

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, NOV. 18, 1893.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 4, NO. 26

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

AGNOSTICS AND THE WORLD'S CONGRESSES.

At the concluding meeting of the World's Congresses, Hon. C. C. Bonney said: "If the Agnostics were denied admission to the Religious Congresses, it was not from any personal ill-will, but because they had no religious faith to affirm and no religious achievements to set forth.

We were not before aware that the Agnostics were denied admission to the Religious Congresses. We were not aware that they ever made application for admission. It is certain that Agnostics, at least many, probably most of them, are not without religious faith and can point to religious achievements, which they can set forth. Mr. Bonney evidently has the popular idea of an Agnostic, that is, one who professes to know nothing. As a matter of fact an Agnostic knows just as much as other people, but he simply does not profess to know that of which nobody knows anything. The Agnostic, as defined by Prof. Huxley, who originated the word, is one who does not claim to know what lies beyond phenomena. The ablest and most representative Agnostic living is Herbert Spencer. His Agnosticism consists simply in declaring what the great philosophies and religions of the world have declared through many centuries, that the nature of the ultimate cause of phenomena is inscrutable. In reply to the question asked by Job, "Who by searching can find out God?" Herbert Spencer would say, "Nobody; it is impossible for the finite mind, with which all knowledge is relative, to have any conception of absolute existence."

At the same time, Herbert Spencer believes not less firmly than does Mr. Bonney in religion. He recognizes it as one of the elements of human nature, as one of the facts and factors of human progress. In one of his works "The Study of Sociology," Mr. Spencer after showing the evils of the theological bias, points out some of the errors of the anti-theological bias. We quote a few passages:

"Thus the anti-theological bias leads to serious errors, both when it ignores the essential share hitherto taken by religious systems in giving force to certain principles of action, in part absolutely good and in part good relatively to the needs of the time, and again when it prompts the notion that these principles might now be so established on rational bases as to rule men effectually through their enlightened intellects.

"These errors, however, which the anti-theological bias produces, are superficial compared with the error that remains. The antagonism to superstitious beliefs habitually leads to entire rejection of them. They are thrown aside with the assumption that along with so much that is wrong there is nothing right. Whereas the truth, recognizable only after antagonism has spent itself, is that the wrong beliefs rejected are superficial, and that a right belief hidden by them remains when they have been rejected. Those who defend, equally with those who assail, religious creeds, suppose that everything turns on the maintenance of the particular dogmas at issue; whereas the dogmas are but temporary forms of that which is permanent.

"The process of evolution which has gradually modified and advanced men's conceptions of the universe, will continue to modify and advance them during the future. The ideas of cause and origin, which have been slowly changing, will change still further. But no changes in them, even when pushed to the extreme, will expel them from consciousness; and hence there can never be an extinction of the correlative sentiments. No more in this than in other things, will Evolution alter its general direction; it will continue along the same lines as hitherto. And if we wish to see whither it tends, we have but to observe how there has been thus far a decreasing concreteness of the consciousness to which the religious sentiment is related, to infer that hereafter this concreteness will further diminish; leaving behind a substance of consciousness for which there is no adequate form, but which is none the less persistent and powerful.

"Without seeming so the development of religious sentiment has been continuous from the beginning; and its nature when a germ was the same as its nature when fully developed. The savage first shows it in the feeling excited by a display of power in another exceeding his own power—some skill, some sagacity in his chief leading to a result he does not understand—something which has the element of mystery and arouses his wonder.....

"No one need expect, then, that the religious consciousness will die away or will change the lines of its evolution. Its specialities of form, once strongly marked and becoming less distinct during past mental progress, will continue to fade; but the substance of the consciousness will persist. That the object matter can be replaced by another object-matter, as supposed by those who think the 'Religion of Humanity' will be the religion of the future, is a belief countenanced neither by induction nor by deduction. However dominant may become the moral sentiment enlisted on behalf of humanity, it can never exclude the sentiment, alone properly called religious, awakened by that which is behind humanity and behind all other things. The child by wrapping its head in the bed-clothes, may, for a moment, suppress the consciousness of surrounding darkness; but the consciousness, though rendered less vivid, survives, and imagination persists in occupying itself with that which lies beyond perception. No such thing as a 'Religion of Humanity' can ever do more than temporarily shut out the thought of a Power of which humanity is but a small and fugitive product—a Power which was in course of ever-changing manifestations before humanity was, and will continue through other manifestations when humanity has ceased to be.

"To recognition of this order the anti-theological bias is a hindrance. Ignoring the truth for which religions stand, it undervalues religious institutions in the past, thinks they are needless in the present, and expects they will leave no representatives in the future. Hence mistakes in sociological reasonings."

How would Mr. Bonney deny admission to the Religious Congresses a man of the type of Herbert Spencer, who believes profoundly in the religious consciousness, recognizes the effects of religious life

and endeavors to co-ordinate religion in the natural history of man?

If we understand correctly, some Secularists asked that they might have meetings in connection with the World's Congress Auxiliary. We do not know what their representations to Mr. Bonney were, but if they stated that they had no religion and believed in no religion, they did not represent the position of the intelligent Agnostics. The fact of their being Secularists was in no way inconsistent with their recognition of religion, but we are of the opinion that those who made application to Mr. Bonney were not simply Agnostics or Secularists but that they were to use one of George Jacob Holyoake's expressions "anti-theology-mad" freethinkers, those who keep up the fight against theology in the old-fashioned way, not being aware of the world's progress and of the changed methods of controversy during the last few years, and who imagine that in denouncing certain theological dogmas they are also denouncing religion, when they in fact, have no necessary connection whatever. For while these dogmas are the formulation of ideas of a particular time and place, subject to continual change in adaptation to the changing conceptions and convictions of successive ages, the essential element of man's nature, which finds expression in a great variety of forms among men of every age and clime, the manifestations of religious consciousness being in accordance with the intellectual and moral opinion of the people.

There is certainly no reason for excluding from participation in discussions, such as those of the Religious Congresses, any person simply because he is an Agnostic. As a matter of fact there were persons who took part in those congresses, who are not simply Agnostics but who are atheists; and while we see no inconsistency even in their defining their views, it would seem absurd to admit such to a place on the platform and to exclude those, who, in their intellectual modesty, decline to invest with their own personal attributes the eternal Cause and Basis of phenomena.

A RIFT IN THE VEIL.

The experiences of real life, here and now, are after all of the highest import, and far more convincing than any system of philosophy that may be built upon the most effective analogies. The effect of creeds, philosophies, systems of thought, intuitions, etc., may be of that character which shall lead to a more or less restful hope and trust with reference to the realities that await our loved ones as they pass beyond the veil that seems to separate the "living and the dead." But now and then come instances where it must be conceded, in all fairness of supposition, as well as of reasoning, that to some is accorded the high privilege of standing at the central point where a great light concentrates its most illuminating rays. That such are among the most favored on earth surely need not be said.

We wish to transpose to the canvas of the printed page, as concisely and accurately as possible, the picture of such an instant. We need not be reminded that it is a task impossible of completeness; that the original scene must have been witnessed to be fully appreciated; that no power of words renders

it "lawful to utter" the full meaning as apprehended by those who were privileged, by both physical and spiritual eyes, to witness the parting of the veil and catch a glimpse of that which lies beyond. The transposition must indeed be a mere sketch, a vague outline of the reality.

But in order that it may be reproduced as clearly as possible, let the mind bring into view, as the prominent participants in the scene, three individuals; a husband and his wife and the wife's sister. Bear in mind, also, the fact that a mother of the wife and sister had died some ten years ago. It should also be added that the mother was a most noble woman, an ideal mother; strong and grand in all those traits of character that lift some women above ordinary human nature, and make all such matters as mere technical religion seem petty and woeful in the extreme. Of the two sisters, regard them, as they may be justly regarded, noble daughters of a noble mother. The husband—a physician—and his wife mated in that peculiar sense that justifies the marriage relation. Here was a home; here was love; here interdependence and mutual regard and helpfulness to a degree seldom witnessed. Little ones had also come to intensify and unify more strongly the foregoing qualities. Let these facts constitute the background of the picture and serve to account for a certain glow of vividness and reality that might not otherwise so clearly appear or seem to be inherent to all who possess personal knowledge of all the facts.

Now the central object. The wife submits to a most critical and long-continued surgical operation, (without an anæsthetic) and from loss of blood or nervous shock suddenly sinks away. The three attending physicians consider her dead. That she stopped breathing and that the heart ceased its action, there seemed to be no doubt. She was, doubtless, in that stage of death's process from which it would have been impossible to recall her a few, very few, moments later.

The husband, seeing her condition, appalled and overcome by the fact, instead of being stunned, was roused to that mental and emotional pitch which sometimes seems to give one almost superhuman powers. Seizing the apparently lifeless form of his wife by the shoulders he shook her vigorously, and sternly commanded her to come back. "Come back, Bertha, come back! Think of me! Think of the children! You must not die! You shall not die!"—such words and others of like import.

Slowly the wife and mother comes back, or partially so, and remained for some ten days thereafter. She did not recover the sense of sight. Otherwise every physical sense seemed fully revived. The brain was clear, and she remained the same wife and mother as before with this significant exception—she was vastly more than that which represented her personality before this event. She had taken on new powers and a new and intensified form of mind and spirit. So marked was this change that when her sister reached her bedside, a day or two thereafter, she at once recognized it, before even a word had passed between them. To quote her words: "I knew at a glance that Bertha could not live. There was a transformation that rendered even her face super-physical."

Much more might be added on this point, but after all it is of that nature which must be either witnessed or apprehended, it cannot be described. What we wish to come to is a brief outline of her own calm, clear, and perfectly rational statement of her conscious experience or mental and psychical state, during the period of cessation of all physical function. This is the substance as she related it to her sister: "I had been suffering great pain for hours. All at once, however, it grew dark and all pain ceased. I felt myself sinking, and then knew that I was dying. There was no terror nor fear, the chief consciousness being that my sufferings were over. Suddenly a great light appeared. This was soon followed by the appearance of scenes of indescribable beauty—scenes of landscape appearance, including the presence of many, very many people of most attractive

form and manner. At last mother was seen, standing amid all these various phases of beauty, serenely and sweetly beckoning to me and saying, 'Come, Bertha, come.' I felt myself gently moving toward her. But just before reaching her I heard the voice of the doctor pleading with me to come back. A momentary struggle followed. Finally I uttered this prayer: Let me go back and comfort him for a little! The scenes of which I have spoken gradually receded from view, and I am here—but only for a little. It is all right. I have seen that which convinces me that it is all right. Death can nevermore have any terrors. I know that it is all right. I am not dreaming. I am not delirious. You see that my brain is clear. No power can convince me that I did not really see these things. It is all true and sure. I know it now. It is no longer faith or trust. It is sight."

Her sister says that the transformation was so marked that she seemed almost like an alien to this world. Her love for her husband and children was as strong as ever; but added to all the noble qualities that had characterized her life there was a spiritual quality and insight that lifted her above things terrestrial. She seemed to have a prescience of the future life of each of her children, and planned and arranged for each with a sense of absolute assurance that all was as Infinite Love would have it. Full of good cheer, loving consideration, and with a confidence that was born of sight and apparent experience, she again embarked for the opposite shore. While enfolded within the arms of her husband she gasped her last breath, and with it the words, "God knows I love you."

Such is the briefest possible statement of an event, and of the subject's account thereof. And it is one surely to be never forgotten by those who were witnesses. It should be added, however, that this lady was not of a type of women given to any sort of fanciful imaginations, either by nature or acquirement. Her most marked qualities were those of a strong, sturdy, noble womanhood, abounding in all that is best which passes under the name of "common sense," rather than anything akin to sentimentality. She was not even poetical in temperament. Her characteristics were, rather, of an intellectual order. This would seem to render the event more striking.

After all, what is there about her experience that should seem so very strange? If a continued existence beyond this physical stage is to be the lot of man, why should not one who steps across the darkened line, and returns again, bring back some foregleams of that which is to be? Was her experience something other than the tangible, the real? We know the arguments that may be brought forward to discredit its force as an evidence of conscious, personal existence beyond this life. But none of these has a weight sufficient to over-balance the facts in the minds of those who saw and felt for themselves. To all of these it is reality.

GERMAN TRAMPS.

A writer in the Century Magazine for October has an article entitled "Life among German Tramps." Desirous of knowing the real facts in regard to the life of tramps in Germany, after supplementing his reading by many conversations with beggars, as they lounged around his home in Berlin, he decided to become a tramp himself in order to obtain the knowledge which he desired. He had lived two years in Germany and had played the tramp in this country. He made several journeys in different parts of Germany, having for companions "a queer lot." The substance of his experience may be briefly stated. The average tramp in Germany is fairly intelligent, rather more stupid than the American tramp, but not so mischievous. He is more just in dealing with his fellow tramps but he lacks the generosity of the American tramp. He lacks the democratic spirit and is rather ardent in his enthusiasm for the Kaiser. He is fond of schnapps; he has served in the army, or if he has not he will dodge the recruiting officer by skipping the country wherever possible. He has

little interest in the rights of labor as against capital, though in the February riots in Berlin in 1891 lent his shoulder to the wheel, which he hoped might turn in the direction of a general overthrow of the social order.

The treatment of beggars in Germany it seems is much better than it is in this country. The supposition is that every one is honestly in search of work. There is a show of making a test of honesty of every tramp, by giving him an opportunity of working and punishing him if he is caught begging as a vagrant, but the writer says, "The man who will not work passes through this institution as freely as the man who will, owing to the lack of determined discrimination on the part of the officers, and the desperate cleverness of the offenders." The tramps loaf around in the neighborhood of the churches and makes appeals to poor Catholics as they pass in and out, usually getting a small sum. One of the tramps said, "The poor people are the best friends we have. They give ten times where the rich man gives once." This, the writer says, is an indisputable fact.

It seems that the tramp problem in Germany is a difficult one to deal with as it is in this country. Probably the great majority of tramps are men who have lost their desire for work and who have determined to get a living without work. It seems that the tramps have existed in Europe for centuries and they have methods of communication and mutual understanding as to the advancement of their interests, division of spoils, etc., which are very ingenious and very effective in helping them. In this country, the evil did not appear until after the war. A large number of men perhaps by the war were rendered unfit to return to industrial pursuits; many of them by habits of dissipation, by lack of attachment to locality, by absence of family ties, by lack of self-respect and self-supporting habits, became unfitted for regular employment. But they formed a small part. East and west, there have been armies of these unfortunate beings, many of them of a vicious and criminal type, subsisting off the earnings of the industrious and often perpetrating crimes and outrages which have made them a terror in many communities. Certainly our civilization ought to grapple with this evil and see if the problem of abolishing it cannot be solved in some humane and practical manner. It is a disgrace to the country to have multitudes of men, most of them young or middle aged and in health roaming up and down the country, sleeping in barns or in the fields, stealing and making themselves generally a nuisance to every community they visit. There should be the most stringent laws against tramping and at the same time the wisest and most beneficent provision for every absolutely dependent person actually unable to earn his own living. Undiscriminating charity is a great evil. It is actually wrong and hurtful to society. It encourages the very want which it seeks to remedy and increases the evil it seeks to remove. So much the more is the need of discriminating charity and wise, united efforts to overcome social ills. This Republic has solved many difficulties. Let it turn its attention to the tramp problem and see whether that also cannot be successfully settled.

REPETITION is growth, says the Universal Republic. To repeat good, in thought, speech or action, adds to its growth; and likewise of evil. Every one who repeats a wrong is causing its growth, no matter whether he be a tramp, an editor, or a president; and his end will be the prison house, either here or hereafter. It is often said that one may repeat a falsehood so often that he gets to believe that it is the truth. The strength of the falsehood within him is due to the law of growth, consequent upon its repetition. This also explains why so many millions are wedded to the same erroneous ideas in religion, politics, etc. Repetition of these ideas, generation after generation, has rooted them so deeply in the minds of humanity that they are hard to eradicate. The beings of the majority of humanity are filled with these false growths, and nothing short of the silent spiritual leaven will uproot them.

THE PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS

**REPORT TO THE PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS
WORLD'S FAIR AUXILIARY OF THE CASE
OF MISS MARY J. FANCHER.**

By EX-JUDGE ABRAM H. DAILEY.

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II.

A great many of these facts were published by the Eagle years ago, and it was to see to what extent the sufferings of the girl had been mitigated that the Eagle reporter called upon Dr. Speir yesterday. The doctor seemed unwilling to give many fresh facts to the reporter, even in the interest of medical science. The conversation which ensued, however, will explain itself:

"Do you really think, Dr. Speir, that this young woman has lived all these years without eating anything?"

"I know that for some time, as published in the Eagle in '67, I endeavored to sustain life by the injection of nourishment, but after a while I found she was literally better without it and I have ceased to do so for a long time."

"And she has eaten nothing?"

"I can safely say that."

"But is it not probable that in your absence some nourishment is administered to her?"

"I have given her emetics on purpose to discover that, but the result has always satisfied me that she has taken no food. It sounds strangely, but it is so, I have—and especially when I took charge of the case first—taken every precaution

AGAINST DECEPTION.

and have even gone in at 11 o'clock at night without being announced, but I have always found her the same. She lies in the same position she has occupied for so many years, and has actually worn out the springs of the bedstead. I have been afraid to put new springs in the bedstead for fear of bed sores. So, just where she lies is a regular nest she has made for herself."

"And what other physical peculiarities are there about her, besides her inability to eat?"

"Well, the arms are drawn up, and the lower limbs are intertwined in a most remarkable manner. Besides this, her mouth is shut tightly and though her teeth are all worn away or extracted, it is impossible to open the mouth. Once or twice I have pried it open with a little medical instrument, but it has invariably snapped to again. The patient's will has evidently nothing to do with this. Her mouth closes in spite of it. Indeed, the power of will seems to be gone completely."

WHAT THE PATIENT CAN DO.

From various sources, all of which are absolutely above suspicion, the reporter gathers the following facts as to Miss Fancher's singular power while in her present dreadful condition:

She can tell the time of day on a watch by passing her hand over the crystal, also across the room, which is always kept dark. It is stated—and here the supernatural appears to come in—that she can also read another's letters and write out their contents correctly. Can tell the coming of a thunder storm hours in advance. This last peculiarity, however, is not hers alone. Many people who have corns can do the same thing.

Has told the City Hall bell would ring five minutes before the alarm was actually given.

Will at times go through the pantomime of being at a party or out hunting. In these cases her attention to pantomimic detail is wonderful.

She works embroidery in colors with great facility.

Has made slippers and smoking caps, etc., with initials worked in.

At one time she announced to her attendant that her doctor would be shortly robbed. The next day somebody stole a case of instruments from his reception room.

She describes persons at the door of the house

BEFORE THEY ENTER,

and details the actions of her friends in New York and elsewhere.

She will also tell the colors of articles held behind her head.

WHAT IS THE DISEASE?

At first, about seven years ago, it was hoped and believed that the young woman would gradually grow out of the terrible affliction; that the disease was functional and not organic. Now, however, very little hope remains. Dr. Speir told the reporter that the number of nervous diseases of this and similar character is simply surprising. In Brooklyn, among his own patients, he numbers seven or eight, and some of them are nearly as inexplicable as this."

The most exhaustive publication of Miss Fancher's case was made in the New York Sun of November 24, 1878, and covers twenty-four pages of single spacing type written matter, which is vouched for by numerous persons as being remarkably free from errors; but owing to its great length, I have refrained from attaching it to this report. I shall now proceed to give you what I have obtained as matters of recent date or not before published.

STATEMENT OF MRS. E. BLOSSOM, RESIDING AT THE CORNER OF ATLANTIC AND CLINTON STREETS, BROOKLYN.

JUDGE A. H. DAILEY—DEAR SIR: In answer to your request for a statement touching my acquaintance with Miss Fancher and what I have witnessed which may be of public interest regarding her case, I beg to state as follows:

My husband and myself have long been among her most intimate friends. She used to address us by the endearing terms "Uncle Joe" and "Aunt Em."

Mr. Blossom who died six years ago had very interesting experiences with Mollie. Upon one occasion while he was seated by her bed a letter was brought to her. She placed it beneath her pillow without opening it and read it off. Mr. Blossom then said, "Now Mollie, you let me open that letter and read it to myself so that you cannot see it while you repeat it to me word for word if you can." Mollie agreed and read it without making one mistake. Once while we were visiting her, her pet squirrel disappeared and we could find it nowhere, but Mollie said it was in the next room under the bed. That room was quite dark, but we went in and under Mollie's directions chased the squirrel from corner to corner till we captured it. Yes, I have seen Mollie in all her conditions, five, I think, and as she does not know her various selves I suggested that she should write notes to the other Mollies. This was on one occasion when she woke up from a trance and said to me: "Mollie number one is very much afraid because she is alone." I inquired why she was alone and said that she should write notes to the other Mollies and ask them. On July 1, 1893, I visited Mollie and she sat up in bed as she has lately done more than once. She took lunch with me very daintily, but she ate something; while at one time for nine years nothing entered her stomach. She could not swallow, the muscles of her throat were completely contracted. She would sometimes take a mouthful of ice cream, something which does not now agree with her, or any little thing that would easily melt and the whole of it would be absorbed by the membranes of her mouth.

E. BLOSSOM.

STATEMENT BY MR. HERBERT BLOSSOM.

I have known Mollie Fancher since 1872 when I was very young and saw a good deal of her from that time to the year 1881, but after that only once or twice up to 1888, since which time I have seen her

occasionally. When I was first acquainted with Mollie she was very loath to show any of her strange powers, but she used to tell me of things that happened in my own room. I remember that when I was a boy I was in the habit of sitting up reading at night and she made me promise that I would go to bed at 10 o'clock. One night I forgot myself and when I closed the book and looked at the clock it was a quarter to eleven. Next time I saw Mollie she asked me what time I had gone to bed that same night. I said about 10 o'clock. But she said: "No, I was there and it was a quarter to eleven."

I used to take newspapers to her and she would just lay her hand on them and tell me all the news they contained; then I would unfold them, read, and find her quite correct.

Nine years of her life are a blank to her; when she came out of that state she did not know me; I had to make her acquaintance over again. When there was no one else to take care of her I would pass the night watching by her and as her many conditions generally come on her in the night she now knows me in all of them except one. When she woke up in that fifth condition one night she said to me: "Well, and who are you?"

During the last year I have seen her in all her different states, from Mollie number 1 to Mollie number 5. In fact, during one night I saw her pass through them all without any convulsion, merely a deep drawn sigh between each, while generally the convulsions are violent. She displays different characteristics in each and I always have to wait to hear what she says so that I may know which Mollie is talking to me. In one of her conditions she is very gay and witty. In each she remembers what has occurred in the same condition, but nothing of the various others. In one she speaks, thinks and acts like a child six years old; for several months she went into that state for a short time in every twenty-four hours. It may not be really the case but it has seemed to me that when I have been sitting by her side and talking to her all night she has not gone into those conditions so much as when she was alone. When I have been sleeping by her side the spasms have sometimes been so violent that the shaking of the floor has awakened me. Between each spasm she would be a different Mollie and in the morning her vitality was very low. When she came out of her cataleptic states I used to ask her what she had seen, but she would seldom say a word about it. When I asked how it was that she could see everything, she said she seemed to see through her forehead above her eyes.

Mollie has been a great sufferer. Many years ago she told me that she never had a moment free from pain. Her heart would often beat so hard that you could see the bedclothes throb. She has always been good and patient. Sometimes when I have been there persons have come to tell her of their own little troubles and it seemed to me that they were so trifling compared with hers, yet she always endeavored to comfort those who came to her for consolation.

Mollie really is a wonderful person, very clever, and in her patient endurance and kind thoughtfulness of other people she is certainly a beautiful character. All through her long years of illness she has never been emaciated; about her throat and neck she has been and is very plump. This used to be a source of surprise to me. Again and again I have watched Mollie in spasms and she continuously rolled her head on the pillow from side to side for a quarter of an hour at a time; she also violently pounded her chest so that in the morning it would be bruised.

I am asked to state what I recall with reference to her having seen Mr. Sargent while in one of her trances. I remember that I was watching with her one night while Mr. Sargent was away in Muskegon, Michigan, where he had gone to organize a company for the manufacture of furniture for invalids in which Mollie was interested. Mollie went into a deep trance for some time, all evidences of animation being absent, as usual in her trances. When she re-

turned to consciousness and asked where she had been, she informed me that she had in her trance been to see Mr. Sargent and said that he was in a large room with a number of persons about him and on a platform or stage and was singing. I felt sure that she was mistaken and told her so, but she said: "We will wait and see." When Mr. Sargent returned, I learned from him that upon the night she was in the trance, that he was engaged in singing and that her description of what she had seen was entirely correct.

HERBERT BLOSSOM.

BROOKLYN, July 11, 1893.

Mrs. Thomas S. Townsend, says: When I first knew Mollie she had been six years in bed and Mr. Townsend made her acquaintance about six weeks later. We both became much attached to her. I used to pass one day and night with her every week; Mr. Townsend would come and stay the night with me. At one time, in the seventh or eighth year of her illness Mollie's brother, now dead, was taken ill and Miss Crosby went to his home at Cornwall on the Hudson, so I was a good deal with Mollie taking care of her.

Opposite to where she lives resided Mr. and Mrs. Parkhurst. That lady and I were seated with her on the day that Miss Crosby had left, when suddenly Mollie went into a perfectly rigid trance. We said, as we always did on such occasions, "Mollie has gone away." By and by she exclaimed, "How do you like them?" In half an hour she drew a deep sigh and came out of the trance. We asked, "Where have you been?"

"I have been to Aunt Susie (Miss Crosby) and I did try so hard to make them see and hear me."

"What were they doing?"

"Why, they were looking at the presents that we sent them and I asked her (meaning the wife of Mollie's brother) how she liked them?"

Mollie then described how she had seen each person in the house at Cornwall, what they were doing and what they said. When we asked her how she had gone and returned, she said, "Partly by railway and partly by telegraph" (surely a joke of Mollie's). When Miss Crosby returned home we asked her to describe how things had been and what had been done and said on the evening of her arrival in Cornwall. She gave a full account and it corresponded to all that Mollie had said, whereupon she exclaimed, "Didn't I tell you so?"

The strangest thing about her is the many changes that she goes through. Of course it is well known that for the first nine years she could keep nothing solid in her stomach. I am positive that she kept nothing in her stomach and in fact could not swallow during the first years that I knew her. She used to call Mr. Townsend and me "Papa and Mama Tom."

The light distressed her nerves so much that she had her room nearly dark so that I found it difficult to thread my needle. But she would say, "O, do give it to me, mama Tom" and in an instant would have it threaded. Whenever I lost anything she told me just where it was and if anything was missing in Miss Crosby's house, Mollie would go into a momentary cataleptic trance and would sit upright which I always loved to see, stretching out her arms and saying, "There it is; I see it," then fall helpless immediately if we did not sustain her. I have not seen Mollie once for the last few months. I have never seen her sit upright except in the trance, she always has to be propped up. I do not see how she could sit up with her spine as it is.

She made most beautiful wax flowers and I showed her how to make the leaves. She learned with astonishing rapidity for she is remarkably clever. She said that sometimes she saw through her forehead, at others the top of her head seemed to be full of light and occasionally it was hard for her to see anything at all.

She used to put sealed letters under her pillow and read them; sometimes she read by rubbing her hand over them and I have seen her read books in the same way.

Very few people have any idea how much Mollie has suffered and yet she has been such a help to others. I know a prominent minister who frequently went to her and to me he said very frankly, "I do not come to help Mollie but to gather strength and consolation from her."

There were times when Mollie could not hear unless we directed our voice up her nostrils, as she instructed us; and when her heart beat with frightful violence she told us to breathe on it for that relieved her.

It was while I was taking care of Mollie that an agent came from Barnum who had read newspaper articles about her. He wanted to exhibit Mollie. I talked to the agent at the street door and felt very indignant and angry. Mollie could not hear us from where she was but she afterwards repeated all the conversation to me. When I had shut out the agent and went upstairs again, I found Mollie not angry, but laughing. She said: "Just think of it, Madam Tom, imagine me exhibiting myself for twenty-five cents. I am glad you were so firm with him. Had you not been here he would have certainly got in somehow or other."

I was with Mollie when the change took place in her after those nine years and it was all very painful. The change took place gradually in about two weeks, during which time Mollie frequently wept and said that something dreadful was going to happen to her. One night the climax came and then I saw Mollie's eyes for the first time. They suddenly flashed wide open and never have I seen anything more beautiful, for though sightless, they were perfectly angelical. That night was something never to be forgotten. She was wonderful; and she seemed to be on a stage gesticulating with one small hand and then she sang most beautifully. For several days Mollie was in an unconscious state and we supposed she was dying. When she came out of it every one and everything was strange to her. She did not even know her aunt. All her surroundings distressed her and it took her a long time to become reconciled to them. We were entirely unknown to her. When Mr. Townsend approached her with his accustomed friendly solicitude she drew herself away as if she considered him very impertinent. We had to begin the acquaintance all over again and she never again addressed us as Papa and Mama Tom. But in that second state she used to call me "Lady Townsend."

I have seen so much of Mollie and her strange powers that nothing extraordinary seems to stand out saliently apart from the rest. I love Mollie very tenderly and would do anything to serve her. I think that before she dies, Mollie will return to her original self, as I first knew her.

SARAH Y. TOWNSEND.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1893.

Mr. Thomas S. Townsend, The Newport, Broadway and 52d street, says:

Before the first change took place in Mollie's condition and while Mrs. Townsend had the care of her, during her aunt's absence at Cornwall, I went to the house every day about half-past three o'clock and remained until next morning. On one occasion a lady acting as secretary for me, met me at the Wall Street Ferry with some papers which were important for me to have immediately. It being a beautiful afternoon in the month of June I invited her to take a sail across the river. She did so and walked up Montague street with me to Fulton avenue where she took a car for the Fulton Ferry, while I took another for the other direction—to Mollie's—arriving there soon after four o'clock. About seven o'clock of that evening Mollie said to me "Who came across the ferry with you this afternoon?"

Mrs. Townsend then said that about half-past three o'clock Mollie had been in a trance and while in that condition she noticed an expression of amusement in her countenance and when she again came to herself Mrs. Townsend inquired what she had seen that was so funny. But Mollie would give her no satisfaction. But after having inquired of me "who came

across the ferry?" she admitted having seen the lady and gave the name of the person referred to.

THOMAS S. TOWNSEND.

NEW YORK, July, 1893.

18 SIDNEY PLACE, Brooklyn, L. I., July 6th, 1893.

JUDGE ABRAHAM H. DAILEY—DEAR SIR: I was introduced to Miss Fancher a few years ago by the eminent scholar, Dr. C. E. West, in whose Seminary Mollie was about to graduate just before the terrible accident which prostrated her. I have frequently visited her with my husband Dr. LePlongeon who, as a physician was much interested in her case. He found it a most extraordinary one, and told the patient that it would not surprise him if a time should come when she would again stand on her feet.

We are convinced that Mollie sees quite clearly, though her eyes are sightless. On one occasion we took photos to show her. With closed eyelids, and the room nearly dark, she passed comments on the pictures, even pointing out a portrait of myself in a very small group, where my face was hardly bigger than the head of a common pin; we had not told her that my figure was there.

She had a pet cat named Sarah Bernhardt. When it entered the room, noiseless, as those creatures are, she would exclaim "Here comes Sarah Bernhardt!"

One Sunday afternoon while I talked with her, a heavy storm came on. Mollie immediately said "What a pity! that dress of yours will be spoiled."

"Why, Mollie," said I, "you do not know what my dress is like."

"Yes I do; it is a silver grey satin."

Her description was correct and I was much surprised.

We never grew tired of admiring the marvelous wax flowers made by Miss Fancher and one afternoon her devoted aunt, Mrs. Crosby, showed us some exquisite portieres worked by Mollie. They were garnet plush, embroidered with silk, old gold, emerald green, pearl grey, pure white, and a rich brown. The design was elaborate, executed with wondrous skill and taste, the work being perfect and the blending of colors most artistic. The garnet velvet was faced with old gold silk. These portieres can be seen at No. 30 St. James Place, Brooklyn, L. I., the home of Mr. L—. There also, is a most beautiful lambrequin made by the same deft and really lovely little hands. The passion flower is the design on the lambrequin, that flower having been greatly admired and cultivated by the gentleman mentioned. He interested himself in finding purchasers for some of Mollie's fine work, and it was he who told us of a lady who saw Mollie sketch with great rapidity a beautiful spray of roses, then select needles and silks, thread them without any hesitation and quickly complete the work in the most perfect manner, her eyes being fast shut. The lady said "Oh Mollie, your eyes are in the ends of your fingers." Mollie only laughed and when the piece of work was completed gave it to the lady to insert in a crazy quilt which the lady herself was making, and yet has in her possession.

When Mr. L— kindly allowed us to examine the portieres now in his house he said: "I have known Mollie fourteen years and have seen many puzzling things for which I cannot find any logical explanation. She certainly sees with precision, though her physicians say that her optical nerves are destroyed. But she has always hesitated to show her powers."

It surprises me that Mollie could, while lying on her back, have worked on such a large piece of goods as the portieres, and have produced such a fine general effect, without having the whole thing spread out before her. She must have had the work, in its complete form, before her mental vision.

Having been frequently absent from Brooklyn we have not visited Mollie as much as we might otherwise have done, but we are convinced of her genuineness, her great sufferings, and have often admired her ready sympathy for others less afflicted than herself. Being thoroughly unselfish she prefers to speak of anybody or of anything rather than of herself. Apart from the interest attached to her

phenomenal condition, she is a gifted and lovable woman worthy of the esteem and affection of her fellow beings, and is tenderly regarded by those who know her intimately.

Very truly yours,
ALICE D. LEPLONGEON.

Statement of Joseph S. Harley, relative to his experiences with Miss Mollie Fancher. Brooklyn, July 15, 1893.

978 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have known Miss Mollie Fancher 15 or 16 years. I am an engraver. I have visited her on an average of about once a week all these years.

Our conversation is often very general, and she seems to know what is going on as well as do persons who have the use of their senses and are walking or traveling around the city. For instance upon one occasion she asked me "What is that large building down there on Bedford near Lafayette avenue, are they stores?" I said, Synagogue, what do you know about it? She laughed and said, "Why do you ask me such a question? don't I know as much about it as you do?" I have seen Mollie Fancher's several selves, or the ones who come and are said to be a part of her life. Her aunt told me to come and stay late enough to see the other Mollies. I came and saw one come. The Mollie whom I had first seen went into a trance, and then appeared to wake up, and her eyes were opened. I had to be introduced to her. She had been told of my coming and was expecting me. She asked me if I knew the old Mollie. I said yes. She appeared quite jealous of the old Mollie. She asked me how long I had known her and said she wanted me to stay and see her sometime. At one time the one who appears to be a little child came. She talked and acted as a little child. She asked her aunt, "A stranger?" and her aunt told her I was the one she had spoken of coming and she said "Oh yes." She asked me if I married and about my children if I had any. She said, "I wish mamma would come, she stays so late to-night." Then she said, "I will have to go," and she went into a trance.

I know she distinguishes colors by placing her hands on them. The Mollie I usually see complained that the other Mollie got and opened and read her letters and said she was going to wait and see her some time.

JOSEPH S. HARLEY.

Mr. Howard Jones, The Alameda, 385 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn, says:

"I have seen Mollie in her cataleptic trances quite frequently. While I was talking with her she would suddenly become stiff in whatever posture she had happened to assume. I have seen her in four of her conditions and she presents a distinct personality in each. I have no theory or idea as to how this could be explained, but Mollie is certainly a wonderful thing. Yes, I have seen her as little Rosebud, the six year old child. Mollie is becoming much more natural than she used to be. She now moves all the upper part of her body quite freely and her lower limbs, though not straight, are no longer entwined as they were when Mrs. Jones first knew her. My wife was then only twelve years old. If she were here she would herself tell you that formerly she has seen Mollie's lower limbs together in three twists; her arm too was at that time uplifted so that her hand was at the back of her neck and her eyelids were closed very firmly. Yet she always saw distinctly, as she proved to me over and over again. When I was in the room about ten feet from her and was quite dark where she lay she would describe what I was wearing, even finger rings. One afternoon when Mrs. Jones was with her, there was a tadpole in a glass case containing fishes. The room was nearly dark and the creature very small but Mollie, with closed eyes, followed its movements exclaiming, 'There it goes! Now it is swimming up to the top,' etc.

"I think very highly of Mollie's character and she is very clever."

HOWARD S. JONES.

BROOKLYN, July 21, 1893.

Dr. Edward Braislin, No. 15 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, says:

I have known Miss Mollie Fancher a long time and have always been much interested in her, but have not made any close or scientific study of her case. I have seen her in one of her night states, or what she calls other Mollies. Her eyes were then wide open and she claimed to know nothing of what had happened in the day. She did not recognize me and I had to be newly introduced to her; apparently she had no knowledge whatever of our former acquaintance. On that occasion, her eyes being wide open, she told me that she had no power of vision, but was absolutely blind. I tested her eyes then and it is the only time I have done so, holding a lighted lamp close to them. As far as my knowledge goes I should say they were perfectly well formed but the pupil instead of contracting only, contracted and dilated alternately to its utmost capacity, the eyelids remaining fixedly open while the full light was pouring steadily on the orbs. So that if the glare acted on them at all, it acted in a very erratic way; but I got the impression that Mollie was quite blind, as otherwise the light which I held to them must have caused her acute pain. I know Mollie well in her normal state, if the term normal can at any time be applied to her, and I consider her sincerity unquestionable. If she is mistaken in any matter regarding herself she does not knowingly deceive any one; I esteem her very highly.

EDWARD BRAISLIN.

BROOKLYN, July, 1893.

MILL RIVER, BERKSHIRE CO., MASS.,
July 8, 1893.

TO THE PSYCHICAL CONGRESS, WORLD'S FAIR AUXILIARY:

Having been requested by Judge A. H. Dailey to certify over my own signature to certain incidents on the occasion of my visit to Miss Mollie Fancher, I willingly do so by stating as follows:

Some three years ago I visited Judge Dailey at his home, 451 Washington avenue, city of Brooklyn. We were old acquaintances. I came from Massachusetts and spent the night with him. About 11 o'clock at night I retired to my room, Judge Dailey accompanying me, when we spent quite a while in conversation.

I had never seen Mollie Fancher, but had heard of her.

I was subsequently informed by Judge Dailey that Miss Fancher claimed to have seen us together in that room that night and to have correctly described my personal appearance. During the last winter, with my brother-in-law, Mr. Edward T. Blodgett, I called again upon Judge Dailey for a social visit. During the evening I expressed a desire to sometime see Miss Fancher; whereupon Judge Dailey volunteered to take us to her home that evening, as it was but a few blocks away. When we entered Miss Fancher's room, the Judge asked her if she recognized either of us—Blodgett or myself. She said that we had never been there before. After a few seconds thought she said that she had never seen Mr. Blodgett before, but I was the man she saw in her trance some years before at Judge Dailey's house; that I had a full beard and other things descriptive that was quite correct.

I will further add that Judge Dailey was not aware of our intention to call upon him until we came to his door and I am quite positive that Miss Fancher could not have known of our coming until we entered her house.

The visit was suggested and made on the impulse of the moment and as unexpectedly to all of us as anything possibly could be.

H. D. SISSON.

I have read the above statement of a visit to Miss Mollie Fancher and know it to be correct.

E. T. BLODGETT.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS,
COUNTY OF BERKSHIRE, S. S.

Subscribed and sworn to this 8th day of July, 1893, before me.

EDWIN ADAMS,
Justice of the Peace.

The following instance of Miss Fancher's remarkable powers will be found of exceeding interest, in so much as it is of very recent occurrence and I have in my possession the original correspondence touching the same. Neither Miss Fancher nor Mr. Bishop, her correspondent, would likely be willing that I should publish in full the letters as they were written, not for the reason of anything improper contained in them, but because of many jolly and familiar expressions contained in each letter written by one to the other.

Miss Fancher's letter reads as follows in so far as I shall insert the same:

MAY 17, 1893.

Wednesday, a. m.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I do not doubt you sent out a "search," and now I am sending out one also. What became of you? You last wrote you would put in an appearance and I looked and expected you. Then of course I did not write for I thought you were coming. I have been very sick before I received your letter and since and that is the reason I have not answered. Is the apology accepted?

You seem to be in bad luck when you come to Brooklyn. You hurt your finger when you were in New York and then you smashed your wrist.

We have had a backward spring, very cold, and now once more it is pleasant weather. I expect it looks lovely on the Island. The apples and cherries must be in blossom and the trees are budding fast since so much rain fell and last week was so warm.

How are you and all the family and the nephew that called with you and his family?

(She closes her letter by saying:)

I trust you are well, happy and jolly as ever. I can see you standing or posing, wasn't that it, for a picture. With kind regards,

From

MOLLIE FANCHER.

The envelope to this letter I have in my possession and is addressed to Mr. J. S. Bishop, Riverhead, L. I. Post office box 561, and is post marked May 17 2 p. m., 1893.

The answer to that letter is dated Riverhead, Ma 18, 1893, and commenced:

MISS MOLLIE FANCHER—DEAR FRIEND: "Your letter of the 17th inst. was appreciatingly read." After referring to some personal matters, the writer uses this language: "You mention in your letter that you can see me standing for a picture; well I will tell you about it:

"On Monday at 6 p. m. a photographer seated the hotel for a picture. He requested me to be included, I complied with his request and stood in front of and leaned on one of the pillars that held and supported the veranda and so I had my picture taken. If not too incompatible with your best wishes and desires and if you will not think I am too 'inquisious,' I shall be highly pleased to have you inform me how you knew I was having my resemblance copied?

"While dining to-day I told an intimate friend that I had received a letter from you. A young gentleman then sitting at my right looked up and acted as though he was greatly astonished. He asked me if I was acquainted with you. I told him I was pleased to say, yes. He said he had the honor of knowing you also. He said his wife was your cousin. He handed me his card.

"The name of the photographer who took the photograph referred to is Dana Dawens."

Mr. F. Sargent wrote Mr. Bishop for the return of Miss Fancher's letter that it might be used in connection with this report. In enclosing it Mr. Bishop writes as follows:

"I have mentioned the incident to a large number of reputable people and they all have said just as I did on the receipt of your letter—it is something wonderful and far beyond human comprehension.

"The photographer was at the Griffin House a few minutes past 6 p. m., on Monday, May 15, and I received your letter in the evening mail of May 17th I know to a 'dead' certainty that no one at this end of the line apprised you that I was standing for a picture at the time you wrote to me about it. Miss Mollie, I want you—or any other r

derstand that I want the (your) letter returned to me." With kind regards, I remain

Yours hurriedly,

J. S. BISHOP.

It will be noted that the photograph of Mr. Bishop was taken about 6 p. m. of May 15, and that on the 17th of May, evidently in the morning, about a day and a half following, Miss Fancher writes: "I can see you standing or posing, wasn't that it, for a picture." Her letter according to the post mark was in the postoffice at Brooklyn at 2 p. m. of the 17th. Consequently at the time she wrote the letter, whatever she may have seen or thought she saw of Mr. Bishop's doings he was not at that time posing for his picture. That fact, however, detracts nothing from the importance of the incident, for it is equally remarkable in whatever light it may be considered. Unquestionably Miss Fancher had a picture presented to her mental or spiritual vision of what had already transpired in relation to the taking of Mr. Bishop's photograph. The only way of escape from this conclusion is to assume that some one had communicated the fact of Mr. Bishop's having his picture taken to Miss Fancher, which under the circumstances is too absurd to be entertained.

[New York Sun, November 21, 1878.]

DEAD AND YET ALIVE!

THE EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF MISS FANCHER OF BROOKLYN.

FACTS VERIFIED BY ABUNDANT TESTIMONY.

A MENTAL SIGHT THAT IS NOT THE CLAP-TRAP OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

LYING FOR THIRTEEN YEARS ALMOST MOTIONLESS AND AT TIMES COLD WITH THE CHILL OF DEATH AND PULSELESS—BLIND, YET READING WITH PERFECT EASE—SEEING AND DESCRIBING ACTS AND PERSONS FAR REMOVED FROM HER BEDSIDE—MENTAL PHENOMENA THAT MIGHT SEEM INCREDIBLE EXCEPT FOR THE TESTIMONY OF PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, TEACHERS AND TRUSTWORTHY FRIENDS—WITHOUT FOOD FOR MONTHS AT A TIME—SEEMING NEVER TO SLEEP.

In Downing street, Brooklyn, has lain for thirteen years Miss Mary J. Fancher, most of the time in a trance-like condition, with feeble heart pulsations, sluggish and almost imperceptible respiration and the chill of death upon her flesh. At times she has been transformed into a cheerful, vivacious, intelligent, entertaining young woman and then she has relapsed into speechlessness, blindness, deafness and entire paralysis of the senses. She has developed most astonishing powers, resembling second sight or clairvoyance, reading with ease the contents of sealed letters, describing articles in hidden packages, perusing books while absolutely blind. Sometimes her powers are voluntary, at other times they are unconsciously exercised. So little nourishment has she taken that it may be said she lives without food. She is surrounded by persons of social standing and refinement and has always been exceedingly sensitive to any public mention or knowledge of her condition. She has ever repelled any effort to couple her manifestations with those of clairvoyants, has begged to be allowed to live and die in the retirement of her home unmolested by strangers and accessible only to her friends. Clergymen, physicians, men of letters and of intelligence have visited her. Among many who have taken a special interest in her are the Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, pastor of the Classon Avenue Presbyterian church; the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyck, pastor of the Clinton Street Presbyterian church; Prof. Charles E. West, principal of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary; George W. Benson, Henry M. Parkhurst, the astronomer; James B. Smith, the well-known architect; the Rev. Mr. Moore, former pastor of the Washington Avenue (Brooklyn) Baptist church, but now of Geneva, N. Y.

Rev. Dr. Prime, editor of the New York Ob-

server; Dr. R. Fleet Speir of 162 Montague street; Dr. Robert Ormiston of 74 Hanson place; Dr. Mitchell of 129 Montague street; Dr. Kissam of 100 Joralmon street and Dr. Crane of 163 Clinton street. Of these gentlemen, Messrs. Speir, West and Parkhurst have made voluminous memoranda of Miss Fancher's physical and mental changes and conditions. Miss Fancher herself has written at great length descriptions of her feelings and sensations.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM DERANGED—SIGHT, HEARING, SPEECH AND CONSCIOUSNESS LOST AND RESTORED—LIFE WITHOUT NOURISHMENT.

At the age of fourteen years Mary J. Fancher was sent to the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, in Montague street, and there she remained for four years. She had not vigorous health, yet she was faithful in every study and was a close student. One of her instructors says that rarely has he seen a brighter or more interesting miss. Her father had means to gratify her youthful inclinations. She obtained an excellent education and at the age of eighteen years was ready to graduate. About that time in a horseback ride she fell and several of her ribs were broken. From the injury she quickly recovered, only to meet with another and a more serious accident. As she was alighting from a horse car the conductor, thinking that she had stepped to the ground, rang the signal to start and turning from her walked to the front of the car, Miss Fancher's dress caught on the step and the starting of the vehicle threw her with violence to the pavement. She was dragged a long distance before her situation was perceived. Her spine was seriously injured and her body and head frightfully bruised. In a short time she went into convulsions. She was carried to the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Crosby, in Downing street and put into bed whence she has never been removed since, save for a few minutes at a time.

This was early in 1865. Very soon after the accident she underwent most astonishing physical changes. Her nervous system was uncontrollable whenever she was in any manner excited, while she was absolutely paralyzed at other times. In succession she was bereft of vision, speech and hearing. From violent spasms she drifted into a trance-like state from which it required the unremitting efforts of physicians and friends to arouse her. At the expiration of twenty days her faculties were all restored. For half an hour she saw, articulated and listened. Then these three senses deserted her again, and within ten more days her fingers became clenched, her jaws locked, her limbs twisted. Spasms were thereafter more frequent and violent.

LIFE WITHOUT FOOD.

The days slipped away into weeks before she was able to keep any food on her stomach and it was just short of two months that she was without nourishment. Then very light food was one day given her with seemingly beneficial results. She has eaten altogether since that day—nearly thirteen years ago—not so much food in the aggregate as an ordinarily healthful girl of her age would eat in forty-eight hours.

Three months and a half after the accident she went into a rigid trance for twenty-one hours and then passed into a relaxed trance that lasted for three days. Her throat became paralyzed and she could neither swallow nor utter a sound. Her right arm doubled up back of her head and became fixed there with the rigidity of death. A year later this condition was followed by absolute rigidity of body, with the exception of the left arm and hand, which she was able to use. This latter condition lasted for nine years, in all of which time she was continually drifting into and out of trances. She continued to be blind, the pupils of the eyes being rolled upwards and the whites only visible when the lids were parted for examination. Very tightly indeed were the lids sealed and with difficulty they were opened. She had the power of speech, however, almost all of the time, although it left her at intervals.

Three years ago the rigidity of her body relaxed

and sight and hearing were restored. Memory of everything that had happened in the nine years disappeared. She could not recognize friends whose acquaintance had been made in that period. Her thoughts went back to events that were happening when she sank into the nine years' stupor and she began to talk of them as though they had occurred an hour before. In all the nine years she had been in a semi-unconscious condition, possessed, however, at times of astonishing mental vigor and of mechanical ingenuity. She refused food when offered to her, saying it made her sick. Dr. Speir and Dr. Ormiston forced food into her stomach with the pump, and after paralysis of the throat came on, tried to food her through a silver tube inserted in the neck. Food sickened her, however, and eventually, all efforts to induce her to take nourishment were abandoned. At long intervals she expressed a wish for the juice of some fruit or for a bit of candy, but she rejected solid matter and for weeks and months, according to her own assertion and that of her attendants, she swallowed nothing. Her physical condition was constantly changing. One day she was without sense except touch; the next she could hear, and taste and talk. But her eyes did not open until at the end of the nine years.

COLD AS THOUGH IN DEATH.

At intervals during these nine years the body frequently became as cold as though in death, no warmth being detected except in the region of the heart. That organ kept up a slow, measured pulsation, except when she went into trances; then its beating was often imperceptible. Her head and shoulders retained their normal condition, but soon after each of these attacks her legs would be drawn up and contorted, her feet contracted. At the same time, to quote the language of her physicians, "her intestines shrivelled and wasted away, leaving little more than a coating of skin over the back bone in the cavity they had occupied. They became almost entirely inoperative and for years were completely so." She was so sensitive to heat in the nine years' period of rigidity that fire was not lighted in her room, nor was the temperature raised in any manner. In mid-winter her only covering was a single sheet and the window was kept partly open. In all these years her right arm remained bent behind her head, and when relaxation returned at the end of that period, the member was not released from its tension as was the rest of the body. The arm remains still in the same cramped position.

For the last three years her physical changes have been frequent and painful. She has been afflicted with many disorders and diseases, and has successively lost and regained several of the senses. That of sight, which returned with relaxation, continued until the early part of last July and then her eyelids closed again. While she did see, however, her eyeballs were fixed and staring. From the first she has not slept, except while in a trance. Several times in the earlier years it was thought she was dead, so cold had her body become, so rigid her limbs and flesh, so motionless her lungs and heart. But vigorous rubbing with stimulating liquors and persistent attention brought her again to consciousness. While in the nine years of rigidity she suffered intensely from neuralgic pains. These the physicians became convinced were increased by the bad condition of her teeth, that suddenly had begun to decay. A dentist was summoned to extract them, but the jaws were so locked that it was not until chloroform was administered that her mouth could be opened. Then every tooth was removed. On recovering from the influence of the chloroform she went into the most violent of all the spasms she has had.

POWERS OF SECOND SIGHT.

SEALED LETTERS DECIPHERED—DISTANT FRIENDS SEEN AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS DESCRIBED—WORKS OF ART FASHIONED BY A BLIND GIRL.

No sooner had Miss Fancher emerged from her first trance, soon after the accident, than she astonished her relatives by an extraordinary description of what she had seen while in that condition. It

was unmistakable second sight. As the trances continued, the manifestations increased. She watched and related in detail the movements of the family's friends in different parts of the city and ultimately narrated what was happening to those who were many miles away. She read letters that were enclosed in envelopes and kept in the pockets of those about her. She recognized persons who rang the door bell, while they were still outside the house and of course not visible to her. She read books whose covers were closed and newspapers that were unfolded. Every day brought some new and astonishing development of this power. Yet with all this was the most sensitive repugnance toward letting her condition become known to the general public through the newspapers, or toward being a subject of talk or gossip by strangers. Her friends were always welcome to her bedside, but it was long before a stranger was admitted and yet longer before she could be persuaded to show her powers to any but the most intimate friends. This sensitiveness continues even to the closing of the thirteenth year of her illness. She will not consent that her friends shall give any information concerning her that is intended for publicity. And they have so far acceded to her desires that, although repeatedly sought for, it is not until very recently that any details of her curious existence have been obtained. She numbers among her frequent visitors, clergymen, physicians, scholars and men of science, many of whose names are mentioned in this article and all of whom are instantly attracted by her marvelous condition. She lies in a modest yet comfortable home, surrounded by the fashionable avenues of that part of Brooklyn known as the Hill. Her intelligent and ladylike bearing, the unquestionable position of those with whom she is surrounded, her unmistakable truthfulness, the abhorrence with which she regards publicity and the absence of any motive for enriching herself or her friends by the use of gifts, seem to those who have studied her case to preclude the possibility of intentional deception or imposition.

HER APPEARANCE IN TRANCE.

It is in the condition of trance that Miss Fancher makes her most astonishing revelations. At these times she suddenly starts as though charged from an electric battery and instantly becomes rigid in every joint and muscle. Her face takes on sometimes a most painful expression, at others one of positive pleasure, yet oftener it is as the face of one who is dead. To those unaccustomed to seeing her, the conviction that she is indeed dead is irresistible. A deathlike pallor creeps over the already pale face. Not the slightest movement is perceptible in any of her muscles. She ceases to breathe. Her body becomes cold. Her heart gives out no pulsations that are easily detected—although her physicians have not convinced themselves that it does not beat. The initiatory start oftentimes raises her up into a half-reclining position, in which she remains as immovable as though she were of marble. Every one who has seen her in this condition speaks of the beauty and pathos of the scene—the ashen complexion, the brown, fine waving hair streaming toward her shoulders, yet not reaching them; the faultless features, neither wrinkled nor drawn nor wasted and yet not rounded and ruddy as in her school-girl days; one hand and graceful arm transfixed in its position at the instant of attack, perhaps pointing upward, perhaps extended to receive a visitor's salutation, perhaps folded over her breast; the other arm bent behind her head as though she were resting upon it; the eyes closed.

She remains thus sometimes for half an hour, sometimes for half a minute. She has remained so for twenty-four hours. After she recovers, the breathing for a few seconds is very labored and she is exhausted, the muscles relax to their former condition and she settles back upon her pillow with a very marked expression of either acute sorrow or great pleasure upon her face, for her experiences in the trance give her one or the other of these sensations.

The trances are the only rest she obtains. She

never sleeps. Day and night are alike to her. She can distinguish persons, forms and colors with as much accuracy at midnight as at midday, although it is established beyond question that she has not the sight of her natural eyes, nor has she such normal sight save in the interval mentioned since the beginning of the attack.

THE EFFECT OF EXCITEMENT.

Any undue excitement throws her into a trance—a thunder clap, the firing of a canon, the unexpected intrusion of a stranger into her room, worry over an absent member of the household; and the trances are repeated with rapidity until her mind is again in repose. Oftentimes, when worried over the absence of some loved one, she has said, "I must search for her," and has gone into the trance. On emerging therefrom, if asked whether her search was successful, she answers promptly if in the affirmative, "Yes, I saw her in — street; she will soon be home," and very soon in walks the wanderer. Sometimes she is not successful in several attempts, but she ceases not until satisfied. At other times her vision wanders. It has gone to a summer seat on the Hudson, where were several of her friends, and she has afterward been able to describe minutely the houses, the barns, the meadows and fences, the water in front of and the woodland in the rear of the dwelling and with a fidelity that is instantly recognized by those familiar with the region. When scientific men and physicians have produced some extraordinary difficult tests she has been obliged to wait until the trance conditions came upon her; for it does not seem always to be voluntary. But if it is a simple question of reading an ordinary letter, or announcing the arrival of a person at the street door, she easily solves the difficulty without recourse to the trance. As she rests continually upon her right side her face is averted from the entrance to the room. Yet she oftentimes knows who enters, although unable to turn her head, and is quick to discern any peculiarity of change of dress. If a gentleman friend puts on a white necktie in early spring, after having worn a black one, she is quite likely to cry out, her face averted, "Good afternoon, Mr. —. Where did you get that necktie?" It has been deemed necessary to darken her room and the shades are tightly drawn; yet the darkness does not affect her vision. She is ever busy in the darkness, reading or at needle or waxwork, or casting up the accounts of the family, for she keeps a record of every expenditure. She writes letters with astonishing rapidity, in a neat, legible hand, although it is certain she cannot see with normal sight, and, mindful of the interest that her condition may excite among scientific men, she has kept a complete record of her feelings, her sensations while in trance and out of it, her religious beliefs as strengthened or shaken by the revelations of her peculiar state, and of everything that she thinks will interest her friends. This record she guards with care. She is willing that it may be given to the public after death, but not until then.

Her fondness for dogs and cats, birds and squirrels has amounted almost to a passion, yet, strangely enough, her pets do not live long. Whether she draws the life from them has been an interesting study for some men of intelligence who have visited her.

Persons who have entered the room have found her apparently doing nothing, and have asked her why she was idle? "Oh, I am reading such and such a book."

"Well, where is it?"

"Under the bedclothes, here," and she produces it and talks of its contents.

BLIND, YET DISCRIMINATING COLORS.

While Miss Fancher's eyes are absolutely sightless, the eyelids being closed and the eyeballs fixed as though in death, she was able with facility and without seeming effort to make marvels of fancy work. For her gentleman friends she embroidered suspenders and worked slippers and watchpockets and for companions of her girlhood she made needlework of all kinds, pincushions and wax flowers. Every

stitch was in proper place, every shade of colored thread and worsted was correctly drawn. Her handiwork was as near perfection as could be. Some of it was sent to fairs, where, its maker being unknown, it was pronounced superior to all others of its kind exhibited. Sometimes she worked from paper patterns purchased at a fancy store, sometimes from other fancy work, but oftener she originated her designs. It was impossible to deceive her in the quality or shade of the materials with which she worked, her rare power of so-called second sight enabling her to detect any flaw with greater accuracy than did the natural vision of her friends. Once, when a peculiarly delicate effect in a piece of worsted work called for an especial shade, it was necessary to ask a gentleman friend to procure it for her in New York City. Miss Fancher evinced considerable anxiety lest an error should be made in the selection and gave more minute directions concerning its purchase than was her practice. In due time her friend returned with the parcel. "You've bought the wrong shade, I am sorry to say," was the greeting she gave him before he had so much as spoken to her and while the worsted was yet in his pocket.

"It's just according to sample, Miss Mollie. The salesman was very particular to compare them."

"Yes, he may have thought so, but it's a shade too light and it will not do."

The worsted was produced and the pattern from which the work was to be made was put by its side. Those in the room could not detect a difference. The sick girl insisted that it was too light. "Take it back, please, when you are passing, and the expert will convince you that I am right," she said. Back went the gentleman with the worsted.

"You gave me the wrong shade," said he to the clerk.

That young man examined and denied.

"Call your expert," said the ambassador, and the expert came.

"It is a lighter shade than the sample," was the expert's decision and he quickly produced the proper one.

"This is just right," was Miss Fancher's greeting as the second parcel was handed to her unopened.

MARVELS IN WAX WORK.

Yet more astonishing are her effects in wax work. Without having taken a lesson and without knowledge of botany, and, too, without pattern, she fashions in wax beautiful designs—windows filled with flowers and vines and butterflies, bouquets, crosses and anchors. Once asked how she was able to do all this, she answered: "Oh, I see the leaves and then make others like them."

All this wax work making and embroidery and needlework on canvas is made while one hand is rigidly held back of her head. With this hand she holds her work and plies the needle with the other. Even though she had the sight of her eyes, it must be impossible for her to see the work in the position in which she is compelled to hold it. She works or reads by night, no daylight whatever being in the room, with the same facility as by day and not for an instant hesitates to select the proper shade and size of worsted from the score of colors and sizes that are within her reach. She works monograms of her own fancy into the silk handkerchiefs of her gentleman friends and puts butterflies and leaves and birds upon them with rare taste and skill. One of the most beautiful of her wax work productions, an exquisite and delicate bower of roses and creepers, adorns the parlor of Professor West's Brooklyn Heights Seminary, 126 Montague street. She has neglected none of her friends; all have some little gem of her own fashioning.

WATCHING HER DISTANT FRIENDS.

The faculty that the young lady's friends have most frequently noticed in her is that of following some of her acquaintances—those who are dearest to her as a rule—from place to place. Hundreds of times she has done this with scarcely an error as to place or occurrence. For example, one afternoon she suddenly said: "I see — (mentioning the

gentleman's name) in his office. (The office was in New York.) He is closing his desk. (After five minutes' pause.) He is walking down Fulton street. (Another pause.) Now he is going upon the ferry-boat—now he is getting into a Fulton avenue car. With him is a tall gentleman with black eyes, black hair and moustache—they are talking and the car has started. Now they are passing the City Hall. There, the tall gentleman has got out of the car at St. Felix street and — is coming on alone. He, too, has got out of the car and is coming this way—I guess he is coming here. Yes, he is; here he comes around the corner, look out and you will see him," and looking from the window the gentleman referred to was indeed approaching at a rapid pace and was soon in the room.

"Whom did you ride up with?" was asked by one of the persons to whom Miss Fancher had been describing the ride.

"Mr. —."

"Describe him."

"Tall, black hair, moustache and eyes; he left me at St. Felix street—why?"

"Mollie has been watching you for three-quarters of an hour or so and has been telling us about this tall man. You had better be careful how you carry yourself," was the reply.

HER SIGHT NOT OMNIPRESENT.

It may be of interest to those who would seek searching inquiry into the girl's powers of sight seeing to know that she cannot follow two persons who take different directions. This was proved unintentionally by an incident a few months only after the remarkable power was first developed and one that was at that time considered the most astonishing of her performances. An intimate lady friend was convinced that Miss Fancher's powers were identical with those possessed by clairvoyants and she wished to consult a clairvoyant that she might compare the two. Miss Fancher had, from the first, disclaimed any connection with so-called clairvoyants. To be classed with them or to be suspected of employing their methods, so far as she knew what their methods were, gave her mental pain. Her sensitiveness upon the subject made her unhappy. Seeming to divine that her powers would certainly be called by some clairvoyance, she took especial occasion to beg that no clairvoyant, or Spiritualist, or second-sight seer be permitted to see her. She wished to have nothing to do with them. This feeling, therefore, led this intimate friend to make no mention of her desire to consult a clairvoyant, knowing that it would pain Miss Fancher to know of the visit. Before starting, the lady called upon the girl and, after a half-hour's stay, started to go. At the same time a gentleman friend present arose to go. "See if you can follow me where I go," he said as he left the room with the lady. The gentleman went to New York and the lady to a clairvoyant's house, where, having tested the clairvoyant's powers to her satisfaction she drifted off into a general talk in which Miss Fancher's case was mentioned and at length departed. Thoroughly interested, the lady decided to go again to see her. She found the girl sobbing as though heart broken.

"What is the matter, dear?" the visitor asked, soothingly.

"You have been to see a clairvoyant about me and it makes me feel, oh, so badly," was the reply and Miss Fancher proceeded to narrate in exact detail through what streets the lady had walked and at what number she had rung the bell and been admitted. The details were absolutely correct. It was an incident that had interested the girl more than any other as yet coming within her notice since her changed condition and is regarded by many as proof that things that most directly concern her are things which her powers of sight seeing most clearly define. The next time that the gentleman friend called he asked: "Did you follow me the other day, as I asked you to?" to which she answered: "Yes, until your car reached Cumberland street; then I saw that Mrs. — (mentioning her lady friend's name) was doing

something that very much interested and pained me and I could not go with you any further, but had to go with her." She seems to have been enabled to follow both in their separate paths for a short distance, although they took different routes after a few steps together; but after her mind became fixed upon the lady's movements, in which seemingly greater mental effort was used, whether required or not, her gentleman friend was lost to view.

TWO CURIOUS INSTANCES.

The two stories of Miss Fancher's powers of sight-seeing that her friends tell of with the greatest interest are of the return of her uncle Isaac from California, and the welcome home, sometime afterward, of her lost pet dog. Her uncle, Mr. Isaac Crosby, went to California before the accident to Miss Fancher, and while she was a comparatively little girl. He was strong, healthy, and robust, with a full face and a big chest. While in California he contracted consumption, and nine years after his arrival there, returned to Brooklyn, and first of all sought Mrs. Crosby, with whom Miss Fancher lives. Prof. West, her old instructor, and Mrs. Crosby, sat in her room when the door bell was rung. Mrs. Crosby started to answer the summons, and as she stepped from the room Miss Fancher exclaimed in astonished tones, "Why its Uncle Ike!"

"Who is Uncle Ike?" asked Prof. West.

"Uncle Ike! Why, he went to California before I went to your school. How he has changed—how sick he looks." And Miss Fancher entertained the Professor with a description of the uncle's departure for the land of gold, how he then appeared, and his contrasted physiognomy on his return. Meantime Mrs. Crosby had opened the door, and, not recognizing her brother, asked the visitor's business. Mr. Crosby had indeed so changed that it required some little talk to convince the sister of his identity. After a half hour she returned up stairs and saluted Miss Fancher with "Who do you think is down in the parlor?" and Miss Fancher very promptly answered, "Uncle Ike, of course, and he is very sick." The girl had instantly recognized him, while, of course, it was impossible for her to see him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROGRESS OF EVOLUTIONARY THOUGHT.

The following is the concluding portion of the opening address before the Evolution Congress held in this city September 28, 29 and 30th by B. F. Underwood, the chairman:

In the many excellent papers read before the Parliament of Religions, the fact has been emphasized that in all the great ethnic and historic religions there is with superficial diversity fundamental unity. According to Evolution this unity is due to the fundamental unity of mankind, the essential sameness of human nature everywhere, and the superficial diversity is due to the superficial differences of climate, circumstances, and environment generally.

Ethical codes, as well as religious systems, instead of being original revelations, are deemed to be the results of ages of human experience, and even the moral institutions, a priori to the man of to-day, are viewed by thinkers as the results of ancestral experience ingrained in the race, a legacy at birth, but the accumulated results of what men felt and thought and did through the recorded and unrecorded periods of the past. Systems of morality—essentially the same everywhere—are seen to have grown from simple ideas of duty, as naturally as the tree, with all its foliage and fruit, has grown from the seed. Buddha and Confucius were great moral teachers, but they did not come into existence de novo—without antecedents. They were products of centuries of moral culture and aspiration, which in them bloomed and flowered in surpassing richness and beauty. Newton and Shakespeare rise above the mass of their fellows, as a few great trees in a forest tower above all the others, but the explanation is in the conditions and antecedents of such phenomenal genius and not in an obtrusion in the sequent order of natural events.

Science, considered as classified knowledge, a circle of which the special sciences are but so many segments, is conceived as an evolution. Language, once believed to be the result of a supernatural revelation or of a conventional agreement, is now recognized by the most eminent philological scholars as an

evolution. The English language, for instance, came from pre-existent languages, and additions to it are continually being made. We trace existing languages back to the Aryan, Semitic and Turanian languages, but they were evolved from previous languages, and probably a few guttural sounds were the beginning of human speech.

And so of every department of thought and activity. The whole system of jurisprudence and the history of legal practice furnish incontestible proof of evolution as do the art and science of medicine. Physiology, Anatomy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Botany, Zoology, Anthropology—indeed any physical science can now be intelligently studied only in the light of evolution. The same is true of Psychology and of all systems of philosophy, all ethical, educational, social and political reforms. Our whole industrial system is an evolution. Every art, every discovery, manufacture and mechanical invention, is illustrative of the conception of evolution—the conception that the ideas and realizations of any given time are the results of the modifications of pre-existent ideas and achievements. The conception of Evolution itself has undergone progressive changes conformably to the law of evolution. It was in early times a nebulous, indistinct speculation. Gradually it became more definite, more differentiated, more complex and more extended in its applications to groups of phenomena, and based on a wider and wider induction. To-day it is seen to be true of worlds, of organic forms, of social life, of government, of marriage, of industrial conditions, of language, art, science, ethics, religion, etc. Every specialist recognizes it in his department of thought. As Prof. Whitney, our American philologist, observes:

"Modern science is proving . . . that all the elements of culture, as the arts of life, art, science, language, religion, philosophy, have been wrought out by slow and painful efforts in the conflict between the soul of man on the one hand and external nature on the other—a conflict in which man has, in favored races and under exceptional conditions of environment and circumstances, been triumphantly the victor, and is still going on to new conquests."

The principles and facts of Evolution permeate literature; they are given prominence in the discussion of all social, moral, economic and industrial questions. Evolutionary thought has been diffused and it has percolated down through the various intellectual strata until it has reached the masses in an attenuated form, so that it has modified popular conception in regard to the cause and the sequent order of phenomena.

The theory is still very incomplete. It leaves a multitude of things unexplained. Darwin has been called the Joshua of Evolution, who led the hosts of thinkers into the promised land, of which they had caught glimpses from the Pisgah heights of speculative thought. Beyond us to-day are other Canaans, fairer and richer still, that will yet be reached by bridging chasms and tunnelling mountains and overcoming difficulties, which, however, only the greatest genius and courage can surmount.

The realm of Evolution is the region of natural law, and that is all the domain of science. Scientific men, as Huxley says, have "the majesty of fact on their side, and the eternal forces of Nature are working for them. Not a star comes to the meridian at its calculated time but testifies to the justice of their method—their beliefs are one with the falling rain and with the growing corn. By doubt they are established and open inquiry is their bosom friend."

Thus speaks one of her most illustrious votaries, and his words indicate the confidence and moral enthusiasm of her sons in every land.

"Upward and onward" is the watchword of Evolutionists. They will accept no unproved propositions as finalities; they refuse to be enslaved by the mere authority of names or creeds; they cannot "go back" to anybody except for instruction, and will not be stretched upon any Procrustean bed of dogmatic assertion. We live in a mental as well as in a physical medium or environment, and in this the chief changes are now occurring with a rapidity which taxes the capacity of the average mind to adjust itself to changing conditions, to new methods, to new conceptions, to new discoveries, following one another in quick succession in every field of research, to newly-acquired knowledge in every department of thought.

Fortunate are they who, avoiding the tendency to intellectual rigidity—which is the real "sin against the Holy Ghost"—retain their mental flexibility and the power to accept and assimilate new thought; they who have profited by the wisdom of the past, but are untrammelled by its dogmas and creeds, and who from the serene heights of unbiased, philosophic thought see the dawn of the coming day, when the truths of all systems will be united in a grand synthetic philosophy and a rational religion having the power to unite all men in a common fellowship and fraternity.



EVEN NOW.

BY CARL BURELL.

How often midst the toil and strife
That's common to our daily life,
In want and need we long to see
The One who first loved you and me,
To see Him now as they did when
He lived on earth and toiled with men,
To kiss the nail prints in His hands
And thus fulfill true love's demands.

We do not see. Because we're blind,
Is why we never seem to find
The poorest beggar in the street,
The crying child we chance to meet,
And any one in grief or pain
Whom we could bring to smiles again,
Is but our Savior in disguise,
If we saw not with blinded eyes.

Would we but do, each day, each hour,
The little that lies in our power,
To make life happier each day
For all who chance to cross our way,
To bless and help our fellow men,
We'd see Him now as they did then,
And we could soothe His thorn-crowned brow
And kiss His pierced hands, even now.

MORE AUTOMATIC WRITING WITH THE OUIJA BOARD.

II.

The intelligence objected vigorously, but my wife insisted and pushed a slate with a piece of pencil under the board. It did not remain long before the board and shawl covering it was raised up and swayed back and forth for a while until the little table was arranged on my wife's knee by which the board was held up and the writing commenced. After a little there was heard four or five distinct raps on the slate with the pencil which indicated the work was done. The slate was removed and there was the message, with the writer's name signed to it. We received hundreds of communications in that way; sometimes on the slate and sometimes on paper with a lead pencil. In the meantime there was a band formed composed of thirteen persons, from all of whom we received communications. We were receiving communications on top the board by spelling and underneath the board by writing, when one night Ouija, the witch, told us they could not communicate both ways, as it was troublesome on account of the great number of spirits who desired to communicate, and we could choose between spelling on the board and independent writing. We of course accepted the independent writing. One day shortly after that I asked them if they would all give us their autographs if I would furnish the album. They said they would. My daughter had an autograph album which I placed under the board, with a lead pencil, and a sentiment with a name signed was quickly written. When we took it out my daughter remarked, "I don't want my album ruined." I put it back again to get another autograph and when I took it there appeared: "Miss — does not want her album ruined." My daughter concurring, I told them I would bring them an album. Our family physician being present, said he would give them an album, which I placed upon a table in my bedroom in the morning. We soon missed it, but when I came home to supper it was found on the same table with thirteen autographs and some of them had written appropriate sentiments. When the Doctor came after supper and was shown the album he became excited and wanted to take it right away and lock it up in his safe. I objected unless the spirits would give me another, to which they agreed and I surrendered that one to the Doctor, who has it now, I presume. Next morning I bought another album and put it on the table. Soon it was gone and we thought some one had taken it. Next day, however, it came back with sentiments and autographs written in it by twenty-four spirits. There have been five new names added since at different times. These names were all written by intelligences independent of mortal influence, for in both instances the albums were carried away

and no one knew where they were until they were brought back. These are the only two albums in existence that I know of, in which spirits have, independent of all human agency, written their names. A Dr. Hansman, I saw in a spiritual paper, had a spirit-auto paper album. I believe he is a great medium, but he had to go to a medium to get the names written in his album and he prizes it very highly. What would he take or give for one written independently of any human agency, for himself. There have so many wonderful things occurred in our family I am getting to believe they (the spirits) can do anything they want to do. I have not told you the half of the many wonderful things we witnessed. They have done for us nearly or quite all I have ever seen written and some things not written. I will mention one other circumstance and thus bring this already too lengthy article to a close. One day when we were five hundred miles from where we are now, my wife was talking to one of our little boy friends asking about himself. He told her he was a little Irish boy 16 years old with blue eyes and golden curls, and was killed at the battle of Gettysburg by a cannon ball taking his head off. I could give more of his history but he does not want it given I know, for he has said so, often. She asked him if he could bring her a curl, and would he do so. He answered in the affirmative. Long after we had forgotten all about the circumstance. My wife in passing a table in her room saw a small drug envelope sealed and addressed to her lying on the table, being used to such sights she knew its origin of course, but did not know who it was from. On opening it she found a little golden curl wrapped up in a piece of white tissue paper, on which was written, "One bright curl from the cluster taken" and then signed his given name to which he answers. This we have and my wife prizes it more than anything she has in the way of keepsakes. I will infringe on your valuable time to mention one thing more. My daughter has a miniature ladder, known among the girls as "friendship's ladder," on the rings of which their friends tie bows made of ribbon. Our spirit friends tied it full of bows, and then told her to take them off as they wanted to tie some on it with their names written on each one's bow. I could tell you many things but I do not wish to tax the credulity of you and your readers too much. I would not do so now had I not been told to do it, by one among the greatest of our friends whose order, written in his own peculiar hurried style I enclose. I will explain the order and the cause of issuing same. In a corner of one of our rooms I keep paper just like this nailed to the wall in sheets just as you see that on which the order is written, and lead pencils close at hand. When ever they want to communicate, they write on the paper, and in passing we see it and take it down. The name of this friend is Punstig. We know a good deal about him, though he has not told us all about himself yet. He did commence his autobiography but never wrote a great deal. He says he is a half-breed. His father being an educated Spanish captive, who was captured by his people during the explorations of this country by the Spaniards. His mother was a full blood Adirondack Indian. He is 74 years old, and has been in spirit-life about 400 years. He curses sometimes when he gets mad, and does not bite his words much. We do not use the Ouija at all now. All our communications come in day time, and are replied to when a reply is needed verbally, and at night when we desire communications we wait until we go to bed, and then the fun commences, and continues until one side or the other gets tired, when four raps settles the business and all is still. We communicate at night by spelling, by calling the alphabet and by asking our questions in such a way that they can be answered by raps. None of us are mediums. They tell us they are not the kind that need mediums, nor do they give tests. Everything they do is a test. I recollect once some one asked for a test. The reply was written: "Test! test! I detest tests!" I have never seen nor heard of just such manifestations as we get. There is not a member of my family (who were once all skeptical) now who believe anything about Spiritualism. We know beyond the shadow of even a possible doubt that the spirit lives after death and can, will and does communicate with friends in this life. If you publish this I may contribute again.

O. C. CASINAL.

THE SPIRITUAL USES OF MISFORTUNE.

Misfortune, ill fortune, has its uses, which are simply that it be transmuted into the positive forces of good. Our difficulties, obstacles, hardships, unexpected reverses, are simply in limitations and monitors. They indicate either that something has been wrong in our conduct or our thought, or else that we have gone forward to a place where the discipline of hardship is again required, and that we are deemed worthy to be called to endure. In any case, these things have their lesson. They come into our lives with messages of significance to which we must hearken. We must learn the lesson. In any sudden misfortune nothing is so absolutely inane and idle and more than useless, as to spend time and energy lamenting over what has gone—over the pleasant days and the flowery slopes and the sunny paths seen vanishing. If the past has been one of loveliness and beauty let one take its meaning into his life. Let it remain in essence, so to speak, transmuted into a finer energy that is better fitted to cope with trial or pain. If culture, refinement and all the gifts and graces of gentle breeding are not by so much as they are finer, better fitted to meet whatever of trial may fall into life, then they are not the genuine, but only the spurious and sham pretences of refinement.

There is no reason at all that misfortunes should be of any permanent tenure. The good, alone, is enduring; the evil is transient in its very nature. So that any ill fortune in life is to be regarded from the standpoint of the moment—as a thing that may have its message and its meaning, one which is to be learned and its lesson taken into life. With that, the reason for the obstacle vanishes, and happiness and prosperity resume their sway. But before this can be, sorrow and trial must be met as friends and not as enemies. Receive them and hear their message. Take their meaning into the daily life and thus rise to a plane that is above them.

It is a significant fact that all trials which are not sustained by divine consolation, as is that of death, are on the material plane. It is only here that friction and fret and worry can prevail. In so far as life is spiritualized it rises above the plane on which the troubles that fret are possible. For there are trials that do not have in them the element of worldly fret or friction. "Where Christ brings His Cross He brings His presence," and so in all those afflictions which arise—not from our own mistakes or errors but from the overruling of the Divine, there are consolations commensurate with the loss that is to be consoled. It is for the troubles that through ignorance or folly or wrong we have made for ourselves for which there is no cure, save in meeting them bravely, in wresting from them their lesson, and then going onward stronger for the experience and the discipline.

But just how, one may question, can apparent ill fortune be transmuted into good fortune? It is a practical question and involves those conditions of outward and material life that must attend spiritual progress.

The initial step is, doubtless to recognize the lesson. If one has been extravagant, or careless, or wasteful, or unkind, or dishonorable, stop being so at once. The words of Jesus are the most practical imaginable when he bids us seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and then—after that as the initial act—then "shall all things be added unto you." But first, "cleanse your hearts and not your garments." First leave all the outer world and enter in where there is light and love and peace. One can then see so clearly where he has done wrong or unwisely, or both. There is no use in undue remorse: the best penitence is to instantly forsake the sin or the mistake, put it behind in the past and begin to live away from it. From that moment the conditions begin to grow better. The potency of thought has its opportunity to work, and to create and recreate new and better external surroundings. "We must refuse mental standing-room to discord," says Mr. Wood in that invaluable book, "Ideal Suggestion"—"and by right thinking call into existence a wholesome and inspiring environment. Think no evil and have eyes only for the good. Optimism is of God, and it stimulates and attracts its possessor along the upward road toward the ideal and the perfect. Pessimism creates and multiplies unwholesome conditions, and galvanizes them into apparent life. If life were ever inspired, it should be

inspired now, for the Christ spirit and and quality are as truly living as when incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth."

The high potencies that act on material affairs are purely spiritual. The secret of success is to lay hold of spiritual energy. "Will is life. The illumined will is the divine energy, or God in us. It is a manifestation of the Eternal Will. Nothing can withstand its energy. It takes hold upon forces that are infinite. To live vigorously we must live by faith.... The spiritual realm is here as well as hereafter. All potency is in spirit." Solitude is the condition of the real work in reforming or regenerating life and reconstructing it to be ready for a higher plane. One must bring himself into harmony with the spiritual laws. Then do all things work together for good.—Lillian Whiting.

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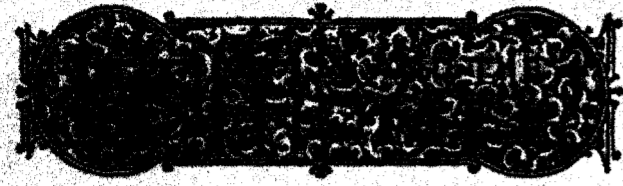
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AS SWEET AND AS DEAR AS EVER.
 She has cast aside the garments that a while ago she wore:
 The Eton jacket and the skirt of serge she wears no more;
 The sailor hat is put away, and shoes of patent leather
 Or dainty russets, and the hose that suited summer weather.
 The dress she wears to-day is built upon a different plan:
 The jacket's pretty long and trimmed, perhaps, with astrakhan.
 But her cheeks are still like roses and her lips still ripe and red,
 And silken still the tresses that adorn her shapely head;
 Her eyes are still like diamonds, her teeth are still like pearl,
 And we love her just as much as when she was the summer girl.

—NEW YORK PRESS.

SOME ODD SHOES.

It is reported that the fine collection of shoes from all countries and of all ages, which were on exhibition at the Fair, are to be presented to the projected Columbian Museum. In looking at the soft and dainty silken slippers and the cool and comfortable sandals, one regrets the era of patent leather and double A lasts. It might be worse, however, if one were a native of Uruguay and were forbidden to go barefoot, for one recoils with horror from the coarse leather shoe made by the natives, whose heavy top is literally nailed on to the thick, awkward-looking sole. Others are of canvas with the thick sole made of tow braided or woven into shape. There are some of these tow soles that are made precisely like old-fashioned rag rugs, the braided tow sewed round and round. Many of these have a knitted toe piece of gay yarns tacked on the sole. Corea, Asia, has some heavy wooden shoes and some dainty ones of white kid and black velvet. An odd shoe is made of hemp straw woven into shape and some of these have heavy nails on the bottom of the sole. The Chinese also wear straw shoes which are unique and pretty and must be cool and comfortable. Most of the shoes of China are thick-soled, with upper part of silk or cloth, some of them very beautiful. The winter boot has a high top piece to protect the instep.

The Philippine Islands have very pretty slipperlike footwear, called chinelas, some of which are of fine leather and some of open basket work. Those worn by the native women of the lower class are very beautiful and are made usually of soft stamped leather. Wealthy native women wear elaborate chinelas profusely embroidered and beaded by hand. One pair of blue plush embroidered in gold thread is similar to our fancy slippers. Those worn by the middle-class men and boys have no heels, but the toes are richly embroidered in colors. The men wear very gorgeous ones in the house and on festive occasions. One pair is of garnet velvet embroidered in gold and colored thread. For street wear, in bad or wet weather, they wear leather ones with heavy, thick, wooden soles. Some of the leather is embossed and is very beautiful.

The wealthy Tartars wear very gay and richly ornamented boots of fine leather, with the intricate pattern of colored leathers appliquéd on. Russia has beautiful boots and shoes of the fragrant Russia leather. The slippers from the government of Orel show a high heeled slipper with a very pointed toe and embroidered in colored thread and spangles. A pair of boots worn by Prince Shouisk, end of the sixteenth century are of cloth of gold embroidered in silver thread. The sole is of green leather and very thick, but there is no heel. The ladies of Torkok Iverskoi wear very beautiful slippers. One is of bright red leather, with pointed toe and high heel and flat rosette and pleated frill of soft red silk on the instep. Another is of reddish brown velvet embroidered elaborately in gold thread. There are gorgeous high top boots in which bright red, tan and garnet leathers are blended in an intricate pattern, relieved by gold thread and spangles, and a curious pair of slippers in a woven basket pattern of a red and white material similar to straw.

From these finished shoes to the rude

sandals of Columbia, South America, there is a long step to be made. Many of these are simply a rudely fashioned piece of heavy hide, with leather thongs that pass through six holes in the sole and tie on the instep. The baby shoes of pink silk are like baby shoes of all countries. Here again one finds the straw sole and knitted toe piece. The shoes of Central America are very similar, the only difference being in the holes in the sole and the manner in which the thongs are tied.

India shows a great variety of gorgeous slippers, some of leather and others that are completely covered with colored embroidery and spangles. One odd shape has a long pointed toe, similar to that of the shoes worn by the little Princes in the familiar picture, but the point is turned back and held in place over the toe. The shoes worn by the rich are of satin, heavily embroidered. Others are of a clumsy shape with very broad toes but richly ornamented with magenta, orange and gray thread on white and red leather. The effect is very striking.

The Laplander wears comfortable shoes of fur or of heavy coarse leather. An odd pair shown is from Tangier and is made of turtle claws. The American Indian is not behind in his beautiful moccasins of deer skin, exquisitely beaded.

There are a great variety of clogs shown to be worn by Eastern women when they walk on courts that are paved with stones that are wet or cold. Those from Delhi, India, are of ebony inlaid with pearl, the strap embroidered in gold thread. One from Constantinople is beautifully carved. The Japanese garden shoes worn at tea ceremonials to prevent danger to the turf are small and of wood, with wicker top.

Coming down to the fashionable shoe of modern days, there are a great variety of sizes, shapes and materials that are of considerable interest.

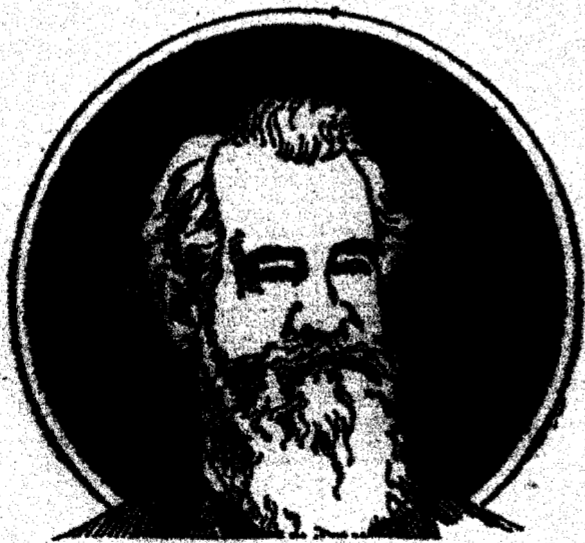
Human mothers might take a lesson in devoted love from the sea otter. She rears her young, of which she has only one at birth, without any aid from the father. Her devotion to her baby is almost without parallel and her affection is returned by the little one so warmly, that when separated from the mother it dies of grief and starvation. On the coast of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands the Indians have tried in vain to rear orphan sea otters, but in every instance the little creature has pined away and died.

Miss Anna Mac Kinnar, a graduate of the University of Kansas, received a mathematical scholarship of \$100 at Cornell University. There were twelve applicants for the prize of which nine were men.

Sophie Holmes, colored, has been an employe in the United States Treasury for thirty years. The position was a reward for finding and guarding \$50,000 government funds.

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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.]

Money. Comparative Banking and Exchange. Showing an Easy, Practical and Permanent Relief from Financial Difficulties and one which can be applied immediately. By William H. Van Ornum, Author of "Why Government at All?" Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company, 175 Monroe street. Pp. 65. Price, twenty-five cents.

This work opens with a chapter on the nature and function of money and then Mr. Van Ornum presents his views as to mutual money and the feasibility and importance of forming co-operative banking associations for mutual credit. He would have this mutual money "issued directly by the people who are to use it in response to their own necessities, they being the best judges of what their necessities are." He would have this money based upon the people's "collective abilities" and individual and collective interests to redeem it, instead of upon the power of the government to compel its redemption. The money would be merely certificates of credit, with all elements of intrinsic value eliminated, redeemable in payment of debts and purchase of commodities. Mr. Van Ornum tells what banks are and what they ought to be and endeavors to show the practicability of the plan which he outlines. He refers to the clearing houses of our large cities that have resorted to such expedients in great emergencies to facilitate their own exchanges and clearings. He thinks that what the banks do among themselves, can be done by farmers, mechanics and the people of the country generally. Mr. Van Ornum presents by-laws for the formation of citizens' co-operative banks and seems to think that there is very little difficulty in establishing such a system, by no means new with him, as is proposed in his pamphlet.

Money Found. Recovered from its Hiding Places and Put in the Circulation by Confidence in Government Banks. By Thomas E. Hill, Author of "Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms." Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company, 1893. Price, twenty-five cents.

Mr. Hill explains the nature and function of money and compares it in its action upon commerce to blood in the physical system, claiming that the bank in the circulation of money is like the heart in its distribution of blood. He claims that the relation at present between banks and nation is as anomalous as though the heart were a separate organ set up in the body, to make all the blood possible from the body, regardless of the body's welfare. He argues that the bank should be owned and controlled by the government. He says that if the government were to open a bank, pay three per cent. interest on long time deposits, the bank would immediately become filled with good money. It could be loaned at four per cent. interest, with a large profit to the government. Under such a system, no depositor could lose his money, no bank failures, no hiding money and no business depression resulting from loss of confidence in banks. There are some thoughts in this little book, which if not original with Mr. Hill are at least new to average readers and which are presented in a way to awaken thought on the subject in all people who think about banks and banking. Mr. Hill's view is in some respects quite the opposite of Mr. Van Ornum's, the former wishing banks to be owned and controlled by the government and the latter holding that they should be mutual arrangements between individuals, without any intervention or protection by the government.

MAGAZINES.

Zoology, electricity, education, hygiene, philosophy, mathematics, and meteorology are all represented in the November Popular Science Monthly, education leading in number of titles. Henry L. Clapp contributes an essay on "The Scientific Method with Children," in which he maintains that schemes of scientific teaching constructed for college students are useless for children, as they do not take account of the child's standpoint nor of his way of thinking. Under the title "The Pestalozzian System," Hon. George S. Boutwell reclaims for the schools of Massachusetts the credit for pioneer work in America that had been attributed to the Oswego Normal School by a writer in the Monthly for May. "An Argument for

Vertical Handwriting," illustrated with cuts and facsimiles, is presented by Joseph V. Witherbee. The new style is claimed to be both more legible and more rapid than the old, easier to teach, and allowing a more healthful position of the writer. The first half of the lecture on "Evolution and Ethics," delivered by Prof. Huxley at the Sheldonian Theater, Oxford, is printed in this number. Prof. Huxley shows that the idea of evolution had a place in the thought of both Greece and India six centuries before Christ. The World's Fair and the Congress of Evolutionists are made subjects of editorial comment. New York: D. Appleton & Company.—Worthington's Magazine for November full sustains the reputation gained by previous numbers. The leading article in Worthington's is Mr. John H. Whitson's interesting paper upon the "Ramona Indian School," located near Santa Fe, New Mexico. In the paper is the embodied idea of Helen Hunt Jackson, who gave the last years of her life to an effort to quicken the conscience of Americans in regard to their duties toward the Indians. The plan of school work is practical industrial training which shall fit the Indian child to become a useful citizen of the United States. The illustrations show what changes a few months of teaching will work even in the least promising of these little wards of the nation. A third paper upon life in the Hawaiian Islands, by C. B. Rogers, M. D., treats of the volcanoes Mauna Loa, Mauna Kea, and Kilauea. The descriptions are vivid and graphic, and the superb illustrations help to give the reader a fuller appreciation of Nature's marvels. The fiction of Worthington's for November is good. Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller contributes an entertaining article concerning the curious ways of birds in mating time, entitled "The Lover in Feathers." The department matter is of the highest quality. Walter Blackburn Harte, the essayist, whose papers under the heading of "In a Corner at Dodsley's" have hitherto been a noticeable feature of the New England Magazine, will hereafter contribute these essays exclusively to Worthington's, under the heading of "In a Library Corner." A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.

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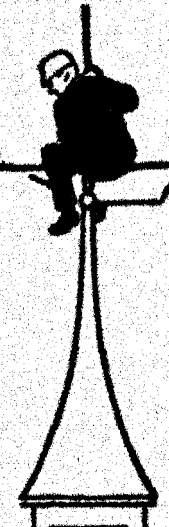
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My path is strewn with flowers:
Above doth shine a light
To guide me through the morrows—
To penetrate the night.

A strange voice murmurs softly,
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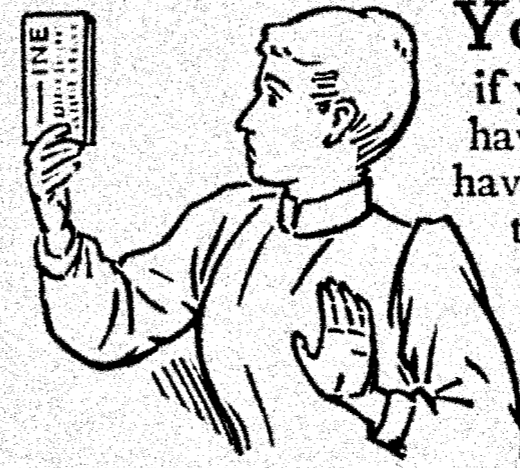
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Mr. W. T. Stead, the distinguished London journalist, was in Chicago from the 1st to the 14th of this month. He gave several addresses, all of them full of thought and unique, on municipal reform, the improvement of the working classes, methods of overcoming social evils, and other cognate subjects. He was interviewed by representatives of the press and full reports of his utterances on a great many subjects appeared in the leading daily papers of the city. He repeated accounts of his psychic experiences substantially as they have been published in England and reproduced or described in THE JOURNAL. Mr. Stead has made a very favorable impression upon thousands of this city who have heard him, as a gentleman of marked ability and of humanitarian feelings and theories.

The Chicago Press Club last Sunday unveiled and dedicated the monument erected in Mount Hope cemetery as a memorial to its deceased members. The monument committee, of which Mr. Bundy was a member, has executed its commission so well that it was able to turn the monument over to the club without a dollar of debt. The ceremonies were opened with prayer by Rev. Henry G. Perry, D. D. Luther Laffin Mills delivered a fine oration in memory of the dead. O. H. Carr sang a solo, with organ accompaniment, after which the entire party joined in singing "Nearer My God to Thee." The party then proceeded to the lot, where the flag was withdrawn from the graceful shaft, which is of Berea sandstone and is twenty-five feet in height.

The Chicago & Alton R. R. has with the permission of Col. James A. Sexton, Postmaster, and J. A. Montgomery, Superintendent of Mails, issued a quarterly guide of the Chicago Postoffice, which is very compact and valuable. The record of this railroad can probably not be duplicated by any other in the world. The official records show that in the eleven years from December 4, 1879, to December 4, 1890, there was no passenger, who was in place as a passenger, killed or seriously injured during that time.

We have recently gotten out a new edition of the popular little pamphlet, "Heaven Revised," by Mrs. E. B. Duffey. This is an excellent book to give to persons who are anxious to know what Spiritualists believe in regard to the future life, as it is a "narrative of personal experiences after the change called death." Those who are already Spiritualists will be interested to see how it compares with their individual conceptions and experiences. Price, twenty-five cents. For sale at this office.

"Mr. Heaphy's Ghost" is a pamphlet containing the London artist's own account of a wonderful apparition. There are also the letters written by Charles Dickens to Mr. Heaphy, referring to the peculiar circumstances which attended the original publication in "All the Year Round" of an inaccurate version of the story. We have a number of copies, some shopworn, that we will send on application, accompanied by two two-cent stamps.

This is clipped from Our Dumb Animals: The Cobb brothers—one painter, the other sculptor—as Boston people know, are twins and so nearly alike that it would puzzle a "Philadelphia lawyer" to tell which is which. Going to our office a few mornings since, we met Cobb, the painter, who at the request of some of our friends has been making an oil painting of ourself, and agreed to call at his studio. An hour later we met him as we supposed again, but this time it was his brother.

It reminded us of a little story we recently read. The nurse had given a bath, as she supposed, to each of the little twin girls, Edith and Florence, and put them to bed. Some time after she heard them laughing, and going into the room asked the cause. "We were laughing," said Florence, "because you gave Edith two baths and didn't give me any."

THE JOURNAL has a number of "Stories for Our Children," by Hudson and Emma Tuttle that we will dispose of at ten cents each. They embody liberal ideas in a form suited to childish minds. Many habits of animals are treated of in a way to incite curiosity and study and the stories are all entertaining and well told.

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PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENT.

The next number of Current Topics, Chicago's bright young magazine, will be a notable one. To our readers, the most interesting feature will be a symposium upon the famous Parliament of Religions. Specially written articles will appear from leading representatives of all phases of religious belief. There will be of course some clashing between the liberal and the orthodox. While the publishers do not

cater to the sensational, as long as opinions differ so widely that one calls the Parliament "a masterpiece of Satanic ingenuity" and another considers it the greatest missionary movement of the century, such a symposium is bound to excite wide attention. The result of such candid expressions of opinion as this discussion brings out will doubtless be to turn the multitude toward the more liberal. The following well-known writers and others will be heard from: Rev. Dr. Barrows, Chairman; Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Secretary; Rev. Joseph Cook; Rev. Lyman Abbott; Rabbi Hirsch; Rev. Dr. Thomas; Rev. N. J. Morrison; Rev. O. P. Gifford; George Dana Boardman; Rt. Rev. John J. Keene, Dean of the Catholic University; Hon. C. C. Bonney, President of the World's Fair Congresses, etc.

Besides this symposium are articles upon various topics of the day. The title page shows a very strong array of distinguished names, among the number Prof. Henry Drummond, of Glasgow, Scotland. Prof. Drummond is an immensely popular writer, his books having sold into the hundreds of thousands. His lectures on evolution called down the wrath of the extreme orthodox upon his head when in Chicago recently. His article is alone worth the cost of the issue.

It gives us pleasure to announce that we have arranged with the publishers of Current Topics so that we can supply our readers with this December number at the extremely low price of 10 cents. Send silver or stamps direct to us.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

A prominent member of the legal profession, a Spiritualist, in a letter to Mr. G. B. Stebbins refers in the following complimentary words to Mr. Stebbins' address read before the Psychical Science Congress: "I have read carefully your address before the Psychical Congress. It is very comprehensive and instructive. The whole subject is most ably reviewed and philosophically considered. It should do great good. I was glad to see you set your foot on that greatest of all absurdities, reincarnation, and shut the door of Spiritualism on 'astral shells' and 'elementals.' It is difficult to treat themes so often discussed by any fresh and new language and methods. You have done it. There is nothing commonplace or hackneyed in the address. It should be widely read, and I trust the whole proceedings of the 'Congress' will have permanent shape in a volume. It is another upward step."

Thomas Harding, of Sturgis, Michigan, writes that the church in that city in which was held the funeral of Mr. Jonathan G. Wait, is "the Spiritual Church, which has sometimes been called the Free Church because of the liberality of Spiritualists in permitting other denominations to occupy their house." Mr. Harding adds: "The Free or Spiritual Church was built, considerably over thirty years ago, by the Spiritualists and others and the ownership of the property is vested in the officers of the Harmonial Society of Sturgis, an incorporated body over which the late J. G. Wait presided for a period of twenty-five years, or until declining health and old age caused him to resign his office. Unitarian services are held in the Spiritual Church by the permission of the president and trustees of the Harmonial Society."

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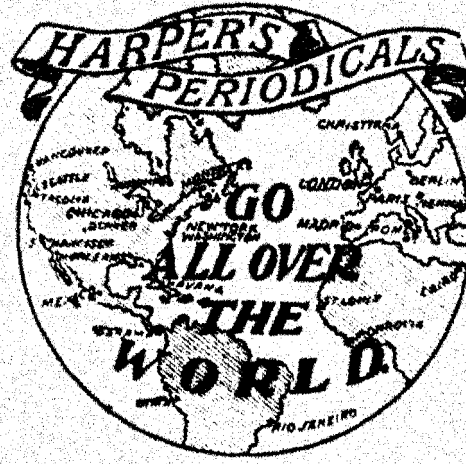
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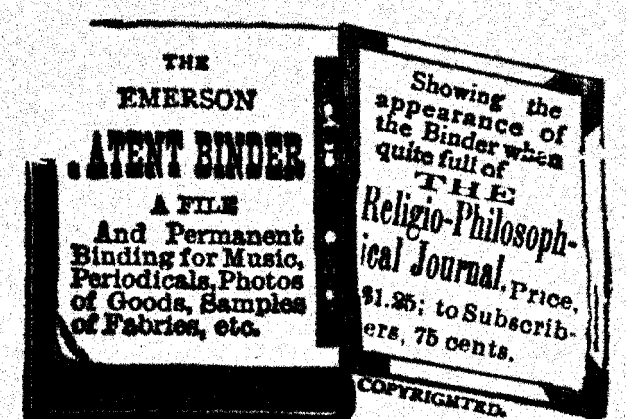
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