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

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THE OPEN COURT

HELPLESSNESS.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

Since what is, must be,
And Fate's stern mandate is like Nature's law
Careful of appeal, nor doth withdraw,
And if by its decree

One of high courage finds
Himself among those doomed to take hard blows
From Destiny's hand—his life from birth to close
A forced march 'gainst fierce winds

And if such doom be doled
To one large-hearted, brave, sincere and true,
Who longs through all his being good to do,
Need he become dwarf-souled

From lack of power, or chance
To do the grander things he dreamed of doing,
Because Fate wills him with no sign of rueing,
The slave of circumstance?

Nay!—here man conquers Fate;
For narrowed limits—the enemies' serried lines—
The fight for bread to live—e'en Sin's designs,
Keep none quite isolate

From others, lower planed
In scale of woe, who need uplifting aid
From fellow-sufferers who may not upbraid
Since they themselves are pained

By stress of grief, of sin,
Of poverty—the countless incidental ills
Of sad humanity—the passionate thrills
Of love, hate, woe, that make us kin,

No—Fate can never fling
Man to such depths but if strong will there be
To help his brother, he clear way shall see
Good from each ill to wring.

If o'er his soul there rolls
The cold, contemptuous, heavy waves of scorn
This need not chill his sympathy for those o'erborne
'Mid Wrong's quicksands and shoals.

If Fate, for him too strong,
Make wrong-doer of him, spite of will or prayer
Tho' fallen he need not keep prone in despair—
But rise to right the wrong!

Should even his misdeeds
Admit of no atonement, he can be brave, accept
His unwished penance, and being thus adept,
Can better deal with sinner's needs.

Or even when weakly prone
Without the strength to rise to manhood's height,
He may voice courage—help some luckless wight
To catch his cheery tone,

Aye—even if voiceless, dumb—
He still may lift moist eyes to pity woes more deep—
Or sightless grown—may grope as one in sleep
In aid of those else overcome.

PHILOSOPHY APPLIED TO PRACTICAL LIFE.

BY ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

In one of Mr. Mabie's books, he says, "without the sky the earth would lose its beauty and significance, and the sky to him is the spiritual element which is often left out in surveys of literature. So, too, in our common experience, in life lived from day to day, we may lose sight of the sky altogether and live with looks downward bent, or we may whatever our work and its seeming drudgery transfigure it by our upward vision and so receive new strength and inspiration. Philosophy, and we all of us have a philosophy, a theory of life, whether we know it or not,—the true philosophy that is the daughter of God, according to Plato and Dante and the world's great thinkers, will help us never to lose the conviction that the sky is overhead in unchanging serenity however obscured by passing clouds.

It is the spiritual rather than the intellectual element which is most helpful in philosophy as it is most helpful in literature. What is philosophy? There are many definitions of it, but I shall consider at present only two in which there is universal agreement. It is, as its name indicates, love of wisdom. Notice the two words, love and wisdom; not knowledge, for something must be added to knowledge before it can become wisdom. This then is one definition. But philosophy is a search for unity, for the one principle of all that is, for the permanent and eternal under the changing and transient. It is an inquiry into that which seems, whether it rightly seems, says Epictetus; and the discovery of a certain rule, even as we have found a balance for weights, a plumb line for straight and crooked. For much of our thinking as well as our living is determined by appearances rather than reality, by that which seems rather than by that which is, by that whose fashion passeth away rather than by that which is eternal. Philosophy applied to life helps us to discern what appears from what is, and deepens the sense of all that is worthy and permanent in what we are and what we do.

No definition of philosophy can exhaust its meaning. You must experience it to know its power. To imagine that it is confined to abstract reasoning about causation, finite and infinite being, space and time, etc.,—though such reasoning is by no means unfruitful of practical results,—is to mistake it utterly. The attempt to know truth, to grasp the meaning of experience, can never be remote from conduct, from the ideals and aspirations of our common every-day life. What life is to us depends upon our theory of life, upon the interpretation of it which commends itself to our intelligence. The most essential thing after all is the constitution of our inward consciousness. Few lives are the same to all outward appearance, but one is barren, dull and superficial, the other rich and full of meaning. One part of life, its externality, is in the hand of fate; but there is another part, its internality, that

it is in our power to make what we will. This is personality, what we are in our inmost being and essence. Once grasp the truth that the centre of gravity must be in one's self, in one's own inward consciousness of truth and right, and life at once assumes a different aspect, we judge things not by the attitude of other people towards them, but rather by that which we ourselves believe, founding our belief on the knowledge great or little which we possess, and on that within us which like Socrates we have recognized as a divine voice.

"The two things that men's lives want most are simplicity and independence," says Phillips Brooks. And if any one study more than another leads to independent thinking, thinking for one's self, it is the study of philosophy. You cannot obtain an insight into it from reading books, though books are useful; nor by listening to lectures; nor by anything except your own earnest effort, mental self-activity, your own thinking. It is a moral as well as intellectual duty not to allow any one else to do our thinking, to lay down the law for us day by day in book, or magazine, or newspaper. We have minds as well as bodies, and we must not simply reflect but help to create public opinion. Dr. Downe says: "Let me so esteem public opinion that I despise not others' thoughts, since most men are such as most men think they be; nor so reverence it that I make it always the rule of my actions."

Our lesser thought is seen in the end to be part of a larger thought. Just as a single flower involves the existence of the universe, as earth and sky are met and married in its bloom and fragrance, so is it with a single thought, so is it with everything. Whatever is narrow and partial we outgrow; "only the truth that is broad and complete grows up with us and can be kept." To strive to live but for a few moments in the higher region of ideas, which as Plato saw is the region of beauty and goodness as well as the region of truth, is to receive strength and refreshment for all practical work. Philosophy is not really philosophy unless it is acted in life, and in life we must have the sky as well as the earth, the spiritual as well as the material. "Our life is a life of knowledge," says Edward Caird, "in which we can know ourselves only as we know the universe of which, as individuals, we form a part. It is a life of action, in which we can realize ourselves only by becoming the servants of an end which is being realized in the world."

THEN AND NOW.

BY W. A. CRAM.

A little more than thirty years have passed since Renan wrote his "Life of Jesus and the Apostles." They were written from the higher standpoint of science and reason of that day. They were a heroic study; a loving criticism; a true-souled reverence for the truth and beauty of the record in the New Testament—of the life of Jesus and his apostles.

Thirty years' growth has wrought wonderful changes in the thought and faith of the schools and churches. Science has widened. Religious faith has risen, bringing vast new treasures of knowledge and higher, clearer light.

From this higher, clearer standpoint of knowledge

and light, let us consider one lesson from Renan's work; namely: the change that thirty years' advance in discovery and science has wrought in our conception of, and relation to, the miraculous and supernatural of the New Testament.

Let us consider briefly the scientific and rational standpoint of thirty or forty years ago from which Renan studied the supernatural and miraculous. The great fundamental fact or principle of the universe upon which science stood and worked thirty years ago was the absoluteness of natural law. God himself could not, or would not, work a miracle. All the supernatural and miraculous of history and events must be fabulous, else false record, therefore to be cast aside or stamped as errors of growth by the true scientist and historian. To conceive of a God or a soul of the universe who suspended natural law to answer childish prayers, would be to put a will or power of chaos at the heart of the world. No prophet or Christ could annul the law of gravity or disease.

From this position the scientist and rationalist in their zeal and joy of discovery and attainment seem not to have stopped to consider the narrowness and dimness of even their largest and best scientific reach and vision in nature. They appear not to have questioned whether a great reality, an immortal truth might not be in this same supernatural and miraculous of history and life which wider science and higher reason might sometime display, not as outside nature, but simply nature and life higher up, fuller grown. The scientific judgment therefore was: Nature does not permit of any miraculous feeding of 5,000 from five loaves and two small fishes, with the marvelous result that all are satisfied and a hundred fold more bread and fish left over than they had at the beginning. Ghosts cannot walk our earth in bodiless forms, subverting our world's natural laws of matter and sense. Disease, pain, and death, are a part of nature never controlled by miracle. From this scientific position of thirty-five years ago, Renan wrote his "Life of Jesus and the Apostles." What the result? If we mistake not, the divinest truth and spirit of the New Testament were unrecognized and cast aside, simply because they were a part of nature and life a little outside and above the scientific thought and vision of that day. May this be true?

We read that Mary saw Jesus after the crucifixion—from the other side of death he appeared to her, the same living, loving Jesus. Could this be true? No, said Renan, science and reason forbid. It must have been the illusion or image of overwrought or diseased senses; Jesus was dead. There can be no real appearance or communion of material form and sense of the dead with the living; nature admits no such fact, science precludes such a belief.

Again we read that soon after his death upon the cross, Jesus appeared, walked and talked with two of his disciples sadly journeying to Emmaus—at eve sat a little while and broke bread with them—then all at once vanished. Altogether improbable, said Renan, our science and reason assure us that the dead do not walk and talk and eat with people in this world. Doubtless some traveler overtook and walked with them. Knowing some of the facts concerning Jesus, he talked with them so tenderly and sympathetically of their "Lord" that they began to feel as if again in the very presence of their "Master;" and when the stranger at nightfall broke the accustomed bread with them, they came to behold and hear him through weeping eyes and hungry hearts as indeed their lord and master returned to them from beyond death. So willingly do we give ourselves to sweet illusions.

We read with Renan how Jesus a little later showed himself to the twelve gathered at night in the quiet chamber, the doors being shut. His voice, with old accustomed sweetness, "Peace be with you," fell upon them as a voice from heaven. He showed them the nail-wounds in his hands and where the spear-point had entered his side, saying: "I am the real Jesus you loved; no bodiless ghost, but your veritable lord and master; not dead and

lost, but more alive and with you than ever before." What a marvelous loving illusion held their senses and filled their thoughts! The sighing of the night breeze, the moving of the shutters created the ghost in their exalted senses and sad, dreamful memories, and they whispered to one another the Lord is with us again; hear his voice: "Peace be with you." Thus Renan reads and interprets the supernatural and miraculous in the record of the life of Jesus. Our science knows it not; our reason denies; it could not be. So much for the heroic study and noble, reverential teaching of a great thinker and scholar thirty years ago. What to-day, O Monsieur Renan, from your serene high attained beyond this world's death, what the revelation of the new and higher knowledge and light of science to-day concerning this same miraculous and supernatural?

Science and discovery have moved outward and upward in marvelous ways during the last three decades to the seeming bounds of our world of matter and life. Is this the end? Far from it. Rather the beginning. For bordering our world of sense and power an infinitely larger and higher world and life is appearing, not separated from ours, but continuous with it in nature's infinitely growing and fulfilling ways. Matter and life die out of our world into this outer and upper realm; not lost, or helpless, but more and better alive and helpful. Higher and more perfect grown, the dead, while living forward, also live back with us for our healing and uplifting. Thus the life of rocks, trees, animals and man here is a kind of pilgrimage into the holy land of the unseen.

From thence beyond this world's death, the risen soul of all creatures and things reaches and calls back for the uplifting and inspiring the lower. Everywhere occult spiritual thoughts and forces move and mould our lives. Ever in subtle ways of spirit and matter, we touch and commune with the infinite invisible over and about us. We begin to see and understand through our growing science and rising faith, how the dead, in nature's constant way of perfecting form and increasing life, walk our streets, commonly in invisible forms—sit with us in our homes; eating and drinking at the same board, not the grosser elements of meats and fruits that feed our ruder bodies of flesh, but the finer, unseen spirit and elements all things bear. Our world-ether is full of voices and music only more exalted ears can hear. Unseen hands of power touch and heal us as if by miracle wrought.

The higher science, the rising faith of to-day stand on the threshold of this vast new home of being looking out and up into its glorious immensity of wonderful new light and life. 'Tis not the supernatural or miraculous but this world risen and transformed, yet bound with us evermore by all the divinest immortal ties of being. 'Tis nature, and natural law, even as our rocks, trees, and sky, and the bodies of flesh we wear; as the falling rain, the love songs of birds, our human hopes and strivings, only nature and natural grown and risen above us.

From this new higher standpoint of science and faith, we read again the old record of the crucified Jesus appearing to Mary at the tomb. We say it might be, O Mary of old! thy vision was higher and truer than all doubts and scoffing of the little dim-eyed science of the past, for you touched, for a moment, nature and life. The other side of death, so near to us, our science is revealing, and lo! the risen Lord was there.

We read once more, how Jesus walked, and talked with the two journeying toward Emmaus. From our new high of science attained we look a little way over our world's borders into the vast infolding unseen, and we say, even thus souls bound by immortal love, through nature's subtler ways of matter and spirit lean to us, reach to us from the other side of death with blessed voice and heart.

They break the bread of life with us in nature's spiritual kindlier ways, unseen, vanishing from our inner life too often when the outer care and sense constrains.

Our growing science is more and more revealing

to us, how the immortal soul of creatures and things of our world, moves outward and upward through widening, winding ways of matter and spirit, by steps of endless transformation into the spiritual realms, that like a limitless ocean of being infolds our little island world, again to return in part for this world's blessings and upleading. No doors or walls, no bolts nor bars can shut it out. 'Tis like nature's flow of the magnetic tides of the universe.

This power and life of the spiritual touches and communes with trees and flowers, with birds, beasts, and man alike, with lowest and highest born, and their lives rise and unfold in strength, in beauty and righteousness to meet and answer them. Through this growing light we read, yet again, how Jesus appeared to the twelve. Was it all illusion? Was it only the night wind, the creaking door or shutter? Resting in the calm strong consciousness that ever the spiritual and invisible from the other side of what we call death infolds, feeds and moulds us, we say, well indeed in nature's way might Jesus have whispered "Peace," and showed his wounded hands and side to those loved disciples sitting in the shadow, and silent in the despair of his awful crucifixion, not by miracle, but through the same great kind nature and law as feeds the flower, inspires the bird song, and at times ministers peace to this world's wearied.

Thirty years have wrought this change of view, brought this higher vision of our world's and life's relation to the unseen, the land and home the upper side of death.

So our knowledge and art of life widens and rises in concentric rings of growth over the borders of this world's matter and life into the infinite invisible, more living and real—than the seen.

Who can measure or limit the widening and rising growth of knowledge and art to be—of the spiritual and unseen, even in this lower world of ours?

Is not this the very heart of the gospel of the immortal Christ? "bringing life and immortality to light?"

THE ETHICAL ASPECT OF THE EVOLUTION OF MACHINERY.

By DR. C. T. STOCKWELL.

V.

Isolation may be, and doubtless is, beneficial up to a certain point, and then the necessity becomes apparent. The individual, as well as the nation, fossilizes and progress is checked unless new blood, new words and new ideas are introduced from abroad. The typical example of this, as regards nations, is the Chinese state, which for two thousand years has remained without perceptible improvement. The wonderful growth, on the other hand, which has been witnessed in Europe and America within the last generation, is largely attributable to the unequalled extent of national intercourse, or the commingling of nations, brought about by the application of steam power to transportation. In the exchange of "things" ideas and sentiments get exchanged also, and produce favorable results. That grand and most significant word,—the "oneness of humanity"—was coined by this interaction, this interchange of communication and relationship. The realities of living are thus brought more vividly home to the consciousness; and ideals and aspirations take possession of the mind, and evolve a wholesome discontent,—the kind of discontent which is the law of growth. As what applies to the mass applies with equal force to the units composing the mass. Uniformity of character is fatal to all improvement or progress. Better by far, is the present social unrest than the stagnation that is synonymous with appeased physical appetites merely. It hardly needed the wisdom of John Stuart Mill to call attention to the fact that a well fed pig is more satisfied than man, and a jolly fool happier than Socrates. Men are possessed of mind and observe and aspire. Hence social unrest. As a social movement is sure to arise whenever there is lack of harmony between the actualities of life and the ideals of living. Herein lies a great hope

arding the world's progress, as well as an element that suggests something of apprehension and fear.

Were there time I would like to refer to some of the vast institutions of modern life that have an existence solely because of their beneficent effect upon society, and consider the relation of these to the evolution of machinery. Also to the growth of nationality, and the complexity of governmental relations. I can, however, only barely hint at these, and suggest merely, that the constant progress, or evolution of machinery bears to these the relation of "sustentation." Evolution, considered as the law of divine sustentation," has here a significant application. It is only modern industry that can support and maintain modern institutions, and the increasing pecuniary demands of the state. And if industry reaches a point of fixedness or of arrested development, further advance along these lines will be impossible.

Another point that I had hoped to allude to is, what I believe to be true, that aside from religion, science and philosophy, whose influence cannot be ignored, the evolution of machinery has had a vast influence in developing the principle of individualism, which however pernicious it may be in some directions, is an essential phase of social progress. Hence among industrial people are free institutions realized. Note the contrast, if you please, in this respect, between the North and the South, in our own country. That a finer or more effective individualism existed in the North, than in the South, was made manifest in the late war. A recent Southern writer vividly accounts for the results of the war in this wise:

"Southern chivalry rolled up against Northern valor and got the worst of it. That is the whole story. It was not that the former lacked courage. No braver men than those who followed the stars and bars ever won the mural crown. But they were opposed to men equally fearless, of superior strength, insured to toil and hardship, and who knew how to use tools to bridge rivers, make roads over the mountains, and crumble bulwark and bastion to dust. It was the contest of a lower with a higher civilization and the former went down. The haughty but adolent slave-holder and the possum-hunting poor white struggled desperately but vainly against men whose heads and hands were educated in the exacting school of northern industry. The men who outstripped us in the field of labor, fairly outfought us in the field of war." He goes on in same strain of thought to the end of the article, which shows that the South is joining in that awakening all round the globe that perceives that the only way to national greatness runs through the workshop.

Again, the evolution of machinery has a tendency to reduce militarism and politics to second or third place in the esteem of men of ambition and great mental power. The world's giants of to-morrow will not be found in the ranks of politics, or militarism, so generally, at least, as in the past. Indeed, the militant man is, to-day, fast giving place to the industrial man, and, according to the gospel of evolution, he—the industrial man—is likely to be that "meek man" to whom the inheritance of the earth shall belong.

If this seems to exaggerate the influence of machinery unduly as a factor in civilization, we have but to compare the present status of those nations where machinery is used in the industries with the nations that have not yet emerged from the system of hand production. We have but to compare America, England, France, Germany, with Russia, Spain, China, Mexico, etc. Reference is made, of course, to the great mass of the people in these several nations—not to individual cases.

In the past, as well as the present, property, wealth, gain was, and is, the ultimate object of most warfare. "In general it is some Abab plotting for Naboth's vineyard." And so long as capture was likely to give more property to the powerful than creation, capture was recognized as the

highest pursuit—since that which obtains most is always most admired. This change is immensely for the better, inasmuch as creation or production is better than plundering. Machinery has done, therefore, and is doing, more for man than politics or armies could, or ever can do. It has given him command of the resources of nature to such an extent that he can get more out of her than he can out of his fellows.

There are almost an endless number of facts connected with our subject that strongly appeal for notice, did time permit, which tend to show that not only nations, but individuals as well, are beginning to perceive that the common road to individual and public weal runs through the workshop; that the hand must be rigidly educated in order to achieve the best results even in brain work; that the influences which civilized the race in its infancy are still the most efficient agencies in civilizing each individual. But I must pass these by, wearying your patience no longer than by a brief generalization in closing.

To be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth, thus subduing it, may not be good Malthusian doctrine, but would seem to be in accord with the divine order. And how can the earth be subdued independent of the evolution of machinery? For machinery, as we have seen, is simply the means by which man utilizes the natural forces of the universe to this end. Machineries are the conduits, the cables of divine energy. And so man, in the use of machinery, becomes, or may become, a co-worker with the Divine Energy in the effort to realize the divine ideal. He is such whether conscious of it or not. But if he can be raised to the plane of such high consciousness, he must inevitably become more intellectual, more moral, more ethical, more religious. Such a consciousness will also afford that zest, happiness, dignity, and largeness of view which lifts one into the very kingdom of God on earth. In reverent exaltation he may exclaim: O God, I but work thy works after thee.

Work—mechanical work—may thus be perceived as a beneficent law of life—not a curse. Man the workman, and the world his workshop. Machineries his tools, the divine energies his power, and the public weal his object and ideal. Can one who has spent a long life, faithfully, intelligently, consciously working along such lines, look back and exclaim with Saltus, "Life is an immense affliction?"

The great fault of the factory system of to-day is that behind it lies the idea calling for "cheap help" and profit—not human culture. "The laborer must cease to be a mere laborer," says Senator Evarts. But how? What line of policy will bring this much to be desired change about? Will not the laborer cease to be a mere laborer when the ideal, the purpose, that lies back of the factory system shall consider the best interests of the employed as, at least, of equal importance with that of profits. "The end which the statesman should keep in view as higher than all other ends, is the formation of character," says Herbert Spencer, in his late work on "Justice."

In this connection let me say that the time is near at hand, in my opinion, when the functions of the true statesman must find embodiment beyond the field of legislative enactment merely. The real power of government to-day lies largely in the hands of the captains of commerce and industry. Such must rise from the plane of personal gain to that broad and comprehensive plane of true statesmanship that considers, first of all things, the public weal. Having assumed the power, they cannot avoid the responsibility. There is a rising tide of conscience, to-day, in the social organism. The ethical imperative is felt as never before. The just and equitable relations of capital and labor press to the foreground of thought for solution. All questions ultimately become moral questions, and will finally have to be settled upon an ethical basis. Let the production of men, the culture of men, be placed among the essentials of our industrial system, then the present want and wretchedness resulting from

the demand for profits alone, and consequently for "cheap help," will be vastly relieved.

(To be Continued.)

THE CASE OF MISS FANCHER.*

To those who have read the report which appeared in THE JOURNAL in November, 1893, presented by ex-Judge Abram A. Dalley to the Psychical Science Congress, World's Fair Auxiliary, of the case of Miss Mary J. Fancher, the interesting subject of this remarkable work will be no stranger. For the benefit of those who did not see that report we may say that Miss Fancher's experiences have been the wonder of Brooklyn for many years, during which she has been seen by many persons whose testimony to the truth of the phenomena she has presented cannot be impeached. The following is a short statement of her case: As the result apparently of an accident which occurred some months before, Miss Fancher, then 17 years of age, in February, 1886, showed symptoms of injury to the spine. This was followed by the almost complete loss of use in the limbs, attended occasionally with loss of sensation, a condition which continued for about nine years. During this time her lower limbs were drawn up backwards, the ankles bent over, and the bottom of the feet bent upwards. Her right arm was so placed that her right hand was behind the head, but she appears to have had the use of her left arm and hand. Throughout all that period of nine years Miss Fancher, who before her accident would seem to have been a bright, active girl, was subject to trances, spasms, and catalepsy. In her spasmodic state her body was thrown backward and forward with great force and rapidity. At other times it would be quite rigid. How life was preserved during that period is a mystery, for we have the positive statement of Dr. S. Fleet Speir, the physician who had attended her since the spring of 1886, as well as Miss Fancher's aunt and attendant, Miss Susan E. Crosby, that she took no solid food. This was tested by the use of emetics which showed that no food was on the stomach.

Another important feature of the case was the condition of the eyes. Dr. Speir tells us that when he first saw Miss Fancher her eyes were glaring open and did not close day or night. The pupils did not respond to the light, and he came to the conclusion, which was confirmed by a competent expert, that she cannot see by the use of her eyes, although she undoubtedly does see with much distinctness, in some unaccountable way. This point is so important, considering that during the nine years' period Miss Fancher, notwithstanding her contracted position, wrote a great number of letters and did much beautiful embroidery and other fancy work, that we think it advisable to give some particulars of the testimony of the expert referred to, a well-known English oculist, E. W. Wright, M. D., Queens University, and member of the Ophthalmological Society of Great Britain. This testimony was included in Judge Dalley's report to the Psychical Science Congress.

Dr. Wright referred to the case of Miss Fancher, who he said was intellectually bright and clear, vivacious, and quick at repartee, as unique. Before inquiring the history of her case or making any tests of her powers of seeing, he examined the interior of her eye with the ophthalmoscope. This is an instrument, as he says, which gives information regarding the existence and nature of disease in the eye or in parts remote from the eye, because we have in full view before us the termination of an artery and the commencement of a vein with the blood coursing in each; also a nerve connecting the brain and eye and the two internal coats of the eye, retina and choroid. Affections of these different parts by significant and visible changes are indicative of changes in brain,

*"Mollie Fancher; The Brooklyn Enigma." An Authentic Statement in the Life of Mary J. Fancher, The Psychological Marvel of the Nineteenth Century. By Abram H. Dalley, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1896. Pp. 264. Price \$1.50.

spinal cord or other parts of the nervous system, as the eye is, in reality, a part of the brain itself. The retina is a part of the brain spread out in a thin membrane on the inner surface of the eyeball. The optic nerve is a strand of white matter extending from the brain to the eye. Thus we have before us for observation and study a group of blood vessels, the end of an important nerve and two membranous structures, one vascular and one nervous.

Dr. Wright states that in the eyes of Miss Fancher, he found the veins of a medium size with no pulsation observable. The arteries are extremely small but not obliterated. Near the periphery they are seen as mere threads, yet from their reflex and color he thinks there is blood passing through them. The retina does not show any signs of atrophy and a finely granular appearance is seen about the macula. The reflex from the choroid is of an orange-red color and the pigment is evenly distributed. The choroid and retina look quite normal. The optic nerve shows changes that are significant of deeper trouble. It is, in color, gray not white. It is surrounded by a well-marked and distinctly cut choroidal ring. There is no heaping up of pigment at margins of optic nerve, such as we often see in useful eyes. There is a small and shallow physiological cup, which is slightly paler in color than the rest of the optic disc. There is no evidence of past inflammation of optic nerve leaving traces in increased amount of connective tissue. Along the edges of the blood vessels we find no traces of any white streaks or bands indicating past perivascularitis. Neither do we find in vitreous humor any sign of connective tissue. The cornea, aqueous humor, crystalline lens and vitreous humor are clear and permit the entrance of light. The appearance of the optic nerve is like one affected with primary or gray atrophy. We think it has lost its power of conveying visual impulses from the eye to the brain. The changes in the optic nerve would indicate the atrophy of retro-bulbar neuritis, or an atrophy concurrent with spinal disease, and he concludes from his ophthalmoscopic examination, that Miss Fancher has gray atrophy of optic nerve and cannot have vision.

After referring to other facts which confirm this conclusion, Dr. Wright states that the pupils of the eyes in a room moderately lighted, are equal and of a medium size. Covering the eyes for a short time, the pupils, on removal of cover, are seen to be dilated well and they soon contract to the position first observed, but if a cone of light is thrown on eyes by a lens, they do not contract nor dilate. On convergence of eyes, there is perceived a wide dilatation of the pupils which is the opposite to the action of normal eyes. The muscles of the eyelids permit them to be opened and closed. He continues: "The history of the case informs us that they were closed for nine years and for three and one-half years they were never closed. She can move the eyes in all directions, but upwards they move very little and with an apparent effort. On two of my visits she became unconscious, with rigidity of all extremities and then the globes of her eyes were turned very much upwards, so that only a part of the cornea was visible. They were in a fixed position; the right looking up and out, the left up and in. The two internal recti-muscles work in association to produce convergence of visual axis to a point a foot or two away." He concludes that all the external muscles of the globe and of the lids have their power of action, and adds that if he had not made an ophthalmoscopic examination, he might think we had to do with a case of malingering. . . . To test whether Miss Fancher had the abnormal vision ascribed to her, Dr. Wright had placed in an inner pocket of his coat a score or more of assorted colored skeins of wool yarn. Gathering one at a time in his closed hand, still in his pocket, he asked her to name the color. This she really did with marked promptness for the primary colors, but for shades and tints she was less prompt, but always correct. Mr. Wright did not know the color until after the test was made and he looked at it. Covering, at random, a paragraph of a newspaper, he

asked Miss Fancher what it was about? She told him the main points of the article, which he found true on reading it. He endeavored to detect feigned blindness, by watching her behavior and by surprising her off her guard, but did not succeed in finding any fraud. He finally came to the opinion that "she does not see as we see, but sees as we do not: though blind, yet sees."

Miss Fancher's possession of an abnormal power of sight is confirmed by Dr. Speir and other persons, as appears in the pages of Judge Dailey's work and it is not necessary to refer further to it here, beyond saying that Miss Fancher always states that she sees through the top of her head. Dr. Speir, whose testimony as that of a medical expert who has been in attendance on the invalid during nearly thirty years, is necessarily of great importance, mentions that his patient's condition is materially changed from what it was formerly. Instead of being "exceedingly thin and emaciated, she is now quite fleshy. She experiences the sense of touch in all her limbs and parts of her body, although at one time, about six years ago, there were indications of paralysis of the left arm which continued for nearly two years," during which time she appears to have written by means of her toes. He states that Miss Fancher experiences quite remarkable conditions from the action of the heart. At times the chest over the breast seems considerably enlarged, and every day there comes from the mucous membrane of the throat and bronchial tubes about half an ounce of blood.

The facts thus summarized from the statement of Dr. Speir will be found fully set out in Judge Dailey's very interesting work, which is based not only on his own observation, but on the diary kept by Miss Crosby and the testimony of numerous well-known residents of Brooklyn, among them are Mr. Geo. F. Sargent, Mr. Epes Sargent, Professor Henry M. Parkhurst and Professor Charles E. West. We have said nothing here with reference to the curious changes of personality which Miss Fancher undergoes during her trance states, but they will be found fully described in Judge Dailey's work of which, perhaps, they form the most interesting, if not the most important feature. Judge Dailey has done good service, certainly, in bringing the facts before the public, and his work, which is illustrated by several photographic reproductions, showing the condition of Miss Fancher at different periods of her life, should be read by all who are interested in what is certainly one of the most curious psychological phenomena of the day.

SCHOOL EDUCATION.

On Ladies Night at the Sunset Club, of Chicago, the subject for discussion was Public Schools and their proper scope and function. The meeting was addressed by Professor H. T. Nightingall, of the city schools, and by President Henry Wade Rogers, of Northwestern University. These speakers were followed by Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, who differed from his predecessors, but struck the right keynote when he declared that the main thing is to teach children reverence for what is, and "to put them under the influence of men and women who can teach them to be good and true." The following remarks made by the Bishop should be taken to heart by all those who are interested in the progress of education:

"You have done me the honor to ask me to speak to you on the 'Scope of Public School Education.' The equivalents of scope are aim, end, opportunity, range of view, and the equivalents of education are training, discipline, development, instruction. The proper meaning of the word education, it seems, is not a drawing out, but a training up, as vines are trained to lay hold of and rise by means of what is stronger than themselves. My subject, then, is the aim, end, opportunity, and range of view of public school education, which, to be education at all in any true sense, must be a training, discipline, development, and instruction of man's whole being, physical, intellectual, and moral. This, I suppose,

is what Herbert Spencer means when he defines education to be a preparation for complete living. Montaigne says the end of education is wisdom and virtue; Comenius declares it to be knowledge, virtue and religion; Milton, likeness to God through virtue and faith; Locke, health of body, virtue and good manners; Herbert, virtue, which is the realization in each one of the idea of inner freedom; while Kant and Fichte declare it to consist chiefly in the formation of character. All these thinkers agree that the supreme end of education is spiritual or ethical. The controlling aim should be, not to impart information, but to upbuild the being which makes us human, to form habits of thinking and doing.

"The scope of public school education is to cooperate with the physical, social and religious environment to form good and wise men and women. Unless we bear in mind that the school is but one of several educational agencies we shall not form a right estimate of its office. It depends almost wholly for its success upon the kind of material furnished it by the home, the State, and the Church. The controlling aim of our teachers should be, therefore, to bring their pedagogical action into harmony with what is best in the domestic, social, and religious life of the child; for this is the foundation on which they must build and to weaken it is to expose the whole structure to ruin. As the heart makes the home, the teacher makes the school. What we need above all things, wherever the young are gathered for education, is not a showy building or costly apparatus, or improved methods or text-books, but a living, loving, illumined human being who had deep faith in the power of education and real desire to bring it to bear upon those who are intrusted to him. This applies to the primary school with as much force as to the high school and university. Those who think, and they are, I imagine, the vast majority, that any one who can read and write, who knows something of arithmetic, geography, and history, is competent to educate young children have not even the most elementary notions of what education is. What the teacher is not what he utters and inculcates, is the important thing."

WE must change our very conception of the idea of life. We must reconstruct our standard of success. We must cease to measure newspapers by their circulation. We must recognize that The Liberator, which left its proprietor as poor at his death as he was in his youth, was one of the most successful papers published ever in America. We must cease discussing the value of college education by considering whether a man will get on better in business for going to college—as though the object of college was to make money, not to make men. We must stop talking of men as failing because they lose their fortune, though they retain their honor; or of men as succeeding who have bartered away their honor in order to accumulate a fortune. We must learn to measure the financial success of life, not by accumulation, but by distribution; not by the money which a man has, but by the use to which he puts it.—The Outlook.

THE only gift that endures is the gift that contains a bit of the donor. In this holiday season the little story of Turgeneff is most timely. A beggar asked alms. The prosperous man's heart was touched and he sought his pocket for a coin, but there was none there. Embarrassed, he seized the dirty hand and pressed it, saying: "Don't be vexed with me, brother; I have nothing with me." Quick the reply came through smiling lips: "Never mind, brother. Thank you for this. This, too, is a gift."—Unity.

THE old divines preached equality in heaven; but they little thought it was the kingdom to come on earth. They wore the electric chain, unconscious of the celestial fire they transmitted. Little would they have brooked these days of unquestioned equality of rights, of free publishing and freer thinking.—Catherine Sedgwick.

THE IDEAL COMMONWEALTH.

has always kept on the moral horizon the hope of some model commonwealth or Utopia. About the time of the commencement of our history had given up the idea of attaining to happiness here, they placed their City of God beyond the bounds of this world. The ancient world was content with its narrow habitat about the Mediterranean Sea, as it was called, on whose shores, as Plato said, more swarmed like emmets, while the vast outer world lay mostly unknown and unexplored. Friendship in some renowned city state, such as Athens, Rome, or Jerusalem, was regarded as the height of mortal felicity. The distant in space and remote in time had no allurements for the ancient world. Travel was regarded as exile from the city which contained all that was dear. Ancient life was narrow, sensual, and realistic for sentiment. Christianity, with its supra-mundane City of God, drew men's eyes and hearts away from Rome and Athens and Jerusalem, and the other great central states, to the thought of a purer and higher citizenship, somewhere in the heavens, as they vaguely conceived it. In the Middle Ages, when the area of ancient civilization and the land of the nativity had become nebulous to the ignorant people of Western Europe, a singular epidemic of religious fanaticism overran the Western nations, the object of which was the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of infidel or Mohammedan miscreants. For a long period, all the valor, enterprise, and piety of the West were moving toward Palestine. The humbler pilgrims, with staff and scallop shell, plodded their way or sauntered in immense numbers toward the scene of the nativity and crucifixion. All Europe was moved by a common sentiment and impulse. For a long time was a tomb the goal of human valor. After the era of the Crusades came the era of the terrestrial discovery in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the bounds of things were loosened. The human mind was then enlarged and liberalized by novel experiences and by the expansion of the geographical area of human activity. The mystery of the Atlantic Ocean began then to be dispelled. Wild hopes and dreams of discovering a terrestrial paradise began to be kindled in ardent and fearless souls—a City of God not in the clouds, but somewhere on the bosom of mother earth, in the dim and gorgeous West, with its magnolian forests and fountains of youth. The fabled Eldorado began to be the objective point of enthusiasts and adventurers, and to take the place of the apocalyptic New Jerusalem. For it was supposed to be accessible to the hardy and dauntless adventurer in the flesh, and to have in its vicinity a stream or well-head of immortal youth. As alchemy with its philosopher's stone and elixirs, finally led to a genuine science, to chemistry, so the fabled Eldorado led to useful and thorough explorations of the lower part of our continent, thus enlarging geographical knowledge. Thus was the period of terrestrial discovery a period of boundless, glorious hopes and the noblest daring. It was the period of Shakespeare. There was a new spiritual day-dawn, as it were. Finally, terrestrial discovery became so thorough that the dream of Eldorado was dispelled; and the romance of the earth, so to speak, gave place to accurate knowledge. The age of reason and science began to dawn in the seventeenth century, and mankind had their venerable illusions, delusions, and faiths subjected to the terrible ordeal of rational knowledge.

Now came, with the Copernican, Galilean, and Newtonian astronomy, a knowledge of the comparative insignificance of the earth, to chasten the arrogance of the theologians who had regarded this world as the central fact in the universe. If terrestrial discovery had robbed the earth of its mysticalness, and shown that it was quite limited, the new astronomy brought disillusioned man face to face with the infinitude of cosmical space, and the "starry heavens" of modern science. "Two things there are," says Kant, "which, the oftener and the more steadily we consider, fill the mind with an ever new, and ever rising admiration and reverence,—the

starry heavens above and the moral law within."

Thus do science and rationalism, with their revelations of infinite space and the sentiment of duty, excite a depth of awe and cosmic emotion, a solar certainty of eternity, which cast the so-called revelations of ancient theologians, enthusiastic prophets and saviors entirely into the shade. Theology has been overshadowed by science and current psychology and reflective thought. Myths fade into insignificance before the truth of things, as disclosed by scientific investigation. The real marvels are those of nature. The fictions of theology dwindle to insignificance, when matched with science. Now social and political amelioration is the goal of human endeavor. The Eldorado of living generations is a social state in which all men and women shall be lifted to a plane of intelligence and competence in which the glaring social and political inequalities and injustices of the past shall be abolished by a truly humane commonwealth, in which in the language of Emerson, "the State House" shall be the hearth or domestic fireside, and "the Church" shall be "social worth." Such a just commonwealth will yet be realized as the glorious consummation of all the sighs and dreams and aspirations of the noblest souls of the past, such as are represented in Plato's Republic, St. Augustine's City of God, More's Utopia, Sir Philip Sidney's New Arcadia, and the lesser attempts to realize in thought the Brotherhood of Man.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

As evidence of the wide-spread interest in matters spiritual, both in regard to its phenomena and philosophy, it will be I think of interest to the readers of THE JOURNAL to give from time to time as opportunity occurs under the above heading bits from many private letters, extracts relating to Spiritualism, without, however, giving the names of the writers, since the letters were none of them written for publication. The writers are of all denominations in religion. Some of them agnostics, or confessed free-thinkers, others are Spiritualists in belief, if not so named. Some of these come from personal friends of many years, some from later friends and some from comparative strangers, but all which may thus be given are taken from letters entirely private, and hence no real names will be used. Our first extract is taken from the letter of a friend of early years whose father and all concerned were well known to me, and the room spoken of is a familiar one. Though not known as a Spiritualist I had yet heard the father declare his belief in spirit return long before his transition, and at a time when I had no belief in that possibility, but before the receipt of the letter from which I quote, I had no reason to guess that any of the living members of the family—all of whom were present at the occurrence spoken of—had any belief or experience in Spiritualism, so for me the extract held a deep interest.

"I think," my friend writes, "I have had an experience equal to some of those I have seen in THE JOURNAL. I will tell you about it. It was soon after father died; I think the first time Wesley (her only living brother) came home after that event. It was in the forenoon and we were in mother's sitting room; she was sitting one side of the stove, Wesley the other side, while I sat directly in front. Wesley sat near the bedroom door, when it opened and father came in, I saw him, and said to myself, 'There, Wesley has got pa's chair!' It was so real that for the moment I forgot he was dead, and never thought but that it really was him. He came around Wesley and stood near me when I turned my head to look for the chair; he looked very smiling and happy. When I looked for him again he was gone. I said, 'mother, pa just came in the room and stood between Wesley and I!' She said she did not doubt it at all. Sara, it was just as real as life! He told me on his deathbed that he would be near me to help me all he could, and I know that somebody is helping me for I am impressed to do things and whatever I am thus impressed to do turns out to be just the right thing

even if I don't think so at the time. Before mother passed away when she was so helpless, often when I was busy in another part of the house I would suddenly have an impression that I must at once go to her, and I always found that she wanted me at that time, so I got so I never disobeyed the impression." Now the writer of the above incident is no hysterical or imaginative person, but a very sensible, level-headed woman of mature years, who was, however, a faithful and devoted daughter to both parents who appreciated her love and service. That the presence of the son and brother made possible the right "conditions" for the father's manifestation of himself to his beloved daughter, seems to me very probable.

A lady in Michigan writes: "It was with great interest I read Mr. U.'s article in The Arena describing your 'automatic' writing. The same phenomena had shown itself in my own case and it had caused me some physical suffering. My best writing is done when I am entirely alone, yet I have tried a few tests for friends and in their presence received messages from 'spirit' friends which were perfectly satisfactory in every way to the recipient. I have a young sister who for a few weeks received the writing, but she is unable at present to get it. While she was able to write she was teaching a country school, and to me it was quite a trial to have no way of communication with her for weeks at a time. I said to her: 'If the spirits wish to do us a service, they might carry our messages while you are away at school.' So she and I agreed to sit down at a certain hour every day for a week and try the experiment. Each wrote a message to the other as agreed upon and awaited a reply. Three messages by her to me were received nearly as she sent them—not exactly worded as would have been the case in telepathy, but with some changes or additions, and my hand wrote them without any assistance from the brain or will. She received but one of my messages, the surrounding being very uncongenial to her. The writing I get is not messages from personal friends usually, but from persons distinguished while living for intellectual development; many who have been well-known to the world. I was far more ready to accept the spirit theory at first than I am now, so many perplexing questions arising in my mind regarding it. I recently attempted to obtain psychometric impressions—what I understood to be the reading of the physical associations of an object held in the hand of a sensitive. What was my surprise to find that no physical impression came, but the hand dropped the article and began to write, giving names of people in some way connected with the object in question. Sometimes amusing experiences followed; for instance, I held a few grains of rice a moment between both hands, then taking a pen in the right hand wrote automatically: 'Missie, I've only a coon!' The trouble with these experiments lies in the difficulty of searching out the facts in the case. When I receive a letter the magnetism is often so strong about it that it gives me a shock to touch it. Then my hand tries to write, the message being invariably from some dead relative or friend of the writer, so far as I have been able to inquire. The absurd prejudice against these investigations prevents one from ferreting out each interesting case. If it is a spirit who gives me the message, it must come the instant I touch the object received from their loving friends, or else spirits must be able to be in more than one place at a time. At times I feel inclined to say it is all hallucination on my part, but when I read the articles from yourself, Mr. Underwood, Mr. Savage, and others who are known to be mentally sound, I feel comforted and encouraged to go on with my investigations."

I give this judiciously written recital from a private letter in evidence that spiritual manifestations come often to those who do not at once rush to conclusions regarding their source; who investigate them in a judicial mood of mind, and who are anxious only to arrive at the truth. I have learned, too, from the recitals of others, that often some form of manifestation of intelligence outside of the

persons who are chosen as the mediums of such intelligence comes to those who are unfamiliar with Spiritualism, who have not solicited or been expectant of anything of the sort occurring, and who are often frightened at its exhibition in themselves which awakens doubt as to their own sanity. At the close of my address before the Psychical Congress, among those who came to me was a refined, sweet-voiced lady whose first words were: "Oh! Mrs. Underwood! you don't know what a relief to my mind your confession of your psychical experience has proved; for during the past year away from home in a lonely place, I have been undergoing a like experience, against my will, however, and I was truly afraid I was losing my sanity by reason of the strange things written through my hand, and afraid to tell any one about it for fear they would make up their minds I was insane and treat me accordingly. Now—I shall feel better about it." And such has been the confession of a number of people to me.

S. A. U.

THE SIGNS OF DEATH.

How often has the thought recurred: Is it certain that no one is buried alive? Many stories have been told of persons who have narrowly escaped this fate, and there is too much reason to believe that others have not escaped it, although the signs relied on as evidence of continued life are often delusive. The mere change of position of the body in the coffin is not to be depended on as proof of such a condition. Nevertheless when we consider the uncertainty attaching to the signs of death in case of disease it would not be surprising if persons were sometimes buried while still living. A New York physician in a recent interview made some statements on the subject which are worthy of serious consideration. He related several cases of narrow escape from premature burial that came under his own observation or that of friends, and they might easily have had a different termination. From time to time some infallible sign of continued life is referred to, but as a fact the test always proves to be unreliable. All the functions of the bodily organism may, so far as can be judged, be completely suspended, even the heart cease to beat and the lungs to respire, and yet the individual thus affected be still alive. Although this subject has engaged but little attention in this country, where human life is held much too cheap, much consideration has been given to it in Europe. We are told that "Some years ago, convinced of the insufficiency of the signs of real death, and alarmed by the great number of cases in which apparent death had been mistaken for real death, Dr. Manni, professor in the University of Rome, offered to the Academy of Sciences of Paris a sum of money to be awarded to the most successful writer on the question of apparent death and the prevention of the fatal accidents that are often its natural consequence. The Academy of Sciences proposed the following questions: What are the distinctive characters of apparent death? and What are the means to prevent premature burial? One essay only seemed worthy of the reward, and the reputed infallible sign was the prolonged absence of the beatings of the heart on auscultation. - But very soon cases were reported where the most conscientious auscultation had failed to reveal even the least trembling of the heart, and yet life was not extinct. Moved by this sad condition a great philanthropist, the Marquis d'Ourehes, bequeathed to the Academy of Medicine of Paris 25,000 francs for the founding of two prizes, the first, 20,000 francs, for the discovery of a simple and vulgar [popular] means of recognizing, in a sure and indubitable manner, signs of real death; the second, 5,000 francs, for the best means of recognizing the signs of real death by means of electricity, galvanism, or any other process requiring either the intervention of a medical man or the application of substances not within the reach of every one. The prize never was awarded."

In this country instead of waiting until signs of death have indubitably shown themselves, certifi-

cates of death are sometimes issued before demise actually takes place. As soon as possible, however, after breath is supposed to have left the body, it is subjected to the temperature of ice, so that if the patient were still alive he would not long remain so. Thus there is a probability that he is not really buried alive, although possibly in the absence of that precaution there would not have been any occasion for burial at all in some cases. The only certain and infallible mark of death is the beginning of bodily decomposition, and no treatment of the body ought to be allowed until this has commenced, much less ought burial to take place.

SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION.*

The belief that man is a tri-unity dates back to the time of St. Paul, and probably to a much earlier period. Modern science as expounded by the supporters of the theory of evolution seems, it is true, to throw doubt on that belief, and yet Dr. Wallace, the consistent advocate of Darwinism, warmly accepts it. He affirms that the mathematical, musical and artistic faculties have not been developed under the law of natural selection, and he explains their origin as due to a spiritual source. To the spiritual world Dr. Wallace refers the complex activities which we know as modes of motion, without which the material universe could not exist in its present form, if matter could have any existence. To it he refers also the progressive manifestations of life in the unconscious, the conscious, and the intellectual stages of the organic world, depending upon different degrees of spiritual influx. There is, therefore, nothing really new in Mrs. Lang's idea of the divine principle in nature, which is, indeed, merely a restatement under scientific conditions of the ancient religio-philosophical notion of divine emanation.

What is distinctive in the present work is the exhibition of the divine principle as Christ in nature, and the development of this idea in terms of the doctrine of evolution, although the idea itself constitutes the essence of the spiritual teachings of Swedenborg. Perhaps also it may be said that there is a difference in the conditions under which the spiritual principle in man is supposed by the authoress to have been developed. Dr. Wallace speaks of spiritual influx, but Mrs. Lang's position is that the physical and chemical forces of nature gave birth to the lower forms of life-force, that is, the organic; from this was developed the anima or conscious principle of animals, out of which arose the soul or self-conscious principle of man, from which was developed the spirit of man. It seems to us, however, that original as may be this telescopic view of the arrangement of the different planes of life, it is not an improvement on that with which Dr. Wallace's name is associated among evolutionists, although it is not restricted to him. Indeed, it is deficient in a factor which is all important to the theory of evolution, the environment. This is referred to when divine influx is spoken of, and it would seem to be dispensed with by Mrs. Lang in favor of what she terms resident forces, that is, divine energy as the motive power in evolution. But that which exists within must also exist without, and it is the interaction between the internal and the external which results in the development of organic nature. Every plane of life which man has to reach in the course of his upward progress, must thus have its cosmical representative.

Possibly the authoress would not object to this view of the subject, as she speaks of the existence of spiritual as well as physical environment, although this is necessary for knowledge rather than development. Moreover she refers to God as being partly back of nature, and partly immanent in nature, and as being, under the latter condition, variable and changeable, whereas under the former he is invariable and unchangeable. - Mrs. Lang thus distinguishes between God and nature, much in the same sense, probably, as would Dr. Wallace, although the influx

* "The Son of Man, or the Sequel to Evolution." By Celestia Root Lang. Boston: Arena Publishing Co., Copley Square, 1895. Pages 281. Price, \$1.25.

of Deity required by her theory would take place once for all. On the other hand, the authoress speaks of the passage of divine energy into matter and form, which therefore must have had a separate existence prior to the incarnation of divine energy. This view, which regards the process of evolution as ultimately traceable to the direct will of an external Deity as the first cause, cannot be considered scientific, as it assumes the existence of matter in which the laws of physical nature were not yet operative. Mrs. Lang's Christ-principle theory affirms that these laws are the necessary result of "incarnation" of divine energy. Thus, although it gets rid of the supernatural, it retains the infranatural, which alone is God, although the natural is the phenomenal expression of the incarnation of divine energy, or the Christ-principle on different planes. It is only when the sixth plane, the Christ or psychic plane, has been reached that God can be said to be present. Birth into the psychic kingdom, that is, the development of the spirit in man, gives man individual immortality. We are here introduced into the sphere of religion. The authoress tells us that a certain enthusiasm attends the consciousness of spirit presence and that "the experiences of religion are varying forms of awe and delight with which the individual spirit always mingles with the universal spirit."

We cannot complain if this enthusiasm marks Mrs. Lang's work, although it may sometimes affect her conclusions. For this reason, we think the second part, that which treats of "Psychic Evolution and Material Evolution," the best. Nevertheless, what the authoress calls psychic is not truly so. The psyche is the soul, the conscious principle of animals to which she applies the term "anima," but it answers with her to the spirit or pneuma. Moreover, the authoress distinguishes between the animal soul and the human soul, the self-conscious principle of man, to denote which she coins the word "animan." But there is no scientific warrant for such a distinction. The "animan" is really the same as the "spirit," which is the seat of the rational faculty, as the "soul" is the seat of the volitional or moral faculty. That distinction is a fundamental one in Mrs. Lang's theory, and therefore if not a justifiable one it must seriously affect her argument. Her work is, nevertheless, highly suggestive, and its intention is so good that it deserves thoughtful consideration, the more so as her idea of psychic evolution is based upon the explanation of evolution given by Professor Joseph Le Conte's in his "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought."

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE OF CITIZENSHIP.

A private appeal has been made for funds to carry out the object of this organization which has been formed to develop the best citizenship by educational means, and to influence the masses in the interest of right living, individually, socially and politically. The appeal truly states that "vast sums are now being spent in charity and in bringing to light the corruption of political and social conditions, but no permanent results can be expected unless accompanied and persistently followed by educational methods whereby people will learn to become self-supporting and, at the same time realize the duties and privileges of citizenship."

How this end is sought to be obtained appears by the statement of the objects of the Columbian College of Citizenship, filed on its incorporation under the laws of the State of Illinois, July 5, 1894, which reads as follows:

The objects of this College shall be the development of the best citizenship and good social order by the establishment of forums for the investigation and discussion of a regular course of topics of a social, historical, or governmental character; the publication and dissemination of useful literature pertaining to political and social science; the collection and preservation of historical data; the cultivation of a broader fraternity and the creation of a healthy public opinion upon all important questions.

carry out these aims, it is proposed to organize city or local college in every community, all federated together through a central college, the discussion of a regular course of topics, among the current questions of the day and a course of American history. Each topic is discussed the week by all the colleges, and reports of the session with papers and addresses are sent to the central college for compilation and publication. The best and most representative thought will be given to the public through the press, as well as through the Good Citizen, the regular organ of the organization. The College will also encourage lectures and co-operate with every educational and philanthropic enterprise. Its purpose is the achievement of all reforms tending to greater intelligence among the people and a higher standard of citizenship.

The aim of the Columbian College of Citizenship is pre-eminently practical, dealing, as it does, with the theory of society and government in the light of history, ethics and science, to qualify men and women for the exercise of practical citizenship in the field of politics, social reform, and philanthropy. The influence of such an association upon the education, politics, morals and general prosperity of the community and the people in general may be immeasurable. Its promoters state that it will "inspire study, develop literary talent, emphasize the social and ethical side of life, bring a higher intelligence and a truer conscience to the polls, and indirectly at least, bring about greater temporal prosperity to all." These are high claims, but there is no reason why they should not be justified by the event if the College obtains the pecuniary support it deserves and its intentions are fully carried into effect.

AUTOMATIC COMMUNICATIONS.

A DISCUSSION ON "WILL."

One evening I particularly wished to have some special questions of my own answered, and since generally a preference was shown for questions propounded by Mr. U. I so stated at the beginning, when the reply came at once denying my request in this form: "Thou art near to us, but we most wish to reach Bhama." This name so strangely given to Mr. U. is used, however, only by certain writers, "Pharos," and one or two others whose names I do not care to state because I personally demur at such names being given, and do not like to publish them as it would look like assumption on my part to those who do not yet understand that my own intelligence does not in the least, so far as I can determine, guide this writing. On this occasion I yielded to the expressed wish of our unseen visitors and asked Mr. U. to question them.

Q.—"Can you explain human will, and wherein consists its greatest power?"

A.—"Will, spiritually defined, means that which you mortals name spirit power."

Q.—"What is the function or power of will?"

A.—"Shared with mortal concepts we cannot give you the explanation of the true power, or the real function of will. Will is a spiritual attribute, and only those on spiritual planes can understand its esoteric or bounded meaning."

Q.—"Is not the function of will the power to determine between two or more motives?"

A.—"Thou shalt soon perceive that will means mortal longings and desire. Spiritual answers to queries regarding will must be of most value when the physical desires of will are most surely eliminated. Will means only man's most intense desire; will is as strong physically as spiritually, and is only higher when exerted most strongly in behalf of the higher longings of Spiritual man."

Q.—"Approaching a point from which two or more roads or paths diverge, does not the will determine which one the traveler takes?"

A.—"There comes in the question of the greater and lesser will—the mortal individual will formulates the path seemingly most direct, but the larger, more comprehensive will directs and guides the

mind into ways all undreamed of, but the most helpful and in the end, the best."

Q.—"The will then determines the course does it not?"

A.—"There is but one supreme will—that of the All-of-Being—of which mortal man's will is but the faint reflex. Spiritually viewed, the mirror of a mirror wherein is reflected dimly the fiat of Eternal Being."

Q.—"It follows from this does it not, that all thought and conduct of finite creatures is necessitated—determined by the universal will?"

A.—"Necessitated, but not determined. Determination must come from the finite which is left the veto power. Thou should'st understand that the infinite is mirrored in the finite, and man is measurably the arbiter of his own spiritual destiny."

Q.—"Is there then any veto power of the universal will of which man's will is but the reflection?"

A.—"No. There may seem to be to mortal mind, but the Soul of Being guides all—whether physical or spiritual."

Q.—"Then necessity, as Shelley says, 'is the mother of the world?'"

A.—"Soul of mortal birth! Try to understand thy limitations—thy questions touch on mysteries impossible to be understood on your plane. The most straightforward answer to your common sense question would not be understood by you while you remain on the earth plane. Some lessons are still reserved for scholars in the higher grades of Being. Don't arrogate to your plane all knowledge."

Q.—"But the doctrine of necessity follows logically and unavoidably from your foregoing statement it appears to me?"

A.—"Shall not your ideas of logic change with the wider knowledge of the laws of being which you shall gain when you escape earthly limitations?"

Q.—"That is doubtlessly true. But we are now very tired. Before we close will you make appointment for another sitting, and at what date?"

A.—"Sunday eve, Oct. the —, the band will come."

I must explain that not infrequently appointments were thus made giving dates ahead, which when I consulted the calendar I found to be always correct, even when to my mind it seemed doubtful, until the calendar verified the statement.

On the evening designated we sat again and Mr. U. resumed the previous discussion:

Q.—"How can Universal Will determine all action and yet individual will be free?"

A.—"Shared with Universal Will the materialistic individual will must be sympneumatically in league with the Universal Will, and therefore must determine its course according to the greater Universal Will."

Q.—"Is it true that the Universal Will, having a definite end, may leave open several courses thereto, and yet leave a choice to the individual mind which of these courses shall lead to the determined end?"

A.—"Soul questions like unto these may not be answered by dogmatic assertions, but when spirit planes are changed, and larger areas of knowledge are opened, your pertinent queries shall be sensibly and spiritually answered. You are yet spiritually too much in bondage to sense to be specifically answered."

Q.—"Please state in your own way the best thought in regard to absolute determinism and free will?"

A.—"Spiritually considered the best thought in regard to absolute determinism is that souls on your limited plane may not be able even to guess what the most advanced spiritual definition of absolute determinism—a most absurd terminology—may mean. Free will! How ridiculous in the light of sure knowledge only gained on high spiritual planes, will seem your material assumptions in self-seeking phraseology in regard to free will and predestination."

And with this statement they closed further discussion of the question.

S. A. U.

APPARITIONS.

At the close of the Report ("A Census of Hallucinations") the committee announce in italics this same conclusion after considering all possible objections to their cases:

"Between deaths and apparitions of a dying person a connection exists which is not due to chance alone. This we hold as a proved fact."

This is remarkable language for the signatures of Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick than whom few harder-headed skeptics could be found. It is more than borne out, however, by a consideration which the committee does not mention, but which the facts entirely justify, and it is, that since many of the apparitions occurred not merely on the day, but at the very hour or minute of death, the improbability of their explanation by chance is really much greater than the figures here given. That the apparition should occur within the hour of death the chance should be 1 to 356,000, or at the minute of death 1 to 21,360,000. To get 30 cases, therefore, brought down to these limits we should have to collect thirty times these numbers of apparitions. Either these statistics are of no value in a study of this kind, or the Society's claim is made out, that there is either a telepathic communication between the dying and those who see their apparitions, or some casual connection not yet defined or determined by science. That this connection may be due to favorable conditions in the subject of the hallucinations is admitted by the committee, if the person having the apparition is suffering from grief or anxiety about the person concerned. But it has two replies to such a criticism. The first is the query how and why under the circumstances does this effect coincide generally with the death of the person concerned, when the anxiety is extended over a considerable period. The second is a still more triumphant reply, and it is that a large number of the cases show that the subject of the apparition has no knowledge of the dying person's sickness, place or condition. In that case there is no alternative to searching elsewhere for the cause.—Prof. J. H. Hyslop, of Columbian College, in the Independent.

CURRENTS similar to those of the hairs of the nettle have been observed in a great multitude of very different plants, and weighty authorities have suggested that they probably occur, in more or less perfection, in all young vegetable cells. If such be the case, the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of those tiny maëstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned as with the roar of a great city.—Professor Huxley.



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VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

DEAD!

By ST. GEORGE BEST.

Some day this heart will cease to beat,
These eyes their tears to shed,
And rest will come for weary feet:
Some day I shall be dead.

Some day these busy hands will fall
To earn their daily bread,
And ruddy cheek and lip grow pale:
Some day I shall be dead.

Some day this teeming brain no more
Will conjure joys long fled;
Some day life's mockery will be o'er:
Some day I shall be dead.

Some day for me no prattling tongue,
Beside the nightly bed
Will supplicate: no hymn be sung:
Some day I shall be dead.

Some day a loved one's name will hang
Upon my lips unsaid,
And life go out with many a pang:
Some day I shall be dead.

Some day this storm-wracked frame will share
The couch by nature spread:
I crave the universal prayer:
Some day I shall be dead.

SURGERY AND SUPERSTITION.

TO THE EDITOR: The Medical Age of October 25th, 1894, contains an extract under the above title from an article in Nature. For the sake of brevity, I rearrange, condense and often put in my own words, the very interesting facts and inferences contained in the extract, beginning with an introductory paragraph of my own.

Trepanning is a surgical operation done with an instrument called trepan, and consists in boring or sawing a circular groove through the skull and lifting out the piece of bone which the groove surrounds. Trephining is the same operation performed with the improved instrument trephine. Both terms, however, are applied to any process by which a hole is made through the skull and a piece of bone taken out. In prehistoric times the groove was made with the cutting edge of a flint; and, at the present day, many good surgeons make the groove with a chisel, preferring it to both the trepan and the trephine. Trepanning is classed among the capital operations in surgery, and people generally look upon it as a fearful trifling with human life; yet the operation was performed in all ages, even in prehistoric times.

The Montenegrins are, or recently were, accustomed to get themselves trepanned for very trifling ailments. Four hundred years before our era, Hippocrates performed the operation not only to relieve the brain from the pressure of a depressed part of the skull and similar accidents, but also for the cure of headaches and other affections to which, according to our ideas, the process is singularly inapplicable. The trepanned skulls that have been found are not simply the relics of some one particular race or period, but they range from the earliest prehistoric age to historic times, and were discovered in Peru, in North America, and in nearly every country in Europe. During the neolithic period a surgical operation was practiced (chiefly on children) which consisted in making an opening through the skull for the treatment of certain internal maladies. The process was practiced almost exclusively upon children, probably on account of the facility with which it could then be accomplished, and possibly also as an early precaution against those evils for which it was esteemed a prevention as well as a cure.

The evidences of prehistoric trepanning are accompanied by evidences that the operation was based upon the superstition that disease is a demoniacal possession, and that the demon could not only be driven out through a hole in the head, but also kept out by some secret magic of the same hole and its surrounding parts, because, if the patient survived the operation, the exorcised fiend would ever after dread that which had conquered him. Furthermore the trepanned skull, and particularly the piece of bone that was taken out and the bone immediately around the opening, having participated in the defeat of the demon, were supposed ever after to possess the charm of sanctity;

and fragments of such parts of the skull were worn as amulets and talismans. It is easy to see how such a superstition could have been modified and enlarged so as to lead to the belief that, independent of trepanning, the bones of the head possessed medicinal properties, a belief which persisted to the dawn of the eighteenth century: whilst, in recent times, pieces of the human skull were worn by aged Italians as charms against epilepsy and other diseases. When once the dogma was accepted that sanctity and a perforated skull were correlated, fond relatives might bore the heads of the dead to facilitate the exit of any lingering demons, and, by means of the sanctified, trepanned skull to prevent their re-entrance. For the same reason the bone amulet was buried with the deceased, and sometimes it was even placed within his skull. Post mortem trepanning may have been a pious endeavor to carry sacramental benefits beyond the grave, such as that which induced the early Christians to be baptized for the dead.

The possibility of reasonably making such deductions from a few decayed bones is a remarkable proof of the progress of anthropological science. Should any readers regard the deductions as unwarranted, they must remember that their value is dependent upon a series of facts which can here be but very imperfectly reproduced.

A TEST.

TO THE EDITOR: Some time ago I spent a very pleasant evening with a well-known clergyman of the Episcopal church, and our conversation turned on psychical research, in which we were both interested. He gave me the following experience which I asked him to write down. He complied and I send the story to THE JOURNAL as follows:

GREENFIELD, MASS., June 29, 1894.

To whom it may concern:

During the latter part of the month of September, 1874, while a resident of Denver, Col., I attended a séance at the residence of a Mrs. Johnstone, which was under the direction of Mrs. Hollis, the medium. There were about a dozen persons present, seated in a semi-circle, contiguous to one another, but not in contact. The room was dark; and Mrs. Hollis was opposite the semi-circle. There was singing. The music over, after an interval, there were what purported to be spiritual communications. These came directly from the spirits themselves, the medium announcing their presence, and saying who the person was with whom they severally desired to communicate.

It will make the experience which I am about to relate better understood, by stating here that in the winter of 1873 while residing in Pittsburg, Pa., I lost a son, aged four years and eight months, of intussusception of the bowels. His name was Harry Hobart F., changed from Harry Bronson F. the name given him at baptism. His doctor's name was Robinson, a kind old gentleman, who used to say to my boy when he came to see him: "When you get well I'll take you out riding." The little fellow's favorite hymn was "Rock of Ages," which he frequently sang with his mother. No one in Denver outside of my family, knew anything about my son's death, or the circumstances attending it.

To return to the séance. In the course of the evening Mrs. Hollis said: "There is a little child standing near Mr. Voorhees" (the name under which I had been introduced) "who wishes to communicate with him." I said: "Who is this child?" The answer sounded like "Mary F.," so that those present exclaimed, "She said Mary F." I repeated my question and with the same result. I then asked for the third time, "Who is this child?" And the answer came very distinctly, "Harry Bronson F., Harry Hobart F. Don't you know me, papa?" Mrs. Hollis then said that the child was standing in front of a clairvoyant who was at the extreme left of the semi-circle. The clairvoyant said: "He tells me that he died of intense pain of the bowels." I remarked "that is true" and described the nature of his disease. Mrs. Hollis then said: "He has returned to you, Mr. F., and desires to communicate."

The following questions and answers ensued:

Question, "Harry, where did you die?"
Answer, "In Pittsburg."
Q. "Who was your doctor?"
A. "Dr. Robinson."
Q. "What did he always say when he came to see you?"

A. "When you get well, I'll take you out riding."

Mrs. Hollis now said: "Mr. F., he is sitting on your knee and wishes you to sing 'Rock of Ages' with him." Whereupon I started the tune, and he joined me in a clear soprano voice, singing the hymn through. He then asked, "Where is mama?" I gave him our location, and said, "Come and see us whenever you can do so." Mrs. Hollis then said: "He is exhausted and can say no more." I have never seen anything more marvelous in my whole experience.

Attest: P. V. F.
The real names have not been given, nor is it necessary. A few cases, if we could be absolutely sure there was no knowledge on the part of the medium, nor any error in the reporting, would go far in settling the vexed question of future life and spirit return.

M. L. H.

THE HORRORS OF NOISE.

To primitive man noise meant danger. Therefore when the savage heard a noise, whether it was the loud roar of the tempest, the sweep of the avalanche, or the soft approach of the foe at night, he put himself on guard. Noise awakened all his energies: it had a quality of terror in it, and it still has this quality—for me. In the Chinese army the troops used to shout at the top of their lungs when they attacked, in order to terrify their enemies; and when both sides yelled together the effect of the din has been described by Europeans as appalling. It is true that civilized man is no longer so acutely affected by noise; but it still acts as an irritant, and the time will come when its deleterious effect will be recognized. Even in children—and children are supposed to enjoy noise of the most maddening kind—I can see the growing appreciation of silence. A few months ago, when we escaped for a while from the din of the town to the quiet hamlet where I yearly recruit my noise-shattered nerves, my little girl of seven said on our first evening in the country, "Isn't it nice to listen to the silence?" The advance of the savage towards civilization is marked by the abatement of noise. The more savage the tribe the more noise it requires. One of the great clock manufacturers of this country is said to make a certain cheap clock with a particularly loud and aggressive tick, for export to the South Sea Islands; the natives will have no other kind—the louder the tick the better the clock.

We are beyond that—some of us—but we do sanction an amount of noise that Paris or London would sternly suppress. From time to time there is a protest. I reverence Webster for his rebuke to a gabbling barber who asked him how he would like to be shaved: "In silence," said the great man. But as a nation we tolerate an amount of senseless, aggravating din that we should have outgrown a century ago. Our idea of a popular rejoicing and celebration is still the Chinese one—lots of noise. Our Fourth of July is made hideous by Chinese fire-crackers and other exploding devices. Sensitive and sensible people shudder, and as becomes the most long suffering nation on earth, we allow it to go on year after year, those who can, getting away from civilization, so-called, on that glorious day. Again, our fashion of ushering in the new year is to ring all the bells of the town for an half hour, let all the steam whistles screech till steam runs low in the boilers, and fire off any guns or pistols that may be handy.—Phillip G. Hurbert, Jr., in North American Review.

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WOMAN AND THE HOME

THE NEW MESSAGE.

If ghosts of women dead a century Steal back to earth, Then verily to-night one talked to me Upon my hearth: And the pathetic minor of her tones, Liquid with tears, Was like a plaintive murmur from far zones And distant years. "Think not that I am come to you," she said, This hallowed night, To gossip of the secret of the dead, Or tell their plight. "I could not sleep: for lo! the Christmas bells A new tune rang: 'New birth to woman!' loud the psalm swells In rhythmic clang. "'New birth to woman!' Once no right had she To choose her place; Nor place had she save as man's courtesy Did grant her grace. "Sometimes, by beauty, trick, or accident, Grim fate she crossed; But when from her obeisance she unbent, Her power was lost. "O woman! to be robbed at last and crowned With dignity, Walking with lifted head your chosen round, Unfettered, free. "The barbarous traditions of the past Loosed from your feet; Life's richest goblet held to you at last, Brimming and sweet;— "Forget not those for whom too late, alas! Dawn flushed the sky, And to their spirits drain a silent glass; Of such am I. "Hark to the Christmas bells: 'Good will toward men, Peace on the earth!' 'And unto women'—chime they forth again— 'New birth! New birth!' "If ghosts of women dead a century Steal back to earth, Then this same hour came and talked to me Beside my hearth, —May Riley Smith, in Home-Maker.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

A special telegram to the Chicago Inter-Ocean last week, says: Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has announced her intention to at once retire from the lecture platform and public life. It is largely on account of her poor health that she has decided to give up her work. Mrs. Livermore had an attack of grip last winter and she has never felt quite herself since. Another reason for her retirement is that she is at work on a book that must be completed by the spring. Mrs. Livermore will, however, retain for a short time the presidency of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, but her tremendously active work for temperance, equals suffrage, and social purity, that has made her name familiar in all parts of the United States for so many years, will now subside into a quiet home life. This home life will be in Melrose, where she has a beautiful, happy home with her husband and children, in the midst of her books and papers, pictures and flowers, treasures of foreign travel and mementos of so many years of unceasing work. Mrs. Livermore will probably be as busy in this home life as she has been outside of it. Mary Ashton Rice was born in Boston December 19, 1821. Her father was Timothy Rice, who served in the war of 1812. She was placed in the Boston public schools at an early age and graduated at fourteen. She was then sent to a girl's seminary in Charlestown for four years. Shortly after her graduation she accepted a position to teach on a Virginia plantation. She was there about three years, and when she came back to Boston she was a rank abolitionist. Upon her return chance threw her in the way of a young Universalist preacher, and after she had taught a school in Duxbury for three years Miss Rice became the wife of Rev. Daniel P. Livermore. Mr. Livermore was settled in Fall River. The tastes, habits of study, and aims of the young couple were similar, and Mrs. Livermore drifted into literary work. She called the young parishioners of her husband's church into reading and study

clubs, which she conducted, wrote hymns and songs for the church and Sunday-school singing books, and sketches and poems for several publications. She was identified with the Washingtonian temperance reform before she was married, was on the editorial staff of a juvenile temperance paper, and organized a cold water army of 15,000 boys and girls, for whom she wrote temperance stories. In 1857 the Livermores moved to Chicago, where Mr. Livermore became the proprietor and editor of a religious weekly paper, the organ of the Universalist denomination, and Mrs. Livermore became his associate editor. Her labors for the next twelve years were herculean. She wrote for every department of the paper, and at times, when Mr. Livermore was obliged to be absent on account of church duties, she had full charge of the paper. All the while she continued to furnish articles for various periodicals of the country, and during that time she was her own housekeeper, directing her servants, and giving personal supervision to the education and training of her children. At the first nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency in the Chicago wigwam in 1860, she was the only woman reporter who had a place at the press table. It was in those very busy days that Mrs. Livermore practically began her public work. She became immediately interested in the movement for better sanitary condition of the soldiers and in this work she naturally drifted to the lecture platform. In 1870 she came East and became editor-in-chief of the Woman's Journal and took active interest in W. C. U. work. Her whole life has been a grand and noble one and her retirement will be keenly felt.

The small remaining group of English poets is further reduced by the death of Christina Georgina Rossetti, whose long and patient suffering ended December 29th, rather suddenly than expected for some months. She was the third of the gifted children of Gabrielle Rossetti and his half-English wife, having been born in London in December, 1830, and she inherited a full measure of the artistic temperament of the family, clarified by a maidenly reserve that was more English than Italian. When her elder brothers, William Michael and Dante Gabriel, started The Germ as the organ of the new Pre-Raphaelite movement Christina was among the contributors, though it was not till some dozen years later that the volume of verse published under the title of "The Goblin Market," with illustrations by her famous brother, made her widely known as the strongest female poet of England after Mrs. Browning. Her earlier poems were much influenced by the Pre-Raphaelite movement. They have the same pictorial quality, the warmth of color, and richness of imagery, combined with an archaic simplicity, characteristic of her brother.

During a session of the Legislature in Washington, three women from one of counties called upon their representative in the interest of woman suffrage. They asked him what his views were on the matter. This is the report of the colloquy: "I hadn't never thought nothing about it, and I don't believe in women's rights now." "But," they said, "don't you think it is time you did think about it? Won't you give us some assistance? Won't you help us?" He leaned back, thrust one hand into his trousers pocket, and with the other emphasized his intelligent response: "I wouldn't marry you, nor you, nor you."

Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, who spends all her time in dodging taxes and flying from one cheap lodging-house to another to escape robbery or assassination, is still in constant terror of the poor house. She told her washerwoman recently that she needs't mind about washing more than the bottoms of her skirts, where the dirt shows. "and," said she, "when you make out your bill be sure and deduct one-half on the skirts, as I will not pay for unnecessary work." The washerwoman thought it was a joke, but found the next week that there was no joke about it. The deduction had to be made. When one of her buildings on Broad street was being repaired she kept tab on every man. One morning a painter was five minutes late:— "You're around pretty early, ain't you, Mrs. Green?" the man asked.

"You're just right. I'm around early," she responded, her cold gray eye fastened upon his. "If I didn't watch you all the time, you'd soon be owning this building, and I'd be doing the painting." The man was never late after that.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper who died at Cooperstown, N. Y., December 31st, was the famous author's second child, the eldest of five to reach maturity. Her life was devoted to literature and practical benevolence. She founded an orphanage at Cooperstown that has grown to considerable dimensions and does no little good.

Among the members of the class of '95 in the Chautauqua Reading circle is a young Japanese girl, who expects to graduate with her class at Chautauqua next year. This bright girl student is a member of an educated Japanese family, who gave her every opportunity offered at home, but her desire to come to America was so strong that they consented, and several years ago she entered Wilson College, in Pennsylvania. She was graduated last summer, and succeeded in winning a fellowship in the woman's department of the University of Pennsylvania. She has been taking the four years' course of the U. S. C. in order to be well acquainted with this famous American educational plan, and expects to make use of its methods, so far as may be, on her return to her own country.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, whose engagement to Mr. George Riggs, a business man of New York, has been announced, has had a somewhat changeful life, which has been much to the advantage of her literary work. She was born in Philadelphia, brought up in a Maine village, educated at Andover, lived for twelve years in California, has also resided in Boston, New York and London. Mr. Riggs met her during a coaching tour of Wales, where both were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Buckley. Mr. Riggs is fond of out-door sports, and next year expects to drive his wife on a tandem through Ireland.—Boston Bridget.

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TO MY CAT.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARKARD.
Maiden stately,
Who sedately
Sittest by my study fire.
Calmly thinking,
Hardly winking,
Can it be thou hast known life?
Seek and shinning
Thou'rt reclining,
Carving thy long well ordered tail:
Claws are hidden,
And unbidden,
Thou a singest soft, and dost not fall.
Yet, demurely,
Peaceful surely,
As thou sittest in that pose,
Wrathful, fearful,
Fateful, fearful,
With howls, thou canst rise from thy doze.
Truth shall awe thee:—
Late I saw thee
Wildly challenge one who passed:
Rearing horrid,
From tail to forehead,
All thy hairs.—She stood aghast.
Thine eyes, burning,
Were a spinning;
But more fearful were thy claws;
And advancing,
Still enhancing
Thine awful look, thou didst not pause.
Let it shame thee:
Ere o'ercame thee,
Thou didst force thy kind to war:
Imprecations,
Castigations,
Thickly fell,—I fed afar.
Now thou purrest,
The demurest
Creature in the whole round world;
Nothing noting,
Dreaming, dotting,
All thy warelike emblems furled.
Dost thou hear me,
Crouching near me,
Like the Sphinx in desert sands?
Art thou shamed not?
Wilt be blamed not?
No one's blood is on thy hands?
So it seemeth:—
One who dreameth
When her judge has charged a sin,
One who, purring,
Never stirring,
Takes the warm fire's comfort in.
Haply dwelling
On the welling
Floods of pleasure yet to be,
Milk most sweet,
And fish and meat,
All the eyes can hope to see.
Can't be knowing
That the doing
Of her deed was wrong, should bring
Prosecution,
Restitution,
With many another painful thing.
I must know now;
Thought must show now,
Explanation adequate:—
Wrong she doeth;
Yet she rueth
Nought when done;—I have it!—Wait.
She wrong knows not;
Her act grows not,
Preconceived, as 'tis with crime:
'Tis infraction,
Cause, reaction:—
Due to Tedium and time.
As fair seasons,
Without reasons,
Bring sharp fire and thunder too,
And after riot,
With the quiet
Summer day, storm's wreck undo.
So thou, Fairest,
Screaming, scarest,
With a horrid front, thy kind;
Then subsidest,
And abidest,
The tender heart, the calmer mind.

The Conservative Independent prints an article by Prof. J. H. Hyslop, of Columbia College, who has been much interested in Psychological Research, and comments editorially as follows: The subject of supposed hallucinations, or apparitions of people at the point of death or after death, is one that has been avoided by scientific people because it seemed to them to lie outside of the realms of exact science. For some reason, the whole field of animal

magnetism, so-called, was for a long while taboo to the student of psychology and to the physician, and relegated to the realm of imagination and imposture, until three or four French and English physicians compelled attention to the subject and proved the genuineness of hypnotic experiences. The subject of hallucinations and ghosts and apparitions is one which no one man can well attack; and it is well that a society, founded in England and with a branch in this country, has been organized for the express purpose of gathering facts and statistics on the subject. The preliminary conclusions of a very important series of investigations are given by Professor Hyslop, and they are of a startling character. They seem to prove that it is extremely probable that communications have been made by the spirit of a dying person to a friend at a distance; that these cases are far too numerous to allow us to believe that this is a fortuitous hallucination. The conclusions reached are limited to cases in which the supposed apparition occurred at or about the hour of death, so that the general subject of telepathy is not included, and so that it is not left clear whether these are cases of communication by a spirit not yet separated from the body or by one which has left the body. It is a matter of very great interest to decide which is the fact, if either be a fact; for a communication made after death is simply another statement of the immortality of the soul; and as Professor Hyslop indicates, as a scientific proof of the immortality of the soul it must have the greatest philosophical and theological interest. The report is couched in terms of caution, and Professor Hyslop speaks in the same way, and so would we. And yet if we can trust the data given, and we certainly cannot impugn them, the indication is that we may be on the eve of such a scientific demonstration, the consequences of which are most momentous.

THE HUMAN LEG.

Our Paris correspondent writes: A French caricaturist has been showing us what cyclists will come to in a few generations. The future "veloce man" is from the hips up like the definition of a line-length, without breadth. Below the belt he is swollen out with hard flesh and muscles, and the calves are monstrously big. Professor Young of the Geneva university, on the other hand, believes that the time is coming when human beings will have no legs to speak of. What with cycling, the great end of civilization now seems to be to enable us to move about without using feet and legs. It is fast getting on to electrical hackney coaches and rudder balloons. The tendency is to throw all the muscular activity into the hands and arms. Professor Young believes that the future human creature will have the merest survivals of nether limbs, and arms of great length. Teeth will probably be dwarfed also by the constant use of soft foods that need not be chewed, but as the march of intellect will increase in pace the brain will develop. Of course the standards of beauty with these anatomical changes will alter. When they do, a person with a set of teeth such as would now excite the admiration of a dentist would almost seem a beast of prey.—London News.

HYMNS THAT DO HARM.

One of our wittiest variety-show jokers is wont to introduce his "turn" by coming forward and asking, after glancing at a card he holds: "Is Mr. Erastus Baker in the house?" There being no response, he repeats this query, and then goes on: "Well, there's a woman at the stage-door with a bill for washing, and she's looking for Mr. Erastus Baker. Now, I'm going to sing, and if any one goes out during my song I'll have placed this gentleman." Knowing the performer's ready and unsparring wit, his hearers are pretty sure to wait till he is through before leaving the theater, says a New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. This entertainer's trick of holding his hearers was

brought to my mind by an incident in a "gospel temperance meeting" in a modest west side church. There was nothing in the programme to attract attention to it as promising anything different from the usual gathering of the kind, but it was made especially interesting by an unexpected discussion between the pastor and a young man in the audience. The services had been in progress but a few minutes when the pastor announced: "We will now sing the hymn, 'Oh, Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?'" and he proceeded to read the familiar lines of the first stanza. While he was reading, the young man, a stranger, rose from his pew and started toward the door. The clergyman, eager to point a moral, I suppose, immediately called out: "Better stay here, brother! This is the place for your mother's wandering boy." The stranger stopped, turned about, and, standing in the aisle, responded: "I may or may not be such a one as the hymn describes, but I will tell you frankly that I leave this meeting simply because you are going to sing that hymn. The hymn does not reach the wandering boy's heart, because he is not here. But that is of little matter compared with the needless suffering you inflict on the mothers who may be, and doubtless are present."

Really beautiful Christmas poems are rare, and nothing more exquisite than "Child Jesus' Birth-Night," which opens the Christmas Babeland has appeared in the magazines, old or young, for years. It is by Ella Farman Pratt. "A New King Baby" gives a lovely picture of the little English Prince Edward of York, and another of the Queen Victoria family cradle which she has presented to her grand-child, 50 cents a year. Alpha Publishing House, Boston.

We are the heirs of Time. Unhappily, it is in the nature of heirs to be heedless of the origin of their wealth, ungrateful to those who created it. We accept what comes to us, heedless of the signs it bears of hard-handed toil, struggle, and suffering.—G. H. Lewes.

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A London publisher chancing on a copy, was so struck with its value that he decided to issue an edition of 500 copies. To accommodate those who have from time to time written me for the book, I have secured a small part of this edition, which I can furnish postpaid for \$1.00. The original text is preserved, but occasion has been taken to add explanatory notes which the progress of knowledge has made possible. The publisher in his notice says: "The Arcana," as the work of an uneducated boy, written when he was little past seventeen years, and occupied all the day at exacting toil, having the evenings only to give to the task, has been said to be one of the most if not the most absolute evidences of spiritual beings communicating with mankind. We may boldly state that every scientific book written at the time of its date is now obsolete, while the "Arcana" took such advanced ground that not yet has Science overtaken it, and it is as fresh as though written yesterday. The plain story of the creation remains the same, written in the simple language a child can understand, yet grasping principles which scientists and philosophers have vainly sought."

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As the publisher has not electrotyped, and my supply is limited, those who desire the book should order at once. Address HUDSON TUTTLE, BERLIN HEIGHTS, Ohio.

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Now is a good time for all who are interested in their subscriptions to THE JOURNAL to settle their bills.

Books for "Mollie Faucher, the Brooklyn Enigma," by Judge Dalley, may be ordered from this office. Price \$1.50 per copy.

The few remaining sets of THE JOURNAL containing reports of the Psychical Science Congress held in Chicago, August, 1893, can be had for \$1.50 each.

Any persons having a copy of "Raphael, A Lesson on Animal Magnetism," which they will sell, are requested to address this office, stating condition of the copy, price, etc.

The New American Church for all our United States Schools, Churches and Homes, by Prof. J. B. Turner, of Jacksonville, Ill., the work of a scholar and a broad liberal thinker, is for sale at the office of THE JOURNAL, at 25 cents per copy.

Albert A. Whitney passed to the higher life from Chicago, January 7th. His last hours were serene, sustained by an unflinching trust and cheered by the loving care of wife and daughter and son. Born in New Ipswich, N. H., in 1822, he had lived in Battle Creek, Michigan, forty years, removing to Chicago three years ago. He was a pioneer Spiritualist, firm in his faith and respectful of the honest opinions of others,—a man strong and steadfast, tender and true, held in high respect and much beloved by all who knew him. On January 10th a large audience was at the Independent Congregational Church in Battle Creek, where G. B. Stebbins spoke, and the burial service of the Masonic fraternity took place at the cemetery.

H. E. Criddle, of New York, writes to S. A. U. "Let me say how glad I was to read that last paragraph on page 383 of THE JOURNAL, beginning 'Others may see in these only some subliminal consciousness, etc.' I for one, grow heartily sick of the strained efforts made by all kinds

of more or less otherwise sensible people to account for these manifestations in any way, rather than accept the dreadful idea that their dead are not dead!! It is true that Mrs. C— and myself have enjoyed two or three 'tests' of such a nature as to prevent our doing otherwise than 'knowing that under certain conditions (at present vastly unknown) those gone before do return. The only cry for the 'showers' to make to those who don't know 'is investigate!—first, last and all the time—investigate. And I hope you will find room in THE JOURNAL during 1895 to say that again and again. 'I decline to subordinate my knowledge to your ignorance,' was the cutting response of a very shrewd man who had investigated, to one who tried to convince him that what he had discovered, was not so."

M. H. Prince, Washington, D. C., has he says received the following communications from D. D. Home:

FRIEND PRINCE:—I shall always regret the harsh things I wrote about mediums in my book. I should like to have this known.

D. D. HOME.

CHARGE PRINCE:—Please do not neglect to put it on record that I wrote many errors in my book. I have since learned better. I was too caustic and unjust. Dec. 28, 1894.

D. D. HOME.

Mr. Prince says the communications are genuine beyond doubt, and wishes them printed in THE JOURNAL.

The numerous letters from Mr. Booth to his friends reveal the versatility of his mind and the breadth and inclusiveness of his interests. Lovers of the occult will read with interest the following, written to Adam Badeau just after the death of his young wife: "I'll tell you what happened to me two nights before Mary left me. I was in New York in bed; it was about two in the morning. I was awake. I felt a strange puff of air strike my right cheek twice; it startled me so that I was thoroughly aroused. I turned in bed, when I felt the same on the left cheek—two puffs of wind—ghost kisses. I lay awake wondering what it could mean, when I distinctly heard these words, 'Come to me darling; I am almost frozen,' as plainly as I hear this pen scratching over the paper. It made a strange impression on me, the voice was so sad and imploring. When I was in the cars on my way hither, little dreaming that she was so seriously ill, I saw, every time I looked from the car window, Mary dead, with a white cloth tied round her head and chin. I did not find her so, exactly, nor in the position I saw her from the window, but I saw her as distinctly a dozen times at least as I saw her when I arrived—dead and in her coffin. What does all this mean? My mother says she saw my father standing by her bedside twice during the first month of his decease. She declared she was awake and saw him; but he vanished before she had time to speak to him."

Some weeks ago THE JOURNAL referred to the arrest in Boston of George Albro, Reuben A. Hill and Mrs. Abbie R. Ripley, charged substantially with a conspiracy to cheat and defraud by falsely pretending that a certain person had power to exhibit the materialized spirit forms of deceased persons. The Boston Herald of December 27th, mentions that Judge Hammond in the Superior Criminal Court the day before, heard counsel for the defendants upon a motion to quash the indictment on the ground that the acts sought to be set out do not constitute an indictable offence. To allege that a person falsely pretended that he had super-

natural powers, he said, would not be a sufficient ground for an indictment. This is what he claimed was charged in this case. Counsel then argued that the bald allegation of a false pretence, without any assignments as to how persons were induced to part with their money, was not sufficient to satisfy the legal requirements of pleading. He also claimed that the means and methods by which a person was induced to part with his money must be set out. An allegation that in consideration of the false pretence persons were induced to part with their money should be embodied in the indictment to make it sustainable. It was further claimed that there was not a sufficient allegation of ownership in those persons whom the defendants are alleged to have conspired to get the property of. The court did not hear the prosecuting attorney, as the case could not be finished before the expiration of the present term. The case was thereupon continued until the January term, when it will be heard before another judge. Such are the legal intricacies in which the case is snarled.

The Word of the Spirit to the Nation, Church, City, Home and Individual.

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones, is an excellent little manual of duty, duty in all the positions of life. Its teachings are from the heart as well as the head, and they are such that those who read cannot help being benefited by them, unless they are callous to all sense of duty. The author is of a hopeful spirit. While fully alive to the deplorable condition of things, he sees with prophetic vision a happier future when the politics of the nation will be "lifted into statesmanship, its labor illumined with intelligence and reason, its capital sanctified by conscience and dedicated to the service of man, which is the service of God." The future of the Nation and the City, and of the Church itself, depends however on the home and the individual. The home, says the author, is the unit and the model of the church of humanity, and all will be lost if we do not keep our homes "simple and sincere, so that love's energies may go, not into physical, but psychical creations; not the pandering of body, but the culturing of mind; not the development of social pretense and social cruelty, but of human growth and humane interests." But the home, like society, is an aggregate of units, and hence the author very properly dwells on the supreme importance of the individual life for the true prosperity of the people. He pleads for love, helpfulness, and the wholeness, entirety, and completeness in right living which is true holiness. In this living we may not be able to affect society perceptibly, but we shall reconstruct ourselves, and great is the force of example. We wish Mr. Jones' little book god speed. (Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, 1894).

OPINIONS OF THE JOURNAL.

Lillian Whiting writes: "You are making THE JOURNAL most interesting and valuable. It is something that should be in every household."

Mrs. Clara K. Barnum, of Malone, N. Y., in sending a new subscription says: "I have told him that in his study of psychical subjects, THE JOURNAL is an absolute necessity for his investigations, for it is the only paper of its kind that I am proud of, and can unreservedly recommend it to my friends."

Writes Anna Oleott Commelin: "I wish that THE JOURNAL might have wider circulation and hope that this year it will enlarge its field of labor, usefulness and comfort to the sorrowful. It deals with the supreme interest of life to all who live

and love. I send the paper often to friends and speak of it whenever opportunity occurs."

R. A. Fuller, Brockton, Mass., in a business letter remarks: "I cannot but commend the course of THE JOURNAL in its attitude towards so-called 'test' mediums who gravely give what they call from the public platform. Judge hunting the 'test mediums' in their own peculiar lair, i. e., the camp-meeting. We had such in all their phases of impudence on Onset last summer."

Emma Rood Tuttle, that most sensible spiritual poetess well known to all THE JOURNAL readers since the earlier days of this paper, writes: "THE JOURNAL is so good! I cannot understand how you get so many strong articles in every week. Many of the contributions touch keenly my head and heart."

In a recent letter Mrs. C. M. Nays says: "Do not think me guilty of flattery when I tell you how much I enjoy the contributions in THE JOURNAL, which for at least ten years has weekly found its way to my home."

Annie L. Muzzey, whose strong and beautiful poems have won her many friends among thinkers, has this to say of THE JOURNAL: "The editorials are among the best features of THE JOURNAL. I'm very glad to see therein a growing tendency toward the discussion of the social and economic questions of the time, for in these, the best of religion and philosophy must be compassed. In fact neither religion nor philosophy are of much practical use until applied directly to the problems of life."

M. F. Dwight: "I have been a subscriber for THE JOURNAL many years, and would not willingly be deprived of it. I am always interested in the contributions of Brother G. B. Stebbins, so clear, concise and to the point, whatever subject he chooses."

Mrs. H. P. Gordon, California: "THE JOURNAL has been a source of great pleasure to me the past year, under the new editors."

Mrs. Laurena Koons, Oregon: "In renewing my subscription to the dear old JOURNAL I wish you a happy New Year and thank you for the high excellence THE JOURNAL has attained through your management. Long may you and your good wife live to disseminate the truth."

Wm. Mason, Wisconsin: "I consider your paper a reliable representative of true Spiritualism—in fact the most reliable in the United States. In the mediumship of Mrs. Underwood I place the greatest confidence, and enjoy the spirit communications she receives. I think they represent many conditions in spirit life very correctly, having some traits of mediumship myself."

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