito (the name of the spirit) being invited to leave traces of its presence on the table produces the noise of the scratching of the surface of the table with finger nails while phosphorescent lights visible to all appeared at the place where the scratching noise was heard and gradually faded away. The mysterious hand after having rapidly made the tour of the room, leaving after it a sort of luminous trail seized a chair and placed it on the table, then returned it to its place. We heard in the air sounds of kisses and the spirit articulated sounds which we did not succeed in understanding. Signor Francosis expressed in a loud voice the desire to feel Exposito press a hand and the one he was thinking of; the hand thought of was immediately pressed by the spirit. The lamps were relighted and we tried the phenomenon of direct writing. Influenced by the spirit probably, the medium desired Signor Figa to place the palm of his hand on the table, after having thoroughly examined to see that there was no mark there of any sort. Signor Figa obeyed the medium and he in full light, in presence of all the sitters traced with his index finger the cross on the back of the hand of Signor Figa and this cross was seen reproduced on the surface of the table. The same phenomenon was reproduced under the same conditions on the walls of the room and always some writing was obtained by the same means. It is superfluous to remark to persons who are interested in our investigations that this experiment offers one of the most beautiful forms of pneumatography, obtained up to this time. To those who may claim that we were the victims of a hallucination we would answer that the written marks obtained in conditions which exclude all possibility of trickery, abundantly attest the reality of the phenomena. The report was signed by all present.

OBJECTIONS TO SPIRITUALISM.

It is easy to object to any theory or system. There is no system of man that is perfect and none in which an ingenious mind cannot discover some flaw or deficiency. A great scientist when he heard objections to his discovery, said that some of the objections he could not answer, but that he knew his discovery was based on the truth.

Some of the objections urged against Spiritualism may not admit at the present time of answers entirely satisfactory. To some of the objections indeed there does not seem to be any ready reply, but this is equally true of every system of truth.

The first thing for an investigator to do is to ascertain the grounds on which a claim is based and the evidence that can be adduced in support of it. If the evidence is sufficient to produce a rational conviction, then the meeting of objections, be they strong or weak, is, however desirable, but a secondary consideration. Many of the objections will be found to have their apparent strength in the ignorance of the objector, in his inability to see the harmony between the thought he criticises and that which he accepts, or in his inability to see the error of the views with which he thinks the new thought must be in accord, if it is true.

As to Spiritualism, is there evidence in the phenomena which are observable of the existence and agency of intelligencies around us not seen with the ordinary eyes and not cognizable to the ordinary senses? The communications containing information which could be only given by the departed ones, the appearance to certain peculiarly organized individuals of those who have passed from earth—do these and a large number of similar phenomena, point to the certainty of a spiritual realm? If so, then the question why a larger number of spirits cannot prove identity or why they cannot manifest through this, that or the other medium, is a matter of interest and worthy of study, but a question which does not affect the reality of the main proposition.

True, spirits that have given the clearest proofs of identity in the statement of circumstances, known only to them and afterwards proven to be true, have at the same time shown wonderful ignorance of other circumstances, which it would seem should have occurred to them. Now it may be that the conditions under which spirit return occurs bring into prominence a certain class of memories under favorable conditions and that others remain dormant, the same as our minds can recall certain facts while entirely oblivious of others closely related to them. If we could understand all the conditions of spirit life, even as we understand imperfectly the conditions of this life, in which we are sense-imprisoned beings, many of the difficulties which now seem insurmountable would probably disappear, and we should be surprised at our own simplicity in investing with undue importance these objections which are repeated by so many of the opponents of the spiritual view of life and destiny.

"DOCTRINE OF THE DEAD."

Some time ago, Rev. H. R. Haweis preached a sermon at St. James's, Marblebone, England, on "The Doctrine of The Dead," in which he expressed his views very frankly on the subject of Spiritualism. He said that what he meant by the "doctrine of the dead" was that the dead really are alive and that under exceptional and altogether unknown circumstances, they can often manifest themselves to the living; that they seem to retain considerable interest in the affairs of the living; that they act upon the living and are acted upon by the living. Spirits, both good and evil, are able to have some communication with people on earth, either visibly through the brain or apparitionally or mediumistically in other ways, and it may be for good or it may be for evil. The great world of spirits beyond is like the great world of spirits here. There is good, bad and indifferent. The good are trying to do more good, the bad are floundering about in their badness and they come in contact with the living just as bad and good people here, for better or for worse.

This, Mr. Haweis claims, is a doctrine of immense comfort and of immeasurable warning. If there is great consolation in thinking that the good who have passed into the future state can help and defend us who are still upon the earth, the other doctrine that evil ones too can have an evil influence is a doctrine of great warning and it behooves us not only to find out whether these things are true, but whether there are ways by which we may avail ourselves of good spiritual influences beyond the grave and get rid of, annihilate and counteract these evil influences.

But, Mr. Haweis asks, how about what Christ said? He replies that Christianity is the doctrine of the reconciliation between God and man through Jesus, the great helping power of the humanity of God revealed in Jesus in time, the doctrine of reconciliation, sometimes called the doctrine of the atonement; then the doctrine of the judgment, the great assize doctrine, if you will, the opening of the books, the doctrine of God's inexorable justice; these are the great points which may be described as the essence of Christianity.

There is nothing, he says, in true Spiritualism, opposed to those doctrines. Spiritualism teaches that the dead are interested in us, that the good would help us, that the evil are still in the condition which they desire to hurry us into. There is nothing in this opposed to the doctrine of the reconciliation, and the New Testament rings with the doctrine of the reconciliation of man to God, but you may say, you speak of this "doctrine of the dead" and you speak of the dead as going about appearing at meetings, and so on, and communicating in different ways, while we are told in the Bible that they sleep, that "Blessed are the dead that sleep in the Lord," that they go on sleeping until the Day of Judgment and then wake up to be judged once and forever.

Mr. Haweis says that the early Christians described what they saw when a man died. There was the sleep

of death and they assumed that this sleep would go on. He does not believe the Christians in this matter were particularly inspired or infallible. He does not think it imperative upon him to believe that everybody goes into unconscious sleep for millions of years until he wakes up, and all the particles of his body, his flesh and his bones come together again. He does not think that it is binding upon him anyhow. He mentions that the dead in the Old Testament could be called up and that the dead in the New Testament were brought out of their unconscious sleep and wandered through the streets of Jerusalem and were seen by many. There is the calling up in the Old Testament and there is the appearance of the dead in the New Testament to deliver us from the incubus and from the necessity of believing this absolute unconscious sleep of the dead until the Day of Judgment.

What is called Christianity, Mr. Haweis says, is largely the invention of Dante or the imaginings of Milton, or the brutal speculations of Jonathan Edwards? These powerful minds unfortunately impressed a great deal upon the pure, simple teachings of Jesus, which does not properly belong either to Jesus or to the New Testament. Then, again, allowance should be made for the figurative language in the New Testament. You read of heaven and hell, and of the great white throne and of him who sitteth on it, and the white gates of pearl and the streets of gold. All these are the imaginings of the Hebrew writers. The Jew from the beginning thought that there was nothing like gold. He made the streets of the New Jerusalem of gold. He thinks there is nothing like jewels and he still hoards them. Naturally he made the gates of the New Jerusalem of solid pearls. These are figures from which we must be delivered, if we want to ascertain what is the essence of the Day of Judgment and what we really have to expect. You will see no great white throne, you will hear no angels blow a trumpet. It is a parable; it is a fable. You will not see any sheep nor goats. You will not have any brimstone or fire. It is a parable. The angels will not be playing harps. No musician in his senses wants to hear angels or anybody else playing harps for any length of time, much less throughout eternity. These figures of heavenly places are not to be accepted literally. Jesus uses great symbols and sums up good and evil in powerful images, but do you suppose that intermediate lights are to be left out by any one who has commonsense? As the day fades slowly into night and as the night passes slowly into the day, so there is twilight between good and evil and this will enter the new scheme of the Divine Judgment. These things should be remembered, when the Divine Judgment is spoken of in connection with Books of the Day, of the great white throne, of heaven and hell! The essence of divine judgment is that a man shall reap as he sows. Death is the great winding up of one grand sphere of probation and trial. You will realize after death what you have done here. The results of your words, your thoughts, your acts will be made manifest. That will be the Judgment. The words of the Eternal Judge will only be the echo of your own conscience, your own heart; no arbitrary inflictor, no arch vivisector, no great inquisitor inflicting upon you suffering which you do not deserve and cannot bear. What you sow, that you shall reap. This is really the essence of Christ's teachings, and there is nothing in it contrary to the "doctrine of the dead."

In the theology of the future, in such reconstruction as is hourly coming together in the very heart and core of almost all Christian communities, to have any life in them they must entertain some form of this "doctrine of the dead," and must be upon some form of Spiritualism delivered from superstition and fraud, emancipated from vagaries of the human mind and the credulous nature of human beings; some form of Spiritualism founded upon evidence, upon science.

The great weakness of the Protestant churches has been that they have swept away so much that is really spiritual and symbolical and helpful in the great Roman Catholic communion. At the time of the Ref-

ormation we were in a great hurry to get rid of the corruptions of Rome, but in sweeping away these corruptions, we have actually ignored and crushed a great deal that was vital. With the doctrine of masses for the dead, and prayers for the dead which were so corrupt and materialistic, we have swept away the very piety and lingering faith of the Christian church, that the dead were alive, that they might manifest themselves and still help those who were living on earth. The Roman Catholic church has never relaxed its hold on that doctrine. It has gained out of it by materializing it, by grovelling masses for the dead but when we swept away all this corruption, we also swept away the precious belief which has never been absent from the church or has always come back again upon the consciousness and experience of Christian people, that the dead were alive and might communicate with us and help and defend us who are here upon the earth. Any reformation of Christianity such as is coming in the present day will have to take account of these things.

As Light says, "Mr. Haweis has earned the thanks of all Spiritualists by his brave and outspoken utterances in our favor, in favor of the causes of truth, which only needs a hearing that is impartial to win its way to acceptance."

PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS NOTES.

The writer of the following letter is the Honorary President of the Michigan State Woman's Press Association:

KALAMAZOO, MICH.,
Nov. 13, 1892.

DR. ELLIOTT COUES—DEAR SIR: I received notice of my appointment on the Council for Psychical Research, for which favor I know I must be indebted to you, and for which accept my most sincere thanks.

No mere honor could move me, but I am most deeply interested in this subject, and anything that brings me nearer to sources of information concerning it I do esteem it a great privilege. . . .

Yours very truly,

LUCINDA H. STONE.

The name of Professor Alexander Wilder, M. D., has been known for many years as that of a close, patient and thoughtful student in various branches of Psychical Research, whose writings attest his scholarly qualities, and the Committee have taken pleasure in inviting him to their Council:

5 NORTH 11TH STREET, NEWARK, N. J.,
Nov. 10, 1892.

PROFESSOR ELLIOTT COUES, CHAIRMAN P. S. C.—MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the— has this moment been received. I had heard nothing in regard to the Psychical Congress, and indeed, till your letter came had never expected to be included in its members. . . . I have but faint conception of the service I can render to, or in behalf of, the Congress, or what responsibility I could take. But whatever tends to open a door and offer means of reaction from the gross materialism that seems to absorb every religious and spiritual energy has my hearty sympathy. I believe fully that the heavens come close to the earth, and thus the choice souls of the earth have their heads in the higher atmosphere of the heavens. Nevertheless our feet are upon the earth, and we cannot deny that relationship. If with such outre notions, and no assurance of valuable cooperation, beyond such sympathy, you are willing to include my name in your list, I accept, but I am not willing, in any way, to embarrass you, and so defer to your judgment in the matter.

Yours truly and sincerely,

ALEXANDER WILDER.

THE career of Renan is thus summed up by M. Bourgeois who delivered an address at his funeral: It has been asked what certainty there was in the teachings of Renan. It is in his beautiful life, which, to obey his conscience he twice broke up, when at the age of twenty-three, on the day he felt reason triumph over faith he had left his dear Saint-Sulpice and an assured future; later when he went out to the

College of France with the same sorrow and the same resolution though it seemed the home to his mind, rather than bend his teaching before exterior authority. Despite the heavy burdens of a family, in the uncertainty of the morrow, he betook himself to his solitary labor without hesitation, without a murmur, with all his accustomed smiling serenity." The last words of Renan—On the evening before his death he said to his wife: "Courage, we must submit to the laws of nature whose manifestations we are, heaven and earth remain." But the words which came back to his lips more frequently were reminiscences of the song of Moses, or of his works on Greece, Rome and the Ancients. "The days of man are seventy years," he was in the habit of repeating. "We believe," says a writer in *Figaro*, "we can add that the last words which he uttered were those addressed to his son to whom the dying man wished to dictate an article: 'I see clearly,' he exclaimed suddenly interrupting his dictation and as if his thoughts were all at once concentrated on a new problem. Then he added: 'It is necessary to trace the sun on the Parthenon.' (Il faut tracer le soleil sur le Parthenon.) These were his last words. At the last hour, his mind recurred to the Parthenon where he had formerly experienced as he has written in his 'Pages Choisies' the revelation of the Divine." We recall on this subject the touching 'prayer on the Acropolis.' "O nobility! O beauty simple and true which signifies reason and wisdom, I reach the threshold of thy mysteries, and I bring to thy altar many regrets."

MEN everywhere want to know something more about themselves than is involved in the scientific clap-trap of environment and its like, says the editor of *Light*. This did very well in the years of material prosperity following the Franco-German war, when materialism was rampant, and the spirit was grieved, though not—it could not be—entirely quenched. But a social upheaval has been going on since then, none the less an upheaval because it is quiet and so far has produced no volcanic outbursts; and with that social upheaval the spiritual development of men has been going on. One wonders whether Professor Huxley would laugh now at the investigations of Charcot at the Salpêtrière, where they have proved not the existence merely of a second, but a third under-consciousness in the same individual. It would not be so easy to dismiss the consideration of the spiritual life by a light laugh. Now and then it is attempted, but how flat it falls on the world. The answering chord comes, if it comes at all, only from the unstrung music of a debased materialism. We differ in our methods, we may differ in our beliefs, but we are all moving on, and we, who think of things at all, know that somehow, somewhere, though of the how and the where we may not be quite sure, there are things of which this world of ours is but a shadow, even though that how and where have been brought to our knowledge by the apparently insignificant means of the raps of an invisible agent on a dining table.

THE theologians of our time are exerting themselves to abolish the devil, to damp down the fires of hell, to interpret the scriptures rationally, to show harmony in all the works of creation, to exhibit the blending of humanity and divinity in Christ, to establish a rationale of sin and redemption, to spiritualize prayer, to maintain the essential accord of philosophy and faith. The attractive preachers of every denomination declare that religion is not a creed, but a life. Controversy avoids the old fields. Apologists have abandoned the defense of ancient dogmas, and fallen back on new lines of exposition.

He who allow a single day to pass and cannot say at night, "I have done one good deed," to him that day is lost forever. That is, the possibilities of the day is lost, not the day, for when he reaches the dark mystic line, those wasted days will pass before his vision like grim spectres. Then will he say, "Oh that I could live my life over again."—*Fibre and Fabric*.

RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.

By B. F. UNDERWOOD.

"If," writes Rev. Frederic Denison, "as has been thought by the wisest of mankind in all the ages, 'animal life is indestructible,'—in other words, that it is not the last of animals when they expire here, since they have minds, and it is inconceivable that minds can perish while matter does not; and if it be true, as is firmly believed on the best of authority, that hereafter men must give a full account for all 'the deeds done in the body,'—then it follows, beyond a question, that some men will endure a serious arraignment for their treatment of animals. Cruelty to innocent, voiceless, sentient creatures is deemed criminal even by the judgment of men. How will it be accounted for Him whose 'tender mercies are over all his works,' and without whose notice 'not a sparrow falleth to the ground?' Let this problem be studied. Christianity is utterly condemnatory of cruelty."

If some of the higher animals had the power of logical thought and of speech, they might argue very ingeniously, if not conclusively, in favor of their own immortality. Addressing man through one of their representatives, they might say:

We have fundamentally the same natures that you have. We feel pleasure and pain, and are subject to moods; we have affection, jealousy, vanity, and pride; we enjoy the smile of approval from our superiors, and dread their displeasure; we are not devoid of imitation and curiosity. We have some sense of beauty, some imagination, and some power of reasoning. We are not entirely destitute of reverence. We are capable of improvement by education and inheritance. Your philosophers teach that mind is imperishable. Certainly, we have minds, distinct individual minds. Mental as well as bodily characteristics are subject to the law of heredity with us, precisely as they are among human beings. If your minds are immortal, why are not our minds also immortal? Your philosophers refer, in proof of man's immortality, to the fact that his consciousness persists, while the atoms of his brain and body are constantly changing, that memory and identity extend through years, although the body has changed many times, showing that the impressions must be made on something that is not, like the brain, subject to change. This is just as true of us. The atoms come and go; but our identity, as shown in memory reaching back a dozen years and more, persists amid all material fluctuations. Your Darwins and Haeckels and Wallaces have shown what your own observation should have taught you, that you are derived from the lower animals—the lower animals, we say, because you yourselves are animals. Go far enough back, and your ancestors and ours were the same creatures. Since our origin is the same, must not our nature and destiny be the same? Your bodies have been developed from animal bodies, your minds from animal minds. If, then, your minds are immortal, ours must be; for how could a being who is indestructible and immortal have been evolved from a perishable being? To say that the capacity for immortality was somehow acquired during the process of evolution from apehood to manhood is to make use of an unsupported assumption, opposed to continuity, the primary fact of evolution, in order to enable you to deny our immortality and assert your own. There is another consideration we may mention in our behalf. Your theologians say that a future life is necessary to prevent the ultimate defeat of justice, since it often fails here. Think of the millions of animals that have been hunted for sport, beaten, tortured, and wantonly killed—often, too, by men they were serving with all their strength and the best they knew. Where is the justice of a God who would confer immortality upon all who have found their chief sport in tormenting and destroying animals and give the animals no recompense for their sufferings, extending through long dreary centuries, in the aggregate beyond the power of computation, and in horribleness beyond the power of Hogarth's pencil to describe? Justice requires that we have a future life. Moreover, from the first, man has been surrounded by animals; they have been his companions, and they are indispensable to his happiness. He keeps them now, even when they are of no utility to him; and in the city parks are kept deer, swan, and birds of

song for the pleasure of the people. In the past, men were generous enough to believe that we would share with them the future; and, even now, the Indian of the plains

"thinks, admitted to that equal sky.
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

One of your own poets, while speaking our praises, bears testimony to the indispensableness of our presence and our companionship to man's happiness—an indication that, if man is immortal, we, too, are immortal:

"I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained:

I stand and look at them sometimes for an hour at a stretch:

They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
They do not lay awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;
Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of owning things:

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago."

Thus might the animals make a plea to the rational world, not simply for their own immortality, but for better treatment than they now receive. Abstract morality would treat with justice all beings, without any inquiry as to their origin or destiny; but the highest ground on which Christendom has theoretically recognized the rights of all races of men is that they have a common origin and destiny, and constitute a universal brotherhood. This implies a great advance beyond the condition of the little tribe or community which recognizes no rights to be respected beyond its own jurisdiction and the relations of its own members. The progress is due to a multitude of causes; and the belief that all men have a common origin and a common destiny has probably had but little to do with it, as it certainly affords no ultimate reason for the practice of justice to all men, which we believe has its true reason and basis in the interests and well-being of mankind.

If the great majority of mankind who believe in a future state for themselves could see that the claim of the animal to a future life is nearly, if not indeed quite, as well founded as their own, the result might be a treatment of the poor brutes somewhat better than they now receive. Perhaps the shallow, sentimental ladies who join in the fox hunts at Newport, or the ignorant and brutal drivers who club their horses until they fall from the weight of the load and the force of the blows, might be restrained, if they could realize that the wronged brutes would appear in ghostly form to reproach them after death. Our knowledge, however, of the hardships and barbarities to which slaves have been subjected, when there has been no question among their masters as to their immortality, of the treatment which the inferior races have received from the powerful nations of Christendom, and of the persecutions that have destroyed million of lives where the brotherhood of man and immortality have been accepted by all, and of the wars which every now and then drench with blood the fairest spots in Christian lands, make one doubt whether acceptance of the theory that animals are immortal would greatly modify the common treatment of them.

The belief among the mild and contemplative Egyptians that the souls of men after death appear again in animals, and the same doctrine in India, where metempsychosis was most extensively and ingeniously developed, undoubtedly contributed to respect for the rights of animals. Unfortunately, justice to animals had no place in the ethics of the Christian church, which showed less regard for the brutes than was shown by the pagan teachers of Greece and Rome, whose writings abound in passages inculcating kindness to animals, as do the writings of the Old Testament, which commands, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk,"—passages which, among others, show a tenderness toward the brutes we do not find in the New Testament or in the early teachings of the Christian church. "The fatal vice of theologians," says Mr. Lecky, in his *History of European Morals*, "who have always looked upon others solely through the medium of their own spec-

ial dogmatic views, has been an obstacle to all advance in this direction. The animal world, being altogether external to the scheme of redemption, was regarded as beyond the range of duty; and the notion of our having any kind of obligation to them has never been inculcated, has never, I believe, been admitted by Catholic theologians. In the popular legends and in the recorded traits of individual amiability, it is curious to observe how constantly those who have sought to inculcate kindness to animals have done so by endeavoring to associate them with something distinctively Christian. . . . That class of amusements, of which the ancient combats of wild beasts form the type, have, no doubt, nearly disappeared from Christendom; and it is possible that the softening power of Christian teaching may have had some indirect influence in abolishing them, but a candid judgment will confess that it has been very little. During the periods and in the countries in which theological influence was supreme, they were unchallenged. They disappeared at last, because a luxurious and industrial civilization involved a refinement of manners; because a fastidious taste recoiled with a sensation of disgust from pleasures that an uncultivated taste would keenly relish; because the drama, at once reflecting and accelerating the change, gave a new form to popular amusements; and because, in consequence of this revolution, the old practices being left to the dregs of the society, they became the occasion of scandalous disorders."

Mr. Lecky states with truth that the inculcation of kindness to animals on a wide scale is "mainly the work of a recent and a secular age." Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are supported in the Protestant and free thinking portions of Christendom. But in every community there need to be cultivated sensitiveness to the sufferings of animals, and a public sentiment that will not permit them to be abused.

A SPIRIT INTERVIEWED.

By THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHURCH REPUBLIC."

The *cui bono* of spirit communication is the demand of reason. The more demonstrative phenomena, attractive to the pruriently curious as seen in promiscuous séances with their trumpet voices, table-jumping, and even cabinet materializations, do not bring practical results in the line of psychic investigations. In like manner, familiar converse with deceased friends and relatives for gratification of the social and affectional side of human nature is not satisfactory to the higher spiritual motives of the more progressive minds interested in psychical phenomena. "Here we know in part," and barring the alleged environments of spirit thinking and the difficulty of adjustment in the modes of thought to our earthly conception of things, the prime object and end of spirit intercourse with mortals should be the impartation of knowledge, to add to the store of data and facts bearing upon the (to us) unseen universe.

The writer has got beyond seeking a sign, or a "rainbow chase" after phenomenal wonders. Startling disclosures of miracle hunters and marvellous ghost stories have long since ceased to interest him. He is earnestly after the facts belonging to celestial habitats; how, for example, disembodied intelligences think, feel, act and otherwise disport themselves under and within a discarnate order of things. With this single purpose in view and all matters of religious faith aside he has addressed himself, *cui bono*, to what he conceives to be the philosophy of the spiritual realm with the painstaking search, he would pursue the study of chemistry or natural philosophy. In other words, as a naturalist, he has sought to know the opinion of ex-carnate naturalists as to the properties of matter and spirit, from a spirit-point of view. Commercial mediums and mercenary intermediaries have not been factors in the investigation. Tin-horns, cabinet paraphernalia, double slates and acrobatic tables have been firmly ignored. Face to face in the privacy of his study, with a deceased young lady, in the main, have the investigations been pursued. His informant—teacher would be the proper appellation—claims to have lived near Marton, Virginia. She

was the daughter of a wealthy planter, and fairly educated, being a graduate of a prominent ladies' boarding school. She was proficient in music, especially fond of language, and an expert as a naturalist. I have found her, since our acquaintance, which by the way was purely casual, to be reserved, dignified and highly conscientious. Her influence has been elevating, in fact, purifying. She is careful, even cautious of assertion in matters admitting a doubt, and as frankly assertive on questions involving to her thinking what are facts. The writer would be pleased to give her name, but to this she is averse. With these simple statements the following is submitted as sample of her opinion of certain things which will doubtless interest the reader.

Q.—"Have you a conception of distance?"

A.—"Yes."

Q.—"You have, then, an idea of the earth's distance from the sun?"

A.—"Certainly."

Q.—"Can you place yourself at a position from which you may see the intervening distance?"

A.—"No."

Q.—"Estimating this distance to be about ninety-three million miles, how long would it take you to traverse the distance?"

A.—"I could traverse it with the velocity of light."

Q.—"Is your average speed through the space, the same as light?"

A.—"Yes."

Q.—"Can you move more slowly, i. e., leisurely, than this at will?"

A.—"I can."

Q.—"I just called you; in doing this I sent you a message. Did the message go with the speed of light?"

A.—"It did."

Q.—"The inference is that thought moves through space with the velocity of light?"

A.—"Undoubtedly."

Q.—"You inform me that ether is the medium of light-transmission; is it also the medium for the transmission of thought?"

A.—"No."

Q.—"By what do you propel yourself through space?"

A.—"Desire, as I understand it."

Q.—"You also will to go?"

A.—"Yes."

Q.—"Strictly speaking, you first desire to go, and then will to go?"

A.—"Evidently."

Q.—"Do you construe the desire to be the occasion, motivity, or inducement to motion, and the will, the propelling power?"

A.—"I so construe it."

Q.—"You can will to go without the wish to go; that is, desiring is not the true accessory of motion?"

A.—"I think I have both to wish and to will in order to go."

Q.—"The two mental states, occasion and cause, are necessary to produce spirit-locomotion?"

A.—"Yes."

Q.—"Can you determine the mental process of antecedence in this instance?"

A.—"You are not clear in the statement."

Q.—"Does the desire first exist, and then the volition follow as sequence in the order of time?"

A.—"It does not; the two states are contemporaneous."

Q.—"May you not be mistaken in this?"

A.—"I may be, but I think I am not."

Q.—"You are conscious of the order of thought as to time?"

A.—"Certainly."

Q.—"And yet affirm that wishing and willing are contemporaneous mental states?"

A.—"They are, for the purpose of locomotion."

Q.—"Sure?"

A.—"Sure."

Enough has been given to show something of the methods and nature of the conversations had. There has been no effort at profundity; the answers of the

questions are not abstruse; the questions plainly put are as plainly met. As to the exact procedure of intercommunication between the teacher and pupil in the foregoing, it must remain, as a secret, save that the processes have been purely mental upon the part of the questioner and the responses by certain impressions which may be designated as sign-language. In the next paper will be given an interesting conversation touching ether, matter and sound.

TENNYSON A SPIRITUALIST.

By MARY S. CAMERON.

That Tennyson was a believer in Spiritualism, is, I think, plain to any one who carefully studies part XCV. of "In Memoriam." That beautiful elegy; that history of a human heart under the weight of a great sorrow, in its progression from darkness to light, from doubt into faith.

Tennyson in the part above mentioned tells of a wonderful experience, which either means spiritual communication with his departed friend, Arthur Hallam, or it means nothing that can be interpreted by any reasonable process, since the minute details which precede this experience are in no way connected with speculation, unless we take the prelude:

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead."

I think this embodies the possibility of such communion, subject to conditions. Before us rises the picture of the family party on the lawn where supper is served. (This is a common custom in England in summer.) Tennyson speaks of the genial warmth of the summer night, so calm the tapers burn unwavering. "Underfoot the herb was dry. Not a cricket chirr'd, and only the sound of the far-off brook, and the nearer fluttering of the tea urn broke the silence." Then they sing "Old songs that pealed from knoll to knoll," where the white kine couched at ease glimmered, and the trees laid their dark arms on the field.

The others withdrew themselves, and one by one the lights went out and he was left alone with the night. A longing seized him and he read the letters of his beloved dead.

"In those fallen leaves which kept their green," he speaks of loves' dumb cry defying change to test his worth. Then came the faith to dwell on doubts that drive the coward back, and track suggestion to her inmost cell.

"So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once it seemed at last
His living soul was flashed on mine,
And mine in his was wound, and whirled
About empereal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world."

Eonian music measuring out
The steps of Time,—the shocks of Chance,
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
In matter-molded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became."

Those who have experienced spirit control will readily understand the meaning of the last stanza. I never understood it until my own soul had felt that "breathless ethereal hope, that swelling swimming aspiration, which swings the soul self-poised on wingless buoyancy afloat between two worlds." The whole thing is a narration of an incident which actually occurred. There would be no artistic unity in introducing poetic fancies. To me it is clearly a case of sub-conscious control, else what does he mean by it being hard to frame in speech or even for intellect to reach thro' memory "that which I became?" Although critics have, so far as I know, failed to give a satisfactory explanation of this part of "In Memoriam,"

it seems to me there is no detail wanting to make the interpretation I have tried to give, complete. By referring to Tennyson the reader will see I have given much of it in Tennyson's own words to be as correct as possible. The picture is without a flaw and in an artistic sense will admit of no other interpretation, and at the same time preserve the unities of consummate art, of which no one will deny Tennyson to be the greatest votary of the Victorian reign. The family gathering on the lawn, one by one withdrawing and leaving him alone, the thoughts of his friend, the reading of the letters, and the soul's dumb cry that love should defy all change, the wonderful experience of the spirit of the departed responding to that cry, the "thing which I became," in other words the semi-conscious-communion, which no words can express, then the return to consciousness after hours, it seems to me, for the dawn was approaching and the lonely figure on the lawn wakes up to cognizance of his surroundings. The concluding stanzas are exquisite and will complete this very imperfect contribution better than any words of mine:

"Till now the doubtful dusk revealed
The knolls once more where, couched at ease
The white kine glimmered, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field;

And sucked from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume;

And gathering fresher overhead,
Rocked the full foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy folded rose; and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said

"The dawn, the dawn," and died away;
And east and west, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day."

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

By LAURA C. S. FESSENDEN.

Dawn came in under a cloud; and all through the long spring morning the rain came down like a deluge upon river, hill, valley, up-land and meadow.

Mearle Raymond was out of all patience with the weather clerk, for this downpouring had interrupted her work.

The day for planting peas, beans, sweet-corn and beets had come and the seeds, carefully marked, lay in their home-made brown paper packages on the kitchen mantel shelf waiting further orders.

Everything "to do" in this house had been "done" hours ago. There were no threads or specks on any of the dark mouquette carpets, and it would have taken a strong glass to have found dullness or dust anywhere among the innumerable pieces of rose-wood and mahogany furniture in which this old house abounded.

The crystal on the massive sideboard in the dining-room glistened and gave out glints of color, while the little fat-bellied silver service had the unremitting polish of a century upon its beautifully carved surface.

And there was no sound anywhere in the manor house but the heavy, steady patter of the rain and the twitter of a canary in its cage.

Mearle drew a chair close to the window and looked out.

She leaned her elbows on the broad, old-fashioned sill and put her face between her open palms.

The sleeves of her gown were loose and fell back showing her arms to be rounded and dimpled and her hands were small and pretty and pink-palmed, and her face between them was a dear, tender face, crowned with an abundance of brown hair that the damp of the day set to curling in soft rings about her face and at her neck.

The gown she wore was a cheap calico of gaudy pattern and fashioned by some unskilled hand to represent a more ambitious creation, but the attempt was dainty and pretty in its failure, rather adding to than taking from, the beauty of the wearer.

At the other side of the kitchen, by an opposite window, set an old woman. She had a wooden bowl in her lap in which she was deliberately stirring with a long, heavy looking spoon.

She was a large, heavy black woman, dressed in a neat print gown. Her gray wool peeped from under a bright red and yellow bandana handkerchief, while her throat and breast were covered by a broad white kerchief, and from her waist down she was one capacious blue-and-white checked gingham apron. Across her nose were a pair of large "horn" spectacles that gave the finishing touch of dignity to her picturesque appearance.

A sigh from the young girl caught her ear.

"What you studdin' bout Honey?" she asked in a caressing tone, lifting her eyes from her work to the young girl's face.

"Oh! it's this dreadful rain!" cried the girl, taking her elbows from the sill and turning toward her questioner.

"Do you know Mammie that this is the first time we have missed planting our garden on this day of this month for five long years!"

"I recon' you is right Honey."

"Now is it right that this weather should set in?"

"You an' me aint no call to spute Providence chile. We aint been 'lected to look arter de Lord's times and seasons. All we har got to do is ter res' on de promises day is sure and sartin."

"Talking about trusting and promises reminds me to ask you something, Mammie," says the young girl, leaving her seat and coming to the old woman's side.

"Do you suppose, Mammie, that you can get uncle to let me have two or three new gowns this summer? My last year one's are all worn out, and I have not a decent thing to wear to church when the weather gets warm. They have some very pretty prints at Dean's and a lovely sateen at only twenty-five cents a yard."

The old woman's face assumed a sorrowful expression. She shook her head and sighed.

"Its mighty hard tellin' Honey," she said sadly. "Mars Dick he done told me only dis mornin' as how we was using a heap more flour an sugar dan he could foud. He 'quested me to sell all de aigs and every fowl we could spar, an' he said we didn't need no butter durin' de hot months, so I's tolerble sure he wont bide listenin' to de sat-teen he'll regerlarly have to have to come to de kaliker, but de sat-teen do soun' so kind er silky and sof' and fashionied and spensive dat I'm boun he'll low he can't 'ford it."

With a little petulant half-sob the girl knelt down on the floor beside the old woman and laid her brown head on the capacious lap.

"What's the use of life?" she says bitterly. "I am nineteen years old. Of what use am I to myself or to anybody else. Just think of it Mammie" she says desperately. "I have never been outside of this village since I was born! I have never been on a steamcar or a steamboat, and living in the country where horses are considered necessities the drives I have had have been so few that I believe I could count them on the fingers of my two hands. What do I even know of the lives of those with whom I have been reared. Uncle Dick forbade your allowing any child to play with me when I was little, and since I have been responsible for my own actions I have not cared."

"You mont have been a heap wosser off, Honey," says Mammie smoothing the tumbled hair lovingly. "Law chile wait twill you has lived to see as many ginnerations as I has come and go fore you begins to cry. I's 'longed to dis family all my life. You see, Honey, it were this a way. Mars Dick's grandaddie he done bought my Mammie when she were a little chile. Dis yer place war de top er de heap den! Sech goes on, jest like there warnt no misery or tears on arth. When Mars Dick's grandfather brung home his bride dey had flowers and feastin' dat was talked of for years arterwards. She was a grand lady was Mars Dick's grandmother and she thought a heap sight of de world. Her gowns was all made yander ober de gret salt sea, and dey war dat heavy—but law you has often felt ob em and seen em. I recon you favors her, Honey, kase my Mammie used ter say she were as peart as a yellow bird. She didn't live to joy her fine home and her pretty gowns long. She died when Mars Dick's father was born, and dat's de why him an me grewed up alonger one another. Law I kin see Mars Tom now a leanin' at Mammie's knee a lookin' up wid his gret blue eyes into Mammie's face, an sayin' so earnest, 'Couldn't you scrub Mandy (dat war me) white, Mammie, ef you scrub right hard?' Well, Honey, yous grandaddie he grew up an' he married in due time. I aint sayin' anything agin his obice, but Miss Mary did have right pernickety spells! and when she lifted her foot she set it down hard! an' when she riz her voice an' them black eyes er hers flashed we flew!

"She had Mars Dick an' your ma, an' as she ailed considerable arter your ma come, (which were when Mars Dick was quite a growd up young man) why de

baby fell to my care. Lan, but she was a beauty an' how I did love her. There was seval likely colored gentlemen kinder payin' dair 'spects to me bout dat time. One I recollects were a preacher, but my little Missie clean drive em outer my head.

"When Miss Mearle grewed up she was mighty gay! an' one day ef she didn't take it into her wild young head to run off an' git married! I don't want to be dis-spectful to yer pa, Miss Mearle, but I is 'bliged to say dat he were de mostest no count young man I ever see. In de fust place he warnt no kind er quality folks, an as fur his looks he an a mud fonce could claim kin.

"None er our family could see into what Miss Mearle took up wid him for, an' her pa said he dis-owned her, an' Mars Dick lowd he'd never speak to her agin, an' her ma's spirit went out er her eyes an' she creeped into her grave in a year's time.

"Jest 'bout dis time Mars Dick met wid a loss in love, and he took it hard, an' kep goin' from one end er the arth to the other, to fin' res'; but he never found it an' so he come back to his ole' home an' his ole' Mammie, so chile we, (me an' him) settled down. All the sarvants was sent away, de hosses an' de cayges was sole an' de geyardens dat war once our pride was lowd to grow wid weeds an' briars; an' de rain an' de due kep house cleanin' seasonsso often dat de paint kinder melted away, but de roses an' de vinea deys our good frens, deys done deir best to kiver up de bar walls, an' de posies smell jes as sweet an' de bee's dey hum as loud an' as cheerful as dey did when we uns held our heads high an' was gret folkses; but I's comin' to de April nineteen years ago.

"Law how it did rain dat yer day, seemed like de sky was outer spirits sure 'nough! I was settin' in dis kitchen leck I am now, a studdin' over a heap er things, when I hears a tap, tap, tap on de door. I riz an' opens it, an' thar stood yer ma! Sech a poor pickety lookin' creetur. 'Mammie,' she says, an' she says no more as I gothers her in my arms an' takes her in outer de wet an' de chill. She didn't stay long Honey, an' afore she went mean' Mars Dick lowd to her that we would take care er you, an' we has kep' our word. You wasn't what I call a comfortable chile to rear. You had colic right smart in de beginnin', an' 'quired more sut tea' an most chilren.

"When it come time for Mars Dick to take a han' he done it. Who knows writin' an' readin' better 'an you does? Can't you talk in furrin tongues like a cricket, an' who plays de harpsicord an' de harp in de drawin' room neater 'an you does; aint you able to make as fine a court'sy as youse granmamie? Now Honey, 'spose you aint sociating wid de folks down yander. Who is dey dat dey should be goin' long er you! You 'long to de Manor chile, don't you never forgit dat!" "Dem Astleys," she continued after a pause, "deys yer ma's kinfolkses, an' I spec' if dey was perlite 'nough to Mars Dick he wouldn't object to yous a visitin' backard an' forard, but I 'spects," says Mammie shaking her white head, "you is too likely lookin' to please Miss Astley. Her gals havin' de appearance er bein' jaundiced like, but never mind Miss Mearle, your time is comin', jest you 'member what you old Mammie says, an' now cheer up, an' teck de key to yer gret granmamie's chest, an' have a good time lookin' over de finery; de sight of it allers do cheer you up."

The garret extended quite across the top of the old mansion, and was lighted on the four sides by large, many-paned dormer windows.

The huge slanting beams were utilized to hang many things upon, bags, baskets and parcels of all sorts, kinds, colors and descriptions. There were also strings of dried fruits and bunches of herbs and husked ears of red pop-corn festooning the rafters.

The floor was generously strewn with trunks and boxes. Against the walls were pieces of furniture put out of use, from the many causes of time; but yet cherished, for the sake of past and gone associations. A spinning wheel here, a pair of tall andirons there, and a quaintly carved high-posted bed (set up, tester, bed-steps and all) over yonder.

Under the eastern window a long brass bound cedar chest stood, and before it Mearle sat down, holding in her hand the great brass key that opened it.

She knew its contents by heart, and yet every peep into the treasures it held was a new and never failing source of pleasure to this young girl.

First as she lifted the lid there always came out to greet her a faint, pleasant odor of lavender, and sweet fern and fennel.

The gowns that had lain unused for a good hundred years were each carefully folded in homespun linen sheets; the slippers to match each gown were in silken bags held tightly in by strong drawing strings; the gloves were laid away in many folds of tissue paper, that had once been white and soft, but was now brittle and yellow with age. There were fans too, dainty feather and gilt affairs, with wonderfully wrought ivory sticks, and these fans were in leather, satin-lined boxes, that were shaped like old-fashioned coffins, and each box had one or two shrivelled Tonca beans in it. Then there were pairs of silk stockings

of delicate tints and a camel's hair "long shawl." There was also a box of laces dear to the heart of a lover of such Bijouterie. But the treasure trove of the cedar chest was its jewel box lying deep down in the heart as it were of the old box.

It opened by a hidden spring and revealed a store of lovely things to the young girl upon whose hand and bosom and in whose ears no gold or gem had ever shone.

Like a child, Mearle loved to pass the strings of pearls through her fingers, and to hold to the light the jewels that sparkled and glowed in their dull Etruscan settings.

There was no danger for the valuable things in their insecure hiding place, for it was universally believed by the villagers that the Squire was miserly from the sternest necessity. The would tell you that "he kept his women folks on starvation diet the year round; that every thicken they had to spare and all the eggs went to the store to be exchanged for the necessaries of a bare living." It was said "that while no mortgage was on the place, that the squire went to a distant city once every year to borrow his tax money of his rich kindred who resided there."

Mrs. Astley (the cousin on the hill) had given these statements authority by adding that she believed that when Richard Raymond died it would be found that the place belonged to somebody else than the squire, and that Mearle would then be thrown penniless upon the world."

For this reason (perhaps) Mrs. Astley had never made much of her second cousin.

A formal call now and then "for the sake" as she said "of decency" being the only manner of communication between them.

Her daughters were now society women, and her country house during the season was filled with guests.

Mearle in her self-made calico gowns, Mearle who knew nobody and had never been anywhere, would by her presence only give rise to comment by her ignorance of social requirements.

So they let Mearle "very kindly" (as they thought) alone.

So to-day Mearle sits by the old cedar chest and thinks about her great grandmamma (who was named Mearle too), until in the dull soft warmth about her, with the never-ceasing "pat, pat, patter" of the rain overhead, she falls asleep to dream that it is twilight, and that a red sun is flooding the western sky. She gets glorious glimpses of it through the latticed panes, until a shadow comes between her and the wih dow.

It is a shadow made up of something soft and white like a summer cloud, and it comes floating slowly towards her in the east.

As it comes close, to Mearle's surprise she sees coming out of it a very lovely woman not unlike in face, figure and costuming the shephardess that upholds the Dresden candlestick in the drawing-room below.

The little lady makes a grave courtesy to Mearle, then says in a sweet, clear, bird-like voice:

"I am your great grandmother my dear."

Mearle cannot resist a merry laugh as she answered: "My great grandmother! why you are hardly as old as I am."

"That is all very true" says the Dresden figure seating itself on the edge of an old arm chair, "but you see my dear I never grew old. I died when your grandfather was born."

"Dear me, so you did" said Mearle. "It says twenty on your tombstone."

"When I was alive," says the little lady, "it was considered not genteel to mention age."

"I beg your pardon," says Mearle politely. "I did not intend to be rude, and" she adds, "perhaps you think it very presuming in me, great grandmama, to be looking over your things."

"Not in the least my dear, and to convince you of this I have come to tell you that you are about to be asked out to sup. Of course you will accept, and as I am considered the best versed in matters pertaining to good manners and gentility in our family, I have come to prepare you by my counsel and suggestions to do us credit."

"But," says Mearle, "I have not a gown to wear! My best shoes are patched! my silk gloves are past all darning, and Uncle Dick is very poor and he wouldn't hear of any fine clothes I am sure."

"My child," said the little Dresden lady, "It is in very bad taste to raise your voice above a loud whisper. In my time we were taught to regard our superiors in age as unquestionable authorities upon all matters. Youth might have been said to have no mind or will of its own. Now listen my dear. Fashion has, after many revolutions, re-established what was in vogue when I was presented at the Court of His Majesty. (You know I was educated abroad Mearle.) You will find in my chest a little pink satin gown threaded with silver, also shoes, gloves, kerchief and fan to match it. These will all fit and suit you as though you had ordered them yourself; but as you

have never dressed for a ball, I think we had better have a rehearsal now, that when the time comes you may commit no blunder, so slip off your gown."

Mearle obeyed with glad alacrity, and then stood close beside her pretty great grandmamma as she opened the chest and then selected from it all that she needed for Mearle's costuming. After she had taken out the jewel box, she closed the lid of the chest and sat down upon it.

"Now Mearle," she said, "I want you to come and sit on the floor close to my knees for I am going to teach you how to do your hair."

Then she took from somewhere a silver mounted comb and brush and proceeded to convert Mearle's pretty brown head into something resembling the "Tower of Babel" and through this she wove in several strings of pearls.

Then with her assistance Mearle arrayed herself in the quaint old gown, put on the stockings and the narrow pointed slippers (which were a trifle large for Mearle, but not large enough to be unbecoming.)

When the toilet was quite completed, great grandmamma Raymond took her gossamer handkerchief and wiped of an old mirror that was leaning against the wall and bade Mearle come and stand before it.

"Oh" cried Mearle blushing with pleasure at her own loveliness, "I feel like saying with the little woman who fell asleep on the King's highway, 'laws a mercy on me this is none of II.'"

"There, there child" said the grandmamma a trifle severely, "don't be vain of your beauty, handsome is that handsome does, you know, but I have no time to waste, so will proceed to tell you what you must do. Your hostess will send her coach for you. You will ask your maid to carry your train to the coach, and see it carefully arranged to avoid rumpling when you are seated. Seat yourself in the middle of the equipage, and keep a perfectly unmoved countenance, neither looking to the right nor the left. When you arrive at the home of your hostess, wait quietly until the door of the coach is opened, then rise so, lifting the skirt of your gown so, and extending the tips of the fingers of your other hand so." But just at this juncture the creaking of the garret stairs and the sound of Mammie's voice caused a wonderful transformation scene.

The little great grandmother vanished, and there upon the floor, her head upon the chest, in her faded calico gown was Mearle, rubbing her eyes and looking wonderingly about her.

And in through the dull old windows the sun was shining and the birds were twittering as they built their nests among the spring leaves.

"Mistess Astley done sent you dis note," said Mammie, when she could get her breath. "De coachman is down in de kitchen watin' yer answer."

Mearle opened the note and read:

"My Dear Cousin Mearle:—Mamma bids me ask if it would be possible for you to dine with us this evening?"

"At this last moment one of our guests has disappointed us and the Countess de la—— is in terror over the prospect of thirteen at dinner! Will you come to our rescue?"

"Pray say 'yes' and send us word by John at what time you wish the carriage. Don't let your costume interfere. Something of Vere's or mine can be nicely arranged for the occasion for my maid is a perfect modiste. Your Cousin,

"Virgine."

Mearle, like one still in a dream, walked down to the library, seated herself at the old desk and wrote the following reply:

"My Dear Virgine:—I accept your invitation for this evening. An hour before you dine will be quite time enough to send your carriage for me. I have a gown.

"Mearle."

When she had signed, sealed and sent the note Mearle turned to Mammie, remarking:

"I am to dine at the Astleys' to-night."

"Great King!" said Mammie slowly, "You! You goin' up yander! Chile you quit foolin' yer old Mammie!"

"I am going," said Mearle quietly, "and I shall wear one of great grandmamma's dresses."

But Mearle kept the visit of great grandmamma all to herself.

"My Dear Reynal:—I told you that something I could not explain had induced me to accept Mrs. Astley's invitation for a week's stay at 'The Cedars.'

"Take it all in all our house party has been rather a pleasant one. I need not chronicle our names for your benefit, for are not all the doings of my hostess faithfully set forth in all the society journals?"

"Saturday morning the Duchess de la—— came over from N—— for a dinner to be given in her honor.

"On the noon of that day Elsie Deering was called to her mother, who was seriously ill. This left us thirteen to dine! The Duchess, on learning this be-

came unpleasantly tragic, and finally vowed that she would remain in her own apartments if a fourteenth were not secured.

"Mrs. Astley suddenly remembered that she had a cousin, a young girl, living in this village, to whom she sent an invitation to fill the vacant seat, and the Duchess's fears were set at rest by the young lady's acceptance.

"Then Mrs. Astley gave us a most interesting history of this girl's life. Shut up in a tumbled down old manor house from her birth with no companionship but a miserly eccentric old uncle and an old colored servant. I was the more interested in these particulars as mine hostess gave me to understand that to me, as an old and valued friend, was to be entrusted this little rustic during dinner. 'I ask you to do this,' said Mrs. Astley, taking me aside, 'because I feel assured that you will be kind to the child for whom this will undoubtedly prove a most trying ordeal. I had hoped she would see the propriety and wisdom of coming here early in the afternoon. I should then have had an opportunity of a rehearsal, and Fanchon could have made one of the girls' gowns do duty for her. How she will appear and what she will wear is something we can but speculate upon now, and make the best of it when the time comes.

"Well, the day wore on, stormy until noon, and from then one blaze of spring glory, one sheen of summer greenness. In the twilight we were all assembled in the drawing-room. It was a quarter before the dinner hour. We were all waiting for and thinking of the fourteenth guest.

"The crunching of wheels on the gravel, distinctly heard through the open windows, told us the carriage was approaching.

"With a whispered word to Mrs. Astley, I left the room, went through the hall and down the steps.

"I opened the carriage door. A sweet, grave young face looked into mine, and with all the gracefulness of a queen the little cousin laid the tips of her gloved fingers within my own.

"Catching the spirit of her old-fashioned manners, I led her up the steps and through the hall to the stairway. Then I returned to the drawing-room.

"Not many moments passed before we heard the frou-frou of her skirts, then the silken portieres parted, revealing to us 'the fairest thing that e'er the sun shone on!' They have told me since that her gown was of brocade inwrought with silver threads; that the color was a faint pink that blends into a fainter yellow; that her shoes and stockings, her gloves and her fan, were creations of loveliness, and that the pearls twined in her soft brown hair and about her throat were a dower in themselves. I can only tell you that while I live the picture framed in that doorway with the setting sun for its background will never leave my mind or heart.

"As we passed down the long hall to the dining-room, she said to me in a pleading voice:

"You know this is the first time in my life I have ever been anywhere, and I must depend upon you to tell me what to do."

"Cinderella," I answered laughingly, 'you could not convince me that your fairy godmother had not thoroughly coached you.'

"You are wise," she replied quietly, 'she has, but be sure you let me know a quarter before the clock strikes twelve!'

"After dinner, long after, we were in the music room and some one was singing, when an eager voice in the hall attracted our attention.

"He was took in a minute," we heard a shrill boyish voice saying, 'an afore Mammie could git to run over to our house to get some on us to go fur the doctor why he was dead.'

"Something rushed past us as we stood gathered about the boy, too bewildered by his sudden appearance and his startling news to comprehend its real import, and when we recovered ourselves sufficiently to know what it all meant, our little fourteenth guest was gone. She had understood and fled alone out into the night, and as I took up my hat to follow her, the great clock in the hall chimed twelve.

"Mrs. Astley said she had probably taken a path through the woods that would bring her out at the edge of her own stone-walled garden.

"She must have had wings for fast as I walked I did not overtake her.

"Just on the edge of the woods my foot touched something, and stooping down I picked up one of the little silken shoes the girl had worn.

"I hurried on and soon came to the low stone wall which I vaulted and then found myself in an old-fashioned garden, sweet with all the smells that come with the fullest springtime; following the path I came to the back of the house.

"A door stood open and through it I caught a glimpse of a long, low room.

"At one side was a large old-fashioned open fireplace, beside it on an oaken settee sat our fourteenth guest, her pretty hands clasped in her lap, her sweet blue eyes full of unshed tears.

"She saw me as I crossed the threshold but made

no sign and I, what did I do? I knelt beside her and placed upon her little unshod foot the slipper that my modern Cinderella had lost in her flight."

THE THEORY OF DIABOLISM.

The editor of *The Month*, a Catholic journal published in England, mentions that the communications from spirits deny the doctrine of the incarnation and are therefore of the devil. Commenting upon this the *Review of Reviews* says:

Here we have stated succinctly enough the ordinary orthodox view of the sacred duty of intolerance. Because a priest, the writer of this article, believes that Spiritualism directly and indirectly leads to the denial of the incarnation: Spiritualism is of hell, and communications received through mediums are of the devil. It is a convenient formula and settles many things. But there are two illustrations of the danger of this method of constructive imputation of blasphemy and diabolism to which I may refer.

About nineteen hundred years ago the priests, high priests, and scribes, and all those ecclesiastical authorities who corresponded in Judea to the Congregation of the Inquisition at Rome, were confronted by facts, statements, and phenomena which seemed to them to be in direct opposition to the law and the teaching of the prophets. They could not deny the facts; they roundly denied the statements, and they accounted for the phenomena in the same way that the *Month* accounts for those of Spiritualism. For it is written that when these men heard it, they said: "This fellow doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub the prince of the devils." And Jesus said unto His disciples, the disciple is not above his lord; it is enough for the disciple that he do as his master and the servant as his lord. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much, therefore, shall they call them of his household?" In those days the duty of intolerance was not only preached as a principle, but practiced as a duty, and the result was the cross of Calvary. From that cross was born the religion which had as its greatest organized embodiment the Catholic church. Fourteen hundred years passed, and the sway of the church was supreme and unquestioned. Protestantism had not yet arisen to shake the foundations and undermine the authority of the Roman church.

Then there arose in Western Europe a simple peasant girl, who heard voices inaudible to others, and saw visions impelling her to take a course which to the authorities of her time appeared absolutely opposed to the teaching of the natural law, the authority of Holy Scripture, and the canons of the church. She, a simple village maid, bestrode a war-horse, rallied armies round her banner, and hurled the forces of France against the English hosts. She saved her country, crowned her King, and delivered France. In all the western world no figure so ideal, so sublime, meets our gaze; for purity, for faith, for noble constancy and high resolve, Joan of Arc stands foremost among the saints of God. And yet the Pope demanded that she be handed over to the Inquisition; and she was tried and burned as a heretic and a witch, who was declared to be "a disciple and limb of the fiend." One poor woman in Paris, who ventured to say that she believed Joan had really been sent of God, was burned alive by those predecessors of the editor of the *Month*, who allege that in such cases the Christian is bound to be intolerant. It was a bishop of the Catholic church who presided over her trial, and when she was led sobbing to the stake at which she was burned to death, the orthodox Catholics of the day laid the flattering unction to their souls that when they were committing one of the most detestable and most cruel of all the murders that ever disgraced the history of mankind, they were testifying their love of God and their abhorrence of all dealings with the evil one.

With these two cases on record no one can be surprised at the conclusions of the editor of the *Month*: he is in the true line of succession from the Sanhedrin of Jerusalem and the Bishop of Beauvais.

REV. CHARLES G. AMES, of Boston, at the funeral of Mr. George W. Bond, said: This is not a day of sadness and gloom, but a day of sober rejoicing. We are among those who believe in death, as we believe in birth; and the occasion itself seems to say that,—

"The chamber where a good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walks of life,
Quite on the verge of heaven."

We think of our departed friend as one who came into this world, charged with an errand, which he has worthily fulfilled. He got what he came for, and has gone elsewhere at the bidding of the same gracious Wisdom that sent him here. This world was his primary school; having learned its lessons, he has been promoted to learn others. He found here the starting-point for the long upward career.

IN A GARDEN.

Pale in the pallid moonlight,
White as the rose on her breast,
She stood in the fair rose-garden,
With her shy young love confest.

The roses climbed to kiss her,
The violets, purple and sweet,
Breathed their despair in the fragrance
That bathed her beautiful feet.

She stood there, stately and slender,
Gold hair on her shoulders shed,
Clothed all in white, like the visions
When the living behold the dead.

There with her lover beside her,
With life and with love she thrilled.
What mattered the world's wide sorrow
To her, with her joy fulfilled?

Next year, in the fair rose-garden
He waited alone and dumb,
If, perchance, from the silent country,
The soul of the dead would come

To comfort the living and loving
With the ghost of a lost delight,
And thrill into quivering welcome
The desolate, brooding night.

Till softly a wind in the distance
Began to blow and blow;
The moon bent nearer and nearer,
And solemn, and sweet, and slow

Came a wonderful rapture of music
That turned to her voice at last:
Then a cold, soft touch on his forehead
Like the breath of the wind that passed;

Like the breath of the wind she touched him,
Thin was the voice, and cold,
And something, that seemed like a shadow,
Slipped through his feverish hold.

But the voice had said, "I love you
With my first love and my last;"
Then again that wonderful music,
And he knew that her soul had passed.

—LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

An editorial in a woman's paper demurs against the fact that so much has been written of the woman's department of the World's Fair, of woman's works and woman's accomplishments generally, claiming the idea of a separate department for women is preposterous and entirely inconsistent with the theory of equal rights, considered from an industrial and social standpoint. "Why should there be a woman's department at all?" is asked, and "Is it not an exposition of industrial and artistic objects?" and "Why should not the ice cream freezer invented by a woman be placed in the same category as the dishwasher invented by a man?" The writer insinuates that the whole thing may be attributed to the well known chivalrous nature of man, which prompts him to shield the work of woman from criticism. In the same strain the writer goes to show that women should not accept such favoritism from the hands of men, but should insist upon the recognition of their work on its merits, and calls attention to the fact that it is only the work of blind men, cripples, imbeciles and women that are singled out from general competition. It is useless to comment upon this feature of the Fair at this late day, for the fact remains that there is a woman's department. Woman comes in as a pretty big factor whether she is entitled to it as a woman or as a worker. The distinction is made, and always has been made, at least for statistical and exhibition purposes between the work of men and the work of women. One reason why women do not succeed as well as men in many lines where equal chances are given, is due, no doubt, to the fact that women are not willing to serve the necessary apprenticeship, or to go through the necessary training to make them proficient. Stock farming is certainly not a business which, on first thought, seems fitted to women, but some of them have been singularly successful in it. Business instinct, like many gifts, is bestowed regardless of sex, and the woman whose inclinations lead her to attempt law, medicine, journalism, philosophy, theology, or any trade or profession, is likely to follow them in this day and age of the world. Among the women who have been particularly successful in stock farming is Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith, of Cambridge City, Ind., who is the owner and manager of one of the most extensive stock farms in her State. Mrs. Meredith has been authorized to pre-

pare a monograph on live stock for the World's Fair. She is the only woman in a list of ten experts selected to write on special topics. Mrs. Mary B. Clay, of Whitehall, Ky., is said to be one of the best farmers in that part of the country. Another woman who has been successful is an Illinois woman, Mrs. Laura D. Worley, who has given her attention to the breeding of fine horses. Of the women who have made a success in some branch of stock farming there is a list that will compare favorably with that of women engaged in any of the out of door industries. In all the far Western States there are a number of women from the East who have taken up government claims. They are generally women who try the experiment and do it for the novelty of the thing or for the desire to get away from the overcrowded fields of employment. Women who undertake anything of this sort must be plucky, not easily discouraged and able to endure all sorts of hardships and disappointments. Given these requirements, the chances are that they will succeed.

AMONG famous women who are mothers of small families comes Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who had one son; Mrs. Somerville, the mathematician, had two daughters and one son only, though she was twice married. Mme. George Sand had two children, a son and a daughter; so had Mary Montagu, whose "letters" are so admired in literature, and Mme. de Sevigne, writer of equally famous "letters" in French. Mme. de Stael had three children in her married life; when forty-eight years old she married a second time and then had another son. George Eliot (Mrs. Cross) was childless, and so was Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax." Mrs. Barbauld, whose prose and poetry were both much admired in the last century, had no children, and the same was the case with her equally praised contemporary, Mrs. Opie. The ex-Empress Eugenie suffers so painfully from rheumatism that she is barely able to walk without the aid of a cane or the supporting arm of an attendant. She is to all intents a confirmed invalid, physically a mere ghost of the beauty of the second empire, and her once wonderful hair, the pride of Paris coiffeurs, is snow white. Eugenie rarely visits the continent nowadays, and, though it was reported recently that a handsome villa was to be built for her in the south of France by an old-time friend of wealth, it seems likely that she will continue to live in England, to which she yearly becomes more attached and where she has the solace of Queen Victoria's increasing friendship.

"Is journalism a good profession for women?" is a question coming to be very largely asked. Before replying it must be clearly understood that journalism in its best sense is hardly more optional as a choice than is the drama, or law. Poetry and music are of course realized as unattainable save to the artist born. No one would dream of saying, "Is poetry or the lyric stage a good field for women?" The Mrs. Brownings, the Mme. Pattis are born—even though being born they must also be made. Of the stage (in drama), of law, of journalism, this question is asked; and while each of these is more possible to a larger number than could be art in its highest forms, there is still in each of these the demand that requires the answer of temperament. The journalist must be born, as well as the poet,—though he be not so rare. It requires a degree of creative power to be an acceptable press writer, and women who ask only "Does it pay?" will find many questions more immediately important before it will pay them. Like all literary work, journalism must to a considerable degree choose her votaries rather than be chosen by them.—Lillian Whiting in *The Chautauquan* for December.

A BROOKLYN girl, sixteen years of age, and member of a family of refinement and wealth, left her home ten weeks ago under very peculiar circumstances. The efforts of police and private detectives to find her have been in vain, though they have been stimulated by the offer of a reward of \$500. The only reason assigned for her disappearance is that her parents insisted on her securing a liberal education, while she desired to be a skilled cook and good housekeeper. Although attending school she has for years prepared the nice dishes for the family, made her dresses, trimmed her bonnets and taken charge of her rooms. She had a taste for these things and desired to gratify it. It is believed

that she has gone to some distant town, where under an assumed name she has secured employment.—Chicago Journal.

WOMEN took part in the recent church congress held at Folkstone, Eng., for the first time. One zealous ecclesiastic printed a vehement protest against their being put on the programme, on the ground that they ought to ask their husbands at home if they wished to find out about anything. But the congress was determined and permitted the women to help make it a great occasion.

MISS JULIA BRACKEN, a Galena girl, has been awarded a commission by the Illinois Women's Exposition Board to execute a figure representing Illinois welcoming the nations, to be placed over the entrance of the Illinois building at the World's Fair. Miss Bracken is the daughter of a railroad employe who until quite recently had been a resident of Galena the greater part of his life.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE.

Early in the summer of 1851, Mr. I. A. Hedges, a man of much intelligence and force of character and well-known at that time as a very successful magnetizer, returned to his home in St. Louis from a visit to the East where he had witnessed the rappings through the Fox girls. With the view of getting similar manifestations, he induced a few of his friends to hold meetings with him at his own house several evenings a week, hoping that some one of them might be developed as a rapping medium. After they had continued their sittings for a month or so without success and were getting discouraged, they were startled at one of their evening sances, early in August, 1851, by the development of what at that time was a new kind of mediumship. A member of the circle, Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, then Mrs. Britt, was entranced by what claimed to be the recently departed spirit of her friend, Mrs. Baldwin. During the early stages of her mediumship the influences controlling her gave many test communications to the members of the circle and others, and influenced her to heal the sick and diseased; but it was not long before she began to lecture under spirit influences, first to the private circle at which she was developed as a medium and finally in public halls in St. Louis. After she had been exercised in lecturing before private and public audiences for some time in that city, the influences that controlled her and held her future earthly career in their hands boldly launched her upon a wider field of labor covering many States of the Union and extending over a period of twelve years of such systematic, zealous and successful lecturing, as to remind us of the labors of John Wesley.

Mrs. Spence's (Britt's) first lecturing tour took her to New Orleans where she was the first medium, male or female, to lecture in public or private; thence to New York and back to St. Louis, the tour occupying about three months. Soon after this she went to Ohio, lecturing repeatedly in Cincinnati, but spending most of her time doing pioneering work in the towns and cities of the Western Reserve and the northern part of the State, up to the end of the year 1856. While on the Western Reserve she often spoke at what were called grove meetings where her audiences were numbered by the thousands. The next field of her labors was a larger one, covering the northern part of Illinois from Peoria to Chicago, the southern part of Wisconsin, the eastern part of Iowa, with here and there a course of lectures in Indiana and Michigan. In this territory she spent two years, from January 1857 to January 1859, when, after her marriage to Dr. Spence, January 1, 1859, at the house of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. John L. McCormick, in Peru, Ill., she and her husband went to New

York. She then commenced her missionary work in the cities and towns of the State of New York and of New England, with an occasional course of lectures in Philadelphia. Early in the summer of 1864, she closed her campaign of twelve years of systematic, untiring and almost continuous lecturing to which she referred in a letter published July 1st, 1864, in the Banner of Light, in the following words: "I have just closed a term of twelve years lecturing * * * during which time, I believe I can say without boasting (and I say it in no spirit of boasting) that I have delivered more lectures, traveled over more miles of railroad, and labored publicly and privately with a greater number of persons, than any other teacher in the spiritual ranks." Nevertheless, notwithstanding this announcement, she still continued occasionally to receive and accept invitations to lecture here and there in New York and the New England States and elsewhere, also at camp-meetings and at conferences in New York City, up to within a year or so of her final exit from her earthly field of work.

It will be seen by the dates of Mrs. Spence's tours through Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa and Michigan, that she was the pioneer spiritual lecturer of the West; and the same may be said in some respects of her work in the East. No one who did not actually travel with her, can form an adequate idea of the difficulties which she had to encounter, the immense amount of labor which she performed, and the depth of the interest which she aroused in the minds and hearts of the people. Very often her invitations took her to places where Spiritualism was either unknown except to the two or three persons who invited her, or else was heard of only to be scorned and held in contempt. Hence, she had not only to lecture to people who were entirely ignorant of the subject or hostile to it, but she had to make her own audiences, often beginning by lecturing to a handful of hearers with the same earnestness and magnetic power as if she were talking to thousands, and ending her course in that place with an audience that filled the hall and sometimes the adjacent grounds with people who listened to her through the open windows. Whenever she could so arrange it, she spent a week in the place to which she was called, and delivered seven or eight lectures, that is, one every week evening except Monday, and from two to three on Sunday. Although she usually lectured from an hour and a half to two hours, this was but a small fraction of the work which she performed. Wherever she went her parlor was the resort of earnest men and women who came to her for more light upon the new phenomena and the new movement. To them she was moved to talk according to their needs; and in this way she spent most of the time every day, from ten or eleven o'clock in the morning until she went to the hall in the evening to lecture, and often, after her lecture, until twelve or one o'clock at night, thus talking almost continuously from eight to ten or twelve hours a day; and yet she never got tired or sick, and never failed to keep an appointment.

The foregoing brief account of Mrs. Spence's labors as a medium, is but a dry, dead and empty shell, the life and kernel of which still abide and will endure in the hearts of the thousands who, whether now living in this or in the Spirit-world, will ever cherish her memory as that of the ministering angel who once poured upon the dark pathway of their earthly existence a flood of spiritual light which ever after made life to them a life of peace and joy and brightened hopes.



A TRIBUTE.

TO THE EDITOR: The departure of Mrs. Amanda M. Spence from this to the spiritual-world is an important event in the history of modern Spiritual manifestations. For more than forty years this useful woman stood upon the platform of Spiritual reform.

She began her life work in the great cause of Spiritualism in 1851 and for years spoke in all the great cities of the United States. When entranced and inspired by invisible intelligences she was beyond all question the greatest woman orator of her day.

Her arguments were unanswerable and her personal magnetism made for her thousands of friends throughout the land. Mrs. Spence comes from a family noted for intellect and inventive genius and on her maternal side from revolutionary stock.

When her body was no longer capable of holding her spirit and when she was about to pass through the door that was opening into spirit life, an expression of resignation overspread her face. The white-winged messenger "touched her eyelids down" and this world and sorrowing friends were lost to her physical perceptions. In a moment the undefatigable worker, the great soul, the grand woman was gone!

Her mind was well stored with the philosophy of Spiritualism. In her constant communication with the spirits of the other world she learned a great deal of them and their lives in the summer land. As a clairvoyant, clairaudient and inspirational medium Mrs. Spence was among the most remarkable of her time.

She was refined and philosophic in her knowledge of spiritual things and expressed her thoughts clearly and fluently. Her intellectual force and genius, together with wonderful power of analysis to which was added a pure moral character, made her while in the form a bright pharos in the ranks of spiritual philosophers. But it was in her home circle and in company of congenial friends that this remarkable woman showed those loveable qualities which won all hearts. As a daughter, sister, wife and mother she was true, loyal, tender and affectionate and in every sphere and condition in which it was her fate to be cast she filled with honor honor and ability.

In the early days of the great cause, away back in the fifties when it required "hearts of oak and souls of flame" to face the abuse of "the press," the contempt of the pulpit, and the ignorance and fanaticism of the rabble and the mob, this brave woman never faltered when duty called; her courage was sublime in those trying hours.

Her liberality and charity for the opinions of others was reasonable and just. She was however fully alive to the rights of all, but she had no sympathy with the froth and foam of humanity which may be the result of accidental or ill-gotten wealth. She had but little faith in common with those who got wealth without the labor of hand or brain.

Mrs. Spence had no respect for the ancient dogmas of the past. The dry husks of old theologies found no favor in her eyes. She had no admiration for the victor. She sang no peans to the conqueror or the successful, her sympathies were with the unfortunate, the wounded and the fallen.

If she had any religion it was to do good and love humanity.

Her place in the spiritual-world will be a high one, while her life here in the form will be remembered and her memory cherished for many long years. W. M. NEW YORK.

A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: A few months prior to February, 1884, Hiram Edmundson living in Elizabeth, Pa., near my old home, mysteriously disappeared and not the slightest clue could be obtained as to his whereabouts, or as to the person or persons implicated in his supposed murder.

The belief was current, however, that a woman and three men were implicated in the crime, although no evidence to this effect was strong enough to warrant arrest.

Early in February of the year above named I was at the home of friends one evening when the subject of Spiritualism

and table-tipping was referred to through some flippant remark of mine; and accordingly a stand that was said to have furnished considerable entertainment was brought from the attic and four of us surrounded it and awaited developments. At the end of an hour the expected sounds and tippings began; and among numerous spirits alleging to be present came that of Hiram Edmundson in response to a request from one of the company. Questioning him we obtained the following statements: That he had been murdered and his body secreted; that a woman and three men (as had been supposed) were implicated in the crime; that his body was not at that time, as was believed, in either the Monongahela or Youghiogheny river, but would be found in the latter within three months from that date.

So much for this for the present. Calling up the spirit of my brother Homer and inquiring his age at death, he indicated by tipping the stand, that he was seventeen years, eight months and four days old; as to the correctness or falsity of which I told the company I could not say, his death having occurred fourteen years before when I was quite young. He also told us what disease he died of and where buried. My curiosity being greatly aroused I consulted the family record on arriving home at a late hour of the night, or more correctly an early hour of the morning, and to my surprise, found the statement of his age correct.

Now here is the theory I formed at the time which I thought might possibly account for this phenomenon: At the time of my brother's death I knew his exact age for I had seen it in his obituary notice, and of course had heard the family speak of it. But at this time, fourteen years after, I had forgotten it, so to speak, although I believe the true ego or self never really forgets. This knowledge regarding my brother's age was lurking in some recess of my brain, and, when I asked for the years, months and days to be indicated by tippings, like an imperial sovereign may have issued forth a mandate and so controlled the electric currents of my being as to cause the stand to stop at the proper time.

This theory I thought might possibly account for the phenomenon of its telling me something I at one time certainly knew; and had nothing been told me concerning the future that was afterwards verified I might have been content with such theory. Now as to the Edmundson case: In about two weeks from the above sitting I went out West with a sister who had been visiting in the East and remained during the summer.

Going in one day from the fields I picked up The Youghiogheny Times, our old home paper, and, to my surprise, saw a lengthy account of the finding of Edmundson's body in the Youghiogheny river. Calculating the time I found it lacked six or eight days of three months.

At a late hour of the night previous to the finding of the body two men were seen carrying a mysterious looking object towards the river through a back alley in a little town on the Youghiogheny a few miles above McKeesport. Search being instituted the following morning early and the river dragged, Edmundson's body was found attached to a large boulder. A few paper bills of small denomination were found in a leather pocket-book, which were not yet wet, which was evidence that the body had been in the river but a few hours.

Now for a theory of this phenomenon which I have recently thought might fit the case. And in order that I may the better give it I shall narrate a circumstance that occurred within the past six weeks. One evening with two acquaintances I went to the house of friends in this city to try the planchette. In response to an inquiry if we should go on progressing on the other side as it is possible to do here, the answer came, "No; you will be in such a state of happiness that you will not want to progress." From the little conversation had with the lady sitting opposite me with her hands on the planchette I was persuaded this answer was in correspondence with her own ideas on this subject.

In response to other questions, answers came which were a reflection of my own opinions. After coming away I began reflecting that perhaps the controlling force was within, and not without, as I formerly believed.

Then the thought came to that perhaps the actual body or sub-conscious personality or whatever it may be termed, may partake of the nature of omniscience, and have the power to go out into the universe or world of spirit, and by coming in con-

tact with matter intelligences become cognizant of great natural and spiritual laws, and thus be enabled to predict, with well-nigh absolute certainty the coming of future events—know the secret thoughts and intents of distant hearts and minds, and, like a faithful talisman, reveal to us its knowledge.

This is the theory I have recently thought might possibly account for the Edmundson phenomenon. If it were true, I cannot see that it might not account for all spiritual phenomena. To be sure it implies wonderful possibilities for this "other self;" but this to me would seem no more wonderful than that the disembodied spirit of another personality should come at my behest or without it, and give me intelligent answers—sometimes truthful, and sometimes not.

If we may account for spiritual phenomena on the theory of an intelligence within us possessing, even in a remote degree, the nature of omniscience, I cannot see that it is necessary to go outside ourselves for a controlling agency. If we are a part of Divinity, and I believe we are, who may deny the true ego or spiritual self the wonderful possibilities I have hinted it may possess? I like to think (whether I am justified in it or not) that within ourselves is the intelligence, fallible though it must be while hampered by the flesh, whose operations may account for what we term spiritual or psychical phenomena.

This theory you will see frees emancipated intelligence from the accusation of willful deception and ignorance and gives all credit or blame to the "folks at home."

FINDLAY, O.

MEDIUMSHIP.

The subject of mediumship is one which requires thought, investigation and discussion with a view to learning all the facts pertaining to it and the principles which underlie the different classes of mediumistic phenomena. To promote this object THE JOURNAL invites all who are able and feel disposed to contribute to such a discussion, to send for publication in its columns short articles giving the results of their experience and study relating to any of the following questions:

1. What are the physical peculiarities which accompany mediumship?
2. What are the mental peculiarities which accompany mediumship?
3. Does moral character affect mediumship?
4. Does the exercise of mediumistic power affect character? If so, favorably or unfavorably?
5. To what extent does or may the mind of the medium and of other persons present modify and color the communications received?
6. Is an entirely uncolored communication—one that gives the exact thought and expression of the communicating spirit—possible?
7. Is there any means by which can be determined how much is or may be due to the mind of the medium and to the medium's surroundings?
8. What kind of mediumship is the best proof of spirit agency?
9. What new truths have been given to the world through mediumship since the advent of modern Spiritualism?
10. Does skepticism regarding Spiritualism in the minds of persons present at a séance generally affect the medium and the manifestations?
11. Is the practice of mediumship for a living generally desirable?
12. Is the development of mediumship in private families generally desirable?
13. Should mediumship be used for worldly purposes, that is, for money-making and material interests?
14. What are the best conditions for the highest manifestations of spirit agency?
15. Should mediums be set apart and be endorsed and sustained by organizations for spirit manifestations?

Mrs. GEORGE B. ACUFF, daughter of

our contributor Mr. F. H. Bemis, of Meadville, Pa., passed to spirit-life November 6th. Mr. Bemis in the Cassadagan, of which he is editor says: "It has been the same old story, Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted, because they were no more of earth. Our daughter was a bright, cheerful soul, carrying joy and sunshine wherever she went; so it is comforting to believe, while earthly homes are stricken and shadowed, she has carried light and joy to the waiting ones on the other shore." THE JOURNAL tenders to Mr. Bemis and the other bereaved ones, sympathy in their sad loss of a beloved daughter, wife and mother.

WORTHINGTON'S Illustrated Magazine and Literary Treasury is the name of a new monthly designed for the family, the first issue of which will appear in January. To this number Mary A. Livermore, Helen Campbell, Junius Henri Browne, Edwin Arnold and Lillian Whiting will contribute. Mr. Worthington has had much experience as a publisher, and judging from the announcement received, he will make a good magazine. His name is a guarantee of the success of anything he undertakes. Sara A. Underwood is announced to contribute an article to the second number of this magazine on the "Chicago Woman's Clubs." \$2.50 per year; 25 cents a number. A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.

THIS week the subscribers of THE JOURNAL are presented with a fine likeness of Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, taken from the only picture of her in existence, so far as her family knows. Elsewhere will be found also a sketch of her life. Mrs. Spence contributed a series of articles to THE JOURNAL in 1879 on "My Association with People of the Other World." Another series of articles by her printed in THE JOURNAL was entitled "Are All Souls Immortal."

THE Chicago Woman's News for November 5th has a synopsis of a paper read by Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler before a meeting of the Moral Educational Society on "The One Question in the World," in which she says, "Equality of opportunity, responsibility and power everywhere to the sexes is necessary to the development, health and harmony of the individual."

AN independent course of lectures is being given in Army and Navy Hall, Cleveland, under arrangements made by Mr. C. Bird Gould of that city. Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, B. F. Underwood, and Mrs. R. S. Lillie are among those announced in the course.

THROUGH the generosity of a friend the publisher of THE JOURNAL will send a copy of the paper one year to every medium who wishes it and is unable to pay for it and will apply for it and give name and address.

MR. ARTHUR HOWTON will speak on "Hypnotism versus Magnetism," Saturday evening, December 3rd in the apartments of Mrs. Stansell at No. 622, the Sherman House, Chicago.

NEXT week a fine, half-tone portrait of Professor Elliott Coues, will be presented to the readers of THE JOURNAL.

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

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

The Christian Religion. What is to be its Final Outcome? By An Old Farmer. H. L. Green, Publisher, Buffalo, N. Y. Pp. 36. Price, 15 cents.

This essay consists of a series of magazine articles which were originally published in *The Freethinkers' Magazine*. It is an effort to show that Christianity as a supernatural system of religion will in the next century take its place among the mythologies of ancient nations. The work is marked by earnestness and it shows a pretty thorough acquaintance with the subject treated. The author evidently has been a Christian minister and has outgrown the creed which he taught from the pulpit. It is possible, however, that he is too sanguine in regard to the speedy decay of Christianity, which is one of the great historic religions and is likely to endure many centuries, retaining its name and its more general elements, while that which is special in it, its positive dogmas as well as its rites and ceremonies are likely to decline or to be greatly modified. Evolution is along the line of the existing order of things and old systems of religion may persist through centuries in which that which was valued at an early day is entirely outgrown and that which was little esteemed in the past receives special emphasis. However, this work is a thoughtful essay and it will stimulate many to think on this subject which the author has treated so ably and so fully.

Hypnotism. By Jules Claritre. No. 6 of Neely's Library of Choice Literature. Chicago: F. T. Neely, pp. 245. Paper, price, 50 cents.

This translation of the work of a well-known French novelist, is an interesting story whose aim is to point out the danger of hypnotic suggestion on the minds of weak-willed persons by stronger though immoral intellects. Jean Mornas, an unprincipled, moneyless, medical student, was the half-lover of a beautiful orphan girl, Lucie Lorin. He possessed the hypnotic power, and the young girl, under his influence, robbed an old banker, and during the robbery the old man fell and was killed. The young girl was traced to her home and arrested after she had given the money to her lover. The story enters into the mental and physical conditions of hypnotism, and in its tragic features, is well worked out. The better possibilities of hypnotic suggestion are however portrayed through the kindly old physician who, naturally doubtful of all new scientific developments in medical lore, tries his own powers of hypnotism over the poor victim's mind in order to find out the real criminal so that he may save a pure girl's life from sacrifice. This he does and the real criminal commits suicide to save himself from prison.

The Fortunes of Toby Trafford. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard; pp. 315. Price, \$1.25. (A. C. McClurg & Co., 117-121 Wabash Ave., Chicago.)

Naturalness is the distinguishing character of Trowbridge's stories. "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," is an admirable story, whose plot it would be wrong to divulge. It is what might happen in a thousand places. Its scenes and its people are everywhere; only few writers have Trowbridge's eyes to see them. The hero is not an impossibly good boy, but he has manly instincts; and he is kept from follies and mistakes by the counsels of an excellent mother, and of his wise and noble-hearted schoolmaster. Boys will follow his career and his good and bad fortune with genuine interest. Whoever has tried his hand at writing stories—and there are few writers who have not—must envy Trowbridge for his easy mastery of the art.

Sun Prints in Sky Tints. Original designs with appropriate selections by Irene E. Jerome. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$3.00.

This work is by the author of several volumes, among which may be mentioned "In a Fair Country," "One Year's Sketch-Book," "Message of the Bluebird," "From an Old Love Letter," etc., etc. It contains over thirty illustrations, engraved on wood, accompanied by appropriate selections in prose and verse. It has elegant cover designs, 7½ by 11¼ inches. In this book there is a departure from the beaten path. The pages are printed in blue in delicate tints, by which the lights and shadows are brought out and full explan-

ation is given to the drawings. The cover is novel and descriptive. The sketches were made from nature without the aid of a camera and their character is finely preserved by the work of the engraver on wood. Miss Jerome has the gift of suggestion. Her sketches of meadow and mountain, woodland and lake, forest roads, bird and plant life, and her flowers, ferns and grasses, all illustrate the conception of the poet or the thought of the prose writer. The harmony between the sentiments of the selections and the illustrations evinces not only artistic power but refined taste and poetical appreciation.

In Health. By A. J. Ingersoll, M. D., with Portrait of the Author. Fourth Edition. Revised. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (A. C. McClurg & Co., 117-121 Wabash Ave., Chicago.) Pp. 261. Price, \$1.00.

Dr. Ingersoll's work relates to the influence of the spiritual life over the physical part of man. The author has been a physician many years and is well qualified to write on subjects concerning which his experience has given him large knowledge. He claims that diseases, especially those of women, are curable through spiritual influences, when the patients are willing to commit themselves entirely to God, with full faith that he is able to restore them to health. He says, "I believe it (the sex-life) to be not only the life which brought into existence, but the life of the whole body, and although it now holds a low and despised place, I know that Christ is able to redeem it and beget in us divine life and reverence for it." The work coming from a practical physician is rather unique. The author is opposed to modern Spiritualism and quite orthodox.

Baron Trump's Marvellous Underground Journey. By Ingersoll Lockwood. Illustrated by Charles Howard Johnson. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1892. Price \$1.25. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Mr. Lockwood's versatility and unflinching humor were never displayed to better advantage than in this new wonder book. The Little Baron, after reading Don Fum's book on "A World within a World," immediately starts on a voyage of discovery and investigation. The story of his adventures in entering Polyphemus Funnel, the entrance to this wonderful world, and among the Mikkamenkies, Soodopsies, Koltikwerps, and other strange peoples who live inside our earth, is a wonderful chronicle of the marvellous, running over with bright ideas, quaint conceits, and wholesome fun. The illustrations are most attractive, and add much to the interest of the work.

Fighting for the Right. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 363. Price \$1.50.

This work belongs to the Blue and Gray Series. It is a stirring, thrilling story of struggle, adventure, hair-breadth escapes, pleasant re-unions, glowing reminiscences of peril, told with much strength, simplicity and effectiveness. It is a story that will make the boys glad. There breathes through the entire volume a spirit of aspiration toward generosity, self-sacrifice and courage, toward love of one's neighbor and one's country, indeed, aspiration for noble, high things, which makes Oliver Optic's stories not merely interesting but valuable for their moral influence upon the young.

Love's Temptation, or a Heart Laid Bare. By Emilie Edwards. Chicago: N. C. Smith Publishing Co. Pp. 165.

The author of this story writes in a very pleasant style and weaves into her plot a number of interesting incidents. There is the usual amount of love and romance, with a good deal of sentiment and fortunately not much tragedy. It is a story that will interest young people.

Short Talks on Character Building. By George T. Howerton, M. S. Illustrated. New York: Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East 21st, 1892, pp. 227. Cloth, \$1.00.

This work which the author says is not offered as a literary production but contains thoughts hastily thrown together between pressing duties, offers advice and suggestions on the formation of character. The author goes into the theme directly and shows how much society needs instruction with regard to the practical development of character. Birth, education and regeneration, the three fundamental elements of true individuality and their relation to the future of youth and maiden are portrayed. What marriage has to do

with us and for us receives a good share of consideration and the common habits of society are critically diagnosed for what they are worth. The work is not prosy nor in the style of the ordinary preacher, and while the style is off hand and conversational, numerous illustrations and anecdotes make the work interesting as well as instructive. The author recommends the study of phrenology and mentions Spurzheim, Combe, the Fowlers and Sizer as authors to study.

MAGAZINES.

The November Free Thinkers' Magazine contains for its frontispiece a portrait of Dr. B. W. Wetmore. The opening article is by Voltarine De Cleyre and is entitled "In What God Shall We Trust?" Henry M. Tabor writes on "Civil Liberty." Dyer D. Lam writes on "Ancient and Modern Thought." Dr. Wetmore has a "Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects." The Editor gives a good life sketch of Dr. Wetmore, who is a man of ability and a writer on evolution and cognate subjects.—The Eclectic for November is a very instructive number. "The Last Great Roman" by Sir Herbert Maxwell; "The Growth of Industrial Peace" by John Rae; "Jupiter's Satellites;" "The Sun Among His Peers" by J. Ellard Gore, and "Progress in Aerial Navigation" by Hiram S. Maxim are among the valuable papers printed in this issue. New York: E. R. Pelton, publisher, 144 Eighth st.—The Cycle for September opens with a paper entitled "A Stateswoman of the Revolution," by Sara A. Underwood. Two portraits of Mrs. Adams, one representing her at the age of 21 and the other at 60 constitute the frontispiece of this number. "Let us Have a Code of American Manners" by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren and "Societies for the Investigation and Assistance of the Woman Wage-Worker" by M. C. Kelly are among the other contributions. Mrs. J. C. Croly, editor, 36 Union Sq., New York, by the Cycle Co.—The Phrenological Journal and Science of Health for November is up to date in its consideration of current events. For instance, "The Late Arctic Expedition" and its commander, Lieut. R. E. Peary, receive an appreciative notice with several illustrations. Then follows a sketch of the doings in Chicago, touching the Columbus Exposition; several of the large buildings are given, and a portrait of the President of the Directory, Mr. Higginbotham. A sketch of Mr. Whittier with excellent portrait follows. Fowler & Wells Co., publishers, 25 East 21st Street, New York.

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To me that have grown,
Stone laid upon stone,
As the stormy brood
Of English blood
Has waxed and spread
And filled the world,
With sails unfurled;
With men that may not lie;
With thoughts that can not die.

Bring me my dead!
Into the storied hall,
Where I have garnered all
My harvest without weed;
My chosen fruits of goodly seed:
And lay him gently down among
The men of state, the men of song:
The men that would not suffer wrong:
The thought-worn chieftains of the mind:
Head servants of the human kind.

Bring me my dead!
The autumn sun shall shed
Its beams athwart the bier's
Heaped blooms; a many tears
Shall flow; his words, in cadence sweet and strong,
Shall voice the full hearts of the silent throng.
Bring me my dead!

And oh! sad wedded mourner, seeking still
For vanished hand clasp: drinking in thy ill
Of holy grief, forgive, that pious theft
Robs thee of all, save memories, left;
Not thine to kneel beside the grassy mound
While dies the western glow, and all around
In silence; and the shadows closer creep
And whisper softly: All must fall asleep.

*Don Carlos.
—T. H. HUXLEY in *The Nineteenth Century.*

MAPLES IN OCTOBER.
BY EDWIN R. CHAMPLIN.

The trees that late were green and dun,
Like lamps whereinto oil is run,
Stand brightly lighted by the sun.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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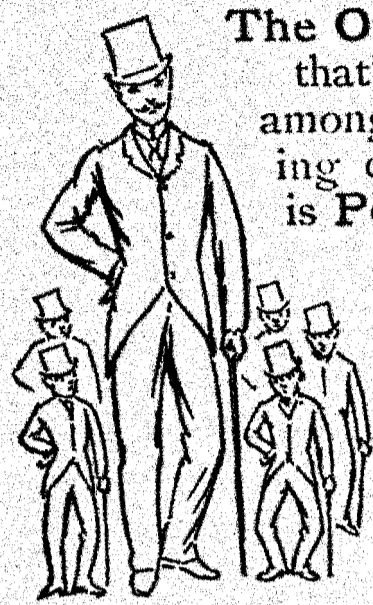
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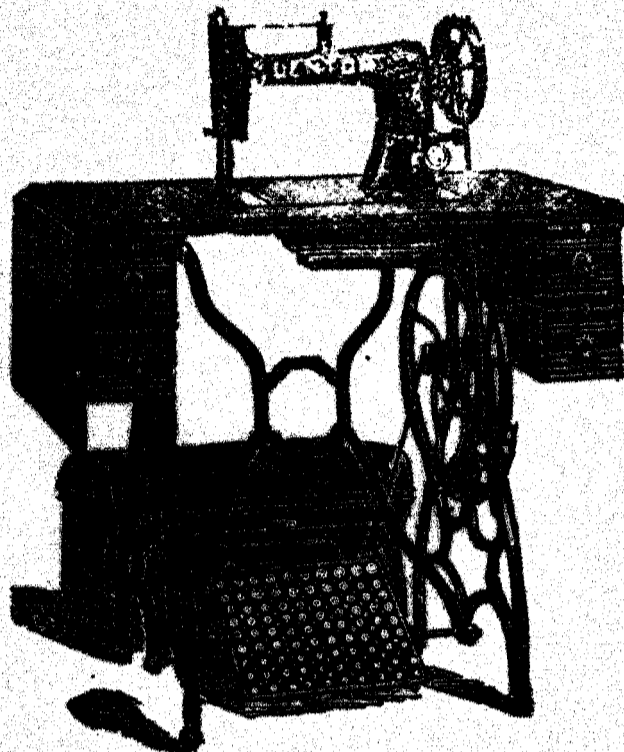
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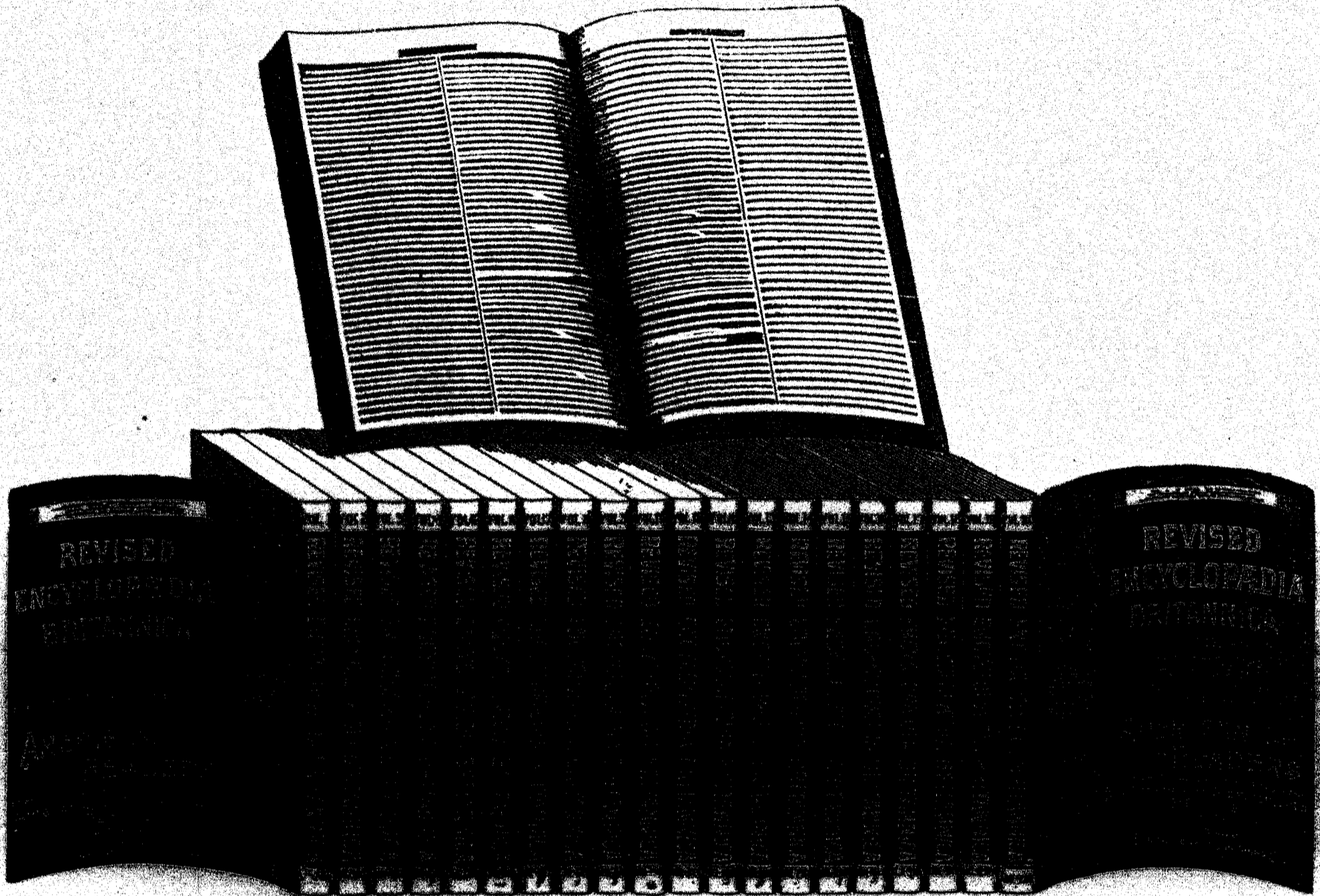
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We are very glad to learn that Judge A. H. Dailey, of Brooklyn, New York, is to

write a life of Miss Mollie Fancher. Miss Fancher will be remembered as the remarkable young woman who through an accident has been blind many years and unable to walk a step. Her psychological experiences are most remarkable and we know of no one better fitted to write her life than Judge Dailey, who has known her intimately for many years.

Miss **ABBY JUDSON** has started on a trip towards the South. She spoke in Aurora last week and is now visiting relatives in Mendota, Ill. Miss Judson is an interesting speaker and we hope that she will meet with success in her travels.

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