

RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, APRIL 8, 1893.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 3, NO. 46.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE London Publishers' Circular in commenting on the dinner given Oliver Wendell Holmes by the Boston publishers, pays him many graceful compliments, adding, "It is because he treads the common levels of humanity, softening them with tears or lightening them with laughter, that he comes so close to the hearts of the people of two hemispheres."

DREAMS are the border land where death and life seem to disport themselves hand in hand, they are the truce before the deadly conflict, the hour of badinage before the battle, says the Catholic Review. Then we roam through fairy land at will, we roll back the pages of time, we dip into visions of the future and annihilate space by a wish. They are yearning after that immortality which is to be our lot, and whether they lift us up to regions of ecstatic bliss, or plunge us into the horrors at which the unhappy Clarence shuddered, they are equally proof that the ultimate destiny of the soul is not to perish when it has burst the bonds that held it to the body.

SAYS the Banner of Light: History, all along its dreary, saddening course, is strewn with the wrecks of innocent and defenseless lives, the common penalty of striving to reach out into broader and freer fields for the truth that existed for everybody everywhere, out of the fatal reach of the binding and destroying clutch of ecclesiastical prejudice. Modern Spiritualism came to break down and destroy, at once and forever, the barriers of superstition; to beat down the dividing walls of prejudice everywhere; to open the great spiritual world to mankind without regard to creed, race, color or conditions. It announced the joyful tidings that no restriction was imposed on mortals that they should be debarred from the enjoyment of communion with those who had gone before into the world of spirits. As has been fitly said, it was a Declaration of Spiritual Independence.

THE invention of Prof. Elisha Gray, the telautograph, which as its name implies, is designed to transmit in facsimile by wire any pen marks made on paper, is to be put on the market next fall by a company formed for the purpose: Prof. Gray has been seven years employed in working out this problem. What is likely to be the commercial value of the invention? The projectors see a great future for it. In the first place, it is claimed that the invention will supplant the whole machinery of the present telegraph aside from the poles and wires. A cheap boy in an office who can write will do the work of an expert telegrapher with this machine. More often the operator will not need to write at all, but merely feed to the instrument the copy of the person sending a dispatch. Persons at a distance can be identified where acquainted with the autographs of one another. Arbitrary signs or trade marks can be dispatched in orders for goods, etc. The person at either end of the wire can file away for future reference an exact copy of his own dispatch as well as that of the one

received. The receiver works without any attention. Hence to offices where instruments are placed, dispatches may be sent, which will be found duly written out in facsimile when the occupant of the office returns, and thus dispatches received at a main office in town can be distributed to places having instruments without the aid of messengers, and when no one is present to receive them. The wires cannot be tapped in this case, and hence a secrecy in the transmission of messages is possible which is not so with either the telegraph or telephone. Sketches of places, portraits, diagrams and maps can be transmitted by wire, and hence the value of the invention to newspapers. If all this is to be accomplished, it will be seen that Prof. Gray's invention must indeed have before it the prospect of supplanting the telegraph and to some degree perhaps the telephone.

BARON HASTINGS, a member of the English House of Lords, was sentenced the other day in a London police court to imprisonment for three months with the alternative of a fine of fifty pounds, for conduct towards a little waiting-maid too gross to describe. This is the latest illustration of the degradation among the English aristocracy, and it occurred when the reading public had not forgotten the previous illustration supplied by the disgusting scandals of the Howard de Walden divorce suit. These instances of degradation of the British aristocracy cannot fail, in one respect, to have a beneficial effect. The people who might tolerate a House of Lords decent, if not exemplary, in the personal character of its members, will not long consent to have a veto power on popular legislation remain in the hands of such men as Lord Howard de Walden and Baron Hastings. They have a right to expect that their lawmakers will not be sots and ruffians, and that the candidate for jail shall not sit among the rulers of the land. The days of the House of Lords are numbered, and cases like those of Hastings hasten the time of its extinction.

IN a ten page article on Automatic Writing in the April Arena, B. F. Underwood, after giving some samples of the messages received, in discussing their origin, presents objections to the theory that they come from the sub-conscious self, as follows: Assuming that these messages which purport to come from extra-terrene minds are expressions of the sub-conscious or secondary self, why does that self claim to be a spirit apart from the primary self, a spirit that once lived in the flesh, but is now incarnate? Why does it represent itself at different times as different spirits of varying degrees of intelligence and moral character? Why does it control the hand to write messages, and ascribe them to hundreds of persons, distinguished and undistinguished, who are dead? Why does it thus intentionally or unwittingly deceive the principal self? If it possess sanity, knowledge, discrimination and judgment necessary to write intelligently, to discuss philosophical questions, compose verses, and give detailed circumstantial statements respecting events and scenes, should it not be able to distinguish between this mundane state of being and another, real or imagined, which is supra-mundane, between

itself and other personalities—Boehme, Emerson, Lincoln, Bryant, and many unknown to fame? If the lower self has the power to make these distinctions, why does the writing purport to be directed by many spirits? Why is this lower self so untruthful and given to deception when the upper self is, as to veracity and trustworthiness, beyond suspicion? If the sub-conscious self really imagines that it is, at different times, all the personalities it claims to be, that its thoughts and feelings and its expressions of them are those of persons as unlike in intellect and character as a John Stuart Mille and a digger Indian, how shall we reconcile this fact with the average intelligence and reasoning power which it exhibits in the communications given? If the sub-conscious self is half asleep, dreaming, or undisciplined in thought, or if, as Mr. F. W. H. Myers imagines, it has "an indifferenced perceptivity which antecedes sensory specialization and which the specialization of the nerve stimuli, to which terrestrial evolution conducts us, may restrict as well as clarify," or if from any other cause, it is subject to illusion and hallucination, still the question remains unanswered: How can thoughtful, discriminating statements and reasoned thought come from such a mental source?

SOME of the difficulties involved in ascribing all these messages which are written automatically to spirits, Mr. Underwood states as follows: On the other hand the frequent assumption of great names, and giving communications as from those who bore these names, which indicate but very ordinary intelligence; the impossibility of obtaining generally any test statements pertaining to the personality or thought of those whose names are given, beyond the knowledge and grasp of the medium; the impossibility, at least except rarely, of getting a statement of facts and circumstances to identify the communicating intelligence; the disinclination to give names when the investigator shows a disposition to ask searching questions; the indefinite and commonplace character of most of the messages, even from the "advanced" spirits, and the undoubted inferiority of what purports to come from great minds compared with their acknowledged works, written when they were alive on earth; the certainty that in the writing are usually, sometimes more than others, indications of the medium's thought and peculiarities, though produced without his or her conscious effort; these are among the facts which make careful thinkers, even those who see no a priori reasons against spirit intercourse, doubtful of the agency of spirits in producing the writing. That there are communications written as from spirits, to which few if any of these objections apply, must in fairness be admitted—those in which the handwriting, characteristic style, including peculiarities of expression of the person whose name is given, all unknown to the medium, are reproduced; those in which detailed statements unknown to the medium and all others present are made, disbelieved, and afterwards learned to be substantially correct, statements of a personal character apparently sufficient to prove the identity of the intelligence from which the messages purport to come. What is the explanation of these facts? Do double consciousness and telepathy give it?

THE BASIS OF IMMORTALITY.

The truth cannot be too often repeated, that the deepest realities lie beneath appearances. The superficial, commonplace mind realizes only what appeals directly to sense, but the thinker knows that the objects of sense, as such, are but phenomena of the realities which they symbolize. The visible is the evanescent, while the invisible is the abiding, the enduring. Matter itself, in the crucible of science, is reducible to sensations, to states of consciousness. Considered objectively in the light of science solid matter melts into the liquid, the liquid dissipates into gas and gas itself admits of a condition in which the density may be, as computed by Prof. Lockyer, only the one-two-hundredth-millionth part of that of hydrogen gas, the lightest substance known to man. Thus in its primal stage, matter itself objectively considered, is invisible, unrecognizable to all the senses. Ether, whether it be called matter or spirit, or the medium between the two, or by any other name, can only be imagined, and thus the mental image is formed from what we know of matter. Everywhere underlying the world apparent to the senses is a world with which the senses never come in contact.

The author of a little work which recently came into our hands, entitled, "The Cosmic Ether and Its Problems," by B. B. Lewis, contains some suggestive thoughts on this subject. We cannot do better than to quote an eloquent passage from this work:

"The scepter of the universe, is, to him, (the man of science) no longer swayed by the aggregations of material star systems, but is relegated, once for all, to the hands of the infinite Ether, that unseen monarch who holds all matter in the hollow of an almighty hand, as a glittering bauble; a plaything of an hour, in time's unending duration; into whose illimitable bosom the constellations of a yesterday's eternity have been absorbed, and of all that once was, have left no visible trace; and from out of whose transparent depths, when the morrow's eternity shall dawn, at the hands of this master architect, shall spring new universes and groupings of the innumerable celestial hosts; more wondrous in their design, more sweet in their tuneful harmony, more magnificent in the regal grandeur of their material constellated splendor; while, far and wide, about these glowing monarchs of space, doubtless shall circle, as in the old time, subsidiary realms of matter, fit boudoirs and world gardens, in which the omnipresent life shall be again incarnate, and clothing itself in the material form, shall from it evolve a procreative entity that shall again rise, through successive gradations, to a soulful intelligence, which, in its more lofty conception may be able, perchance, to strike a chord in harmony with the majestic march of a time that knows no beginning, and to which there can be no ending; whose theatre is a space that is limitless, tenanted by a power coextensive with it, and of necessity omnipotent."

What is this ether? Some writers have defined it as a condition of matter so inconceivably attenuated as to bear no resemblance to anything that we know as matter. It has been and is yet held by some thinkers that ether is the primordial condition of matter out of which atoms have been formed and the various conditions of matter produced. Another theory, which has scientific authority on its side is that matter is merely certain movements of the ether, certain vortical motions which, if they are broken, leave the matter to return to the original condition, that is to the condition of ether. One theory is that ether is some kind of substance utterly unlike matter, but which is necessary as a means for matter to act and to manifest itself. Which ever theory be true, there is a boundless realm, presumably infinite in extent and eternal in duration, which encircles all systems within visual or telescopic range and in which, though imperceptible to the physical senses, we live and move and have our being. Although this realm is invisible and intangible, it is all-pervasive.

Sometimes Spiritualists have argued that spirit is a kind of refined, rarified, attenuated matter, a kind of matter which reaches a certain degree of refine-

ment, which enables it to retain identity of form and identity of consciousness as well; but this idea has no philosophical basis. All material combinations are subject to segregation. All material things that are formed are subject to dissolution. The idea that the human soul is composed or is the result of an aggregation of material atoms and molecules, having been formed by some inherent power which brought them together, giving rise to the intelligence and consciousness of the human being, carries with it the conception of the ultimate separation of these atoms, the dissolution of the individual and the destruction of the accompanying consciousness. The doctrine of immortality is not tenable for a moment based upon the conception of material particles, as the substratum, as the ultimate substance and cause of intelligence. Immortality must have some more enduring basis than can be found in the phenomenal world. It must have a foundation in that which is not subject to aggregation and segregation of atoms. It must have its basis in an eternal reality, by whatever name it is called, which is not subject to generation, decay, or death.

The great philosopher, Immanuel Kant, who was unwilling to recognize the doctrine of necessity saw clearly that the doctrine was a necessary consequence of the view that the mind of man, including the human will, is a part of the phenomenal world. He, therefore, recognized the human will as belonging to the noumenal order, so to speak, thus excluding it from the region of material causation, such as is known to us. There may be a profounder truth in Kant's conception than is commonly recognized by those who adopt the theory of evolution. Is it not probable that the human soul, all that which is essential in man belongs to the infinite and the eternal, and though it has a beginning here as an individualized being of sense and sensation, never had a beginning and will never have an end; indeed is not subject to the limitations of space any more than to those of time. Have not the philosophies and religions that have influenced the thoughts and destinies of men, recognized the human soul as a part of the Infinite Spirit, as an emanation from the universal, divine power? And may we not philosophically, in the light of what science teaches to-day, contemplate every human being as having existed in and as a part of the infinite and eternal power from all eternity? May we not regard the process of evolution, by which human life and character have been evolved on this planet, as a process which is only one, and indeed the most superficial aspect of a great movement, by which the soul had been brought into an experience, which it otherwise could not have acquired, in order to fit it for and introduce it to other stages of being, of which it is not possible in this condition of life to have any representative conception? Certainly it is absurd to conceive a human soul, a Shakespeare, a Goethe, a George Elliot, as having been evolved in a few thousand or a few hundred thousand years without any antecedent soul-life from a condition which was once a mere nebulous mass of matter. Such an evolution requires for an intelligent understanding of it as possible, the assumption of potencies and tendencies in the soul when it commences the process of development, of which mere physical evolution takes no cognizance whatever; and here we have an intimation of the doctrine of immortality, not an immortality based upon an idea of the aggregation of material particles, but an immortality founded upon the idea of an eternal past during which the human soul existed, but in a condition of which we know nothing, but perhaps quite as conceivable as that in which we shall continue to exist after our earthly pilgrimage. This, indeed, substantially was the view of the great mystic Boehme, whose thought, although it was regarded as vague and fantastic by his contemporaries and has been so regarded by his successors who could not comprehend him, is likely to find strong confirmation in the very soundest and most conservative teachings of modern science. Let Spiritualists abandon the crude ideas which so many of their exponents and expounders have put forth about spirit being a sort of refined matter and rise to the high

table-lands of that philosophy which has had the support of the wise teachers of the past and now has the support to a large degree of the best scientific thought of to-day.

As Arthur Sherburne Hardy says in the April Atlantic, in a little poem on "Immortality."

My window is the open sky,
The flower in farthest wood is mine;
I am the heir to all gone by,
The eldest son of all the line.
And when the robbers Time and Death
Athwart my path conspiring stand,
I cheat them with a clod, a breath,
And pass the sword from hand to hand!

AGNOSTICISM IN CHURCHES.

The whole virtue of modern thought lies in its positive teachings and constructive tendencies. The worst form of agnosticism is in the churches, among their members and even ministers who have a don't-know-what-to-say-about-it feeling.

They don't like the doctrine of eternal punishment, but will not say distinctly whether they believe in or not. They find the notion of Satanic agency rather barbarous and repulsive, yet they feel that if Satan goes, other things will have to go with him. They begin to recognize an extraordinary and uncomfortable likeness between the Jewish miracles, which orthodoxy requires them to believe, and the heathen miracles which sanity requires them to reject. Whether the demands of sanity are fully met by the rejection simply of the heathen ones, is a difficult and painful question. It is hard to understand why it should be so very false that Orpheus piped up the walls of Troy, and so very true that Gideon blew down the walls of Jericho; so utterly absurd that an ox should have discoursed in Latin at a grave crisis in the affairs of Rome, and so reasonable that an ass should have addressed Balaam in good Hebrew; so preposterous that Arion should have made a sea voyage on the back of a dolphin, and so thoroughly credible that Jonah should have made one in the belly of a whale.

Then comes up the question of the infallibility of the Bible, whether it extends to everything contained in the sacred volume, or only to certain parts; if the latter, where and how and on whose authority, the line is to be drawn. On all these points thousands are sadly at sea; and the general refuge is a kind of agnosticism which exclaims: "We don't know, we can't know—what's the use of bothering?" which savors more of intellectual imbecility than anything else.

EASTER.

In the Christian mind immortality is typified by the belief that Jesus rose from the dead in his material body, though this is not and never has been a very definite and wholly unquestioned belief. Indeed now quite generally in the churches while the hope of immortality is exalted, the idea of a physical resurrection is disbelieved. A great many Christians discredit the story of the risen body, refusing to believe that Jesus rose from the dead, having the same body that belonged to him before the crucifixion. While believing in the renewal of their existence after bodily dissolution, they refuse to accept the resurrection of the body in its physiological sense; and if the free and honest opinion of intelligent Christian people could be obtained, it is doubtful whether a large proportion of them would say that they believed in the physical resurrection, at least without making many very important qualifications.

Yet the advent of Easter was hailed by the Christian world this year, as it has through so many centuries after the Lenten season, with flowers, music, religious service, pleasant greetings and many expressions of joy. The reason is that Easter has a larger meaning than theology or mythology has given to it. The reasons for its being a gladsome festival are world-wide and deep in the heart of nature.

The fact that this spring festival was observed by the Teutons, especially the Anglo-Saxons of England

and the old Saxons in Germany, long before Christianity came to them, and that the observance of Easter can be easily traced back to the goddess of spring of the old Teutonic mythology, makes it no less a joyous festival. Among the Saxons of England it signified the return of Spring, the triumph of the god of light and heat and goodness over the god of darkness, cold, death and all that was regarded as bad. It brought the songs of birds, the fragrance of flowers, the budding of trees, the annual resurrection of nature from its wintry grave. According to the mythology of our heathen ancestors, during the first twelve nights of May, the two supreme deities, the one representing the warm Sun, the other representing Mother Earth, united and from this union in the springtime, Summer was born. The word Easter is the name of the heathen god of Spring worshiped by the Anglo-Saxons. When the Teutonic tribes were converted to Christianity their beliefs and customs too firmly established to be given up, received new meanings. The resurrection of nature was the resurrection of Christ; the egg which was the symbol of nature's reproductive power, awakening into activity, came to be a symbol of Christ's return to life after he had been three days in the grave. The gods and goddesses of our forefathers have disappeared and religious beliefs have changed; but Spring has lost none of its magic charm and Easter the festival of Spring, still makes joyous the hearts of millions. All may celebrate it, for it symbolizes that active principle recognized by every philosophy and every religion, which is manifested to all in the germination and growth of the myriad forms of life.

OUR NATIONAL GREATNESS.

There is no question that the United States is becoming rapidly an overshadowing nationality. Our national greatness has ceased to be a matter merely of prophecy and grandiose declamation. The tone of condescension which used to characterize the strictures of European critics upon men and things in America is not indulged in now to the extent that it was a few years ago. Even the Parisian litterateur, laying aside his usual style of banter, now speaks of America with respect, awed by the shadow of its coming supremacy. Americans are now so well assured of the commanding position of their country that they have lost some of their formerly foolish sensitiveness to European criticism, as shown by their comparative indifference to what was said recently by Rudyard Kipling and earlier by Matthew Arnold after his visit here. The United States ought to be the grandest nationality in the world from the very fact that it is the last which civilization has evolved in the circuit of the globe. As Bishop Berkeley wrote in the spirit of prophecy in the early part of the eighteenth century:

"Westward, the course of empire takes its way,
The first four acts already past.
A fifth shall close the drama with the day
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

We are as a nation wholly modern and human life is lived here in a freer, more cheerful, hopeful and better environment, socially and physically both, than ever attended it elsewhere in any past age. If a single century has placed us at the head of existing nations, what will another century do? And it may be said that our growth is in the interests of mankind at large. It is not exclusive and it is not a menace to the outside world. We are not a military nation, are indeed generally unarmed and defenseless both by sea and land, that is, unarmed against a sudden attack, and yet the greatest military nations of the old world, with great statesmen at their head show a disposition to impress us with friendship. This is a recognition of our real greatness and yet what a motley gathering there is here of all races, tongues and creeds at our hospitable board. The most ignorant and destitute of these guests from the outside world make themselves the most at home here and already some of them are anxious to exclude other outsiders, who are as good as, or better than themselves. This is rather amusing.

Our progress and growth have been no mere accident, no mere results of place and time, though place and time have been our auxiliaries. Our advancement has been the product of American genius, of an activity, shrewdness, inventiveness, calculation, foresight and daring, peculiarly American. These qualities have served to furnish employment, bread and comfort to myriads of European peasants who in their own countries live down on a very low level. Our energies have been devoted solely to pacific ends and aims, and as a result the average American has more means than the average man of any other nationality ever had. What other country ever had such hosts of people with the power as well as the wish to travel extensively. We have our Vanderbilts and Astors, it is true, but we also have the millions of our average population living in abundance and many of them in affluence. This is the first country, in fact, to have a thoroughly well-to-do population with thousands and even millions of comfortable homes.

The fact that Americans are now the most munificent patrons of French art and artists and that some of the leading Parisian painters can live in elegance and splendor because of the patronage of American millionaires is freely allowed by Parisian writers. These writers prophesy that we shall have a host of artists ourselves who will place us above the necessity of going abroad for works of art; for they see that we are not merely rich like the Lydians of old, whose gold the Greeks took while they sneered at their barbarism. In all the great art centers of Europe there are young Americans, many of them who are making Europeans aware that we are not merely given up to money-getting. We abound already in enthusiastic scholars who prefer the "student's bower" to the mart of traffic, who are alive to the dictates of the soul or of their higher nature. It must be admitted that our money-making population rose rapidly to great heroic ideas of fortitude and denial during the War of the Rebellion. Myriads of heroic boys left their homes and friends for the defense of principle and their country's unity and honor. Now the best part of our population is ready to rally, to meet the emergency of political demoralization and to overthrow the demagogue and his following of roughs as soon as public opinion is sufficiently concentrated upon their misdoings. It is about time that the patience of the better part of the population of Chicago were exhausted in consideration of the misrule and general inefficiency in the municipal administration and we look at no distant time for action on the part of the self-respecting population of the city to hurl out of power those who have made the city government a stench in the nostrils of honest men. Meanwhile the great success of America means in the long run the Americanization to a large extent of other parts of the world.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

"Edna," a contributor to Light, says in that journal in regard to automatic writing: During the past few years it has been my privilege to witness nearly every form of spiritual manifestation, including clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance speaking, physical phenomena, including movement of objects, raps, passage of matter through matter, trance painting, direct production of pictures, spirit photography, etc. These and other forms of manifestation by unseen powers are all more or less convincing to an earnest seeker after spiritual truth. But throughout the whole of my investigations into occult phenomena, what is known as automatic writing has always seemed to me to be the most satisfactory and convincing form of spirit manifestation. When writing is aided by good clairvoyance, that is to say, when in addition to the written message the medium, either before or after he has penned it, is able to see and to describe the communicator as he appears to his "inner vision," you have a communication meriting careful consideration and balancing of probabilities. Again, when you find in these written messages a reproduction by the persons from whom they purport to come of certain words or phrases in use by him or her when in

earth life, coupled with (as often occurs) total ignorance on the part of the medium of the personality of the communicator, you are driven to the conclusion that the evidential value of these writings is very considerable, and to a large extent nullifies doubts raised by the puerilities, incoherent sentences, and errors in fact, which are often to be found in them. To put it briefly: If A. B. deceased, whose personal characteristics or modes of expression are known to me alone, writes me a message by a medium in which all or any of his peculiarities when in earth-life are reproduced, the evidential value of the message is very great. Among many hundreds of messages got by us through our family medium during the past three years this has been matter of constant experience, and though there still remain many unsolved, and it may be insoluble, problems connected with this form of communication between "the two worlds," it has always appeared to me the most convincing and satisfactory. I am glad to find that so eminent an investigator into psychic phenomena as Mr. F. W. H. Myers has come to be of this opinion, as is evidenced by the concluding sentences of his interesting paper entitled, "Terrene Knowledge on the Part of Phantasms of the Dead," published in the July part of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research (pp. 251-52).

THERE is great lack of information in regard to the steps necessary to take to obtain a copyright. The following directions should be observed: According to the terms of the United States law, any person desiring a copyright of a "book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, cut, print, photograph or chromo, or a description of a painting, drawing or statute," must send on or before the day of publication of such work a printed copy of its title to the Librarian of Congress. And he must also, not later than the day of its publication, send two copies of his work to the Librarian of Congress. With the title page he must also send \$1, which is the complete fee demanded for a copyright, and upon the receipt of the two copies of the work the Librarian of Congress is required to send to the applicant a paper certifying that his work has been copyrighted. This is all that is necessary to secure a copyright in a book which has been printed from type set up within the United States. Every new and revised edition must also be protected by copyright. The law provides that copyrights can be taken out by the children of authors, and nothing is said that bars out minor children.

A DREAM.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

Methought the night was on me, such a night!
Wherein shone neither moon nor any light,
Stilled the atmosphere, enwrapped in gloom,
And silent earth appeared one giant tomb.

My heart was heavy, and I strained my ear
Some voice, a sound, even dissonance to hear,
Without, there seemed, stretched far on either side,
A crowded graveyard, desolate and wide.

And while I breathless stood, alone, intent
On the wide silence, as of nature, spent,
And wearied unto death, there came a tone
As from some instrument anear God's throne.

Higher! swelling higher, and grander as it swelled
As if the music of all spheres it held,
Like pealing organ, given e'er time was done,
The power to blend all harmonies in one.

Then as my awe grew deeper, with that strain,
Uprose a ghastly, yet sublime refrain,
For as the pealing thunderous organ led,
Joined all the awful voices of the dead.

"Be Thou O God exalted High!" thus rose
The solemn chant, triumphant to the close,
And dust and worms such strains toward heaven sent,
As thrilled earth's center, pierced the firmament.

So when I waked I pondered in my bed,
What meant that anthem of the sleeping dead
Save that their spirits, haply hovering by,
With Thee O God, still live, exalted high.

EASTER.

BY CARL BURELL.

Jesus of Nazareth was dead;
The disciples moaned and wept;
But over all with sleepless eye
Great Love her vigil kept,
For she knew all, how they would soon
Forget what they had lost
When Christ should rise and God should come
Again at Pentecost,
When she should hear them tell with joy
Over and over again,
How Jesus lived—how Jesus died—
How Jesus rose again.

To-day another crisis comes;
We hear with grief and pain
The learned skeptic coolly say:
"Christ never rose again!"
But Love her ceaseless vigil keeps
To-day as well as when
Jesus of Nazareth lived and died
For the good of his fellow-men;
And she says: "Sorrowing one, weep not;
Behold ye Love's great plan
And see your risen Savior in
Your risen fellow-man."

MENTAL VISION AND CREATION.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

In THE JOURNAL of March 11th, is a paragraph taken from the Chicago Daily News which embraces the following statement:

"When I write of any particular person whom I have ever met in the past, be he a prominent public personage or the most humble of private individuals, I see his or her features and his or her mental form before my mental vision as plainly as I see any one whom I may happen to meet in my home, in a public place or on the street. Thus when I read of the death of Gen. B. F. Butler, his personal appearance was presented to my mental vision as clearly as if he were himself present to my material vision.".....

The power of reproducing images is a function of the optic structure in the encephalon. The writer is undoubtedly correct in pronouncing them "creations more perfect and potent than those material forms with which I daily and hourly come in contact." The artist Blake, it will be remembered, used to place his sitters, contemplate them in various attitudes and finally dismiss them. In due time when the working furor was upon him, he would go to his easel, then reproduce his images to his vision-sense, and paint the pictures.

Dr. Gorini relates in La France Medicale, that having fallen asleep one night while reading a book, he presently awoke, and looked upon the wall opposite his bed where the light was shining from his lamp. He observed it covered with printed characters of large size forming words regularly disposed and separated by lines like those in the book which he had been reading. He not only saw the text, but the annotations in smaller characters. This appearance continued some twenty seconds, but was reproduced every time that he opened his eyes.

We all know that objects that have stamped themselves upon the visual apparatus, like the sun or a light, leave their impression so that the image appears upon closing the eyes. I presume that there may be conditions, such as we for convenience term abnormal, where such images are perpetrated indefinitely and so seem continually before the eyes.

Indeed, when we think we are seeing, we are merely contemplating impressions produced upon our visual senses, which the mind having taken cognizance of are reproduced as objects before us. The mind will often itself impress an image upon the sensorium, and it will appear in consequence as an

gans of hearing and cause us to hear or seem to hear sounds and voices.

The faculties of imagination and memory are very active in producing such phenomena, and an excited nervous system readily gives their operations full scope. These phenomena are very common in the conditions denominated insanity; and I do not doubt that they are much more frequent with individuals regarded as normal. Doubtless, many apparitions are but reproduced images of this character, and many supposed voices from the spiritual region fall into the same category.

While saying this and believing it, I do not mean for an instant to imply that these are explanations of the whole matter. There are images produced to the sense of vision, and voices to the hearing which come from beyond the person's individuality. These are not so easy to dismiss with the sneer of being phantasm. We sometimes find ourselves when in company with others, or in close rapport with a person impressed by like sentiment, ever thinking the same thoughts, and in rarer cases beholding as it were scenes and objects which are in the mind of another. Sometimes, our own thinking faculty and judgment are thus taken possession of, or "carried away captive." Orators and revivalists sometimes exercise the power to induce this condition; but any extrinsic agency under proper circumstances, will do it. I remember a story in Harper's Magazine many years ago in which the narrator, a lady, is compelled to seek shelter from a storm in the unfinished abode of a recluse. He tells her his story, and as she listened her visual sense is entranced and she sees as in actual every day life, the house and its surroundings which the man had contemplated.

We now propose to go one step further. We believe in "men, women and gods." The human mind is no product or emanation of the physical structure, begotten with it and dying with it, but a living intelligence. Time is but a projection of the eternal; and the thinking faculty is always of that primal region of being. There are living essences of various and perhaps discrete degrees, constantly in communication and sometimes in rapport with the minds of those living in the confines of time and space. They apprehend the thought and purpose from intimate association and contact, and so may farther them, arrest them, divert them into other channels. This may be done so imperceptibly that the individual imagines it to be all of his own accord. The consciousness may be and often is, a result of disturbance, abnormality. So we may see visions, perceive voices, and have impressions which are from the world beyond us, and seem to be supernatural. I have more than once experienced this. I have also caught the impression of what was going on in another man's mind, many miles away, brought as though by the telephone. Indeed, I do suspect that this very air of our planet has telephonic qualities, if we but knew of them. Wires will not be always necessary.

Whether the Supreme Being personally thus speaks, communicates, or inspires, is too deep a question, to introduce here. So far as we can well comprehend it is all by intermediaries. I am conscious, however, of having wandered a considerable distance from my point of beginning, and I doubt whether it is very necessary to return. We may assure ourselves that we are existing in a region of mind where we interchange mental and moral conditions, unconscious thought, aye, even life itself, with a myriad of beings analogous in nature, guided sometimes by the best motives toward us, and perhaps by worse ones. We cannot live apart from them, or they from us. The world-famous microbe of modern medical invention, is not more numerous, active, or capable of good and bad results. I suppose with Silesius that we are necessary to God as well as he to us. Certainly all living persons, bodied, unbodied, disembodied, are necessary each to the other.

This comes behind this peculiar faculty of "seeing with the mind's eye," that the writer alluded to from whom we took our starting point. We never think definitely of man or object, except we give cor-

so as to reproduce it, we create it in our own minds. If we think out the right appearance we imagine ourselves gifted or inspired; but very generally, if we ever see the person or object, we have to change our conceptions.

The Brahman sages say that the Supreme One created the universe by energizing thought.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

BY EDWARD H. RANNEY.

Many persons who are capable of writing automatically believe that the motor power to thus write comes from a source extraneous to themselves. They are led to this belief because the mechanism of the writing does not appear to be a part of their ordinary selves; because occasionally information is obtained which, apparently, could not have been known beforehand; because no other hypothesis can explain it so easily and quickly and because they would much rather have such an explanation. If there is doubt they are willing to give it the benefit of it. The theory of a spiritistic source for automatic writing is certainly the most alluring one and is what every fair investigator would like to have proved; for such an end we may be said to be striving. But I submit that before we can consider so daring an hypothesis, we must exhaust all other possible explanations. Of all psychical phenomena, automatic writing seems to be unique in this respect; it is quite common and may be easily made still more familiar by practice; it is tangible and we can see its objective results; and yet, assuming the bona fides of the writer, the explanation of it is not easily made. There is mystery about it. The hand moves without any conscious effort; perhaps the chirography is different; ideas are produced, of which the operator was not thinking; very often the language is far better than the operator is capable of, and so on; all of which is familiar enough to readers upon this subject. It is all calculated to be impressive, nor is it to be wondered at, since no other satisfactory explanation is ready, that it is believed to have its origin in departed human beings. I would not be understood as saying that this is not possible. There may be cases which transcend any known explanation, but I believe that most automatic writing can be accounted for in other ways. What is here said is without prejudice to the spiritistic theory, which may, hereafter, be found to be the true explanation of some cases, which are now, it is true, quite perplexing. Whatever may be the outcome of our investigations, we are bound now to use what knowledge we possess, pushing it to its limit, in seeking to discover the true origin of this phenomenon. This, I believe, is the true modern spirit of inquiry. I venture, therefore, to say a little something about what recent study and investigation show concerning automatic writing. Readers of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research will recognize at once how much I am indebted to Mr. F. W. H. Myers. It may be said of him, as Professor Fiske said of Herbert Spencer, concerning knowledge in general, that he has contributed more to the sum and substance of our knowledge upon psychical phenomena, than any man who ever lived. In an inductive spirit he takes telepathy and the subliminal consciousness as established facts and seeks to make them account for automatic writing and all other psychical phenomena. It is only recently that we have begun to know ourselves; to know ourselves literally; to understand that the strange organization which we call the self, our personality, has much more in its makeup than we had ever dreamed of. The familiar utterance of Socrates, "Know thyself," has now a greater significance in the light given by the study of the subliminal consciousness. The word "sub-consciousness" has become a very popular one, but "subliminal," meaning "below the threshold," that is of our ordinary waking consciousness, is now considered more precise and is generally used.

The trend of speculative thought based upon specific cases examined is toward making this subliminal con-

ble of material, physical manifestations. It is not to be supposed that the capacity of the subliminal self is fully understood, but it is believed that many automatic impulses, at least, are easily traceable to this source, and the long series of automatic actions beginning with table tipping and ending with the "Daemon" of Socrates are considered to be species of automatism, and they have their beginning and end, their motive power and their mechanism within ourselves. At present we are only concerned with automatic writing; other automatic actions, if of minor importance, are not less interesting and well worthy of study. As to the existence of such a person, if we may so call it, as a subliminal self, we need not dwell on here. The evidence accumulated has been crystalizing gradually around this central fact; that there is within ourselves a potentiality capable under certain conditions of greatly extending our conscious powers. Mr. Myers puts it like this: "A stream of consciousness flows on within us, at a level beneath the threshold of ordinary waking life and this consciousness embraces unknown powers of which hypnotic phenomena give us the first sample, the scattered indications; powers sometimes exercised 'spontaneously' or at the bidding of some higher will; but sometimes also obedient to a summons sent downwards from the supraliminal self."

This subliminal self is capable of dispossessing the waking faculties of their command of ordinary conscious life, and of using their functions for purposes of its own. It may hear without our ears, see without our eyes and—the evidence points that way—project itself into distant places. In tranquil moments it guides the hand in writing heavenly messages of comfort and brings up from its treasure house long forgotten memories; at other times it flashes up to the waking mind pictures of impending trouble, and it whispers in our ears words of admonition and advice. It has the ordinary faculties of the mind as we know them, often more highly developed and unquestionably, faculties that we do not now know much about. If it writes in language that transcends our known powers of language, so much the better for us, for we have within ourselves the potency of something greater than we are. We may not hear the inward voices that Joan of Arc heard, voices that prompted her to heroic action of tremendous consequences, and we may not have a friendly "Daemon" to always keep us in the path of rectitude; but if we will listen sometimes to the "still small voice" that comes from within ourselves we shall gather knowledge, hope and courage.

It is contended that automatic writing is one kind of automatism having its source in the subliminal consciousness. Now, if by an effort of will we can make a person do a thing automatically, as for example write answers to questions, without his knowing what he is doing, while he is at the same time in full possession of his senses, we may reasonably infer that this person has within himself the power of such action which only needs, in some way to be set in motion. This can be done by post-hypnotic suggestion. We are here furnished complete parallels to many perplexing cases of automatic writing. The comparison is rendered all the greater for the reason that now, after much warning, the hypnotic state is not considered to be indicative of anything abnormal. It indicates neither disease or health for that matter, and is a state in which most persons may be placed, without, speaking generally, any consequences whatever. It is most like normal sleep, although this comparison only adds difficulties of explanation to a condition already possessing enough of its own. The obeying of commands given in a hypnotized state is not so infrequent as to excite much comment, and under this head appear many forms of automatic writing. But it must be considered that we have made a tremendous stride when a person, in obedience to a command given in a hypnotic state, writes automatically answers to questions that are afterwards propounded in his ordinary waking state. It is the very proof we are looking for; a proof of a conscious intelligence within us, capable not only of formulating ideas but of expressing them in a visible,

tangible way. If it be said that the case about to be referred to is unique, solitary, it should be answered that this is true. But that we should have had one such case in the comparatively brief time that these questions have been studied is sufficient to make us pause in our judgments. Solitary as it is, it is yet said to "mark the highest degree yet attained of proof of the origination of automatic writing in the recesses of the writer's own identity." The case is Professor Pierre Janet's, a girl of nineteen, called by him Louise. It is fully set forth and analyzed in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, to which I am indebted for the account. After some preliminary practice M. Janet ordered the entranced girl to write answers to all questions of his, after her awakening. And while the awakened Louise continued to chatter as usual with other persons, her unconscious self wrote brief and scrawling responses to M. Janet's questions. "Do you hear me?" asked M. Janet. Answered (by writing), "No." "But in order to answer one must hear!" "Certainly." "Then how do you manage?" "I don't know." "There must be somebody who hears me?" "Yes." "Who is it?" "Not Louise." "Oh, some one else—shall we call her Blanche?" "Yes, Blanche." "Well, then Blanche do you hear me?" "Yes." But for certain reasons this name "Blanche" had to be dropped and the name "Adrienne" was given to this out-of-sight person. Louise had a special terror, which recurred to her in hysterical fits, to which she was subject. It was connected somehow with hidden men, but she could never recollect the incident to which it referred, except that she knew she had had a severe fright at seven years old. But Adrienne was able to describe the terrifying incident in all its details, and to tell what Louise saw in her hysterical state and why she saw it. Indeed it was Adrienne to whom the picture was directly visible. Louise had an almost absolute defect of sensibility whether to pain, to heat or to contact, which persisted both when she was awake and when entranced. M. Janet clinched her fist in the cataleptic stage, and her arm began to deal blows and her face assumed a look of anger. A pencil was put in her right hand and Adrienne was asked about it. The left hand continued to strike while the right hand wrote, in response to questions, explanations of why she was angry, etc. I might refer to other details of this remarkable case but enough has been given to show its great import. Suppose, now, this trance had been self induced, Louise never having heard of hypnotism, or suppose in a normal state, by a dissociation of the ordinary conscious faculties, this subliminal self had assumed complete control of her waking life, and say the messages written automatically were signed by some departed friend, what more natural inference than that the messages had their source in the spirit of this friend? Is not this a familiar but perplexing case of automatic writing? However different the case of Louise might have been construed before now, it is clear that Mr. Myers indicates its exact significance when he says, "We have here demonstrably an intelligence manifesting itself continuously by written answers, of purport quite outside the normal subject's conscious mind, while yet that intelligence was but a part, a fraction, an aspect of the normal subject's own identity."

In her case the character of the hand writing was found to be different from her ordinary hand writing, a fact which in ordinary automatic writing very often furnishes additional proof of its extraneous source.

Without doubt this case goes farthest toward showing us the real source of this phenomenon. There are many other cases reported each having a value of its own. For example in the "Newnham" case we have demonstrably answers, written without conscious volition, to questions telepathically induced from the mind of another person. In Mrs. Newnham we find that the subliminal self is capable of receiving a message by means other than the recognized sensory channels, and, having so received it, is capable of formulating an answer and expressing it visibly through the unconscious hand of the operator. In the "Schiller" case we have evidence of thought-transference and possibly something beyond this.

The writings apparently emanate from several personalities apart from the writer's own; personalities, moreover, which show a kind of persistence; which seem to lie in wait and to be ready at any hour to emerge into characteristic activity.

There are cases where the subliminal self sends up a great deal of nonsense, which is quite characteristic of automatic messages, and where lying and willful evasion of questions are resorted to in order to explain what is in reality an inability to give information; in the very nature of things, impossible.

If it be said that all this does not cover instances where knowledge of facts (afterwards verified) has been obtained by automatic writing I should reply that it is of just such cases that the evidence is most lacking. A great deal is said about them but the cases themselves are not offered for close analysis. Until they are we cannot say, from a scientific standpoint anyway, that they offer any great objection to what has here been said. Without doubt every case of automatic writing has features of its own and for that reason should be studied by itself, in the hope that it will add something to our existing knowledge. We have not yet covered the entire ground but we have a clue, a working hypothesis, which should be pushed to its utmost bounds before another and a farther reaching one is tried.

Automatic writing is full of interest. It is a key to something; whether it shall only unlock for us the inmost recesses of our own personalities, or disclose to us the pulsation of life "on some conjectured shore," we have it with us and we must learn its meaning. To me it does not lack interest or the inspiration to study, that it shall only reveal a hidden self, a higher, nobler self, may be, than we are. For aught that we can say, it may be this same self that spurs us on to our greatest efforts, when we build better than we know; that takes possession of us when we sway others or are swayed by noble eloquence; when we are moved to pity the unfortunate or to avenge "outraged innocence." For aught that we can say, this subliminal self is a companion of the soul, or, perchance, may be the soul itself. If it is to be our next step in evolution we should know it better. Some one has said, "Inward the star of Empire takes its way."

PSYCHIC STUDIES.

By HESTER M. POOLE.

V.

Many years ago, when I was a young girl, President Barnard of Columbia College performed several interesting experiments for the amusement of a few youthful friends. All of them illustrated acoustics and were both curious and beautiful. Since then there has been to me a great attraction in that branch of science. One illustration consisted in spreading a small quantity of fine sand over the surface of a thin pane of polished glass, which was suspended in a level position. The Professor then drew the bow of his violin over the strings, and lo! the sand danced in time to the melody. Not only did it dance, it waltzed into certain mathematical forms as sharply defined as though cut with an instrument out of solid substance. The grave and the gay, the solemn and the merry, each produced a certain geometrical arrangement, and each changed according to the air that was played.

This ocular example of the power of vibration and its mathematical basis, deeply impressed the bevy of young people who gathered around the learned scientist. To one, at least, that simple lesson was not lost. Not many months afterward, one day when alone in my room, there flashed upon or through my intuition an apprehension of that wonderful law of vibration that governs the waltz of stars around their central suns, no less than those of primal atoms in all material substances. Still more wonderful, to my untaught mind there was presented a picture of those movements of that ethereal soul-substance which we denominate thoughts.

To-day I believe that, for the hour, an interior illumination helped me to a glimpse of some great

discovery which I was too crude and immature even to value aright. The veil of encompassing matter seemed brushed aside and I felt or saw that wonderful sweep of vibration that is immanent in all things that we term matter. Thought seemed then, both a vibration and an emanation of the soul-substance circulating through the system. It appeared to be subtle, refined, clear, luminous in the brain of those whose thoughts and activities showed similar characteristics. It was dark, sluggish, heavy and slow in the coarse and undeveloped. Furthermore, I imagined I saw ethereal flame-like emanations rising from the heads of my associates. These flames were dark or brilliant and they showed various color tints according to the refinement, purity and condition of development of those from whom they streamed.

It was like the experience of a person hitherto blind, who for the first time looked upon an unknown world, this glimpse into "the soul of things." If it were imagination, that one gleam opened a vista which has since then never been closed. Adown it I seem to see things clearly which otherwise would certainly be clouded.

What is thought except vibration soul? What is consciousness except the record of such vibration, a species of wave mark upon the individuality—a picture-making process to be recalled again and again from the eternal storehouse in which such photographs are sacredly preserved? What are the phonograph and the photograph but the eternal symbols of those corresponding internal processes that they so beautifully illustrate? Call not these imaginings the baseless fabrics of a dream.

By the analogy of those invisible rays the existence of which is boldly asserted by the scientist, it may be reasonably claimed that a small percentage of "sensitives" are made conscious through means of these exquisitely fine vibrations, of a mode of communication beyond the experience of their fellows. Certainly this claim is not unreasonable when we take into consideration the abundant proof, through a large range of psychic phenomena, that there are persons who do see and feel and hear, what other human beings fail to perceive. These almost infinitely delicate wave motions of ethereal substance account for much which has puzzled the student of human nature. Inventions, for instance, are rarely solitary. They come in groups. Here, there, and elsewhere one and another electrifies the world by chaining force to a new instrument through which it may be registered in the domain of use. This is a well established fact.

Any mind of acute sensibilities feels the unspoken wish and thought of a friend in close sympathy with himself or herself. In my own experience this is so well proven that its frequent demonstration causes no surprise. Among my friends are two in such mutual harmony that one knows, without any external cause for such knowledge, if the other, more than a thousand miles away, has changed her place of abode, has had attack of illness, or has met with loss or serious discomfort. She will accurately describe the environment of that friend, and she has given as minute descriptions of certain persons having business relations with the other, persons of whose existence she was ignorant, as if they were actually present. To me, with a curious experience in regard to such facts, an experience extending almost from childhood, it seems that the vibrational theory is not only correct, but that it is the only theory which in any way accounts for phenomena that are increasing both in frequency and power. It is along that line of development, perfectly normal and waiting to be scientifically classified, that we may confidently expect great discoveries to be made through psychic investigations.

It is by means of vibrations of the interior atmosphere, call it by whatever name we will, that the clairvoyant is able to perceive distant objects, that the clairaudient hears sounds to which the outer ear is deaf, and that the psychometrist is brought into relation with those photographs that centuries ago may have been stored in the secret places of this

wonderful universe. Are these facts less remarkable because they may be scientifically verified and tabulated?

The man of genius is by temperament a species of lens in which these vibrations come to a focus. Now, as every interior and spiritual truth has an external symbol, we might expect to gather physical testimony to the correspondence between the two.

In December, 1891, an article in the Century magazine gave an illustration of the ear of Mozart in comparison with a normal ear. The former was not only the larger of the two, but its convolutions were deeper, showing the greater ease with which it gathered sound-waves of that music of which he was a striking exponent. In great lovers of harmony, in noted performers upon musical instruments and with fine vocalists, I have observed the same characteristic. An immeasurable mine of wealth I believe will be found in the study of vibration.

If cerebration develops motion in the ether in which our planet is bathed, will not each species of cerebration produce its own certain length and velocity of wave movement? Are there not, in the atmosphere above and around us, strata of such cerebral radiations, each stratum acting as a magnet to its own kind? Is not the man of genius one who attracts that style, length and form of vibration for which he is innately fitted? Being in rapport with such thought-stratification, he is a conductor whereby certain grade and quality of thought is poured, through his sympathetic cerebration, upon an admiring world. It may take the form of music or poesy, or insight into any one of the subtle, elusive, yet in the true sense, natural methods by which the Infinite Mind acts upon the finite microcosm. In this theory I find the solution of the puzzling question where the words of many trance speakers originate. The "sensitive," not necessarily at the time a "medium," has for the hour tapped a certain reservoir of thought. It trickles through him, or her, partaking of the idiosyncrasies of the brain through which it filters. Is the speaker highly imaginative? Then the flow of thought may be thin and weak. But it is turned on, this melodious wave-motion, through fountain pipes that gurgle delightfully for an enchanted hour. You know that the diluted thought might easily be condensed into one epigrammatic sentence. You know the same familiar truth has been uttered ten thousand times. Yet here it is, gracefully wreathed in a hundred different ways. Like a "shadow-dance," it lightly trips through a multitude of entrancing forms, then makes its exit, while you are in a state of semi-intoxication. You draw a long breath and follow the crowd hearing the exclamation on all sides: "How beautiful! superb!" Yet when you come to sift down the thought and gather its real meaning you could express it in ten lines.

"You ought to have heard Miss Blank lecture," said an enthusiastic friend the other day.

"What was the subject of her talk?" I queried.

"Oh! I cannot tell now, but it was superb! She talked about the Spirit-world, you know, and about our friends. But it was beautiful."

Ah, thought I, the speaker was in rapport with the stratum of beautiful affections. That is all right. I have no desire to detract one iota from the worthiness or sincerity of the trance speakers. The true, the good and the beautiful have noble exponents among them.

There are both men and women on that stage who are extremely eloquent and who rouse dwarfed and stifling aspirations to new life and vigor. But we often see published reports of lectures which might be condensed into ten lines. There is nothing clear-cut about them. A misty indefiniteness envelops every expression. To my apprehension such speakers are "sensitives" who are in rapport with a certain grade of thought which they express tinged with their own peculiar modes of cerebration. This view need cause neither surprise nor alarm. If the individual persists after death, we have reason to believe, through analogy, that the vibrations of his thought may be registered in the

mentation of such sensitives as are in rapport with himself.

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

BY A. J. LANGWORTHY.

II.

To shorten the story in detail, I will say that I could stop instantly my book-keeper whether far or near, and he could not move a step until I released him through my will power. I could send him anywhere clairvoyantly and get reliable information so far as I was able to verify it. Very often I would send him to my father's house three miles away, always in the evening to see what they were doing, and as my father was in the city every day in good weather, I found his report always correct. One evening I said to him go down to the farm and see what is going on. In a minute or less he said you had better go down to the farm your mother is very sick. Why said I, how can that be, she left my house for home between 4 and 5 p. m., in her usual health. I can't help that said he, there are present there two doctors, she is very sick and you had better go immediately. I had so much faith in him that I got up my team, drove down and sure enough, my mother had been suddenly taken with bilious colic and came very near crossing over to the better shore, so near that I sat up all night before the critical point passed. There was but one doctor there when I arrived and I made inquiries of my father who said the regular physician was not at home when they sent for him; they sent for another and for awhile they were there together. He often told me the date and signature in unopened letters just from the postoffice without making a mistake. He was the most reliable clairvoyant I have ever seen because I do not recollect that his individuality was ever absorbed in his clear vision, which is generally the case now. Clairvoyance in the days I write of was a novel exhibition and I, who must have a reason for every occurrence, said: There is some phase of the human mind that is not yet developed. I think about 1853, Mrs. Hatch, now Mrs. Richmond of Chicago, came to Milwaukee and gave a test exhibition of her clairvoyant powers. I was one of a committee appointed at her request to see that affairs on the rostrum were conducted without fraud or collusion. She asked the committee to write the names of any dead they chose on separate slips of paper and roll them up lengthwise so that nothing could be seen of the writing. I wrote several, as all the committee did, and there were about thirty on the table. Among others I presented was the name of my grandfather who died in 1822 and I do not think there was a person in the house but myself that ever knew anything of him. With a pencil she manipulated the papers saying if a spirit is present whose name is on any of these papers, will they please indicate with raps when a paper with the name is touched. Soon there came three heavy raps on the table. Picking up the paper and without opening it she said, will the spirit whose name is written on this paper, write the name on this sheet of paper. Yes, came in quick response, and looking me full in the face, while talking on another subject, there was written rapidly across the lower edge of the sheet from right to left, commencing with the last letter and through to the first of his name, Elisha P. Langworthy. He was a Baptist minister and clearly proved his identity in many answers. Several of the statements were correct while two were errors, as I said to the audience, who asked for information, but the old gentleman persistently claimed that he was right. I sent the name written by Mrs. Hatch, also the questions in dispute without comment to my father in New York and in his answer to me he said where did you get that fac simile of my father's handwriting, and much to my chagrin I was wrong in relation to the questions submitted and my grandfather was correct, showing that the statements were not picked from my mind which was a satisfaction. In reply to my father I told him the whole story minutely, (he lived and died a materialist at the age of 93) and in his reply to my minute story he replied,

"humbug." In all my experience looking backward that word "humbug" has been the most powerful argument against spirit return. It is a knock-down statement, used by those totally ignorant and prejudiced on this subject, and is expected to annihilate everything of that character that comes within range of its focus. I was perplexed over the matter, could not say humbug, but there came to my relief—there are some phases in the human mind not yet developed. In 1853 or 4 I was on my way to Baltimore and remained over in Chicago one train to see some friends. They urged me to stay over a day but I refused thinking it best to go, when they said they would see me to the depot in time for the train. They did see me to the depot, but just in time to miss the train, and then told me that they did it purposely. I was vexed and did not consider it friendly treatment. The train I missed collided with the Michigan Southern at the crossing of the track with the Michigan Central, I think near Calumet, both running at full speed, and a fearful loss of life was the consequence, as I witnessed the dreadful wreck the next day. It is said this accident suggested the law requiring trains to come to a halt before crossing the track of another road thus preventing collisions. This is only one of a great number where through some cause I have been apparently saved from danger if not death. I have had too many hair breadth escapes on land and water to attribute them all to accidents, and have been turned aside in lines of travel where warnings would not be heeded, other means have been used to preserve my life in the body for some occult reason. I will briefly mention one or two more. I was interested in the excursion trip of the steamer Lady Elgin which with her precious freight of human souls went down on her return from Chicago off Evanston in 1859. I was sadly disappointed because I could not go on her, having a peremptory summons as an official to go to Detroit via Grand Haven route the night before the Elgin left Milwaukee, and promising my friends going on her that I would take the train to Chicago in time to return with them. My business was concluded just in time and I jumped into a hack, telling the driver to go to the Central, and upon getting out found myself at the wrong depot, the driver insisting that I had ordered him to go there. I endeavored to correct the error but was just in time to miss the train. I was somewhat wroth but left for home via the same route I came, knowing nothing of the disaster until I arrived home. Saved by accident again I thought, but subsequent reflection taken in connection with the one I will now give, an event which forces me to believe that there was design in turning aside the many calamities that threatened me. I feel that this paper is too long already and will close with the spirit presence that cleared my mind of error. I have given what to ordinary minds would be sufficient to convince them to believe in spirit return, but they were only stepping stones, softening my prejudices and helping to open my eyes to the truth. If human judgment is worth anything it will not reject testimony that cannot be gainsaid. The logic of events could find no loophole of escape. "It was the last straw that broke the camel's back." It is about twelve years since, I was sitting at my table about 9 a. m., having sharpened my pencils and made ready for my correspondence. It was a bright morning and I was ruminating with my eyes cast down as to the method of opening my subject, when looking up I saw my father and my brother Sidney, both in spirit life, as natural as I ever saw them and sitting opposite me at the table. I was more puzzled than alarmed at the sight, rubbed my eyes and looked, still they were there quiet and sedate. I took a penknife from the table using the point on my leg to see if I was awake which was quite apparent, when I said, here is some strange hallucination. My father said in reply: "No, my son, it is all true." I spoke again saying the senses of sight and hearing are both deceived, I don't believe it, and in reply came these words: "My son we have worked to secure the proper conditions for a long time, and knowing your critical mind we will try to convince

you of spirit return before we leave." Each of them took a sheet of paper, a pencil, and commenced writing. I looked on in silence though somewhat quizzically. My brother, who was color sergeant in the 1st Wisconsin Regiment of Infantry, was badly wounded at Perryville in Kentucky and died in hospital at Louisville a week later. I had been anxious to learn more of the circumstances of his injury and death and he gave it to me in the paper written in his own handwriting and his peculiar signature and then saying I have felt that you wanted the particulars of my taking off at Perryville, and if you want corroboration of these facts write to Colonel Starkweather and you will get the facts. I did write the Colonel and found the paper correct. My father then presented what he had written detailing matters in my boyhood and then briefly of family occurrences through life. Two of the events named required confirmation from others, giving their names. These also were found correct. The paper was clearly in his handwriting with his signature. When I had finished reading his message I looked up and they were gone. I said come back, I want to talk with you on this subject, but they did not, nor have they since. I do not think they were with me to exceed ten minutes, the writing being done quickly and probably the magnetic power that held them gave out, which obliged them to leave. I was a good deal bewildered and perplexed. I said to myself, while hallucinations of the character mentioned are of frequent occurrence, the communications remain, and are outside my volition, what is to be done with them? I was confused and putting on my hat I walked about in quiet places for full two hours when I returned, gathered the papers and put them in my pocket, resolved to keep the matter a secret for the present. At the same time I said the evidence is clear and distinct as to spirit return. No man in his senses could reject such testimony. I said nothing on the subject for seven years but availed myself of many occasions to fortify my new found belief. I am growing more and more happy with the lapse of time. Death has no longer any dark and dismal feature, but a light more brilliant than the noonday sun illumines its advent. In a subsequent paper I will analyze my belief and feelings both before and since my belief in spirit return.

SPIRITUAL REGENERATION.

BY HON. JOEL TIFFANY.

III.

The human subjects of the divine government, depending upon authority alone for guidance and resting therein are liable to become injured thereby. Such subjects will not in character excel that which is attributed to the character of their sovereign. If the subject believes that his God becomes angry with his subjects and inflicts upon them punishments because of his anger, causing injury, suffering and death, it will not be deemed to be ungodlike in character for his subjects to do the same. If one's God is deemed to be partial in his feelings and that he manifests such partiality in his dealings with humanity, benefiting some and injuring others, then it cannot become ungodly or wrong for his children to do the same. Under such religious sentiments and practical teachings it is not to be expected that one will make much progress in the attainment of moral and spiritual character.

The Jew was taught to believe and he did believe that Jehovah visited the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation, punishing them for what their fathers did. Consequently they felt justified in doing the same, and the history of their wars, exterminating their enemies, not sparing women or children, demonstrates that such teachings were not without their effect.

The ideal of the Jew was that they as a people were the especial favorites of Jehovah and as such, were ultimately to possess the earth making all nations subject and tributary to them. Entertaining this view David sang thus, "Why do the heathen rage,

and the people imagine a vain thing." The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take council together against Jehovah and against his anointed (meaning David himself) saying, 'Let us break their bands asunder and cast away from us their cords.' He who sitteth in the heavens shall laugh. Jehovah will hold them in derision. Then in his wrath will he speak to them; in his sore displeasure will he vex them, saying, 'I have set my king upon Zion the mount of my holiness. Ask of me and I will give the heathen for an inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession.'

Such were the views of David when he penned the second Psalm. Then he verily believed himself to be the father of a race of kings who, under the guidance of Jehovah, were to become sovereign over all the earth and David believed that he had Jehovah's warrant of authority for setting up such claim. But how far can one rely upon the faith and authority of David? This can be determined by ascertaining what was his spiritual status.

To say nothing of his carnal status as evidenced by his numerous wives and concubines, let us come to the conclusion of his life and ascertain his spiritual status on his dying bed.

Now as the days of David drew nigh that he should die, he charged Solomon his son, saying, 'I go the way of all the earth. Be strong, therefore, and show thyself a man and keep the charge of Jehovah, thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes and his commandments and his judgments and his testimonies as written in the law of Moses, that thou mayest do wisely in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself, to the end that Jehovah may continue his word which he spake concerning me, saying, 'If thy children take heed to their ways and walk before me in truth with all their heart—souls—there shall not fail thee a man on the throne of Israel.'

"Moreover thou knowest what Joab the son of Zeruiah did to me and what he did to the two captains of the host of Israel; unto Abner the son of Ner, and unto Amasa the son of Yether, whom he slew and shed the blood of war in peace and put the blood of war upon his girdle and about his loins, and in his shoes on his feet. Do therefore according to thy wisdom and let not his hoar head go down to the grave in peace. And behold with thee shines the son Gera, a Benjaminite of Bahurim, who cursed me with a grievous curse in the day when I went to Mahanaim. But he came to meet me at Jordan and I swear to him by Jehovah saying, 'I will not put thee to death by the sword.' Now therefore, hold him not guiltless, for thou art wise and knowest what thou oughtest to do. But his hoar head bring thou down to the grave in blood."

For a dying man giving this as advice and a dying charge to his son, it becomes most evident that he possessed nothing of the Christly status and hence, was not in a state of oneness with the Divine Father, at the time of his death. His conceptions of the character and requirements of Jehovah as the heavenly parent were very different from those represented by Jesus. But this difference is due to their difference of spiritual status and hence of spiritual reciprocity and consequent perceptibility.

In the mind of David, Jehovah was an ideal sovereign dispensing prerogative powers to whomsoever it pleased him, irrespective of moral or spiritual character, for the purpose of advancing the honor and glory, fame and happiness of the Almighty. Such conceptions of the character and of the operations of the Supreme Being were the highest and best which carnality could realize and represent. Yet this same Jehovah as revealed in one who had come to the "Christ status," was found to be the loving Father of all mankind; of the Gentile as well as of the Jew, giving to all according to their capacity to receive of his infinite fullness and drawing them to him by chords of tenderness and love, making them his children and baptizing them with his spirit by degrees according to status of reciprocity in themselves.

After all a bookkeeper is only a sort of a bill poster.

MEDIUM AND CONTROL.

TO THE EDITOR: In your number of February 11th, page 600, under the heading, "Automatic Writing," Mr. R. A. Fuller, of Brockton, Mass., asks: "Allowing that automatic writing is a phase of spirit control, why, if the medium concentrates his mind on a name, his own for instance, or that of any person or object, does the hand write the subject thought of at once?"

It will take years and years yet, before that simple point of "spirit control" and "mediumship" be fully elucidated and thoroughly understood by the reading and investigating public at random and at large. From the question above, it clearly appears that your correspondent is not fully posted on the points at issue. The first and sine qua non requisite for the exercise of genuine and full free mediumship, is, on the part of the medium, absolute passivity. For "medium" means supple, pliable plasticity of sensation, auratic and absolute mental passivity, self-abandoning instrumentality. When your correspondent, who seems endowed with a considerable amount of positive mental activity, which is a faculty of control and not an aptitude mediumistic, sets himself down and tries his hand at automatic writing, and, instead of neutralizing himself and composing his mind into calm, sedate receptivity—non-entity passive—allows his thought-force to be emissive, actively proactive, "concentrates his mind on any name or an object" whatsoever, he, at the same time, acts hermetically, bi-polarly; that is both as a medium and as a control. In thousands and thousands of such cases, by far more ordinary and common than generally is noted and paid attention to, the result is: no result, at least, true and genuine. The fact is "spirit control" exercised freely and easily enough by the persistent self-conscious human entity after disembodiment, can also be, and very often is, exercised, not always self-consciously—that is after premeditated will-determination—by strongly positive, masculinely-polarized mentalities, yet in the form.

It is a strong point towards the explanation of such cases as pointed out in the editorial "Using Great Names" in same number, page 598. In that peculiar phase phenomenal of "Automatic Writing," very few indeed are the full, complete, free-of-intervention-double, absolute and exclusive mediums. It is next to impossible—or at least, it is very seldom—that disembodied spirit-control, of a certain superior type of development, may find an organism delicately receptive enough, and able to render, clothe in proper form expressive, elocutive, its thoughts which are emitted. For, this necessitates a cerebral organism thoroughly cultivated, both scholarly and erudite, having a massive up-lay, a full store-room of forms—knowledge—almost encyclopedical at their exclusive disposal. Now, such cerebral organisms are always animated by, in possession of strong-willed positive spiritual entities, as the laying-up of material for form and expression, elocutive, proper and correct, is the work and property mental of only such already broadly developed and highly advanced spirits, who, like or not like, cannot always shove off, stand by disinterested and absolutely abstemious, passive and nil, to dress another's, to them strange and new thought, principles and forms, out of their laid-up stock, properly and accurately. The medium, consequently, more or less, collaborates with the control; or better, there is bi-control; as both, so to say, grapple and get their part of the store-room, clothes-warehouse, and dress their thoughts, this part here, that part there; and, so the communication flows through the "automatic" pen as through a double faucet, tapping at the same time a barrel of wine and a cask of oil, or at best, claret and champagne together. Therefore, in their alliance or mixed condition of rendering, such communications appear spurious, or at best being half flesh, half fish, are neither fish nor flesh. I speak of "automatic writing" productions, of course, of that point of giving form and expression external to principles and ideas impressed internally, of receptivity and rendering mediumistic. I have some twelve years arduous work and very difficult ordeal in that line

behind me, and cannot but tell both mediums and investigators to be slow to affirm, slow to appreciate, careful. I have penned the above, only to call the attention of students willing to learn, anxious to know, as Mr. F—, and certainly many more of your readers, to the fact that in cases analogous, they generally waste their time and endeavors in the wrong direction. Let them try and see how and what they can produce and obtain in the telepathic way as controlling agents instead of "as mediumistic patients." The best way is to come to an understanding with good passive, well-trained writing mediums, and, by main force of will-power suggestive, try and learn to control them, at appointed time and in solitude; first in immediate presence, the control standing behind the medium, looking intently at the occipital region of his head, acting on the cerebellum, the vegetative organism cerebral, and see how and how far they can have him to transmit their thoughts automatically, in clear, short, every-day thought sentences. Then, if the outcome is any way satisfactory, try at a distance, blocks, then miles away, proceeding from sentences simple to thought expressions more elaborate. But, beware! have hours appointed and never bother the medium. Go slow.

When the control has thus acquired some experience by thoroughly noting his proceeding and their proceeds, let him try to act on the mediumistic person, while asleep, by appointment, that on awakening he or she will take a pen and put down—unthinkingly—that which first runs out through it.

Once that begins to prove satisfactory, plentifully will come all satisfaction.

S. N. ZANNE,
Psychometrist.

PARIS, 13 RUE DE ROCROV.

SOME CURIOUS PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES.

TO THE EDITOR: Several years ago we had a friend here, Prof. C. H. Silliman, who, with his fiancée, used to come up and spend one or two evenings with us every week. The latter part of May, 1874, he went to the Bahama Islands by way of Key West, promising to write us of his trip. After he left one evening the thought came to me to close my eyes and see if I could see him. To my surprise I saw him sitting in the pilot house talking to the pilot, then after awhile saw him standing on the guards admiring the moonlight on the water, heard him ask some ladies out to see it. Then it all faded away. An evening or two after, I saw the vessel was in almost a hurricane and knew he was very seasick. Again I saw him in a city on a barren, rocky island, no trees save palm trees, saw him go into a large red brick building. Saw him for several successive days still there. I wrote and he wrote; our letters containing the same thing passed each other. His letter is before me. He says: "The norther blew almost a hurricane Tuesday and Wednesday." "I was the first to be seasick," etc. "This island is barren and rocky." "Many cocoanuts have been planted and present a very odd appearance and bear splendidly." Dated May 3, 1874. "I shall visit the ——— fort, etc." "No boat is in at present for Nassau, so I have to wait here." When he returned he confirmed about the pilot house and the moonlight and said the sight was lovely.

Again I saw his vessel on the Gulf passing two direct vessels, one wrecked on top of the other, mast and rigging all gone, nothing left but the log-chain. I made a drawing of this at the time. Then saw him on a little island picking up something white—like round rocks. This letter, crossing mine, said the steamer passed two wrecks, one on top of the other, nothing left but the log-chain. They stopped at an island that was literally covered with birds' eggs; he went ashore and gathered some. That letter I have misplaced or lost. When he returned he said the drawing was perfectly correct. Next I saw the harbor at Nassau; the water was clear as crystal to the bottom—saw rows of cream colored houses and orange trees on the streets. Saw him driving into the country with a gentleman. Wrote what I had seen; our letters again passed. His, dated Nassau, N. P., is before me. He says: "The harbor is as clear as crystal, every stone on the bottom can be plainly seen." "The city looks odd enough as row after row of yellow, limestone buildings loom up from the base." He brought me a piece of the stone of which the buildings are made; it is not "yellow," as he says in his letter, but

cream color, as I wrote. In his next letter he speaks of his drive in the country; of his dining with "Mr. Mathews" at his plantation. Again I saw him on the island of San Salvador; that he and the gentleman with him were the only white persons on the island. Saw him picking up shells (one of which I have). The gentleman with him owned a plantation there. No white men live on the island, so he told us. After that some days I saw him, but could not see his surroundings. That evening, much to our surprise, he and his fiancée walked in. He confirmed everything I had seen. Some time after this he went North and I saw him once in New York with a friend and after that I saw him at a Quaker meeting. In a letter from him before me he says: "In New York I listened to —, the friend's lectures with a great deal of interest," etc. "At Lebanon, N. H., I visited the Shakers," etc. Since then he has married his fiancée and moved to California. In these sittings I was in my normal condition in ordinary health and wide awake, only with eyes closed fixing my mind upon the person I wished to see, often describing to the friends who were sitting in the room, talking and reading, what I was seeing. I have other experiences which I will write. Will some scientist please explain how I could see and hear things at a distance of which I was totally ignorant and that too in a perfectly normal condition?"

MRS. SERENA P. MILNER.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

ETHICAL SPIRITUALISTS — NEW YORK CITY.

TO THE EDITOR: This society celebrated the forty-fourth anniversary of modern Spiritualism on Sunday afternoon, the 26th of March. The exercises began with a song by Mr. A. A. Andrews. Then followed an invocation by Mrs. H. T. Brigham, the regular speaker for the society.

Miss S. V. Cushman said she would say a word to the friends present who were not Spiritualists: We celebrate to-day not the birth of Spiritualism, for that is as old as hope in the human heart. We celebrate that modern spiritual phenomena which occurred forty-five years ago at Hydeville, which had convinced millions of the truth that the death of the body is the birth of the spirit to a higher state of existence.

It is well to pause at this anniversary and look backward and forward and to judge of our progress. Spiritualism teaches truth, honesty, charity and helpfulness. Many of us have come up out of great tribulation, and it seems to me that many of us keep others from finding the light. We take spiritual publications and hide them so that those who may come to our houses shall not see them. Recently I saw a woman in a car reading the Banner of Light, and she folded the heading of the paper in such a manner that it could not be well seen what paper she was reading, and I thought, what a nice banner of light you are. When we are engaged in conversation on spiritual matters and a child enters the room we change the subject or ask the child to go out of the room. I say we are misers when we do such things. We need the kind of men and women who will say, the kingdom of heaven is within us.

Then followed a song by Mrs. Jennie E. Austin, and a recitation entitled "Helene Shamri" by Mrs. Addie Chase Smith, followed by a zither solo by Mr. Henry Etling.

Dr. Russell S. Taber, of Brooklyn, said in the course of his remarks: In response to your invitation I felt as though I could but come to you on this occasion. I come to you not as an avowed Spiritualist. Had Mr. Dailey come, whose place I was asked to occupy, he could have told you more in a few minutes about these things than I could in a whole day. I have not been able to receive the evidence to come to an intelligent conclusion in regard to this matter. I am so far friendly towards you I regard it a privilege to stand before you to-day. You are brothers and sisters. You believe in the brotherhood of man. So do I. You believe that we are immortal souls, and not mere animals. So do I. I have no doubt but you believe certain moral things in the world are to build man up. So do I. I trust you believe in God. So do I. I was once an orthodox myself, and so for a time I tried to believe in a very little narrow heaven, that was just about large enough to contain about one-tenth of the people of the world. Consequently I had to believe in a large expansive hell that would take in the other nine-tenths. I have got over that belief now. I have not got over my belief in God; that is, in an infinite, indwelling, intelligent,

universal Father, who is the friend of all humanity.

Friends, let us try to cultivate the spiritual side of nature; let us try to come into communion with those souls, those spirits, those feelings that are divine and God-like, and then our blinded eyes will be opened to God's greater, grander revelation of a life that never dies.

An original poem, appropriate to the occasion, by Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, was then read by the lady with her usual grace of manner. A piano solo by Miss J. M. Demarest was next in order.

Mrs. Brigham thanked those who had taken an active part in the meeting, and with a few well chosen words, spoken in her accustomed pleasant way, and the exercises were brought to a close.

HERBERTUS.

CHARLES RICHEL ON THE MILAN EXPERIMENTS.

II.

Nevertheless, certain observations which I am going to state, without proving the least in the world fraud, require us to make some reservations:

1. There was never any contact of a hand felt at that time when the two hands of Eusapia were in view; it was always required that the darkness should be complete or that the two hands should be concealed under the table. It is answered that the obscurity concealing the hands of Eusapia is one of the conditions necessary to the phenomena. It is certainly possible, but this casts a certain disfavor on the experiments where there is a sensation of one hand. In one experiment I was at the side of Eusapia, and the two hands of Eusapia were in full light. I was then touched twice, but I was not able to feel the contact of a hand. It was a light touch, a sensation of very decided pressure; but this pressure took place on the side (on the same side with Eusapia) and below the ribs in such a way that in strictness it may be admitted that in this case there was a contact with one of her feet. If in place of feeling a vague contact, I had felt the contact of a hand, the experiment would have been absolutely decisive.

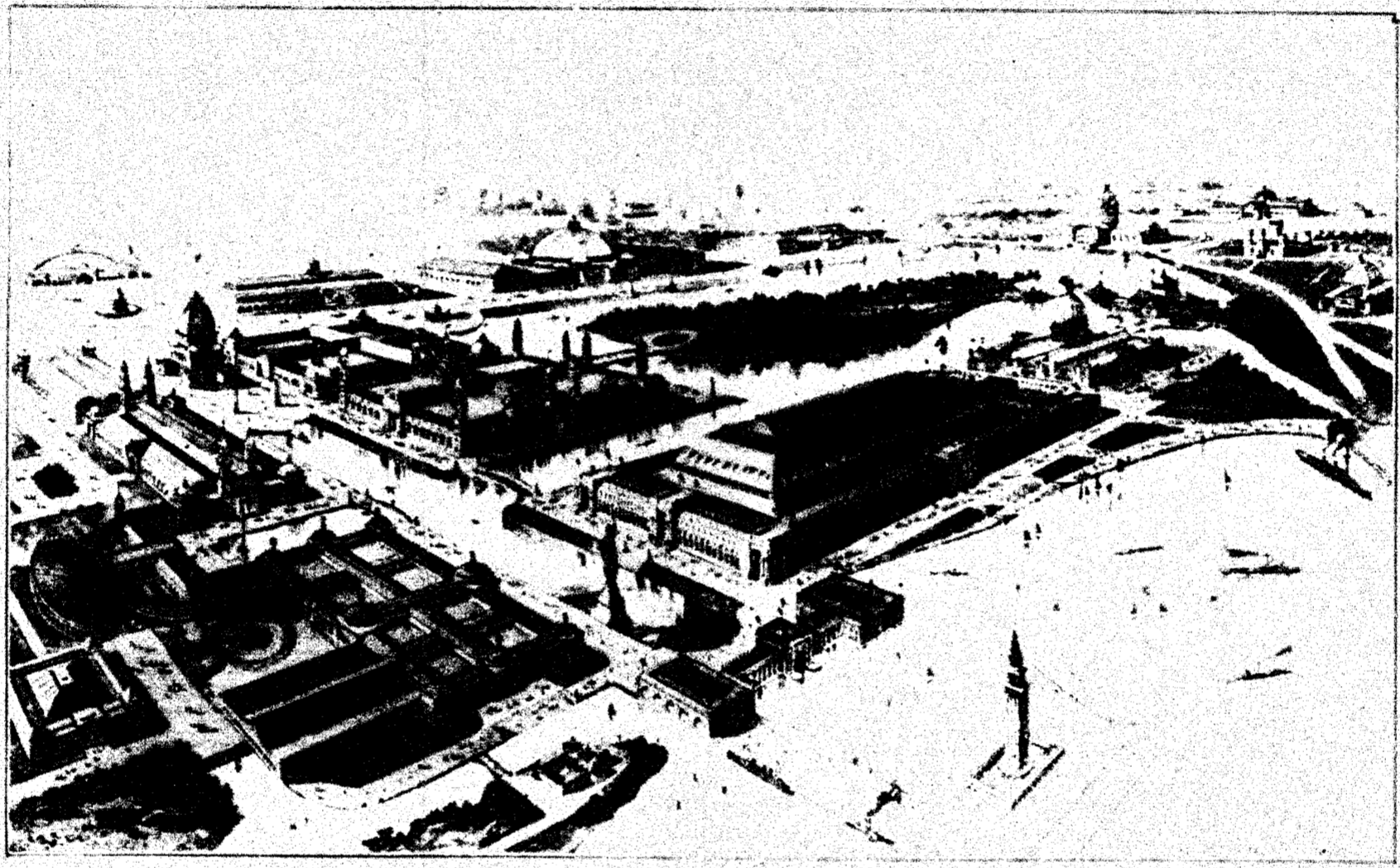
2. We had proposed to Eusapia to bind each one of her wrists, by a rather loose tie to the wrists of her neighbor. In the condition of trance, she said that this double ligature would render the experiment impossible. This restriction is evidently unfavorable; although in a matter of extreme exactness it might be admitted that the liberty of the hands was necessary.

3. We again proposed to reform the circle (formed by the union of the persons present holding each others' hands) by a more simple circle; that is to say by a single person, holding with the right hand the left hand of Eusapia and with his left hand the right hand of Eusapia. She refused. In a second experiment (the second séance) as I found myself alone with her in the room, I held her in this way: I did not have any contact with the hand of "John." It is true that, in this same séance, then when there were other persons in the room, I believe that I was touched by a hand, although I was holding with my two hands the hands of Eusapia; but am not sufficiently sure of it to affirm it; for the fact of holding in my two hands the two hands of Eusapia, and then being touched by a third hand would remove all uncertainty and dispel all doubts on my part.

4. One of the hands of Eusapia, in place of being strongly held and made immovable, is resting lightly on the back of the hand of her neighbor; and it is changing places without ceasing, which makes the distinction (between the right hand and the left hand) peculiarly difficult. I ought to say, however, that neither M. Finzi, nor M. Schiaparelli, nor myself, were able at any moment whatever of the experiment, to prove a change of hands; always, when it was the right hand that should be there it was the right hand which was found there.

On the other hand I ought to point out a very important feature in the moment of these experiments. In the experiments of this kind it happens in this wise in fact: it is that the phenomenon occurs exactly at the instant that no person is giving attention to it. Mediums who deceive and the various prestidigitators are very expert in this art; they turn the attention of the public away and it is at the very moment when they are not on their guard that the phenomenon takes place; but here it is the reverse. It is at the moment when Eusapia is writhing very strongly and groaning.

(Continued on the Thirteenth Page.)



ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, SHOWING THE STADIUM AND THE RIVER.

THE POPPY LAND LIMITED EXPRESS.

The first train leaves at six p. m. For the land where the poppy blows; The mother dear is the engineer, And the passenger laughs and crows. The palace car is the mother's arr's; The whistle, a low, sweet strain; The passenger winks, and nods, and blinks, And goes to sleep in the train! At eight p. m. the next train starts For the poppy land afar. The summons falls clear on the ear: "All aboard for the sleeping car!" But what is the fare to poppy land? I hope it is not too dear. The fare is this, a hug and a kiss, And it's paid to the engineer! So I ask of him who children took On his knee in kindness great, "Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day That leave at six and eight." "Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray, "For to me they are very dear, And special ward, O gracious Lord, O'er the gentle engineer."

—EDGAR WADE ABBOTT in the Christian Union.

So many inquiries are coming to this office relative to prices and accommodations during the Fair, especially from women, that we print an interview with the manager of the bureau of public comfort, which we think will be of interest to our many readers:

From the time that it was decided that the World's Fair should be in Chicago, exaggerated accounts have been circulated in regard to the exorbitant prices that would be asked for board and lodging. This is a mistaken notion. While, of course, in Chicago, as in any other city, there will be people who will try to make as much money as possible, the general feeling of the city is against it. Numerous ways have been devised to protect and aid the visitor in securing comfortable accommodations at reasonable rates.

The directors of the Exposition have created a department called the bureau of public comfort, which has for its object the securing of suitable rooms in advance for applicants, or in other words, to stand between the extortionate landlord and the inexperienced visitor. W. Marsh Kasson, who gained his experience at the Centennial Exposition, where he organized a similar bureau, is superintendent of the enterprise. Mr. H. S. Tuthill, who is managing the bureau in the absence of Mr. Kasson, in an interview recently gave the following information in regard to the objects and terms of the bureau:

The visitor who applies for a room through the bureau, has only to state the price he is willing to pay, the length of time he desires the room and the preferred locality, depositing the full amount with the bureau, which in return notifies him of the location of the room and sends a certificate, showing that the rent is paid in full. After paying his money, the visitor has simply, on his arrival in Chicago, to go to the room that has been secured. The bureau arranges all details with the landlords renting the rooms, who enters into contract that they will only rent through the bureau. There will be no danger that the applicant, having deposited his money, will fail to secure the room at the proper time, as the bureau is under the direction of the World's Fair directors and was organized solely for the comfort of the public.

The prices range from fifty cents to five dollars a day for a room for one person. The scale of prices is as follows per day: Single room, one bed, one person, \$1.00 to \$2.50.

Double room, one bed, two persons, \$1.00 to \$4.00.

Double-bedded room, two beds, two persons, \$2.00 to \$4.00.

Double-bedded room, two beds, three persons, \$2.00 to \$6.00.

Double-bedded room, two beds, four persons, \$2.00 to \$8.00.

Of course the above prices are for the room only and do not include meals. While the bureau will secure boarding places also, it advises applicants to engage rooms only and take their meals wherever they may happen to be, as being not only more convenient, but also cheaper. There is the same variety in prices for meals, which vary from a frugal coffee-and-rolls breakfast at fifteen cents to a course dinner with wine at twenty dollars; but the

average individual who wants to see the Fair economically can find no difficulty in being satisfactorily fed at an average cost of thirty-five cents a meal.

The best hotels, of which the Palmer House was the first to state its course, will not advance upon their regular rates, and rooms can be secured in advance by those who prefer to go to a hotel. Applications are pouring in rapidly and people who have any idea of visiting the Fair should apply for rooms as soon as possible, as it is only those who put the matter off until the last moment who are likely to have to pay high prices for indifferent accommodations. The general opinion is that the city will not be overcrowded and there will be ample room for all who desire to attend the Fair.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

The modern newspaper teems with illustrations of the remarkable way in which women are coming to the front in the last decade of the nineteenth century. The following cases are gleaned from a very wide field:

In Finland, above all other countries, do women enter into the business of life. They are clerks, doctors, dentists, builders, managers of small companies, and bank cashiers. They are especially sought for in the last capacity, on account of their reputation for honesty.

A "young ladies' telephone school" has been established by the government in the city of San Salvador for the purpose of training young señoritas for the service of the American Telephone Company there. This is a decided innovation, for work is not considered at all good form by the ladies of San Salvador or of the other Southern republics.

To obtain admission to the bar in Florida is a difficult task for a woman, but Mrs. Lydia A. Dent made a successful entrance, and stands on record as the first woman lawyer in that State.

Miss Grace Thomas, of Washington, D. C., is the only woman licensed real estate dealer in that city. She is an excellent business woman, thoroughly well versed in the line of work she has undertaken.

The experiment of placing women as ticket agents on the Kings' County Elevated Road, Brooklyn, proved so successful that sixteen are now employed, and any number of applicants are ready to fill vacancies that may occur.—Boston Traveller.

KATE FIELD in the Sunday Post thus answers certain trite questions as to the condition of affairs in 1993:

Will the race be happier, healthier and handsomer than now?

All depends on our women. If they marry for love and not for convenience; if they cultivate the inside of their heads as sedulously as they now study fashion; if they "go in" for sound bodies such as nature intended the mothers of the human race to possess; if they teach their children self-respect and respect for authority, Americans of 1993 will regard their ancestors of 1893 as little less than vulgar, ignorant heathens.

What is the future of the servant problem?

Again, all depends on women. When they know their own business and learn the meaning of Christianity there will be no servant problem.

In dress?

Once more the question must be settled by women. Should American women do their own thinking in the next hundred years they will not import their fashions, and they will wear nothing that interferes with a magnificent physical development. Trains will be reserved for the house; corsets and high heels will be sent to Coventry; the waist line will be just below the bosom, and Atlanta will live again.

In temperance legislation?

So-called temperance legislation is a temporary aberration of well-meaning but narrow-minded men and women with whom sentimentality supplants reason, and who actually think morals are an affair of legislation. One hundred years hence personal liberty will be more than a phrase. When it is a fact sumptuary laws will be as impossible as witch burning is now.

Up in his modest studio, on Wabash avenue, this city, surrounding by the plaster counterfeit presentations of old-time friends and associates, is a man whose eventful life and long companionship with the greatest minds of his generation have

made his memory a treasure-house of reminiscences most valuable and interesting to the students of to-day. Sidney H. Morse is known to many as a bright light in the literary circles of New England and a leader in the liberal thought diffused from that center. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., and worked in early life in the marble quarries of Marbledale, where he learned the whole marble business, sawing, cutting, polishing and carving. He intended to become a sculptor, but turned aside when older because of his interest in ideas, and in the year 1865 started the Radical, a monthly magazine devoted to liberal views and having for contributors many noted writers, including Emerson and Wendell Phillips. Some years later he discontinued the publication and drifted back into art, drawn by a purpose never surrendered but only held in obedience.

Since his residence in Chicago, Mr. Morse has given extended courses of lectures throughout the East, illustrating the sculptor's art with rapid sketching and modeling in clay.

An interesting story is recalled of the sculptor's long and close acquaintance with Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. Morse had long been desirous of making a bust of the great author which should embody the physical strength and vigor of his earlier manhood. There was no picture in the family or in fact, to be found, that represented him at the desired age. The gallery of the old photographer who had taken the pictures of all of Boston's great men for years, and which had become the photographic Valhalla of the East, was searched in vain.

One night Mr. Morse dreamed that he was walking through the pleasant Commons when he met Mr. Emerson, who spoke to him in his usual cordial way, but turned, as with a sudden thought, when they were about to separate, and said:

"There is an old ambrotype of me in — gallery, and I think it is just what you want."

Mr. Morse was impressed by the vividness of the dream, but as he had searched the gallery thoroughly he had little hope of its realization. As he reached the gallery, however, the old photographer came out to meet him.

"I came across an old ambrotype," he said, "while I was searching for something else last night, and I guess it is what you were looking for."

He laid the picture in the sculptor's hand, and there were the boyish features and the firm shoulders of the young Emerson.

The importance of examining closely the hair found on weapons was shown in a case in which a hatchet, having clotted blood and hair adherent to it, was produced as evidence against a prisoner suspected of murder in a little country town. It was found under his bed. This, with other circumstantial evidence, had turned public opinion strongly against the prisoner, but when the hair was examined by a microscopist who chanced to be in the courtroom it was found not to be human, but that of some animal. This circumstance led to a more complete sifting of the evidence, and the accused was acquitted. It turned out that he had killed a dog with a hatchet and had carelessly thrown the weapon under the bed. So his life literally hung on a hair.—Toronto Mail.

GUIDE-POSTS ON IMMORTAL ROADS.

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The author says "As a firefly among the stars, as a ripple on the ocean, I send out this small beacon of hope through the valley of despair." Price 25 cents.

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Why She Became a Spiritualist.

BY ABBY A. JUDSON.

The author, the daughter of the celebrated missionary, Adoniram Judson, gives an interesting account of the psychical experiences which called her attention to Spiritualism and the causes that led her into the lecture field. The book has a fine portrait of the author and consists of selected poems, communications from various persons, and twelve lectures on a variety of topics, such as: "What is Spiritualism?" "Do Spiritualists Believe in God?" "Personal Evidences of Spiritualism;" "Unreasonable Dogmas;" "What Jesus Really Taught;" "Spiritualism of Jesus;" "Spiritualism the Foundation of all Religions;" "How to Investigate Spiritualism;" "What is Death?" "Astronomical Location of the Spirit-world" and "The Future Religion of the World." This volume is especially fitted for missionary work to all interested in Spiritualism.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

The Preacher's Complete Homiletic Commentary on the Old Testament (With Critical and Exegetical Notes). By Twenty Distinguished Homilists. Vol. II., Exodus. By Rev. J. S. Exell, M. A. Cloth. Pp. 616. Price \$3. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This is the second volume of an extensive work of twenty volumes on the Old Testament, printed from imported plates obtained from the publishers in London, where the entire work has been issued after years of preparation. As we have already mentioned, in this great commentary, by various authors, is found a sermon outline or homiletic suggestion on every paragraph or verse of the Old Testament that can be turned to use in the preparation of a sermon. Abundant choice selections of illustration, from many eminent sources other than the authors of the volumes, are also given. Except in some introductory, critical, and explanatory notes, preceding each chapter, no foreign words, such as Hebrew and Greek, are used. The type is large and clear, and the books are convenient to handle. Thousands of American clergymen have already subscribed for the entire series (20 volumes and index) of this vast commentary, which has called forth words of praise from representative preachers of all denominations.

In Spirit and Truth. Essays by the younger members of the Unitarian Church, with an Introduction by Rev. James D. Normandie. Boston: George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin street. Pp. 163.

This volume represents a constructive tendency among the younger ministers of the Unitarian church, and it shows that with all the freedom of thought and expression which mark the Unitarians, there is essential unity of thought. Old differences are lost in an earnest endeavor to discover the best way by which the great religious needs of the present generation can be met. The volume represents a tendency away from mere negation, criticism and toward positive formulative thought. The writers speak from out of their lives rather than out of their libraries. The authors are Rev. George Crosswell Cressy, Rev. L. D. Cochrane, Rev. W. W. Fenn, Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke, Rev. S. M. Crothers, Rev. Albert Walkley and Rev. John Tunis. Such subjects as the "Philosophy of Religion," "Revelations of God in Nature," "The Bible as Literature," "Revelation of God in Man," etc. are discussed.

A Mere Cypher. By Mary Angela Dickens. New York and London: Macmillan & Company, 1893. Pp. 428. Cloth. Price, \$1.00.

This story, which appeared in serial form under the title of "A Modern Judith" is not a pleasant one. Like her celebrated father, the author is able to find a thread of romance in the humblest life and most prosaic personality, and has made the daring innovation of picturing her heroine as a plain, faded woman, uninteresting and unloved, but who is capable of sacrificing herself and all others who stand in the way of the man she loves. The consistency of the character is shown by the very crime being committed at the unconscious suggestion of another. She is in very truth "a mere cypher" and yet she holds the reader's attention in spite of her extreme dullness by virtue of her unselfish love, unexpressed, unknown and unappreciated.

Modern Marriage. By Emile Zola. Translated from the French. Benj. R. Tucker, publisher, New York, 1893. Pp. 64. Paper. Price, fifteen cents.

This is one of those books such as Zola likes to write in regard to marriage and such as Mr. Tucker likes to translate and bring before English readers. It is doubtful whether Zola's pictures, which are more or less exaggerated, are likely to contribute to the improvement of the marriage relation or the removal of those social ills and marital troubles with which he seems to be so familiar.

Obolition's Inferno. Studies in the Social Cellar. By B. O. Flower, author of "Lessons Learned From Other Lives." Boston: Arena Publishing Company, Copley Square. Pp. 288. Price, fifty cents.

This work is a series of studies from Boston cellars and Back Bay. It is a

strong protest against evils that exist in the midst of our civilization and an earnest appeal to the humanitarian sentiment in favor of changing the current which in this modern time is driving so many with the almost irresistible force into crime, vice and wretchedness. Mr. Flower portrays the horrors of the thousands of struggling creatures in the full blaze of nineteenth century enlightenment, "in the popular slums of cultured, palace-decked, church-jeweled Boston," and in other parts of the country. His story is even more interesting than fiction and it is enough to touch the heart of every one who feels. The statements, as bold and incredible even as some of them may seem, are backed up by array of facts which cannot be overthrown. The work abounds in ideas regarding economic reforms, many of which at least are not only reasonable but practicable. One may differ with the author on many points, and yet be in entire harmony with him in his main conclusions and wholly in sympathy with him in the high purpose of the work.

MAGAZINES.

The April Wide Awake has an interesting descriptive sketch of Williamsburg, Va., a reminder of the colonial days in Virginia, written by Edwin A. Start. Louise Chandler Moulton has an April rondel and Theron Brown an Easter poem entitled "The April Child." Ralph Crapnell of the Boston Post contributes a paper on "Cricket as Played in America." This number is a capital one. D. Lohrop & Co., Boston.—The New England Magazine for April opens with Phillips Brooks' historical sermon on Trinity Church. It is finely illustrated with the pastors of the church back to revolutionary days. There is a description written by H. H. Richardson, the great American architect. Raymond L. Bridgman contributes an article on "Biennial Elections and Legislative Sessions," in which he claims that the demands of modern life require annual sessions and that frequent legislation the electorate. Lucy M. Salmon considers "Some Historical Aspects of Domestic Service." Her article should attract every householder. Linn P. Meekins is represented by a story in his best vein, "Andy Ricks' Handy Tricks." 231 Columbus avenue, Boston, Mass.

The Season for April is full of reasonable designs for ladies' and children's garments, while the art work and home decorations are fully up to the high standard of the Season's illustrations.—The Freethinkers' Magazine for March has an article by Mrs. Sara A. Underwood on "Ernestine L. Rose." Henry M. Tabor writes on "Sunday," and the "Marriage Question from a Radical Standpoint," is discussed by Ethelbert Stewart and there are other interesting contributions. H. L. Green, Buffalo, N. Y.—The April number of The International Journal of Ethics is a very solid number. J. S. Mackenzie contributes a paper on "The Relation between Ethics and Economics." Mrs. Sophia Bryant writes on "Self-development and Self-surrender." Bernhard Bosanquet has a paper on the "Principles and Chief Dangers of the Administration of Charity." Thomas Davidson contributes an article on the "Ethics of an Eternal Being." "Reform within the Limits of Existing Law" is the title of a paper by William M. Salter. There are book reviews by different writers. The International Journal of Ethics belongs to high class philosophical and ethical literature and should be generously supported by thinkers. \$2.50 per year. 118 South Twelfth street, Philadelphia.—The April number of Worthington's Illustrated Magazine has a table of contents showing great diversity of material and a most excellent list of contributors. The interest and value of its leading articles, the exceptional literary quality of its stories, poems, and Department matter, are admirably supplemented by the fine press work and artistic illustrations which make this number as attractive as it is readable. This number has a timely paper on "American War Ships of Today," by Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin. Nothing could furnish a more striking object lesson upon the tremendous progress America is making in mechanical and scientific invention than one of our latest men-of-war. Another illustrated article of interest is, "The Glaciers of Alaska," by the enthusiastic geologist, Prof. G. Frederic Wright, of Oberlin.—Mrs. Livermore's fourth paper of personal experiences "In Ole Virginia—Fifty Years Ago," abates not a whit in their peculiar interest. The Department matter of Worthington's Magazine for April is well chosen

and attractive. A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.—The Atlantic Monthly for April contains unpublished correspondence of William Hazlitt by William Carew Hazlitt. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., writes on "The American Out of Doors," and Edward Everett Hale continues his entertaining papers on "My College Days." Phillips Brooks is the subject of a very fine paper by Alexander V. G. Allen. Henry Van Brunt writes on "Architecture among the Poets." There are several other very excellent contributions in this number of the Atlantic, which is an unusually good one.—St. Nicholas for April offers its usual attractions. Edmund Clarence Stedman has an illustrated article on New York. Kate Douglas Wiggin continues her illustrated story "Polly Oliver's problem." There are other articles by Harry Fenn, Virginia Woodman Cloud, William O. Stoddard, Nicholas E. Crosby, Susan Coolidge and other eminent writers. The number is an admirable one for the young folks. The Century Company, Union Square, New York. Price, \$3.00 a year.



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MIDNIGHT.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

The sky is grimly, darkly clouded, The whole, lone earth is strangely shrouded In darkest gloom. Fierce gusts of wind blow desolately, While the trees that stand so kingly, stately, Creek from the fearful storm. The lightning's flash Hath rent the ash, The pine, the oak, the fir. The loud and dreaded thunder crash Doth easily make stir The stoutest form.

But soon that glorious hour—midnight Doth come. The clouds disperse and leave in sight The silvery moon—so calm, serene and fair! The drenching rain hath ceased to fall;— A perfect silence is over all The wide, vast earth.

The lightning's flash And thunder's crash Are now no more. This strange, grim hour hath given birth To a different day!

How like the life of a troubled soul Is the fury of the elements! And how like the passing of that same soul Is the hour when storms and piercing rents Are hushed and stilled!

In this life we've consolation In the thought—whate'er our station We will breathe the perfumed air Left by the storm of life's despair In the world beyond!

"Six days shalt thou labor," says the great lawgiver. To do good work, man must be at his best. This condition is attained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It overcomes that tired feeling, quickens the appetite, improves digestion, and makes the weak strong.

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SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF.

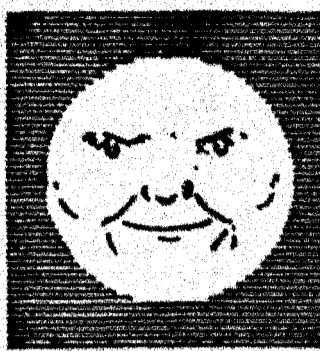
The complimentary sentiments expressed by the Hon. Thomas B. Bryan of the Columbian Exposition, in reference to the magnificent limited train service between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, are but the publicly uttered similar views of a great multitude of other American citizens who have journeyed between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities of the Northwest via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

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WITHIN THY OWN SPIRIT LIETH THE PEARL OF PEACE.

By BERTHA J. FRENCH.

Upon my lips are these words of Milton's: "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven. What matter where, if I be still the same."

As the words flow from my pen, I wonder why it is so much easier to make the hell of heaven, than the heaven of hell? Humanity has ever stood with hand outstretched toward the meteor happiness. To win it, man has struggled for gold, fame, place and power. But, as he almost has it in his clasp the golden wings skim through his sky of hope and disappear in the purpling twilight. Why is it that life is such a series of disillusionments? Why is it that the seeming unattainable is always the most desirable? Why is it that when the desired object is within our grasp the sawdust begins to fall, leaving our poetic dream a shapeless reality, and our mood as pessimistic as Thackeray's when he inquired, "Who has his or her desire or having it, is satisfied?" Is not the reason of our dissatisfaction contained in the fact that we are always looking for the pearl of peace, mid the rubbish of external circumstances?

Happiness can be attained only by harmonizing ourselves with our environment and a constant endeavor to improve that environment. We must realize that over the universe there hovers an oversoul of love and wisdom and so—in consonance with that idea—we must believe that whatever happens must be for the best, for our development even if, with our finite faculties, we cannot understand the ways of the Infinite.

To feel that all that is required of us is to do each day what the God within tells us is right. But instead of doing our duty in the "living present," we burden our hearts with regrets for our yesterdays and fears of our to-morrows. Would it not be wiser to each day do our duty and leave the results with God; to rest as confidently in the arms of the Infinite as "rests the earth in the soft arms of the air;" knowing that the same power that guides the stars through space; that from a seed's brown grave causes shoots and leaves to spring and then its crown of perfumed flowers, has in his care the guiding of our destinies, the perfecting of our lives?

It is by thus bringing our inner consciousness into receptive harmony that we gather wisdom; for, as Emerson says, "The heart which abandons itself to the supreme mind finds itself related to all its works, and will travel a royal road to particular knowledges and powers."

Would it not be well to devote a little time each day to meditation? To listen to the God that speaks within? How shall we hear his voice? By closing the doors of outer consciousness, and the soul free, receptive and aspiring, will drink from the fount of inspiration commensurate to its capacity. It is by aspiration that we gain inspiration; it is by aspiration and inspiration that we grow.

When in this exalted state of mind the universe is mine though I dwell in a dungeon; this life dwindles to mere episode, a prologue, after which stretches the poem of eternity. I shake hands as it were with the wise and good of every age; I feel their thoughts, for thoughts are not only material but are magnets. "Like attracts like" so whatever mood is mine, I attract an augmentation by thought, that unseen telegraph from mind to mind.

So it is important that I use all the power of my will to make my mind a throne where only pure and peaceful thoughts shall reign.

As man has ever sought for knowledge in external things when within him dwells

the highest, so has he looked for God in books and crumbling creeds; has pictured him as a personality sitting on a throne above the clouds, endowed like man with the human attributes of anger and revenge, with a partial love for few. God is within every soul. He is within and is a part of the whole universe. Every flower is a pulpit wherein God preaches. Every star that floats through space reflects his love and wisdom. In the songs of birds, in the music of the wind, in the voice of the brook, we hear God's choir; and 'mid lofty mountain scenes or in the solitude of some forest palace, our souls awe and expanded, thrilled by nature's mysteries, hear God's words and think his thoughts. In every kindly thought and deed is God enthroned. In every work of genius, in every heroic act we feel his presence. In the lowliest conditions of degradation and crime there is the deific germ working by the slow grades of evolution towards perfection. And the one who has the highest aspirations and strives to make those aspirations blossom into daily deeds; who feels most the brotherhood and sisterhood of the race, that as Emerson says: "The heart in thee is the heart of all; that one blood rolls uninterruptedly an endless circulation through all men, as the water of the globe is all one sea, and, truly seen its tide is one." Such a one will be in closest communion and receptive of the influence of that oversoul we call God, the All Father.

But why should I strive to write?

O, the despair of trying to express thoughts! Thoughts crowd my brain, but when I strive to give them utterance they are but "words, words, words," and how poor they seem! how like beggars clad, compared with thought, the king imperial that dwells within!

WILLIMANTIC, CONN.

REMARKABLE FEATS.

UNDER the caption "Soliman Ben Aissa, the Invulnerable Fakir," Huffer-Schleuden in the March number of the Sphinx gives an account of some remarkable performances. The author of the article says that Soliman gave him a private séance, at which only a few scholars and authors well known to him were present. Huffer-Schleuden, who affirms that he sat just in front of Soliman where he could observe all that occurred, gives a description of the performance of which the following is a translation: The various feats of this exhibition, always about the same, consisted of boring through the arms and tongue with sharp round daggers, the hammering of a large dagger right into the abdomen, playing with poisonous snakes, swallowing of snakes heads and bits of glass, drawing the eyeball out of the socket, blacking but not burning the arm with hot coals, etc. I only mention here that the fable spread through the daily press, that Soliman thrusts a dagger through holes in his cheeks and tongue already prepared, stamps itself as a manifest piece of ill-will. On his cheeks and arms no holes or scars are to be seen, and he did not himself thrust the dagger through his tongue, but it was done by a medical man from the University of Munich. On his abdomen, however, I did not discover a single scar, but thirty or forty just such punctures as might have been made with a pin—proof that Soliman does not always select one and the same place for hammering on the dagger, but strikes at random on his abdomen. The several proceedings are doubtless very unesthetic and revolting to the finer feelings, but just as doubtless they are superhuman. [?] Especially interesting withal was it for me to observe how Soliman put himself into a condition of invulnerability, how he benumbed himself with smokings, meanwhile adjuring and compelling the "fire spirits" in whose

sphere he would make his will the master, and finally by the movements of his head backwards and forwards, he brought his body into such a degree of hypnosis that the will power controlled the organic processes exactly as if in the normal condition it controlled the muscles. By this means the first period of passing into deep hypnosis by turning the eyes inward was undergone. In the complete condition of invulnerability Soliman's outward appearance was not for the ordinary observer to be distinguished from his normal condition; to me there seemed only a very slight difference; Soliman's eyes presented quite sharply the type of the magician; they projected very much. There appeared in hypnosis an arching of the skin above the eyebrows not noticeable in the normal condition. Remarkable was it that on returning from the hypnosis into the condition of external sensations, he used almost completely the same course as on entering into the hypnotic condition only it was shortened. What is the solution of the riddle? What is the operating force? And what does its manifestations teach us? It is a practical proof of the philosophy of India and of Schopenhauer, according to which everything that is, is will, and indeed manifestations (maya) of the will in several modifications (potencies). Soliman shows that the collective humanity is will, that his will omnipotently controls his body in the several stages of being (consciousness) which for us unschooled men of culture are unattainable; that he actually puts his consciousness into this condition or upon this stage, so that by this means it becomes possible for his will to freely influence the organic forms and procedures completely, just as at other times it influences thought-forms or at will to avoid influences and assaults. At the performance it is not observable—and he says this moreover himself—that the performance does not rest exclusively on superhuman exertion of his will, and that his energetic call to Allah at every specially difficult performance serves no other purpose. THE JOURNAL gives this account from Sphinx with due caution as to the genuineness of the performances, and with the conviction that, in so far as they are genuine, they imply nothing superhuman. It may be that the acts are performed in a self-induced hypnotic condition.

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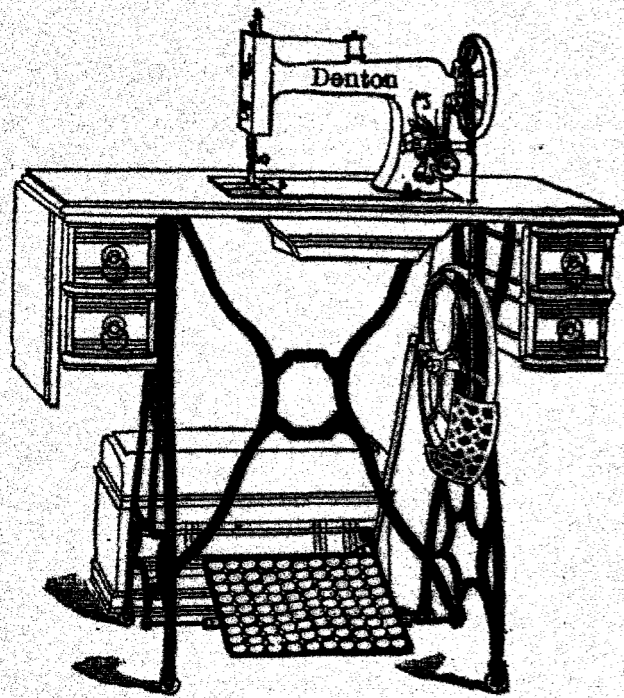
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Founder and Editor, 1865--1877, S. S. JONES.
Editor 1877--1892, John O. BUNDY.

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Copy, 1 Year.....\$2.50
One Copy, 6 Months..... 1.25
Single Copies, 5 Cents. Specimen Copy Free.

DISCONTINUANCES.—Subscribers wishing THE JOURNAL stopped at the expiration of their subscription should give notice to that effect, otherwise the publisher will consider it their wish to have it continued.

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Reading Notices, 40 cents per line.

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The Bird's-eye View of the World's Fair that appears with THE JOURNAL this week shows the relative positions of the beautiful buildings comprising the "White City," which extends north and south along the shore of Lake Michigan over an area of 633 acres. The buildings may be said to be divided into three sections. The first (at the left side of the picture) shows the Agricultural Building, fronting on the Lake on one side and on a long narrow lagoon on the other, flanked on one side by the Forestry Building and on the other by the Machinery Building, which we presented with its spires and turrets. Across this lagoon, the second division has the buildings grouped around another lagoon, in the center of which is a wooden island. The large building in the foreground is the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, by far the largest building on the ground. Next comes the Electricity Building, then the Mines and Mining Building, at the southwest corner of which is the Administration Building, with its

towering dome. On the west side of the court are the Transportation, Horticultural and Woman's Building. On the east side is the U. S. Government Building and the Fisheries Building with its immense water capacity. On the north side, the gilded dome of the Illinois Building is seen, to the right of which appears the Art Palace, around which are grouped the various State and foreign buildings, forming the third division. Far to the west, outside the grounds is the Midway Plaisance with its quaint villages. We will next present the Woman's Building.

HUBERT CHILD, of Wichita, Kansas, writes: The spiritual work in Wichita has received a strong impulse for good through the lectures and personal influence of Miss Abby A. Judson, who held public meetings during five weeks in this town. The first Sunday she laid the philosophical foundation deep and strong. The second Sunday, she disturbed the omnivorous seekers for physical phenomena by showing that spiritual communications really emanate from the mind of the medium and the sifter; and that the greed for dollars leads many mediums, especially the materializing ones, to mingle fraud with genuine power. This lecture caused a falling off on the part of credulous seekers of the marvelous, and brought to her succeeding audiences representatives of the most advanced spiritual thinkers in Wichita. A number who had not yet found in Spiritualism what would promote real soul growth, found it in her teachings, and an impression of real spirituality was made that will linger long in Wichita. Miss Judson is now doing a similar work in Eureka, Kansas; and we hope that her intelligent and vivifying power may reach many spiritual societies in the country. I am an old subscriber to THE JOURNAL, and ever regard it as the most intelligent exponent of real Spiritualism.

REFERRING to an article by D. A. P. Foster concerning the Radical Club, Lillian Whiting says: The old "Radical Club" whose list of members and habitués is fairly a Legion d'Honneur, held its meetings for twenty-five years without the aid of cakes and ale. On its records are the names of nearly all the men and women of America whose life and work have contributed to the uplifting of this century, who were at one time or another the essayists before the club, or who assisted in its discussions or were represented by letters. Here were Emerson, Alcott, Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Charlotte Cushman, Lucretia Mott, David Wasson, John Weiss, Julia Ward Howe, Charles G. Ames, Professor Tyndall, George William Curtis, Mary A. Livermore and dozens of others, at one time or another, of the choicest spirits of the century. And the club that held its Monday meetings in the house on Chestnut street was more nearly a salon than any other gathering in America. Now, whenever two or three people are gathered together in the name of any idea or cause, the immediate sine qua non seems to be a dinner. No one wants the feast, every one professes himself bored by it—yet all the same the usage continues. It will be interesting to see who will have the courage and power to reform an exacting and useless custom whose undesirable aspects Dr. Foster so ably points out.

MRS. ELDBRED, in writing from San Diego, Cal., says: I visited the "Junior World's Fair," which is an exhibit of the goods which are to form a part of San Diego county's exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago. Among the many wonderful and curious things displayed, three cases of silk excited my admiration. The exhibit was of silk grown here. The in-

dustry was started and fostered by ladies in this county. The silk display in Chicago from here will include a banner, the United States flag, the silk in it being raised, prepared for the loom, and woven by ladies here. This place seems a long way from Chicago, and the center of the world, but not so far but that there is a large and flourishing society of Spiritualists who hold regular Sunday services and two theosophical societies.

THE name of the magazine, "New Occasion," to be published in this city by Charles H. Kerr & Co., was suggested by the lines of Lowell:

"New Occasion teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth. They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of Truth."

B. F. Underwood, in addition to his other journalistic work, will edit the new magazine which will be devoted to social and industrial reform.

Just as we go to press we learn that Mrs. Elizabeth L. Currier, wife of W. W. Currier, of Haverhill, Mass., passed to the higher life March 29, 1893. We shall present next week a more extended notice of Mrs. Currier who is a veteran in Spiritualism. Many friends will sympathize with Mr. Currier in his sorrow.

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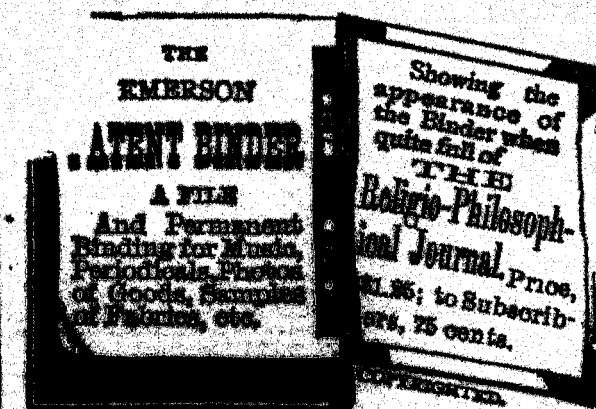
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