

RELIGIO PHILLOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

ANNALI DELLO SPIRITISMO. Le Messenger and Annales Des Sciences Psychiques have in their last issues given cordial recommendation of the Psychical Science Congress to be held at Chicago during the week beginning August 21st.

The Spiritualists of France have appointed a committee consisting of Laurent de Faget and others to recommend some plan of union or federation of those who adhere to the views of themselves and they have recommended the name "Federation de Spiritisme et de Spiritualisme Experimentale." (Etude et diffusion des Sciences Psychiques.) "Federation of Spiritism and Experimental Spiritualism." (Study and diffusion of psychic sciences.)

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Venice to Gazzetta Piemontese, at Turin, says that Padre Leonard, an eloquent and learned pulpit orator, has been giving lectures in regard to Spiritism, combatting it resolutely as hostile to the interests of society. Not giving any extended extracts from the lectures of the Padre, the correspondent says that admitting the wonderful facts of Spiritism, the people attribute them to a diabolical source. However it is not an unmixed evil as it seems to have come in time to resist the invasion of materialism. Nevertheless it is a magic which was once exercised by the magi to enslave the minds of people, is to-day practiced in gilded halls by magicians in yellow gloves, to the injury of body and soul. It looks to the destruction of religious faith but will not succeed. The novelty of the subject and attractions of the church, Santa Maria Formosa, procured the orator a numerous audience.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD does not seem to think that office-holding and office-seeking are the chief end of life, contrary to what seems to be the opinion of a considerable number of persons, whose time, such as they can spare from the absolute requirements, is spent in trying to secure "influence" and obtaining official positions of one kind and another. Governor Altgeld says in regard to office-seekers: "They are not really the great captains; they are not the leaders of our progress and of our civilization. As a rule they do not gaze into the firmament or measure the stars. Their vision is limited to the weather-vane on public buildings. They never give the order for advance on any great question; they wait to be commanded to move and then hesitate until assured that it is the voice of the majority that is calling to them. They wait until the leaders of thought have captured the stronghold of a wrong, and then they try to plant their flag over the ramparts that were stormed by others. As a rule they are moral cowards, following the music wagon of their time and holding the penny of immediate advantage so close to their eye as to shut out the sunlight of eternal principles." The Governor's arraignment of office-holders is perhaps severe and is certainly not applicable to many who received their positions without their own seek-

ing, and who perform their duties in a conscientious and meritorious manner, but as a class professional office-seekers and office-holders are not much better than they are described in the above extract. Certainly they are not models to be held up to young men. Seeking office is about the poorest kind of business in which a young man can be engaged. If he gets a position through the influence of others, he becomes a dependent upon government, wishes the position renewed, and if he loses it, he is thrown out of employment and left to his own resources, when he is very liable to come to grief and to be a source of annoyance and shame to his friends. Don't seek office.

MRS. W. A. KELLERMAN relates the following in Science: In response to the inquiry concerning "epidemic forms of mental or nervous diseases or disorders," in the issue of May 1901, I send the following account of an incident which "came to pass" under my own eyes. Several years ago my next-door neighbor's little girl, perhaps five or six years old, met with an accident which rendered it necessary that she use a crutch. Another little girl of about the same age, who lived in the adjoining house, seeing the little lame girl with her crutch, obtained a stick which she used as a crutch, hopping and limping, just as she saw the little lame girl doing. At first no attention was paid to this childish fancy, this imitation, this "playing being lame." After some days had elapsed, however, and this play became so constant as to be annoying, the stick was taken away, and the little girl told to put her foot to the floor. She screamed and cried and insisted most strenuously that she could not put her foot to the floor; she could not stand upon it, etc. I cannot say how long she persisted in thinking she was lame, but shall never forget how real her apparent affliction was to her, nor her screams of pain when she declared she could not stand without her "crutch."

WE cannot defy death, writes William Kinnear in the North American Review for June. But we may, by searching, find certain secrets of nature and apply them to the renewal of the organs whose decay is constantly going on in the body. Anatomical experiment and investigation show that the chief characteristics of old age are deposits of earthy matter of a gelatinous and fibrous character in the human system. Carbonate and phosphate of lime, mixed with other salts of a calcareous nature, have been found to furnish the greater part of these earthy deposits. As observation shows, man begins in a gelatinous condition; he ends in an ossous or bony one—soft in infancy, hard in old age. By gradual change in the long space of years the ossification comes on; but after passing middle-life a more marked development of the ossile character takes place. Of course, these earthy deposits which affect all the physical organs naturally interfere with their functions. Partial ossification of the heart produces the imperfect circulation of the blood which affects the aged. When the arteries are clogged with calcareous matter there is interference with the circulation upon which nutrition depends. Without nutrition there is no repair of the body. Hence in his work "The Physiology of Common Life" G. H. Lewes states that "If the repair

were always identical with the waste, life would only then be terminated by accident, never by old age." Both Bichat and Baillie considered that the greater number of people past sixty suffer more or less from arterial ossification, which brings about obstructions in the proper and healthy circulation of the blood.

THE following is the result of an election on the question which are the best ten American books, as reported by the Critic: Emerson's "Essays" head the list, with 512 votes, and then follow Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," with 493; Longfellow's "Poems," with 444; Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with 431; Dr. Holmes' "Autocrat," with 388; Irving's "Sketch Book," with 307; Lowell's "Poems," with 269, and then Whittier, Wallace's "Ben Hur," and Motley's "Dutch Republic." Whether this list represents correctly the literary consensus of the opinion of the writers of books and students of books, we are not able to say. We think there are many of the best writers and thinkers

works and the order of preference is one which we doubt whether it would be endorsed by the majority of literary critics. Emerson's Essays are put at the head of the list and probably they are rightly entitled to that place, though men who are not yet old can remember when Emerson was, by the majority of literary critics, assigned to a not very high place in literature, and when a great majority of writers, including the entire orthodox clergy, so far as they knew anything about him whatever, regarded him as an author too mystical to be understood or too heterodox to be read. Surely the whirligig of time brings about wonderful changes and some sweet revenges.

ONE of the daily papers gives a description of the deportment of President Cleveland during divine service. The paper says that during the prayer, the President "leaned on his hand" and while the hymn was being sung, "he stood upright with chest expanded and his right arm thrown behind his back; his hand was clinched. He placed his thumb on the third button of his black frock coat and unconsciously turned half round." Is this an example of religious etiquette for all devout worshippers to follow, all those who wish to worship in the fashionable way? Is President Cleveland a model in religious belief and zeal or in methods of true worship? Why should a daily paper take pains to explain precisely how President Cleveland looked and acted during a prayer? Do not such reports show snobbishness and a spirit of toadyism utterly inconsistent with the American spirit of independence and with the universal spirit of self respect and commonsense? Yet no small part of the space of our public press is occupied with such twaddle as this, giving descriptions of how people appear during religious service, how they dress and in respect to certain other matters concerning which sensible people care nothing whatever. There seems to be a growing disposition to give attention to such trifling details and it would be a good movement if the more conscientious editors of our great journals would eliminate all this stuff from every issue of their papers and set an example for the weaker representatives to follow.

SOCIAL PURITY.

There was a notable gathering in this city on June 2nd, at the opening of the World's Congress of Social Purity. Great variety of thought and effort in the field of reform was represented by those who spoke and whose essays were read. President Bonney in a brief address said:

Among the many new movements by which the closing of the nineteenth century is distinguished and glorified is that for the elevation of a standard of personal conduct in every part of the world, which passes under the name of personal purity. The immense importance of this movement to States and governments it is impossible to overestimate, for at the last the prosperity of every people depends on the purity, rectitude and nobility of the individuals and families. Genius cannot flourish where social life is impure, and under such conditions moral virtue is at a discount. Any movement, therefore, which has the elevation of the standard of social life as its object deserves and will receive the benediction of everyone and the gratitude of all faithful hearts.

One of the most powerful addresses was that by Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul. The Archbishop, who is certainly a very progressive man for the position he occupies and is in sympathy with some of the best reformatory work of the age, described impurity as being wide-spread, corrupting the body, degrading women, turning human beings into depraved and ferocious animals and threatening society with a reversion to public and shameless immorality. He remarked that badness was always bold and daring, while goodness was too often timid and retiring. What was needed was armed, soldierly virtue. Perhaps it would be difficult to find a stronger picture of the prevalent vice and immorality than is contained in the following address by the Arch-

See the wiles and cunningness and open warfare of impurity. The popular literature of the day is largely subservient to it. Novels exhaling its stygian stench burden news stands and book agents' baskets. Papers teeming with salaciousness obtain readers by the hundreds of thousands and drive out of the market self-respecting and decent publications. Painting and sculpture, whose mission it should be to elevate and ennoble the mind by the representations of humanity's best deeds and dreams, reveal the human form in hideous suggestiveness. Theatrical posters, nailed up in prominent streets and squares of cities, are to our young people unmistakable object lessons in lasciviousness, and the stage, which might be one of the most useful interpreters of wisdom and virtue, not unfrequently becomes the panderer to lowest passions. Cultured society, unconsciously, perhaps, but not less effectively, serves the interests of vice by its immodest fashions in dances and in female dress. Public opinion is debased; virtue, it is thought, is sufficiently avenged when a fallen woman is declared an outcast; but the man who compassed her ruin goes scot-free and is the welcome visitor to club and drawing-room. Laws against open immorality are dead letters. Tempters to sin promenade our streets; homes of iniquity flaunt their wickedness before the public gaze; orgies born of demoniac fancies occur in public halls with the avowed connivance of the police. Sin sets itself up as a profession under shadowy names, through which the purpose is easily read, and advertises itself through the columns of our newspapers. Base men and women go around entrapping unwary girlhood into lives of shame: procurers and procuresses are constantly prowling, as so many jackals, in search of human bodies to cast them in prey to cruel lust. Laws protect sin. The child of twelve or fourteen years in many places is presumed to be of sufficient age to barter away her innocence, and her seducer cannot be convicted of crime. There are States in the country where the violation of a woman is no violation of law, if her color is not Caucasian white. The impudence of vice attempts to go farther, and demands that infamy be licensed by law, that woman be stamped with the badge of personal vice, and that the partners in their iniquity

be protected by the law of the land and be secured by legal inquests from the diseases to which criminal indulgence might otherwise expose them. Nor in the enumeration of sin's agencies must I overlook the prostitution of medical science in the service of passion, holding out to woman, unmarried or married, the promise to free from her the fruit of the womb, nor that of the legal profession in obtaining, under flimsiest pretenses, divorces, and destroying the sacredness of pure family life."

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CONDITIONS OF THE FUTURE LIFE.

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He thinks that the spirit world wraps this planet of ours around like an atmosphere. Our friends are probably close beside us or at least so near that they can come whenever they will. He is indisposed to dogmatize on this subject, but this seems reasonable to him. Why do we not see them? A thousand things exist that we do not see. It is but the smallest fragment of the reality of things that we ever see or hear. There must be a certain definite relation between the vibrations of the ether and the structure of the eye to enable one to see any particular thing. These vibrations may be so rapid or they may be so slow that we cannot see. The sun does not go out when we wink. The microscope on the one hand and the telescope on the other ought to teach us that but a little tiny fragment of the universe is visible to us.

Mr. Savage does not refer to the fourth dimension of space as being a possible explanation of the invisibility of spirits, but as a speculation this is allowable and is here suggested. In regard to the future con-

dition of spirits, Mr. Savage does not think that the person who dies an ordinary individual is at once either an angel or a devil. He thinks he is subject to change as he is here. Mr. Savage says people have said to him over and over again that they could not for a moment believe that their friends were near enough to know what was going on here, because it would be impossible for them in that case to be happy. In reply to this, he says that he should have very little respect for one of his friends, if he thought he would prefer to be away off somewhere out of sight rather than be near and to sympathize and help. He does not, he says, want when he dies to go off into some Eden or palace and be surrounded with a nameless kind of bliss never to know what his friends are going through here, that he has left behind. He would rather be able to walk by their side, to know about them, to see what they are bearing, even if he could not help them, than be away off, with the thought that he could never hear from them and never could gain a glimpse as to what they were doing or how they were getting on. Mr. Savage urges that this life is only the beginning, a school-time, from which we graduate into eternal conditions, and if a friend has gone up into that life, and is able from a higher level to look back and survey the experiences that we are going through, it seems only natural that he should estimate aright our sorrows and sufferings, and knowing that they are temporary and educational in their tendency, he would not feel so badly at seeing our suffering as those with a narrower range of thought. Such a one sees the conditions and experiences which are needful to fit us for what is coming. Mr. Savage says, "if I have any friends in the other world who are selfish enough to want to go off in a corner without any regard to the experiences I am passing through, I am perfectly willing that heaven should be destroyed. This seems to me irrational and puerile, this kind of conception of our friends and the other life." Mr. Savage holds that the mental soul-faculties are untouched by the experience called death, that these faculties develop a thousand, a million fold, as the ages go on and find employment in science, art, philosophy, literature, music, in all these directions in which we have begun to train ourselves here. The civilization here means but little compared with the possible growing world, embracing civilization of men and women who have passed through this life and entered upon the higher and grander life of the spirit.

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Dr. E. R. L. Gould, in the Chautauquan for June, has a very readable article in which he discusses the "Social Condition of Labor." He said that there was more attention paid to the condition of the workingman abroad than on this side of the Atlantic. One or two of our more advanced States form exceptions. In the old country, factory legislation gives to the worker better protection than here. The hours of labor in England are fewer than in this country. The age at which children may be employed varies greatly. In England, it commences at ten on half-time; in Germany, at thirteen; in Belgium, at twelve and in Switzerland, at fourteen. The regulations in France are similar to those in England. The laws in regard to the employment of children and youth are very much better in Europe than they are in the

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United States, where to a considerable extent they are disregarded. In Switzerland, Dr. Gould says the limit of the working day is eleven hours; in England it is in practice from fifty-four to fifty-six and one-half hours per week; in Germany and Switzerland, female labor is limited to eleven hours a day; in Belgium to twelve, with intervals for rest. In all the principal European industrial countries, male miners and women are prohibited from working at night. Sunday rest is also secured to them. In the payment of wages, such abuses as irregularity in payment or the "truck" system are unknown in England. They ought to be unknown in the United States. In some of the instances, as in the case of cotton operatives in the Oldham and Bolton districts of England, participation in the benefits received from the introduction of better machinery, varying from one-half to two-thirds is given to the working men.

But taking all in all, Dr. Gould thinks that the American working man is better off than his European fellows, that he has higher aspirations, broader ambitions and on the whole, enjoys better conditions of life, but it is admitted that he also works harder to satisfy his wants. In doing so, both returning much to his employer and making himself of greater social utility.

Certainly in a comparatively new country like the United States where the resources are practically unlimited and where the demand for labor is enormous, the condition of the working man ought not to be only a little better than that of his European fellows but it should be twice as good and if the social industrial conditions were what they should be, were what that they might be, were what we hope they will be, the improvement of the working man's lot would bear some ratio to the increase of production caused by the discovery and evolution of machinery. The time will come, we hope, when the masses who toil will have much larger share of the profits of production than they now possess. In those days, it will not be possible for a few men to become suddenly millionaires while the hundreds and thousands whom they employ earn scarce enough to maintain themselves and their families in comfort or even in common decency.

THE DOCTRINE OF HELL REVISED.

Rev. E. P. Powell has an article in the June Free-thinker's Magazine, entitled "Our Other World From a Modern Standpoint," the first of a series. In this article, Mr. Powell makes some interesting comments on St. George Mivart's recent paper published in the Nineteenth Century, entitled "Is There Happiness in Hell?"

Mr. Powell thinks it is time to reconstruct our theology. He says we are finally informed that it is good church doctrine to believe that hell, even the hell of the positively damned who have forfeited grace bestowed, may be regarded as only a place which God from all eternity prepared for those who would not accept the higher goods offered by him, a graded heaven, in fact. Hell thus becomes but one apartment of Paradise. To quote Mivart's own words: "According to it (the church) no one in the next life suffers the deprivation of any happiness he can imagine or desire. Hell in its widest sense must be considered as an abode of happiness transcending all our most vivid anticipations, so that man's natural capacity for happiness is thus gratified to the very utmost." This astonishing surrender of one of the teachings which had been maintained in its full vigor by Augustine, Tertullian, the Gregorys and others, and which has lain at the very corner-stone of all papal bulls and decrees of councils, Mr. Powell thinks, will be reckoned as the inevitable consequence of the surrender of the doctrine creation of ab nihilo to the hypothesis of evolution. It is no longer possible even for the Catholic theologian of the most severe and rigid school to deny that there is and there will be for all eternity real and true happiness in hell.

Why, it is asked, has not this doctrine of progress been preached by the church? Why has the very opposite been so invariably insisted upon as a funda-

mental doctrine? Mr. Mivart says: "In order to bring home to men what their loss will be should they by vice and malice forfeit so inconceivable a beatitude, it has been necessary to represent that loss by means of such symbols as may most adequately and most effectively strike the imaginations of the greatest multitude of mankind. . . . The preachers and the writers of the church, her sculptors and her painters have barely done their duty in seeking to portray the contrast between such loss and gain (as are involved in hell and heaven) by the most practically serviceable symbols at their disposal." Yet in the same article Mr. Mivart says of these teachings that "their grotesque realism and the monstrosities of such representations are a part of the Bible for the people;" also, "that the modern mind has come to abhorrence for such beliefs and not only the sentiment of our day but its more highly evolved moral perceptions are shocked beyond expression at the doctrine that countless multitudes burn forever in hell-fire."

Mr. Powell asks which ground we are to stand on; that Jonathan Edwards and the Catholic author of "Hell Opened for Christians" were excusable for falsehoods of a most horrible sort or that the moral sentiment of our age is right, that such extraordinary pictures of the future life, drawn by men totally for the purpose of terrifying unbelievers, comes itself nearer to deserving eternal punishment than any other crime in the category of the deliberate and persistent purposing of the human intellect? Mr. Powell says that in the field of eschatology is the next battle of reason and love with our heredity from primitive science and the sentiment of a brute force age. The love of God so burns in the hearts of a more ethical age that it cannot tolerate the harsh conceptions which adjusted themselves at one time very well to popular sentiment concerning mercy and benevolence.

PRODUCTION OF WEALTH.

W. H. Mallock has an article in the July number of the North American Review entitled "Who Are the Chief Wealth Producers?" He takes the ground that not the many, as is popularly supposed, but the few, however inferior morally many of them may be, produce the greater part of the wealth, which he says is not, as is commonly thought, the result of social labor, but the result of social labor multiplied by ability, and that whatever claims the public may have upon the wealth of the minority, that claim cannot be sustained on the ground that the public has produced this wealth, for the minority as a body have not only produced the whole of it but a vast amount besides which the public has already appropriated.

Mr. Mallock defines labor as "the industrial exercise of a single man on some single piece of work and on that single piece of work only, no matter what this may be, the carrying of a sack or the wheeling of a barrel which requires no training at all, or the finishing of a chronometer, which requires the training of half a lifetime." This is one of the great forces which in the modern world produces wealth, but there is another which he calls ability and that is defined as "the industrial exercise of a single man which affects simultaneously the labor of many men, multiplying or improving the results of it in each case."

There is certainly nothing new in the distinction which Mr. Mallock here makes. The claim that labor, that is, manual labor, is the sole cause of production is untenable. It is not entertained by the more intelligent class of working men. There must be with such labor ability to direct it, to utilize it to the best advantage, to employ it skillfully with reference to large results. A thousand men possessing only the power of their hands, without the power of cooperation and without skill in combining individual efforts, would accomplish nothing great. It is only when some mind that possesses the synthetic power, that is able to plan, that has executive ability and all the qualifications for carrying out large enterprises,

it is only when such a mind is brought to bear upon labor and to give it direction, that great results are accomplished. This fact must be admitted in all intelligent discussion of economic and labor problems.

The skill which can thus combine the forces of labor is far more rare than the mere power of labor and will ever command better pay; but it is largely through the efforts of those who have worked in the ranks of the laborers that the means of accomplishing great results have been acquired. The inventions of machinery, by which production has been so enormously increased the last half century, have been by the practical workers and without these inventions the great industrial enterprises of to-day, whatever amount of skill might exist, would be impossible. What the intelligent labor reformers protest against to-day is not the right of skill to reward greater than that of mere unskilled labor, but the unequitable distribution of the products of labor. Too large a proportion of production goes to the manipulators of labor, to the owners of the machinery, and considering that this machinery is itself the result of thousands of inventions by those who have learned by experience and by their labor, certainly the class to whom these inventors belong, should not be content with merely wages sufficient to keep body and soul together, while colossal fortunes are amassed from the profits of capital. They should have a fair proportion of these profits. Under a just industrial system, no such inequitable distribution of the products of industry as now exists could be possible.

The following letter from President Bonney of the World's Congress Auxiliary to Dr. Coues will be read with interest:

CHICAGO, June

DR. ELLIOTT COUES, CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE
PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

DEAR DR. COUES: Please accept, my thanks for your favor of the 11th inst., and my congratulations on the brilliant promise of the Psychological Science Congress. I am glad to know that Dr. Hodgson is recovering his health, and in spite of his illness has been able to render valuable aid in maturing the plans for the Congress. So far as your own labors are concerned, I will sum up my whole view of the case in a single word: I confidently expect that the coming Psychological Science Congress will mark the beginning of a new era in the history of psychical research, and will present the entire subject in such a manner as to deserve and command the attention of earnest searchers after the truth in all countries.

As you are so soon to visit Chicago and give me the pleasure of a personal conference, I will defer the mention of other matters until you come.

We are just closing the fifth series of the World's Congresses of 1893, and I am happy to say that thus far they have more than realized our expectations in regard to them. With high respect and sincere regards,

Very sincerely yours,

C. C. BONNEY,
President.

DR. W. C. BARRETT has an article in a recent number of Science on "The Character of Animals," in which he deprecates regarding the lower orders as possessing nothing but selfish instincts and impulses and insists that close contact with any class of animals cannot fail to show many instances of the exercise of gratitude, real benevolence and magnanimity that would do honor to the noblest human beings. Some animals like some men are entirely selfish, apparently incapable of affectionate impulses. Some are morose and vindictive. The individuality of animals he says is as distinct and characteristic as that of human creatures. It is easy to obtain the confidence and trusting faith of some robins, for instance, while others are very suspicious and distrustful. Dr. Barrett gives illustrations of what he says furnished by his own experience, which seem to be quite satisfactory in enforcing the point which he makes in regard to animals.

THE CARE AND TUITION OF CHILDREN.

By BELLE BUSH.

One piece of advice which I would give to all having the care and tuition of children is this: Let them do a good deal of their own thinking, in their own way and they will be far more natural and original in the expression of their thoughts and feelings than they would be if obliged to put on your mental spectacles and look at things from your standpoint. But some people it seems to me look upon their children as if they were houses, into which they had a perfect right to enter at any time and do all the furnishing business in their way and in accordance with their own tastes, leaving the soul occupant no choice but to submit and allow those rash intruders into the sanctuary of childhood to deposit in the curious apartments and recesses of their being, all the old rubbish of opinions, conceits and ideas, which they have accumulated during a long and rough warfare with the world.

It is a sore trial to some parents to have their children begin to think and act for themselves, as they will sometimes. They want the unseen clock which marks the flight of time in the child's breast to tick exactly with theirs; and when by force of its fresh young life, the beats are faster and describe a greater arc, they think the child-clock is going wrong and they must regulate it and set it back with their own. But it not unfrequently happens that a child's perceptions are in advance of his parents; he may see in a landscape they cannot see and hear the winds and waves that they cannot hear—these voices he may be called to go up to the temple of art and leave there bright offerings, those of sculpture, painting or song. But his parents do not realize this and they may wish him to be a mechanic, a merchant or a minister. And when he cannot consent to make the sacrifice of higher life to their wishes, how often is he charged with the sin of filial disobedience and how long is his life embittered by their unjust chidings, and the conflict in his own soul between the sense of duty to himself and to them! And for what is all this struggling and this mental warfare? Why simply because he claimed the right of every human being to think for himself.

Now this is not the way to treat children. They do not need to put on your mental garments, or have their minds filled with furniture made after the patterns of your designing. The food which nourishes you may be unpalatable to them. Your philosophies and long cherished theories of science, politics and religion, may seem to them but cobwebs of error and deception, through which they look and see the beautiful light of truth dawning far off and inviting them to the temple on the mountain tops there to worship.

"But," says one, "I don't love children and I can't have patience with them." Then let me tell you my friends the plain truth: "You don't love God if you don't love children." And though you may call yourself a Christian, you have not taken the first step towards the kingdom of heaven, for did not Christ say, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." And how can you become as little children unless you love them? "I love God and little children," said a German writer, and the saying has often been quoted as an instance of the sublime in sentiment, and well it may be for what could be more sublime than the expression in a few simple words, of a love which reaches all the way up from the baby form to the all-creating God, linking as with a golden chain the finite with the infinite.

There is, says another writer, "Nothing more natural to thoughtful minds than reverence for childhood," and the remark is one which is well sustained by the written testimony of many gifted minds.

One of the sages of our own land says, "The greatest wonder in the world is a baby," and is he not right? If you think not then tell me of a greater one and I will grant he may not be correct in his assertion. But I look into my own heart and read these words: "Every child that is born into the world has a right to be well born for it is a new revelation of God and should be received as such, its needs carefully studied and provided for anterior to its birth, and afterwards it should be tenderly guided and guarded from all dangers which threaten moral as well as physical shipwreck. But it should not be fettered by our opinions. It should rather be invited out into the fair fields of nature and from her vast storehouse of facts allowed and encouraged to select for itself the materials out of which to fashion its own mental and spiritual temple. In this way childhood may be rendered beautiful, and youth which, as another has well said, plays a magnificent and dreamy overture to the grand orchestra of life, which will bear with it that freshness and harmony which will carry a blessing with it wherever it goes and enable the glad spirits of manhood and womanhood to sing the songs of freedom and love, through all the ages to come.

For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our looks
Compared to their caresses,
And the gladness of their looks.

They are better than all the ballads
That love never sung or said,
For they are living poems
And all the rest are dead.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

By MRS. M. E. TASCHER.

VII.

[Many months ago THE JOURNAL published a series of articles from the pen of Mrs. M. E. Tascher. They were chapters selected by the author from a manuscript work containing an account of her experiences in the line of Spiritualism. The following is another chapter from the same work.—Ed.]

"You have no control over spirits;
Who are ye, children of the night?"

—Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Mr. Vale now came home from New York. I told him all about it as I did not seek to conceal it at all. I knew he had always said he could stop anything of the kind by simply going into the room. I had often heard him recount an adventure he once had. He was invited to attend a seance in a small town in Maine. There had been wonderful accounts, he said, of the doings of a grand medium there, and for amusement my brother accepted his friend's invitation. On arriving at the house where the circle was to be held, his friend introduced him to the medium. What was his amazement to see him, after taking one look in his face, call for his hat and leave the house. "And," he would always wind up triumphantly, "he did not dare to show his head there again and their wonderful manifestations never came any more."

My brother made a great deal of fun of me when I told him what I had seen and said we made it, or imagined every bit of it. I told him we would try and see. I did not know what caused it all and yet I could see no reason in the assertion that he could stop it.

There were two little children spending the night with us, their mother being away. Just as I was preparing them for bed Mr. Vale came in from down town. He began to banter us about the raps and laughed very loudly when I said I wished he would not talk before the children as I thought it might make them nervous should they hear anything of it. While I was speaking, however, raps began to come on the secretary. I hurried the little ones off and then Leda, Madge and I sat down and laid our hands on the secretary table. It was covered with raps instantly. We then took a small, light stand and it

began to rock and move all about. Mr. Vale had ceased his derisive laughter by this time, but looking very black, kept saying: "Pooh! anybody could do that," and the stand ran right up and jumped upon him with such force that he swore roundly and said he would smash it up. Another time he spoke of it saying there was nothing in it, and what we said was not true. At that moment Leda, Madge and I stood by the secretary, which is full of books and a very heavy piece of furniture. Standing as we did I put the tips of my fingers on the table and the two girls lightly rested their little finger ends on either side of mine, when the great lumbering thing leaped up and down so violently that my brother sprang forward and caught hold of it, exclaiming: "Stop! stop! you will surely break the glass doors." I laughed a little and asked him why he did not stop it. I then had a large dining table brought in and we sat down around it. Madge's friend, Miss Carrie, having called while I was making the arrangements, willingly sat with us. Mr. Vale, declining our merry invitation, made himself comfortable in a large arm-chair that he drew up near where he could watch sharply all the proceedings, keeping up a constant fire of jeering language, loud laughter and really bitter and abusive remarks. The table did not mind him at all, however, but bounced and tipped, spelling names that I never heard before nor had either of the girls, but he admitted that he well knew long ago. Finally the name of an aunt was given and he called out derisively: "What do you want?" "Behave yourself, William!" was the reply. Then she asked if he would come to the table. "No!" he shouted, and she would talk no more. Brother Ammi's name was then given. Immediately the sound of a carpenter's saw was heard apparently in the table, and when the board was sawed through we could hear the end drop down exactly as if a carpenter were there. Mr. Vale could not resist getting up and hunting around under the table. I then asked if they could nail something, as we had often heard before, and the hammer drove nail after nail, finally striking the table so violently that it leaped in the air, blows raining all over it in rapid succession. I said to my brother (Mr. Vale) "Will, did you hear anything?" "I should think a dead man might hear that," he replied, looking thoroughly astonished. "Well," I persisted, "we do not imagine it do we?" He would not reply. By and by Leda's hand began to go and as it wrote he leaned forward and gazed fiercely at her. At last he broke into a laugh and said he would give a hundred dollars if anything would make his hand go like that. Meanwhile the raps kept coming all around the room. There was a sound as if a heavy rain was falling on the carpet, and then like the sound of ripping it up. My chair was lifted back a little way from the table and heavy blows sounded on the leg of Madge's chair. On looking down we all saw her dress fly out on the side as if a hand drew back to strike, every time the blows fell on the chair. My brother now said it was getting late and we had better go to bed. Immediately every sound ceased and we carried the table back to the dining-room.

About this time Mary Marston began to write, and implore us to give her messages to her sister, Jennie, who lived across the street two or three doors away. We had said very little about the manifestations as we met with unpleasant sarcasm and unbelief which distressed the sensitive girls very much. I, being older, did not care for this as much, but we were simply students. I felt that no explanation had yet been arrived at, and the better way would be to continue our investigation quietly, especially on account of Mr. Vale's persistent prejudice; but now Mary Marston's request was reiterated every day with such importunate vigor that Leda, thinking there would be no rest if she refused to comply, with great reluctance at length took a few of the written messages over to Jennie and told her all about it. She came over to our house in a little while and said she could never believe it unless it was proved before her eyes. She seemed very much agitated and I told her she was very welcome to sit with us if she wanted to and see what would be given. She eagerly assented and

we drew out the small table and sat down. Hardly had we seated ourselves before loud raps came all over the table and in other parts of the room and Leda's hand began to write. "Perhaps I ought to explain a little right here," said Miss Vale, looking around. "The family of Marston's had been neighbors of ours for a long time, and Leda a special favorite of this Mary Marston who was the older sister of Jennie. She was a sweet, gentle girl that was known to have sacrificed her health and probably life, in her devotion to the large family of sisters and brothers younger than herself.

"The mother, being lame and very delicate, could help only in cheerful counsel and labors that could be accomplished in her chair, felt keenly the weight that bore upon Mary's frail shoulders and the whole family mourned with more than usual anguish when the sweet blue eyes closed and the weary golden head of the bonnie Scotch lassie, so faithful and true, was laid away. Only a short time after, the invalid mother followed. Maggie having married, Jennie was left to struggle on as best she could with the four little children that remained—a heavy task indeed for the young girl, and one, you can easily see, that would require counsel and aid, if possible, from the ever loving and wise sister."—"But where was I?" "Leda's hand began to write," quoted Vere Laus. "O, yes!" replied Miss Vale, resuming the narrative. At length Jennie said she wanted to ask a question but did not wish to ask it aloud. Mary wrote at once: "Go home into the house alone, shut every door and ask it aloud. I will go with you and come back here and answer. Then you will be certain that it is really me." Jennie went as directed. It did not seem as if she could more than get inside the door of her house when Leda's hand was shaken violently and in a moment an answer was written. Jennie returned soon after to see. She turned very pale as she read the note, which none of us had glanced at, not even Leda knowing what had been written.

She said she asked the question as soon as she entered the hall and shut the door; that the answer was perfect as if Mary had spoken. She did this several times afterwards with the same result.

One night Jennie came in just at dusk, asking me if we would sit with her a few minutes. We readily consented and went into the dining-room where the lights were burning brilliantly and sat down around the large table. Up jumped one side of the table bouncing around in the most extraordinary manner. Loud raps came all over it and on the floor. Suddenly we heard a noise like footsteps under the table. Soon the footsteps became very loud and there began a dance exactly like a young man in slippers on the smooth oaken floor. It became so loud that I left the room and went out of doors, down the walk and into the street running past our house, and yet, could hear the steps distinctly dancing the Newport. I then returned; sitting down again by the table, a hand spanked down on the table directly in front of me. So plain was the sound that I involuntarily dodged, but on went the hand spanking all around the table. Jennie leaped from her chair at this juncture and threw her arms around my neck exclaiming, "O, I am afraid!" I coaxed her to sit down in my chair. To divert her a little, I began saying the alphabet when the sound of the hand rapped out the name of Lillie Whitrock. She gave several messages to Leda. She had been a class-mate of hers and died in Montana two years before. It sounded like a soft fleshy hand just such as Lillie's used to be. The dancing continued nearly all the time we sat and the sawing of boards was heard, fully as loud as a carpenter would have made if alive and at work in the middle of the table. Many messages were given both to Jennie and ourselves, but we left the room when we heard Mr. Vale coming, because he had been so cross ever since he heard the hammering, and the rest I have described, that we could hardly live where he was. When he found his pet theory was of no avail—and his own power to stop the manifestations vain, he seemed raving at the thought that he had no control over it. He talked very harshly saying it was the devil. All foolishness and would not allow us to

speaking of it in his presence. Altogether, he behaved as if possessed by an evil spirit himself. We were afraid to let him see, or hear a sound of it. He raved unmercifully if he knew of our going over to Mrs. East's and led us a fearful life. And yet, he would not let it alone, but would begin to sneer and rave about it every time we met. I had never asserted that it was spirits. Not one of us presumed to offer any explanation. How could we? We were all as well as usual and cheerful, natural, entirely unchanged from our common, everyday life. Anyone would know that it was not the effect of electricity, because we certainly should have felt it. Moreover, why would it come when we asked for it, and go at once when we arose from the table? How tell things we never knew? or dance, keeping perfect time, when none of us are dancers? How make the sound of footsteps at all, or the spanking of a hand on a table, so palpable to us all as to make me flinch and Jennie almost go wild?

I wish to say that the circumstance of the secretary rising from the floor was witnessed by many people after its first occurrence. One lady who called one afternoon asked me about it as she had heard of it through some other witnesses of the phenomena. It was a bright afternoon in summer and as she said she would give anything to see such a thing done, she could hardly believe it. I said we had no control over such things, but we would put our hands on the desk right then and see if it would come. We did so, the lady sitting looking on; in a few moments sure enough up rose the secretary (as we had called it) and it went up and down so violently that I feared it would fall to pieces and said so, asking gently if the spirits could raise and lower it quietly without crashing the glass. Instantly it rose slowly and quietly and kept on until its top touched the ceiling, it being about two and a half feet and as quietly lowered to its first position on the floor.

The book-case is built of solid oak and walnut, has tall glass doors, a desk and five drawers and encloses a great many books and at the time every shelf was packed to its utmost capacity with them, Webster's Dictionary and Shakespeare and such very heavy books, the drawers also being filled with papers. Altogether the weight must have been many hundreds of pounds and we three little women merely placed the ends of our fingers on top of the desk.

The lady who witnessed this lives near us now and I heard her tell it and testify to the truth of all these particulars only the other day. She will give her name any time and as all the witnesses and agents of the phenomena which I have related are living and thoroughly reliable we can give testimony to Mr. Savage and also prove all my statements, and that everything was recorded exactly as it occurred and at the time of its occurrence as we were merely investigating to try and see what it was and on purpose to report to our friend, Mrs. M. F. Tucker, who had asked me first to investigate Spiritualism. I gave an account of my antecedents in the first chapter of the series of papers published in THE JOURNAL in 1892; another account may be found in THE JOURNAL, I think, about the year of 1885 or 1886. "Was it a Phantasy," is the title of the article.

Remember we were not Spiritualists, nor in any way allied to or connected with any people of that belief. It has cost me much to come out and tell my experiences while investigating Spiritualism, and the boycotting, sneers and jeers still continue, but I said I would tell the truth as I found it and have only done that and feel that I ought to continue.

Another strange phase in the manifestations was that they continued only about a year—not quite that—then they said we should have no more physical manifestations, but they would give us something better and nothing more came and we tried every condition and sat repeatedly, but nothing more of the kind was seen or heard.

Now, if it were electricity, or any other natural causes, why has it disappeared? We are all here just the same. Besides can electricity talk and tell three people things they never knew nor heard of before—things transpiring at thousands of miles distant and among people with no connection whatever,

making it impossible to account for it by a brain wave, or thought transference? It seems to me that these are no insignificant phenomena. The smallest rap on a table, if it cannot be accounted for by scientists, or others, in any way except as a direct communication, from those we call dead is more wonderful than all the earthly productions. To my mind the only question is, "Do they live, and is this from them?"

THE GREATEST COMMANDMENT.

BY HON. JOEL TIFFANY.

II.

Attention is here called to the character of religious teachings and to the position such teachings occupy, as a part of the process or way, over which the carnal man passes in his search for the heavenly kingdom. The young ruler had been traveling in that path from his youth and, morally speaking, in spirit he had become beautiful; and Jesus loved him because of such beauty, as he stood upon the threshold of the kingdom. But, nevertheless with all this, he lacked the "one thing needful"—"supreme love of God;" and failing in this he could not "love his neighbor as he loved himself."

As a natural man, under the dominance of the carnal nature, while the work of individuation is progressing, the individual is spontaneously selfish. The impulse to seek self enjoyment, self interest, and self ease, is as natural and as constant as are the laws of gravitation in bodies of matter; because it is a fundamental and necessary law of individuation. But when the individuation becomes so complete as to become the recipient of an immortal, spiritual personality and the immortal becomes a conscious presence within the mortal, then the reason for the presence and operation of this supreme law of individuation ceases; and the necessity of calling for its operation ceases with it and the spirit of "man" is called upon to take its place. Then a man begins, and it must continue until self is put upon the cross; that the good man of the house may have possession.

In society, this becomes very manifest, and the work of redemption from the bondage of carnal self and its sensuous demands begins as soon as the individual is caused to feel the needs of his moral and spiritual nature. Man is led to a perception of his moral and spiritual needs through the affections incident to the unfoldings of his social, domestic and amicable nature. Hence the conjugal, the parental, the filial, the fraternal and the amicable affections, lead in the direction of the moral and the moral conducts to the spiritual, bringing the individual to "the Christ status," thus ultimating in a state of oneness with the universal spirit—called in the Christly system—the atonement.

Jesus entertained this view. He placed the love of the divine, of which "Christ" is the expression, above the loves and affections incident to these finite relations. Said he: "Whosoever loveth father or mother, or son or daughter," etc., "more than me, is not worthy of me"—meaning that the love of God, bringing the soul to the "Christ status," is superior to all other loves and affections. That the divine is the only fountain in the soul from which absolute pure and holy love and affection can arise.

In the spirit of Jesus' teachings he represented the supreme love of God as consisting in a supreme love of the spirit of the virtues, which in the individual human answered to the perfect attributes of the Divine Father. Hence the love of "Christ," which is "divine love," requires the maintenance of the spirit of the virtues, if need be, at the expense and sacrifice of every endearing relation. It does not mean that the domestic and social loves are to be abandoned; on the contrary, they are to become purified and perfected in the Divine, which is the fountain from which these loves are a proceeding.

For every state in the individual which becomes manifest as a governing presence there exists an appetite, or that out of which such purpose and will

are a proceeding. Thus the natural man, under the domination of his carnal nature has an appetite determining the character of his purposes and motives as a sensuous and selfish being, as one taking delight in whatever promises gratification or a supply of the means of obtaining it. In such individual this appetite becomes the constant spontaneous presence; prompting the individual to seek, above all things else, self-gain, self-advantage or self-gratification in some form. In such, the standard of use is the measure of the amount of such gain, advantage or enjoyment to be obtained thereby. The presence of this appetite in the carnal man causes him to endeavor to make all things contribute in some form to his advantage. His life, his labor, his profession, his family, friends and all mankind, even his religion and his God, are each and all made subject to such use.

But along this path of individual unfoldment there is a higher and better status into which the individual may come, provided he can escape the domination of his carnal status. Such higher nature begins to make manifest its presence by calling for a supply of needs peculiar to it. From the carnal status one enters its plane by degrees scarcely perceptible; and at first it is not free from carnal influences because the twilight of the carnal intermingles with the dawn of the spiritual in the moral, and thus the blending of the evening and the morning proclaims the coming day; and as soon as a new appetite becomes established, the status of the individual producing character becomes changed.

The moral man has for his standard of use the good of the individual, of society and of the race. He perceives that the spirit of truthfulness, of purity, of holiness, of fidelity, of justice, of honesty of purpose and of act, are essential virtues and are necessary to the orderly existence of society and also for the well being of the members thereof, and he delights in the maintenance of these virtues because of their utility. His morality, however, has not its basis in spontaneity. It is estimated by its use—determined by its utility. It cannot become a spontaneity until absolute spiritual regeneration takes place. But when the soul attains to the "Christ status" and its life becomes absorbed therein, the spirit of morality then becomes a spontaneity, and it lives in, and acts from, the divine as "Christ"—that is, as the spirit of the virtues.

Jesus refers to the necessity of the spontaneity of moral action thus: "When you do alms, take heed that you do them not before men to be seen of them. When ye do alms, let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth that your alms may be in secret. Then you will have your reward from the Father, who seeth in secret." The idea communicated is this: Any act performed from any motive other than spontaneity of status in divine oneness will not secure the highest blessing or reward. One's spiritual light should shine forth as the sun, because such is its nature. So the soul should be spontaneously giving of its blessings, because such is its nature.

But this cannot be so until the "Christ status" becomes formed within the soul. And the "Christ status" cannot become formed within the soul until the spirit of self is excluded therefrom. Carnal self is the prince of this world—striving to become king over all; and before the Christly kingdom can become established therein the prince of this world must be cast out so that in the final struggle the soul can say: "Father, thy will be done." Then, as with Jesus, the prince of the world coming will find nothing in the individual responsive to its presence.

Now every one must perceive the difference of status between those who are caused to act through considerations of use and those who act from a spontaneity of will and purpose; because such is their nature; such is the heart. The first loves the use of God; and such love will become limited by the finite conceptions of use. Anyone can perceive that the divine of the universe cannot be comprised in one's conceptions of uses flowing from him. Use is dependent upon reciprocity of some one, or something, which is to receive and respond to the same; and thus is to derive advantage therefrom. Love is of the

divine esse and use is of the divine existere. The regenerate soul coming to the divine esse in the Christ status imparts of the divine existere.

(To be Continued.)

THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF GERALD DEANE.

By CHARLES R. DAKE, M. D., IN THE HOMŌOPATHIC NEWS.

On one of the first wintry days in November, some years ago, as night was coming on, I sat in my comfortable library, looking outward into the thorough contrast of the cold, deserted street. Near me, in a large easy-chair, sat my old friend, Dr. Gerald Deane. Sharp little gusts of wind whirled the crisp, many-tinted autumn leaves from the trees, and into eddies at the angles of streets and passage-ways. The sky was obscured by low-lying, unbroken leaden clouds; and here and there a solitary flake of snow floated downward in a thousand twirls and darts to the frozen earth. Just such a melancholy day it was as makes us value most the genial warmth of a glowing fire; just such a day as makes us welcome most the companionship and sympathy of an old and valued friend.

Gerald Deane and I had been friends from boyhood. During my preparation for the bar, he was a student of medicine; whilst I was waiting, almost in poverty, for my first client, he was awaiting, almost as poor as I, his first patient; and even after this, and for several years, we continued to spend our leisure hours together. Then, a score of years before the present meeting, he had wedded and removed to a distant city. That he had prospered in his business was quite all that I had learned concerning him, in nearly twenty years.

It had taken many invitations and much urging from me before my old friend had finally consented to spend a week at my home. But at last he was with me. And so it came that we sat together, the night before us, each with much to ask and much to tell; and the merrily-blazing fire in the open grate crackled a cheerful accompaniment to the cordial interflow of our friendly confidences. We had dwelt upon various topics, expressing our thoughts in that open, wholly unguarded and truthful manner of which only the warmest sympathy and most perfect faith permit, when I turned the conversation to the subject of death. I wished to elicit the views of my old chum regarding a future life, desiring to learn what changes, if any, his mind had undergone during the years of our separation. Therefore, when one of those pauses in the conversation which indicates the natural exhaustion of a topic occurred, I asked:

"Have you never yet, in all the years of your practice, with the opportunities that must have been yours by sick-beds and by death-beds, with all your study and thought—have you never yet obtained a particle of real evidence of man's immortality?—evidence of some life beyond the present? For such faithless ones as I—for such would-be faithful believers in that fondly hoped-for future—does recent scientific research offer no glimmer of light?"

No immediate reply coming, I glanced at the face of my friend. He had partly turned away, and was looking through the bay-window, up into the dusky, impenetrable evening sky. His dark blue eyes seemed resting on some object to me invisible; and his pale face, so in contrast with his raven hair, appeared even more colorless than usual. He evidently hesitated; but after the lapse of several moments he spoke

To convey some realization of my wonderment—my bewilderment—at his reply, I must say, and I cannot too much emphasize, that Gerald Deane was, in the fullest meaning of the term, a scientist; for nature, study, and his life's work combined to make him such. Like all true men of science, to falsify intentionally in the statement of a natural fact, he would have considered criminal and unpardonable.

"I remember," he said, "that you once remarked, in speaking on this subject years ago, and inclining to legal phraseology, that the brain is the record-book of the individual, and that when the record-book is destroyed, then, so far as the individual is concerned, it might as well, for future purposes, never have existed. Ah, what very children in all psychic and psychologic knowledge were we! I remember that our minds were in perfect harmony. 'Self,' we held, 'cannot exist without some memory of self; for that which cannot link the present to a past cannot recognize identity in itself—remains at each instant of time a stranger to itself. The faculty of memory must be coincident with the existence of personal identity. Without the power of recollection

—at least some slight power of recollection—a conscious being would be an entity; but with what, to itself, would it be identical? The brain,' we further agreed—'our only record-book—once destroyed, though the identical elements of force, and the same atoms of matter, that entered into the formation of the present body should be re-embodied, we should not preserve our personality, and therefore should not be ourselves.' We failed in our ignorance to consider that we knew too little of what really constitutes the 'record-book' to permit us fairly to assume its destruction at death. I am pleased to be able now to inform you—and I might now, here to-night, and beyond the shadow of doubt, convince you who know me—that we do live independently of this body, and that we probably live forever."

Gerald Deane paused. There had been a pathos in his voice, the cause of which I could only conjecture; but his finely-cut, nervous face was immobile, passionless. What could I think of such an avowal, from such a man—acute, logical, cool, and hitherto, so far as I knew, a materialist? I could only believe that I stood upon the threshold of some amazing disclosure—that perhaps I was about to learn of some astonishing discovery which chance had brought to the knowledge of my friend alone. Certainly my curiosity was fully aroused; and I pressed him for an explanation.

He drew his chair nearer to the center-table, and assumed a position of ease, as if preparing for a recital of some length. I threw myself into a large, low chair, which stood facing him. And on into the night I listened with eager attention to his disclosure. The substance of what he said I can present to the reader, fully and correctly; almost his very language I can and will repeat. I wish that it were in my power to convey some impression of my friend's delivery on this occasion. His enunciation was clear and impressive, his voice, in tone and cadence, was restful to the ear, his whole manner was preëminently engaging. Always a charming talker, he was simply fascinating when, as at this time, his mind was warmed by the occasion.

And this is what he said to me:

My discovery that I possess a personality independent of my body eventuated through a train of conditions and circumstances, which, though for the most part, when taken separately, incident to many lives, are, when considered as a whole, decidedly peculiar. And when you have heard me to the end, you will not marvel that chance has not before developed for others the opportunity afforded me to solve this mystery of mysteries—you will not doubt, that, taking into consideration the law of chance, such opportunity may never again occur in the history of the world.

You are aware, I believe, that my mother, my only sister, and my only brother, all died from the same cause—loss of blood. Like them, I was born with what is known to physicians as the hemorrhage diathesis; which consists in an incurable predisposition to hemorrhage—often profuse and prolonged—from any part of the body. In the subject of this malady these hemorrhages are sometimes spontaneous; at other times, due to the slightest cut or abrasion; always difficult to control, and frequently fatal. You may judge how great are the dangers to a subject of this strange affection, when I say that I have never hazarded a razor to my face, nor have I ever permitted myself the use of a pocket-knife.

I attribute in part to our knowledge that my death was always imminent, the fact that my wife and I were so entirely one. We lived in perfect harmony during every moment of the fifteen years of our married life. You already know that we wedded for no other reason than that we loved; but you cannot know how great was that love; you cannot know how from year to year our absorption in each other increased. I believe that neither of us ever formed a plan—scarcely had a thought—in which the other was not in some way concerned. Even the birth of maternal love—the coming of our darling boy—never for a moment diverted the manifestation of my wife's affection for me; nor did his presence other than strengthen my already deep and ever-growing devotion to her. She was a tender and loving companion in my work and in my recreation, in my troubles and in my joys; she shared my studies and experiments, and joined me in my walks and in my drives; she was everything and all to me, and filled my life completely.

Of all the associated actions of our married life, I think with most fondness of certain occasional long drives into the country—drives which my practice necessitated, and in which Alice was my companion. At such times I was free from the fear of interruption by callers—a fear that was never absent when we were at home. We had in those early days so much to talk of and discuss, and so little time to ourselves!

All philosophy, viewed as the "science of sufficient reasons," was to both of us the source of abiding pleasure; but metaphysics as it bears upon a consid-

eration of the conceptions by which philosophy becomes possible, engaged our attention more than did any other branch of learning. A strangely constituted mind, it has always seemed to me, has the educated man or woman in whom a study of psychology fails to arouse interest—has he who finds no pleasure in a contemplation of all that tends to acquaint us with the phenomena of consciousness. A discussion of these subjects it was, which, during leisure hours at this time in our lives, largely made up our conversation. Nor were we confined to didactic investigation alone, for we frequently found means of testing the scope and power of mental action in many ways.

It was not long after our union—perhaps a year—that we became interested in an investigation of the possibility of "thought transference"—the transmission of thought from one mind to another, without the aid of physical signs. At first our experiments failed, simply because we did not know how to transmit or how to translate a thought impression; but a little practice convinced us that this power was really an attribute of mind, and one, also, the development of which required no more effort than that required to sustain concentrated thought. When I first attempted to transmit a thought to Alice, I expected her to receive such thought in the words in which it was formed by me; that is to say, we were at this period endeavoring to transfer words, not thoughts, by will-power. But the phenomenon is such that a practiced thought-sender, though an Englishman and unable to speak a word of French, would be able to transmit a thought to a practiced thought-recipient, though the recipient should be a Frenchman and unable to understand a word of English. A thought couched in one language may be received in another. That is to say, words being the signs of thought, the receiver of a thought must possess words that are capable of expressing to himself the thought transmitted to him; and the more familiar he is with the class of thought transmitted, the more readily will his mind accept the impression, and the more perfect will be the impression. It is therefore but natural that when both speak the same language the recipient should be able to repeat the thought in words almost identical with those in which it was clothed by the sender. I found, for instance, early in our investigation, that in attempting to convey to Alice the thought that I wanted her to hand me a certain book, she would receive an impression that I wanted something, but could not comprehend what thing; that later she was able to receive the impression that I wanted a book, but not what book; and still later, the particular book.

During the first year of our experiments in thought transmission, Alice would at times come to me in doubt whether some thought that had come to her was her own, or was sent by me; but later she was always able to distinguish her own thoughts from those that I willed into her mind. Of course, to gain perfection required of us much practice; and though Alice in time acquired the ability to receive from me, and to translate instantly, the most complex thoughts, I never became able to receive an impression—certain not fully to translate one—from her. I possessed will-power, and the power of concentrating my thoughts—was habitually too intent, and could not make of my mind a receptive blank at pleasure; whilst she, always less emphatic, encouraged passivity of mind with readiness. Though I never had an opportunity to make the test, I believe that I could have transmitted to Alice by will-power, over thousands of miles of space, the same thoughts that I sent to her when both were at home together. I frequently impressed her in this way at the distance of a mile or more.

It became with me a habit—a habit that grew with the lapse of years—to speak to Alice of my death as impending, and of its probable consequences to her. My physical condition and the likelihood of my sudden and perhaps early decease were a source of great and almost daily anxiety to me. Our combined fortune at our marriage was far from large, and would not at this time have been sufficient to support my wife and child for more than three years. Several life insurance companies had declined to issue a policy on my life; and Alice had no kindred to whom she might look for assistance, even in the form of advice, in case of my death. My mind dwelt upon this subject, and I worried over thoughts of our position a great deal. My God! Must I leave my delicately-nurtured wife to the world's mercy?—my refined and cultured Alice, so helpful to me, so helpless to care for herself, to the mercy of that world which you and I know so well? It was because of thoughts like these that I referred so often to my wife's future. When left to her own resources, she must do so and so; must live so and so; must not do so and so. I tried not to dwell too constantly on this melancholy topic; but as a fresh plan for my darling's future would enter my mind, I could not long resist mentioning it to her. She would not believe that I should be first to go. "No, no," she would say, unaware of the sacrilege of her words, "God would not be so needlessly unjust to me—such a death would be so

purposeless; you are all I have—all I live for." I worked hard to earn, and tried hard to save; I guarded my health, and shunned all risk of injury—with but a single thought, the welfare of my darling wife, in mind.

The incident upon which this narrative hinges occurred about seven years after my marriage, and at least two years after the experiments in thought transference of which I spoken culminated in complete success. The summer just passed had been extremely warm, and it was now that season of the year at which my hemorrhages were, according to their established periodicity, most likely to occur. I was not free from rheumatic pains, which accompany the hemorrhagic diathesis in most of its subjects; but, though I inherited the latter from my mother, I believe that the form of rheumatism of which I had experienced touches was of a different type. It was at this time that, though guarding in every known way against both spontaneous hemorrhage and hemorrhages from mechanical causes, I was so unfortunate as to receive two or three successive abrasions of the skin, from each of which I bled profusely. The end of September found me exhausted by warm weather, and depleted by loss of blood. Then came another hemorrhage, of unusual severity. The flow of blood could not be suppressed until I was almost pulseless, and it continued to return every time my system began to rally. My blood became thin, almost colorless, and finally lost its coagulability. When there remained little hope of saving my life, the hemorrhage was at last controlled; but for days I was unable to speak, and scarcely able to move. Yet, even amid the phantasies conjured by a weakened brain, I determined to live on; and I believe that the mighty force of my own strong will exerted in that direction prevented my death at this crisis. More than once before had I accepted the challenge of the King of Terrors, and fought him with a power greater than his own. To my mind, the end is deferred so long as a will is present to combat it; before the scythe is swung, the Dread Mower stays his hand for a bow of assent. Ah, my friend, without the slightest fear of death, how I did crave lengthened life! And again I snatched it from the very jaws of Death.

During my extreme illness I experienced those visions of the dying that have so often—so erroneously—been mistaken for evidence of a future life. My father, for years in his grave, was by me as in life; my dead mother beckoned me to sweet communion; the voices of my sister and my brother, gone before, whispered a welcome to eternity; and scenes more gorgeous than any on earth dazzled my sight. Were it not that persons above the rank of ordinary thinkers have misinterpreted these hallucinations, I should not allude to them. Beyond all question, they are purely subjective—purely phantasmal. We cannot successfully test the nature of self in the glare and din of physical sensation; and it is certainly not amid the tumultuous dissolution of the soul's accustomed tenement that we shall acquire a knowledge of our real status in eternity. The mighty false must be thrown off before the simple real can be grasped.

Early in October I was able to leave my room and descend to my office on the first floor of my residence; but I did not yet consider myself strong enough to resume out-door practice. As I now suffered no inconvenience beyond a not unpleasant weakness, the days of enforced restraint which followed formed one of the happiest periods of my life. During my illness Alice and I had disregarded or delayed many unimportant and a few important duties, which we now proceeded to perform. A day was devoted to answering accumulated letters; another, to placing in order the many books, papers and magazines that had collected in various nooks and crannies about the house; another, to looking over old letters, private papers, etcetera; and so the days passed pleasantly. Our labors closed with an inspection and a most orderly arrangement of my large assortment of instruments and apparatus—electric batteries, chemical appliances, microscopes, and the like.

Among this large collection were several implements of my own invention. One of these I should never forget though each of the remaining years of my life were a century in length. This one, with the others, I thoroughly examined and put into the most perfect working order. Alice had frequently before seen it; but once again, as she now assisted me, I explained its construction and its purposes, and observed that she regarded it closely and even critically. As I now have a special reason for so doing, you will no doubt excuse me if I briefly describe this apparatus, and how I came to invent it:

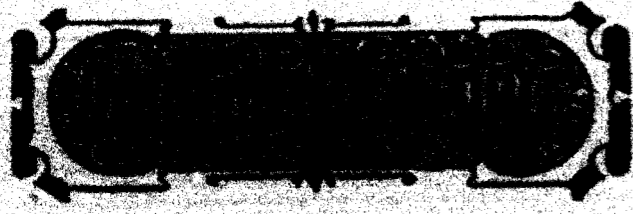
I had once been called in great haste, but still too late to be of service, to a case of syncope from heart failure. The case was of such a nature, that, I thought on my return home from seeing it, I might have revived my patient if I had been able to do certain things which a not very complicated instrument would have enabled me to attempt; namely, to apply immediate stimulation—electrical, or perhaps even

mechanical—to the walls of the heart. Such an appliance as I should have desired on the occasion mentioned, I proceeded, with the help of a skilled instrument maker, to form in accordance with my conception: First, I ordered a powerful electric battery, so arranged that with the pole in continuous contact a series of shocks could be given instead of the usual continuous current; or a shock be given at will. (I do not use the term continuous in a technical sense.) Though this battery was a powerful one, it was capable of instant modification to the mildest current. Such batteries are now common enough, and to an electrician a simple name would tell more than this prolonged description. I describe this battery, just as I use the word "shock," that I may make myself understood to one who, I know, has not given much attention to the subject. The usual long isolated wire conductors were connected with the poles of my battery. I next procured two needles, the one the counterpart of the other. Each was about six inches in length, and electrically isolated by a mere film of vulcanite, extending throughout its length, except at the base where it must connect with a conductor, and also for half an inch or less at its point; the vulcanite being accurately fitted into an offset on the surface of the needle, so that it was perfectly smooth from end to end. Each needle was furnished with a guard, which could be fixed at any point along its length. It is not my wish to particularize further than seems necessary to afford a comprehension of what is to come, sufficiently clear to permit a just weighing of all the facts. You will no doubt now understand that with this apparatus the needles could easily be passed into an internal organ of the body, and held at any desired depth by guards; that electricity, either in a continuous current or in any number of "shocks," and of any degree of power, could then be conducted to that organ; that this could be done without electrically affecting the walls of the body through which the needles must pass—and all this by a single introduction of the needles.

Thus was life progressing with us, when one evening I received from a gentleman—a friend and patient—a message, saying that he was ill, and asking me to visit him immediately. I had by this time regained much of my lost strength, but had not intended to leave the house for some days longer—certainly not to make my first excursion at night. Still, the urgency of the request; the character of the person making it; my growing desire to resume business—all impelled me to go. My patient resided only a five-minutes' walk distant, I persuaded myself that the night was not very disagreeable, and—I started. The weather had been chilly, but was turning somewhat warmer; and on my way home I found myself in the midst of a brisk drizzle of rain—sufficiently brisk to wet, to chill me thoroughly before I reached my own door. The presence of another patient, awaiting my return as I entered my office, prevented me from taking all of those precautions against the effects of my exposure that I should otherwise not have neglected to observe. However, I changed my coat for an office gown, and my shoes for slippers.

Eleven o'clock the same evening found me sitting at my office desk—a table-like piece of furniture, in the center of the room—writing. I was feeling quite comfortable save for a slight pain in my left arm near the shoulder; and even this seemed passing away. Midnight; and still I sat, writing; the pain in my arm having wholly disappeared. Suddenly I felt a most peculiar, depressing sensation in the region of my heart. I was at once utterly overwhelmed with a flood of apprehensiveness, followed instantly by a perfect panic fear of death, such as I had never before felt—not even when the hand of the dread angel seemed hovering so close above me but a few short weeks before. There was no time for action—scarcely any for thought, but for its flash-like quickness of evolution. My heart fluttered; skipped a beat; fluttered again; missed two or three pulsations; bounded on; stopped; vibrated feebly for a few seconds in an effort to re-establish itself. And then it ceased to beat. For an instant I knew that I was dying; felt that life, with all its scenes of joy and love and beauty, was no more for me, forever. Then I awoke to the wonderful strangeness of impalpable existence; to a knowledge that I existed independently of material aids, and without physical necessities. There lay my dead body, leaning forward on the desk, with outstretched arms, and head upon them; the gas burning brilliantly, as when—how long ago I could not say—I had sat, writing. I do not know at just what time I died; but I believe that only a few moments elapsed between the first unconsciousness of dissolution and my complete conscious disentanglement from the body. I have some reason for thinking that this change would require, in the case of different persons, from a few moments to many days, the time varying according to certain conditions relating in part to the physical and the mental state of the individual, in part to the mode of death.

(To be concluded next week.)



TRANSFORMATION.

By FLORENCE SMITH.

Softly I floated through the realms of space
Down, ever down, to the earthly sphere,
Passing each well-remembered place,
To the home I had loved so dear.
Home of my childhood how sadly changed
Were thy surroundings, thy inmates, thy
scenes,
No one familiar within thee remained,
All had vanished like childhood's dream.
Sadly I turned to the ocean's shore,
Then sped o'er its flowing tide
Back to the place where in days of yore
I had made a home for my bride.
She was there, but the years that had passed
away
Since my spirit had left the earth,
Had effaced the memory of love's sweet day,
And her grief was supplanted by mirth.
So back again from earth's dreary shore,
I returned to the bright worlds above
That I knew would shelter me evermore
Amid boundless and bountiful love,
Worlds of progress, that ever remained
The home of the soul, the kingdom of love,
Where knowledge unfathomed by mortal is
gained,
The glorious wisdom of angels above.
Untrammelled by care, what joy to roam
Over roads that no mortal hath trod!
Oh, beautiful life of the spirit's home,
Breathing the presence of God!
My soul rejoices in glory supernal,
The life of the spirit is blest;
It is transformed into brightness eternal,
Into all that is purest and best.

FORCE CONNECTIONS WITH THE HIGHER LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR: Having read with great care the articles "What Think ye of Christ" from the pen of Judge Joel Tiffany, I beg to offer a few thoughts to the readers of *THE JOURNAL*, to compare with the really good arguments contained in the above named articles.

I am suddenly clairvoyant as I take my pen to write, and behold Mr. Tiffany standing on elevated ground viewing the workings of God in nature. I see his efforts to explain the same in connection with Christ, or general and special providence. I stand on the opposite side and as I gaze, the mystic curtains are drawn aside and clearly reveal the inner life—the holy of holies. I hear the pleasant, well-known voice of my angel guardian saying: "Observe well the procession of facts that will pass before you in connection with creation, its plan and unfoldment." There passes before me an issue of force-waves of every hue, the orders thereof marked in the ethereal shades and electric flashes. All this outgoing force seeks its affinizing element in matter and lo! this induction causes motion, life, in the order of degrees manifesting itself dissimilarly in form to prove the infinite variety of life forces and chemical substances. But there is a central force that forms a background all the way through this panoramic picture and the overarching halo of glory corresponds to it in an inexplicable, but perfect correctness. This, he says, represents general providence or supreme government. All else as represented, being branch systems not separate from, but contained in general providence. After conditions of earth are fit for his reception, man appears. Plan after plan for new creations are formed and outwrought by wise angels, each process in advance of the preceding one. These creations of worlds and peoples are distinctly shown; how each form an eternity and while appearing as under the special government of those who are the chief creators, are yet all connected and supremely governed under the general direction of this all-pervading force which is alpha and omega—the general providence that cannot be divested of its perfect attributes nor any of its dominant power. It is and all else is by it and all who figure as creative chieftains, draw their wisdom and strength from this universal force and are under its control, and must and do labor in obedience thereto. Many things pass that are too wonderful for my powers of description, but this I am able to see clearly, that, what seems as special providence to mortals, has its relation to humanity; as we, each one know that as re-

gards our natural senses, must be in rapport with certain other force-waves or we cannot see, hear, etc. so with man's general and special seeming providence in regard to humanity's destiny. The general system is faultless, but personal obstructions are very frequent. The system porosity of three-fourths of humanity as they pass before me, proves to be clogged, the oscillations of the invigorating force-waves are obstructed, darkness lingers over the mind realm of man in spite of the fact that light is flashed upon it continuously, and for this reason special systems for the ingress of light are in the plan and proceed out from the system of general providence in various ways upon their missions. It is brilliantly illustrated that he who succeeded best in forming methods of labor and pressing them into service is exalted by this omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent power because he could manifest God's love to man's understanding; could reach in such manner the superior mind functions and connect them with the higher source from whence they must draw nourishment in order to become useful. The higher influx enables man to receive and understand truths with regard to God his creator. It is called Christ, truths from the highest source.

That such truths were largely embodied in and manifested by Jesus all people must and do admit and the marks prove it. If he is exalted to a high position, it is because he is worthy. For the benefit of the millions who revere Jesus the Christ as their Lord and Savior, the question should be discussed until it is proved beyond doubt and remains forever satisfactorily settled. It is, however, not Christ, for that is truth of the highest order, but it is Jesus, his conception, birth, life, death and resurrection that is before the court of mortal judgment. It is plainly marked, too, that it is not what he taught or did, but what he was and is that must be learned.

1. The query appears: "Was his begetting different from that of other men? and in what sense was he the only begotten son of the Father?" Here opens up a play of forces that is hard to explain, but we know that every insight into that play of forces brings knowledge which though it may seem mysterious at its first introduction, is soon converted into important facts by the analytic reasoning of intelligent men and they discern the methods employed by general providence from general providence itself; and they are able to dive to the depths and soar to the heights, beholding the wonderful correspondence of forces in all universal operations.

The processes of evolution from the monad to the man, now pass before me, too wonderful to describe, for all these changes are wrought by the chemistry of earth and the electric inductions that cause motion and growth of form by their presence which is life itself. Life must be provided with forms suiting its grade and quality. At certain times a strange commingling of forces occurs. I am admonished to behold that these special force inductions have always taken place when chemical fitness warranted them and I see that not only Jesus but that others before him were in that sense special creations or incarnations. This process as I see it, is a wonderful concentration and assimilation of chemical and electric forces with much affinizing by the masters who personally govern these respective forces until all have been worked up to a quickened state in the matrix prepared by general providence but governed throughout this critical period by a special providence as a branch part of certain works enacted and carried on through its channels. Progress from crude to refined states is at all important turns marked by a leader of such special begetting. Now it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Tiffany or anyone else should be puzzled at this, for as we behold this complex activity of forces in eternal operations it is puzzling, but we soon see that external operations cannot be taken as a basis from which important arguments can be conducted in connection with the Christ principle and office of the Son of Man. I behold him originally as a force emanation in the arohangelic state. He is a perfect image of the Father; full of grace and glory—these latter terms represent shades of light of different hues. His symmetrical composition resembles a dynamo capable of generating and sending out light and force. He was and is a battery wherefore he could do as he did. None before or since him are his equal in perfection of composition; he is in this the only begotten of the Father and is by virtue of that, exalted, being made by

Universal Providence or the Father to represent humanity in collective form, wherefore he could plead its cause. As the Son of Man, the proper official, he succeeded in making electric force connections of low and high degrees by which all humanity is joined to the higher life and drawn to the Father.

Mrs. M. KLINE.

VAN WERT, O.

SPIRITUALISM A CURE FOR SUICIDE.

TO THE EDITOR: It is twenty-three years since through the mercy of heaven or better to say the king of heaven, I was saved from suicide and taught a lesson which has cheered me through many a dark hour in this earthly pilgrimage. I was then forty-four years old. I shall not enumerate either my domestic troubles or my financial ruin; repeated disasters of many kinds had already changed my hair from its natural color into streaks of gray; a settled gloom was around me; my once splendid ambition which aimed high, not alone for selfish ends was now ended. The sacred fire of hope no longer burned upon love's altar; light was turned into darkness and all around was bitter despair, sadness, melancholy and disappointment drew around my head their sable garments, and oh! how I longed to go to that place where the weary are said to be at rest and the same at peace.

Even then as now, I could argue about divine law, divine love, divine providence, but amid the gloom on that dreary ocean, all was night, dark and stormy; not one ray of light came from any star in my firmament; my sun had been darkened and my moon refused to give her light. I looked upon my right hand and left, but there was none to save, none to cheer, none to help; the rudder was gone, the helm was broken, and in my despair I muttered: "I was brought into this world by a person I know naught of; I have through life been swayed by an unknown destiny; my reason and all the plans and devices framed through my reason for my own government and success have been as cobwebs in the hands of the power that controls my destiny; and the question of old Job I had often asked, came again to my mind, "If a man die shall he live again?" but no answer came except the silent but solemn answers from other tombs and sepulchres of the present and the past, which appeared to speak plainly and say, "Oh! mortal, pure is thy rest, come and join us in the grave of oblivion;" and the response issued from my mouth, "Yes, I will go; there is no hope, no rest elsewhere." I went out from my room and sought a drug store. I returned with an half-ounce of laudanum; greedily I swallowed it; a somber peace stole over my senses, but now and then I could feel amid the darkness that I still lived; and the day following I found myself still alive in a public hospital; oh, how disappointed! in a couple of days I was discharged. I no longer sought the fashionable hotel which had been my residence. I sought a lonely room in a small house with the intention of carrying out my cherished scheme, for the world was now more hateful to me than ever; my name and the attempt to take my life had been published and the telegraph had carried it to all my friends, associates, relatives and family. So I firmly resolved that the next time I would make the matter more certain, and make it impossible for human skill or prudence to save me. Many plans I had already digested, but what I wanted was some plan which would leave no traces of my having committed suicide, but would leave an impression behind as if death had resulted from natural causes; all the day and night following my release from the hospital had been devoted to this purpose; about one o'clock of the second day I threw myself upon my bed to bring to a conclusion a scheme which I thought would answer my purpose; and while lying on my bed my spiritual sight must have been opened, for I suddenly found myself within a beautiful park, shaded like an ordinary park with trees, intersected and intertwined with beautiful walks; in the center of the park was a fine three-story college, from either end young children students were issuing, boys from one end and girls from the other; as they came out they formed a procession four abreast, boys by themselves and the girls by themselves; all was done with perfect ease and grace. As they emerged they came singing, frequently crossing each other's paths; winding and intertwining, they sang a song the tune and words of which were so weird and strange

that the music still resounds in my ears. Were I a musician I would try and reduce it to notes for the benefit of others, for it was music of a class and kind I had never heard before or since; the words of the song of some five or six verses I forget. I can only remember the chorus, though for several years thereafter I remembered two of the verses but now my material memory is failing and they are lost. The chorus was as follows:

Oh mortal poise thy trembling wings,
Spare! spare! thy rapid flight
If thou would to better life aspire
Go slow! and you'll go higher! higher!
higher!

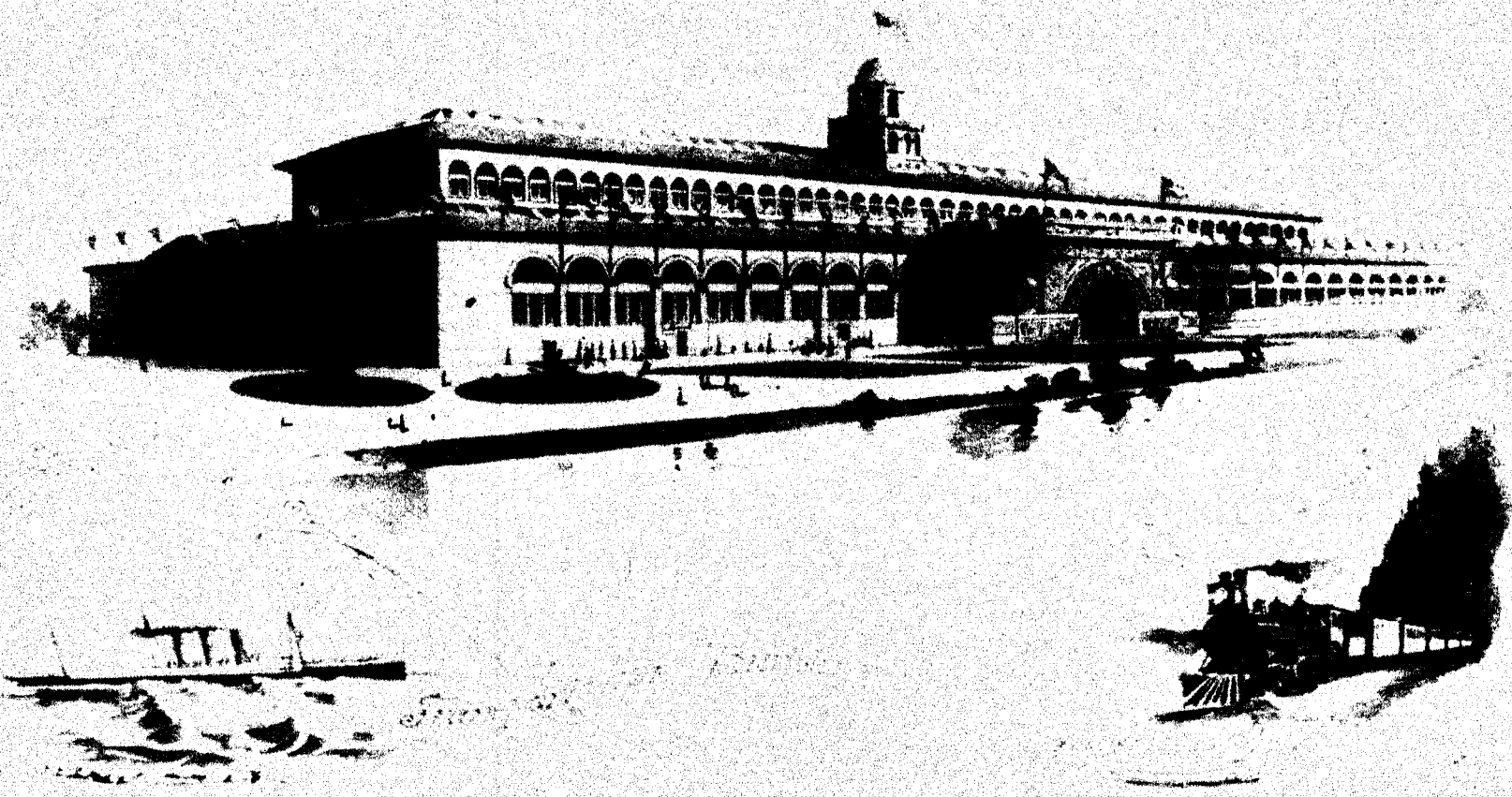
There was a deep melancholy in their voices, a sadness in their utterance which seemed to say: "Behold our life is warped for all eternity; we were cut down ere we had attained our growth." The verses they sang as if the intent was to convey a lesson to me and the inhabitants of earth that it is a sin to shorten life; that it is the duty and glory of man to shield, cultivate and protect it for its destined end, "Life everlasting."

The vision ended I arose to my feet a changed man. The spiritual scene I had witnessed completely obliterated all ideas of suicide, and I live to praise the Lord for the wonderful gift of Spiritualism to the children of men; for since that time but few dark clouds have gathered around me and even these have been dispelled with the remembrance of that vision; not only that, a new world was opened to my view with new hopes and prospects; and what is more, in proportion as I have tried to perfect life here by practicing love and charity toward others, earthly cares have been removed, and in proportion as they have been removed like Job of old earthly prosperity has been granted me. I write this for the use of others. I shall hide my name for the remembrance of what I was once tempted to do still causes shame and grief. Let no man say suicide is a cowardly act. It is a mistake, for history both profane and sacred, shows that the bravest of the brave in all countries and climes have performed it from a sense of necessity or duty.

The origin, intent, or aspiration to commit suicide I now know comes from evil spirits. While living on earth we are surrounded by the powers of darkness, while in the dark, but let the fact once dawn on the mind of the would-be suicide that devils are prompting him to the act, his courage is aroused; his manhood he perceives is at stake and he then is ready to accept battle with his invisible foes, and the moment he comes to this conclusion angels and angelic spirits are near at hand to help, and I now know that one brave man who looks to heaven for help can put ten thousand of these unseen foes to flight. VERITAS.

The Treatment of Disease Without Alcohol.—One of the most accomplished, as well as most philosophic and most original, of living physicians is Benjamin Ward Richardson. Any expression of opinion or any announcement of practice from his pen must, therefore, be received with the most respectful consideration. He retired from hospital practice in the year 1867, but in the spring of 1892 he received an invitation to become physician to the Loudon Temperance Hospital, which, in his own language, "was so much to my taste, and the mode in which it came to me was so handsomely conceived, that I could not help availing myself of it." Left free to prescribe alcohol medicinally in such cases and at such times as he saw fit, he treated two hundred successive cases, of a wide range of formidable diseases affecting various classes of persons, without the use of alcohol in a single case. Glycerin was employed in the preparation of tinctures, and a series of waters (aqua ferri, aqua chloroformi, aqua opii, etc., etc.) was devised to form the menstrua of other active drugs that might be required. So successful have been the results, that it is concluded that they could not have been bettered by any aid that could have been derived from alcoholic stimulants.—Medical News, Philadelphia.

Lotta wisely says: "I think that there is a great deal of prodigality about our social system. I never could afford to go into society. One season of tea-drinking, reception-giving and party-going would bankrupt me. I have not added one name to my list of friends in twenty years, and the list was never long. I like people and I am partial to women, but it has never seemed to me that it paid to discharge the so-called social duties."



ADAM SULLIVAN
CHICAGO

REPUBLICAN PARTY
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HEAVEN—A TRUE INCIDENT.

The lesson hour was nearly past
When I asked of my scholars seven:
"Now tell me, each one, please, in turn,
What sort of a place is heaven?"

"Oh, meadows, flowers, and lovely trees!"
Cried poor little North street Kitty;
While Dorothy, fresh from country lanes,
Was sure it was "a great big city."

Bessy, it seemed, had never thought
Of the home beyond the river;
She simply took each perfect gift,
And trusted the loving giver.

Then up spoke Edith, tall and fair,
Her voice was clear and ringing,
And led the Easter anthem choir:
"In heaven they're always singing."

To Esther, clad in richest furs,
"Twas a place for "outdoor playing;"
But Bridget drew her thin shawl close,
For "warmth and food" she was praying.

The desk bell rang. But one child left,
My sober, thoughtful Florry;
"Why, heaven just seems to me a place,
A place where you're never sorry."

EXPRESSION IN HOMES.

From the old-fashioned, gloomy parlor, with its haircloth furniture and rigid center-table, its few books and ugly chromos, to the modern drawing-room, so filled with rich furniture and costly knick-knacks as to seem more like a bric-a-brac shop, there is a long step to be made; yet in the general impression of uncomfatableness and lack of home-feeling, there is not so much difference after all.

It is urged nowadays by the inaugurators of the movement for correct and artistic dress, that the perfect costume must be comfortable and to be really beautiful, must have no ornamentation that does not serve a purpose, and this is a very good rule to apply to houses as well. First of all let them be comfortable, and then let them be artistic and individualized, expressing the owner's taste. While a woman in the matter of dress is apt to follow a given model although her purse may keep her from attiring herself as she would could she follow her ideal, still to a certain extent her costume shows her preferences in color, if her taste be quiet or loud and if she prefers plain and serviceable material to fleeting fashionable textures; and so it is with homes. For while the whole may fall far short of the wish of the homemaker, a picture, a fine bit of pottery, books, the music on the piano—something, will betray the mind behind the inanimate objects. The white painted, thrifty-looking farmhouse, the vine-covered cottage, the stately mansion, the tidy room in a crowded tenement, each bespeak the character of the inmates. It is one of the comforting thoughts of the spiritual philosophy that our homes in that other world will more nearly approach the longings of thwarted efforts in this. But is it so hopeless even here? Do not our homes reflect us after all? If one cannot have masterpieces in oil or first proof etchings, is not a good photograph or even a woodcut much better than daubs by wretched artists decked out in bright gilt frames that increase the defects? If we cannot hang our walls with silk must we need despite burlap or cheesecloth or even coarse butcher's paper, which rightly treated give artistic and effective backgrounds? Why do people buy gaily colored simpering figures when the same amount of money would buy a plaster Venus, a Barye lion or a Della Robbia cherub that would be a constant lesson in beautiful and pure lives? Americans are learning slowly artistic values and that while a copy of a good thing is always desirable, an imitation is always vulgar, and that some of the most artistic homes are those which represent a small money value.

The White House is considered by artists and architects a fine example of colonial architecture and they await apprehensively the day when the iconoclastic spirit and desire for something new will raze the beautiful structure to the ground and erect in its place a showy stone building all angles and roofs and towers. While the house is perfect outside the interior is marred by the modern decorations and furnishings, entirely out of keeping with the style of the mansion. What is true of the White House is true of most of the

houses in the land, save in the old-fashioned towns where furniture and houses have grown old and respectable together, or in the few houses of the wealthy where architects have been left free to carry out the style of the house in the designs of the furniture. A spinning wheel in a fashionable city house, decked with a bow of yellow satin ribbon looks grotesque side by side with Louis Quinze chairs, but seen in some old New England house, surrounded by ancient chairs and claw-footed tables, it is part of a harmonious whole. The vast amount of nonsense published in the woman's department of magazines and papers about home decoration and the eagerness with which the suggestions are adopted show the love for the beautiful that is strong in all. What is needed more than anything is individuality, that indescribable quality that is the expression of the people who possess the home.

But there is something more in the expression of a house than the mere outward ornaments. It is not the richest houses that are the truest homes. It is that indefinable something that is to our homes, what the soul is to the body. Who has not noticed that a guest coming into a house for the first time will involuntarily exclaim "What a pleasant room?" when he enters the one most closely identified with the inner life of the occupants. If an inanimate object will retain a subtle essence that will tell its whole history to a psychometrist, is it strange that sensitives are susceptible to evil or good magnetic influences in a room that are impalpable to grosser senses? Is it not likely that our thoughts, our aspirations, our strivings after the good, our petty bursts of temper, our cutting or our soothing words leave an indelible mark upon the atmosphere apparent to the individual whose inner sense is developed enough to perceive them? Some houses are like the faces of some people—a perfect blank; the rooms seem cheerless however rich the appurtenances, everything is well preserved, but air and sunlight are rigidly excluded, the carpet has never been romped over by happy children; it is a dwelling place but not a home. It is homes like this that drive the men to the club or "downtown," the boys to the street and the girls to chance acquaintances, but the real homes, where every nook from cellar to garret is used, that ring with happy voices, that are muffled sometimes by boyish feet, where there is a rug for the dog and a cushion for the cat, with mother and father ready to listen and help, these are the strength of the nation. The comforting words, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you," to many a weary traveler, whose hearthstone is in the hands of strangers and whose loved ones have gone before, mean but a home something like the dear old familiar one, the memory of which has kept love and courage alive when the way seemed long and lonely.

The result of the Catholic day at the Congress of Representative Women, has been a national organization which will be to Catholics what the W. C. T. U. is to Protestants. Mrs. Alice T. Toomey, of San Francisco, expressed the aims of the Society as follows:

We Catholic women have work to do in the cause of temperance. The poor we have always with us in our church, and among them we should labor. We need day nurseries for the thousands of little children who are left alone or in the care of an older child while the poor mother goes out sewing or washing or scrubbing. I am told that there is a crying need of these in Chicago. When these children are a little older they should have free kindergartens. These can be easily established in connection with the parochial schools, and the older classes can be used for the benefit of the little ones. One of my pet projects is the establishment of homes for working girls. So many of our girls who support themselves are compelled by their meagre salaries to live in hall bedrooms, or in large families with small houses, where noise and clutter harass the weary. These poor girls are driven into the street for rest and recreation. Much has been done for the young men in the way of societies and clubs, but nothing for the young women. We need protective agencies to defend the women who are crowded down by the sweating system and are often defrauded of their earnings. Free employment bureaus are also needed. Plenty of women do work which is good, but not quite good enough to find a market unaided.

Mrs. Toomey was unanimously elected

President and Miss Ellen Allan Starr, well-known as a Catholic writer, Honorary President. The women who have formed this organization are all energetic and earnest and it is hoped that good work will result from their combined effort.

A prevalent fashion that multitudes follow is nearly always the attempt of some beautiful woman to disguise some infirmity or enhance some beauty. There are numerous traditions as to the origin of footbinding in China. Tradition says that it originated with a beautiful princess who had club feet and this method completely concealed her deformity. Another story is that it was resorted to by a crusty husband to keep his wife at home. The best authority is in favor of Yas Niang, a beautiful concubine of the last Emperor of the Southern T'ang Dynasty, whose feet were cramped into the semblance of a new moon.

One of the interesting exhibits in the Woman's Building is that of Mrs. French-Sheldon, the woman explorer. The gown in which she received sovereigns is shown, which is made of pure silver thread, spun from silver from a mine owned by her. It is a court dress and blazes with jewels. In the same case is the sword, with belt and sheath, which she always wore. There are also many curious objects presented to her by natives in her travels.

The Texas State Building, which cost \$30,000.00, was erected by the women of Texas without the aid of one cent from the Legislature, and was successfully carried to completion.

The coveted papal honor, "The Golden Rose of Virtue," has been conferred this year upon the Queen of the Belgians.

THE JOURNAL BINDER.

Every reader who desires to preserve his paper and to know where to find it when wanted should procure a binder. The "Emerson" is the best one I know of; and a size suitable for THE JOURNAL in full cloth with the side stamped with the name of the paper in full gilt, will be furnished subscribers for *seventy-five cents*, which is fifty cents less than retail price. They will be supplied to none but subscribers at the reduced price. At the end of the year the numbers can be removed, if desired, and the binder is ready for the next year, and as good as new; or the volumes can be left in the covers and put upon the library shelf, and another binder procured. Every number has articles of permanent value—as good years hence as during the week of issue.

Theodore Parker's the great Boston preacher, whose brave struggle for freedom in thought and deed has made his name a watchword of progress, left behind him a priceless legacy in the glowing passages of unpublished sermons which Rufus Leighton, his stenographer, gathered after his death into *Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man*, a handsome volume of 430 large pages, with Parker's portrait. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents, at the bookstores.

Liberty and Life, by E. P. Powell, is a volume of clear, simple, eloquent discourses explaining the changes in religious thought that are made necessary by the conclusions of modern science. To those who care for religion, but realize the absurdities of much in popular theology, **LIBERTY AND LIFE** will be helpful—inspiring. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents, at the bookstores.

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F. L. BURN, for a quarter of a century editor of the Hartford Daily Times, writes: Your *experiences* on the borderland of two worlds are curious and fascinating. The life we are leading here is not the beginning nor the ending. It is, as you assert, certainly not the ending. I can never for one moment alter the Gibraltar of my faith, that our loved ones do come back to us; sometimes, as in your case, they materially aid us, as also in various other ways.

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WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN A SPIRITUALIST?

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BY MRS. NETTIE COLBURN MAYNARD.

Illustrated with portraits, and a frontispiece of Lincoln from Carpenter's celebrated painting.

In this narrative Mrs. Maynard tells of her early life, and the discovery of her mediumship, and brings her career down to the time of going to Washington. Beginning with chapter VII, Mrs. Maynard recounts her first meeting and seance with President Lincoln and follows it up with accounts of further seances at which Lincoln was present, including some at the White House.

"I believe that Mr. Lincoln was satisfied and convinced that the communications he received through me were wholly independent of my volition," writes Mrs. Maynard (page 91).

Lincoln is quoted as saying: "I am not prepared to describe the intelligence that controls this young girl's organism. She certainly could have no knowledge of the facts communicated to me."

Mrs. Maynard tells plain, straightforward story and fortifies it with witnesses. That she did hold seances for Mr. Lincoln, and that he was strongly impressed by what he saw and heard no intelligent person can doubt, after reading this book. The publisher declares that he has not spared care, research or expense in verifying Mrs. Maynard's story before publishing the book; and he publicly declares that he "stakes his reputation on the validity of its contents."

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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.]

Thomas Psycho-Physical Culture. By Julia and Annie Thomas. Edgar S. Werner, 108 East 16th St., New York. Price, \$1.50. Forty-six full-page illustrations.

The book is divided as follows: 1. Psycho-Physical Pose; 2. Joint Movements; 3. Repose; 4. Exercises for the Organs of Speech; 5. Breathing-Exercises; 6. Voice-Culture; 7. Address Exercises; 8. Equilibrium; 9. Walking and Running; 10. Harmonious Action; 11. Gesture; 12. Elocution. Psycho-physical culture may be defined as those exercises or movements of the body, excited and sustained by soul-force, and directed by, without taxing, mental activity. To render exercise as beneficial as possible, it should be of a nature to excite the spirit with pleasurable emotions and to attract the mind as well as to engage the body: The object of psycho-physical culture is to employ all the muscles and joints of the body (unconsciously), and especially to strengthen those which are weak; to give elasticity and perfect psychic control of the body; to develop strength and health; to give graceful bearing, a cultured, polite manner and refined deportment. The exercises were devised for pupils who came for the study of elocution with stooping shoulders, narrow chests, protruding chins, superfluous flesh and the attendant evils, heavy-footed and heavy-hearted, and who, after practicing exercises in other systems of physical culture, were apparently little benefited. Thus, special exercises were devised for special ailments and deformities—exercises that would give varied exhilarating and natural movements, and joyousness of spirit; or, in other words, that would give harmony of action between the moving power and the part to be moved—between soul and body.

Art, Music and Nature. Selections from the writings of David Swing, author of "Truths for To-day," "Club Essays," "Motives of Life," etc. Compiled by M. E. P. Chicago: Searle & Gorton, 1893.

This beautiful and artistically bound book contains a number of selections from sermons and writings of Chicago's well-known preacher, David Swing. The selections are under the general head of "Art, Music and Nature" but a large number of topics come under this caption, and the paragraphs have been made with judicious discrimination and fine taste. David Swing is a rhetorician most emphatically, one who says even the most commonplace things in a manner which commands attention by reason of the beauty and elegance of the expression, so the compiler has not found it difficult to make a little volume full of gems, taken from the writings of this well-known divine. The work is well done and thousands of Dr. Swing's friends will prize it and give it a prominent place upon their tables.

Poetic Effusions. By Susan F. Fillmore. Providence, R. I., 1887.

C. W. Fillmore prefaces these poems with the following notice: "Written by my mother, Susan F. Fillmore, between her eightieth and ninety-second years, merely as a recreation favoring the requests of others and diverting her mind from the monotony and weariness of infirmities incident to advanced age." The author of these poems on a variety of subjects is, or was, (for we know not whether she still lives in the flesh), a remarkable woman. Her verse is full of thought and contains not a little poetic merit. Written in advanced age, they show the power of the mind to resist the effects of physical decay. To her children they must be of priceless value, a legacy which is worth more than any ordinary memento, for they give a mental photograph of the venerable mother, when she is nearing the end of a century life.

Direct Legislation by the Citizenship Through the Initiative and Referendum. By J. W. Sullivan. New York: The True Nationalist Publishing Co., 1893. Paper, 25 cents.

This work, which was reviewed in THE JOURNAL some time ago, is the second of a series of sociological works the author has in course of publication. The first, a concept of political justice, gave in outline the essential positions which seem logically to accord in practical life with the political principles of equal freedom. In this work the positions taken in the first are amplified. Several years ago, Mr.

Sullivan's attention was directed to the direct legislation of Switzerland and he commenced gathering such notes in regard to it as he could glean from periodicals and other publications. Afterwards he gained access to large libraries and read the principal descriptive and historical works on Switzerland. He spent some time in Switzerland and made a direct study of the subject. He is, therefore, thoroughly informed in regard to the "Referendum" and perhaps none in this country are more competent to write on this subject than he. His work has been hailed by a large number of social reformers as of the first importance to every school of reform thought. Numerous conservative writers have commended it for the convincing proofs it contains of the merits of pure democracy. It has induced many citizens of different parties and of no parties to unite in common work in an organization known as the Direct Legislation League, the sole purpose of which is to embody the Initiative and Referendum in the law. Mr. Sullivan has contributed many facts to our political knowledge and he has discussed the subject in a direct, clear and vigorous manner. The principles of the Initiative and Referendum are presented in a concise form and in a manner that can be readily comprehended by the common reader. The author points out how a republican people in Europe has rid itself of many of the evils which still prevail in this republic. The description of the development of legislation by the citizenship in Switzerland and the different methods by which it is practiced are particularly interesting and instructive. The work is not a large one and the author gives as one of his reasons for not making it larger that "the writer who embodies his thought on any large subject in a single weighty volume, commonly finds difficulty in selling the work or having it read." We commend the book cordially to the careful consideration of all who are interested in the subject of government and especially in free popular institutions.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Das Gebaude der Wahrheit." Bon Useg. Verlag von Franz Melchers, Charleston, S. C. Pp., 165. Paper.

"Columbia's Emblem Indian Corn." A Garland of Tributes in Prose and Verse. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., The Riverside Press. Cambridge, 1893. Pp., 62. Cloth. Price 40 cents.

"Asleep and Awake." By Raymond Russell. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr, & Co., 1893. Pp., 199. Cloth. Price \$1.

"The Select Works of Benjamin Franklin," including his autobiography, with notes and a memoir by Epes Sargent. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 10 Milk St., 1893. Pp., 502. Cloth. Price 75 cents.

"Fröbel Letters." Edited with Explanatory Notes and Additional Matter by Arnold H. Heilmann. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 10 Milk St., 1893. Pp., 182. Cloth. Price, \$1.25.

"Thomas Psycho-Physical Culture." By Julia and Annie Thomas, Founders and Originators. New York: Edgar S. Werner, 1892. Pp., 254. Cloth. Price, \$1.50.

"Favorite Selections of Julia and Annie Thomas." New York: Edgar S. Werner, 1892. Pp., 198. Cloth. Price, \$1.

MAGAZINES.

Thought for June has its usual variety of articles on religious and spiritual topics. "The Judgment Day," by India McCord. "The Childhood of Man," by Annie A. Haines. "When is Prayer Answered?" by "A Friend," and "Washington's Wars," by Nina Vera Hughes, are among the articles. \$1.00 per year, Unity Book Co., Kansas City, Mo.—The Esoteric for June has for its opening article "The Soul's Regeneration into Eternal Life," by E. G. Johnson. "The Inner Voice," by Robert Stevenson. "The Esoteric Culture," by T. A. Williston and "Luck, What Is It?" by H. E. Butler, are among the other contributions. Esoteric Publishing Co., Applegate, Cal., \$1.50 per year.—Short Stories for June has the customary variety in abundance of good fiction. There is rather a thrilling ghost story by A. G. Canfield, a clever sketch by R. D. Saunders, under the title "Hamp Yarbrough's White Feather," and "The Bride of the Ice King" is reproduced, with illustrations from Famous Story Series. Current Literature, 52 & 54 Lafayette Place, N. Y.—Miscellaneous Notes and Queries for May has a large amount of information in regard to history, folk lore, mathematics, mysticism, etc., by a number of

contributors, prominent among whom are Alexander Wilder, S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H. \$1.00 a year.—The Manifesto for June opens with an article on "Six Hours in Heaven," "A Journey to the Land of Canaan," by Benjamin Gates, East Canterbury, N. H.—The Journal of the Society for Physical Research for May has communications of various dates from Dr. Hodgson, John V. Owen, George Wild, M. D., and others, who are investigating subjects in the line of Psychological Research.—The June number of the Electrical Engineering Magazine opens with an article entitled "One Way to See the Exposition," by Frederick De Land. The preliminary programme of the electrical congress to be held in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition in August is given in full. Every number of this magazine is of interest to those who desire to keep informed concerning investigations in electrical science. 505, The Rookery, Chicago.—A copy of the Annual Report of the Trustees of the Public Library of the City of Boston has been received at this office. It contains much information in regard to that library which is one of the most valuable and useful in America.—Current Literature for July is the second of the World's Fair numbers. It contains excerpts gathered here and there and gives a very good picture of the Fair. Aside from the pages devoted to World's Fair, Current Literature this month has a large and varied assortment of reading. 52 & 54 Lafayette Place, New York.—The July number of the Jenness Miller Illustrated Monthly is full of interesting matter. The "Progress of Women," "Interviewing as an Art," by Mrs. Lynn Linton, "Princess Bismark at Friedrichsruhe," are among the leading features. Price \$1.00 a year. Jenness Miller Co., 927 Broadway, N. Y.—Short Stories for July has a number of interesting stories. Walter J. Davis contributes a good story of life in New Mexico under the title of "The Deputy Collector," and there is a romance by George H. Picard "From Hilary's Journal."

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton has written an article on "Mental Medicine" for the July Century in which he discusses the future possibilities of "the treatment of disease by suggestion."



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ZORAIDA.

By F. A. W.

Zoraida, that name To my dreaming heart came. In radiant letters Written in flame. By the light of each letter A pathway I trace Down through the dim vista. Till I come to a race Of dark-skinned Morisco's, And here I am bound Till the mystical skein Of her life I've unwound. Zoraida must have been Quickened by love, A rapturous happiness Sent from above; Gave her that soft grace, And dark, mystic face. So thought the sultan, When he placed her there In his fairy palace That rose in air Like a poet's dream, A vision so fair Was a fitting setting For a gem so rare. What more could she have This pearl of the east? There was not a wish The greatest or least, That was not granted— Save one, and of this She dared not speak Though a mighty monarch Lay at her feet. She was, after all, A poor caged dove, With a heart that was breaking From hapless love. In early morn, in dewy eve, For one thing alone Did Zoraida grieve. The daring wish That filled her breast, Was to lay her head One moment at rest On the heart of her faithful love, The noble Abenseraji, Who dared raise his eyes above To where she leaned O'er her balcony high Which hung 'twixt the earth And the Moorish sky, Like the wing Of a soaring dove. Such ardent love Doth not long delay. Each obstacle which bars the way Must be consumed By this heavenly fire, Which naught can quench Save the soul's desire. Oh, letters of light Shine out clear and bright, And guide me swift Through the Moorish night, Through the garden Of blooming orange trees sweet, Where the nightingale sings To his mate as she sleeps, And the sparkling fountain Leaps high in the air To catch the stray moonbeams. Zoraida is there With her brave lover knight; Their sighs are rewarded; They have gained their birthright. All nature is lulled By the soft breeze of night. The birds' wings grow weary With hours of flight; Droop close o'er their young And fold them to rest 'Neath the soft downy breast. Zoraida, art sure Thou didn't pass out unseen? What means that black shadow, And those eyes that gleam With wicked intent? And that body misshapen and bent? 'Tis the great sultan's jester Who lies hiding there! His envious eyes Gaze down on the pair, And watch each embrace With an impudent stare. A look of sly cunning O'erspreads his dark face, As softly below him The lovers still pace; And the low-sighing wind Brings up to his ear The whispered confession Of love without fear. Ah, me! what a sight For a treacherous slave! Is there no one to warn them? No friend who can save These lovers so fond,

These young hearts so brave!

The heart of the jester Swells up with pride, As swift from this garden Of love he doth glide; And to his dread master He flies in hot haste, to tell How the beautiful Arab doth taste The sweets of free love, That would not be bound, Though the wealth of a sultan Encircle it round.

The dawn blushes red In the eastern sky, With mantle o'erhead The night passes by, And her shadow melts In the sparkling ray Which darts from the Opening eyes of day.

In that balcony high Which hangs 'neath the sky Like a veil of petrified lace, The soft cooling dove With low note of love, Awaits a flower-like face.

Zoraida, art sleeping So late in the morn? Thou always doth rise At the coming of dawn; With thy face to the east On thy prayer-rug kneel, Ere the full orb of day Upon thee doth steal.

Thy sweet voice fair dove Will awake her no more. The white jas'mine vine That climbs o'er her door, Ne'er again will fling Its blossoms before Her beautiful feet, That moved to the sound Of anklets sweet.

The casket is empty, The jewel is gone. That radiant gem No more will adorn A king's diadem.

A sultan's swift vengeance Her soul has set free; Her spirit no more In vile bondage will be.

Thy letters, Zoraida, No longer shine bright; The past in a mist Grows dim to my sight. The letters of flame In thy soft Moorish name Have vanished, and darkness Surrounds me again.



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FLUNKEYISM.

The Democrat-Press published at La Salle, Ill., has editorials which for attractiveness of matter and manner, are surpassed by the editorials we venture to say, of no paper published in the State of Illinois. From one of these the following is taken:

Something more than Christian courtesy and chivalric deference to women, is at the bottom of the extraordinary fuss made both in Chicago and in the East over the Spanish princess Eulalia. We as Americans are fond of repeating the old saying that "every Englishman loves a lord," and of boasting among ourselves, and to the uninitiated stranger within our gates, that we are immensely superior in our democratic simplicity to the old world reverence for princes, princelings, and nobles. As a matter of fact, however, a certain section of our people are the veriest flunkeys and toadies upon earth, being not a whit more rational in this respect than was Sir Walter Scott, whose reverence for divine right, as personified in that malodorous Anglo Teuton, George IV., prompted him, during that monarch's visit to Auld Reekie, to carry home to his own house, hidden beneath his coat, the goblet from which the king had taken a drink.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that both because of her sex and character, and also because of her high position, we would have the Spanish princess treated with the highest courtesy and respect and accorded a hearty American welcome. What we object to is the tone of abject adulation with which that fearful and wondrous creature, the daily reporter, alludes, not only to the infanta, but to all and sundry of the titled beings who visit our shores and who—at least some of them—are doubtless surprised at finding that Americans do not wear scalp-locks, turkey plumes, blankets, and painted faces. For the benefit of the Jenkinsons and Jeameses of the press we would state our opinion that the distinguished foreigner, whether a princess or a nobleman, is by no means favorably impressed by all this toadyism. Englishmen generally have a peculiar humor in the absurd antics of those suddenly enriched Americans whose first object on visiting Europe is to procure an introduction at court and whose aristocratic longings manifest themselves in an eager desire to copy and claim as theirs by right the coat-of-arms of some old family of similar name. It would be laughable, if it were not quite so pitiful, to contemplate the ardor of some third or fourth descendant of a long forgotten immigrant to "put on style," to ape the customs, and to claim the prerogatives of people who, as the phrase goes, have had grandfathers. In pursuing this foolish vanity they but too often encourage falsehood, extravagance, false pride, and superciliousness, and while they, figuratively speaking, cast dirt on the graves of their own parents they also foster the unhealthy and indeed immoral sentiment that manual labor is something to be ashamed of. Being, for the most part, wofully ignorant of true culture, it would perhaps be a waste of words to tell these pinchbeck aristocrats that

"The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent,"

but it may benefit them to learn that their pretensions deceive nobody. Some years ago the novelist, Robert Buchanan, in a scathing criticism spoke of Americans as being "slavish to ignoble passions," and as being always ready to wear the raiment openly of those old world fabrics which they pretended to despise. As citizens of the mightiest democracy in the world it behooves us to hold up a higher, a truer standard of what is best in human society than the anachronistic measure of the dark ages. What becomes of our vauntings if we outvie the Russian peasantry in acknowledging the claims of rank and caste by rushing tumultuously like Juggernaut worshippers to find a place in the procession of flunkeys who delight to bask in the light of foreign magnates? Why make ourselves the ridicule and laughing stock of the world?

"SIDE-SHOWS" AT THE FAIR.

The Art Galleries fill a superb building that is unmistakably classic in architecture. Surmounted by a grand dome supporting a winged statue, the front sends out a beautiful pillared portico, which is repeated by smaller doorways of similar design. Around the whole run great gal-

leries, forty feet wide, presenting surfaces for molding, sculpture, and mural paintings. Leading up from the Lagoon are steps and terraces, upon which a number of square pedestals support groups of sculpture.

Standing apart from the other large buildings, the Palace of Fine Arts need not harmonize with them. It is of impressive simplicity in its lines, and attains grandeur by a few commanding features. Two wings of not dissimilar effect emphasize the beauty of the main portion.

In the opinion of many, this building should be made a permanent memorial of the Fair. It is the least dependent upon others of all that have been grouped within the park. Within are galleries admirably adapted for the safe preservation and convenient exhibition of memorials of the great Fair. Architects agree that but little labor and expense would be necessary to convert the whole into a fire-proof, durable, and beautiful monument to the great Columbian Exposition.

We cannot even barely mention a thousandth of the features of which some boy or girl will pick out as "the best thing of all." But let us run over just a few of the "side shows," outside of the classified exhibits.

Here will be found ancient and modern villages imitated; a captive balloon; settlements of foreign nations; a wheel 250 feet in diameter for whirling people up into the air on revolving chairs; a great tower ascended by an electric spiral railway; a panorama of the Alps; an immense swimming-building, with tank; a great company of trained animals; an artificial-ice toboggan slide; Japanese bazaars; Bohemian glass-blowers; an African savage settlement; a great glass-factory in operation; a Moorish palace; a volcano panorama; a 100-miles-an-hour railway, where the cars are driven by jets of water and slide on films of water; gondolas and electric launches plying upon all the waterways; an Eskimo village; a steam-engine, in the power-house, twice as large as the celebrated Corliss engine, but using oil for fuel; all the State buildings; a hunter's camp; a complete Indian village; a dairy; the largest cannon that the Krupp works have ever built; a moving sidewalk, part moving slowly enough to step upon, and part carrying the passengers quickly along. Most of these amusing sights are in a strip of eighty acres called the "Midway Pleasance." And the Children's Building? Certainly, you shall hear about that—but at another time.

A Century editorial says of this exhibition: "Those who have time to see only its general aspect will have seen the very best of it." A government report is quoted as saying: "This exposition stands alone. There is nothing like it in all history." And to the boys and girls of America we can say that to see the Fair intelligently, and with time properly apportioned, will be an education more liberal than can be acquired in any college in the land.

One great difficulty will be the impossibility of seeing more than one drop out of the ocean offered. Remember, if you go, that you will have to select the few things that you wish most to see. Then go resolutely and see them. Never mind the gilt gingerbread; find out the very jewels that you wish to make your own. If you love art, see the pictures and statuary. If you love machinery, go see the wheels go around.

It will be a good lesson to draw from the Fair that all its magnificence is the result of an idea—the idea that the world was round; and that the man in whose honor the people are gathered there was for years believed to be a visionary and a crank.

Which brings us back to the homely wisdom of Davy Crockett: "Be sure you're right; then go ahead."—Tudor Jenks, in St. Nicholas.

EXPLOITS OF A FAKIR.

In a short time the fakir had sufficiently recovered from his trance to stand up, and, when the sheik pointed to the brazier, he thrust his hand into it, seized some of the live coals, blew them till they emitted sparks, bit off pieces of them, as one would bite an apple, and eagerly ate them up. He then went to a large prickly cactus, which was standing on the platform, plucked a leaf armed with strong spines, bit off a piece, and swallowed it. With equal avidity he crunched and consumed thin sheets of glass. Fragments of the cactus and the glass were handed to the spectators, who examined them and convinced themselves that they were really the substances they were represented to be.

An attendant brought in a shovel, the iron part of which was red-hot, so that a bit of paper thrown upon it flashed at once into flame. The fakir took the wooden handle of the shovel with his right hand, placed his left hand on the glowing iron plate, which he also licked with apparent relish, and then stood upon it with his bare feet until it became black. This last exploit filled the air with a faint odor of burned horn. A sword, so sharp that it cut a piece of paper in two when drawn across the edge, was handed to the fakir, who thrust it with all his force against his throat, his breast, and his sides. The sword was then held in a horizontal position about three feet from the ground with the edge upward, by the servant who took hold of the point, which was wrapped in several folds of cloth for the protection of his hand, and by another Aissau, who held it by the hilt. The fakir placed his hands on the shoulders of the two men and, leaping up barefoot on the edge of the sword, stood there for some seconds. He then stripped and, resting his naked abdomen on the edge of the sword, balanced himself in the air without touching the floor with his feet, the sheik meanwhile pressing down upon the fakir's back with the whole weight of his body.—Prof. E. P. Evans, in Popular Science Monthly.

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Mr. W. T. Stead is about to publish a quarterly review and index devoted to the study of phenomena commonly regarded as "supernatural."

Passed to the higher life from his home at Peru, Ill., June 21st, J. L. McCormick in his eighty-fifth year. Mr. McCormick was one of the best known men in the part of the State in which he lived and was respected for his sterling qualities. He had been in Peru some forty years and had been during that time actively engaged in business which brought him in contact with many people. He was in religion a liberalist and a Spiritualist. He leaves a widow, one son and two daughters. The funeral, at which Mr. Underwood gave a brief address, was very largely attended.

In a very sensible article on the subject of the boycotters who have threatened the World's Fair with their hostility if it shall be open Sundays, the New York Times points out the fact that "nobody who objected to traveling on Sundays had gone the length of refusing to travel on week days by a road which ran Sunday trains." One of our Chicago dailies adds: The fanatical Sunday closers in Chicago have held their meetings, rent free, in one of the clubrooms of a hotel which is open Sundays for guests and which also keeps a Sunday open bar, not only for its guests but for the general public—as all the hotels do. Consistency is a jewel not highly valued by the fanatical closers.

La Revue Spirite for May has an extended notice by Camille Flammarion, the astronomer of a work by Emanuel Vaucher "La Terre—Evolution de la Vie a sa Surface. Son Passe, Son Present, Son Avenir." ("The Earth. Evolution of Life on its Surface. Its Past, Its Present, Its Future.") in which he declares the author to be "essentially a Spiritualist." "Considering the Spiritic doctrines of the 19th century as continuing the traditions of ancient metempsychosis, interrupted by the influence of Christianity." The author of this book he declares if he had lived three centuries ago would have been conducted to the stake with Bruno and de Vanini. The author was with Flammarion and Jean Mace founder of the Ligue de l'Enseignement more than a quarter of a century ago, "whose indefatigable activity which he brought to this work would have been enough to have removed him far from the pale of a conservative church." "This progress in ideas and in the feeling of the liberty of conscience is one more proof of the truth of the thesis maintained in this book: The elevation of human thought into the light."

Mediums in Italy who receive pay for their services are in little credit among Spiritualists judging from an account from Annali Dello Spiritismo for May: It seems a medium, G. M., established herself at Bologna and her advertisements in the papers declared that she "could explore the mind and feelings of others; reveal the past, present and future; give counsel how to avoid accidents and misfortunes; indicate the means of bettering one's future condition and declare the surest way to prolong life and reap the most enjoyment out of it. The interesting and useful revelations granted by the medium were wonderful and should be availed of by every one. To secure, however, her services, they should address her in regard to the matter which interests them and be sure to enclose a 5-lire piece (\$1.00)." Annali, giving an extract from Allan Kardec condemnatory of mercenary mediumship and with some sarcastic reference to the pittance asked for such wonderful gifts, fears her example will be

followed by others as there is "an infinite number of fools abroad, and advises Spiritist periodicals, circles and individual Spiritualists to wage an inexorable war on such noxious beings and squelch them." If a person gives time or service as a medium there is no reason why he or she should not be paid for such service; at the same time mediumship in the privacy of home without thought of pay are the ideal conditions of mediumship.

A new phase of mediumship is mentioned as having been developed according to El Buen Sentido, of Lerida, an extract of which is printed in Annali Dello Spiritismo for May. A medium being present with several others about a table, glasses were filled half full of water in the right hand of each sitter and a good spirit mentally evoked. The medium then took each glass and saw written in each glass in luminous characters messages suited to each of the sitters. The medium being asked to turn his back to the table and the glasses which had been held being changed from one to another, still the medium was able to read as before without the least hesitation and most exactly the message suited to each of the sitters holding the glasses.

Modern Spiritualism is the high-sounding note of the bugle of reform, which is eventually to bring light out of darkness, and peace and happiness to the entire human family, says the Banner of Light. Here is the domain of free thought; here opinion works out its forces without restraint; here all the sweets of charity and the riches of mutual love find their congenial atmosphere and productive soil. But in the power of love such as Spiritualism contains there will be found an explosive force that will successfully resist all these endeavors to suppress the natural efforts of humanity to attain to the largest freedom. It will not thus be bereft of its native birthright. If violence ensues, the responsibility will be with those who would rule and curtail and restrain. If revolution comes, upon the heads of the conspirators be the weight of the folly and the guilt.

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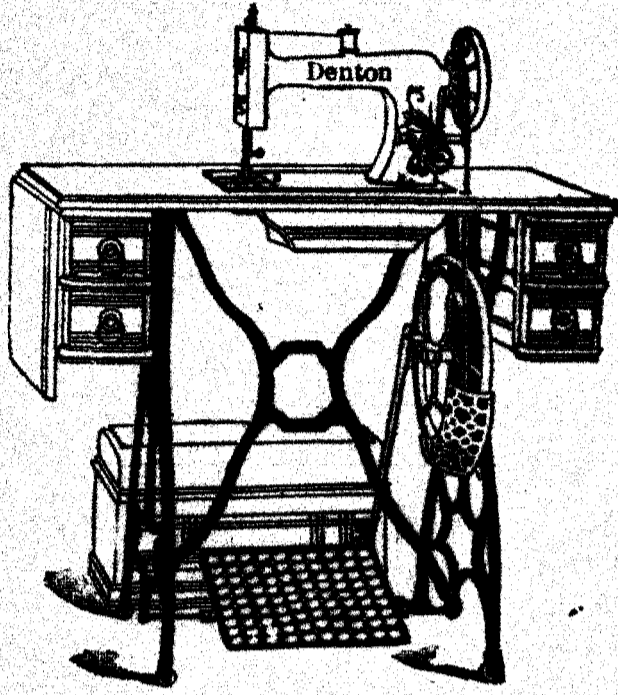
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THE JOURNAL will be sent to every new subscriber for fifty cents for three months. THE JOURNAL is a high class spiritual paper, abreast of all important questions of the day, and it is the recognized organ of the Committee of the Psychological Science Congress, which will begin its sessions August 21st. The number of new subscriptions coming in shows that its influence is increasing and that there is a widespread interest in the subjects treated in its columns. In order to place THE JOURNAL within the reach of every one, it makes this offer and every person interested in psychical subjects should avail himself of this opportunity, if he is not already a subscriber.

THE JOURNAL presents to its readers this week a picture of the Transportation Building, which varies the sameness of the White City by its elaborately decorated exterior. The groundwork of color is a warm terra cotta, with much green, gold and white in the conventional designs that

harmonize with its Romanesque style of architecture. Between the arched windows are painted conventional angels with wings outspread, while below, at regular intervals are groups of sculpture painted a soft terra cotta that blends well with the deeper shade of the building. The picture shows the famous "Golden Doorway," which is resplendent with metallic tints. There is a diversity of opinions about this building, many preferring the plain white staff to the gay coloring. The building contains a most wonderful exhibit. There is nothing that one can imagine in the way of transportation that is not shown in this building. There are the early, clumsy locomotives and the modern, perfectly equipped, palatial Pullman train. There is the old battered boat in which Grace Darling and her father rescued the drowning crew of the Forfarshire and the model of the ill-fated Victoria, supposed until a few days ago to be a perfect example of a model warship. There is a carved howdah from Siam, a gaily embroidered saddle from Mexico and carriages of every shape and size from American workshops. There are pneumatic dumping carts and gold-plated harnesses, and in fact, everything that has the slightest connection with the purposes of the building, which is deservedly one of the most popular on the grounds.

Mr. T. Morgan, of Youngstown, Ohio, who is a subscriber to THE JOURNAL, relates a curious incident that happened recently and which can be vouched for by reliable parties: Rev. D. J. Nicholas, a resident of Youngstown, was visiting friends at Sharon, Pa. He retired at half-past nine the night of June 11th, as was his custom, being well along in years and not in the best of health. He is a poor sleeper, rarely averaging more than two hours' sleep during the night. On this particular night he thinks he had not been asleep, when after he had been in bed some time, he was aroused by a voice calling him by name. It spoke in Welsh and the words were distinct and clear: "Mr. Nicholas, Mr. Evans is dead." (Mr. Evans was an intimate friend.) Mr. Nicholas rose, looked at his watch and found it was 11:40 p. m. He lay awake for several hours, not being able to banish the occurrence from his mind. So strong was the impression left by the incident that he related his experience at the breakfast table the next morning. His friends were not believers in "dreams" and looked upon the matter as of no consequence. On returning to Youngstown the same morning, he at once made inquiries in regard to Mr. Evans' health, when he was told that Mr. Evans died the night before at exactly 11:40, according to three men who were at the house when he passed away.

A correspondent writes: The season at Cassadaga camp-meeting has opened auspiciously. The picnic of June 9th, 10th and 11th was a decided success, the attendance being 50 per cent larger than last year. The electric lights were in full blast and everybody was delighted with them and the many improvements and embellishments of the camp. Mr. W. J. Colville and Mrs. R. S. Lillie were the speakers on each day. The discourses were of a high order of inspiration and were at once instructive and edifying. The programme for the August camp cannot fail to be of interest and all the indications are favorable to a large and successful camp during a part of July and the entire month of August.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, New York and Chicago, have an interesting exhibit in the gallery in the northwestern corner of the Department of Liberal Arts in the Manufactures Building

at the Fair. The idea is to represent a library such as might be found in any part of the country. A large fireplace surmounted by a classic bas-relief, first attracts the attention and the remainder of the room is surrounded by oaken book shelves of moderate height, containing three thousand or more volumes published by this firm. There are the usual library styles, and the well-known Riverside editions and fanciful bindings of poems and decorative holiday books. There are a few special cases of fine bindings which will interest the book lover, as a few books have been bound expressly for the exhibition as an example of what the house can do for special editions. There are numerous busts, of famous authors and the effect of the whole room is so harmonious and restful, that it is difficult to realize that one is not in some private library.

Death, says J. J. G. Wilkinson, in Journal of American Akademe, is a great love-maker and love-revealer. Where there is true love, the loss of the person, the removal into the other life, of course, intensifies the hearts of both the severed ones. They burn for each other with new and higher aspirations. They care more for the progress of each in life and wisdom. They perhaps in the light of death's revelation begin to pray for each other's soul. All the rest, with the Lord's mercy, takes care of itself.

Miss Belle Bush, of Belvidere, N. J., announces that the Belvidere Seminary, a refined, home-like school for children of Spiritualists and reformers will re-open September 25, 1893. The location is healthy and beautiful, course of study thorough, practical and progressive, acquainting its pupils with the laws of heredity and hygiene. Scholarships offered at reduced rates from June to October. Any one wishing further information may address her at Belvidere, New Jersey.

Laurence Gronlund, the author of "The Coöperative Commonwealth" has the opening article in New Occasions for July. His subject is "Eugen Richter's Caricature of Socialism." Mr. Gronlund is perhaps the ablest and most eloquent of all American representatives of Socialism.

The Congress of Music will commence July 3d and continue until July 10th. It will be followed by that of Literature from July 10th to July 17th, when the Congress of Education will begin its sessions which will continue through the remainder of the month.

Remember the date of the Psychical Science Congress—the week beginning August 21st. This will be one of the most interesting and valuable of all the Congresses to be held in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.

Miss Abby A. Judson gave an address at Sturgis, Mich., Sunday June 24th, in the Free Hall owned by Spiritualists. She also spoke at the conferences and gave two parlor lectures on the "Development of the Soul."

From 258 West Fifty-fifth street, New York City, Walter Howell writes: I have a few dates open for the coming season which I would be pleased to close with some societies within easy distance of New York City.

A. A. Thomas, of Saugerties, N. Y., in renewing his subscription to THE JOURNAL writes in praise of the Denton Sewing Machine: "After having used your premium sewing machine for a year, we find it everything we could wish for."

Daily Lake Excursions St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich.

On the steel steamer "City of Chicago" and the new propeller "Chicora." The two fastest steamers on Lake Michigan. Eight hours on water. Only sixty miles from Chicago. The sister cities are visited by thousands of pleasure seekers every season and are without exception the most delightful resorts on Lake Michigan—good fishing, bathing, beautiful drives and other attractions. The schedule for the season is as follows: Leave Chicago daily at 9:30 a. m. Return to city about 8:30 p. m. Round Trip, \$1.00. Leave Chicago daily at 11:30 p. m. Single Fare Trip, \$1.00. Leave Chicago Sunday at 10 a. m. Return about 10 p. m. Round Trip, \$1.50. Leave Chicago Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Round Trip, \$1.00. Tickets good returning same night, Sunday at 6 p. m., or Monday's steamer. In all cases meals and berths extra. The "City of Chicago" which leaves daily at 9:30 a. m., makes close connections at St. Joseph with the special fast steamboat express on the C. & W. M. Ry., for Grand Rapids, Traverse City, Petoskey, Mackinac Island, Holland, Ottawa Beach, Bay City, East Saginaw, Lansing and all summer resorts and towns in Northern Michigan. This is the cheapest and quickest route from Chicago. Hotel St. Joseph, formerly "Plink's Tavern," is now open. Rates, \$2.00 a day.

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Just published, 12 Articles on Practical Poultry Raising, by FANNY FIELD, the greatest of all American writers on Poultry for Market and POULTRY for PROFIT. Tells how she cleared \$245 on 10 Light Braedams in one year; about 1000 on 1000 who clear \$200 an acre on a 100 acre lot, returns to her 20 acre poultry farm on which she CLEAR \$1500 ANNUALLY. Tells about incubators, brooders, spring chickens, capons, and how to get the most eggs. Price 10 cts. Stamps taken. Sent by 177 1/2 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia.

THE EMERSON PATENT BINDER. A FILE And Permanent Binding for Books, Periodicals, Photos, Lists of Goods, Samples of Fabrics, etc. Showing the appearance of the Binder when quite full of FILES. Religio-Philosophical Journal. Price, \$1.25; to Subscribers, 75 cents.

FIRST STEPS IN PHILOSOPHY. (Physical and Ethical.) BY WILLIAM MACKINTIRE SALTER. An unpretentious but serviceable and thorough volume on the physical and ethical sides of philosophical truth. The writer, Mr. W. M. Salter, is an ethical teacher in Philadelphia and also the author of a bright volume entitled, "Ethical Religion." This volume presents an examination into two fundamental conceptions, matter and duty. It is the fruit of the author's own thinking and is in some respects an outline of his ethical teachings. The work is valuable because it indicates the tendencies of the thinking of one of the clearest-headed ethical teachers and writers in the country. No student of moral philosophy can afford to ignore it.—Boston Herald. Cloth, 12mo., 125 pages, \$1.00 postpaid. For sale, wholesale and retail, at THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL OFFICE.