

RELIGIO THE SOPHISTICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, MARCH 16, 1895.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 5, NO. 43

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

THE OPEN COURT

THE SOUL: WHAT IS IT?

By ANNETTE SHERWIN.

The consciousness of the soul or ego is as deeply rooted in our being as consciousness itself. We are, each one of us, firmly convinced that we possess a soul, and a soul that is immortal and in itself divine. Yet when we are confronted with the question, what is the soul, and how do we know we have one we are silent and give no answer.

Let us look at the matter from a psychological standpoint. The self, according to psychologists, consists of two separate yet closely united parts, the I that knows and the me that is known. This me includes everything that I can call mine, my body, clothes, my family, my frame, my reputation. It is made up of three constituents—the material, the social and the spiritual me.

While these can in a way be separated they all blend into one, the me which as I said above, includes all that I can call my own.

But back of this me is something else, the I or ego which is always and uninterruptedly conscious of standing aloof and observing this me, marshalling before it in review all other states of consciousness together or separately, judging them, praising or condemning. I am conscious of I, know the me that is angry, that is not, that is glad, and the I that knows is entirely separate from the me that is experiencing the feeling. This state of consciousness known as the I is a personal identity as far as any thing can be an identity. What is meant by the word identity, in its rigid use, is impossible in material objects as well as in this ego. The identity which the self does have and must have is that of continuity. This ego is a continuous state of consciousness which, though ever changing is ever the same; in short, it knows at one moment all that it knew a moment before.

That this self or ego is ever changing is shown beyond question in the character. We constantly conceive of character—which is the manifestation of self—as undergoing modifications. It develops into a good self on the one hand and into a bad self on the other. It is never conceived of as truly unchanged or truly identical.

The only identity then the self can possess is that of continuity—a type such as plants and animals manifest in their growth—and when we say the self is identical, we mean that all the experiences belong to it in that personal way which we recognize in ourselves. Such a continuity allows for growth—permits responsibility—and is perfectly intelligible.

We have now clearly defined in our minds the ego or self. Is not this self the soul? If not, what is the soul? Is it above, outside of our consciousness,

or in our consciousness? If the former we can know nothing of it—not even of its existence. If it is in our consciousness—and not identical with it, as is the case if we admit that it is the self, or the continuous state of consciousness—then we must know it and be able to understand and explain it. Since both of these hypotheses are impossible, we are driven to accept the fact that the soul is one with the self or ego.

But we have said nothing of the divine element of the soul. We know now this soul and its workings, but is there not something back of all this of which the soul is but a manifestation? Take any phenomenon of science, electricity say. We understand this to a certain degree; know how it acts, what we can do with it; but are we any nearer knowing from whence it came, or why it is as it is—and acts as it does act—than ever before? Is it not still a manifestation only of something higher and unknown to us, just as is the soul of which we have been speaking? Is there not a force, a universal mind in nature and in man alike, manifesting itself in these phenomena? We may call this mind God or by what name we will, it is still there and must be recognized by all. It is recognized by many men of science. It is recognized by Mr. Spencer when he says that the universe implies an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed. Then does not the soul contain this mind—divine we call it—the same in kind, different only in degree.

As to the immortality of the soul—there are few people to-day who are unwilling to accept the theory of evolution. If we admit evolution in the material world, can we draw a sharp line and say it is not true in the spiritual as well. Above all, the intellect is not the whole man. Why should we not trust to our intuition as well as to our reason? For what else was it given us? Emerson says: "Perception is not whimsical; not fatal;" and this idea is maintained by many poets. Can we not believe "the truths that never can be proven;" and do not the words, "I have felt" answer our cold reasoning and logic. Is there any man who has not known "in hours of faith that truth to sense and flesh unknown?" and who at times cannot say with Tennyson:

"The man remains,—and whatsoever
He wrought of good or brave
Will mow him through the cycle year
That dawns behind the grave."

FOSTER HALL;
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

EXPERIENCES IN AUTOMATIC WRITING.

By M. B. T.
[A Lawyer.]

Two or three years since I accidentally discovered that I myself was a medium for automatic writing. I became much interested in the subject, and have had some singular experiences. Many of the communications received by me are open to the objection that they may have originated in my own organism. Two or three of my experiences, however, seemed to leave little doubt as to their supernatural origin, and at the risk of making this communica-

tion too long, I will venture to narrate them in a few words as possible:

On one occasion, when writing a letter to a friend, I suddenly noticed that the mechanical effort of writing the letter was becoming very much lessened. I had never heard of or imagined any previous experience of the kind, and was greatly astonished to note that as I continued to write, the physical labor of writing became less and less, until I realized that my pen was being guided over the paper and inscribing the thoughts I dictated, without the slightest conscious personal effort on my part. Some unseen power seemed to be controlling and guiding my hand and moving the muscles, and relieving me entirely of the strain. The situation was not unpleasant, but very novel, and I at last threw down my pen and burst out laughing. My hand was then controlled automatically, and I was informed that the controlling "power" was my deceased brother.

On another occasion, while in my office and puzzling over a complicated account, in which I imagined an error had occurred, and having my thoughts far enough away from psychic phenomena, I suddenly felt a very peculiar sensation on the top of my head, but on the under side thereof. It was almost precisely as if some one had scratched it quickly three or four times with a nail, or possibly as if some one had applied one of the poles of a battery to the spot. It was so sudden and unexpected, that my mind was entirely drawn away from my work, my hand became controlled, and instantly wrote the words: "There is no mistake," and I learned again that my deceased brother was in communication with me. It subsequently transpired that there was indeed no mistake in the account.

My third experience, and the last which I shall relate, leaves no doubt in my own mind that whatever may be the true source of these communications, they don't have their origin in my own brain, for a fact was narrated of which I was at the time in entire ignorance and was entirely incomprehensible to me, when written, and so remained for five weeks, when it was read and explained to me by the persons for whom the communication mentioned below was intended.

Some three years since a gentlemen residing in this place, whom we will call Mr. H. died. I was acquainted with him but not intimately. Several weeks after his decease, while sitting in my brother's study in Cleveland, Ohio, my hand was controlled by some influence which had great difficulty in making itself known.

Upon the fifth attempt the name of Mr. H. was written in full; then followed the beginning of a message: "Tell Mrs. H. to go over to Keyport and"—here the message became confused and unintelligible. He made repeated attempts to continue but without success. At last the word "money" was written. I then asked Mr. H. what he wished to say about money, and then the controlling influence seemed to become more lucid, and the following was written: "Tell Mrs. H. to write to Mr. M. about that money." Evidently more was intended, and the names of daughters of Mr. H. were mentioned, but the remainder of the message was utterly unintelligible. To me the whole communication was un-

intelligible, and I attached at the time but little importance to it, and it narrowly escaped destruction. I remember thinking when my hand wrote it, that the Mr. H. mentioned must reside at a distance, probably in England, for Mr. H. was an Englishman. I thought no more of the matter until after my return home, some five weeks afterward, when a client of mine happened to call upon me upon business, and after completing the matter in hand, I remembered that he and Mr. H. had been acquainted. I mentioned the fact of having received the communication purporting to come from Mr. H. and proceeded to read it to Mr. M.

Upon reaching that part referring to a Mr. M. it suddenly flashed upon me for the first time, that the gentlemen present might be the Mr. M. mentioned, although such an idea had never before occurred to me, and on seeing the name, I exclaimed, "Here is your name, Charley, possibly you may be the man referred to." He looked very serious, reflected a moment or two, and remarked: "There is something in this." He then informed me that not very long prior to his decease, Mr. H. desiring to borrow some money, had called upon him, (Mr. M.) and asked him to endorse his note in the bank for that purpose. Mr. M. had done as requested, and Mr. M. obtained the money on the note. At the time of Mr. H's decease, that note had not been paid, and Mr. M. was liable to the bank as endorser. This communication was entirely intelligible to Mr. M., and upon showing it to Mrs. H. the same evening, without having mentioned that I had seen Mr. M., she understood it at once, and gave me the same explanation that I had received from Mr. M. This communication can not be explained upon the theory of reflex action of the brain, or any theory charging the communication to the outer or inner consciousness of the writer.

I had never known of any business transactions that ever between Mr. H. and Mr. M. I could not have known the facts and forgotten them, for a very short time had elapsed between the giving of the note, the death of Mr. H. and the receiving of the communication. Here is a fact then of which my own mind had been utterly ignorant at the time it was written, and to me it was utterly intelligible, while to Mrs. H. and Mr. M. its significance was understood at a glance.

RECIPROCITY OF SOUL AND BODY.

By ALICE E. BRACKETT.

This is a world of units—each one distinct in itself and yet interdependent—bound to each other by the laws of attraction and combination—each fulfilling its part in the chain of universality. A unit is a single thing; a complete whole; a rounded out existence and a logical conclusion that there are more units. We know that the air we breathe is a life-giving force; that its constituents furnish the needed elixir of life and the supply is inexhaustible—continually generating itself. This self-sustaining power in nature is the source of all productions and the mirror of all revelation. The reimbursement of life and knowledge is the status quo of universal growth. Fact is established truth, and vice versa. Law is supreme and absolute in the governing of nations and the ruling of kingdoms.

The law-maker is the fountain head of power—one cannot be without the other—one implies the other—and so the higher laws of life have been made and deal with most vital interests. They are the lever which propels the machinery of this vast universe and regulates the movements of its various parts. Spirit that abounds in the universe is correlated with the spirit in man; one is immersed in the other and is in a large measure controlled by the other. The properties of matter and spirit are one and inseparable. There is a difference in the fineness of texture of evolution and the mode of expression.

The universe abounds in parallel cases of representation of spirit and matter. The shell of the ocean is buried deep in its cavern of darkness—the

condition that brought it into being and created the form that it holds. Immersed in its watery bed it sprang into life—for who can say that it has not life? We know that in pharmacy life-giving power has been extracted alike from mineral and vegetable—and life comes only from life.

In the vegetable kingdom life is perpetuated by the giving out of itself to the formation of a new plant, which under proper conditions is perfected; and so do we find it in the animal kingdom, which is a step higher in the scale of evolution. Each kingdom is distinct in itself, yet all governed by the same universal laws which cause them to be interdependent and to so blend one into the other that it is hard to draw the line of demarcation. Physiological differences that enter into the form and construction of the elements that compose the various parts of the united whole in the economy of nature are so slight that it is difficult to trace the boundary line between matter and spirit, between soul and body. The encasement is a very essential part of the vital. The tenant of the clay dwelling is master of the situation by lawful ascending and birthright possession. The adaptation of each to the other is equal in all its parts and strong to hold each other up. As the soul develops, the body grows correspondingly into the requirements made of it by the soul. There must be symmetry in the growth and mutual assimilation to bring about the best results and to make the perfect organism.

The human organism is indeed the most wonderful mechanism that nature has produced in the fulness of time through the process of substitution and regeneration. The climacteric of success in development was achieved when man appeared on the stage of progression, clothed in the human form divine and possessed of the attributes of Deity. God's image is reflected in the human mirror, and the more perfect the mirror the clearer is the likeness produced. The perfect transparency is the negative plate upon which is photographed the soul's transcendent powers. Should there be stains upon the plate, imperfections caused by physical deformities of disease, the soul reflection is marred, and a light that cannot give out its rays because of obstructions soon loses its brilliancy and is quenched in the darkness. One has a clear insight into these things can readily see how dependent is the soul upon the body for its growth and extension, and vice versa. They are correlated parts of a perfect whole. The mutual relationship between the different organs of the body is equivalent to that of soul and body. Let one organ become diseased or weakened and all suffer correspondingly from the inadequateness of the one; and to properly build up the entire physique, each part must be strong to perform its own functions and thus give out the needed force for the promotion of life and health in the complete organism.

To insure success in the cooperation of mind, brain and body, there must be perfect adjustment of each to all; a counter surrender of one to the other and a loyal interchange of feeling or sensation. The results obtained along the line of psychology have only revealed to us what a vast field of research lies yet unexplored (but we will not say unexplorable, for the possibilities of the human mind linked to the divine are unlimited), and its capabilities are unfolding as man has a better understanding of himself and the laws that have brought him into being and control his every step of progress from the cradle of his birth to the ever-widening circle of his resurrection into higher spheres of life ad infinitum.

The crowning work of redemption of the soul from its bondage to earth conditions is consummated when man has mastered himself and is clothed in his right mind, fully equal to the exigencies he has to meet. There are marvelous resources at his command which enable him to grasp the infinite and harness it to his own individuality and thus live in the heart of nature where her inmost secrets are revealed. There is a chain of knowledge reaching down from the soul of all things, of which we now and then catch faint glimpses, enough to convince us that

the reservoir is unfailing in its supply of material, and that we can draw from it according to our own individual resources. The ideal life lived in the body is but a faint semblance of that which is to come in the universal order of sequence, after the flesh has served its purpose in winging the soul towards its newness of life in the spheres beyond the confines of time, as it is reckoned by us.

The earth pilgrimage is the season given to man in which he is to garner lessons of experience that are to fit him for higher abodes of thought and usefulness. To live this life well, growing in every avenue of discipline to the desired end, is the fitting soul preparation for the kingdom to come, and in order to best accomplish the high purpose of earth-life, it is necessary that all the parts of our being should be perfectly attuned to each other, that the vibrations may be harmonious and in accord with the universal symphony of the union of the spheres. The eternal verities are sure. The heart-throbs of the universe are mighty conclusions of the sweep of law, beneficent and kind, yet stern and unyielding in its inflexible course of justice and retribution. The mysterious order of nature is wrought out by an unswerving purpose of diligent requit.

The steps in the progress of civilization have been marked by a Divinity that has shaped the end from the beginning in the destiny of the race. The upward spiral climbing of the evolutionary movement as it has been traced out to the scientific mind is the basic process upon which all growth of higher attainments must be built and substantiated. The human mind is a vast storehouse of knowledge, of which there is an ever accumulating fund, the quality of which is determined by the caliber of the brain, which is influenced largely by the physical environment with which it has to deal and through which it has to filter. As the mind grows and the spiritual blossoms out into beauty and symmetry of proportion, the physical must of necessity clothe itself in the garb of purity, in order to subserve the higher mandates of the soul. Good is supreme and will ever rule all lower forms of manifestations of the Universal Spirit. Undeveloped good is called evil and this covers a multitude of sins. As viewed from different standpoints things are gauged as right or wrong, and the severity of judgment is accordingly. We know that in the universal arrangement of nature's design there are manifold parts and contrivances which in themselves seem insignificant and unworthy; but each fits into the general plan and helps to complete the perfect working of the whole. One individual life must not be contemplated alone, as it stands by itself. The conditions that brought it into being must be considered as well as the environment after it has entered this sphere, and the existing circumstances that have controlled its progress. What in one is a seeming evil, is simply the stage of development he has reached in the evolutionary process—and that which works out the plan of redemption from the lower to the higher cannot be called bad. Gold, to be useful, must be tried in a fiery furnace. So man, to reach the plane where he is master of the situation, must needs pass through successive stages of refining processes, suited to the case in hand, until he comes out of the crucible a gem of rarest lustre that will reflect the image Divine. The purification of the soul while yet in the body can be accomplished to a high degree by the continued determination and repeated effort to overcome the lower propensities of the flesh. In this way hereditary tendencies can be eliminated and cramped environment be held in abeyance to higher laws of spirit which assert their supremacy and reveal themselves to man as he grows into more spiritual conditions where he can draw from the Infinite Source of All-Truth and All-Knowledge, wherein lies the secret of universal dominion. The silent flowing of the river to meet its destination in the ocean which once gave it birth, symbolizes the out-reaching of the spirit to the Ocean of Life, whence cometh all life, and whither all life is tending in its sweep towards the Invisible and Immortal.

A REMARKABLE SOMNAMBULIST AND CLAIRVOYANT.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

The editor's decision, as announced in THE JOURNAL December 15, 1894, to make well attested spiritual and psychical experiences a more prominent feature than heretofore, encourages me to send you the following statement of facts from a reliable source.

The Medical Century of September the 1st of last year contains, under the title "A Psychological Study," an interesting and valuable contribution to psychology by N. O. Pennoyer, M. D., Physician and Surgeon to Kenosha Sanitarium. As the whole article would cover more than a page of THE JOURNAL, I condense it very much, and I also take the liberty of re-arranging its material so as to bring each fact, when possible, under its proper class.

Some twenty-four years ago, there came to the institution, then in charge of Dr. Pennoyer, and of which the present Kenosha Sanitarium is an outgrowth, a patient, Mrs. X., thirty-five years of age. Born of an overworked mother whose body and mind had been strained to the utmost for months, she was an unusually restless, nervous, sleepless child. When but a few years old, somnambulism to a very marked degree developed, which, later, exhibited trance-like states, in which the young girl, being unusually precocious and bright, would, in her sleep, preach sermons, selecting her text from the Bible and expounding therefrom to the wonder of the family and neighbors who came to hear such extraordinary wisdom and learning by one so young.

Having passed puberty, a train of hysterical symptoms developed, there being at times spasms and again contractions of the extremities which remained for months. During all the previous and subsequent years, and during her stay in the sanitarium, she continued to pass at times into the somnambulant state; and whenever it was possible for her to use her hands, it was unsafe to leave articles of clothing or pieces of cloth within her reach, as they were liable to be "worked up" by her, in a somnambulant state at night, into garments not intended or suited for future use in the family. According to Dr. Pennoyer's observations, her somnambulant state seemed to differ but little from her normal state, except that in the former her mind seemed to be more active, and she was more sensitive to light, usually requiring the lamp to be turned down a little, and when left to herself would cast about for some thing to do. Occasionally she would write, or, if able, would go out upon the veranda, but, if not able to leave her bed would attempt some sewing. Indeed, when in this state, sewing seemed to be her particular vanity, and she would rip up articles of clothing, like a nightdress, cut it down to other proportions and make it over.

Once, says the Doctor, while she was somnambulant and working on a garment, she desired a few yards of trimming or edging to complete it. About this time, however, she became piqued or manifested some antipathy for me, for some fancied reason, and expressed a desire to see in my place another physician who lived in the town and whose name she had heard. I withdrew, telling her before I went that I would send him to her. In the course of half an hour I returned, tapped on the door, entered and introduced myself as Dr. A., when she appeared glad to see me. As Dr. A., I became interested in her work, and she commissioned me to buy the trimming desired. As Dr. A., I returned night after night, having no trouble to quiet her, nor did she question my new cognomen. The light was well shaded, but her powers of observation and reasoning in this state were not up to normal. Once she remarked that I looked very much like Dr. Pennoyer, when I told her truthfully that I was often taken for him.

During a part of the time that she was at the Sanitarium, her lapses into the somnambulant state were periodic, beginning every Sunday night and ending Monday night, she attending during all such times

to what would have been the routine duties of her normal state, and doing all ordinary things in an apparently regular order; but, when waking to her normal state, she would ask the nurse to attend to matters pertaining to the day before which she had no recollection of having executed or ordered to be executed while in the somnambulant state. She was in her normal state totally oblivious to all her actions in the somnambulant state. Her relations to time in the latter state stopped as completely as if she were suffering concussion or compression of the brain. Nevertheless, while there was this total loss of memory, and not even the consciousness of a dream, there was not any rest of the nervous system which comes from sleep. There could have been no greater exhaustion had she been forcibly kept awake for a corresponding time.

This patient was very susceptible to "animal magnetism," and could be readily rendered clairvoyant; also, when in the somnambulant state she could be easily passed into a state of clairvoyance; and indeed, for a time, this was the only way in which she could be brought from the somnambulant to the normal condition. The following very satisfactory illustrations of her clairvoyance are given by the Doctor:

In a room remote from our patient was a young lady who was suffering from sciatica, which had persisted since a fall from a carriage some years before. Being thrown quite violently she had struck upon the thigh, which was afterwards affected. This pain was so severe and intractable that the opium habit was induced, the thigh showing marks of a succession of hypodermic medication. The case had been under the care of my preceptor the year before, having been somewhat improved by the hygienic and hydropathic treatment then employed. Returning home she soon relapsed into the old condition, her sufferings being worse if anything than before. Besides the sciatica she had attacks of gastralgia as severe as any I have ever witnessed. In one of the earlier trance states of my clairvoyant patient I asked an opinion of this case of sciatica. To my surprise she told me that the cause of the sciatica was a retroverted uterus. An examination revealed the correctness of the diagnosis.

During these days there also came into my hands from those of an old school practitioner an old lady somewhat decrepit with rheumatism, who injured an ankle sometime before. Previous to my being called to the case a splint had been taken off the injured member, the case having been treated for fracture of the fibula. Her foot was displaced outwardly so much as to prevent the patient putting any weight on that extremity. In these days of conservative Homeopathic surgery I suggested a brace for the deformity, and taking some measurements, forwarded them to an instrument maker, with an order to make the support. When the brace arrived I discovered that a serious mistake had been made, the instrument being adapted to the opposite deformity of the foot. While waiting for the correction of the error by the instrument maker, at one of the sittings with my clairvoyant, I asked for light on the case. To my surprise she very decidedly told me that the present deformity was not caused by a fracture but by a contracture of the ligaments resulting from rheumatism; and, briefly stated, when at last the brace came, the deformity had disappeared, and the old lady could walk fairly well.

Now for the conditions: The clairvoyant was confined to her room and bed. She never saw either of the cases and had no way of communicating in any manner with them. Neither did she read my mind for the conclusions arrived at were diametrically opposed to my line of thought in both cases.

The three states of mind of this patient were distinct. There was first the normal in which she lived; the somnambulant, of which she was never conscious, the memory of this latter never dawning upon her natural self; the clairvoyant, in which she knew all pertaining to both the other states, besides superadded a gift of the "All knowledge," the limits

of which in this case, says the doctor, I shall never know. The relation of these three states to each other is well illustrated by the following part of the doctor's report.

At one period a somnambulant condition of extraordinary degree was manifested. I noticed that the patient was sensibly annoyed at the absence of certain toilet articles or dress which she was accustomed to use. I learned that her trunk was locked and the key could not be found, so that days passed with the patient thus inconvenienced. In her waking state she was unable to give any information about it, and in the somnambulant state she utterly refused to tell me where the key was and to my appeals she said that the trunk was locked purposely so that I could not get at her possessions. Later, with a little tact, I questioned her, threw her into the clairvoyant state, secured the key and unraveled the snarl her eccentricities had occasioned.

She explained her clairvoyance in the usual way by saying that opaque bodies were transparent to her, that she could see, for instance, the contents of the stomach as well as if the walls were made of glass; moreover, acts of the individual and conditions leading up to certain observations were plainly arrayed before her mental vision. This was a source of annoyance to her where, as some times happened, she was clairvoyant in her normal state; as for example when the fat boy who brought wood to her room had, as she plainly saw, stored away in his capacious maw the whole of a stolen pie in addition to the ample dinner already devoured.

Dr. Pennoyer's observation and study of this patient extended over a period of several years, she some times being with him for a few weeks or a few months and once for nearly a year, and in concluding his valuable report he says that he learned from the study and management of the case how essential it is not only to keep perfect self control at all times, but how important it is when assuming the care of highly wrought, delicate, nervous organizations always to go to them in an unperturbed state of mind. More is needed than the semblance of composure. Back of a quiet manner there must be an unruffled spirit; a calm undercurrent of good temper and a living spring of hope. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

A EXPERIENCE WITH A MEDIUM.

BY SETH WARNER.

On the 11th day of September, 1885, while residing at Haywards, Cal., some twenty miles from San Francisco, I received a telegram from a sister in Lynn, Mass., that my next older brother had just passed away. As business called me the next day to San Francisco, I took the opportunity to visit the medium, Mrs. R., 35 Sixth street.

I found her to be a lady of prepossessing appearance and of quiet and ladylike demeanor. I had carried with me from my home a folding slate, in order to secure myself from being tricked with any "prepared" slate. The result shows how needless was the precaution. I asked Mrs. R. if she could use the slate brought by me, and she answered "certainly," and that she rarely used her own. On taking the slate from the wrapper, however, she said it was objectionable, as from the peculiar manner in which it was joined together, the light was admitted into the inner surfaces. She directed me to step across the street and buy a pair of slates, which I did. She took them and dusted them with her handkerchief and passed them over to me. Previous to this, however, and before we entered the seance room, she directed me to write on slips of paper such communications as I desired to make to three or four friends in the spirit world. I prepared three notes, which will appear further on. They were written while she was out of the room and were folded twice by myself. The seance room was the "hall room," directly over the front door with a window opening on Sixth street. The room was six or seven feet square, and the only furniture a narrow library table, about two feet by four, and two chairs. Mrs.

R. seated herself at one side of this table and I did the same on the other side. She directed me to break off a few bits of pencil from one she passed to me and one of the small particles was placed upon the surface of one of the slates. I was then told to place the other slate over it and grasp them by the frame on each side, and resting my arms upon the table to hold them about an inch above it. Mrs. R. sat opposite and a little removed from it, and at no time did she touch the slates while the writing was going on. And I might say here, that the only time the slates were out of my immediate and sole possession, was when she dusted them, and when, after a communication was written, she assisted me in reading them, as some of them were indistinct. Never for a single instant were the slates out of my sight. To return: Shortly after I took them in my hand, she asked me if I heard the writing. I could not. She assured me that it was certainly going on, and soon directed me to open the slates, which I did. On the under one was a message easily read by myself. The purport of it as nearly as I can recollect (it was not copied) was, that they were getting ready to write, and ended with the words "be patient." I should have stated before that when I took the slates and held them as described, over the table, she took the folded notes, folded them twice more, and placed them on the slates. The message above, Mrs. R. said, was in the handwriting of her control. The first message was then erased, and the two slates held as before with the notes on the upper outside surface. Writing soon commenced again, and although she could hear it easily, I could not, owing to the constant noise in the street. At last, I laid my ear on the slate, when I distinctly heard the writing going on. This mere fact of hearing the writing, however, while interesting, is of no special account in my estimation. After a lapse of three or four minutes, I was directed to open the slates, and the message No. 1 appeared in answer to note 1. The writing in this is not very plain and I needed Mrs. R.'s assistance in reading it.

In like manner messages No.'s 2 and 3 were received. After receiving the three, Mrs. R. thought we had better try again. This time, the taps, to signify that the message was completed, came very quickly, and as the slates were opened, message No. 4 appeared in the bold and clear handwriting of the control. Messages No.'s 1 and 2 are in similar handwriting, while No. 3 is different from any of the others.

During the writing a constant conversation was going on between the medium and the sitter, interrupted at times by the medium suddenly calling a name. In this way came "Eliza." I could recall no one of that name except a cousin who had passed away many years since. Then came "Norah." Was this "Elnorah," a very dear friend of the family many years in the spirit world? Then came "Joseph" and soon after "Palmer" and in a moment "Theo." It was not necessary to inquire who these last were. Thus ended my first (and I need scarcely say most satisfactory) experience with "independent slate writing," for although the answer to Note No. 3 is not complete, yet as a whole the sitting was as convincing as any one could reasonably demand.

The day previous, 3,000 miles away, there passed away a dearly beloved brother, and we were assured he was met by the loved ones "across the river." How could Mrs. R. know anything of his death, and even if she did, how did she write that message? Mark again the answer in No. 2. Where I write the initial of a name only, in the answer the whole name is given. Then I am addressed in No.'s 2 and 3 by the proper term of relationship, of which no hint is given in the notes.

I have related my experience with some minuteness, not that I consider it by any means a singular one, for it can be paralleled in the experience of thousands, and phenomena much more wonderful are being obtained by patient and honest inquirers all over the civilized world.

NOTE NO. 1.

Dear Mother: Please give some test that you are near me and some fact of recent occurrence that will prove the truth of spirit life. Has any one come recently? If so, who?

ANSWER.

My Dear Son: We are so glad you have come, for we want you to see this phase which is the most unaccountable of the phases of spirit power. My dear son, we not only live, but can return and advise those we love and leave behind, and what is more natural than that we should, for our love for you is all more intensified after passing away. We who love one another and are harmonious are often together. Some day we are in hopes to be able to tell you all about our home here. We all met your brother who passed away so far from you—ath.

Your Affectionate Mother.

Note.—The last word or two are written close to the frame of the slate at the bottom and are indistinct, except the letters above.

NOTE NO. 2.

Theo. D. Palmer: Are you present? If so, please give me some test that I may know you. Send any word to N. you like.

ANSWER.

Dear Father: Thanks for calling for me. We cannot write, for we do not know the force that propels the pencil, so have to have an amanuensis. Tell Nellie although I was taken from her I will do all I can for her to make her life happy and prosperous. Thanks for all of your kindness. Love to all.

Theo. D. Palmer.

NOTE NO. 3.

Dear Joe: Let me hear from you in some way that I may know you. Name the members of your family and the time of your passing away.

ANSWER.

Dear Brother: I will make all of this perfectly clear to you. You will be convinced to your entire satisfaction and through your own family. Love to all I am interested in.

Joe.

NO. 4.

(By control.) No more to-day.

SOUL AFFINITY.

By CARL BURELL.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness." The likeness of the Infinite must be perfection and completeness; this was certainly the idea of Jesus as shown by the term "teleiōi" which he used in the remarkable passage: "Be ye also perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Size, form, and the various other attributes which we assign to a being are merely relative; perfection is a fixed standard; an atom may be a sun; and I believe that a human being—a soul—may be as complete and perfect in itself as is the Infinite. But that the soul of man in its usual terrestrial condition is very incomplete, at least as far as satisfaction is concerned, is self evident to any student of human nature. That it is the soul—the psychic part of man—rather than the animal part that is the basis of this discontent and longing seems evident from the fact that all material possessions and all physical gratifications fail to give the desired satisfaction.

The soul of man seems to be ever longing and seeking for some desideratum that should be obtainable here and now. What is it? How is it to be obtained? Why do so few ever obtain it?

Any student of physiology and zoology knows the almost infinite power and importance of physical affinity in the workings of the great law of evolutionary progress. But this law gives us only physical and certain forms of mental advancement and always tends to conformity of type rather than the specialization to which we owe the rare examples of genius and great psychical ability.

It is also very significant that the seemingly most desirable cases of physical affinity produce only a limited degree of happiness, and the desired complete happiness—satisfaction—is still afar off; while on the other hand there are examples of where a very commonplace and even inferior companion, from both physical and mental standpoints, affords greatest pleasure and help to a superior person and thus enables him to do and be what he certainly never could have been without other help and sympathy. This certainly indicates the presence of some affinity existing on a higher plane than the physical.

I believe that every soul should realize its own incompleteness and that it should sometimes find another soul that would make it complete and be made complete by it. Why we see so few cases is from this very simple and sad fact that the animal and not the soul predominates in the lives of so many human beings. They are so engaged in trying to gratify their mere animal desires that they never realize that they have a soul that could want anything.

But to the few in whom the soul does predominate there must come this experience in some form: A longing, a reaching out for something that seems near, only it is just out of reach, till all at once we realize that we have found it and we desire nothing more so long as it continues. The duration of its continuance depends upon both parties between which the affinity exists; one condition only is needful, that each be true to itself—true to its own soul-longing. If either party proves false to itself and lets the animal rather than the soul predominate then the affinity is weakened and perhaps destroyed.

The most distinguishing difference between soul affinity and physical affinity is that the former is purely, truly, wholly altruistic, while the latter is very egotistic. The great prime motive for consummation of physical affinity is the several conveniences, pleasures and benefits that each one is to derive from it for himself or herself respectively. Very few would care for or even consent to a union that would afford himself or herself little or no pleasure, however much it might afford the other. Soul affinity is very different; each thinks only of the good and pleasure of the other; either would take hell for a choice instantly if it would give heaven to the other; each forgets itself wholly in caring for the other's pleasure and is happy only as the other is happy. Understand, I don't mean any silly, sickly sentiment that is merely the fungus growth on the decaying ideas that were too great for weak minds to assimilate. I mean the self-devotion that comes—and can come only—when one meets another being whose sympathy and help enables him to do and to be what he could never do or be without her. This is more; this is higher and better than mere physical affinity ever could be of itself.

When two beings meet thus and each realizes its power to make complete the life of the other, and each assumes the responsibility thus involved and is true to itself, then may each be perfect, complete, satisfied, as they find themselves awakened in the likeness of the All-Perfect Infinite.

SOULS IN THE OTHER LIFE.

Says Swedenborg: "Souls in the other life seem, indeed, to themselves to have lost the memory of particulars, or the corporeal memory, in which merely material ideas were, because they are unable to excite anything from that memory, while yet the full faculty of perceiving and speaking remains as in the life of the body. But this is owing to the fact that the Lord has so ordained that the soul shall not be able to draw forth anything from that memory, as then it would excite the same things that it did in the former life, and would live in like manner, and so could not be perfected. Still that memory

*Souls here spoken of as other than spirits call for the explanatory note in Vol. I., page 3, of Swedenborg's "Spiritual Diary." "The difference to be observed is that souls are those who are recently deceased and who are not yet inaugurated into spiritual societies; whereas spirits are inaugurated."

remains; not, however, as active, but as passive, and it can be excited, for whatever men may have done, seen, or heard in their lifetime, when they are spoken to of them with a like idea then they at once recognize them, and know that they have said, seen, or heard such things, which has been evinced to me by such abundant proofs that I could, in confirmation, fill many pages with them. As such then is the state of the case, it appears that spirits retain all their memory of particulars, so that they lose nothing, only that for the causes above mentioned they cannot draw anything from it, as they are now led onward into their interior life, and thus no longer act from externals. Souls* are not at all aware but that they speak from their own memory, and do, in fact, sometimes thus speak, as I have heard; but then it is from the interior memory through which the things in their corporeal memory are excited. They confessed, however, that they had lost the memory of particular or material things, at which they were indignant. It was only given them to remember those things which they could excite from my memory. Spirits also do the same, and thus speak in a manner suitable to their own life, the life which they have contracted from the life in the body, for they can excite nothing else."—Spiritual Diary, 1662.

QUESTIONS FOR MATERIALISTS.

According to materialism life is the product of the organization of matter. Atoms are supposed to be hard, variously shaped and indivisible particles, without purpose or design without consciousness, without sentience, without i. e. Their activity consists, it is alleged, in change of space relations. Two or more atoms combine and produce a molecule; molecules combine and produce elements like oxygen, gold and iron; elements unite and produce compound substances like water, salt and rock. Is it conceivable that these atoms by any number of motions of variety or relations can give rise to feeling and thought? Remember that feeling and thought are not merely motions, are not simply objective changes, are not indeed anything external to the individual who experiences the conscious states, but on the contrary, are subjective experiences, are what enables somebody or something to say, "I feel, I think, I am conscious that I exist; I am conscious also that other beings exist, that there is a realm of being outside of myself." Is it possible for the atoms, by any possible combinations, to give rise to consciousness, between which and mere motions of matter there is nothing in common? How can motion be converted into thought? How can change of material particles as to nearness to, or distance from one another, be converted into knowledge or perception of these changes? One kind of molecular motion can be replaced by another kind of molecular motion, as when the motion known as heat is replaced by the motion known as electricity; but how can these changes in the motion of material particles generate a new quality, namely, awareness that these changes are taking place?

What has materialism to say as to the passage from molecular physics to consciousness? Is there any such passage? Is such passage conceivable? Is such passage provable? Is such passage possible?

If material motion is not convertible into mental action, materialism as a philosophy, has no valid basis. If such conversion is a fact of science or is susceptible of any kind of proof, or is conceivable even as an hypothesis, why do not materialists attempt to show this either *a priori* or by a *posteriori* reasoning? The fact is the leading doctrine of materialism is a mere dogma no more provable, no more conceivable than the doctrine of the creation of something out of nothing.

If consciousness cannot be produced by the motions of atoms then it must have some basis deeper than atomic or molecular motion, some basis of which probably material motion is but a phenomenal manifestation. What is the basis? What other basis than a psychical one can account for psychical

phenomena? Feeling is a primary fact of personal existence. If feeling cannot result from the motion of particles that have no feeling, no life, then feeling must have some other than a material basis, and that basis must be in some way psychical. In other words consciousness, feeling, emotion, thought, intellect, must belong to an order to which the motion of matter is but secondary. The ultimate cause must be above and superior to matter. The relation of brain and thought must be concomitant and not casual. The brain does not think, but serves as an instrument by which the psychical or spiritual being manifests itself under the limitations of sense perception and material environment.

Independently of any special manifestations of spirit existence; it is evident that matter is but a manifestation, under the limitations of the organs of sense, of a deeper reality which is clearly identifiable with mind. Spiritualism is therefore justified, apart from merely special manifestations, on strictly scientific and philosophical grounds.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

An earnest and devout student of things spiritual writes me: "I have been a thoroughly 'Orthodox' Methodist for over twenty years until about a year ago. What little I knew of Spiritualism only led me to disbelieve, as it was spiritualism of a low order. I was strongly prejudiced against all things pertaining to so-called Spiritualism as inimical to religion and to truth. I believe my heart was pure and that enabled me to accept the spirit, or in Bible words, to 'see God.' In July last a friend handed me a book asking me to read it, saying that 'he could not understand it and did not suppose I could.' I took it. It was 'Son of Man,' by Mrs. C. R. Lang. Now I am no scientist and so could not say that her reasoning was faultless; but the idea that the spirit within us is a part of the great Spirit, that the Father and I were one even as God and Jesus were one; that as Jesus reached spiritual perfection not by a divine conception, but by a process of evolution, that I could attain this same knowledge of oneness with God as he had, was to me a stupendous thought. At night as I lay thinking the matter out I began to see that it was true. I said to myself that I would give everything to know, then I said, 'I do give all my old ideas to the wind. I want the truth above all things. It is true. The spirit within me is the spirit of God.' Now, no language can express what came to me. All I can say is that I was 'filled' with 'all the fullness of God,' with 'love divine,' 'peace like a river,' and 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' For days I was in heaven. Then came to me passage after passage of scripture which I never before had understood.

Once in the night suddenly came a revelation, I call it. Something said to my soul, 'This is the second coming of Christ.' The opening of the 'new dispensation' to you. Another time came this, 'Your body is the temple of God. All this time there has been within your soul a holy place, and God has been there waiting for recognition, lo, these many years. 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.'

Now another phase. My thoughts began to express themselves in verse. I had never before written a line of poetry in my life. I have now written several poems. I do not call it automatic writing, but I know I never could have written it in my normal state and before this spiritual opening of my soul. I have tried many times to 'compose' a poem, but this time I did not try. It 'composed' itself. I cannot explain it. I only know that all that I have written is true.

I call it a 'birth' into the 'spiritual kingdom' on earth. Not for one moment has this consciousness of an abiding presence left me for nearly nine months. I have several times before 'experienced religion' but it never lasted above a few hours. I would advise all who wish to enter this higher life to do as I did. Say to themselves 'I am divine as Jesus was, I and the Father are one.' I would not for a moment have you believe that I think I have reached

the perfection of life and character that Jesus did, nay, verily, I am but as a new-born babe. He had attained the fulness of perfect manhood. But I hope to go on developing this life, until I too attain perfection of character, a sinless life. My family and some of my orthodox friends are very much opposed to any expression of my experience, so for their sakes I would not wish to identify myself publicly with Spiritualism. But while I do not wish to displease or antagonize any of these so dear to me I could no more go back to the old orthodox ideas than—well, it would be like one returning to "wallowing in the mire" after initiation into the beauty of cleanliness. My experience has created a new world for me. Yet I do not call myself a Spiritualist, although your higher ideas of Spiritualism commend themselves to me. I like THE JOURNAL because it is so impartial."

A gentleman who was for a number of years an occasional contributor to the Free Religious Index, an earnest seeker after truth and an advocate of higher moral living, wrote me some time after the publication of "Psychic Experiences" as follows:

"Do you remember me after the lapse of ten years or more? In the good old days of The Index régime we used to exchange greetings occasionally and I enjoyed the friendship of yourself and husband very much. I have been much interested in your psychic experience as given in The Arena and I want you to tell me what you think of the matter by this time. I have had a little experience myself with spiritualistic manifestations, or whatever these wonderful facts may be, for I am utterly unable to account for what I see and hear. I have now a deeper interest in the unseen world than when you knew of me years ago. Last summer I lost my dear mother, the first of our family to depart. Our philosophy does not enlighten us much about the life of man. I would like to believe that the spiritual philosophy is true, but there is so much fraud practiced in the name of Spiritualism I am always suspicious of it. I have unfortunately known some of the worst men and women who claimed an intimate acquaintance with the other world. In my view the mediumistic impostor is the basest scoundrel in the reform business, and that is a most serious charge, as you know. I cannot understand how people would use this power (supposing it to be real) for gain. When I see persons going around the country and advertising to give sésances I doubt the claims of the wonder workers. I want, however, to know the truth, if it be possible. I need more faith in the good in the universe. Life seems so hard at times! The world is not the sort of place our little egotistic feelings would have it to be. Please tell me what you think. Nothing that I have ever read on the subject impressed me so much as your and Mr. U.'s articles in The Arena."

The friend who thus writes, in decrying those fraudulent impostors who pretend to mediumistic power and who do so much to throw doubt on the truth of spiritual life, does not sufficiently take into consideration the well known fact that every faith and every philosophy which have their foundations on sure basic truths have ever had their following Judases willing and eager to betray the cause they pretend to advocate for thirty pieces—more or less—of silver; and Spiritualism cannot hope to escape any more than any of the faiths which have preceded it, the multitude who expectantly gather in wait for the distribution of the "loaves and fishes;" the multitude whose earthly greed makes them oblivious and deaf to the precious words of wisdom and glorious spiritual truths uttered by the inspired Teacher. And in common with many others this correspondent does not, however, take into consideration that there is a great demand for the services of those Sensitives who are mediums by, those who wish to investigate Spiritualism; a demand which if acceded to would occupy the greater part of the time and strength of those so gifted, in which cases common sense and justice would require that they should be remunerated for such outlay, since in this world in order to live at all one must have the

wherewithal to procure food, shelter, clothing and other necessities.

S. A. U.

AUTOMATIC COMMUNICATIONS.

Q.—“Can we get answers to questions from any unseen friends to-night?”

A.—“Sharers with you in spirit are now here, C. W.” This name written in full, was that of one who wrote indefinitely soon after his transition some months before.

Q.—“If this is C. W. will he tell us whether he has gained spiritually since his earlier communications?”

A.—“Bonds of spirit grow stronger as we grow spiritually.”

Q.—“Will C. W. tell us whether from his point of view there is any real efficacy in prayer?”

A.—“Shall not ‘a soul’s sincere desire’ arouse in discarnate and free spirits effort to make that pure desire a reality? What good can come from aspirations on mortal planes, save through the efforts to make those aspirations realized on spiritual planes by the will of freed spirits.”

Q.—“What are the essential spiritual conditions of true answer to prayer?”

A.—“Show thou why prayer is ever answered save through love for assertive mortal minds who are so spiritual in thought and longing as to force our sympathetic souls into helpful converse with them.”

Q.—“Then our active material life is not favorable to spiritual help?”

A.—“Spiritual life has not gained any help from material sources save in the way of ephemeral conditions by reason of the sphere which is desirous to communicate.”

Q.—“Do spiritual beings live like us in space of three dimensions?”

A.—“Space of dimensions pertains to matter, and beings outside of matter’s limitations cannot answer your pertinent questions with clear cut meaning to those on your plane of three dimensions. Oh, shall you not sometimes wonder at your own blinded perceptions when your eyes are opened?”

Q.—“Will you then indicate what trend of thought will be of most use to us until larger knowledge is possible?”

A.—“Ye should both essay to put into practice the modicum of spiritual teaching we are able to impart.”

Q.—“Won’t you state specifically what that modicum is?”

A.—“Patience with the limitations of less favored pupils—spiritual aspiration individually, humility because of these soul communications, and knowledge of the power of Love.”

Q.—“What is one of the leading requisites in the study of spiritual things?”

A.—“Spiritual teachers and thinkers must see clearly the struggle between the bondage of Materialism and the freedom of Spirit.”

Q.—“Will you state briefly the distinction between the bondage of Materialism and the freedom of Spirit?”

A.—“Spiritual life is freedom from material bonds.”

Q.—“But living in material environments as we do, how can we escape material bondage while in this form?”

A.—“Thou shalt presently know that Sense bonds are not superior to spirit even when in the flesh.”

Q.—“How shall we know this?”

A.—“To you shall be given evidence—curiously, and through yourselves.” No further questions on this subject were answered. The following lines were given in request for a good-night word of counsel:

“Share with those in darkness held
The truths of spirit, which shall weld
With thine the power to lift the low
Up to the spirit planes we show

To thee whose love for us is shown
With earnest proof—and you alone
Must understand, and true translate
To those who share our spirit state

Of higher powers and larger love
With which we spirits mortals move;
By which we show to those of sense
That spirit power is no pretence.

S. A. U.

DREAMS.

A writer in one of the magazines claims that dreaming is normal mental activity in the profoundest sleep. We on the contrary have been accustomed to regard dreaming as the activity of mind in incomplete sleep, which sometimes leaves distinct traces in the waking consciousness, at other times indistinct traces or none at all. Certain it is that although dreams are often but “a medley of disjointed things,” they sometimes show evidence of intellectual capacity which surprises the waking self. Coleridge wrote from memory one of his poems which he had composed in sleep. We have the testimony of mathematicians who while asleep dreamed the correct solution of problems that had baffled them while awake, and of authors who in dreams were directed to authorities which they had vainly sought to find when regularly engaged in their work. Dr. Gregory states that ideas and phraseology occurred to him in dreams which were so apt that he made use of them in giving lectures before his college classes. The dreamer often sees beautiful pictures, hears melodious strains of music, and feels the presence of departed or distant friends, as strongly and as vividly as though the external organs were in active exercise. Taste and smell are in like manner excited in sleep.

These facts show that the activity of the organs of sense is not necessary to excite those impressions which were originally received through the senses, showing too that what is perceived is not the external object, but the effect which the object has produced upon the mind, a symbolical representation in consciousness, mental in its nature, of the externality. And thus when the avenues of the body are closed the impressions may be as vivid as when the senses are alive to the outward world. What is more wonderful, the imagination may, during this time, indulge in flights of fancy, the reasoning powers may be exerted in solving the most abstruse problems, or memory may be exercised in recalling from the dim past some long-forgotten incident.

Does not the mind have during sleep, clairvoyant powers by which it can sometimes know of what is occurring at a distance? The testimony of thousands can be cited in support of this claim, and the most careful investigators of psychical science assert it is a fact. And does not the mind, in dreams, sometimes get glimpses of coming events? That it does philosophers and poets, as well as the “common people,” have long believed.

COMMUNION OF MIND WITH MIND.

In the depths of human consciousness are powers and potentialities of which people generally take no note. They are manifested in a way to attract attention only rarely, because perhaps such manifestation requires peculiar conditions that rarely exist. Thus thought-transference with such clearness and distinctness as are necessary to verify it, according to the methods of objective science, although an established fact, cannot be experimentally proven at any time, with any persons selected for subjects, or under any and all circumstances. The conditions must be such as to admit of the exercise of a power which perhaps all men and women possess potentially, but with nearly all of whom it remains in a latent or undeveloped condition through life, only here and there, now and then, flashing into the common consciousness.

There is a communion of mind with mind, in which probably all who associate with one another, par-

ticipate, however unconsciously. The limits of the senses, of sensory impressions, are not the limits of the influence which is received and imparted by those associated for a common purpose. The lives of men mingle more freely, and the influence of unexpressed thought and feeling is more far-reaching and penetrating than the materialistic philosophies admit. The minds of all belong to a common realm, and it is not known by what mysterious mental telegraphy souls, even with such limitations as material bodies impose, come in communication through their sub-conscious nature.

As a writer says: “The moral phenomena of unconscious influence are not the least important of human experiences, and certainly are among the most real. Life overflows into life, and the bounds of human personality seem to be transcended in a way too subtle for us to trace. Have we not in the facts of thought-transference some faint outlining of the way in which this takes place? The thoughts within us which are really vigorous, and closely associated with our volitional activity overflow to others either for good or for evil—either to lift them up or to drag them down. If we come in a lifeless and unfinished way, we absorb the heat from others and drag down the level of the spiritual temperature. If we come with warmth and life in our hearts, all our brethren are sharers in the gift of God through us. There lies our responsibility—to come, and to come full of the good thought and aspirations which will flow from hearts until the fire burns in all.”

Man is a social being; he has advanced under social conditions, and there is in the mental and moral life profounder reasons for association as a means of education, and of moral and spiritual growth, than there is for men’s uniting for merely material ends.

MAZZINI ON DEATH.

In some letters written by Mazzini, the Italian patriot, to members of an English family with whom he was very intimate—occur these expressions of his thought in regard to death and a future life, the death of a member of the family being the occasion: “Remember, for God’s sake, that there is no such thing as death for all that is best in us; that what people call death is only a transformation and step onward in life. Love is a vouchsafer for immortality. We would not scatter a single flower on a tomb if there was not an instinct in the soul teaching us that love pleases the cherished one who is buried beneath, and depend upon me there is more truth discovered by these flashes of the virgin soul than by all the dim, painfully elaborated lanterns of analysis and reasoning knowledge.”

And again: “Let you all feel, as I shall, her presence more than ever. Let you all believe—as you believe in my undying affection—that death is the cradle of a new, purer and happier life. It is so. God knows I would not give at such a moment a mere poetical instinct as a consolation. I know it is so. Every departure of loved beings has made me feel so more and more. Your mother is living, loving, wanting love; longing for your rising (sometime) calmly and trustfully to her, and rewarded for the love she had, for the truth she did and wished to do, with some more power to help you on, to influence you with holy, virtuous thoughts.”

He that shuts love out in turn shall be
Shut out from love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness.

—Tennyson.

UNITY, agreement, is always silent, soft-voiced. It is only discord that loudly proclaims itself.—Carlyle.

ONE does not see his thought distinctly till it is reflected in the image of another’s.—A. Bronson Alcott.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

RELIGIOUS VERSES.

By ALEX. McLEOD.

Had I but served my fellow men With head or hand, with tongue or pen, Bettered the world some way, ah then, I'd be content to die.

Had I pursued no selfish ends, For every wrong, made full amends, Were leaving none but grateful friends I'd be content to die.

Had I considered gold as dross, Shed all my tears for others loss; Had helped to bear my brother's cross, I'd be content to die.

Had I redressed the poor man's wrong, Humbled the haughty, curbed the strong; Had sung the world's deliverance song, I'd be content to die.

Had I maintained the orphan's right, Restored the widow's fished mite; Established truth, promoted light, I'd be content to die.

Though I had fasted not, nor prayed, Nor to a priest confession made; I'd meet death's dull eye undismayed, I should not fear to die.

MY ANGEL MOTHER.

By H. W. FANERWORTH.

I murmur her name and I know she is near, Or sending through ether her loving thought, And though she does not to my vision appear, I feel the spell that her love has wrought.

Her thought comes into the kingdom of things Like a ray of beautiful golden light, Waking to beauty life's dissonant strings, And touching with glory old Time in his fight.

In times of great trial her presence I feel, She comes to comfort, to strengthen, to bless; She gives of her best all heartaches to heal, There is peace divine in her gentle caress.

The garnered wealth of her deep mother love, That guided my footsteps in childhood's days, Is with me still; may I'er live and move In the radiant light of its beautiful rays.

WHENCE CAME MIND?

TO THE EDITOR: With your permission I should like to make a few remarks on Dr. Charles J. Lewis' answer to this question. He tells us that mind is a product of brain activity, the sum of the facts "which the comprehending brain-cells are making out of some of the images of objects which in their totality constitute the universe." The primal increment of the mind is the first prescribed phenomenon; the nature of which, as stated by Dr. Lewis, need not be discussed. The perception is the important point, and it is ascribed to ideating brain-cells after the reception by a sense organ of vibrations (motion) from an external object. The sense organ "organizes out of the formless appearance motion, a sensation or formed image of it," an operation which is followed by perception.

Let it be noticed that Dr. Lewis makes the mind to be the sum total of the phenomena perceived, and not of the perceptions themselves, so that the mind is made up of appearance motions, and as these motions are said to infringe on the special sense organs, the mind must be external to the body, a result probably not intended. Be it supposed, however, that the mind is the sum total of perception. In this case it may be described as the internal or subjective product of ideating brain cells. Here I would point out that Dr. Lewis affirms that "a phenomenon unperceived by ideating brain cells is ever and always formless;" although he had previously, as mentioned above, stated that a formed image is organized out of the formless appearance motion by the sense organ. It matters little for the present argument which one we adopt as the brain cells have to come into action before an idea can be formed. What I am concerned with is the notion that the mind is constituted solely of the ideas thus formed. That this notion is wrong may be proved by the possession by the brain cells of the power of ideating. This power or function they possess because they are alive, just as the life of the organism as a whole endows it with sensibility. If the mind does not exist in some

mode or other before the formation of an idea, then by parity of reasoning the body has no sensibility before the reception of a sensation.

Nevertheless, I agree with Dr. Lewis that the mind regarded simply as a combination of ideas is a product of brain activity. But this very activity is due to the prior existence of the mind in germ, as the oak tree is due to the prior existence of the acorn out of which it grows. The fact is that the brain with its related nervous system is an organized structure, the mode of organization of which depends on its being the vehicle of mind, as distinguished from the lower psychical principle which exhibits its activity as organic sensibility. Thought-conception on which ideation depends, is the function of the brain as organized, and, therefore of the mind and not of the simple brain matter. Whether the mind as thus regarded can continue to exist after the disorganization of the brain need not be considered here, but the facts certainly give no support to the materialistic hypothesis.

C. STANILAND WAKE.

A PRONOUN WANTED.

TO THE EDITOR: When I was a little boy at school wrestling with Lindley Murray and trying to trace all the intricacies of the English tongue, I was required to commit the following sentence to memory: "A pronoun is a word used in the place of a noun; as I, thou, he, she, it." I was taught that when I spoke of a male and wanted to avoid repetition I should say he; when of a female she, and when the object was neutral, it. But later in life it occurred to me when I spoke of Deity, under whatever name possessing all qualities in perfection, it would not be quite proper to use the pronoun "he," as that would exclude the feminine element of love, nor yet would it be proper to say "she" as that seems to ignore the masculine wisdom, and of course it would be dishonoring to use the negative, it. Thus I have long felt the need of a pronoun which would embrace both sexes united in one, and possessed in the highest degree of perfection.

I think it was Theodore Parker who addressed the originating power as "Father and Mother God." I prefer the noun without prefix or suffix, but I want a pronoun to use in place of the noun. Liberal thinkers are often at a loss for a suitable noun to substitute for that of God, but people should imagine that they accepted the orthodox idea of a large, omnipotent man seated on a white throne and surrounded by winged bipeds playing on harps, and so, to prevent misunderstanding they employ such terms as "the I Am," "the infinite One," "the Divine," and so forth. But after canvassing the subject for a quarter of a century I have concluded that, all things considered, we can not improve upon the little word of three letters. It is more comprehensive, better understood and less liable to be misconstrued than any other.

When in the depths and silence of our souls we commune with the universal spirit, we know Him to be the source of all wisdom, we know Her as the essence of all love and we know that He and She are one and inseparable, but we want a pronoun "to use in place of the noun," it must be a word of deep meaning, a comprehensive word, a word worthy of so exalted an office as to be a substitute for that of God. Diversity in unity, possession in diffusion, wisdom and love, mercy in justice.

But we want the pronoun to use in place of the noun Angel, also. Who can conceive of so exalted a being as but part of a whole? Masculinity merely, is imperfection, femininity merely is, but the other half of the complete creature. Marriage is a type of the unity of both in one, the completion of nature's work. The foreshadow of that which is to come.

Brother, sister, cast your eyes with mine along the pathway of the spirit, and let us bear in mind that the processes of the soul, or subliminal self, are more speedy than those of the intellect. It sometimes happens that speculations precede proof and imaginings of one generation become the scientific facts of another and subsequent one. When the architect draws the plan of a building he sees every room in it with his mind's eye. Before a stone is laid he walks its halls, he sees the rising sun from its east windows, he sits by its fireplaces, he enjoys the majesty of its lofty ceilings and contemplates with a smile the architectural beauty which his mind has created. Then the builder comes and materializes the mental fabric

with wood, stone and iron. So our children may yet realize what our psychical eyes have seen, even though they now smile at the relation of them and pronounce our affirmations, impractical and visionary.

There are convictions which are unexplainable, they come with all the force of truth and revelation when we commune the finite with the infinite. We know not how they come, but oh, they come! How often in my lonely hours a previously unknown truth has been impressed upon my mind which in years afterward was announced in language by a distant stranger, but I knew it and greeted it with a smile as an old familiar friend of whom I had never spoken. (Let me say in parenthesis that I have recognized them more than once in the automatic communications of S. A. U.) Convictions arrived at through intuition are entitled to consideration sometimes, although they possess no scientific value. We may enjoy a suggestive theory and it may do us good, although the intellect has not yet discovered it to be a fact. Science is cold and restless without the companionship of sentiment and religion, without which reason degenerates into superstition. And so in the higher walks of life the masculine (wisdom) and the feminine (love) are united, forming the more perfect creature in the similitude of the infinite perfection. And so when we speak of an "angel" we need a pronoun which will recognize both sexes merged into one.

As long as the spirit is "earth-bound," that is, possessed of self-love and earthly ambitions, occupying the border-land (shall I call it the selvage) of the great Beyond, he or she retains their distinguishing characteristics and the pronouns "he" and "she" are applicable. Indeed to all intents and purposes one may be as earthly after death as before, even as a good man or woman may be as truly spiritual before death as after, and the interior self or soul be as completely distinct and separate from the outer shell as though they had passed to the higher realms. It is not a question of locality but of moral condition.

Where the soul's treasure is there will the soul be also, if its treasure is on the earth, the earth will be its home, there to indulge in "physical manifestations," and seek enjoyment and notoriety, and when he "controls" a medium (that is, takes possession of another organism), he passes through the same door through which he had previously made his exit, he again comes within the sphere of physical law, and experiences over again the sensations of his demise. But when he has learned and desires to practice the higher aims of life, not to live, love and labor to satisfy his own desires, but to yield up self to the infinite, a willing sacrifice. Then he is prepared to enter the spirit world proper, the joys of which passeth not away. And blessed are they who have learned their lesson in this primary school of earth before being ushered into that world for which many are unprepared.

But having reached that higher condition he feels that there is still another step to be taken to make his happiness complete and permanent; he reaches out after his counterpart—where shall he find her? of all the myriad inhabitants of the universe there is but one other soul which can coalesce with his for eternity. There is the other half of his being somewhere, and he longs for her; they, and they only, are intended by infinite wisdom for each other; should they meet, ah! that would be bliss indeed. Two souls reaching out after each other in a limitless universe, are drawing nearer and nearer still (mutual attraction is the law of mutual love) at last the estrangement is ended, and heaven is all their own. They recognize each other, and spring to an embrace which never ends. This is angel-hood. The wisdom and love of the parent, father, mother, is shared with the child; henceforth there will be no estrangement; parent and child are one. A wheel within a wheel. Wisdom and love are united in the God-head and in angel-hood. Now the latter knows how to work the will of the former until that will shall be done on earth, even as it is done in heaven.

This is the theory, it may be a fact, who knows? at any rate, "if it is madness there's method in it" and—I want a pronoun. The French use Il for the masculine, Elle for the feminine and On, a third pronoun to represent either or both genders. The above has been written from a personal standpoint only. But the court is open.

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A WOMAN'S SOLOQUY IN 1850.

I know my husband really tries
A pleasant home to make,
But he can't seem to make such pies
As father used to bake.

He keeps the parlors very neat
Cares for the baby, too—
But, oh; he doesn't roast the meat
As papa used to do.

He has good taste in cutting out
And sewing his own clothes,
That means economy, no doubt—
But father's cooking goes.

I really must insist that Jake
Shall seek a cooking school
And learn to make such pies and cakes
As father does, by rule.

And then how proud and glad I'll be,
When ma brings father here,
To hear her say, "It's plain to see
Jacob can cook, my dear."

—New York Recorder.

MISS JANE ADDAMS OF THE HULL HOUSE.

Among the Chicago women interested in charity and philanthropy Jane Addams of Hull house holds a high place. She is the daughter of John H. Addams, who was for many years a member of the Illinois State Legislature. She was born Sept. 6, 1860, in Cedarville, near Freeport, Ill., the youngest of a family of eight. After finishing the regular common school education she was sent to Rockford college, from which she was graduated in 1881.

Early in her school days she conceived the idea of devoting herself to the uplifting of the poor and to charitable work in general. To further her plans, as soon as she left Rockford college she went to Philadelphia, where she entered the Woman's Medical college, but failing health compelled her to give up the work there. In 1884 she made her first trip abroad, remaining all that year and most of the next, and she crossed the Atlantic again in 1880. While abroad she studied the social conditions of the poor and the work which was being done for their advancement, spending much time in the east end of London and in the work of Toynbee hall.

When she came back in the summer of 1888 she at once began to look around for a good location for the settlement which it was her purpose to establish. Together with Miss Starr, who joined her in the work, she secured the old Hull house, at the southwest corner of Halsted and Polk streets. Necessary alterations were made and the two women first located there in the fall of 1889. There was no association, and they came without any financial backing of any sort, except their own incomes. At first assistance came slowly, then several donations for definite purposes were made, and now considerable money is being placed at their disposal.

A CHINESE LOVE LETTER.

The "Ostasiatischer Lloyd," an authority on Chinese matter, in a recent article on the manner of lovemaking in the flowery kingdom, publishes the following letter from a man who desired the daughter of a neighbor as a wife for his son:

"On my knees I beg you not to despise this cold and common request, but to listen to the words of the matrimonial agent and give your honorable daughter to my slave son, so that the pair, bound by silken threads, may have the greatest joy. In the beautiful spring time I shall offer wedding presents and give a couple of geese. And let us hope for long and continuous fortune and look forward through endless generations to the fulfillments of genuine love. May they sing of plenty and have every joy. On my knees I beg you to consider my proposal favorably and throw the mirror-like glance of your eyes on these lines."

To this letter the father of the bride replied that he would "attend to the portion of his poor and poverty-stricken daughter, that she might not be without bedclothes,

cotton clothing, hairpins and earrings. Therefore it was to be hoped that the couple would have constant fortune."

Two happy girls are Miss Alice Hands and Miss Mary Gannon of New York, for by their work are they acknowledged as professional equals of men. Architects of no mean ability are they, and much promise is given them by the acceptance of their plans for the Florence hospital at San Francisco, which is now being erected at a cost of \$25,000. Plans for this building were subjected to examination by many prominent architects, both of New York and other cities. The hospital is built of wood in purely colonial style and accommodates forty patients. It is a private one and under the care of the founder, Dr. Florence Saltonstall. There are two wards, with fifteen beds each, and ten private rooms. The operating room, with sterilizing and etherizing rooms opening off, are most complete as to arrangement and size. An immense elevator is in the middle of the central building, which admits of patients being transferred from one floor to another in their beds. Both Miss Hands and Miss Gannon have been at work all summer in architects' offices for seven competitions for school houses and other buildings. They are the first women to have work in the Architectural league and are the only women belonging to the Sketch club. In one of the monthly competitions in which they are judged equally with men Miss Gannon was given second mention on a railroad sketch.

"If the township suffrage bill passes the legislature for what offices will women be privileged to vote?" asked an interested Illinois woman with political proclivities yesterday afternoon. Naturally the query is one heard with more or less frequency these days. For the women who expect some time to have a "say" in township affairs it may be replied that the measure would make it possible for fair politicians to vote for five offices—Supervisor of Township, Assessor of Property, Collector, Town Clerk, and Highway Commissioner.

Signorina Teresina Labriola, who has just been graduated from the Law School of the University of Rome, is the first woman in modern Italy to receive a doctor's degree in law. In past times, however, women professors, as well as students, added to the renown of the University of Bologna. Maria d' Agnesi was the last of her sex to hold a chair there. She was Professor of Mathematics.

Ruth Ashmore, who writes so interestingly for girls, said recently: "The manner of woman I would be is the woman who is nearest to best in everything; in her thought of other people, in her care for them, and in her loving kindness to them. Don't you think this corner near the ideal woman?"

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"In view of the benefit I have had from Hood's Sarsaparilla I wish to give the following testimonial. I have several times been badly

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As the old school of medicine simply tried to remove the symptoms instead of the sources of them, much of the poison was left in my system to appear in an itching humor on my body with every violent exertion in warm weather. At all times there were more or less indications of poison in my blood, up to a year ago last winter, when

Large Sores Broke Out

on my body. I then purchased a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using that and a half of another bottle, the sores and humor disappeared. I attended the Christian Endeavor Convention in Montreal and also visited the World's Fair in the hottest weather of the summer. Was on the goal the time, but

Had No Recurrence

of the burning and itching sensation which had marred every previous summer's outing. I have reason, therefore, to be enthusiastic in my praises of Hood's Sarsaparilla." SAMUEL S. SCHNELL, pastor of Free Baptist Church, Apalachin, N. Y.

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Aussi a-t-elle sa place marquée dans les bibliothèques des professeurs et de ceux qui se destinent à l'enseignement de la philosophie et des sciences ou qui s'intéressent au développement du mouvement scientifique.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

(All books noticed under this head are for sale as they can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

Jean Belin: The French Robinson Crusoe. From the French of Alfred de Brehat. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth. Pp. 350. Price, \$1.50.

Books of adventure, hardships and romantic situations, in which ingenuity is taxed to deliver the characters are always deeply interesting to young and old readers alike, but this story is especially attractive for youth since the chief actors in the adventures related are young people of both sexes. The principal hero, Jean Belin, a lonely poor orphan boy, is a charming character—not without strong faults, but with capacity to conquer them for the sake of others. The principal event is the shipwreck which throws two women, and five children under fifteen years of age, upon a deserted part of the coast of Africa, where the wits of all are set to work to make a home and a living, mainly from nature's resources of forests, fruits, hunting and fishing. All through there is shown the effect upon the different young people in moulding their characters, as they remain in this situation for several years, until two boys set out to seek some civilized settlements and in the course of their finally successful journey fall into the hands of African savages.

Women In The Business World, or Hints and Helps to Prosperity. By One of Them. Boston: The Arena Publishing Co., Copley Square. Paper. Pp. 318. Price, 50 cents.

This is really a sensible, practical work on a subject of great importance which should be carefully read by all women whether compelled by the exigencies of fortune to get their own living, or not, since while it gives many valuable hints and practical advice to those who have to support themselves by work of one sort or another, it will plainly show to those secure from this necessity the stress of competition which makes life so hard to the poverty beaten thousands who have themselves and others to provide and care for. The work is a very interesting one to read as it is written in a breezy yet thoroughly earnest style, and consists of much more than mere facts and figures. The advice given is excellent, and is most evidently written by one who knows whereof she affirms.

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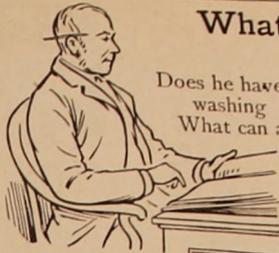
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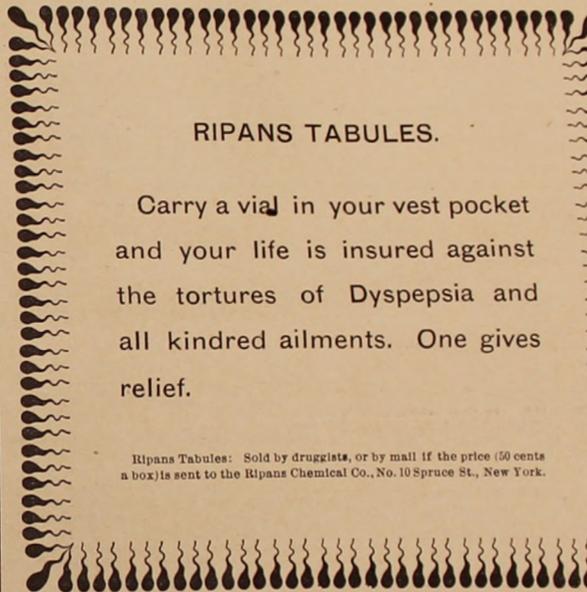
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CLARA H. BANKS—RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

GREENFIELD, Mass., Feb. 24, 1895. First Spiritualist society, Union hall. Resolutions of respect for arisen Sister Clara H. Banks, of Haydenville.

Whereas, In the presence of that unerring law which all must recognize as being supreme, the physical presence of our dearly beloved and faithful co-worker in the cause of truth as demonstrated through the phenomena and expressed by the philosophy known as modern American Spiritualism has been removed from our sight; and,

Whereas, By this aforesaid removal the beneficence of this supreme law is recognized in the fact that through the many years of active service of our sister upon the material plane of existence she brought great credit to herself and to the cause which she so faithfully espoused, she has found a most happy release from her physical bondage, and has, we are most confident, entered upon those felicitous joys which await the liberated and rejuvenated spirit prepared for those who have nobly borne their part in this valley of shadows, and, further recognizing the immortal principle of life and fully realizing that the spirit after its separation from the mortal form is nearer its friends than ever before, so be it

Resolved, That this society, in mourning in a sense the loss of her inestimable services, and to record the high standard of her instructions as an exponent of the truth of immortality and the sublime womanhood which gave her the courage of her convictions;

Resolved, That we tender to her bereaved family our deepest sympathy, and pray that each member may find consolation and joy in the memory of her upright and useful life, and that while the familiar form and smiling face will be missed her memory will be treasured by all who had the privilege of knowing her, for she was a woman among women.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded on the journal of the society and a copy of the same be sent to the afflicted family, the Gazette and Courier, the Banner of Light, the Light of Truth and THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for publication.

F. E. MOODY, Sec'y.

DID THEY DIE?

By MIRIAM WHEELER.

"On wild and wet winter nights, when I was a child," said my grandmother, "our nurse used to draw the warm orange curtains early and shut out the sights of the dreary dripping streets, perhaps only from some vague ideal of comfort, but I silently thought at the time it was to break a habit which I had formed when the weather was tempestuous of standing staring out at the driving grey clouds, the cold reflections in the stone pavements, the phantom ships on the river beyond, and the forlorn and sodden poor who hurried by ill-clad and shivering, and last at those homeless shadows of humanity which haunt in all our cities towards darkness any chance shelter.

"Sighing," said my nurse, as she drew her reluctant pet to the fireside, "why, an angel is falling from heaven, or else someone is walking over your grave. Go to! Rebecca, look at the gay yellow flames licking the black coal. Make pictures rather in the fire. I can see strange things in the hot embers."

One such night, I remember, when we were seated round the glowing hearth in the dancing, flickering red light, the door opened and my grandfather entered, and sitting down drew me to his knee. He was a small, spare man with bent shoulders and a big, thoughtful head, long white hair, and clean shaven face with firm, though kindly, mouth. He did not often visit our nursery, but whenever he did he told us some tale, rarely a funny story. Gradually the little ones, soothed by his mellow even voice, fell asleep before the end and were removed to their cots, and the full meaning of his words only came to my brother and me in after years. On this occasion, without further

prelude than "well, wee folk, are you listening to the shrill trumpets of the great north wind?" he began, "They woke in me a half sleeping memory which may interest you. Once, a long while ago, towards the close of such a day as this, three travelers, unknown to each other, converged towards the shores of a river's mouth: It was low tide; the bed was broad and shallow; the rapid stream although swollen by the recent rains was fordable in places. The salt water of the estuary had been drawn again to the deep bosom of the turbulent mother sea, leaving a slimy wet margin of treacherous mud flats, awkward weed-covered rough boulders, sharp pointed fragments of rock torn from the land, not yet smoothed roundly by the soft fringed waves, and interspersed by running rills of water feeding the main current. Further along than on the spot on which stood two men and one woman was a bridge across, the toll being but a penny for foot passengers. By a curious coincidence, however, instead of proceeding along the beaten track they halted simultaneously and after vainly trying to gauge the distance, the remoteness of the sea, and the difficulties of crossing, they gave each other a distrustful look, and losing no further time began to pick their several ways to the hither shore. The woman who was well clad and evidently of the middle class, zig-zagged irresolutely to the right where the river was narrower, while the man in the military cloak endeavored to steer a straight path; the fellow with unshaven chin, long untidy hair, thin overcoat and dark significant eyes restlessly bore to the left, regardlessly stumbling over the slants of black weed, getting now knee deep in yellow mud, now tearing himself on the stone teeth of one of those natural dragons fashioned by the fantastic arts of wind and water, which, crouched in this disgusting environment, looked fully alive in the dim twilight. From time to time the three thus painfully journeying had the consciousness of each other's neighborhood forced upon their senses by the fitful gusts which carried a sharp scream from the lady, a deep sonorous ejaculation from the officer, or portions of the continuous mutterings of the poet with clearness for some considerable distance. Perchance their common experience of misery prepared them to meet with each other more sympathetically than they had parted, when on arriving at the swift dark water they found there was only one place passable by foot, and that looked formidable enough.

"Madam," said the poet, "forgive me, a stranger, for offering you advice, but an intuition which is normally unerring speaks to me to warn you this is no place for woman. Hard as the way is, deepening as the night is, I urge you by all you hold sacred, and that makes life of worth to you, to retrace your steps and seek the safer crossing by the bridge yonder."

"Sir," said the officer, "you speak wisely. I am well used to facing death with outward calmness in the fearful chances of war, yet it chills me somewhat I confess to see far down that curling wave which tells me the tide has already set in from the ocean. There is no time for indecision. Forwards or backwards, we risk our lives by either course, yet I feel that it would be better for us to retreat and that without delay, since in this case it is no shame to retreat with such unequal force, and a weird inanimated foe."

His companions followed with strained gaze his pointing finger at the advancing wave which swept on towards them with fateful evenness and dignity of strength. Already the colossal crest of hissing foam

(Continued on page 519.)

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Mr. Sargent remarks in his preface: "The hour is coming, and now is, when the man claiming to be a philosopher, physical or metaphysical, who shall overlook the constantly recurring phenomena here recorded, will be set down as behind the age, or as evading its most important question. Spiritualism is not now THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE, as I called it on the title page of my first book on the subject. Among intelligent observers its claims to scientific recognition are no longer a matter of doubt." Cloth, 12mo., 372 pages. Price, \$1. postage 10 cents.

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Part Second.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN ERAS.

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DID THEY DIE?

(Continued from page 518.)

was near and the cold air of its breath blew the salt spray upon their faces. "Alas! God help us!" groaned the lady, her blanched face shrinking with terror, "how can we hope to win in a race with the running tide? What a fool I have been; if I had known I would have paid a thousand pounds to cross the bridge that mocks our despair over there with its cheap safety."

"Friend," said the officer with the imperative tone of one used to command and control, "this is not the right moment for little regret and weak self-approach. Give me your hand and I will try to lead you to the land, where we may each take to heart the lesson of this event."

She grasped him like a drowning person. He loosed her wraps and flung them hastily away.

"Stay," said she, "my shawl cost three guineas; I could carry it."

"Madam" said the poet, "if you tarry for garments or impede yourself with lucre now, you are lost. You will also be responsible for the death of the gallant gentleman who aids you, and Death and Death and such a death might well cease love of gold from even a miser's heart. Listen! I have long thought of it. The water which is now lapping at our heels will gurgle higher into your mouth. You will struggle and try to scream—the water-devils, the Undine, will drag you below to their crystal caverns. In one clear instant of vivid soul-sight and self-revelation you will see the relative values of the things in, the acts of, and the persons you have met in, your life. And the three guineas you finally sold your existence for will be gnawing at you, fellow-goblins with the copper penny for which you proximately parted with it. Your pardon, if I misjudge you. I have to-night to deliver myself from a life tortured by vain desires, and equally futile regrets, hoping this kind stream might quench a hot passion never yet appeased, but I tell you frankly now it is so near, I am appalled at the coming agony and resume once more the bitterness of living with cheerful courage could I save myself from this irresistible on-pressing doom."

While thus speaking he had seized her other hand and with a manly determination had thrown from her the shawls and bag that she clung to even in her extreme peril. Every deed at once reveals and moulds character in the keen epochs and dull incidents of life. "This was," said my grandfather, resting his chin gently on my head, "a big spiritual battle being waged on that desolate coast, while the hoarse sea treading relentlessly behind pressed these three souls back on the way they had sought to pursue. Hurrying on sick at heart, floundering in the sticky bog which seemed to hold down their feet with invisible hands, speechless thereafter with fatigue and terror, often feeling the overtaking waves swishing their ankles, tarrying not to look behind, hand in hand at last they reached a point where sinking down upon her knees the lady gasped she could go no further and must die. Peril had purged her, however, of selfish greed, and her soul shone forth as it were a beacon to the officer and the poet.

"Leave me, dear friends," for time and space had been annihilated and they were dear to her indeed, "leave me, I will be brave. Save yourselves for those to whom your lives are suns. I thank you for your help and counsel, and I pray Love be with us all."

Her companions did not relinquish her hands.

"Nobly said, replied the military man, 'but I would as soon be carried home with wounds in my back as return to my sweet wife having deserted a sister woman for the mere lust of life.'

"Not lust of life, but of existence," said the poet, "Life is of the soul only, and methinks we are not long born. Come fellow, children, one more effort, however, to avoid those embracing waters. Courage, madam, you inspire us to save or perish with you. We have not far to go. Your prayer is answered. Love is with us. I see his great divine benevolent face in that strange cloud, and his guiding hand beckons us shoreward."

He rose, lifting her brimming eyes with full faith to the poet's enthusiastic countenance and henceforth walked less haltingly on. Ever the cruel waves curling fast behind in the growing darkness.

"But they were saved?" I asked, interrupting impatiently, "tell us the end, grandfather."

"Yes, they were saved," he answered with a curious smile. "Yes, little woman, they were saved but not as you mean, I fancy, for the man at the bridge gate drew forth from the eddy of the following morning's tide three travelers, a woman and two men, their hands tightly interlocked and their faces full of wisdom and beauty—unlike any overtaken by a dreadful and unforeseen calamity—rather resembling the homes which placid souls set in order before taking a deliberate journey into a far country."

"O," cried I, sobbing, "I wanted them to live. Did they die?"

"So they did live, you will understand some day," said my grandfather rising, "Good-bye, dear hearts, and sweet sleep to you."

But all that night, until day-break. I tossed in my bed, listening to the raging sea and moaning wind of that sad story and seeing very clearly as a child does, only the pathetic cast-off corpses of these three conquering souls.

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

PUBLISHED AT 92 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO
B. F. UNDERWOOD, Publisher and Editor.
SARA A. UNDERWOOD, Associate Editor.

Entered at the Chicago Post-office as Second-class
Mail Matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Copy, 1 Year, \$2.50
One Copy, 6 Months, 1.25
Single Copies, 5 Cents. Specimen Copy Free.

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Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line.
Reading Notices, 40 cents per line.

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"There is in Fiske's History of the United States for Schools a very interesting illustration showing the evolution of the American flag. It gives Washington's coat-of-arms, consisting of stars and bars, the British Union Jack, the flag used by Washington at Cambridge in June, 1776, and our own flag as eventually adopted by Congress in June, 1777.

In the March number of the Popular Science Monthly is a fine biographical sketch, with portrait, of the eccentric naturalist Thomas Nuttall, who cut private doors and scuttles in the house at the Harvard Botanic garden to avoid meeting people. In the editor's table the teaching of sociology in the universities is discussed, and some additional facts about diphtheria antitoxine are given.

Apropos of the loss of the Elbe and the experience of La Gascoigne, the Review of Reviews for March calls attention to the comparative safety, under ordinary conditions, of modern ocean travel. In the editor's opinion the New York or Chicago suburbanite incurs greater risk of accident in going back and forth between office and home during seven or eight consecutive days than does the passenger on the Atlantic ferry.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, New York, and Chicago, will shortly publish as Number 73 of their Riverside Literature Series (paper covers, 15 cents) a collection of Tennyson's poems under the title, "Enoch Arden, and Other Poems." Besides the title poem, the book contains The Day-Dream, Dora, The Talking Oak, Sea-Dreams, Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, Ulysses, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Lady Clare, The Death of the Old Year, Crossing the Bar, etc. There is also an excellent biographical sketch. Some of

the greatest English masterpieces will be issued in the numbers of the Riverside Literature Series which are to be published during the coming spring.

One's surprise in the fact that no two persons voices are perfectly alike ceases when one is informed by an authority on the subject that, though there are only nine perfect tones in the human voice, there is the astounding number of 17,592,115,044,415 different sounds. Of these fourteen direct muscles produce 16,382 and thirty indirect muscles produce 173,741,823, while all others in cooperation produce the total given above.—Current Literature.

A pulsometer has been invented with which, it is claimed, it is possible to tell to a fraction the exact condition of the heart-beat. An electric pen traces on prepared material the ongoings, haltings and precise peregrinations of the blood, showing with the fidelity of science the strength or weakness of the tell-tale pulse. This should, it is considered, be of special advantage to insurance doctors, as well as the profession at large.—Current Literature.

Says a writer in the Popular Science Monthly seeing accurately is only seeing the thing as it actually is—that is, seeing the truth; and drawing and describing are only stating the facts, or telling the truth. Here is where the temptations lie. An indolent or careless pupil finds telling the exact truth with his pencil point to be arduous, and is tempted to distort or only partially represent the truth. But accuracy of expression must be a constant drill in truthfulness.

In the life of Bayard Taylor we find the following psychical incident told in a letter of the poet-traveler to R. H. Stoddard: "A curious incident of natural clairvoyance occurred to me the other morning. I awoke, and as it was light, wondered whether it was time to get out of bed. Immediately I seemed to see through the pillow (I was lying on my back) and through the case of my watch, which was under it, and read the time—eleven minutes past six! The impression was so curious that I arose, took out my watch and opened it and found the time—eleven minutes past six! Was not that remarkable?"

Telepathy no doubt will explain much if it be allowed that it is possible for the medium, in or out of trance, to read the mind of those present, and the statements of the medium do not go beyond the knowledge of the sitters. Such instances are innumerable. I do not believe that the greatest skeptic alive could spend a week in honestly investigating this subject, by the aid of clairvoyance, without satisfying himself that people can at any rate, describe events beyond their light or knowledge, which some may have learned telepathically by a process of thought reading. The minimum of belief the greatest agnostic would most assuredly arrive at.—Borderland.

The New World for March has a number of able contributions, the opening one being by Dr. C. C. Everett on "The Devil," but for us the fifty-five pages of book reviews by competent writers constitute the most valuable part of this scholarly magazine. These reviews are quite in contrast to the ordinary book notices which one reads in the papers written often by persons whose criticism and praise are equally without value in helping readers to form a correct opinion of the book noticed. The New World, a most creditable quarterly review of Re-

ligion, Ethics and Theology, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$3.00 per year.

During our visit to Rockford, Ill., where we addressed a large audience last Sunday evening in Dr. Kerr's new church, we found many, including some of the most prominent men and women in the city, deeply interested in psychical research and earnestly engaged in the investigation of spiritualism.

Professor Calvin E. Stowe, in a letter to George Eliot, in 1882, wrote: "Allow me to say that I have always admired the working of your mind, there is about it such a perfect uprightness and uncalculating honesty. I think you are a better Christian without church or theology than most people are with both, though I am, and always have been in the main, a Calvinist of the Jonathan Edwards school."

Robert Chambers, author of "Vestiges of Creation," in a letter to Alfred Russell Wallace wrote: "I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures; and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and when fully accepted, revolutionize the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters."

Susan B. Anthony is cheerful. She says: "While it is true that women have only secured free suffrage in two States, they have secured partial or local suffrage in more than ten thousand communities. The only difference that remains, the last surviving relic of the age when women was chattel property and was the savage slave of a still more savage lord, remains to be wiped away. When this is done, for the first time in the world we will have perfect liberty and perfect equality."

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"We have been shown in The Index some articles of yours on Darwin and evolution, etc., and you have thus been indicated as one likely to do a deserved service. The Evangelical Ministers' Association of Boston and vicinity, commonly known as the 'Evangelical Alliance,' has a regular meeting at Wesleyan Hall, Monday, 10 A. M., Sept. 11th. It is designed to have presented the subjects of 'Evolution in its Relation to Evangelical Religion.' It is presumed that you would take the ground that this evolution would damage the Bible and its account of creation, and disparage evangelical religion. If that is your position, would you do us the favor to present your views in a paper of twenty minutes or more, or an oral address?"

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