

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.

THE Psychical Science Congress will involve considerable expense, for a portion of which the Committee must provide. Those who are disposed to assist may send their contributions of money to the treasurer, Mr. E. E. Crepin, 624 Home Insurance Building, Chicago, or to this office, from which all remittances will be forwarded to Mr. Crepin.

INFORMATION has come to us of the intended formation of one of the most remarkable public companies ever projected, says Light. This is the "Direct Spirit Slate Writing Company, Limited!" 1,000 shares in which will be issued at a pound per share. Full particulars are promised, and we await them with interest. In these days of company promoting one cannot be too careful about investment, and this "Direct Spirit Slate Writing Company" seems, so far as the report goes, to be a "crank;" let us assure the worthy projectors of this precious scheme that it is not also synonymous with "fool."

GEORGE KENNAN writes in the July Century: If the Savior himself should appear, poor and unknown, in a Russian peasant village, as he appeared in Galilee nineteen centuries ago, if he should speak to the people the same words that he spoke in Galilee and that are recorded in the four Gospels, he would not be at liberty twenty-hours. He would first be handcuffed and sent to the pale of settlement by etape as a Jew, and then, if he continued to teach, he would be re-arrested and thrown into prison. If he finally escaped crucifixion at the hands of the holy orthodox church which bears his name, it would be only because crucifixion has been superseded in Russia by exile, incarceration in the "heretic cells" of remote monasteries, and deportation to the mines of the Trans-Baikal.

THE St. Nicholas for July thus refers to some literary and educational features of Chicago: There has sprung up in the city within a year one of the greatest universities in America, endowed with millions of money, and equipped with instructors selected from the world because of their especial fitness for the work in hand. Only the other day, as it were, one of Chicago's wealthy men conveyed to a board of trustees a building which he had just completed at a cost of \$1,500,000, and with it gave his check for \$1,400,000 with which to equip and maintain it as an industrial and scientific institute. Libraries have been founded and endowed, and have grown with a growth that has nowhere else been seen. The Chicago Public Library, founded little more than twenty years ago, has acquired a circulation greater than that of any other in the country. The Newberry Library, endowed by the bequest of a citizen, is becoming one of the great reference libraries of the world. The Crerar Library, endowed by the will of another deceased citizen, is in process of formation. The largest single purchase of books that was

ever known—300,000 volumes—has just been made for the library of the Chicago University. The private libraries of the city are little known to the public, but they will compare favorably with the finest collections of New York or Boston. The largest and most complete book-store in the world is in Chicago.

REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES preached in Festival Hall, Jackson Park, last Sunday on "The Religion of Character." The discourse was worthy of the place and the occasion. Mr. Jones said in substance: The coming word in religion is character. By it most all great creeds must eventually be tested. Character is that without which intellect becomes a curse, emotion a delusion, and even conscience a snare. And yet character is an unrecognized word in Christendom. It is not yet the psalm-giving and psalm-making word it should be. Like all primary things, it evades definition. The student of the deep sea is enabled to touch the bottom of the sea with his plummet and bring up some of its marvels, but no student is able to touch the bottom of the human soul and bring to light its beauties. Character is not even a Bible word in the sense we are using it to-day. It was character that made the presence of George Washington more efficacious than an army. If we may not define character we may analyze it, and determine some of its component parts.

SAYS the Progressive Age: To-day while walking through Midway Plaisance, and the World's Fair grounds, noticing the diverse architecture of the different nationalities there represented, the outlines of foreign villages, the classes and sects, the costumes and manners, the features and complexion, the languages with their intonations so unlike anything heard by me before, I was impressed with the conviction that this diversity must be correlated with their governments and religions; that, incidentally, the influences of the climate and configuration of the country where they live must give form and coloring to such factors of their civilization. The reflections were indeed hopeful for our humanity. I mentally said, here are my brothers and sisters, children of the same Divine brotherhood, with whom to be in friendly touch will awaken new inspirations and broaden character. As we meet them on American ground, we and they in peaceable accord, each vying with another to exhibit the par-excellence of national progress, we are stirred to project the lines of internationality by every possible endeavor, thereby building the grand eclecticism for the twentieth century close at hand.

SALADIN, in his paper, the Agnostic Journal, in refuting the notion which prevails among uneducated Protestants that Catholics are responsible for all the persecutions in Christendom, thus refers to a well-established fact: In Holland a man who had already been scorched, racked, and partly flayed is trailed across the floor of the dungeon out into the light, that other horrors might be perpetrated for the purpose of inducing him to take a certain view of certain doctrinal points—one more attempt to bring him properly to him who said, "He that believeth not shall be damned." The man, back downwards, was firmly secured to the floor. Then, on his naked ab-

domen, was placed an inverted metal vessel containing under it a number of rats. On the bottom uppermost of this basin five coals were heaped till the rats underneath, to escape being roasted alive, tore their way through the man's flesh into the cavity of his body to find refuge among his intestines. The basin was removed, and fiery cinders were thrust into the holes in the flesh through which the rats had torn their way. They had put rats into him; but, even yet, they had failed to put into him the true conception of Jesus. He who applied the heated basin and the rats was Diedrich Sonnoy, a Protestant; he who had the heated basin and the rats applied to him was Nanning Kopezoön, a Papist. As far as I am aware, rat-in-the-bowels is an exclusively Protestant argument to bring the sinner to God.

THE Independent concludes an editorial on the Pope's recent Allocution in regard to public and parochial schools as follows: It was the evident desire of the progressive Catholic party to relieve the stringency of this hostility to the public schools, and with them the Pope's delegate, Monsignor Satolli, agreed. He met the Archbishop of Baltimore, and presented them a series of propositions which, with some pressure and some amendments, were adopted. They allowed some place for the public schools, and provided for the religious instruction, in our common American way, of such children as attend the public schools, and forbade their exclusion from the sacraments. These propositions were based on a very liberal interpretation of the Baltimore decrees, which might almost be called a reversal of them. Immediately there sprung up a bitter controversy, and Archbishop Corrigan and the foreign contingent generally declared that Satolli had inflicted almost a mortal blow on the parochial schools. Complaints were made to Rome, and the Pope requested a confidential communication from every American bishop on the subject. His present Allocution is in reply to these communications. The larger part of his Allocution is given to quieting the fears of the Conservatives. He tells them the decrees of the Baltimore Council are still valid, and that Satolli quoted and approved them. He tells them the disciplinary laws of Baltimore have not been abrogated, and that the bishop still has the right to decide when it is safe to send children to the public schools. He repeats that parochial schools must be maintained and multiplied. Nevertheless, he says "the public schools are not to be entirely condemned," and that Satolli's propositions were wise and right, that he has the full Papal confidence, and that dissensions ought to cease. But they will not cease. The Pope's decision looks both ways. Its force is in its application, and that is in the hands of Satolli and the friends of progress. It is not the way of the Catholic church to retract anything formally, but only to relieve the emphasis of an outworn rule, and cease to enforce it. We judge that in this case it will be found that the Court of Rome, and the Papal representative here are still in favor of the law, but will not be stringent about its execution. Children will not be excluded from the sacraments who attend the public schools, even although the Bishop of Denver and some others may hold back for awhile.

IS THE UNIVERSE INFINITE?

The above caption is the title of a very thoughtful and suggestive article published in the Fortnightly Review from the pen of Sir Robert Ball, F. R. S. This writer is of the opinion that we are in the presence of about equal difficulties, whether we attempt to think of space as infinite or as finite. If you try to conceive a boundary of space, the imagination will suggest that there is something on the other side of that boundary from which you can commence again; and yet it seems impossible to suppose that the journey could be carried on forever. This writer refers to the view of Kant that space is "a form in which the human mind is compelled to regard objects and not a self-existing fact of external nature." We have, therefore, no power in our own consciousness to surmount the difficulties of conception to which reference is made above, since they arise from conditions of our mental constitution. Reasoning about space will do no more to remove these mysteries than it will to give the man who is born blind a definite notion of the various colors. We know space, from the standpoint of common sense, only as room, that which holds all things, and yet this definition in the light of philosophy has very little value, as Kant and other distinguished thinkers, including Spencer, have abundantly shown.

An interesting part of Mr. Ball's article is that in which he refers to a subject which was one of discussion in THE JOURNAL some months ago, occasioned by an extract from a work written by Prof. A. E. Dolbear, in which the positions of the higher geometry were presented and criticized very freely and vigorously by some of our contributors.

Mr. Ball says that Euclid's notion of parallel lines is so far from being an axiom of the same character as that "If equals be added to equals, the wholes are equal;" that it is quite possible to doubt this notion without doing any violence to our consciousness. The principle assumed in this axiom so-called, he says cannot be proved, and he declares that nearly all ideas in connection with the conceptions of space have their origin in the ambiguities arising from the assumption which this axiom about parallel lines implies.

Some modern mathematicians, he mentions, have gone so far as to deny the existence of this axiom as a truth of nature and he says that when freed from the embarrassment which the assumption of Euclid involves, a geometry emerges which removes our difficulties. This inclined him to the view that space is finite rather than infinite, so far as we can assign definite meaning to the word finite. He says that all known facts about space can be reconciled with the supposition that if we follow a straight line through space, using for the word straight the definition which science has truthfully given to it, that then after a journey which is not infinite in its length, we shall find ourselves back at the point from which we started. In referring to the attribute of straightness, he says it is "quite compatible with the fact that a particle moving along a straight line will ultimately be restored to the point from which it departed." He admits that this seems to be paradoxical, but says it is not so considered by the geometer, to whom it is quite a familiar doctrine. But what is not so familiar to mathematicians is that the restoration of the traveling particle to the point from which it started need not involve a journey of infinite length, occupying infinite time; but suppose that the twelfth axiom of Euclid (about parallel lines) is not true, or suppose that the three angles of a triangle are not indeed equal to two right angles, then neither an infinite lapse of time nor infinitely great speed is necessary to enable the traveler to come to the point from which he started, even though he is moving in a straight line all the time. According to this view, space is clearly finite, for the particle traveling in a straight line with uniform speed in the same direction is never able to get beyond a certain limited distance from the original position, to which it will every now and then return. Those who remember their Euclid, says Sir Robert Ball, may be horrified at the heresy which suggests any doubt as to

the sanctions by which they believe in the equality of the three angles of a triangle to two right angles. Let them, he says, know now that this proposition has never been proved and never can be proved, except by the somewhat illogical process of first assuming what is equivalent to the same thing, as Euclid does in assuming the twelfth axiom. "Let it be granted that this proposition is to some very minute extent an untrue one; there is nothing we know which shows that such a supposition is unwarrantable; no measurement that we can make with our instrument; no observation that we can make with our telescopes; no reasonings that we can make with our intellect can ever demonstrate that the three angles of a triangle may not as a matter of fact actually differ from the right angles by some such amount as, let us say, the millionth part of a second. This does no violence to our consciousness, while it provides the needed loophole of escape from the illogicalities and the contradictions into which our attempted conceptions of space otherwise land us."

These speculations discussed by Sir Robert Ball are deeply interesting to those who are familiar with the higher mathematics. For one who is unacquainted with what is called the new geometry and has not been accustomed to question any of the so-called axioms of Euclid, most of the reasonings like these of Sir Robert Ball seem to be wild and nonsensical; but they have validity among the greatest mathematicians of to-day; and more than that, they are beginning to attract the attention of those interested in psychical science, who also have a knowledge of mathematics, and who see the spiritual implications of some of these apparently absurd speculations about space and the axioms of Euclid. It is not necessary for THE JOURNAL to endorse or to oppose the theories of the learned writer in the Fortnightly Review. We merely notice this important paper as a matter of current interest to philosophic thinkers.

HON. JOEL TIFFANY.

As THE JOURNAL was going to press last week intelligence was received of the transition to the higher life of Hon. Joel Tiffany, whose name and writings have long been familiar to readers of THE JOURNAL and to Spiritualists generally and who has for years had a wide reputation outside the ranks of Spiritualists. He was nearly eighty-two years old and had been for some time in failing health, never having wholly recovered from an attack of the grippe of two years ago. Recent letters from him assured us that it was uncertain whether he would ever be able to call at the office of THE JOURNAL again. His demise was therefore not wholly unexpected.

Mr. Tiffany was a remarkable man. He possessed intellectual powers of a versatile character and practical ability and common sense combined with rare spiritual insight and a deep religious nature. On another page of THE JOURNAL this week is reproduced from our issue of November 12, 1892, a modest sketch of Mr. Tiffany's life up to 1866. To much of his work and many of his achievements no reference is made in this account, which he prepared by our request that it might accompany a portrait of him which was to be sent to the readers of THE JOURNAL. How many of the readers of this paper knew Judge Tiffany as an inventor? Yet the Chicago Evening Journal announces his death as follows:

"Death of a genius; Joel Tiffany, inventor of the Refrigerator Car, passes away. There has just passed away at Hinsdale, Ill., in the death of the Hon. Joel Tiffany, a most original genius and one of the greatest inventive creators of the age. Mr. Tiffany's long life of eighty-two years was an eventful one. He was a well-known figure in Chicago, coming here from the East in 1869, and he had been actively engaged in different lines of business up to the time of his death, which occurred on Saturday at Hinsdale, his funeral taking place on Monday afternoon. He is best known for his invention of the well-known Tiffany Summer and Winter refrigerator car, which is now in general use throughout the world. Through his inventive mind he has made valuable improvements and inventions in machinery."

The world at large thinks more of Judge Tiffany's inventions than of his wonderful spiritual experiences, which he valued more highly than anything else pertaining to his life. The "voice" which directed him was hardly less remarkable than that of Socrates. All the essays which have appeared in THE JOURNAL of late years over the name of Hon. Joel Tiffany, were written mediumistically without any effort or volition on his part.

Several of his essays in manuscript not hitherto published, will be presented to the readers of THE JOURNAL. Meanwhile let us feel grateful to Judge Tiffany for the brave and able work which he did for the advancement of spiritual truth in times when such work demanded great courage and self-sacrifice.

ASLEEP OR AWAKE.*

If our literary brethren of the East lean to the fault, as is sometimes alleged, of too exclusive cultivation of the technical side of their art, and a diminished interest in what may be termed its substance, the Western writers are certainly free from this fault, if it be one. The old question of form disturbs us as it disturbed the centuries preceding ours, but one finds, we think, that looking at the matter in the long run leads to the conclusion that substance is more than the investiture given to it.

In the novel "Asleep or Awake" we are confronted by much more than the story, though that story is full of interest and is carefully and consistently developed. Perhaps too many problems of thought are started in its not many pages, but it is better to complain of an abundance in the feast than a scarcity of the viands.

The intent of the author can be best stated in the following quotation:

"Side by side with the reeking tides of vice and sensuality that roar and rage and froth over falls and rapids and whirlpools of every form of evil, are deep, pure, sparkling streams of virtue and spirituality; side by side with the stagnant, festering pools of selfishness and greed, are limpid lakes of love; side by side with hearts consumed by evil passions are hearts burning with the passion of love, of virtue and of truth; nay, often in the same heart, upon the thorny bramble of unholy passion, bursts the white blossom of love; and because of this the world will never be lost, and because of this we have the right to cherish a sublime hope that the world will be saved."

And further: "We may all sleep, but if so, we have some vivid dreams and many of our dreams are the reflections of realities, and the vision of a spotless woman kneeling beside as spotless a man, before the altar of the pure and holy passion of love, is not the least real word radiant of our dreams."

This theme is unfolded in a story that is interesting and effective, that is possible and consistent, and that in its close appears in a situation that is novel and surprising in its strength and its truth. We shall not do the author the injustice of relating the story; that is one of the many irregularities with which criticism is constantly delighting and astonishing us; we prefer to let the book make its own impression without our unsatisfactory reproduction of its effects.

The author has had the wisdom not to overload the story with too many characters, who are often the merest supernumeraries, and serve no assignable purpose in the progress of events, but has shown admirable delineation where it was most needed, and has risen to the intenser portions of the narrative without needless effort, and has not interfered with effects by the accumulation of details, that makes the novel often like a mere catalogue that is very decidedly not *raisonné*.

The book abounds in quotable and memorable passages:

"Faith in one's self, the consciousness of power, is a fountain of perpetual youth in the soul, sending its elixir vital bubbling into the heart and brain, sparkling through every thirsty sense. I do not mean that

*Asleep or Awake. By Raymond Russell. C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, 1892. Cloth, \$1.00.

dumb, vague restlessness which is the stirring of an inarticulate longing, which is a mere disturbing influence and weakens rather than invigorates, but that steady, well defined, accessible force which may be applied to the machinery of daily living, till, all its wheels and belts tremble with transmuted energy. It is this consciousness of power which gives the character internal cohesiveness and balance of parts and external poise and balance of form."

Here is a bit of description which is full of air and color and something besides:

"Behind her was the twilight of the thick woods; before her waved a field of buckwheat, white and glistening in the sun, no tinge of ripening brown upon its beautiful blossoms. In the distance flashed the blue lake. To her left a flock of meek, white sheep were standing or lying in patient apathy, inattentive to the plaintive bleating of the lambs that broke with pathetic sweetness the summer stillness of the air. The sun was nearing the horizon, and above, the tender blue of the sky was tinged with vague suggestions of color."

We think the story, in the main, a successful piece of work and its defects, for it must be said that it has them, are such only as may without difficulty be forgiven in view of the author's intent and the strength and courage of the presentation. We do not hesitate, however, to say, that the long and serious discussions of vexing problems become sometimes rather wearisome, and there seems danger at times of the story's disappearing wholly in the settlement of abstruse questions. There is too much of monologue, the hero has too strong a tendency to lecture and monopolize the conversation; there is too little clash of confronting minds. The style sometimes suffers from the unnecessary introduction of technical and scientific terms; a novel is not a treatise, and gives up its reason for being when it allows the latter to intrude too far into its domains. There are also some elements in the story which are not wholly agreeable and which it might be well to soften. But it is ungracious and needless to proceed with this enumeration; the book is of real merit and should not fail to attract the wide attention which it deserves.

It is in the main a good example of the printer's and binder's art and is therefore a credit to its publishers, but it is disfigured by some typographical errors.

SOUND AND COLOR.

A RECENT number of Science contained a paper by B. F. Underwood, showing the association of sound and color. In a subsequent issue of the same journal Samuel S. Wallian, M. D., remarks: On reading Professor Underwood's paper on the above subject in Science for June 16th, some rather peculiar experiences of my own, which I have never read or heard of in others, were freshly brought to mind. When intently listening to certain, but by no means all, eminent speakers, and to a few operatic singers of great renown, I have for some years past distinctly detected, or rather have involuntarily become conscious of, an emanation of color from the head of the speaker or singer with each distinct tone of the voice. The more impassioned the words and tones the more intense the color, and the larger the visible aureole or color area. The color has thus far been limited, with a few exceptions, to a transparent and ethereal but decided blue. It emanates suddenly with each explosion of sound, passes upward like a thin cloud of smoke, and fades like a swiftly dissolving view. I noticed it for the first time while listening to Professor Felix Adler, later on when listening to Colonel Ingersoll, faintly over the head of William Winter; again quite distinctly in case of General Sherman and General Horace Porter, faintly in case of some other public speakers, including Anna Dickinson, Helen Potter, the elocutionist, and some eminent divines, but not at all in case of President Cleveland and some other equally prominent public men. In case of singers, the most noted instances I can recall are the DeRetszke brothers, Jean and Edward, Mme. Emma Eames, Lilli Lehmann, Mme. Albani, Vogel,

and Gudehus. In case of Mme. Lehmann the blue color verged towards a liquid green, and with Albani it was a pale sheen of silver vapor. In case of Vogel, the tenor, the aureole was an evanescent and very pale straw color. In Mme. Mielke the blue became a velvety purple or violet. Mme. Nordica emitted an aureole of pale, translucent gold; Emma Juch gives me the impression of a delicate and liquid pink, while Patti seemed to emit no distinguishing color, but rather a kaleidoscopic blending of many colors. I should be glad to hear from others who have noted similar phenomena, for I have been inclined to question the reliability of my own impressions, vivid as they have been, and many times repeated. Professor Underwood's recital inclines me to accord them a little more respect.

EUSAPIA PALLADINO.

LA IRRADIACION gives this personal description of the famous Neapolitan medium, Eusapia Palladino, in whose presence have occurred phenomena which have excited the wonder of leading scientific men of Europe: Save for her singularly brilliant eyes there is nothing out of the ordinary about Eusapia Palladino—nothing to suggest that she is one of the most wonderful of living mediums. She is of average height, buxom, and youthful looking, and has a particularly pleasant and sympathetic manner. She can neither read nor write, nor even count. Her mental attainments, indeed, consist in speaking her native Neapolitan tongue and in understanding a little Tuscan. She was left a poor orphan, and was compelled to gain her own living. At nine years of age she became servant to a Neapolitan family, but as the phenomena first made their appearance here she was driven into the street, as Satanic agency was suspected. Fame, however, soon came, for Eusapia's case was investigated by some University professors, and an English lady tried hard to persuade her to go to England. At this time she never seems to have thought of turning her gift into money, but was content to marry a humble artisan, and she herself helped to augment the scanty earnings of her husband by working as a seamstress. A manifestation is usually preceded by a variety of nervous disturbances—hiccoughs, yawning, sobs, tears, and piercing cries, every variety of contortion, convulsions, foaming at the mouth, clenching the teeth, the face drawn and deformed, the eyelids insensible, the nostrils dilated, all the senses so exalted that the least noise worries her, and it is necessary to bandage her eyes. If her fingers are touched, she complains that they feel as if they are being touched with a hot iron. After some or all of these symptoms the phenomena usually occur; if not, a deep lethargy sets in. In any case all these strange symptoms disappear so soon as the manifestation has taken place.

THE PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

We have numerous inquiries in regard to the Psychical Science Congress, some of which cannot be answered at present, but in reply to all of which information will be given in good time. The meetings of the Congress will be held, commencing August 21st, at the Art Palace, Michigan avenue, opposite Adams street. We mentioned last week that Prof. Oliver J. Lodge and Prof. F. H. W. Myers would be among the speakers. We shall announce the subjects of their essays soon. Prof. E. D. Cope, the distinguished biologist and paleontologist, who has for many years been deeply interested in the questions relating to the connection between mind and matter, will have an essay on "The Relation of Consciousness to the Physical Basis." Dr. Edward Montgomery's paper will be in relation to "Dreams." Dr. C. G. Davis, of this city, a well-known physician and a practical hypnotist, will have a paper on "Hypnotism," with special reference to hypnotic suggestion. He will demonstrate some experiments with hypnotism, showing its manifestation as an anæsthetic, having a dentist or surgeon with him to perform some operations before the audience. Miss Lillian Whit-

ing, the gifted essayist, now editor of the Boston Budget, will read an essay entitled, "And That Which is to Come."

Papers are expected from Prof. Henry Sidgwick and Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, of Cambridge, England, both of them thorough investigators of psychic phenomena and deeply interested in psychical research. Judge Dailey, of Brooklyn, New York, Dr. Purdon, of Cullman, Alabama, Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, Mrs. Hester M. Poole, of Metuchen, N. J., Mrs. Eliza Archard Conner, of New York, are among those who will present papers at the Congress. Mrs. Sara A. Underwood will read an essay on a phenomenon, with which she is from personal experiences perfectly familiar, namely "Automatic Writing (so-called)." There will be a great variety of topics discussed and some of them from different points of view, so that probably there will be a thorough consideration of the questions propounded and the propositions advanced by the different speakers.

The Congress cannot fail to be helpful in awakening interest in, and advancing the truth on subjects which have been discussed in these columns and in which all the writers of THE JOURNAL are deeply interested.

FROM the work "Froebel Letters," edited by Arnold H. Heinemann, just published by Lee & Shepard we take the following: This is a strange saying: The consciousness of earthly life will afford pleasures which will continue ours beyond the grave and determine the condition of our soul. Such a condition is impossible, unless the soul after death is of a kind with the soul in the flesh, unless the departed soul has sentiments and states like those of the soul in an earthly body. It follows that Froebel did not conceive the departed soul to be an unsubstantial, impalpable phantom, but a real being with feeling and thoughts which would continue the soul-life of man on earth. ~~What~~ ~~is~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~is~~ ~~responding~~ ~~to~~ ~~facts~~ ~~and~~ ~~experiences~~, or as gratuitous there is no denying the fact that it is in harmony with the conception which Froebel had of life in general. He never had a thought, but it was a symbol of an exterior reality, and his ideas were not clear to himself until he had outwardly realized them. He found similes in nature and life for all his thoughts; that is to say, every thought of his was realized to him in a form perceptible to his senses, or it assumed a shape distinctly perceivable. It was the same with his belief in immortality; his immortal soul was realized in his thoughts as a distinctly defined shape or form which, naturally, could hardly be different from his natural body. In his creed, as in his educational and practical principles, it is evident from the thought just elucidated, Froebel's intellect rose to an astonishing height of naive and ingenious power which distinguishes him advantageously from the general tameness and mediocrity of his times.

FREDERICK H. COOKE, in the Social Economist for June, emphasizes the importance, in any sociological discussion, of discriminating "between the origin and nature of political and of industrial institutions" and of the state of militancy which must give rise to the one, and the state of industrialism which will allow the development of the other. This distinction having been made clear, the author cheerfully outlines "the social conditions that will exist in this country in the not distant future. In the working out of these conditions the difficult social problems of the day will find their solution. The problem of the condition of the mass of wage-workers will gradually disappear. Production on an enormous scale, with inventive processes highly developed, will cause the necessities of life to be procured so cheaply and abundantly that few will undeservedly suffer material want. The problem of governmental and particularly of municipal corruption, and that of civil service, will gradually disappear."

GENIUS AND INSANITY.

By T. D. EFNER.

Great wit is sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
—Dryden.

The ancients supposed a man who showed unusual aptitude for any calling, was the recipient of benign ministrations by some good spirit that presided over his destiny and his life.

Reason offers a different explanation regarding the idiosyncrasies of the astute and the erratic man from that given by superstition.

The germ of heredity, transmitted from clever ancestors, and the influences of environment, give the man his temperament and his talent. It is no easy undertaking to spy out these recondite laws of causation, the antecedents and the sequents that form the soul and shape the character of the genius.

Without going very far into psychological abstractions, it may be stated that the imaginative or poetic temperament is distinctive. It is oftentimes recognized by corporeal or physical peculiarities. The mind usually dominates the body, which is sometimes spare and wiry; the eyes are blue or grey and unusually large; the hair is light and fine; the bodily movements are quick and impulsive. The mind is highly sensitive and susceptible to excitement, with accompanying reflex bodily actions.

The sensations which form the elements of all knowledge are received either simultaneously or successively. When several sensations are conveyed simultaneously to the mind over the nerves of special sense, as the smell, the taste, the color and the form of an orange, their blended associations constitute the idea of the object. When impressions reach successively, they make up the idea of an event. Now in the former case a perceptive or susceptible mind, receiving the impressions with a discriminative feeling in regard to painful or pleasurable properties, will be marked by the idiosyncrasy of a strong penchant for the beautiful in the concrete. The synchronous feelings of a sensitive constitution will be more intimately blended than the feelings of a differently formed mind. This, then, is the mind of the artist, the actor and the writer.

Now, when normal atomic conditions obtain in the mind of this type of humanity, there will not be noticeable eccentricity. But when the faculties are unduly exercised, erratic manifestations will appear. The mind excited to morbid activity will use in its processes of configuration the vivifying qualities of the blood, which under ordinary circumstances rehabilitate the tissues of the body and the brain. This is insanity.

The writer hopes this theory is something more than chimerical, and he respectfully submits it for careful consideration by scientific men.

Without indulging in any more technicalities, a few men who have possessed marked genius and talent will be mentioned.

Junius Brutus Booth was a great and eccentric genius with a strong tendency to insanity. He possessed remarkable mental and physical qualities—qualities that made him one of the greatest actors. He died June 30, 1852, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

It seems like sacrilege to mention in this connection the name of Edwin Thomas Booth, who has recently passed through the valley of death. There are no words of endearment too strong to go into his eulogium. It is scarcely necessary to say that he was the offspring of the first-named actor, Edwin Booth, and was America's prince of players. Inheriting much of his father's genius without any of his grossness, he was a forceful actor and refined dilettante. The despondency that smacked of mild insanity fitted him to impersonate perfectly the melancholy

Dane—Hamlet. Edwin Booth's characterization of Hamlet reached the acme of genius.

During an outburst of insanity, Edwin Booth's brother, himself an actor of ability, assassinated Abraham Lincoln in Ford's Theatre, Washington. This terrible crime affected Edwin Booth's mind greatly, precipitating him deeper into the "slough of despond."

Edgar Allan Poe, the author of the inimitable "Raven," possessed blood tintured with melancholy or mild insanity. Upon no other hypothesis can some of his erratic actions be accounted for. He certainly belongs in the category of geniuses.

Leaving our own country, let us look in foreign lands for clever and curious men.

Dean Swift, the great Irish satirist said: "I shall die at the top first," and so he did.

John Bunyan, author of the greatest allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," suffered for several years from an aberration of the mind. He saw visions, imagined he was possessed by the devil, and with his own peculiar eloquence says: "I walked about a neighboring town and sat down upon a settle in the street and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me, and after long musing I lifted up my head and methought I saw, as if the sun shining in the heavens did grudge to me the light; as if the very stones in the street and tiles upon the houses did band themselves against me. Methought that they all combined to banish me out of the world." The mad-houses contain few inmates with delusions so strong and suffering so acute.

William Cowper, a distinguished poet and epistolary writer, born in 1731, spent eight years in Westminster school, was articled to a solicitor and called to the bar. He associated with other young men with a bent for literature. Cowper was very nervous and highly susceptible, being strongly inclined to causeless melancholy and predisposed to insanity. The crisis of this malady occurred in 1763, and it took the form of religious doubt and melancholy. He entertained the Calvinistic views in regard to election. Under the influence of his powerful imagination these doubts assumed a most dreadful form. His suffering was intense. The writer does not know how long he was thus afflicted. Among his famous poems are "Table Talk" and "The Task." The latter unites minute accuracy with great elegance and picturesque beauty. Thomson and Cowper are the poets who have added most to the stock of natural imagery. Cowper died in 1800.

There are, indubitably, many more similar cases, but these are sufficient to show that defects of organisms have their compensations, and great genius is akin to madness.

ALBANY, ILL.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

By BELLE BUSH.

It is a sad thing, a very sad thing, to hear a little child say, "My mother never kisses me, I don't believe she loves me, and I don't much care what I do, or what becomes of me." Yet I have heard many a child say this. Now if childhood was properly appreciated we would not see such blighted buds on the tree of life. Children are like rosebuds, they cannot thrive well without proper nourishment. They need the genial sunlight of encouragement, the refreshing dews of sympathy and the warm breath of love to make them unfold into the perfect beauty of the flower. Folded within each baby breast are aspirations, emotions, thoughts, feelings and passions which, like the closed petals of a rose, should be allowed to unfold naturally. As the infant form grows into prattling childhood, the eager questionings of its young soul should be responded to patiently and truthfully. Not teased and worried or deceived by false answers till it becomes afraid to ask questions and loses all faith in the replies given. There are some people who think it a smart thing to trick and deceive children, but let me tell them it is a very stupid act and one which no thoughtful person will ever attempt. Remember this, you who are par-

ents and teachers, and bear in mind also that the conduct of children under your care, is to a great extent what you make it by the force of your example; and in the faults you discover in them, you may see your own errors come home to rebuke you. Be gentle with them when they do wrong and before chiding them, examine yourself and see if there has not been something in your own conduct which led to the wrong in theirs. Have you discovered that your little daughter has told you a falsehood, or your son been guilty of using profane language? Don't rebuke them in anger, don't tell them you do not love them any more, or that God is angry with them; don't shut them up in a dark closet, or send them away from you to remain till they can promise to be good, for oh! if there is ever a time when children need the blessing of the purest love to guide them, it is when they have done a great wrong and feel the reproaches of a guilty conscience, for then it is that a word will harden or subdue them. Oh! then speak kindly to the little ones, let your love and sympathy draw them closer to your heart and away from the dark influences which lead them astray. But never under any circumstances refuse to smile on a child or deny it a kiss, because it has done wrong for there is vindictiveness manifested in that mode of treating it that will teach the child to be vindictive also. Above all, I beseech you, never allow your children to witness any scenes of discord at home. Parents who wrangle with each other in the presence of their little ones, will teach them to quarrel with one another. And what a sad picture to set before childish eyes a home full of discord! What wonder that those who are brought up in such scenes should carry discord with them out into the world! Give children beautiful, sunny homes and they will have happy hearts in which peace and love dwell, shutting out the evil and calling to them the good influences which dwell all about us, and which will surely come to us if conditions are favorable.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

By MRS. M. E. TASCHER.

[We are permitted to print another chapter from Mrs. Tascher's manuscript work giving an account of her experiences.—Ed.]

We say, "He is dead," and then preach over the remains, "There is no death."

"And ever near us, though unseen
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead."

"In looking over these papers I find I have omitted many circumstances noted down at the time of their occurrence," began Miss Vale the next evening as we gathered around her asking for more reading from the MSS. Here is one that is doubly queer: Mr. L. Perry was a well-known peddler who lived on the North Side of the city in which is my home. We knew the old gentleman a very little as he sometimes called when on his rounds canvassing. He was a hearty, vigorous man, perhaps sixty-four or sixty-five years old, very well off, a man of good information and position, a peddler from choice. He liked the work of canvassing and worked the city over, and over again with any article he thought would be in demand. One of the neighbors came into our house one afternoon, and in the course of the general chat, said, "Why, wasn't it sudden Mr. Perry's dying?" We had not heard of it, so she told us that he had been on the street as usual all day, the day before, and died about dusk without complaining scarcely any. We talked of it a little, the lady saying the funeral was to be the next afternoon.

Along in the evening I was sitting by the secretary writing to my sister; Leda was near the light reading and Madge in a large rocker by the stove half asleep.

Suddenly, I seemed in some unexplainable manner to be conscious of the entrance of something at the south window, beside the end of the table where I was writing, and I looked up expectantly, as if I might have heard a footfall at the door. At that moment three very loud knocks resounded upon the

in the future life they will find recompense for the diversities which belong to mortality. And immortality like a beacon light, shines through all the darkness and despair of suffering humanity—to guide departing, yet returning excarnated intelligences the way to perfect life and spiritual unfoldment.

THE IMPORT OF DIVINE ILLUMINATION.

The well-known proverb, "Knowledge is power," is applicable to spiritual truths. It is a benison and sheds light and force on many apparently abstruse esoteric problems. "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face." Because it reveals much that to some people seems improbable, but which is in reality perfectly natural and logical by its spiritual evolution. When the windows of the celestial world are open to mortals through which the light of divine illumination dawns on their hitherto dormant spiritual life, then the material one becomes of less interest when the spiritual is in the ascendant. Through a quickened force they become able by nearness to the divine source of infinite power, to absorb the spiritual attributes into their lives. Thus "the spirit searcheth all things," and is able by direct and clear penetration to perceive and comprehend all occult forces through unfoldment of the spiritual vision.

To many finite minds the interpretation of the words spirit and soul, appears abstruse and perplexing. And theology seems to offer very vague explanations in regard to their significance. The spirit after death of the mortal body enters a spiritual one the counterpart of the physical form in looks and attributes, but ethereal and translucent in place of solidity. A conscious active structure with every faculty intact and alert in the attainment of progress and development leading to light and knowledge.

The soul is the divine germ existing in the material and spiritual bodies. The vital spark of life, which through the process of evolution continually rises upward and onward by divine illumination after being freed from earthly limitations into a glorious

state of possibilities throughout all existence. The portals of the spiritual world are by mortals being in rapport with excarnated intelligences, are manifold. It is a source of pleasure, and in the case of exalted spirits a means of instruction and elevating influences. It is of assistance to those in the spiritual world by giving them opportunity to throw off the shackles of earthly conditions and environment, which hold so many in bondage. And by the law of evolution they are led upward, to the ever brighter and more exalted spiritual spheres. To find mortals eagerly asking for communications from the world of spirits, is an inexpressible delight to them—and they never hesitate to comply with such requests if possible when the way is plain to voice messages of hope and joy to earthly friends.

The import of divine illumination is to cast a radiant gleam of perfect faith and knowledge over eribus, or the grave—so that it must lose its victory to be substituted by brightness instead of shadows and fear. When the question: "Watchman, what of the night?" is asked, the answer comes clear and strong from the spiritual realm to the anxiously awaiting mortal ear: "All is well!" What inexpressible comfort and assured hope it brings to those still on earth without the gates—until their mortal tasks are ended and they too are ready to pass through the portal of the spiritual world—where are the great majority. Thus were it not for reliable information which is obtained through the sixth sense of incarnated beings, the door between the two worlds would undoubtedly be closed.

The material one would be just as remarkable in point of the beauties of nature and activity. And to materialists it would appear interesting and satisfying for a time. But when the storms of earthly life cross their mortal pathway, they look around for some indication of another and more satisfactory existence than is obtained in this world. Grasping at straws as it were, when the day of tribulation comes—hoping that possibly there is an after life. When the minds of such persons become spiritually in-

clined the inner life ceases to be as a sealed book to them and its pages are open and illuminated by divine knowledge which emanates from the supreme intelligence ruling the universe.

Through unfoldment of the interior perceptions, a realization of psychic truths, which may be likened to a dove bearing an olive branch of peace, enters into their mortal lives. Its holy mission is to present to their inner view a vision beyond all mortal power to discern unless spiritually perceived. One can see through the mist in the distance, the glittering domes of the spiritual world, its pearly gates, its beautiful streets, its brilliant and resplendent lights, fairer than sun or stars in grandeur.

The happy throng of placid and exalted beings who once on earth served their appointed time, now at rest and peace among the blest, helping and uplifting those in spirit-life less exalted than themselves to rise through the process of spiritual evolution into fields of promise bright, where the star of hope is ever shining and the sun never goes down—for day and night are alike in that fair land of light and knowledge.

The spiritual world while having no supreme ruler seated on a throne is nevertheless a dwelling place for those who have entered upon an immortal life—which is more real and tangible to them than is the material one to mortals. The following biblical words have a deep significance in expressing the character of the future world: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Although materialists think the people of earth in their manner of living and structures, cannot be improved upon, yet the ones in the spiritual world are far in advance as regards beauty of symmetry and arrangement of details—which on earth requires long and arduous toil to bring to a satisfactory state of completion. While there it is but the effort of the will to mould ideas and plans of apparently intricate objects into a condition of perfection.

All who enter within the portal of the spiritual realm realize the great opportunity they possess in acquiring wisdom and power unknown on earth. While they expand in spiritual attributes, they comprehend what they failed to understand when on earth; that the physical is constantly hampered by material environment which prevents such progress as is permitted in the immortal life—and is continually expanding through spiritual growth—which in part, is often transmitted to mortals through thoughts impressed upon them in regard to many improvements in earth life, that some individuals think are the products of their own mentality instead of emanating from those in the spiritual world. For they are constantly perpetuating innovations and endeavoring to hasten the time when mortals must accept the truth of the actual communication between the material and spiritual worlds for a verity. Like a welcome benediction psychic culture offers rare evidence of a realm far in advance of anything ever given by the material world in point of reliability; and casts aside many fallacious theories advocated by savants learned through material research in organic matter. All material forces would be inert and useless without the vital spark of life—or the spiritual portion which holds the atoms in equilibrium, and sustains all organic substances. Science must accept the power acting on all life on the earth as one while not perfectly comprehended or accepted by all finite minds—is co-existent and correlative with both spirit and matter, inasmuch as each receives its existence from the same exalted infinite source.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

By accepting and seeking divine guidance all may receive "the peace which passeth all understanding" into their lives, gaining breadth and scope through spiritual evolution, an essential, preparatory to life in the world of celestial light and beauty.

Out of darkness cometh a light.

'Tis fraught with gleams fadeless and bright
Pointing upward from night to day—
While those gone before, guide the way.

Hear you not their joyous refrain?
As they whisper oft and again:
"There is no death, but glad release
From earthly strife to perfect peace."

[The End.]

The Literary Northwest for July says: The Colorado Magazine, published in Denver, Colorado, is the newest magazine of the West. The illustrations are good and the articles are well written. The gem of the magazine is the following sonnet, which is so remarkable that it deserves to be widely noticed. It is upon "The West:"

"Her strong right arm bared for its mighty task;
Her face and throat bronzed, and with health aglow;
Her form a Juno's; laughing, see her go
To do the deed for which the world must ask:
Serving mankind, and serving without mask;
Self-honored in her labor; gaining so
The guerdon of all honor that may flow
To powers too great in Flattery's sun to bask.
Proudly she points to what her efforts give;
To corn and wheat the product of the mine,
To fruit and fleece and flesh, and flow of wine,
And enginery. In strength imperative,
She wields the land with purpose fair, benign;
Her deed, this deed, that all the world may live."

—William Francis Barnard.

Mr. Barnard's home is in Chicago, and he is an occasional contributor to THE JOURNAL.

THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF GERALD DEANE.

BY CHARLES R. DAKE, M. D., IN THE HOMŌPATHIC NEWS.

III.

She knew that it was usually not difficult to awaken me; and as I did not immediately move in response to her call, she became alarmed. She began to comprehend the fearful truth, and was instantly by the side of my corpse. She raised the cold, powerless head; she looked upon the blue lips, the glazed eyes, the pallid face; and then, as the terrible truth forced itself upon her in all its awfulness, the expression of horror that shaped itself upon her beautiful face raised in me a fear that she could not bear the excessive nerve-strain imposed upon her. Would she faint?—die? Could her stricken mind receive my messages? Her large dark eyes, now almost black with suppressed excitement—with measureless awe—continued to look down into my face, scarcely more fixed and pallid than her own, as she supported my head, her arm encircled my neck. She kissed my icy lips again and again as she emerged from the first effect of her discovery. Then, as her eyes moistened, and a tremor came to her lips, I knew that her mind was again capable of action. So, slowly and with pauses, I said to her in thought about as follows: "The cause—of death—is in—the heart. I may—be saved. Use—the electric battery—and—the needles." This I reiterated. Looking around the room, like one who listens to a distant, almost inaudible voice that comes from an unknown quarter, she grasped the meaning of the impression conveyed, and said aloud:

"Yes, Gerald dear, I understand. But shall I not call in assistance?"

I knew that any explanation which she could make to another would be taken as the emanation of a grief-crazed brain. And I doubted whether she could persuade any reputable physician to assume the risk of ridicule that would attach to failure in an effort so apparently unreasonable as an attempt to revive a man so undoubtedly and so long dead as I was. Then, at best, an objection to the summoning of aid would be, that every moment lost lessened the already meagre chance of success. I therefore directed this reply to her:

"You must act alone, and now. Proceed coolly, carefully, without any feeling of hurry. Keep your mind receptive, for I shall direct your every movement. The attempt seems a desperate one, my darling; but we have nothing more to lose by trying. I feel—I know that we shall succeed."

Her eyes brightened with the glow of determined purpose.

"Yes, dear," she said, "I will do just as you desire. You need not doubt my strength. Let us be quick."

From that moment I no longer doubted her ability to act. Without a tremor she began her work, and without an instant's hesitation she conducted it throughout. What a beautiful sight it was, to see her move forward in her peculiar, momentous task, literally with the rapidity of thought—my thought!

She lifted my body from the chair, and laid it on the floor; bared the chest; sprang to the closet for the battery, which in an instant was clicking in readiness for use. She adjusted the needles to the poles of the battery, then dropped upon one knee at my side, ready for her fight with death. She paused, but before an inquiring look had fairly shaped itself upon her face, I comprehended what she wished to know; she was in doubt by which of the three methods to introduce the needles—whether by "percussion," by "stabbing," or by "drilling"; and I chose for her the first. She took a needle in her left hand, fixed the guard with her right, placed the needle point down upon my chest, directly over the heart, and taking an iron paper-weight from my desk, she drove the needle, by a sharp tap, directly into the wall of my heart. She then manipulated the second needle in a like manner, but at a little distance from the first.

I shall not describe to you, my friend, all through which my darling wife that night passed. Time and time again it seemed that I must surrender the undertaking as hopeless. Over and over again I gave up the fight, and whispered to the angel Death, "Enough"; but she, my brave, true Alice, never for a moment wavered, nor wearied of her task.

The heart responded to the first shock of the needle-puncture, but so slightly that it was not perceived by my wife. Then a powerful electric current was passed through the needles for the fraction of a second, and the heart gave quite a perceptible contraction; but it failed to make another unaided effort. The power of the electric current was gradually increased, and a shock given at intervals of a second or two. In connection therewith, some of the usual methods for inducing respiration were employed. But when such means were discontinued, the heart-beats soon ceased; and not a single inspiration had occurred without aid extraneous to the body itself.

After an hour of unremitting effort at my resuscitation, I directed a discontinuance of all such attempts for ten minutes, to allow my wife rest, and also with the hope of permitting a resumption of some slight nerve irritability in my own body, presuming that some such emotion had occurred. Alice then con-

tinued her work, and a powerful electric current was again passed through the needles, and the heart contracted as before, and respiration resumed. The heart had made scarcely a dozen enforced contractions when some slight effect of the stimulant became apparent; an evidence of general circulation, as a portion of the stimulant must therefore have reached the nerve centers. Next, the heart fluttered without continued assistance. My wife then began to breathe into my lungs from her own, thus, to a certain extent, compelling respiration. This moderate supply of air, the heart continuing to beat softly of its own accord, almost immediately affected the brain, and the nerve centers began, in return, to send faint but natural messages to the heart and lungs. My lips soon became less blue, and my face less deathly. My heart was now feebly beating, and my lungs were slightly expanding and contracting without further help, from my wife. Would this favorable condition be lasting? I directed that an active arterial stimulant again be injected into a vein. This was done, a few moments elapsed, and—I knew no more.

When consciousness returned, I found myself again the tenant of my body. Day was dawning, and I lay on the floor, with my head on a pillow; and Alice was kneeling by my side wetting my lips with water.

When I became able to speak, and fully to comprehend my wife's words, I learned, that, during her efforts to revive me, she had been puzzled for an explanation when she felt my influence over her cease—puzzled, but not alarmed, for I continued to improve. And soon she understood that I had returned to my body, but that the complete reunion of mind and body was not yet accomplished.

My consciousness in the body had been suspended for nearly six hours; about an hour being consumed in the complete separation of soul and body, during which I knew nothing; two and a half hours in conscious existence independent of the body; and about two hours in the unconscious period of soul and body reunion. Or, as an observer would have seen it, I was a few minutes in dying, about three and a half hours dead, and two hours unconscious after I returned to life.

And thus my old friend, Gerald Deane, closed his narration. But in a moment he added:

"And so there is another life than this; a life of perfect contentment; a life that probably continues forever."

For many minutes neither of us spoke. The fire had burned to a few red cinders; but the room was

warm, and not in total darkness, and I felt that Gerald wished for no greater light. I was very thoughtful, and it was my friend who broke the silence.

"I know that you feel a doubt," he said—"a doubt that you cannot perhaps explain to yourself. But you may rest assured that I did die—that I existed without my body, and returned to it. And remember, I speak after the lapse of years—dispassionately. I know what the mental physiologist could say regarding my experience; but to me his explanation would be preposterous, however reasonable to some. Alice and I again and again compared our experiences of that terrible night, and they always harmonized precisely in every detail of time and circumstance. I require no evidence beyond my own experience; just as you need no evidence beyond your own knowledge, to prove that you are now sitting here in this room. Nonsense! Who that is educated in such matters would confound real-life with dream-life or with a trance state, except during the continuance of such subjective manifestation! A dream simulates real life only to him whose brain is in the condition that permits or causes the dream. I have dreamed, and I lived in the state of fancy between life and death; but I knew when conscious real-life returned, that I had been through only a subjective experience. Again, dreams and the like present but subjective likenesses of more or less possible objective realities. We may dream that we see, hear, speak of, or hear of those things with which we are at least to some extent acquainted, but not that we possess a new capacity or a new sense. When I was cold and senseless in the pulseless and breathless embrace of death, I knew that I was so; I discovered the cause of my death; and, though I exercised none of my physical senses or functions, I possessed an unknown means of receiving desired information. It is true, that, as I have said, I seemed, in a very peculiar manner, to retain the senses of the living; and this is the most inexplicable of all that I have desired to make clear to you. I knew things by what I have termed, and can only term, a perfect intuition; yet I know that knowledge came to me from without—how, I know not. As you could not, if you possessed such, describe to me a new sense, nor I comprehend you if you could, so it is impossible for me clearly to describe, or for you clearly to comprehend, if I could, the nature of our future life. But how easy to describe the feelings or the absence of feeling of any known or conceivable subjective or objective bodily state!"

"Will you not," I asked, "at least try further to explain how we may enjoy without organs of sense, what appeals to those organs alone? How, for instance, may we hear without the organs of hearing? This seems to me to be impossible. Or, if you prefer, take the sense of sight, or that of taste, by which to illustrate the point."

"First, then," replied Gerald, "let me say, that things do not appear to the organs of sense alone, but through the organs of sense. And now bear in mind that what I say will be said rather with the idea of conveying to you some approach to an impression of the conditions of our life hereafter, than with any hope of describing the actual conditions of that form of existence. I can only repeat that we do continue to enjoy our bodily senses after we have discarded them. But is not every enjoyment of our present life, if analyzed to its elements, determined mainly by our preconception of it? The enjoyment may have an objective foundation, but it is our conception of the thing that mainly determines the degree of enjoyment. Nor is this enjoyment less in the case of pleasures that are wholly fanciful. Yet the body is an almost insurmountable obstacle to conceptions of a vivid or refined character, and it is only when the soul is free that such conceptions become a perfect and never-ending delight.

"I am positive that in our next life nothing remains hidden from us. Nothing? Aye, there is one thing: We do not learn the real motive power, the cause, of all. God remains hidden from us, perhaps forever.

"And what if, as the ages grow into cycles of time, and the cycles pass in numberless myriads into eternity, we lose all interest in that which we knew on the almost forgotten earth, save an interest in other beings that continue as do we—does it seem to you that we must then live on, forever limited in thought to what our earthly experiences include? No, no; eternal time is long, but the possibilities of eternal time are limitless. If time is endless, so is space with its changing worlds and increasing wonders as we move from system to system onward beyond our stars to other stars, seeking a closer contact with our Creator, never to know the end. Ah, to learn the essence and the source of our mysterious being; to know the conscious center; to meet, face to face, our God!"

After a few moments of silence, having heard that Alice had died, and never having heard the particulars of her death, I said:

"Tell me of Alice, Gerald."
He understood me, but did not immediately speak. The pause grew lengthened, until I was about to ob-

viate the necessity of a reply; when, some signs of suppressed emotion being apparent in his voice, in lowered tones, he said:

"I cannot dwell in words upon my darling's end: she died, and the world indeed to me seems empty. That she lives again, I know. Daily, almost hourly, I impart to her my thoughts; and I send to her from our dear boy most loving messages? I feel that she receives these messages, and that to her my every act is known. Do I receive intelligence from her? I have hoped at times that I did, though she when living could not transmit direct her thoughts to me. Oh, my friend how have I existed through the long void years! In the dawn of the morning I have looked into the blue arc of heaven, and asked that she might come to me; and in the silent darkness of night have I looked into my own soul, and asked for some sign from her; but no voice, no thought, no sign has come to me in all the years of waiting, longing, praying. I will not be deceived—will not deceive myself: I know that from my Alice comes no certain sign.

"I passed the shadow that lies between life and life, and my darling brought me back; she passed that shadow and I could not bring her back. But soon I shall go to her, for I know that she awaits me. When the time that I long for is come, I shall wish for her presence, as she will wish for mine; and together we shall traverse the boundless future—one in thought, one in desire, inseparately one forever.

THE END.

THE INTER-STELLAR ETHER.

Professor Oliver Lodge contributes a valuable paper to the Fortnightly Review for June on the above subject, in which he introduces the reader to some things not usually brought into such papers. He says:

I have said that the things of which we are permanently conscious are motion and force, but there is a third thing which we have been all our lives in contact with, and which we know even more primarily, though perhaps we are so immersed in it that our knowledge realizes itself later—viz., life and mind. I do not pretend to define these terms, or to speculate as to whether the things they connote are essentially one and not two. They exist, in the sense in which we permit ourselves to use that word, and they are not yet incorporated into physics. All that we can say is that they must remain more or less outside of the domain of conjecture.

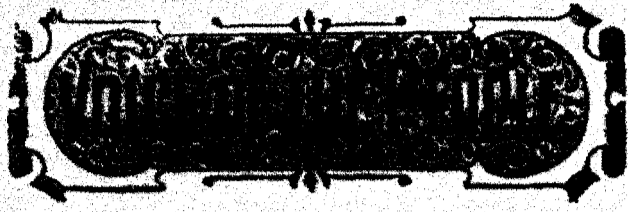
Still it is open to a physicist to state how the universe appears to him, in its broad character and physical aspect. If I were to make the attempt I should find it necessary for the sake of clearness to begin with the simplest and most fundamental ideas, in order to illustrate by facts and notions in universal knowledge the kind of process which essentially occurs in connection with the formation of higher and less familiar conceptions, in regions where the common information of the race is so slight as to be useless.

Of the ether Professor Lodge says:

Nothing is becoming more certain than that action at a distance is impossible. A body can only act immediately on what it is in contact with; it must be by the action of contiguous particles, that is, practically, of a continuous medium, that force can be transmitted across space. Radiation is not the only thing the earth feels from the sun; there is in addition its gigantic gravitation pull, a force or tension more than what a million million steel rods, each seventeen feet in diameter, could stand. What mechanism transmits this gigantic energy? Again, take a steel bar itself; when violently stretched with how great tenacity its parts cling together; yet its particles are not in absolute contact, they are only virtually attached to each other by means of the universal connecting medium, the ether—a medium which must be competent to transmit the greatest stresses which our knowledge of gravitation and cohesion shows us to exist.

Speaking of electricity and the ether together, he says:

We have as yet no dynamical explanation of either of them, but the present century has taught us what seems to their student an overwhelming quantity of facts about them, and when next century or the century after lets us deeper into their secrets, and into the secrets of some other phenomena now for the first time being rationally investigated, I feel as if it would be no merely material prospect that will be opening to our view but some glimpse into a region of the universe which science has never entered yet, but which has been sought from far, and perhaps blindly appreciated by painter or poet, by philosopher or saint.



SUBURBAN MORNING.

By E. J. Howes.

What in the robin's voice;
What in the twilight echoing;
What in the bars of cloud across the morn;
This is to feel new born.

Solemnity is sought by rules.
Re-birth in pantomimic straggles.
The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth;
The air that moves o'er violets from the south.

God at his nature's best is town
And country, and the space all quivering
With neither and with both; where each doth
cease;
Where city murmur blends with country
peace.

'Tis there the robin's voice,
And the stirred twilight echoing,
And bars of stirlless cloud across the morn,
Make for the life new born.

THE MILLENNIUM—A PROPHECY.

TO THE EDITOR: There is a time coming in the distant future when mankind will be entirely free from the fear of death; when "punishment for sin" will be understood to be only a natural consequence of wrong doing; and "heaven" will mean an effect following and consequent upon a strict adherence to the laws governing our being, commonly called the "laws of nature." In other words men will thoroughly understand the laws of life and that "rewards" and "punishments," as they are now termed, are only the natural and necessary results of adherence to, or transgression of those laws and not, as now supposed, the fiat of some pleased or angry God.

The time will come when the dwellers of earth will "cease to do ill and learn to do well," not because it will be thought pleasing or displeasing to the deity, but for the same reason that they now refrain from thrusting their hands into the fire or taking poison lead in their mouths, or that they seek the shade when the sun is hot, or to go in out of the rain; or to refrain from doing, or that they do things as best for themselves. That will be a time when God will not be "in it." It will be a reign of equality, of sympathy, of love.

When that day comes, as it surely will, a man will no more think of hoarding wealth for himself, than he would think of sitting down to dine with his fellow boarders and ravenously grasping all the food on the table and heaping it around his own plate, leaving the others unserved. No one will then have the least desire to accumulate wealth and it would do him no good if he had; because by that time the moral nature of men will be so changed that the greatest desire of his heart will be to assist his neighbors and friends and this desire will impel him to distribute his wealth as fast as he acquires it. Even now there are hundreds and thousands of such men, but, unfortunately, the distribution of wealth at this time is such that these men are compelled to occupy back seats, where they can do but comparatively little good in the world, while the avaricious and grasping thrust themselves to the front and get all.

There will come a time when the communication between the living and the so-called "dead" will be easy and well established and through such communication such knowledge will come as will cause the most avaricious hoarders of worldly wealth to distribute it freely for the good of others; because he will learn to a certainty that it is the very best thing that he can do and the only thing to secure his own happiness.

Any sane person, when left to his or her choice, will do the thing that is best for him or herself, provided it is known what that thing is, and the time is coming when every one will know to a certainty just what is best and will do it willingly.

The "sixth sense," intuition, will be fully developed by that time and psychometry, mind reading or telepathy, clairvoyance and clairaudience will be "gifts" shared by all.

In those days persons when wishing to communicate with their distant friends will send out the thought and it will be received and the friends will sit down with pencil in hand and the conversation will go on as if between two deaf mutes sitting side by side. The time will come when

telegraphs, telephone and even the mails will be things of the past, and ideas will be transmitted and grasped without being clothed in words and spoken words will be scarcely necessary. The air will be crystalized and sold by the penny's worth as sulphur is to-day and will be taken into mines for the purpose of dissipating noxious gases. Wood and coal will be unknown as fuel; light and heat will be derived from the elements without machinery, without money and without price. Steam and electricity will be unknown as power producing agents, only as read of in books. Power will not be needed; the something we call "gravity" will be overcome and men will cause things to be heavy or light at will, and people will float through the air like thistle-down, as we now do in dreams. The gases, air, ozone and the more subtle ethers will be imprisoned, pressed and reduced to powders, and from them compounds will be made that will conquer all the ills flesh is heir to. The elixir of life will be known to the children of men and the "fountain of youth" will be no myth.

Fruits of all kinds will be produced without trees, as honey now is without bees, and they will be twice as delicious. No one will ever die or even suffer from hunger, neither will drouth affect or afflict the children of men, nor cold nor heat. The elements will be more fully under their control at that time than electricity is now and substances drawn from the elements that will be so cheap that they will be in every man's house, will be either dissolved by water or converted into gases and released into the air, that will produce rain at will over an area as large or small as desired. The winds will be fully under control by controlling the causes that set them in motion. Consequently storms and cyclones will be things of the past and lightning will blast no more.

Materialized forms will walk with men in the open light of day and talk as friend to friend in the flesh. Minds of men will be enlarged and educated by those who have long been dwellers in the spirit realm, and the ennobling influence of such communion will bring knowledge that will so change and transform the minds of the children of men that wars and fightings will entirely cease and the store-houses of each will be open to all.

In those days the thing we call money will be neither heavy nor round, and gold and silver will be of little value. Houses and in fact almost everything will be made of metal taken from the earth everywhere, and by a process at once so simple and cheap that each can make his own. Then what is known as psychic power (which is will power or soul force), will be the only power known or needed, and the stories of "Aladdin" will be realized.

There will surely come a time when what is now known as death will be of so little moment that the thoughts of men will hardly recognize it, and the change so slight that it will sometimes not be realized either by the parties themselves or by their friends, and the line of conduct and intercourse with their friends will scarcely be broken.

The eating of animal food will not be thought of. All coarser and gross articles of food now eaten will be unused and almost unknown as food. Work will be almost unnecessary and the drain on vitality much less than at present. The physical will be much more etherealized, and the grosser elements that compose so large a portion of the human frame at present will be eliminated. Then men will not live to eat, but will only eat that they may live and the food necessary to support life under conditions that will exist in those days will be surprisingly small, and once a day will be as frequent as food will be taken.

What we now call religion will then be unknown and the minds of men will not give it a passing thought. Immortality will be known as a fact in nature and not as a faith, and a personal deity will be read of in ancient books as a superstition of the past.

The laws of life, and in fact the entire laws of the universe will be so well known that they will not be broken by mankind, and the life of the physical will be slightly but not much prolonged, for, as man learns the laws of his being he will also learn that the change from the physical to the spiritual is much to be desired, after the proper experiences are gained. Like a diligent and ambitious student he is in haste to graduate and get to the true business of real life, knowing that when these experiences have been gained, and the elements of the physical life overcome, and the work necessary for him to do in this state is done that the transition will come

of itself as a natural consequence and will be a change for the better in all respects.

These things are not new, but have been prophesied before time, in generations long past, but the world was not ready to receive them, because of the undeveloped condition of the human mind. The prophecy is true that the "dead shall be raised and the living shall be changed"—a materialized form for the one and an almost etherealized body for the other. Now for the first time we know what that means. In that day iron will float and wood will fly; gold will be almost worthless and scarcely used, even in the arts, and then only for its color and its brightness and not for its value. Diamonds will be manufactured more pure and perfect than the real ones are now, and will be as plentiful as the needs of them require. The ocean will be used no more as a highway and ships will be things of the past. The earth will be all inhabited and the inter-communion between this and other planets will be as free and easy as it is now from one continent to another. Men will know in those days that the earth is solid, and will laugh at the foolishness of the idea that it is hollow and filled with fire. But this is enough for this time; in the future more may be given.

S. T. SIDDICK.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR: As early as 1856 I noted this: As Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill was leaving my father's house* on a winter day—or at least when the ground was frozen—I attended her to her conveyance in the street, before the house—and under my feet at every step was a vibration, or, as the early language was, a rap. It was not a sound, but it was a sensation, shall I say? It was under foot what a rap on the table, or under it, was beneath my hands. The frozen ground seemed to be easily "charged," by the passing of her feet before me, with currents from her magnetic constitution; and could we have stopped to question her attending guardians, we should have had no more difficulty in gaining responses than we did when sitting around the table in the house.

Three or four years later—perhaps—I went with her, (in the same city, Rochester, N. Y.) to the home of John Kedzie, and when the front door was opened, she and I went on to the back parlor, and the vibrations came under my feet at every step in the hall as I followed her. I spoke of it as it was a very stirring and pleasant experience to me always, and several years having passed since I met her, the wonder of it was renewed in me. She answered, I think, that it was a common experience with her, and with my observation of her diverse powers and the manifestation of superior intelligences through them, I could not doubt these lesser motions of her "sensitive" atmosphere. It was ever a delight to be with her and to observe and study something so friendly, yet so exalted and stimulating. But this I have set down is but "the vestibule" to the heavens of love that have been opened unto us.

It may have been '84 or '85 that my husband and self were in New York City for a fortnight or so, and Mrs. Underhill having company in her house for the summer, invited us to come in as many days as possible to see them, and to breakfast, dine and sup with them whenever we could. As we were further from them usually in the after part of the day and our hotel was somewhat near, we tried to be at breakfast with them most of the time—that refreshing and beautiful repast to which we came, sometimes from the society of angels or from dreams of them—the human angels whom we have long known—our heart's own. If the sun is shining and the heart is free of sorrow, as it is sometimes with earthly dwellers—and one can have a glad, thankful heart to enjoy the loving friends around, it is a happy beginning of the day, truly. If in that sojourn we had, during sleeping hours, converse with our beloved, we were indeed environed with sweet and noble guardianship—for seldom did we "sit at meat" without salutations or caresses. Perhaps I did not once take my seat at that table without having my chair lifted (slightly) from side to side and many times, if we lingered, the alphabet would be called for and precious conversations held with the heart's own, whose voices some of us cannot hear.

I have used the word "slightly," but I was very perceptibly and sensibly moved or lifted in my chair, generally as soon as I took it at table. I sat at Leah's right hand at almost every meal but the last,

which was at mid-day, before we left the city. Then we had manifestations and communications abundant, messages for others. The tiny "raps" were heard and understood, differing in compass and tone from others purporting to be the greetings of older and more mature friends and members of our family, and all expressing their love and interest in us. Then there was in most instances the individual manner and expression to be noted; and this, to those who frequently avail of such privileges, is as perceptible and well understood as the voice of familiar friend or child.

The soul of each expresses in its own "word," its individual quality or manner.

CATHERINE F. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, MICH.
*House of Benjamin Fish.
†In the sound made upon the table.

FRANZ MELCHERS WORK.

Franz Melchers who is now publishing and editing the Deutsche Zeitung, a weekly German paper, in Charleston, South Carolina, has the courage of his convictions as to Spiritualism. In the issues of his paper he publishes articles on occult subjects. In one we notice a paper on "Hypnotism" and in another the programme of the Psychical Science Congress to be held in Chicago in the month of August. He has also published "Das Gebäude Der Wahrheit—The Building of Truth," a notice of which taken from the Charleston News and Courier very fairly states its substance and purport:

"The Building of Truth" is the name of a new book, written by Useg and published by Col. Franz Melchers of the Deutsche Zeitung. The book treats of the highest problems in a remarkable manner. It traces the origin of the human race, defines the conception of the soul, spirit and body in a clear and comprehensive way, and establishes theorems of the impulses in nature, which are startling in their novelty as well as in their intelligible form. The author reasons that all actions of man are the reflections of his Maker, who, being goodness itself, or God, has imparted the life principle into every human being, and this life principle, the soul, as coming direct from God, must, therefore, be good. Evil and sin he defines as essential to the process of development and calls it a "negative good," as it will serve a good end and must become "positive good" in due time. He declares that the law of God is eternal progress, that sorrow and pain are as necessary for the development of the soul as rain for the growth of plants, that furthermore the dormant power within us is stimulated by necessities and that every misfortune is for our final good. The book contradicts Prof. Zoellner's famous theory of the fourth dimension and illustrates its new theorems by taking light and shadow for its objects, making the difference of beings of three and two dimensions very comprehensible. The book is written in German, but will appear in English in the course of about six months.

HARDSHIPS OF LIFE IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

The whole region is one of severe cold, and the sea is frozen for the greater part of the year, land and water becoming almost indistinguishable, but for the incessant movement and drift of the sea-ice. In summer the sea-ice breaks up into floes which may drift away southward and melt, or be driven by the wind against the shores of continents or islands, leaving lanes of open water which a shift of wind may change and close in an hour. Icebergs launched from the glaciers of the land also drift with tide, current, and wind through the more or less open water. Possibly at some times the pack may open and a clear waterway run through to the pole, and old whalers tell of many a year when they believed that a few days' steaming would carry them to the end of the world, if they could have seized the opportunity. At other times, routes traversed in safety time after time may be effectively closed for years, and all advance barred. Food in the form of seals or walrus in the open water, reindeer, musk ox, polar bears or birds on the land, may often be procured, but these sources cannot be relied upon. Advance northward may be made by water in a ship, or by dog-sledge, or on foot, over the frozen snow or ice. Each method has grave drawbacks. Advance by sea is stopped when the young ice forms in autumn, and land advance is hampered by the long Arctic night which enforces months of inaction, more trying to health and spirits than the severest exertion.—McClure's Magazine.



ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

BY EMMA WILLARD.

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Secure I rest upon the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save; I know that Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall; And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

"And such the trust that still were mine, Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine; And, though the tempest's fiery breath Roused me from sleep to wreck and death, In ocean-cave, still safe with Thee, The germ of immortality, And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

[NOTE]. Comparatively few people are aware that the above beautiful hymn was written by Mrs. Emma Willard, the subject of the following sketch.

EMMA WILLARD—THE PIONEER IN WOMAN'S EDUCATION.

To-day, when great universities have opened their doors to women, and they are achieving success and renown in fields hitherto deemed beyond their reach, it is fitting that honor should be given to that woman, who with wonderful foresight and unselfish purpose laid the foundations for the great advance of the present day.

Emma Hart was born in Berlin, Conn., February 23, 1787 and was next to the youngest of a family of seventeen, seven of whom were children of a former wife. Her mother had the New England characteristics—practical, industrious, economical—and was an admirable manager. Her father, Samuel Hart, was an influential farmer, with longings for intellectual culture, and was of great assistance to Emma, supplementing the scanty knowledge acquired at the district school, by teaching her in the evening; by the time she was fifteen, she had read "Plutarch's Lives," "Rollin's Ancient History," "Gibbon's Rome," and the most famous of the British essayists. After gaining all the instruction possible at the district school, the ambitious girl attended an academy kept by Dr. Miner, a Yale graduate. In 1804, when she was seventeen, she opened a school for children and began her career as a teacher, which continued with slight interruption for forty years. But this school was open only during the summer months, as the balance of the two years following she spent at school in Hartford, for she was persistent in taking advantage of every avenue open to her. She first taught in Berlin and then at Westfield, Mass.; but as she was not satisfied here, she soon left to teach in Middlebury, Vt. It was here that she met Dr. John Willard, whom she married at the age of twenty-two, supposing that she would never teach again. Dr. Willard was a man of property and considerable ability. He was quite active in politics and was Marshal of the State of Vermont. He was twenty-eight years older than she.

A letter written before her marriage, while she was teaching in Middlebury, gives a very good idea of her character and opinions:

"I go to school generally before nine, and stay till one; come home, snatch my dinner, go again, and stay till almost sundown; come home, and dress in a great hurry to go abroad; get home about ten, fatigued enough to go to bed, and he till seven the next morning, with hardly time enough to mend my stockings. Sunday I attend four meetings. My situation is a very trying one, in some respects. It will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to avoid making enemies. To please all is impossible—as much so as it would be for a person to be going two different ways at the same time. To please the greatest number of the people, I must attend all the meetings Sunday, go to conference one or two afternoons in a week, profess to believe, among other articles of the creed, that mankind generally speaking, will be damned. To please another set of people, I must speak in the most contemptible manner of conferences, and ridicule many of the notions of religionists, and praise many things that are disagreeable, such as dancing, playing cards, etc. In this situation I know of no better way than to

follow the dictates of my conscience. This would direct me not to ridicule what others hold to be sacred; to endeavor not to treat in such a manner as that they may have reason to be personally my enemies; to have no idea of pretending to believe what I do not believe."

Soon after her marriage, Dr. Willard lost his office and suffered financial reverses, but through it all, she displayed the same energetic and hopeful spirit. Shortly after the death of her father, with the consent of her husband, she set about founding an academy for boarding pupils at Middlebury. Her exertions were unremitting and in a short time she had seventy scholars; but Mrs. Willard was not satisfied with this, it being her wish to have a public seminary under the supervision of public men. In 1817 she wrote thus to Judge Crafts, an influential member of Congress: "Why should I hesitate to submit my plans to a good man whose business and object it is to promote the public good? I have sent to the President a manuscript containing my plan for improving the education of females, by instituting public seminaries for their use. Nor do I fear that Mr. Monroe will regard my plan with contempt, for I have written on a subject I understand. But I fear, amid the multiplicity of his concerns, a scheme coming from an obscure individual may be thrown from his mind before he has duly considered it. I wish the plan may become a subject of discussion among the most liberal and enlightened characters at Washington. . . . This is a world in which silent, unpatronized merit is too often disregarded, while bustling impudence is fully noticed."

After two years her efforts with influential men succeeded to the extent of having her plan endorsed by the Legislature of New York and some aid given. Mrs. Willard was really the mother of the Normal School. Her idea was to give women an education which, while it was practical, yet afforded more intellectual advantages than was customary or deemed necessary at that time. Mrs. Willard's appeal to politicians and legislators was premature, but if she did not obtain what she expected from the Legislature, she received encouragement from distinguished men in different parts of the country. She established a school at Waterford but not meeting with the cooperation of the people, and the citizens of Troy offering her inducements to remove her school to Troy, she did so. She says: "The corporation have raised \$4,000 by tax. They are now erecting a brick building, sixty feet by forty, three stories above the basement; and the basement, raised five feet above the ground, contains a dining-room as well as kitchen and laundry." This building was subsequently twice enlarged to about three times its original capacity, for from the beginning the school was a popular one and girls from the first families in the land flocked to the Troy Female Seminary. At this time, Mrs. Willard was thirty-four years old and is described as being beautiful, attractive and intellectual. The Seminary served a double purpose, for it not only gave young women the advantage of instruction in the higher branches, but it also fitted them to be teachers. Even at this late day, in some sections of the country prejudices have to be overcome in regard to education of women, and it is easy to imagine what it was in her time. The following extract from a letter written to Maria Edgeworth reveals something of her ideas on education in 1830:

"An English traveler attended for a time upon my last examination. He said to me on leaving: 'Madam, you are making a grand experiment here; we have nothing to compare with it on our side of the water; but I fear you are educating girls too highly, and that they will not be willing to marry.' But I have never experienced any difficulty of this sort. The young men sought them so resolutely for wives that I could not keep them for teachers. The teachers are generally interesting to young ladies whom I have educated myself. And I do think we have made arrangements which have obviated evils that have heretofore existed in public schools."

From the death of her husband in 1825 until the time that her son John was able to assist her, Mrs. Willard carried on the whole enterprise alone, a rather important work, when it is remembered that there were two hundred day pupils, one hundred boarders and a large corps of instructors. She was very kind in helping needy girls and often as much as \$10,000 was owing her at one time, of which only about half was ever paid back. Mrs. Willard wrote a number of text

books, which were deservedly popular, among which were her Geography, her Universal History and the History of the United States. The account of the Revolution in the latter work was endorsed by no less an authority than Lafayette. When the latter visited Troy, he was greeted by some patriotic and laudatory stanzas composed by Mrs. Willard and sung by a chorus of young ladies. The General was much affected and extended a most cordial invitation to Mrs. Willard to visit him in France, which she did in 1830, accompanied by her son, where through the influence of her distinguished friend, she saw all the gay life of the court. All through her life Mrs. Willard corresponded with distinguished men and was never deemed presumptuous for addressing them. She visited Europe a second time when she was sixty-nine, desiring to attend the World's Educational Convention, held in London, in 1854.

Mrs. Willard was an ardent patriot, but through her school she had formed many warm friendships with southerners, and when the war broke out, her efforts for peace and reunion were misconstrued and she was accused of favoring slavery. At the advanced age of seventy-four, she went to Washington to see if she could have any influence at the Peace Convention. She died April 15, 1870, at the advanced age of eighty-three, universally respected and regretted.

She was always loved by her pupils and an evidence of this was the formation of the Emma Willard Association which served the double purpose of honoring the memory of a noble woman and of affording a lasting bond between the alumnae and pupils of the school. In the Organization Room of the Woman's Building at the World's Fair, the Association has a section where old pupils may meet. A pleasant feature is that Miss Mary A. Hastings, a former teacher of the school, is in charge and old scholars will find a familiar face to greet them.

On Monday and Tuesday, July 17th and 18th, there is to be a re-union of the former pupils of the Troy Female Seminary, which will give long separated school friends an opportunity of renewing old associations. The Association will also take part in the Educational Congress, which begins July 17th. On the 20th of July, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who is a graduate of the Seminary, will deliver an address on "Mrs. Willard's Influence on Woman's Education," which cannot fail to be a fitting tribute to the name of that early pioneer of woman's education, who by her untiring efforts has made possible the advanced position of woman to-day.

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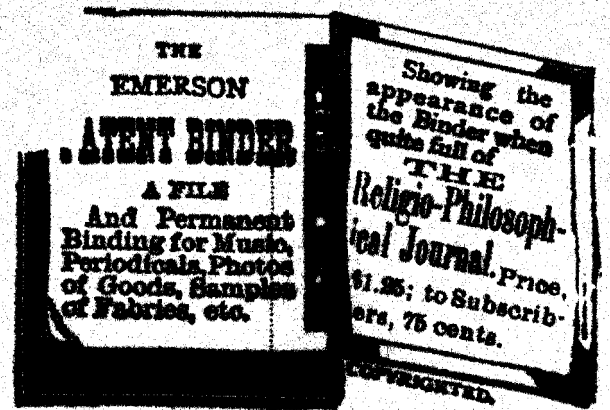
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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Larry. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 10 Milk St., 1893. Pp. 242. Paper; price, 50 cents. Everyone who reads "Larry" will agree that it deserved to win the \$2,000 prize offered by the Youth's Companion for the best short story. The power of Miss Douglas' stories lies in their naturalness and the insight shown in human nature. She always finds the sunny side of rugged characters like "Aunt Mat," who is even a more interesting character than the young hero of the tale, Larry. To her neighbors she is a hard, ambitious, money-making old maid, but to those who know her, she is a fairy godmother, dispensing benefits with a loving hand. Larry is a waif, sent out to Michigan by the society which cares for homeless children in New York. He is too puny to meet the requirements of the greedy farmer to whom he was to be bound, and falls into the hands of "Aunt Mat," who bestows upon him all the pent-up love of her life. He is true to her when he finds his own wealthy and aristocratic relatives, who left him to starve and grow up among strangers; when they find him developed into a man to be admired, they desire to keep him with them but they are powerless to do so. The chief charm of the story lies in the beautiful and touching relation between Larry and his "Aunt Mat," which nothing was strong enough to sever.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The World's Parliament of Religions." By Daniel K. Tenney. H. L. Green, publisher. Paper. Pp. 20. Price, 10 cents. "Washington Brown, Farmer." By Le Roy Armstrong, author of "An Indiana Man." Pp. 326. Paper. Price, 50 cents. "Le Professeur Lombroso et Le Spiritisme." Analyse faite par le "Reformador." Organe de la Federation Spirite Bresilienne. Rio Janeiro: Typographe Moreira Maximino & C., rue Quitanda n. 90. 1893. "The Golden Rod and other Poems." By Anna Gardner. "Bethia Wray's New Name." By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 10 Milk street, 1893. Pp. 404. Cloth. Price, \$1.50. "Zenla, the Vestal;" or, The Problem of Vibrations. By Margaret B. Peeke, author of "Born of Flame;" Assisted by the Brotherhood and By Order of the Hierophant Egyptian and Aloantra of Grenada, under Direction of the Algerine. Boston, Mass.: Arena Publishing Company, Copley Square, 1893. Pp. 355. Cloth. "Jerushy in Brooklyn." By Jerushy Smith of Smithville. (Anna Olcott Commelin.) New York: Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East Twenty-first street. Pp. 84. Paper. Price, 25 cents.

MAGAZINES.

New Occasions for July, the second number of this magazine, opens with an article by Lawrence Gronlund on "Eugene Richter's Caricature of Socialism." T. E. Allen writes on "The Competitive Spirit and the Law of Love." "The People's Party," is a critical article by W. H. Van Ornum. F. M. Holland writes on "Retrospection," pointing out that there has been a tendency on the part of our national government toward the recognition of Christianity as the official religion of the country, contrary to the spirit of the national constitution and to the intention of the founders of this government. Miriam Daniel contributes a beautiful sonnet entitled, "Fame." "The Final Goal" is the caption of a rather pessimistic article by an able writer B. W. Ball. C. Staniland Wake has a very attractive paper under the name of "Pleasant Illusions." E. H. Thomas criticises in a trenchant manner the book entitled "Why Government at All?" Under the head "Occasions and Duties," the editor discusses "Competition and Cooperation," "Industrial Revolution," "Intellectual Development" and "Marriage," and other subjects. \$1.00 a year. Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe street, Chicago.—The Eclectic Magazine for July is an excellent number of this magazine, which for attractiveness of thought and style is unsurpassed by any magazine published. It takes the cream of the leading magazines, the editor showing admirable judgment in selecting the most valuable contributions. In this number, the leading article is by J. Russell Eudean on the question, "Will Socialism be a Remedy for Present Laws?"

Frederick Henry has an article on "Rome Revisited." Dr. Robson Roose writes on "The Propagation and Prevention of Cholera." Prof. Max Muller has an article on "Esoteric Buddhism" from which quotations have already been given in THE JOURNAL and the whole of which is well worth reading. "The Last Days of the Empire" (from Blackwood's Magazine), "The Fatal Number," by Marie Hargrave, "The Craving for Fiction," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," (from Temple Bar), and "Cremation," by Rev. Alfred S. Newman, are among the attractions of this splendid number of the Eclectic. \$5.00 a year. E. R. Pelton, publisher, 144 Eighth street, New York City.—The Social Economist (George Gunton, editor,) for July opens with an article by the editor on "Our National Object Lesson." This is followed by a paper from Dr. Lewis G. Jones on the "Economic Value of Altruism." Ellen Batelle Dietrick writes on "Restriction of Immigration." William H. Jeffrey has "Reflections on the End of War." William Aldrich writes on "Economic Direction of Thrift," and Joel Benton has an article on "The Missing Link in Political Reform." There are other readable papers in this number. New York: 34 Union Square. \$2.00 a year.—The Independent Pulpit for July opens with an article by J. P. Richardson, entitled "Why does Christianity Survive?" Dr. A. Boecking has a paper entitled, "Cogito, ergo sum." "Religion vs. Progress," by D. W. McCourt is one of the contributions. There are a number of controversial articles and several editorials on subjects of current interest in the religious world. J. D. Shaw, Waco, Texas.—Manford's Magazine for June has a varied table of contents. "Love Your Neighbor and Respect his Belief," "The Model Home," "The Way to Ruin," "The Price of Anger," "Courtship," "How to Move a Balky Horse," "Supernatural Revelation," "The Cowboy Race," "What Lies Beyond," "George Washington," these titles give an idea of the number and variety of articles in this magazine. Terms, \$1.50 per year. Chicago: 774 West Van Buren street.—The June number of the Carrier Dove opens with a biographical sketch by Mrs. M. J. Hendee, a medium of San Francisco, of whom a picture is given as the frontispiece. "Woman's Advance in the World's Progress," is the subject of an address by Mrs. Ella Wilson Marchant, which was given during the Summerland Camp Meeting in 1892. It is quite readable. There are many other articles by contributors and editors the whole making a very attractive number of this magazine, which is devoted to Spiritualism and reform. \$2.50 a year. Carrier Dove Publishing Co., 121 Eighth street, San Francisco, Cal.—The Voice (which is the organ of the West Division High School) for June has for its frontispiece a portrait of George M. Clayburn. R. A. J. Shaw contributes the opening paper which is entitled "A Phase of Alexander Hamilton's Life," which is quite a discriminating and well-written article. Richard V. Carpenter contributes a poem of merit on "The Dreamer." Helena Finch gives "A Story of Commencement." Julia Synnestvedt has some lines addressed to the seniors. Homer W. Howe writes on "Our Class." Myrtle Reed, who has been for some time editor of the Voice, and who is a young lady of literary and poetical abilities of a high order, has a poem "Our Class Flower; A Dream of the Rose." She also has an article on "Our Class Yell," which yells we don't think much of. It is as follows: Ker plunk, ker plunk, rickety rye, World's Fair Class, West Side High, Crimson and White, W. D., 1893. There are numerous other articles, editorial notes, society notes, etc., which make a very varied table of contents and a very readable number. Myrtle Reed, Room 1, 41 Seelye avenue, Chicago, editor. Robert B. Molloy, Room 7, Paulina street, Business Manager.—Current Literature for July is a very valuable number for the large amount of information which it contains respecting the World's Fair. It tells all about the Fair's finances, about the restaurants, the art display, the theatres of the Midway Plaisance, the Egyptian quarter, which is a great center of attraction, the Dahomeys, the various types of visitors, special displays and exhibits, an electrical wonderland, social features, etc.; in addition to the articles on this and many other subjects of interest, there are valuable essays, such as "Character in Handwriting," "The Etiquette of Packages," "Exploits of Arabian Fakirs," "The Wisdom of Sir John Lubbock." Current Literature Publishing Company, 52-54 Lafayette Place, New York.—The Unitarian for

July opens with an article by Rev. C. F. Doyle on "Moral Courage or Faith." A very readable paper is that by W. D. Hariman, in which is given a sketch of Socrates, showing the moral greatness and heroism of the man, the wise man of the ancient world, as John Stuart Mill says of him. "World's Fairs of the Past" by Mary Motley, "Books Excluded From the Bible" by J. T. Sunderland, "Trials of Heretics of To-day" by David Swing, "Chicago Letter" by Celia T. Wooley, these are among the many attractive articles in this number of the Unitarian. J. H. Ellis, publisher, 141 Franklin street, Boston. \$1.00 per year.—Our Little Men and Women for July is bright, vivacious and timely. Its writers enter into the spirit of their work with a heartiness that imparts itself not only to the youngest reader, but to the sympathizer and lover of child life everywhere. Its poems and stories, noticeably "A Little Columbian Grandpapa," which is distinctively "Columbian" this month, will meet the needs of vacation time, and inspire a love of patriotism as well among both boys and girls. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price \$1.00 a year.—Babyland for July is a real summer number. All about tennis, and Two Little Indian babies who were cradled in the tree tops. "Through the Farmyard Gate" and "Babykins," the little pictorial baby serials, are dainty and sweet. There are pictures for baby to look at, and rhymes for mamma to read to baby. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price 50 cents a year.

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HON. JOEL TIFFANY.

[Reprinted from THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of November 12, 1892.]

I was born on September 6, 1811, of Presbyterian parents and was taught to believe that it was the only true faith. From early childhood I was given to study and it was expected that I would become a Presbyterian clergyman. In the early spring of 1827 during a revival season in Barkhamsted, Conn., I became a convert and united with the church in my native town and became an earnest and sincere laborer in the church. I commenced preparing for college intending to qualify for the ministry. I soon began to have doubts as to the soundness of my religious views. I was inclined to believe that such doubts were temptations of the devil, and for a year or more I tried my best to pray them down. But they grew on me so strong that I gave up the idea of preparing for the ministry and concluded to study law, so in the spring of 1831 I entered the office of William G. Williams, of New Hartford, Connecticut, as a law student. In the spring of 1832 I went to Ohio to visit a brother and other relatives, expecting to return during the summer and resume my legal studies. But I became so well pleased with the country and people, that I concluded to make Ohio my home. I located at Medina, the county seat of Medina county, and resumed the study of law under the instruction of Charles Olcott; and in the summer of 1834 I was admitted to the bar and commenced practice.

My religious and theological doubts continued to increase during these years, and I ultimately became an Atheist, having no belief in God, spirit, or future life, and openly argued these questions with any one who saw fit to dispute the correctness of my views. In my skeptical views I was as earnest and honest as I had been in my religious views. The church and clergy looked upon me as a dangerous man, and they did what they could to destroy my influence, which, however, did not worry me. In the spring of 1836 I removed to Elyria, Lorain county, Ohio, and commenced the practice of law with one Horace D. Clark, who was a good lawyer—but no advocate—so we worked together, he prepared the cases and I tried them in court. My skeptical views did not seem to injure my practice. I had become acquainted with a Methodist man who was in the habit of going to church and getting the power and making a fool of himself by wallowing on the floor while "the power" was on. I had pretty much abandoned attending church for many reasons I need not mention.

In a suit I had, where this Methodist man getting the power was a party, I had occasion to find out that he was not an honest man, and I despised him for his hypocrisy. One Sabbath morning in 1843, when the church bells were ringing, and the crowds were hastening by, who should come along but this Methodist hastening to his church to get the power. In disgust and much bitterness, I said to myself, "There goes one of these Christians. If such is Christianity, give me none of it." When a voice, clear and distinct said, "It is not his Christianity, but his lack of it, you despise." Said I, "Is that so?" The answer came, "yes." I said, "I will see." And I was as good as my word. I at once commenced a review to see if such was my mistake, and it took me but a short time to find that those were "words fitly spoken." I soon advised my skeptical friend of the change of thought and feeling that was coming upon me, and where I had publicly spoken against Christianity, I as publicly recanted of what I said. It was soon noised abroad that I had abandoned my skeptical views,

and I think each of the several denominations desired me to unite with it. I was obliged to decline because I did not believe in their peculiar theological dogmas.

This voice that spake to me on that occasion continued its speakings from time to time, as circumstances required, and I learned to rely implicitly on what it said, for it never told me an untruth, whether giving me news, or business information, or telling what was about to take place. I never questioned it, never sought to know who it was, never asked for information on any subject, but left it to the spirit to speak when it thought proper, and as it thought proper, and to trust to its and my sincerity. The manifestations had been such from 1843 to 1849-50 that my faith as a Spiritualist was fully established before the manifestations through the Fox family occurred and there is scarcely any phase of mediumship with which I have not been familiar from that time to the present. In the winter of 1850-1, I became a psychometric medium and passed all its phases during some fifteen or twenty years following that time. In the winter of 1850-1 I gave a course of lectures on Spiritualism in the Universalist church on Prospect street, Cleveland, commencing in November, and every Sunday, ending in July following; and these lectures were written under an influence not my own. This I had occasion to know on several occasions when I attempted to dictate what they should be. At times I became spiritually clairaudient and could hear all the spirits said. I have recognized them by tone of voice with which I was familiar while they were living in the flesh. At times I became clairvoyant and could see and describe what was about to take place.

From 1850 I gave up all other business and devoted my time to writing and speaking upon the subject of Spiritualism until 1860-1, when I went to Albany, New York, and engaged in legal writings and in doing what I could in putting down the Rebellion. I spent ten years in Albany and then came west to Chicago and that has been my business centre. I have maintained my Spiritualism during all this time although I have not been much in the lecturing field.

While residing in Albany, N. Y., in 1861 I wrote, and W. C. Little published, a work on "Trusts and Trustees." It was published as Tiffany & Bullard's work, because I was a stranger to the bar in New York and the Eastern States. In 1862-3 I also wrote a work on "Practice Under the New York Code" in three volumes. This was published as Tiffany & Smith's Practice, because of Smith's known reputation as a practitioner under the New York Code. (Smith endorsed the work but wrote none of it.) During these years I also digested the New York Court of Appeals Reports, published by W. C. Little, of Albany. In 1866-7 I wrote a work on Government and Constitutional law as applicable to the Government of the United States, and of the several States, which was highly commended by many of our public men, as Sumner, Wade, Giddings, Stanton and several of our foreign ministers. This was published by Wear C. Little in 1867, and was adopted as a text-book in some of the colleges. I was appointed reporter of the Court of Appeals by Reuben Fenton, Governor; Thomas B. Alford, Lieutenant-Governor; and John Cochran, Attorney General of New York, in 1865. During my three-years' term of office I reported twelve volumes of Court of Appeals Reports, known as Tiffany's Reports. This includes all the legal works written by myself and prepared for publication.

Yours truly,

JOEL TIFFANY.

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THE HUMAN SIDE OF GREAT MEN.

It would matter little if the Rev. Dr. MacArthur should succeed in proving that Columbus was not a moral man. If the great navigator had been a model of morality in the age in which he lived he would probably have gone into a monastery or preceded Xavier as an apostle of the Indies. He certainly would not have followed the sea and thereby acquired the knowledge necessary for his unparalleled undertaking. It ill becomes Americans, therefore, to attack the character of the man who made possible the America of to-day.

But as a matter of fact, Dr. MacArthur is threshing over very old straw in assailing Columbus on the ground of alleged immorality. Critics at least as severe have been in the field before, and the world has not opened its eyes either in astonishment or condemnation. It is easy to discover flaws in the character of the truly great—much easier than it is to be truly great.

The heroes of history should be judged from the standpoint of their time and their achievement, and not with the magnifying glass of microscopical criticism, that brings each roughness and irregularity into bold relief. When Phidias had completed his statue of Olympian Jove, the spectators discerned various defects in the mighty work, but Phidias asked them to wait, before criticising, until the statue had been elevated to its lofty seat, and then the figure appeared in all its perfection of art, the most wonderful triumph of ancient sculpture, the fitting image of the ruler of Grecian gods. So it is with greatness. Its faults, its foibles and imperfections are forgotten in the well rounded outline of mighty achievement. Who thinks of the charges made against Cæsar in the Senate of his sympathy with the Catiline conspiracy, and of his harshness in family relations, when estimating the position in the world's history of the founder of Roman imperialism? Who takes into account the personal frailties of Napoleon in measuring the genius of the man who tore the veil of feudalism from the face of slumbering Europe? Or, to come nearer home, who cares to dwell on the confessed culpability of Alexander Hamilton in paying homage to that master mind which exercised such a dominant influence in making the federal constitution a real bond of union instead of a rope of sand?

Virtue is always admirable, and should always be encouraged. But censorious criticism of the human weaknesses of men who have accomplished great things for mankind in the past does not tend to make men better in the present. It is too easy and too cheap.—New York Press.

Careful estimates place the population of Chicago at 1,400,000, and the probability is that it is above rather than below that figure. The area within the city limits is 181 square miles. There is over \$200,000,000 invested in manufacturing industries, producing annually upward of \$550,000,000 worth goods, and paying employes more than \$100,000,000. The wholesale business of the city aggregates more than \$500,000,000, and its commerce more than \$1,500,000,000. Its meat products alone are valued at \$190,000,000. The bank clearings are nearly \$5,000,000,000 a year. Over \$60,000,000 has been invested in public schools, whose maintenance costs from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 a year. There are 800 private schools, 350 seminaries and academies, and four universities. The public library contains nearly 200,000 volumes, and has a circulation greater than that of any other in the United States. The other libraries of the city are estimated to contain over 3,000,000 volumes. There are over 900 daily and weekly papers and periodicals, and 700 literary organizations. There are about 600 churches. Over \$300,000,000 has been expended in the construction of buildings since 1876, and the annual expenditure for this purpose is between \$45,000,000 and \$55,000,000. I have said that there is something like destiny in this unexampled development. So there is; but destiny is merely another name for natural law.—July St. Nicholas.

Of French girlhood Marquise de San Carlos writes in the North American Review for July: It is almost impossible to give foreigners an idea of the moral swaddling bands that constrain French youth and warp its spontaneous growth. A mother's one ambition is to launch her child suddenly into the wild vortex of life

utterly ignorant of its dangers; the more ignorant she is found, the more perfect is considered her education. Her mamma's anxious vigilance has followed her day by day, from the hour of her birth, until she has triumphantly placed her darling as innocent as a new-born babe on her marriage day in the arms of a man the child scarcely knows by sight, and who is often a Paris libertine, in its high-bred phase. Is it surprising that such a bride should experience cruel disappointments and often end by seeking consolation in those forbidden attachments where heart-breaking remorse follows new and deeper disenchantments that end by shattering belief in all love, and leave the young mother powerless in her turn to lead her child through the untrodden paths of nature's own simple laws of love? Neither can a young man attempt to reform present customs and seek a wife of his own choice, for a gentleman is in honor bound never to court a girl without having previously asked her parents' permission, and, as the slightest attention to a girl assumes immediately in France a serious character, he must either ask this permission before knowing his bride, or he must run the risk of being shot down by a chivalrous brother, should he afterwards decline marrying within a few weeks' notice.

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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 following interesting experience has been sent us by Mrs. Jennie Potter, the well-known medium of Boston, now stopping in Washington, D. C.: Some months since I was suffering from a slight attack of the grippe. One afternoon, at not far

from four o'clock, I fell asleep and awoke after dark. Still it did not seem like a natural sleep. I remember a sense of floating, as if in the air, and the broad ocean underneath me, until I landed inside a theatre in Geneva, Switzerland, in which city my daughter was stopping. I was conscious of taking a seat next to her. She did not look at me. Still I was perfectly aware that she knew I was by her side. She was intently listening to some most beautiful music. I was sure that when the music stopped, she would look at me, but as the music ceased, I seemed to float away and opened my eyes to find myself at home with Mr. Potter sitting at my bedside. I said, "Jimmie, I have been with our Mary at an opera in Geneva." As soon as possible, I received the following letter from her of the date of my dream, saying: "..... I have returned from listening to a most beautiful opera, and you were there, I know, in the seat on my left which was vacant. All at once, as I listened to the exquisite music, I was made perfectly sure that you had taken the vacant seat. I somehow did not dare to look round for fear you would take wings and fly away but as the music stopped, I looked and saw a white vapor rise from the seat and by this I was sure. I did not fear that you had died and left your material body for somehow I was sure that you had not. I cannot tell why I knew it."

In THE JOURNAL of June 24th, in relating the transition of Mrs. Caroline A. Hay, of Haysville, an account was given of a thrilling episode in her life, when in 1864, the steamboat W. R. Arthur in its passage up the Mississippi river was shelled by rebel batteries. Mrs. Gregg, of North Dakota, seeing the incident in THE JOURNAL writes that she and her brother Gen. John McArthur, with his staff, were going up the Mississippi river, on the steamer W. R. Arthur, when it was shelled by Marmaduke's Battery. She says: "In reading of the transition of Mrs. Caroline A. Hay, I see that she was a passenger on the boat during that thrilling experience. I was also there and found a place of safety behind the cotton bales which were on the lower deck. It is the first time in all the years that have passed that I have seen any account of it, or of any one who was there other than the relatives and friends with whom I was at the time."

Psychische Studien for June has an article by Herman Handrich, of Brooklyn, on the "Proof of Theurgy," or Spiritualism by incontestible evidence. The secretary C. Wittig has an interesting article on some parallel cases to the experiences of his mother in ghost-seeing. There is an open letter by Dr. F. Maier to the materialist Dr. Buechner and his associates in which an article of Haeckel comes in for some criticism. Carl Du Prel continues an interesting paper entitled, "Are there Dreams which give Warning." De Thomassin has an article on "Fernwirken" movement of objects at a distance without visible contact, etc., being discussed.

In the book notices of July 1st, reference was made to a small pamphlet of poems by Susan F. Fillmore. A letter from a subscriber informs us that Mrs. Fillmore passed away last January, within a few days of completing her ninety-eighth year. Her only remaining child, Dr. C. W. Fillmore, of Providence, R. I., who was also a subscriber to THE JOURNAL, entered upon the higher life, June 3, 1893.

A correspondent writes that Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, of Troy, New York, has just closed a very successful engagement before the First Society of Spiritualists of Dallas, Texas. The meeting of June 30th was very interesting and instructive, con-

sisting of an address and readings through Mrs. Reynolds by her controls, an address from the President, Mr. Granville Deane, and instrumental and vocal music. There was also a poem by Mr. McConnell. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers and grasses. Resolutions were passed commending Mrs. Reynolds to other societies. She will visit St. Louis and Chicago on her way north.

M. Charles Picard, in an interesting brochure entitled "Sémites-Etaryens," shows that the antagonism persists between the dogmas of the two races; on the one side Judaism and Christianity with their avenging God; on the other Buddhism with its God who promises pardon and receives the sinner, after temporary expiations, into the bosom of his infinity. It shows, according to the author, that between these two divinities future generations will have to choose. Felix Alcan is the publisher of this book at the price 1 franc, 50 centimes, Paris, France.

Miss Abby Judson, after spending a very pleasant fortnight in Sturgis, Mich., went to Minnesota, where she is at present speaking at the North Star Camp Meeting. She speaks in high terms of the camp and feels that it is doing a great deal of good.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Daily News-Herald, published at Peru, Ill., gives a sketch of Capt. John L. McCormick, who passed to the higher life June 22d, and to whose demise and funeral brief reference was made in THE JOURNAL last week. Mr. McCormick was born in Lycoming county, Pennsylvania, January 1, 1808, and remained on his father's farm in that county until he was twenty-one, when he was appointed foreman of the canal running from the mouth of the Juniata river to the Northumberland. Three years later, he engaged in the lumber business. In 1836, he went to Pittsburgh where he remained in business until 1847, when he moved to Peru, where he was extensively engaged in the ice business until 1854. After that date, he devoted his attention chiefly to farming and stock-raising. In the meantime, he acquired a landed estate, which now contains over twelve hundred acres. He commenced life without any means except a pair of willing hands and a determination to succeed in business. He was actively engaged in politics, being a prominent supporter of the Democratic party and was elected to various offices. Personally, his life was one that commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him and his departure leaves a vacancy in the social and business life of the community. While he lived in Pittsburgh, he married Miss Anna Jones, by whom he had eight children, three of whom only (one son and two daughters) with the mother, survive the loss of a kind and loving father and husband. Evidence that his prominent position for nearly half a century had given him a wide acquaintance, that his integrity and ability had gained the respect and esteem of all his townsmen, and that his genial and generous disposition had won the warm friendship of those who had met him socially, was shown by the fact that the procession to the cemetery was a mile in length. Many from other States were present to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed, and the address by Mr. Underwood at the house and also his remarks at the grave, were listened to by hundreds of people representing different shades of religious belief. Capt. McCormick was brought up in the orthodox faith, but for many years had been a Spiritualist in religion, sharing with his family the conviction that death is but a transition. He had long been a subscriber of THE JOURNAL.

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Address E. F. Butterfield, Syracuse, N. Y., enclosing lock of hair, stamp, name and age. He will give you a written diagnosis of your condition.

SERIOUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

Milk train in collision; no milkman turns up; disappointed house keepers; coffee without cream. A petty annoyance resulting from a neglect to keep the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in the house. Order now for future exigencies from the grocer or druggist.

TO CHICAGO VIA THE LAKES.

The greatest trip to the greatest Fair on earth and one thousand miles ride, Detroit to Chicago, in the grandest palace steamers on the Lakes, picturesque scenery, returning from Chicago direct, all rail; or you can go to Chicago rail, and return via the Lakes and Detroit, berths and meals included between Mackinaw and Chicago. Round trip rate from Cincinnati, \$21.30, (via Toledo and boat 30 cents less).

For further information as to rates from other points on the C. H. & D. system, ask any C. H. & D. R. R. agent or address E. O. McCormick, G. P. & T. A., C. H. & D. R. R., Cincinnati, O.

Whether Pasteur and Koch's peculiar modes of treatment will ultimately prevail or not, their theory of blood-contamination is the correct one, though not original. It was on this theory that Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., nearly fifty years ago, formulated Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

There is no excuse for any man to appear in society with a grizzly beard since the introduction of Buckingham's Dye, which colors a natural brown or black.

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Leave Chicago daily at 9:30 a. m. Return to city about 8:30 p. m. Round Trip, \$1.00.
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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 "Plank's Tavern," is now open. Rates, \$2.00 a day.

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