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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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Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Last Page

THE OPEN COURT

BROWNING'S THEORY OF THE WILL.

By Ellen M. Mitchell.

Hegel, in his "Philosophy of Mind," says that as will, the mind is aware that it is the author of its own conclusions, the origin of its self-fulfilment. What thought strives to comprehend, the will seeks to realize in life. The will, using Kant's terminology, is practical reason; thought is speculative reason.

The very essence of personality is in will. Man as a finite being is a progressive being, asserting himself through inclinations and passions that are in part based on the rational nature of mind, in part selfish as related to the particular individual. Hegel asserts that nothing great can be accomplished without passion. Impulse and passion are the very life-blood of action and are the manifestation of a law which is one with man's essential being. Through error we attain to truth; through mistakes we rise to virtue. We are to confront evil and force it to give up the good which is in it, it's only reality.

Browning's theory resembles that of Hegel. Browning bids us "contend to the uttermost for life's prize;" "be it what it will," throw ourselves upon life with energy. Against the virtue of self-repression—if it be a virtue—against submission and the passive side of morality, Browning affirms the value of impulse, passion, enthusiasm, the allies, not the enemies of progress. The true law of life is aspiration; aspiration itself may become achievement.

What life means to us depends on the intensity and sincerity with which it is lived. "Lend yourself in action," "try conclusions with the world," and you will soon know that it has another destiny than to minister to your private wishes and necessities, that you must live for others to realize your true self; the higher law of unselfishness will be found at the basis of impulse, inclination, passion. To assert the self in evil action is to learn how futile that self is, cut off and isolated from other selves, thrown back upon nothingness.

There is no room for indifference or neutality in Browning's theory of the will. The moral ideal is an energy, a moving upwards through mistake and failure, making of our dead selves stepping-stones to higher achievement. We must aspire, strive, and even break through circumstances to reach fuller life. To vascillate, to postpone action, is simply weak, it is not virtuous; virtue does not lie in indecision. To live is our only chance of realizing what is right; to be dead while we are alive is the greatest wrong, both to Browning and to Dante.

Self-assertion is good; it is the law of life. Through action, through life, through contact with our fellow-men, we shall learn what kind of self-assertion is false and negative, what kind is true and positive; the one denying, the other affirming the higher self.

LIFE AS A MORAL DISCIPLINE.

By C. Staniland Wake

A letter which I received not long ago from a gentleman well known, in a particular connection, both in this country and in Europe, ended with these words: "I have long learned not to hope, not to form plans for the future. What is to be will be, and I am fully convinced that nothing can change the current of events in one's life." This is the cry of a wounded spirit, but who shall say that it is not also the expression of truth! We set our sails with a favorable breeze for some desired port, but an unknown current carries us out of our course, and if we are not ship-wrecked, we find ourselves far from the haven of our hopes. The best laid plans may be thwarted by some unanticipated event, or we may gain at last what we have long looked forward to, only to enjoy the realization of our hopes for a few short years at most. It is true that there are individuals who appear not to be "plagued as other men are," they prosper in their worldly affairs, they have troops of friends, and "all goes merry as the marriage-bell." Perhaps, however, if we knew all the circumstances of their lives, few persons would be found to come under that category to the end of their days; so few, indeed, that when a certain man was asked why he did not respond to the offer of friendship of one who possessed everything the heart could wish for, he replied: "I dare not, he is so prosperous, the gods must be preparing for him some great misfortune."

Let it not be thought, however, that there is some demon of ill-will ever haunting our footsteps to prevent the success of our undertakings. The miscarriage of our plans, if they are not defective in themselves, is just as much under the control of some guiding agency as is the formation of them. If we take a broad survey of the history of a nation, we see how little its ultimate destinies have been affected by the actions of particular individuals. And so in the survey of the lives of individuals, how seldom do we find that the promise of the spring has had its proper fruition in the autumn. Some masterful minds seem to be able to bend circumstances to their will, but in most cases the environment has been the conqueror and has subjected the will to itself. In the evolution of physical nature those organisms which are best able to accommodate themselves to the conditions of life furnished by their environment are selected by nature to survive. The organism itself has, however, a destiny which surrounding conditions will aid it to fulfill, if it is prepared to respond to their action.

What is true of the organism generally must be true also of all the factors which enter into its constitution. The soul has, no less than the body, an environment on its reaction to which depends its future. The destiny of the human race as a whole is perfection, moral and intellectual as well as physical. Nature makes progress the condition of continued existence throughout all her widespread realm, for without it there could be no evolution and nature herself would be dead. But the race lives only through its individual members, and these must partake either of the progress of nature or of the penalty she exacts for failure in responding to the influences she brings to bear for their improvement. Thus the destiny which nature offers to every human being is perfection, and, as man is on the rational plane, this must be moral rather than physical. What is required of man is "conduct," and great as may be the intellectual acquirements of any individual these will avail nothing in the eyes of nature, except so far as they react on the moral being and aid in its progress towards perfection. Therefore, if we close our ears to what is required to insure this moral progress we must expect to suffer the penalty. Fortunately for us, however, nature, like a kind parent, endeavors to bring us to a knowledge of the right way ere it is too late. The method she employs will depend on circumstances, but it often takes the form of defeated hopes and blighted fortunes, if not the loss of those near and dear to us. The aim of nature in thus dealing with us is purely educational, is, as indeed, life itself; and if this purpose of life is not voluntarily performed the moral discipline is sure to be forthcoming, however long it may be delayed.

The perfection of the moral nature has two stages, the one emotional and the other intellectual. Few persons, comparatively, attain to the highest level, as to do so requires not merely a passive acceptance of the educational process, but an active intellectual effort to second its operation. Moreover mere intellectual activity alone is not sufficient to enable the highest moral plane to be reached, although it has an important influence for good, by diverting the mind from occupations of a less elevating character. But that activity cannot do its perfect work until it is reflected on the disposition, so as to purge it of all motives to action that rest upon a purely sensible or pleasurable basis. Of course recreation is essential to healthiness of both body and mind, but he who aspires to a higher life will never make a business of pleasure. He will indulge in it only for purely recreative purposes. Until the truth of this is recognized, he is never safe from a rude awakening to the necessity of subordinating his pleasures to his moral culture. Such an awakening is intended to be disciplinary, and it therefore must be attended with pain but, as says Mr. J. R. Ellingworth, in his recently published Bampton Lectures, "the pain and sorrow of life which, abstractedly considered, are a perplexity, gradually cease to be so, to the man who is sincere enough to recognize their punitive and purifying effects in his own history."

The pleasures which require to be subordinated are not merely those of the sensibility. Intellectual pleasures are more intense than those of a lower plane, and although intellectual pursuits are of great value both to the individual and to the race, their chief value is to be found in their influence over the destiny of race and individual, that is, in their aiding in the struggle for perfection which each must engage in under penalty of nature's reproof. Nor

let it be thought that man is so governed by his disposition, that he cannot strive to attain the higher standard of conduct which moral progress requires. So far from his being bound in the fetters of a determined necessity, his very nature as man requires him to possess freedom to will and to do. This, indeed, is the real object of his rational faculty, which is intended, not so much to enable us to explore the heights and depths of nature and human nature, but to enable us to mould our conduct so that it shall be in harmony with all that is divine in us and our cosmical environment. There need be no difficulty in connection with what is improperly called "freedom of the will," when we consider that freedom has relation to the motive for conduct and not to the will itself. This is well put by Mr. Ellingworth, who says that freedom of the will means "the ability to create or co-operate in creating our own motives, or to choose our motive, or to transform a weaker motive into a stronger by adding weights to the scale of our own accord, and thus to determine our conduct by our reason." By this self-determination we can influence our disposition, so that our conduct shall be governed by the purest and highest motives, and with every increase in our moral enlightment will our freedom become the more perfect. This enlightment, and the beauty of moral obedience for the perfecting of our own nature, is the real lesson to be learned from Mrs. Humphry Ward's powerful novel "Marcella."

"ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?"*

By T. W. Higginson.

A tract was put into my hands in traveling, the other day, with this title. The tract distributor did not wait for an answer. Had he done so, I should have been obliged to reply, "In your sense of the word, probably not."

Had he been charitable enough to ask, "Are you not then, in any other sense, a Christian?" (the remark would be charitable, observe, as implying that there might be some other respectable definition besides his own), I should perhaps have answered, "I hope so." For many people simply mean by Christian one who "calculates to do about right," as a good woman once said to me. And I should be sorry to be left wholly out from that list.

Yes, if he had taken the trouble to follow the matter still farther, and had said, "But do you call yourself a Christian, putting your own meaning on the term?" then I should probably have said, "No, I do not."

To be sure, a general word like Christianity becomes, by much using, like a box with a false bottom, into which you can put as much or as little as you please. There are senses in which I might feel proud to be called a Christian, just as, if I wrote blank verse, I might be proud to be called Shaksperian. But as I know that the word is not generally used in that sense, and as we cannot spend our lives in giving definitions, I should prefer to be called simply a man—or, if you like to add an epithet, a good man or a bad man—rather than a Christian.

I remember that once, when studying at Divinity Hall in Cambridge, I happened to meet Octavius Frothingham at the wood-pile in the cellar; and we passed very rapidly, as students will, from the knotty wood to some other hard knots. I said, "Why, if we believe Jesus to have been simply a man, should we wish to call ourselves Christians?" He answered, "I have no wish to be called a Christian; I am quite willing to go through life as a Frothinghamian." His position then seemed to me very consistent, and I am sure he has adhered to it well.

The trouble about calling one's self a Christian is, first, that it is a very vague word, used in a great variety of meanings. Secondly, that, if you do not believe Jesus to have been the Christ (in any but some imaginative, Oriental sense), you have really no business with the word. And, thirdly, that the world has been trying for centuries to outgrow these domineering personalities in religion—as in Buddhism and Mohammedanism, for instance—and it seems better to throw one's influence on that side. Every great religious personality first helps the world and then hinders it. When we leave Calvin and Wesley and Swedenborg, and come among the Calvinists and Wesleyans and Swendenborgians, we are conscious of narrowness and imprisonment. The greater the man, the more he appears to imprison other men. It seems the divine compensation for the good that great men do—this belittling they leave behind them.

The profoundest writers of the age have not missed this truth. Emerson said, twenty five years ago: "Genius is always the enemy of genius by over-imitation. The English divines have Shakesperianized now for centuries." And Goethe says in the same way, "Shakespeare is dangerous to young poets: they cannot but reproduce him, while they fancy that they produce themselves." (Aphorisms, by Wenckstern, p. 111.) What then? Are we not to read Shakespeare? Of course, we are; as Goethe says elsewhere, in same book, "The artist who owes all to himself has very little reason to be proud of his master." We need teachers; but it is the exclusive acceptance of one teacher, even though he be the highest, that dwarfs a man.

It is inevitable, I suppose, that all our sects, in relaxing the severity of dogma, should pass through an intermediate period when the worship of Jesus stands in place of all other creed. To them, this worship will do good, because it is a step forward. But, to those who have been accustomed to a simple "Natural Religion," this personal idolatry would be a step backward; and it is better to keep clear of it. And it is satisfactory to think that those who decline to take Jesus for an exclusive exemplar really get more good from his example in one way than those who are more exclusive.

"Shakespeare was not made by the study of Shakespeare," nor Jesus by the study of Jesus. He at least was not a Christian,—in the sense of dependence on another,—whoever else is. If to be a Christian meant to get spiritual knowledge at first hand, as Jesus did, the name would be indeed worth assuming. But, if his disciples are to be trusted, he ended, like inferior other prophets, in teaching that no man could come to the Father but through him; and it is now too late by eighteen centuries to disentangle this subtle thread of error from the word "Christian." If this be so, we shall save ourselves from much perplexity by not claiming it.

* From the Index.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE'S QUINTETS.*

By Louis J. Block.

Mr. William Henry Thorne has been known for years as one of the vigorous and incisive writers of the country. In the pages of his quarterly, the Golden Review, he has shown himself as one of the trenchant critics of the tendencies of our time, and has with prophetic fervor and eloquence pointed out in what way we were going wrong and in what paths we might find the truths and solutions we have so long been seeking. We may be far from agreement with Mr. Thorne's energetic protests and warnings and suggestions, but we cannot fail to admire the vigor, the courage and the elevation of his views and feel sure that no bolder utterance has been made in the land.

Mr. Thorne deals by preference with high themes, theological, social, literary; but he has found time also to cultivate the muses, and the goddesses have not met his advances with averted faces. The result is the book of "Quintets and other Verses" before us. The object of the writer may be best expressed in the following quotation from the modest preface to the volume:

"They (the poems) were written out of impulses that seemed irresistible and always with a view of conveying some sentiment or truth that at the time was more capable of being expressed in verse than in prose."

"These are my only excuses for the present publication. I need hardly add, however, that running through each poem, and through the volumes as a whole, there is a philosophy of life, the expression of which is the object of every line I have ever written in poetry or in prose.

The poems vary in their themes from the expression of the higher affections to those of the profounder faith and reverence for the deeper realities. They are simple and refined in form, and are remarkably even in character; sometimes the author seems to falter, and there appears a break in the music or the thought, but a monotony of concord is no more desirable than a monotony of discord, and music has taught us that it is only by the combination of these that the truest harmony is possible. Poetry also has been going to school to music, and brings therefrom many and valuable lessons. But we can know nothing about wine without tasting it, and the best way to find out how good poetry is must be by reading it. Here, then, is a lyric whose charm we are sure everyone must feel. We wish to say also en passant that the poems are called quintets because so many of them consist of five stanzas. We might refer here to good old Sir Thomas Browne's disquisition on the significance of the number five, and we will leave the reader to decide whether to poems of the serene and elevated character of these the mystical thinker mentioned above might not have found the quintette form singularly appropriate.

THE MOUNTAIN GATES.

Knowest the way to the mountain gates
Where the soul looks out afar,
Drinks of the waters of life, and sates
Its eyes on the morning star?

Knowest thou the songs the angels sing
Unto hearts that weep alone,
While their famished ears are listening
For some familiar tone?

Knowest thou the way the moonbeams play
With waves of the midnight sea,
Till their darkened crests grow glad and gay
As eyes of thy love to thee?

Knowest the spots where violets grow
By the sunlit, laughing rills,
But yesterday were hid in snow,
From a thousand frowning hills?

'Tis the way of love that loves and dies
For duty, to rise again,
And capture our souls, our hearts, our eyes,
And love's own victory gain.

Mr. Thorne's sonnets are not always strictly orthodox in form, but his tendency to epigram and concise expression of truth finds in the sonnet an appropriate and rewarding vehicle. We give below one of his sonnets which we think very admirable indeed:

LOVE'S COMING.

O Love, thou comest not when thou art bid,
But, like the lightning's flash, the storm at sea,
The Holy Spirit's breath of destiny,
Thou art most mighty where thou art most hid;
Thou creepest softly 'neath the unborn lid
Of living, sleeping, conscious infancy;
And in thine unbid subtile constancy
Undoest what the hates and haters did;
Thou cam'st to-day, in blushes of the morn,
In tender thoughts by kindred spirits sent,
And so thou conquerest all care, all scorn;
Nor wilt thou be denied, or ever bent
From the fair paths of thy sweet pilgrimage
Of crowns and crosses, aye, from age to age.

We must give another quintet which shows how easily the author deals with subjects of large scope in the simple forms which he uses from preference:

THE OLD SABBATH.

Sweet Sabbath of the human soul,

*Quintets and other Verse by William Henry Thorne. Globe Review Co., Decker Building, New York City.

We long and wait for thee;
Thy perfect peace, thy pure control,
O'er every land and sea.

Thou know'st no day, the years were young
When yet thy perfect law
Of liberty and love first sprung
From God, without a flaw.

Thou know'st no creed, nor race, nor time,
But over every hour
Of consecrated life divine,
Flows thy immortal power;

As after every labor, kind
Nature brings her rest
To weary hearts and hands, to bind
Thy peace across our breast.

O, holy Sabbath, born of love
Before the morning stars
Sang in the heav'nly choirs above,
Come, heal the nation's scars.

There selections will indicate, imperfectly however, the scope and character of the volume. We think that here is a body of beautiful verse, serious, musical, and lit up by many and deep insights into the nobler secrets of life. Mr. Thorne like all other poets is not always perfect in the reproduction of his dreams and visions, but he is singularly free from intricacies and complications, and a general even goodness is a marked characteristic of his work. That work is elevating and strong and ought to go far and wide in its ministries and consolations.

The white and gold binding is appropriate to the contents of the volume, and we are sure that Mr. Thorne's gift will be one of the best appreciated of the New Year.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

The following is a continuation of the article on "Spirit Photography," translated from La Revue Spirit, began in a former number of THE JOURNAL:

First Experiment—After having placed the frame containing the plate on the knees of Madame O. awaked, but "exteriorized," and having left it there some minutes to establish a "rapport," the frame was placed in the camera and left it to an exposure of twenty seconds under a weak light. (Note—Madame O. is a young artist woman, professor in the schools of Paris, who enjoys the property of "exteriorizing" the sense of touch, that is of feeling at a distance touchings under the influence of very weak magnetism, and, even without being asleep).

I next descended with Madame O. and the operator to the lower story to the dark room. Madame O. felt the sensation of the freshness of water, when the plate was put into a basin to be washed for development.

When the plate had been developed, we discovered that Madame O. placed at some distance, felt a "malaise" when the plate was touched but did hot localize the sensation as at the place touched on the the plate containing her image.

On the other hand, she experienced pains at the heart every time that the basin containing the liquid which had served for the development, and which was at some meters distance, was shaken. I concluded from this that the transmitting agent of sensibility was redissolved almost entirely in the waters of the bath.

Second Experiment—I put Madame O. to sleep with a very vigorous command and we commenced the operation in the same manner; but Madam O. remained asleep on her chair while the operator betook himself into the laboratory to develop the plate. At a given moment Madame O. made twisting motions as if she were feeling pains in her stomach; it was discovered that at that moment the operator had broken the plate by accident on putting it in the bath. The broken plate was put into the basin again; the subject felt again a "malaise" which was vague and not localized when the image of herself on the plate was pricked; she had likewise pains at the heart when the water of the basin was shaken.

Third Experiment—While the subject was still asleep, a second proof of her person had been taken and also a photograph of the palm of my right hand pretty near its natural size, in such a way as to fill out a plate of the same size as that on which was contained the portrait of Madame O. Madame O. having been awaked and while talking with us, the operator, concealed behind a screen near at hand, placed the photograph containing my hand above that of the subject, the two plates of gelatine turned one over the other, according to my instructions given without the knowledge of the subject, who had no suspicion even that an experiment of this kind was being tried. I had supposed that, since Madame O. was put to sleep by me simply putting the palm of my right hand at some distance from her forehead, my hand emitted magnetic rays, and that this emission might have been stored in a plate of gelatine as the magnetic emission of the subject herself when it was exteriorized. This image of my hand then in its turn, by emission of the agent with which it was charged, before communicating the vibrations productive of hypnosis, to the image of Madame O., who simply serving as a rely, would transmit them to Madame O. herself.

What I had foreseen happened. At the moment when the operator, being concealed by the screen, placed the two plates opposite each other Madame O. ceased to talk and went to sleep. I then passed behind the screen myself and awaked the subject by blowing on her image.

Then we recommenced the experiment, the subject being ignorant, as is the rule, that she had been put to sleep and then awakened; the second experiment succeeded as well as the first.

We then told Madame O. what had occurred; she could hardly believe it. As she is very slightly suggestible even in the condition of hypnosis, she assured us that she was going to resist the desire to sleep if it was really produced, and that we should not succeed in bringing sleep upon her. The operator replaced the two plates in her presence face to face and the struggle lasted hardly more than a minute, she went to sleep again.

Fourth Experiment—This was made with another subject, Madame L. The plate having been sensitized by contact previously with the subject, and exposed, by chance the layer of gelatine was scratched with two strokes of a needle. The subject who was at some metres from the plate but who could not see what was being done to the plate, uttered a cry speedily, withdrew her right hand on which appeared, at the end of two or three minutes two red subcutaneous lines. When the plate had been developed and fixed it was perceived that the strokes of the needle in gliding over the glass had produced two scratches placed in the same manner as "stigmata" had appeared on the hand of the subject.

Fifth Experiment—The subject is still Madame L. We had succeeded in obtaining with her the production of the luminous phantom at her right and we were then ignorant any further advance could be made in this order of manifestations. It was a question of seeing if the luminous phantom could make an impression on the photographic plate. For this we made Madame L. sit in the dark room where M. Nadar produced his enlargements with the aid of oxhydrogen light. Behind her was placed a screen of dark rough black stuff. The subject having been subjected to a magnetization declared that the phantom had been formed about a metre from her on her right, and I advanced my hand towards the place indicated exactly at the moment when she felt the contact of this hand, which indicated that I was touching the phantom; they lighted a paper to show my hand and could thus put a camera to bear directly on it. The objective was put on the frame containing the plate was placed in the camera. It was withdrawn into darkness and anew the objective was removed to commence the sitting which lasted for near a quarter of an hour until the moment that Madame L. declared that she was growing weak and likely to faint.

During all this sitting Madame L. kept us advised of her impressions. She saw on her right what she called her double, under the form of a bluish, luminous vapor, hardly distinct as to the body but with emanations coming from the feet; and much clearer for the face which appeared always in profile and, as it were, enveloped in trembling flames. What was our astonishment, when, on developing the plate, we saw rising on this plate which had been exposed bearing directly on the subject at the distance of a metre on a screen absolutely black, a picture representing a human profile exactly as the subject indicated.

Our astonishment still more increased when we reflected that while the subject was seeing her double, the objective, which was in front would be face to face with her. We supposed moreover, at first that since the double repeated, according to Madame L. and other subjects on whom we had experimented, the movements of the material body as its shadow, it was to be supposed that the plate had been impressed at the moment when Madame L. was turning her profile to see what her double was doing. But then the profile would have been turned in an opposite direction, and the left half of the face instead of the right half must have been brought to view. As for the rest of the plate it bore two spots, one under the right nostril, the other under the right eye.

When we had acquired by microscopic examination the conviction that these spots were not due either to the glass plate or to any impurity in the setting of bromide of silver, I had the idea that, corresponding to bright points, they could be the trace of two hypnogenic points through which the fluid of the subjects appears to escape much more actively than through other parts of the body. Experiments made with all possible precautions, revealed to me in fact that the subject possessed on the right portion of the face, under the eye and under the nostril, two hypnogenic points about which I had no doubt and which were thus revealed to me; there are no hypnogenic points on the left side.

It was then quite well established that it was the right portion of the face of the phantom which had impressed the plate; bnt how could this be done? It was not until several weeks after I recognized that the blue phantom which was produced on the right was only the reproduction of the right half of the body of the subject. (A task which would allow us to cause the left half of the face to disappear in the portrait of the subject, would explain sufficiently the photograph of the demi-phantom on the right, and might give the appearance of the profile which was actually obtained.) Here follow two photographs of the subject and the "hypnogenic" points indicated with a rather unsatisfactory representation of the "phantom."

Sixth, seventh and eighth experiments—When we had recognized the process of the two demi-phantoms coming successively and finally of the complete phantom, we sought to photograph the last with two objectives, the subject seeing one on her right and the other on her left; but our attempts were in vain. Each time we obtained, on the blue side, some spots more or less vague, and nothing, or almost nothing, on the red side. It must be remarked that, by an unfortunate coincidence, these three last attempts took place on rainy days, while our fifth experiment took place in a very dry time. The subject claimed that the luminous effluvia which she saw expand and agitate themselves around her body were dissolved in great part into the moist air before penetrating the objective, and that they had probably not force enough to reach the plate. In fact we were able to assure ourselves of the fact that the glass of the objective was covered each time with a light moisture coming from the condensation of the atmospheric air, and the subject felt the touchings made upon this moisture.

In the presence of such extraordinary statements as we have just made, the reader who gives himself the trouble to reflect in order to form for himself a well-grounded opinion, will, we doubt not, suffer great embarrassment, and this embarrassment it will

be difficult for him to relieve himself of unless he has experimented much by himself.

The experiments made by others, cannot, in reality, in this class of phenomena be at any time very conclusive; they are rather monstrations than demonstrations becanse the operator who will make one kind of series of experiments can hardly more than repeat the experiments which he has already made and whose possibility he can vouch for. We may then suppose that the subject, even admitting his good faith, is prepared, or at least influenced, and it is known what this influence may produce, in easy ventures upon whom they operate. It is for this reason that we beleive it necessary, that we experiment further to indicate the degree of confidence which we have in the result of our own operations.

I consider as absolutely demonstrated the fact of exteriorization of the sensibility relative to the magnetizer—or to persons who are in rapport with him; but the explanation which we have given of it in order to fix the ideas is certainly incomplete. In reality when the sensibility of the subject has disappeared at the surface of the skin and is exteriorized for the magnetizer, it subsists frequently on normal conditions; that is to say, exclusively at the surface of the skin, for the subject itself and strangers.

I consider equally demonstrated the fact of the absorption of the effluvia-emanations,—auras—through certain substances and the action of the bond which reunites then these snbstances to the body of the subject.

The "stigmata" produced on the body of the subject in consequence of the action on the layer of sensibility exteriorized in the air or fixed in a substance which is absorbent, prove that the subject has really felt the action, but it is not absolutely demonstrated that the "stigmata" are not then produced under the influence of the imagination of the subject.

Finally I am very much inclined to admit the existence of phantoms and of the process in aid of which they appear to form themselves; but here again the facts are not numerous enough for my conviction to be absolute, despite the photographic proofs I have given, proofs unfortunately, unique and deprived, in my opinion, of sufficient distinctness. It would really not be absolutely impossible that accidental spots may be produced through unknown causes, in the plate and that the conclusions which we have stated may be only the effect of pure chance.

The future will enlighten us probably on this point; but whether it prove us right or wrong, it has appeared useful to us to make investigators acquainted with what we have seen in order to attract the attention to analogous phenomena if they should happen to be produced.

PHYSIOLOGY OF TH BRAIN—REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

In the physiology of the brain, says a Berlin letter to the London Standard, a step forward has lately been taken which renders the problem of intellectual activity considerably more intelligible. The Leipsic specialist for diseases of the mind, Professor Flechsig, at present rector of the university, has lately discovered that within the surface of the cerebrum four connected complexes are definable, closely resembling one another, but essentially differing from the other parts of the cerebrum in anatomical structure. These four centres lie in the fore part of the frontal cerebrum, in the temporal lobe, in the hinder parietal lobe, and in the lobule. The extraordinary development of these centers essentially distinguishes the human brain from that of the lower animals. Flechsig calls them "intellectual centers," or "centers of association," because they concentrate the activities of the organs of sense into higher units.

These centres do not exist in new-born children. Not till months later, when all the rest of the cerebral substance has become modulated, do these centers, with which the child begins to think, develop. The "centers of association" are connected by numerous systems of fibers. Flechsig draws a contrast between them and the "centers of sense," the centers of sight, hearing, smell, touch, etc., which produce lower units. They receive the perceptions which are conveyed to the brain by the external organs of sense. In the centers of sense originates sensation. It is only in centers of association, however, with which they are connected by innumerable nerve fibers, that their contents are converted into thoughts. The activity of the centers of sense is directed outward; that is, they receive the impulse to the exercise of their functions from without. The centers of association, on the other hand, only establish the "intellectual link" between the centers of sense; they elaborate the impressions of the senses, their activity is directed wholly inward, they are the bearers of all that we call experience, knowledge, cognizance, principles, and higher feelings, and also of language.

The importance of these centers appears very clearly if we follow their development in new-born children. When the inner development of the centers of sense is completed after the third month the intellectual centers begin gradually to form, and more and more nerve fibers shoot forth from the center of sense into those new regions, ending close to one another in the cerebral cortex. Only about one-third of the cerebral cortex is directly connected with those of the nerve fibers, on which consciousness of sensory impressions depends; two-thirds of the cerebral cortex have nothing to do with this function, but serve the higher purpose of the "centers of association." The organ of the mind, says Flechsig, distinctly shows a collegiate constitution; its counselors are grouped in two senates, the members of one of which bear names such as sight, hearing, etc., while those of the others are called centers of association.

The latter, however, are, like the former, not of equal importance. In complicated intellectual work, indeed, they probably work all four together, but pathological experience shows us that one center may be intact while another is disturbed; the language, for instance, may be confused, while the apprehension of the outer world is not yet perceptibly altered; but, on the other hand, the language may seem correct, whereas the conceptions combine to form utterly senseless delusions. The power of expressing knowledge by language evidently depends upon another center than the power of grasping the natural connection of things. Mental diseases are caused by the destruction of the centers of association. Thus Flechsig has proved that so-called softening of the brain (dementia paralytica) is restricted for the most part to alterations in the intellectual regions, and is caused by atrophy of the nerve fibres. Therefore the thoughts get into confused entanglement, the power of remembering is lost, and the mind produces new and strange images.

ONWARD IS HIS COURSE.

The so-called mischief attaching to a belief in immortality applies to those superstition forms which are passing away and to that depreciation of this life in the hope of future rewards which centuries ago bred the eremite and his prevailing conception, then the civilized world's belief, of the superior importance of a life conceived as embracing eternity as compared with this. With a changed point of view it is difficult to understand how a non-believer in immortality can lend added dignity to what must stand issueless, and without ascertainable reason. Relieved of the responsibility of that preparation for the future which past ages of the world have found chief guidance in religion, the modern free-thinker is not calculated to find anything hopeful or sustaining. He may think he is living intensely in the present—in belief the average modern man is an opportunist—and in so far as he is honestly philosophical he may fulfill every bounden duty; but after all there is a peace and sustained happiness, aye, a knowledge, he does not possess, and it is his misfortune. Yet all the time, if a thinking man, he is conscious of the lack, he is conscious of the promise, through himself, from him withheld. But no, it is not withheld, for every time he looks up at the infinite blue sky or strays pensive beneath the stars, the longing and the mystery are there inviting him. He knows that his bark sailed in from the infinite ocean, and deep in his heart of hearts he feels that thither onward is his course. It matters not what specific form he is descended from—it matters not to what issue the transformation, death—he is here, a soul, he will be there undying. And all the glorious heritage of love and sacrifice of which he in truth is born, found not its culmination in him, but an earnest of a yet more glorious heritage, the heritage of a divine and universal social relation through the countless aeons of eternity.—CHARLES L. WOOD.

WHERE ARE WE AT?

A friend and myself would be much obliged to you if you would give us your opinion on the following points: 1. Was Christ really God? Now, could God die? Why did Christ pray to God, if he was himself God? 2. What is meant by "the only begotten Son?" 3. Do you believe it is literally true as written in Exodus xxiv., particularly xxxi., 18, also xxxiii. and xxxvi., and, indeed, all of it? 4. We read, "And the Lord spoke to Moses," etc. Did he speak, or is it only the narrator's way of putting it, as if he should write, or say, And the Lord spoke to Dr. Abbott. Preach so or so?

1. The Bible nowhere teaches that Jesus was God in an unqualified sense of the word, but only that he was God in manifestation, perfectly representing God in his disposition to man. 2. See Hebrews xi., 17, where Isaac, though not Abraham's only son, is called his "only begotten," because peculiarly distinguished as his father's own and best beloved. 3. It is impossible to say how much or how little historical fact is in the story of the giving of the law at Sinai. Neither is it of any consequence for an intelligent Christian use of the Bible. 4. It is better to understand an inward rather than an outward voice of God. There is nothing to show that this was not the writer's thought.—The Outlook.

A CURIOSITY OF LUNACY.

There is a special form of mental disease first described in France, whose definite character is given to it by its periodicity, and hence it is called folie circulaire. In it there are three sections of the mental circle that the patient moves in, viz., elevation, depression and sanity, and in this round he spends his life, passing out of one into the other, for it is, when fully established, a very incurable disease. The patient takes an attack of mania, during which he is joyous, restless, troublesome, extravagant, and often vicious. He eats voraciously, sleeps little, and never seems to tire. His temperature is a degree or so above the normal, his eye is bright and glistening, he shows diminished self-control and no common sense. This lasts for a few weeks, or a few months more commonly, and then he passes sometimes gradually and sometimes rather suddenly into a condition of depression, during which he is sluggish, dull looking differently, dressing differently, eating differently, fearful, unreliant and sedentary in habits. This state will last a few weeks or months, and the patient will brighten up into what seems recovery, and is to all intents and purposes in his normal state. This, again, lasts for a few weeks or months, and he gradually gets morbidly elevated. You find he is passing through every minute mental phase and habit he did at first; depression follows as before, and then sanity; and this round of three states of feeling, of intellect, of volition, and of nutrition, goes on, circle after circle, till the patient dies. He lives three lives.—Hospital.

We make the following extract from an article in "Longman's Magazine" by Mrs. Leckey, on "The Roman Journal of Gregorovius": "He (Gregorovius) made the acquaintance of Baron von Haxthausen, a Westphalian, the well-known writes on Russia, who had a tendency to Spiritualism and was inexhaustible in ghost stories. Gregorovius himself was a great dreamer. In the early part of the Journal he tells an experience which might oe recorded in the annals of the Psychical Society. When he was a boy at the Gymnasium, before his 'Abiturienten' examination—the equivalent of matriculation—he dreamt that the Professor gave him the 'Ode of Horace,' 'Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,' to explain. 'I studied it well,' he says, 'and when on the day of the examination I entered the hall with my school-fellows, I told them in what way I had learnt what I was going to be examined in. They laughed at me. Professor Petrany took up Horace and said to me: 'Open at Ode, 'Justum ac tenacem propositi virum.' The others looked at me in astonishment, and I passed brilliantly."—Light.

HAVING AXES TO GRIND.

There is an old story, told by Franklin I think, of a boy who when playing with his father's heavy grindstone was approached by an affable stranger who admiringly remarked upon his sturdiness and apparent strength and wondered if he really knew how to grind an axe, producing one which he asked him to sample his strength and skill upon; adroitly applauding his dexterity all the while the poor flattered lad was exerting all his strength in turning the grindstone until it was ground to the desired sharpness, when the stranger ceased his flattery, shouldered his axe and walked off without a word of thanks to the exhausted lad, who just then began to understand the meaning of the praise bestowed upon him.

Who that has read this story in earlier years but has found cause to be reminded of it over and over again in later life experiences when approached by various of his fellow-beings having axes of one sort or another which they desired ground at his expense.

In politics the axes to be ground are many, and it is surprising when this is so well understood that the same old methods of temporary suavity and servility to accomplish the desired ends are still attempted successfully. Human nature is ever open to appeals to self-conceit; though the coward inwardly is well aware of his cowardice he is all the more gratified when he fancies others think him a brave man. The parsimonious man chuckles to himself when he is praised for his generosity; the physically weak likes to be thought strong; the more ignorant one is the more highly does he prize any reference to the one thing he does know; the woman whose own sense of the esthetic is shocked by the reflection in her mirror, cannot help feeling gratified when a friend or stranger claims to discover in her form or features some touch or line of beauty; those feeling in themselves the growing disabilities of physical old age, are pleased when some remark is made upon their strength, agility, or nerve; the most vicious crave some recognition of a possible virtue in their character. There is no human soul so degraded as to utterly lose faith in its own possibilities of good as yet beyond its achievement, and it is this inherent assertion of the spiritual aspiration in man, a most necessary part of his nature, which is thus taken advantage of by selfish schemers to advance by flattery which they often know to be untrue, their own private interests.

In social life those who have axes to grind in the way of desired honors, or "society" recognition and position, grow very adroit in methods of skillfully working upon the weak points of those who are so placed as to be able to help them in their efforts to attain the desired thing. There has been evolution in scheming as well as in everything else. What ages ago would have been gone about in a mal-adroit and bungling manner is now by long practice and careful observation attempted by such devious ways as to deceive all but the most astute and far-reaching minds. But the effect on those who take to such methods of selfish subservience and indirect dealing, is morally debasing and spiritually retrogressive. Though they may gain their selfish ends by crafty fawning, and unduly exciting and pandering to the ambitions and egotism of their fellows, such methods react upon their own characters in lowering the standard of truth and virtue.

In the journalistic world the axes brought to editors and writers to grind are innumerable; and though these grow by long experience tactful and guarded in skillful evasion of the thousand demands made upon their time, labor, space, and personal independence by those who have no claim upon them other than that of being a reader, subscriber or contributor to their journals or reader and critic of their works, yet too often they are unable to avoid giving offence. Such demands in the way of reading long MSS., of giving space for their productions, of answering queries which may take days of research, of prompt reply to personal letters, of finding publishers for books, of giving time and thought and often incuring expense to get information or to send certain articles to out-of-the-way localities, come so frequently to editors of even the smallest paper, that if all or even the major part of these demands were complied with, the editor would have no time to conduct his own business, and his paper would be a mush of all sorts of literary drivel or heaviness. Take, for example, the man who has a lot of manuscript on hand which he feels quite sure will enlighten the world as nothing else ever has done, but which he has never been able to get any publisher to accept. He falls in company some day with an amiable appearing editor of some paper or magazine, and having this axe of his to grind, proceeds to praise the editor's organ whether he knows anything of its merits or demerits or not, and subscribes for it for six months, feeling quite sure that he can thus get space for his articles, which he promptly sends at the earliest moment, but even the most amiable, or say the most stupid editor, has always his own standard of journalism which so long as he is an editor he is bound to live up to, and if he is editing a society journal he is not going to bore his readers with long moral essays, discussions of political economy, or philosophical dissertations. So he is obliged with the kindest feelings to return such MSS. as unavailable for his columns, no matter if the sender should be his dearest friend, instead of a casual acquaintance. So when the MSS. of the six months' subscriber is thus returned, the paper or magazine is promptly ordered stopped by the would-be contributor, who generally with the order for stopping it criticises severely its literary defects, for by this time merits it has none. Then there is the contributor of real merit who has his own notion as to where in the make-up of the paper his contributions should be placed—not understanding that the editor who knows his own business wants his paper to be well proportioned in a literary way, that he has his own rules and desires one part of his paper to be as interesting as the rest, and better than the contributor he knows in what department each contribution will be most telling for the general reader, but having once put the contributor's article where the contributor does not fancy—presto! the contributor flies off at a tangent and scores unmercifully all the defects he suddenly finds in his previously favorite journal, generally ending by ordering the paper stopped. But editors grow used to these things in time, and take both praise and censure very calmly. They have learned through grinding many axes. Experience has taught most people by the time they have reached middle age a species of mind reading—which though it is not always pleasant is sometimes amusing—by which they come to understand the preliminary skirmishing praise and flattery of those who have axes to grind; and so can fend off the demands on their personal independence which compliance would involve.

S. A. U.

RELIGIOUS CHANGES.

There have been changes over wide areas of the earth in religious belief, changes from one form of theological faith to another, from polytheism to monotheism, but never so far in the history of the world has there been a radical change which had for its object the elimination of supernaturalism altogether in favor of a rational view of man and nature. For such a revolution, human nature has only recently been fitted. Hitherto it has been fed and beguiled with fancies rather than facts, with myths rather than truths. But now, in all the leading nations, there are hosts of people who no longer think in a merely traditional manner, but who, having attained to the full stature of rational men and women exercise their intellectual prerogatives, without reference to or regard for authority. In fact, dismay and "fear of change" are perplexing and unnerving high priests as well as kings with a feeling that it is fast getting to be a day of doom for them. Gladstone in some one of his numerous contributions to periodical literature asserts that Christian thought is still the ruling thought of civilization. Christianity is rather a sentiment, an emotion, than a thought,—a sentiment of humility, brotherhood, sinfulness, and other-worldliness. As for thought in the strict sense of the word, Christianity was never its friend, any more than it has been the friend of science or rational investigation of nature. Goethe defines Christianity as the reverence for that which is beneath us. As such it has been a stage in the moral development of mankind. The stoical morality was instinct with pride and self-sufficiency, disdaining everybody incapable of its austere endurance and superiority to feeling. The morality of Christianity, as taught in the New Testament, is the morality of kindliness, humility, and forgiveness, whatever be said of its theology. The heart of the old ethnic world was hard the heart of the modern world is tender. Humanity needed softening. But humanity has now entered upon the period of rational development, and it finds in Christianity a mere abstraction. It would keep us forever in the sphere of the emotions, while man at this late stage of his development demands the robust diet of truth, which Christianity will forever deny him. Meantime, apropos of Mr. Gladstone's statement, the historic student can easily go back in imagination to a period in the past when pagan thought was the imperial thought in the utter absence of Christianity, because Christianity is a moral phenomenon, which began to be once on a time, and which will cease to be at some future date, except in the universal elements which it possesses in common with all systems of religion and philosophy. Everybody who is familiar with the early history of Christianity, when it was making its way in the world against the colossal, fascinating and beautifully imaginative systems of Grecian and Roman polytheism, which systems entered into every act and formality of public and private, civil and military life, beginning at the very hearth or fireside with ancestor-worship, knows what a protracted and desperate struggle the then new religion had. It was working everywhere against the social grain, and the prejudices, usages, and beliefs of ages, and against the tenderest and most deeply seated affections and associations. For "the fair humanities of old religion," or of ancient polytheism, were adapted to the exigencies and demands of human nature on the moral plane which it then occupied. And being so they had bound themselves implicitly among its tendrils and fibres. So that the propagandism of Christianity at the start was regarded naturally as sacrilege and an impious movement conducted by enemies of the human race, and of all the race held dear, for the purpose of uprooting the established laws and civil order also, and reducing society to chaos. The early Christians were in fact regarded as socialists. And the primitive Christians were really and truly the socialists and communists of the ancient ethnic world. Primitive Christianity was a socialism and communism, until it was taken possession of by the principalities and powers of that old world and made a state religion. All forms of dogmatic faith, ecclesiastical Christianity among the rest, have been the chief obstacles to that solidarity and unity of mankind which our modern rational and scientific civilization is so rapidly bringing about. More than rivers, seas and mountains has theology sundered and divided mankind, whereas a rational and scientific civilization, which is now getting control of the earth and all its dwellers, is, in its tolerance of all sorts of opinions and its loyalty to truth and right, the very principle of unity and concord, and fraught with a speedy federation of the world. High priests may elaborately curse current civilization as godless and wicked, but their curses are unavailing.

Mankind are coming together on a basis of a community of interests as well as of nature. Of course the great moral and rational revolution, which changes the immemorial, theological view of man and nature to a rational, truthful view of things, as they actually are, cannot be consummated at once, any more than the pagan world could instantane-

ously become a Christian world. It took Christianity more than three hundred years to become an established faith. In moral revolutions, the heart has to be consulted and appeased. The head is more easily won over, although this is only by a process of growth. The din of the conflict of faith and reason, of science and theology, is everywhere audible.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

A few days ago I received the following from a lady who though she has for some time received automatic communications does not care to have it publicly known: "Reading your automatic writing in January 12th of THE JOURNAL, I tried what answers I could get from my controls over questions that were answered rather blindly by yours. I thought you might like to see the answers and if you like, publish them, but not to use my name. I write as you do, mostly automatically, and with no one by my side necessarily; no "conditions" are necessary, only to be strong enough to be used (as I am a good deal of an invalid).

"What is the normal craving of spiritual life?"

A.—"Caring for others is the normal craving—while out of the body one cannot at first realize the difference. Old associations cling to the spirit, old desires work for mastery. If it be sensual appetite the desire is in full force, while the power to gratify is vain. To work on each others low desires, is often the sport of evil spirits."

Q.—"Take the case of an unthinking and not highly moral or intellectual soul who yet accepts as true the common orthodox belief which he only dimly understands, can you tell us what the aims of such a one would be when reaching the next phase of life's experience?"

A.—"You have the answer already. If a spirit has no knowledge of spiritual life, he will not comprehend his spiritual surroundings until taught. Such a soul does not at once enter into happiness or sink down, it does not understand the conditions. We do not represent correctly the status of this soul. If it has no evil desires, only the enjoyment of common life we do not think it is punished—nor perhaps blessed—it is passive. If it has friends they will help, if not, unless it will accept the help of an advanced spirit, it will not get very far from earth. You ought not to push us to answer such questions, we only confuse you."

Q.—"No I don't think so. I think a few clear statements will help us. But perhaps I express only my own tangled ideas after all?"

A.—"You write what we dictate if you write at all."

Q.—"You would rather I ask no more questions?"

A.—"Well, you can ask, and if we think best we will answer."

I give this as evidencing a substantial agreement in communications received from different communicants in the unseen.

A friend who holds to no particular creed, who is not convinced of the truth of spiritual life, but has in a general way a belief in a form of broad guage liberal religion, writes: "While there is very much in Spiritualism as expounded by the majority of believers in it, that does not appeal to me in the least, there is yet the grain of what I cannot but regard as the germ of truth. But it exists, not in Spiritualism alone, but in Christian Science, and in each of the religions whose influence elevates its followers." In this statement we mark the oneness of that underlying faith in the spiritual needs of mankind which was so preeminently shown at the Parliament of Religions, a faith which is essentially spiritualistic in its origin.

I will give here a short extract from a letter of a lady residing in St. Louis, Mo., whose psychic experiences though not publicly known, have been of a widely varied character including automatic drawing and painting of strange flowers, etc., said to be indigenous to other planets than ours; long descriptions of which have been automatically written, while the one whose hand drew and painted those symmetrical though unique pictures had never been taught the first rudiments of drawing, having no personal inclination in that direction until all of a sudden at an age when she was already a staid grandmother, she was taken in hand by an unseen artist who signs his name in the odd sort of characters which were first made known to me through my own automatic writing and which I call "spiral writing." In one of her first letters to me she says: That your "Psychic Experience" when it appeared in the Arena interested me greatly, goes without saying—the more so, since your experiences and my own have been up to a certain point, so nearly analagous. Indeed one or two of the few friends whom I have taken into confidence in the matter, felt quite sure that I had written the Arena article under the nom-de-plume of Sara A. Underwood—in spite of my assertions to the contrary. Some of your experiences give me a sense of amusement, for they brought back to memory some exploits of the folk from the other side when first I found myself in communication with them. You see, I was quite unacquainted with the various phenomena of Spiritualism, and did not dare mention to any one my queer experiences. After awhile the course of events of a spiritual kind became gradually settled so to speak, and truly for nine years (with the exception of two years when I was too ill to be controlled) I have been in a kind of university, learning the things I had long desired to know, receiving instruction in ethics and thought on higher than earthly planes. Always I am taught the laws of love and truth and reverently do I thank my loving though unseen friends for having led me into a realm of light and peace which otherwise I think I should not have even dreamed of."

With this friend's conclusions as to the intellectual value of the lessons given through automatic writing I entirely and heartily agree. I will close this week's batch of "extracts" by one from the letter of a gentleman who had been converted from doubt as to any future existence through the agency of his dear wife's automatic writing, and when she herself was called upon to enter the happier spheres he writes, "I appreciate your sympathetic regard in my unavoidable loneliness. I wanted you and Mr. U. to share with me the beautiful thoughts which came through my dear one's hand and I have sent you some of the best and some of the poorest communications, as well as some of the little rhymes which would come to her at times, for I wish you to know the different phases of her mediumship. In her normal condition she had no faculty for rhyming. I do, as you suppose, get a great deal of satisfaction out of the writings she left, and I am not sorry that I encouraged her to sit, and believed implicitly in her gift, so thus got much more through her hand than if I had not given her this encouragement. She refers to this in the communication from her given through Mrs. ———. My dearest was the impersonification of affection. We lived twenty-five years together—and so happily! I do not, however, mourn as others mourn. You can well understand why."

S. A. U.

SOUL OR NO SOUL?

We are told by no less an authority than Professor William James, of Harvard University, that "within the bounds of the psychological professor the 'Soul' is not popular to-day." Prof. James himself, has an ancient prejudice against the doctrine of the "soul" of which he can give no fully satisfactory account to himself. Even Professor Ladd of Yale feels it necessary to get rid of the name, while describing the thing as "real spiritual being." The cause of the anti-associationists is thus in bad case, and although the associationists, who will admit nothing but the combination of ideas, are not acknowledged by psychologists, as represented by Professor James, to have gained a complete victory, they are asked only to grant the existence of one little fact, the very smallest pulse of consciousness, which always is consciousness of change. The soul of the psychological professor is thus in a bad way, and this is not surprising when we consider that it has been, and is continually being, submitted to all kinds of experiments in the physio-psychological laboratories attached to the universities and colleges throughout the country, in the attempt to weigh it, to measure it, to test its mode and rate of motion, or even to discover its existence. We ought to be thankful for the mercy which has left us just one little fact, a consciousness of change.

But let us consider the significance of this fact. In the first place, if all mental phenomena are reducible to a consciousness of change, then all human knowledge must be due merely to a series of such conscious states and their combination, much as an object is composed of atoms which have taken on certain molecular arrangements. When carried to the ultimate analysis we find here only the atom, and so in mental phenomena we have to be satisfied, as we are told, with the consciousness of change. But this consciousness does not necessarily dwell in the atom. Some psychologists, such as Mr. Lester F. Ward, do, indeed, assert that whatever exists is material, and some evolutionists still profess to believe that living matter was spontaneously generated from non-living matter, notwithstanding the impossibility of proving either that such a metamorphosis ever actually took place or that it was necessary. All that Darwinism professes to teach is that all existing organic forms have been derived, largely through the agency of natural selection, from one or a few organic forms. The primal living germ on this theory, may be supposed to have been such a lump of protoplasm as the embodied moneron of Haeckel, and it is to such an organism, therefore, we may refer the earliest pulse of consciousness rather than to the physical atom. At least we have not at present the slightest ground for going beyond the organic germ.

The germ of organic form and the germ of consciousness are thus brought together, and there can be no doubt that consciousness has developed with the form, so that if the highest animal organisms have a soul, this psychical factor must be allowed also to the lowest of such organisms, the amoebæ. The very simplest of these minute animals is said not to have any structure, and we suppose therefore its pulse of consciousness is of the same simple character, that is it affects the whole of the organism and not any particular part of it. Therefore if consciousness is evidence of the possession of a soul, this psychical factor must be co-extensive with the organism itself. This is the opinion of Dr. Alfred Binet, who states that in micro-organisms, the functions of the life of relation, that is the psychic life, are performed by the entire mass of the body.

The question arises, however, as to the nature of this soul, or rather as to whether it is to be distinguished from the principle of life which gives the amoeba its organic character? On this point we may cite the conclusion arrived at by Dr. Binet, from his own observation of the conduct of micro-organisms, that psychological phenomena begin among the very lowest class of beings, adding that "they are the essential phenomena of life, inherent in all protoplasm." To him vitalism is "an aggregate of properties which properly pertain to living matter and which are never found in inanimate substances." He insists, however, that the psychic life of micro-organisms transcends the limits of cellular irritability, because they possess a faculty of selection shown in the choice of food. But if this is actual choice it presupposes consciousness, which is the condition of volition, and it evidences the possession in germ of the highest psychic faculties. If it be true, as Mr. Ch. Richet affirms, that there are simple organisms whose psychology is that of irritability alone, that is, which possess merely the property of reacting to external stimuli, then it may be said to have gone below consciousness. But reaction implies feeling, that is sensation of that which stimulates. Hence the very simplest animal organism possess sensibility, and just as consciousness is the condition of volition or choice, so sensibility is the condition of consciousness. Sensi-

y is thus the germal state of consciousness and xhibition is evidence therefore of the possession soul, by which is meant in the case of those le organisms the seat of the psychic life, the tions of which, as we have seen, are performed he body as a whole.

he functions of the psyche, or soul, are thus the tions of the living organism, and the soul there- must be the organism itself as living, that is the y life of the organism. This life exhibits itself at t as sensibility which continues to pervade the ole organism throughout its endless series of de- lopments constituting the cell life of complex or- nisms. Now if "consciousness of change" is, as of. James declares, the fundamental element of all perience, it cannot be consciousness at all, in the oper psychological sense. It is merely sensibility, e lowest term of consciousness, the property of the rganic soul out of which consciousness arises as the volutionary product of psychic activity.

According to this view every living organism has "soul," which is the name applied to the vital princi- le of the organism, that which distinguishes it from mass of non-living matter. The more complex he organic form, so must be its functions the en- emble of which, as the expressions of its vitality, epresent the psychic principle, or soul. This is greeable to the conclusion of M. Ribot who sees in the organism the bond of psychological unity. The diseases of personality are with him diseases of the organism, and of the brain as its highest repre- sentation. The unity of the ego is coördination, the basis of which is the organism itself, and as the organic nature depends on the possession of the vital principle, this must be regarded as the root of coördi- nation and therefore the very soul principle itself. Hence everything which is alive has a "soul," a fact which as thus stated may possibly be admitted even by professors of psychology, whose real error is in comfounding the simple psychic principle with the higher mental principle to which the term "spir- it" should be applied, or in the words of Professor Ladd, "the real spiritual being." It is the posses- sion of this principle which gives self-consciousness, and which therefore distinguishes man from the lower animals. Without it the analytic process which enables Professor James to reach the "very smallest pulse of consciousness" would not be possi- ble, and hence he exhibits the curious phenomenon of the spiritual faculty of reason being employed to get rid of the psychic principle on which it is based and thus to destroy itself.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION.*

*"Social Evolution." By Benjamin Kidd. New Edition, with a New Preface. New York: Macmillan & Co., 1895. Pp. 374. Price, $1.50.

If the value of a book could be estimated by the attention it receives, Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution" would have to be regarded as entitled by its merit to occupy an almost unique position. It is wise, however, to look with some degree of suspicion on works which at once so widely attract the public mind, as they are more likely to appeal to it by a kind of superficial sympathy than by depth of thought. Not that such books when deficient in lasting qualities do no good. They may serve to crystalize current opinion or to emphasize an idea which will bear fruit in other minds. Such we take to be the character of Mr. Kidd's work which, although a thoughtful and ingenious study, must not be considered as by any means conclusive in its reasoning. Its scientific value may be easily overestimated, for the author's clear and argu- mentative style and the happy way in which he marshalls his illustrations, give its reasoning an appearance of depth which evolutionists not already predisposed in favor of the views expressed will soon find out to be illusive. Not that all Mr. Kidd's con- clusions are wrong. There are few persons, indeed, who have kept track of the trend of modern thought, who will not be prepared to acknowledge the truth of nearly all that is said in the preface to the new edi- tion of his book. We are here told that through the influence of the doctrines of evolutionary science the whole plan of life is "being slowly revealed to us in a new light, and we are beginning to perceive that it presents a single majestic unity, throughout every part of which the conditions of law and orderly progress reign supreme." The only objection to be made to this passage is, that many persons are not beginning to take this view but have long since maintained it, although not from exactly the same standpoint as Mr. Kidd. Nor is the idea which forms the key-note of his position, that "the moral law is the unchanging law of progress in human so- ciety," unknown to earlier writers. Moreover the statement that we are rapidly approaching a time when we shall be face to face with social and politi- cal problems, "graver in character and more far- reaching in extent than any which have been hith- erto encountered" is so little new that it is now al- most a truism.

It is not in these opinions that the originality of Mr. Kidd's book consists. This must be sought in its positions, first, that the interests of the individ- ual and those of the social organism, in the evolution now proceeding among Western peoples, are neither identical nor capable of being reconciled, as assumed by the systems of ethics which have sought to estab- lish a rational sanction for individual conduct; and, secondly, that man is enabled to subordinate his own reason by the influence of religious beliefs, the func- tion of which is to provide the necessary controlling sanctions for the altruistic conduct which marks the present era of human evolution. As to the first of these positions, it appoars to us that the author's reasoning is vitiated by the want of recognition that the term reason may be used in two senses, one lim- ited and the universal. He speaks of men not finding any sanction in their own reason for certain conduct, and then of such conduct not having, in the nature of things, any rational sanction. It is evident that these propositions are not necessarily identical, and that the latter may be false while the former is true. Man's reason, except where it rises to mathematical certainty is fallible, and thus its conclusions may not be rational. But the author does not see that dis- tinction. To him human reason is always rational, and therefore the supra-rational sanction he calls in to account for the progress of evolution in opposition to man's reason, is apparently supra-natural, al- though it is not so in reality. The simple answer to his argument is, that there is no such contrariety between the interests of the individual and those of the social organism as the author supposes. The interests of the individual must be judged of, however, by the higher reason, which interests are not always what are considered such by the fallible reason of the average man and which the author alone makes re- ference to.

Hence the influence of religious beliefs which Mr. Kidd treats as supra-rational is strictly rational, in the general sense of this term. The existence of a con- tinuing stream of religious sentiment throughout the whole range of human evolution, an idea which has an aspect of Weismannism, is quite consistent with the fact of the gradual development of religious belief and of the altruistic sentiments, which the author denies. We doubt whether many persons, well ac- quainted with the facts of the case, will endorse his denial of the inheritance of the effects of use and education; although it is not necessary to go so far as to assert that the time will ever arrive when all individuals will have reached the same perfection of organism and social environment. The author lays down the proposition, however, that "the evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellectual but religious in character," and he endeavors to show that there has not been such an intellectual advance since the early historical period as is usually supposed. He refers more particularly in support of this contention to the in- tellectual phenomena presented by the population of the Greek States. The question is certainly a diffi- cult one, but it arises from the way in which it is put. The connection between intellectual develop- ment and social progress is indirect and not direct. The progress is exhibited in "conduct," which has various aspects, industrial, emotional and ethical, and these are undoubtedly influenced by intellectual development. Thus the question is not whether the present age has a greater intellectual development in itself than earlier ages, but whether conduct, un- der its various aspects, is now more influenced by reason than formerly. The latter is undoubtedly true and it is due, not to the action of an ultra- rational factor, but to the orderly and co-ordinated evolution of all the factors which are concerned with the development of rational conduct, and of which religion, under its ethical aspects, is undoubtedly one of the most important.

These objections to Mr. Kidd's argumen[illegible] effect his conclusions as to the social and [illegible] results attending and to attend social e[illegible] which reaches its highest mark among the [illegible] speaking peoples. Here we are told, is the only ab- solute test of superiority of one race over another, and its possession justifies the assumption of author- ity over the peoples of tropical areas who are not capable of properly developing their resources. This opinion, the assertion of which accounts probably to some extent for the great interest evinced in Great Britain in Mr. Kidd's work, is a dangerous one, but if carried into practice under the direction of the altruistic sentiments which have become so influen- tial in the rational conduct of Western peoples, need have none other than beneficial results. But the most important national effect of the social evolution, is the tendency to the establishment of perfect politi- cal equality for all the members of the community, of which the author treats in the chapter on "Mod- ern Socialism." His views are vitiated here as else- where, however, by his ideas as to the relation between the State and the individual. Altogether, valuable as is Mr. Kidd's book as showing one of the pre- dominating tendencies of present thought, it will be found somewhat disappointing by those who think to find in it any fruitful explanation of the principles of social evolution. Its most valuable feature is the support it gives to the growing opinion, that religion and science are not so antagonistic as men of science too often maintain, and on this ground, if on no other, it will be welcomed by all seekers after truth. Nevertheless too much must not be expected even on this subject. Religion appears to be used as practi- cally synonymous with altruism, which may be the expression of religion but not its essence.

THE chief of men is he who stands in the van of men, fronting the peril which frightens back all others.—Carlyle.

ALL are bigots who limit the divine within the boundaries of their present knowledge.—Margaret Fuller.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

THE GOSPEL OF HATE.

BY CARL BURELL.

Down from the realms of heaven,
Down from God's throne on high,
Down to the world unforgiven,
Down from out of the sky,
Came the Son of the Highest,
Came to fulfill Love's plan,
Came unto men the nighest,
[illegible] as a fellow-man,
[illegible] as a man of sorrow,
[illegible] in want and in need,
[illegible]—and cared not for the morrow,
[illegible] and acted his creed,
[illegible]ht by living not preaching,
[illegible]ht as one from above,
Taught and lived up to his teaching—
Taught the Gospel of Love:

Love for each human creature,
Love for the helpless and lost,
Love—so taught the teacher—
Love those who need love most.

Two thousand years have vanished,
Ten thousand charges came—
Ten thousand ills not banished
Though thousands preach his name,
And thousands poor and needy—
Thousands who need love most,
Thousands crushed by the greedy—
Thousands and thousands are lost—
They know all about this gospel,
They know that it came from above—
But they know that it has no meaning,
They know that it brings them no love.

Up from sin's vilest creation,
Up from where all ills dwell,
Up from the jaws of damnation,
Up from the mouth of hell,
Out from midst the down-trodden,
Out from those crushed to the wall,
Out from the sinful and sodden,
Out from where fallen-ones fall,
Rises a misshapen creature,
Rises the victim of fate,
Rises the future's preacher,
Rises the gospel of hate.

With voice like tropical thunder,
With power like cyclone's wrath,
With rumble like earthquake under,
With shriek like a demon's laugh,
All anger for all unkindness,
All wrath for injustice done,
All scorn for mock benignness,

All hatred condensed in one,
She speaks and all men must hear her,
She speaks from below not above,
She speaks and all men must fear her,
She speaks from hatred not love.

Hate the heartless and heedless,
Hate the tree and its fruit,
Hate every wrong that is needless,
Hate the fool and the brute,
Hate the selfish and greedy,
Hate the lovers of pelf,
Hate those who help not the needy,
Hate him who loves but himself—
Hate, if it needs be, all things,
Hate is a part of love's plan—
Hate everything that is hateful,
But hate not your fellow-man.

MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS.

[We did not intend to print anything more about Mrs. Williams, but by special request we insert the letter given below, which the writer informs us was sent to the editor of The Light of Truth.—ED.]

SOCIETE DE LIBRAIRIE SPIRITE,
1, RUE DE CHABANAIS,
PARIS, Jan. 2, 1895.

MR. EDITOR: In a late editorial in your paper, Light of Truth, you seem to forget the measure of decorum due to your fellow publicistes, who by the way have never sent any insults to your address. Respect for opinion should be the rule, and if at Paris we were obliged in the presence of undeniable facts to refuse to accept Mrs. M. E. Williams as a sincere medium, it was in spite of our disposition and desire to receive her as a genuine subject. What in fact was our object? It was to present to Messrs. Myers and Podmore of London; to Chas. Richet and Dariex of Paris; to Lombroso, Schiaparelli, Finzi and Ermacora of Italy; and to Carl du Prel, the celebrated philosopher of Munich, what we had been led to believe was a remarkable subject by whose phenomena the field of their investigations would be enlarged in the domain of Spiritualism. Personally, did we need any new facts about materializations? No, for we had already studied and satisfied ourselves as to its reality, and in consequence our opinion frankly spiritualistic was formed as to the truth of the phenomena of materializations. You have taken upon yourself to insinuate that we Spiritualists of Paris are "absinthe drinkers," "ruffians," etc., and with Mrs. Williams you consider us as dishonest people, capable of plotting before her arrival, a plan to entrap her. Really, my dear brother editor, you make us almost regret not to have put the medium you so warmly defend, in the hands of justice, while we did not do more in consideration of the American Spiritualistic Press, than from any other motive. We regret to see that Press whose honor we have never suspected, has been misled by a person who if she was ever in her career a real medium was certainly only an imposter here. We would beg you in the future to weigh better your expressions and remember that the honesty of your client was first suspected at the first séance given at the palace of Lady Caithness, and that at the final séance where she was caught in flagrante delicto, the numerous eye witnesses signed a report to establish without error the plain facts and truth. Those witnesses are all intelligent persons, and as honorable as you may be yourself. In refusing to insert their version of the unfortunate affair you prove your injustice and partiality, and this action of the American Spiritual Press is certainly not estimable.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in reprinting from Light which alone gave an account of the two sides of this matter says that other papers in suppressing all but what Mrs. Williams said "do nothing to discourage fraud or to enhance their own reputation." We would prefer to believe, dear sir, that acting an honorable part you will insert both this letter and our report as it appears in the Review for December, 1894. In Italy as you may see by the Review for January, a number of savants have had a series of interesting experiences with several unprofessional and unpaid mediums of that country who subjected themselves to every condition imposed on them. These gentlemen have declared the results marvellous. We affirm that Mrs. Williams was received here with the kindest attentions, until it was seen by those who had placed all confidence in her that she was shamelessly betraying them. Be assured that we are well aware of the injury that may befall a medium by seizing a materialized form. But there was no danger for Mrs. Williams by our showing before all that she had undressed herself and was holding a doll in her right hand, and in fact she did not suffer any more than did her manager by being held a few instants during the scene.

As Mrs. Williams proposes to recommence her exercises in "the interest of Spiritualism" we would suggest that she submit herself to the same precautions as taken by Prof. Lodge and Madame Eusapia Paladino, and under these conditions show us "bright eyes," etc., without using dolls and wigs as she did here in Paris.

P. G. LYMAN.

COL. HIGGINSON.

Col. T. W. Higginson has an interesting and eventful personal history. Throughout his early manhood he was much better known as a reform leader than as a writer, although his pen was always one of his readiest weapons. He came of the best New England stock and the distinguishing features of his life as a free-soil agitator, a soldier and an author can doubtless be laid down to the score of heredity. His grandfather was a delegate to the continental congress of 1782 and took a conspicuous part in the political controversies of his time. His father, Stephen Higginson, was a successful merchant of Boston, whose memory is specially cherished because of his large philanthropies. He lived at Cambridge and was for many years one of the trustees of Harvard college. In the atmosphere of that source of sweetness and light Col. Higginson was born and there his youth was passed. He graduated from Harvard in 1841 and six years later from the divinity school at Cambridge. Then began his career, first as a preacher, then as a political leader and reformer, next as a soldier and through all as a journalist, an essayist and "all-around" man of letters. In his capacity as a preacher he served two churches, the first being a congregational church at Newburyport, 1851, and the second a free church at Worcester. During his pastorate at Newburyport Col. Higginson became closely identified with the free-soil movement and together with Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker was indicted for murder in connection with the rescue of a fugitive slave, but escaped trial on account of a defect in the indictment. He was one of those who planned a party for the rescuing of John Brown after his sentence at Harper's ferry. His zeal for the blacks was so well known that it inspired the following lines of some anonymous p-etizer:

There was a young curate of Worcester
Who could have a command if he'd chose ter;
But he said each recruit
Must be blacker than soot
Or else he'd go preach where he used ter!

Holding such views and having had such experiences when the war broke out it was a matter of course that he should be found at the front fighting in behalf of the principles for which he had already sacrificed much. His war record was a brilliant one. He entered the service as captain of the 51st Massachusetts regiment and afterwards became colonel of the South Carolina volunteers, a regiment of freed slaves. While in command at Wiltown Bluff in August, 1863, he received a serious wound, and for this reason was compelled some months afterward to resign from the army.

Col. Higginson's public life did not, however, close with his retirement at Cambridge. He was a member of the Massachusetts legislature in 1880-81 and a member of the State board of education in 1881-83. Like his friend and contemporary, Edward Everett Hale, his voice and pen have always been at the service of every worthy cause.

Col. Higginson has done his best literary work as an essayist and historian. In both of these capacities he has served his generation usefully and well. His best known works are his "Oldport Days," a collection of delightful sketches of New England life; his "Life on Margaret Fuller Ossoli" and his "History of the United States." He has been a regular contributor for years to such journals as the Independent and Harper's Bazaar. Nearly every number of the latter journal in recent years has contained an article over his initials. He was a leading writer for the Index (Boston) while that paper was edited by F. E. Abbott, W. J. Potter and B. F. Underwood. He is now president of the Free Religious Association. He would to-day represent Massachusetts in the United States Senate, but for the influences adverse to culture and political independence which have gained ascendancy in that State.

WOMAN AND THE HOME

THE BABY OVER THE WAY.

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its folds of satin and lace,
I see, with its crown of ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
The throng in the street look upward,
And every one, grave and gay,
Has a nod and a smile for the baby
In the mansion over the way.

Just here in my cottage window,
His chin in his dimpled hands,
And a patch on his faded apron,
The child that I live for stands.
He has kept my heart from breaking
For many a weary day,
And his face is as pure and handsome
As the baby's over the way.

Sometimes when we sit together,
My grave little man of three,
Sore vexes me with the question:
"Does God, up in heaven, like me?"
And I say: "Yes, yes, my darling,"
Though I almost answer, "Nay."
As I see the nursery candles
In the mansion over the way.

And oft when I draw the stockings
From his little tired feet,
And loosen the clumsy garments
From his limbs, so round and sweet,
I grow too bitter for singing,
Ms heart too heavy to pray,
As I think of the dainty raiment
Of the baby over the way

* * * * * * *

Oh God in heaven forgive me
For all I have thought and said!
My envious heart is humbled:
My neighbor's baby is dead!
I saw the little white coffin
As they carrid it out to-day,
And the heart of a mother is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window,
The flowers bloom at my door:
My boy is chasing the sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor.
The roses of health are crowning
My darling's forehead to-day;
But the baby is gone from the window
Of the mansion over the way!

—May Riley Smith.

WOMEN WHO RUN RANCHES.

The women who are engaged in ranching in California are said to invariably be successful, more so than men in many instances, which is accounted for by the fact that if a woman has business ability it is her sole ambition to develop it to the fullest extent and she has no desire to waste her energies in any other direction, says the New York Sun. The one idea is dominant in her mind and only things which have a direct bearing on her business can claim her attention. A man writing on the subject says that 75 per cent of the men who fail to make a ranch pay in the fruitful State of California do so for the reason that they find other things more congenial and do not attend to their business. Men who have no resources within themselves are sure to get dissatisfied with the complete isolation from congenial intercourse and advantages of society, while with women it is different. They seem to be more resourceful than men. Their continual environment is perhaps the best educator toward contentment and the continual yielding to public opinion as to what she shall and shall not do is the training which assists a woman in commercial enterprise. She has no desire to venture into other kinds of business or any disposition to fritter away her time over the flowing bowl complaining of her ill luck.

Many women claim that household duties are heavy in comparison with outdoor manual labor and that they are stronger and healthier when they work in the open air. Several women in the northern part of the State have been eminently successful with their fruit ranches and others equally so in the southern part of the State.

One very enterprising woman has herself planted several hundred acres to deciduous fruits and gets a good income besides from her wheat and hay fields. She is a young widow and in addition to her ranch she runs a hotel. She is out early every morning on horseback inspecting the ranches and directing the day's work, which is pretty well accomplished before the men who own the adjoining properties have finished their breakfast. A teacher in one of the Indian schools manages several hundred acres of wheat fields every year, and very successfully, too. Another woman in Los Angeles is known as the best real-estate operator in Southern California. She will take hold of a most unattractive piece of property and make money out or it. In San Francisco there are two women who have gained a high reputation among horticulturists and carry on a large successful business. Their methods are businesslike and very satisfactory to their customers, while their intelligent understanding of horticulture in all its branches make them capable of teaching so much to others. They make a specialty of importing rare plants and bulbs and introduce them into Russia as well as other countries.

THE FIRST RADCLIFFE COLLEGE REPORT.

The first report of Radcliffe college is most interesting. The rapidity with which the higher education of women advances might well stagger even the most sanguine. Where, O where, are the opponents? Their condition is indeed pitiable. With Yale and Harvard taking the young women into their midst, the question of woman's equal opportunity for education is practically settled. Higher education for women might be looked upon by the skeptics as an experiment that could fail while it was confined to the women's colleges, and here and there a coeducational; but now that the two oldest and most conservative educational institions provide for women as well as men, the skeptics must give it up.

As has already been noted, the year which this report covers has been the most notable in their history. The college has been given a name and a place in Harvard university. Under the new arrangements made of the 63 courses offered, 51½ are courses in Harvard university, the women being in those cases admitted to the same classes with the men. This calls to mind the surprised remark of one of the Harvard professors when the young women began going to the men's classes, that the young men didn't seem to notice the women particularly. The total number of students during the year was 255. Of these, 100 were in the list for the bachelor's degree. The remainder were special students, who came from 124 different schools and colleges. The facts concerning the new scholarships and gifts to Radcliffe have alreapy been noted. It is plain that the high grade of scholarships will be maintained. The tables giving a list of the classes, subjects treated and the professors in charge of them are very interesting.

NORA PERRY.

Nora Perry won her public when she wrote that rippling rhyme "Tying Her Bonnet Under Her Chin," and perpetuated her hold upon the public heart with the famous poem, "After the Ball," which probably shares with Owen Meredith's "Lucile" the fidelity of every girl who has reveled in it. Miss Perry's place in poetry has never been exactly fixed—she captivates too entirely for one to coldly analyze it—but it is not too much to say that for pure music that sings itself away, it would go hard to find her rival. In the field of stories for girls Miss Perry is equally happy. They are sympathetic, graphic, full of vivacity and movement, and always suggest unobtrusively fine points in personal integrity of character and in good breeding. Her latest story, "Hope Benham," is one that emphasizes all these qualities. It is the story of girl life in a fashionable boarding-school in New York, and it reproduces the drama of school life and offers its subtle suggestions of conduct and courtesy in a way as valuable as it is charming. It is really by way of a good education to a young girl to read this story, which is enthralling in interest.

Miss Perry has made her home of late years in historic Lexington, a half hour's ride on the cars from Boston, but in the season she is much of the time in town, and is always a favorite guest at receptions and ladies' lunches. Miss Perry is the purest type of a blonde, and her cordial, winning manners and wit and repartee make her much sought after socially.—Lilian Whiting.

Miss Morrison, the San Francisco girl who recently took highest honors in the medical department of the University of California, is the first woman to win highest place there. Her success was the more remarkable since her class was the largest ever graduated from the university.

The only woman mining expert in the world is said to be Miss Nellie Cushman, of Tucson, Arizona. She began her work nine years ago, when she was a girl of seventeen.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Monism as Connecting Religion and Science. The Confession of Faith of a Man of Science. By Ernst Haeckel. Translated from the German by J. Gilchrist, M. A. B. Sc., Ph. D. London: Adam and Charles Black. New York: MacMillan & Co., 66 Fifth Avenue. 1894. Price, 80 cents.

The confession of faith made by Professor Ernst Haeckel, the distinguished German Naturalist, at Altenburg, on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the "Naturforschende Gesellschaft des Osterlandes," October 9, 1892, has now appeared in an English translation. How far the views advanced by Professor Haeckel will be acceptable to the general scientific mind is doubtful, but he is certainly to be congratulated on having the courage to publicly declare his convictions. No one can refuse to join in the sentiment with which he concludes his confession of faith: "May God, the Spirit of the Good, the Beautiful, and the true, be with us." Here we have the three great departments of Haeckel's monism,—monistic investigation of nature as knowledge of the true, monistic ethic as training for the good, monistic æsthetic as pursuit of the beautiful, by the harmonious and consistent cultivation of which "we effect at last the truly beatific union of religion and science, so painfully longed after by so many today."

There is little to be objected to in this statement, but when we look to the foundations on which it is based difficulties present themselves. We are told that God is everywhere, his spirit is in all things, and God may therefore be represented as "the infinite sum of all natural forces, the sum of all atomic forces and all ether-vibrations." Haeckel thus adopts the idea of Giordano Bruno, who said: "There is one spirit in all things, and no body is so small that it does not contain a part of the divine substance whereby it is animated." This is a great truth, but it may be asked whether God is not something more than the motion. Surely this is not the monism of Spinoza, which the great poet of science, Goethe, so enthusiastically endorsed, and which Professor Haeckel himself speaks of as the most perfect monistic conception of God formed by a system of pantheism. To Spinoza, as to the great English idealist, Berkeley, God is an all-pervading entity, whose vitality is manifested in what we call the phenomena of nature and in the very ideas and actions of man himself.

Possibly this may be also the belief of the German naturalist, but if so we fail to discover it in his confession of faith. It is true that, according to his view, the present "order of the cosmos" arose by an orderly course of evolution from a primeval chaos. At the outset there was nothing in infinite space but a mobile elastic ether, the vibrating "substance" within which the primitive atoms were formed as "points of condensation." The monistic conception requires that spirit and material shall be regarded as inseparable, and they are said, indeed, by Haeckel to be inseparably combined in every atom. Hence the primeval infinite vibrating substance, that which at the outset alone existed, would seem to be identifiable with God. But here comes in an inconsistency which we can only ascribe to the essentially analytic spirit of the scientific mind at the present day. Instead of the atom being part of God, Haeckel speaks of it as "animated" by the divine spirit, and so also with the ether itself. Thus to him God appears to be, not universal nature, but the sum of atomic forces and ether-vibrations, which is equivalent to saying that God is the motion of the universe, that which animates it. Nevertheless we cannot suspect Haeckel of the error of identifying the divine with one part only of nature, although he does speak of God as a "divine power" or "moving spirit" within the cosmos. A duality lurks within his language although not in his thought, and the real inconsistency in the faith he proclaims is to be found in the following statement, that "all the wonderful phenomena of nature around us, organic as well as inorganic, are only various products of one and the same original force, various combinations of one and the same primitive matter. Ever more irresistibly is it borne in upon us that even the human soul is but an insignificant part of the all-embracing "world-soul"; just as the human body is only a small individual fraction of the great organized physical world."

From this language we might suppose that Professor Haeckel looks upon the universe as a vast organic existence having "body" and "soul." It would be a mistake to do so, however, unless, indeed, the organization of nature is regarded by him as the product of the evolutionary progress from chaos to the present "order of the cosmos." According to this view, God himself, at least as the "Spirit of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True," would be a product of evolution, and therefore he, like man, would be traceable back to simple matter and force. And this would seem to be, in reality, the conclusion of Haeckel's monism, which emphasizes in particular, "the essential unity of inorganic and organic nature, the latter having been evolved from the former only at a relatively late period." Thus nature was at the beginning inorganic, with all the consequences which this implies, consequences which cannot be got rid of by saying, that that monism belongs to the group of philosophical systems, the fundamental thought common to which is that "of the oneness of the cosmos, of the indissoluble connection between energy and matter, between mind and embodiment—or, as we may also say, between God and the world." Mind and God are realities of "organic" nature, and energy can be classed with them only by virtue of the same condition. But this condition is not provided by Haeckel's theory, and therefore his conclusions are not supported by the premises. It is true, as we have seen, that every atom is supposed by it to be, in some sense, animated, and that the primal ether was a vibrating "substance;" but that the theory does not require this substance to be organic even organized, is evident from the reference to the orderly course of evolution from "a primeval chaos to the present order of the cosmos." Chaos and order are merely the negative and positive aspects of a higher condition, the state of organic quiescence in which is neither chaos nor order, and which corresponds to the nirvana of ancient oriental philosophy. Such a condition requires the co-existence in nature of mind and substance as an organized living unity, and it is this unity which is essential to the evolution of mind and the involution of substance which has culminated in man with his marvellous attributes. Thus, the inorganic, instead of being the source of the organic, is merely an incident in the evolutionary progress of organic nature from the universal to the individual. This view alone justifies the conclusion that God is the Spirit of the Good, the Beautiful and the True, terms which really belong to man but which are the reflections of the attributes of the organized nature to which we apply the name God.

That Professor Haeckel should deny the truth of human immortality is consistent with his conception of the being of God. He allows the immortality of the atoms of our brain and of the "energies of our spirit," on the principle of the conservation of substance and the conservation of energy, but as to the idea of the immortality of the individual man, he speaks of it in a tone bordering on contempt. He says: "If any antiquated school of purely speculative psychology still continues to uphold this irrational dogma, the fact can only be regarded as a deplorable anachronism." This implies that all schools of non-purely speculative psychology are agreed in denying the doctrine of immortality. This is not the fact but if it were so what does it matter? The truth of the doctrine is not dependent on the dictum of psychologists or even of biologists. The discoveries which Haeckel refers to as of decisive importance for the settlement of the question—those with regard to the more minute occurrences in the process of fertilization—are not nearly so unfavorable to the dogma of immortality as he supposes. Professsor Haeckel says "It is clearly against reason to assume an eternal and unending life for an individual phenomenon whose beginning in time we can determine to a hair's breadth, by direct observation." Apart from the fact that such direct observation is not applicable to the human individual, it may be objected that the so-called beginning is really a passing on from one generation to another in two streams of what is in itself immortal, but that the immortality of the individual depends on organic union of the two streams and the development of the organic unit thus formed. That immortality is at present largely a matter of faith to most persons cannot be denied, but the phenomena which the Society for Psychical Research are dealing with, to say nothing of those of Spiritualism proper, are throwing light on a problem which cannot be settled by the scalpel of the atomatist. Before reason can be appealed to as an infallible tribunal the actual facts have to be determined, and they cannot be determined by those who refuse even to consider the phenomena which may be expected to throw light on the subject, treating them without examination as either fraudulent or delusive.

MAGAZINES.

Little Men and Women for January abounds with holiday reading of a good kind for children between seven and eleven, from Mary E. Wilkins's "Jimmy Scarecrow," who finds a powerful friend in Santa Claus and a home at the North Pole, to "The Last of the Christmas Tree," a very fresh, original, little New-Year's tale by Helen A. Hawley. "A pretty New-Year Custom," by Margaret Spencer, describes the dainty fun in which little Washington children indulge on New-Year's day.—The New-Year number of Babyland is fully capable of entertaining a million babies and their mothers. It opens with the pretty tale of "The New-Year Bird," and there is also another bit of a story sure to be popular in the nursery, "The Parlor Cow." The "Nimble Pennies" by Boz, intended as lead pencil play for little fingers, evolves a very queer and amusing beast. 50 cents a year, 5 cents a number. Little Men and Women $1 a year, 10 cents a number. Alpha Publishing House, Boston, Mass.—The Pansy for January is as usual full of good reading stories by those delightful writers, "Pansy" and Margaret Sidney's articles on Professor Asa Gray, and the Poet Holmes' Roman history paper and a description of the "Heron and his kinsfolk" with the various interesting departments and excellent illustrations. Lathrop Publishing Co., Boston, Mass. $1 per year.—The Mayflower, the leading floral magazine of this country gives a large amount of interesting and instructive reading in the January number. Its colored frontispiece of "Nasturtiums" is an artistic gem. The opening illustrated poem "A Song for the New Year" is the first of a series to be given with each number through the coming year. No flower lover should be without this magazine. Mayflower Publishing Co., Floral Park, N. Y., 50 cents per year.

"The Progress of Evolutionary Thought."

The Opening Address by B. F. UNDERWOOD, the Chairman, before the Congress of Evolution held in Chicago September 28th, 29th and 30th. Price, 6 cents. For sale at the office of THE JOURNAL.

MRS. WILLIAMS, THE MATERIALIZING MEDIUM.

The New York Recorder of January 21st, contains a report of a séance given by Mrs. M. E. Williams at 232 West 46th street, New York City. The report which is by an anonymous writer is headed "Spiritualistic Tests." Mrs. Williams, the medium, does wonderful things in a wonderful way 'Her Surprising Manifestations," etc. The following named persons certified to the "genuineness of the manifesitations occurring at the above séance which was given under such test conditions as seemed to preclude the possibility of fraud:" Mrs. L. Nichols. W. Pilkington, John F. Clarke, Mrs. J. Franklin Clarke, Mrs. John Anderson, Elia Norraikow, J. M'Lean, John W. Free, M. E. Free. E. P. Bloche, Thomas S. Smith, Henry J. Newton, Chas. P. Cocks, Mrs. Jennie Potter, Mrs. K. Stern, Olivia F. Shepard, F. W. Regas, Cromwell G. Macy, Jr., Melville C. Smith, Lester A. Chittenden, John J. Jennings, John Hazelrigg.

The report says: "The séance broke up leaving the faithful satisfied and the skeptical mystified."

"All the spectators were reputable and well-known citizens. Few were professed believers in Spiritualism. Many were open skeptics. Their presence was requested by card. They were asked to form themselves into a committee to sit in judgment on Mrs. Williams and settle the doubts that had arisen as to her mediumship.

The cards of invitation were eagerly accepted, even by those who expected and possibly hoped to see a failure. As to the writer, he went there with a thoroughly unbiased mind. He neither accepted nor rejected. In spiritualistic matters he was merely an agnostic. Before the evening was over his no-faith had received a severe shock.

Mrs. Williams began by placing herself in the hands of a committee of ladies, headed by Mrs. H. J. Newton and the Countess Norraikow. They made a thorough search of the room in which the séance was to take place. Then they withdrew with her to another room. Here she disrobed in their presence, and submitted to a minute personal investigation to demonstrate that she had not concealed about her any of the masks, wigs, etc., which it was charged she had used abroad.

While in the hands of these ladies the writer was invited to make another examination of the room. This was done so carefully that even the carpets were lifted and the walls sounded. Everything was as it should be. Then the audience were seated. Mrs. Williams reappeared. In a short speech she referred mildly to the newspaper and other reports that had sought to discredit her. Her guides, she said, had forbidden her to take any active steps in the matter, but they had promised to aid her to vindicate her pretensions.

The first tests were personal. Names and incidents in the past lives of members of the audience came trippingly from her lips. As to the writer, she showed an uncanny knowledge of certain of his antecedents that sent a shiver down his back and prepared him for what was to come.

At last she cried: 'That power has gone from me.'

Then she sat on a chair placed against the wall. The curtains were drawn round her and the lights lowered. To ward off any suspicion of collusion in what followed it might as well be said right here that the only door leading to the room was completely blocked by the chairs of the investigating committee. No one could have either come in or gone out without detection.

First, the sound of voices was heard. Then forms began to appear. Out they came, male and female, young and old, short and tall, fat and thin. Some had nothing on save a sheet, some were in full evening dress. They called to friends in the audience, who went up and spoke to them and returned apparently satisfied that they had seen and conversed with the spirits of the loved and lost. The weird show reached its culmination when Little Brighteyes, a child hardly a quarter the size of the medium, came out in a good light and seated herself in a small rocking-chair. Like a little baby she rocked heeself and crooned to the music. Suddenly, in full view of the audience, she slipped from the chair, and instead of returning to the cabinet grew smaller and smaller, till nothing was left but a trembling spot of white on the carpet. This finally went out. The writer confesses that the chill in his back now took on an icy tinge. But, being hemmed in, he had had to stay and pretend he liked it. Fresh spots on the carpet now began to appear. In face of the steady stare of thirty pairs of eyes, these grew larger and higher, swaying from side to side like columns of white vapor, till they finally took definite shape as men or women. In one instance two friends vanished through the carpet as a gentleman was speaking to them. He stooped over them, astonished, as they grew less and less, their voices growing weaker and weaker, till, with a faint sigh, they were gone."

We reprint the above (without comment) though the writer's name is not given, the more readily beeause of our references to the report of Mrs. Williams' séance in Paris.

THE JOURNAL AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

The following unsolicited letter just received explains itself:

Office of T. C. Best & Co.,
Patent Steam Boilers, Engines, and Water Heaters, 243 W. North Av.
Chicago, Oct. 15, 1894.

Mr. B. F. Underwood, Editor THE JOURNAL.

Dear Sir: A short time ago we were induced to give THE JOURNAL an advertisement, although doubtful of its being of any value to us, for we believed the people among whom it circulates were not of the class that would be likely to buy anything in our line, or even ask for catalogues.

We must say that we are having a gratifying disappointment, for requests for catalogues are coming in, and we are encouraged to expect some sales through this means of introduction to probable customers—all we could hope for from an advertisement in any paper.

Yours respectfully,
T. C. BEST & Co.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Margaret Tyner, of Flatonia, Texas, passed away from this early life at her home on January 12th, 1895. Mrs. Tyner, Margaret Prewitt, was born in Edinburgh, Indiana, on the 5th of September, 1829; at the age of twenty, she was married to R. N. Tyner of the same state. Shortly after their marriage, they emigrated to the State of Texas, where they have lived for nearly forty years with the exception of about ten years during which they lived in the Republic of Mexico; for the last twenty years they have resided in Flatonia.

Mrs. Tyner was the mother of three children, all of whom preceeded her to the spirit-land. She was during almost her whole life an earnest Spiritualist, and in her life exemplified its highest teachings; pure and noble in character, but simple and unassuming as a child, she was universally beloved; she was the friend and counsellor of all, especially of the sad and sorrowing, the weak and erring, and her kindly heart took in the world in its sympathy. She had been a subscriber to THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for about twenty years. She died as she lived, an ardent Spiritualist, with an absolute assurance of the truth of immortality. She leaves behind her a husband, who sorrows but not as without hope but with an assurance that before many years have passed he will join her in the home beyond.

A FRIEND.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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Any obtainable book may be ordered from the office of THE JOURNAL.

B. F. Underwood is open to applications for lectures within twelve hours' ride of Chicago.

Orders for "Mollie Fancher, the Brooklyn Enigma," by Judge Dailey, may be sent to this office. Price $1.50 per copy.

A few copies of "The Heroines of Freethought," by Sara A. Underwood, a handsomely bound volume of 327 pages, is for sale at this office. It includes biographic and character sketches of Madame Roland, Mary Wollstonecraft Goodwin, Mary Shelley, George Sand, Harriet Martineau, Frances Wright, Emma Martin, Margaret Choppellsmith, Ernestine L. Rose, Frances Power Cobbe and George Eliot. This volume which has up to this time sold for $1.75 is offered for $1.25, postage included.

Rev. B. A. C. Stephens, St. Joseph, Missouri, writes: Mrs. Catherine P. Huxley passed to the higher life December 80, 1894, in the 72d year of her age. Her maiden name was Salls. She was born in Albnrg, Vermont. She moved to the State of Illinois in 1840, and later came to St. Joseph, Mo., where she lived until her transition. She was married to P. A. Huxley, formerly a hotelkeeper of this city. Mrs. Huxley was born and raised in the Universalist faith, but later became a materialist. Three years afterwards she became a convert to Spiritualism, in which knowledge she rejoiced for over thirty years. She was a subscriber to THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOHHICAL JOURNAL for many years. She was of a modest, retiring disposition. During the last few years of her earth-life there was a great unfoldment of her spiritual nature. The approving presence of her gentle spirit was recognized by the mediums at the funeral services held by her remains on New Year's day.

Karl Crolly, Pleasantville, N. Y., writes: While the science of the petrified remains of plants has without any doubt established evolution on the strictest scientific basis, it has also shown that evolution has not been on one consecutive line, but that different species have been evolved at the same time from different points from lower to higher forms and have passed away to make room for the evolution of other species. In the light of this it is not to be wondered at, that scientists have in vain been looking for the missing link guided by the mistaken notion of current theories of evolution. There never was a missing link in the sense it has been proposed, that is, a full sized, developed man with some features of the brute. The discovery of the pygmies in Africa, Polynesia, and Italian pygmies or nanocephales coupled with the recent archæoligical discoveries of Koellmann now show, that our existing races of man had a precursor in a subspecies of the pygmy race. And it is clearly pointed out by these discoveries, that the missing link will have to be looked for in a diminutive being, which had its own starting point on the evolutionary scale.

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth carried her audience by storm at Central Music Hall, Chicago, the other evening, in talking of the successful work of the Salvation Army in reclaiming those unfortunates generally thought to be beyond religions or moral influence. She said: "Our work is known, thank God: and I think it will be acknowledged by all who are acquainted with the Salvation Army that we are nothing if not practical. We believe in working where work is needed. We believe in going down into the dark places, in going wherever there is need and sorrow. It is there we believe we should go with aid and comfort. We believe in reaching down, not only for the poor, fallen women, not only for the poor girls who are homeless and friendless. We believe in going after the fallen men as well, carrying to all practical assistance and the good tidings of salvation. To all these we go not only with a message, not only to tell them that we are sorry, not merely with a plan for something better or a scheme for work; the Salvation Army goes with something firmer, with something to take their feet out of the guagmire of sin and sorrow and place them on the firmer ground. We go with love and sympathy and with a firm, unshaken belief in humanity." Mrs. Booth then took up the question of sending young women into the dives and saloons, and asserted that it was just as safe and proper to send the girls to such places as the older women. Not one case had ever been known of evil befalling the young women who worked in the slums and dives. The sum of $3,000 in cash and pledges was contributed to found and sustain a home for unfortunates in Chicago.

A POSTPONED FREEDOM.

BY MIRIAM WHEELER.

Mrs. Arnold had suffered for many years from an incurable disease which baffled all the physicians in the town in which she resided. It had insidiously attacked her organism at a time when any ordinary observer would unhesitatingly have marked her as one of the few fortunate women whom the pains and trials of life had not robbed of good health and fair looks, and who was likely to wear the white aureole of age.

But in the prime of life Mrs. Arnold's rosy cheeks became suddenly pale, and a weary struggle began with the unnamed messenger of death. No expense was spared to sustain the siege, for Mrs. Arnold had risen with the full tide of her husband's prosperity. Every day some doctor looked upon the fading, failing invalid and though not one of them could diagnose the case, all could prognosticate the end.

Perhaps the simple faith which prompted her to swallow a continuous rill of physic did more to retard the progress of the foe than any other thing. "The doctor has changed my medicine, now I shall get on a bit," she would say to any chance visitor. "This is the bottle, take a drop, don't be afraid. It will do you good. You do not care for it; well, put it down. I think he is a clever man; he never says anything, but he just sits and studies my case. Sometimes he is here an hour or more and then he goes away."

But time passed, and such change as there was did not seem to be for the better. Her husband and children had grown accustomed to the sight of her sickness, while hourly the burden of it grew more unbearable to her fettered spirit. Prisoned within the walls of the heavy mansion into which wealth had drifted them, the only escapes were in looking forward through the gate of death, and in passing backward through the doors of memory to the freedom of a girlhood spent in the calm country. For she could not read or write well and had not come of a scholarly stock. It was reported that her father, a farmer and Methodist, had opened his sermon at the little meeting-house one Sunday night, with the words, "I thank the Lord I b'aint n'eddicated."

And he was the proximate cause of Mrs. Arnold's similar gratitude. She had, however, only one regret, being quite unconscious of what she missed by so many outlooks on life being darkened for her by ignorance. This discontent was that she had not been permitted to learn to model wax flowers with the friend of her youth, Lizzie Piper. The accomplishment then so much in fashion had been regarded as a faivolity and useless art by Mrs. Arnold's mother, and as little short of a blasphemy by her father.

"God Almighty makes flowers well enough," said he, "you can't improve on 'em. Lizzie Piper's fat cabbage roses takes her hours to make and has no sort of smell, let alone they cannot stand the sun, which the old pink monthly in the back garden puts out many flowers every day fresh with dew and scented something like. Get a little honest work, lass, and let the trumpery be."

And Mrs. Arnold had sighed but submitted, and the sigh had echoed at intervals during her life, for the one undeveloped power she consciously possessed. She did not dream of gratifying herself now in the face of her husband's stern denunciation of Lizzie Piper's work as "waste of wax." Her deceits were many but always for the benefit of her children; in avoiding for them the tyranny of the father's despotic rule. But it became the subject of her thoughts waking and dreaming, the thwarted ambition of her existence, the point in which her life had failed. She brooded over it, with a feeling of injury, and with a vague indignation against fate, which her more serious troubles failed to arouse in her. This was not revealed to her family, though occasionally she opened her heart to a neighbor. It only caused a fitful fretfulness which was accepted by people as a necessary attendant of the mysterious complaint which had wrought the many other changes in Mrs. Arnold. Yet in time the irritability ceased and the idea becoming associated with her idea of heaven, possessed her more as a hope and less as a regret. And then she became resigned to the parting she felt instinctively was near at hand. She had not particularly strong affections. Her marriage had been the result of an advertisement in the matrimonial columns of a country paper, and her husband had inspired her with fear rather than love. The children resembled him, and their mother regarded them with curiosity and distrust. They had been trained to look upon her as an inferior being. Their father's oft repeated advice to his sons had been:

"When you have wives keep them under, boys, keep them under."

And his example had enforced his precept.

It was scarcely to be wondered at if Mrs. Arnold had not any wish to live.

"Tell the lads not to pray for me," she said to her daughter one morning; "they will keep me on hand. I do get so tired of lying here, and John prays so powerful."

Next day the doctor paid his customary visit.

"I have g—ot some new p—ills for you," he said, "you will be b—etter for them you will find."

He had a well controlled stammer which amused Miss Arnold who showed him to the door, and returned laughing.

"Cheer up, ma," said she, "this homeopathic doctor takes quite a bright view, you must not give way."

For her mother lay back on the pillow with a strange dew upon her white face and a far seeing look in her eyes.

"Lift me up, Alice," said Mrs. Arnold, "lift me up, it has come—open the window; I am dying. I am going to make wax flowers along with Lizzie Piper. Tell your pa——that——."

What the message was no one ever knew. Miss Arnold ran to recall the doctor and to fetch her father, and while she was absent the end came.

Perhaps the youngest boy, the scrape grace of the family, missed her most for she had shielded him oftenest from Mr. Arnold's coarse anger.

"Ma's gone," he blubbered to a caller who came to condole the day after the funeral. "Ma's gone. She died, you'd never have thought it after these years she's been ill. We got the Rev. Dakin to bury her. I guessed ma would rather he'd have buried her nor anybody else, and I guessed he'd rather have buried ma than what he would have buried any one else. I put some beautiful wax violets into her coffin. She was always fond of flowers and the wreaths of china flowers sent by all the departments of pa's shop were lovely. We had them chained down so nobody can't steal 'em off the grave."

"Yes," said Miss Arnold, "don't cry, Dick. Ma's faith was firm at the last We must all dwell on that."

"I wish" said the eldest son, an overfed underbred youth. "I wish ma had kep her mind more on gawd, and less on flowers. I didn't know she was going to went, or I would have stayed home to have a word of prayer with her."

"She died quite as well without it," said Miss Arnold tartly, as she dried her handkerchief by the fire, "and for my part I like to think of ma making wax flowers."