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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE SO-CALLED PARALLELS

Between the New Testament and Egyptian Mythology.

The Interview of Jesus with the Woman of Samaria, and the Egyptian Ritual or Book of the Dead.—The Pool of Siloam.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

In recent numbers of the London *Medium and Daybreak* there has appeared Mr. Gerald Massey's lecture on "The Historical Jesus and the Mythical Christ," as revised and corrected by the author, and as delivered by him in London not long since. In this lecture, which attempts to establish that the Jesus and the Disciples of the New Testament had no existence in the flesh, but were only personifications of ancient Egyptian myths, we find a large number of asserted parallels between the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth and certain portions of the Osirian and other myths of Egypt. It is significant that most of these so-called New Testament parallels are derived from the fourth gospel, popularly ascribed to John. Every competent biblicalist knows that the account of Jesus and his teachings given in John's gospel differs widely from those given in the first three gospels; and there is no reasonable doubt, in the light of historic-critical biblical science, that while large portions of the latter are genuinely historical, the gospel of John as a whole is unhistorical, mythical. Therefore, even did the asserted parallels really exist between this gospel and Egyptian mythology, that fact would in no manner affect the historical existence of Jesus and the Twelve as narrated in the other gospels.

But, upon careful examination and analysis, we discover that many of the so-called parallels are unworthy of the name; the alleged connection between the two sources from whence they are derived being unproven, far-fetched, and mythical; while in other cases trifling accidental resemblances obtain, with no historical evidence to show that in any of these cases either one was in any sense derived from or is related to the other. Many of these asserted parallels (?) are naught but verbal and literary quibbles, inconsequential and in some cases ludicrously valueless, when judicially examined in the light of reason and sturdy common sense. As a specimen of the chimerical and extremely unfair character of these resemblances, so persistently insisted upon as proofs that the New Testament is a rehash of Egyptian mythology, the following accurate analysis of one of the series of "parallels" is submitted for the consideration of the intelligent, fair-minded readers of the JOURNAL.

Mr. Massey tells us that "the scene between the Christ and the Woman at the Well may... be found in the *Ritual*." "The Ritual" is the "Funeral Ritual," or the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," so-called,—the oldest of the world's sacred books. This book is largely devoted to the beatification of the soul of the good man after death. After purification, the deceased becomes identified with the god Osiris or is Osirified, so to speak. He is also identified with various other gods, but the identification is specially and particularly with Osiris; and throughout a large part of the *Ritual* the language is that spoken by the Osirified soul. Much of the *Ritual* is very obscure and unintelligible, the meaning of its mythological allusions and multitudinous symbols being as unknown to us as the present day, as many of them were to the ancient Egyptians themselves, save in the earlier periods of their history, before their civilization had been lost in the lapse of years. Besides, considerable differences exist between the various versions of this book

which have reached us; and the translation from which Mr. Massey has derived his "parallels" is Dr. Birch's English version of the very corrupt Turin text, found in the fifth volume of Bunsen's "Egypt." From this corrupt edition of this obscure and highly enigmatical work, failed to be clearly understood in large part by the ablest Egyptologists, Mr. Massey has derived the weapons with which he threatens to demolish Jesus and the Twelve as historical characters.

Here is what Mr. Massey gives in proof that the scene at the well between Jesus and the woman of Samaria, in John iv. 1-30, is taken from the Egyptian *Ritual*. In the *Ritual*, says Mr. M., "it is said, the Osirian 'does not rest from his transformations.' He proceeds to make himself known to 'the Lady with the long hair, which is in Annu, chasing those who belong to the race of this country. The chase made in Annu is after the race of his race. The greatest of its spectacles is when a chase is made by him to the greatly glorious, as a son does to his father. He drinks out of the pools to take away his thirst.' I ask, in all seriousness, can any one, carefully reading the above as it stands, see in it any connection between the 'Lady with the long hair' and the woman of Samaria? But, as given by Mr. Massey, the text is not faithfully copied. Arbitrary variations have been made in it to suit Mr. Massey's purpose. The quotation is from the 115th chapter of the *Ritual*, in which the Osirified or glorified soul is represented as speaking concerning his 'Coming out to the Heaven, of passing the Court, and of knowing the Spirits of An.' 'The Spirits of An' are the gods specially worshipped in the City of An, that is the city of On or Heliopolis. The beginning of the quotation reads as follows, instead of as Mr. Massey has incorrectly reported it: 'His arm does not rest from making his transformations by it (into her), the Lady with the long hair, which is in An, chasing' etc. Compare this with Mr. Massey's distorted version above, and note the different meanings of the two. Mr. M. cuts the sentence in two, making the first clause a complete sentence, whereas it is closely connected with the latter portion, and the latter part is meaningless if read alone. To make sense of it Mr. Massey has prefaced it with a statement of his own entirely unknown to the text he is claiming to quote, and which changes its meaning greatly. And note particularly, that this interpolation of Mr. Massey is the only thing in the alleged quotation approximating a parallel to the gospel narrative. In other words, to make a parallel Mr. M. manufactured a statement foreign to the Egyptian text, added it to the text, and then claimed that the Johannine narrative was borrowed from it. Mr. Massey says that the Osirian proceeded to make himself known to the Lady with the long hair, as in like manner Jesus made himself known to the woman at the well; hence the parallel. But there is nothing in the *Ritual* about the Osirian soul making itself known to the long-haired lady. The glorified soul is represented as undergoing various transformations in the Spirit-world, and what this text actually says (see above) is, that the Osirian's arm, by the aid of the weapon given him by the gods, ceases not to make his transformations into the woman in An; that is, he is transformed into this woman. Now, what connection is there between Jesus talking to a woman at a well in Samaria, and the soul of a glorified Egyptian becoming transformed by magic power, in the soul-world, into a long-haired woman revered in the City of An in Egypt,—that is, into an Egyptian goddess? All will admit, I think, that there is not the shade of a shadow of a parallel; and, as shown, the only thing approximating a resemblance is due to garbling and interpolation.

Another bit of garbling in this alleged quotation is this: The concluding sentence in Mr. Massey's continuous quotation as above is the following: "He drinks out of the pools to take away his thirst." This is given by him as a part of the passage in which the reference is made to the Lady of Annu (sic), but in reality, it has no connection with her or with that passage. In the genuine passage nothing is said about pools, water, or drinking; but in order to connect the long-haired lady with water and drinking, so as to make her correspond with the woman of Samaria as being in some way associated with water, Mr. Massey tacked on to his already garbled quotation about the Lady of An the sentence about drinking from pools to take away thirst; and he placed the whole five lines between onset of quotation marks, as if forming one genuine continuous quotation, and by this means connected the "lady" with water-drinking. The truth is, that, in the whole of the chapter of the *Ritual* in which the "Lady of An" is mentioned, there is not a word about water, or drinking, or pools or wells, (see Bunsen's "Egypt," v. 247, 248) But in another version of this chapter, found in a different papyrus, and of quite a different purport, in which the "Lady of An" is never referred to, there is found this: "I drink out of the pools to take away my thirst." Mr. Massey changed the "I" to "He," and the "my" to "his," so as to make it read like a continuous portion of the quotation to which he garbly attached it. Moreover, because a glorified soul in the Egyptian soul-world declares that he drinks from pools to quench his thirst, does that prove that what Jesus is reported as saying to the Samaritan woman at the well about drinking living water was borrowed from this variant and obscure chapter in an ancient Egyptian papyrus? Such verbal quibbling, it seems to me, is unworthy of a rational thinker.

It will be noticed that in the quotation given by Mr. Massey, there are obscure references to a chase being made in Annu [it should be An, not Annu] after "the race of this country." Referring to this, Mr. Massey says that the Samaritan woman "does not chase him [Jesus] perhaps, but the distinction of race is brought out,"—that is the distinction between the Jews and Samaritans is adverted to. Now, the chasing in the *Ritual* text is not done by the "lady," but seemingly by the transformed Osirian soul; so Mr. Massey's remark about the Samaritan woman not chasing Jesus is beside the mark and pointless. And there is certainly no connection between the "race" which is being chased in the *Ritual* and the distinction between Jew and Samaritan in the gospel. The latter was an undoubted historic fact, existing for centuries, and certainly it was not derived from the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*.

We are further informed by Mr. Massey, that "the lady with the long hair is the goddess Nu, who had poured out the water of life from a far earlier time, but in the Osirian cult the male type of the waterer took precedence of the female, precisely as we find it represented in the scene of the Christ and the woman at the well." Now Nu was indeed the goddess of water, regarded as a cosmogenic principle, and by identifying the long-haired lady with Nu Mr. Massey contrives to manufacture a quasi-parallel between her and the woman at the well,—the parallel being that one is a water-goddess, symbolical of the ocean, the dew, etc., and the other is a woman drawing water at a well! Every day in the year, probably, Samaritan women in large numbers drew water from wells; what possible connection can there be between this common, every-day occurrence in Samaria and the Egyptian water-goddess Nu? But is it true that the long-haired lady of An is the goddess Nu? Mr. Massey gives no authority for his identification of these two; and I have no doubt that he arbitrarily identified them without any warrant for so doing, and that this is only one characteristic instance out of the hundreds if not thousands of fanciful and arbitrary speculations and statements concerning Egyptian matters with which his later works teem. "The Lady in An" must be a goddess identified or connected with the city of An. This is inapplicable to Nu; for it is well known that, although most Egyptian cities had special reverence for particular gods and goddesses, it does not appear that Nu "was a special object of worship in any city, or had anywhere a temple specially built in her honor" (Rawlinson's "Ancient Egypt," Boston, 1852, vol. 1, p. 304). Nu then was not the "Lady of An." Furthermore, the chapter of the *Ritual* (115th) in which the passage concerning the long-haired lady is found names the spirits or gods of An which the Osirian says he "knows" or is identified with. Immediately following the quotation given by Mr. Massey, as above, the Osirian says "I know the Spirits of An, they are Ra, Shu, Tefnu." All Egyptologists know that these three are the special gods of On or Heliopolis (An); and Dr. C. P. Tiele, in his "History of the Egyptian Religion," devotes the entire fourth chapter, upon "The Religion of Heliopolis," to an account of these three gods,—Ra, Shu, and Tefnu. The goddess Nu, on the contrary, belongs to the Osirian circle of gods, Nu being the mother of the Osirian deities; and the Osirian cult was specialized in Thinis-Abydos, not in An, or On, which was the seat of the cult of Ra. The goddess of An was Tefnu or Tefnut, and she, not Nu, is probably the "Lady with the long-hair at An." As Tefnu is also partially a water goddess, one naturally asks Why did not Mr. Massey identify the "Lady at An" with Tefnu? The following, I think, shows why he passed by the proper goddess Tefnu, and chose the improper and incorrect goddess Nu.

Referring to the Samaritan woman at the well, Mr. Massey says: "The five consorts who are not husbands answer to the five gods born of Seb and Nu." This statement indicates the somewhat reckless manner in which Mr. Massey deals with the Bible. His scriptural references are as inaccurate as his Egyptian and Talmudic. If he will read John iv. 18, he will find that nothing is said of five consorts who were not husbands, and that it speaks of five consorts who were husbands, and of one of the sixth, who was not a husband. What parallel is there between the five children of Seb and Nu, namely Osiris, Isis, Set, Nephthys, and Horus the elder, three males and two females, and the five husbands of the Samaritan woman? The occurrence of the number five is the only thing in common between them; and are we to suppose that wherever the number five occurs, as it does in millions of instances, it is a plagiarism from the Egyptian myth concerning the five Osirian gods born of Seb and Nu?

We now see why Nu and not Tefnu was selected as the Lady of An. Nu had five children; Tefnu did not, therefore, in order to make an apology of a parallel with the woman at the well and her five husbands, the true woman of An was set aside and a spurious woman, Nu, substituted. It is now evident, I think, that the whole of these inconsequential parallels between the two women are brought about by garbling, distortion, and studied substitution. It should also be noted that in two places in his alleged continuous quotation, as above, Mr. Massey has arbitrarily changed "An" to "Annu," making it read "the Lady... in Annu" and "the chase made in Annu," though in each case the original reads "An," not "Annu." There

must have been some purpose in making this change. I notice that Mr. Massey is addicted to making such distortions as this in names, etc.; but there always appears to be an object in it. In this case it seems to be this: It is true that "An" is sometimes called Annu in the *Ritual*, but in these two places it is written An. As Mr. M. identifies the "Lady of An" with the goddess Nu, by adding *nu* to the word *An*, the asserted (though spurious) identification is strengthened, and another wondrous parallel manifested,—the final syllable of the city Annu is identical with the name of the goddess Nu; hence she must be the Lady of Annu with the elongated capillary appendage. Q. E. D.

Mr. Massey quotes the sayings ascribed to Jesus, in John's gospel, in which he speaks of himself as the source of living water, and inculcates worship of the Father; he also says, "Jesus claims that this well of life was given him by the Father." It would puzzle Mr. Massey to find any passage in the New Testament which specifically so states; but as a number of passages in John assert that all that Jesus said and did emanated from the Father, "the living water" must have come from the same source. As parallels to these sayings of Jesus, the following are instanced by Mr. M.: "In the *Ritual* it says, 'He is thine, O Osiris. A well or flow comes out of thy mouth to him.' Also, the paternal source is acknowledged in another text. 'I am the Father, inundating when there is thirst, guarding the water. Behold me at it.'" Both these passages from the *Ritual* are small, detached extracts from a mass of obscure, and to the general reader wild and bizarre, sentences put into the mouth of the Osirified soul. The context in each case shows that nothing in the slightest manner approximating the ideas of Jesus was in the mind of the writer. There is nothing in common between the two except the verbal coincidences of the use of the words "well," "water," and "Father." The first passage, relative to "a well or flow from the mouth" of Osiris, is one single line in a chapter of four pages in length concerning the "turning into a hawk the god of time," in which there is not another allusion to water of any kind, except a line in which it is said, in speaking of certain opponents of Osiris, "Their mouths water to make his annihilation" (chapter 78, Bunsen's "Egypt," v. 217-221).

The second citation, wherein the word "Father" appears, is a speech of the glorified human spirit. It says, "I am the Field, I am the Father," etc. Mr. Massey omitted the beginning of the sentence, "I am the Field." It is very doubtful what is meant exactly by the Osirian spirit calling himself the Field and the Father. In the *Book of the Dead* or *Ritual* there are thousands of similar obscure, and in many cases unintelligible, expressions put into the mouth of the Osirified human soul. It is certain that in calling himself "the Father," there is no reference to anything like "the Father" of Jesus, Jehovah, God. The "Our Father in Heaven" of the Jewish ritual and of Jesus was never borrowed from the remark of the Osirian in chapter 97 of the Egyptian *Ritual*, "I am the Field, I am the Father." Such a conclusion surely no intelligent person could seriously entertain.

THE POOL OF SILOAM.

After perusal of the remainder of this essay, I think that the reader will admit that the quintessence of substitution in order to make a point in connection with these asserted parallels, and the climax of absurdity in the matter of manufacturing fictitious parallels, is exhibited in Mr. Massey's next following remarks, in which the Pool of Siloam at Jerusalem is by him connected with the well, the Samaritan woman, Osiris, etc. Special attention is invited to the following collection of "rich, rare and rare" misstatements, inaccuracies, etc.

Immediately following the "I am the Father" quotation, Mr. Massey continues, "Moreover, in another chapter, the well of living water becomes the Pool of Peace. The speaker says, 'The well has come through me. I wash in the Pool of Peace.'" The first error here is the statement that this is in "another chapter" of the *Ritual*, when in fact it is in the same chapter as the next preceding citation, "I am the Father," etc., just four lines below it (Bunsen's "Egypt," v. 232, 233). This again illustrates the careless and inaccurate manner in which these pseudo-scientific statements are concocted. Mr. Massey then says, "In Hebrew the Pool of Peace is the Pool of Salem, or Siloam." This sentence embodies a deliberate fabrication, destitute of any warrant in truth: Salem, or properly Shalem, in Hebrew means "peace," and the Pool of Peace would be, in Hebrew, the Pool of Salem (Shalem). But, unfortunately for Mr. Massey's parallel, there is no such thing as a Pool of Salem or of Peace mentioned anywhere in the Bible, and in all probability none such was ever heard of until manufactured in Mr. Massey's parallel-hunting imagination. To make this bogus parallel, he transforms the word Siloam into Salem, or makes the two words identical in meaning. The Pool of Siloam, he says, is the Pool of Salem, and Salem signifies "peace."

What are the facts? The Pool of Siloam was never known as the Pool of Salem, and the two words have no connection with each other. Mr. Massey says, "If we identify Salem with Siloam, then the well of water in the *Ritual* is one with the pool of Siloam or Salem. Certainly, if we identify any two things wholly disconnected, we can prove anything we please, regardless of truth, right or justice. Siloam is the Greek form

of the Hebrew word *Shiloach* found in Isaiah, viii. 6. Another form of this word is found in Nehemiah, iii. 15, where it is pointed so as to read *Shelach*,—the original consonants being the same, but the vowel points differing. Without the vowel points, the word is expressed by three Hebrew letters, Sh, L, Ch (Shin, Lamed, Cheth). Mr. Massey, in the last cited quotation, wherein he says, "If we identify Salem with Siloam," insert after the word *Shiloam* four Hebrew letters in parenthesis as the Hebrew form of the so-called word *Shiloam*. The four are Sh, L, O, M (Shin, Lamed, Waw, Mem). This asserted Hebrew word *Shiloam* is a fabrication. There is no such Hebrew word in existence as *Shiloam*,—in unpointed Hebrew Sh, L, O, M. The unpointed Hebrew word as I have said Sh, L, Ch,—*Shiloach* or *Shelach* when pointed, of which the Greek equivalent is *Siloam*, or as sometimes written in Josephus, *Siloa*. The letter "m" does not appear in it at all in Hebrew; it pertains exclusively to the Greek.

But why did Mr. Massey manufacture the spurious Hebrew word *Shiloam*? We have seen that whenever he deviates from the correct language in quotations and in philology there is a purpose in it; and in this case the purpose is evident I think. To identify Salem, or Shalem, with Siloam in Hebrew, the letter "m" was required. There being no "m" in the correct word, *Shiloach*, Mr. Massey manufactured a Hebrew word and printed it in Hebrew letters, as if to deceive the very elect. By this means he secured two Hebrew words, *Shalem* and *Shiloam*, each containing the same three radical consonants, Sh, L, M; then he coolly identified the two words; and by this transparent piece of philological chicanery he endeavors to establish that *Siloam* means "Peace," and that the pool of Siloam in John, ix. 7, 11, is the pool of peace referred to in the Egyptian *Ritual*. The word *Shiloach* or *Shelach* (*Siloam*) means in Hebrew "sent." It is derived from *Shalach*, to send, and has no more to do with the signification "peace," than it has with "war," or with "thunder," or with "Jesus Christ," or with "Osiris" (Smith's "Bible Dictionary," Boston ed., iv. 3036, 3037; McClintock and Strong's "Eccelesiastical Cyclopedia," ix. 741). The title Pool of Peace is therefore inapplicable to the Pool of Siloam, and there is nowhere in Hebrew literature so far as I am aware, any reference to a Pool of Peace or a Pool of Salem. The asserted parallel is bogus—is a fabrication from first to last.

So far from being a derivative from Egyptian mythology, the pool of Siloam was and is an undoubted objective body of water at Jerusalem. So far back as the time of Isaiah (viii. 6) the waters of Siloam are spoken of, and in Nehemiah the repairs made to the wall of the pool of Siloam are mentioned. Josephus refers to it frequently in his *Jewish War*, and his references indicate that it was a somewhat noted place, a sort of city landmark (Smith's "Bible Dict.," iv. 3038). Various Jewish rabbinical writers have alluded to it, and it is there at Jerusalem to this day, still bearing its ancient name in an Arabic form *Silwan*. The identity of the present pool of *Silwan* with the ancient *Siloam*, or *Shiloach*, is undisputed and beyond reasonable doubt. Exercising, then, a little common sense in the matter, let me ask whether, there being certainly in the days of Jesus, at Jerusalem a well known pool called *Siloam* means "sent." It is not exceedingly preposterous to claim that the writer of John's gospel, when he names a pool at that city called *Siloam*, which he expressly tells us signifies "sent," did not derive its name from the veritable pool itself, but borrowed it from a line in the 97th chapter of the Egyptian *Ritual*, "I wash in the Pool of Peace."—despite the fact that the word "peace" is not in any manner connected with the word *Siloam*.

Mr. Massey next continues thus: "And here, not only is the pool described at which the Osirified are made pure and healed; not only does the Angel or God descend to the waters—the 'certain times' are actually dated. 'The Gods of the pure water are there on the fourth hour of the night, and the eighth hour of the day, saying, 'Pass away hence' to him who has been cured.'" This sentence of Mr. Massey immediately follows the one reading, "In Hebrew, the Pool of Peace is the Pool of Salem or Siloam," with which it is closely connected by its first word "And." This identifies the Pool of Siloam with the pool at which the Angel is said to have descended to trouble the waters, another misstatement or attempt to mislead. It was not the Pool of Siloam (which is only referred to in the New Testament [John ix. 7-11] in connection with the blind man healed by Jesus), but it was an altogether different pool in Jerusalem, called *Bethesda* (John v. 2-9), at which the diseased were said to be cured at the troubling of the waters. Mr. Massey essays to parallel the biblical passage concerning an angel descending and troubling the water in this pool at certain seasons, thereby causing the healing of the first sick man who thereafter entered the pool, with a passage in the *Ritual*. In the first place, the passage in John concerning this angel—the entire fourth verse of John v.—is an interpolation, and is not found in the oldest and purest manuscripts of this gospel; and in the recent revised translation of the New Testament the whole verse is omitted from the body of the text and is relegated to the margin as a spurious addition. So this pretended parallel is founded on a passage not contained in the original gospel.—"A plume forgery." Moreover, there is no real parallel between the two passages. I would first point out another characteristic inaccuracy of quotation.

(Continued on Next Page.)

The Spiritualism Before "Modern" Spiritualism.

BY THOS. HARDING.

No. 5.

ENGLAND INCLUDED.

"All things journey: sun and moon, Morning, noon and afternoon, Night and all her stars, 'Twixt the east and western bars Round they journey, Come and go! We go with them!" —George Eliot.

"If man be not of kin to God by his spirit, He is a base, ignoble creature." —Bacon.—Essays.

Calm thought is civilizing the world; enthusiasm is barbarism! Spiritualism rests on conviction of the understanding, based on ascertained fact; superstition is the creature of baseless theory. The former makes its headway among cogitative people; the latter among the thoughtless classes. Enthusiasm, it is true, has done good work in the past, but it succeeded only with the baser element; it was but a barbarous agent, designed to produce effects in the world a little less gross than those which existed.

Socrates or Plato could not be enthused, but the metaphysicians could. Those who among Spiritualists started out intoxicated with the new wine, proclaiming that they were ordained by the spirits to do a great work, have come to naught. They should have gone to Methodism, or to no where, until they outgrew their folly. Religious excitement which produces such explosives as "Glory to God," "Amen!" etc., tends to take the world back to that primitive condition from which it has long been laboring to emerge. For the effects of enthusiasm look at Ireland—see the barbarous Orangemen and the barbarous Catholics contending for—they know not what! killing their fellow-men for a chimera; not one in a hundred can give a reason therefor deserving of a moment's thought. Spiritualism is here to civilize—to purify—to render permanent the knowledge of immortality; to elevate from enthusiasm to thought, and to take us from theory to fact.

But the dogmatic rejection of reasonable testimony and the repudiation of conclusions reached by competent investigators, coupled with an unwillingness to test the question condemned, tends to the same result as superstition and enthusiasm; it is but the other end of the same string, and is as reprehensible and as dangerous to liberty and civilization. The fog of unbelief might be made to burn as fiercely as the fog of superstition, and the thumb screw of pseudo-science might hurt as severely as that of "holy" priestcraft.

It is refreshing to turn aside from such considerations, and contemplate the liberality of thought enjoyed by a great mind. One of the greatest of Englishmen was Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, author and philosopher. He produced the first really good dictionary of the English language; he fills the niche in English history which Noah Webster occupies in American. He was a British lion, physically, characteristically and intellectually (there was nothing small about him). One day at a dinner party the conversation turned upon the manifestations of "ghosts," or what we now call "Spiritualism"; some believed and even related remarkable incidents in relation to spirits, while other guests present ridiculed the idea. One of the most unsparring of these turned to Dr. Johnson (who had taken no part in the conversation) and contemptuously inquired—"Doctor, do you believe in ghosts?" He supposed that so practical and learned a man would treat the subject with contempt; but the doctor quickly undeceived him. "I have not had any experience in that direction myself," he replied, in substance, "but there is no country, civilized or savage, in which they are not believed in, and when I find the question so generally discussed and so extensively accepted as fact, I cannot but suppose that there is truth in it"; and he pointedly added, "Those who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears." Some of the self-sufficient Englishmen of the present day would do well to ponder this great man's reply, and observe its justice; by doing so, perhaps they might be led to exercise a little commendable modesty.

When rendered in plain Saxon, Dr. Johnson's reply was, "There could not be so much smoke without a good deal of fire," and when we perceive that such "smoke" has been ascending from city, village, hamlet and country, through all the ages of the past in old European countries, we cannot but admit that there must have been much "fire" to occasion it. Indeed, I might, but for the fear of becoming tedious, supply sufficient to fill whole numbers of the JOURNAL with old stories of spiritual occurrences in those very conservative countries, old England and Scotland. By way of specimen I shall cite just one, which has reference to an old estate called "Erlingford," situated on the river Severn, which river at one part approaches within 12 or 14 miles of the city of Bristol. The circumstance was worked up into a ballad by Southey in the year 1804; it was very popular at the time, and may be found in the poetical works of R. Southey, a well known poet.

When the lord of Erlingford was dying he committed the care of his son and heir, then a young child, to his brother William, who was to be the sole executor and guardian of the young lord. But the temptation to possess this great estate was too strong for the virtue of William to withstand, and he cast the young child into the Severn, took possession of the property and assumed the title of Lord of Erlingford. He was not long in possession of the inheritance, however, when on one of the anniversaries of the act, the Severn overflowed its banks, flooding the country and surrounding Erlingford castle with water. Lord William of Erlingford seeing a boat passing with one occupant, hailed it and got on board. While rowing away the boatman heard the cry of a child, and saw what appeared a baby in the water near the boat. "Stretch out your hand, my lord," he said, "and take in that child." William did as requested. The child reached up its hand and "his lordship" grasped it. "This little hand is cold and clammy," he said to the boatman; "it feels like the hand of death, and will not let me go." Farther and farther the little hand drew him over the side of the boat; he struggled to free himself, but he could not, and a fearful cry of agony and despair echoed across the wide expanse of water, as Lord William sank to rise no more. Many such stories are told of the old English and Scotch estates, far too numerous to detail; indeed, there is said to be no old family which has not its mysterious traditions, but I must leave this interesting branch of my subject and cross over to America, and as Sir Walter Scott says,

"Why a snail note prolong, Or loiter on a sliding song?" As I take leave for the present of old En-

glish and Scotch Spiritualism. It seems meet that I should refer to the honored name of one who has been the agent of the higher world in the convincing of many among the thoughtful classes, in those and other European countries; one who faithful to his convictions of duty and obedient to his guides and helpers, has left a name which history will yet place high on the pedestal of worth and fame; one to whom I am personally indebted (through his literary works) for first awakening my attention to a truth which it is now my humble duty and pleasure to advocate.

The law which gives shape to a world, rounds a rain-drop, and presumably the law which shapes the history of a nation, operates on an individual's life; and so when we contemplate a nation or a world struggling up from darkness to light, from ignorance to knowledge and from the gross self-assertion of barbarism to the dignified calmness of civilization, we are apt to remember our own individual struggles along the same highway, and cherish the memory of those who aided in our enlightenment. Thus I am led back in thought to the time when a book, "Incidents in My Life," was first placed in my hands. In Sturgis, the perusal of which aroused me from the lethargy of skepticism and startled me into the first faint believing. "Damie, Douglas Home! I have never seen him, but it is possible to love those whom we have not seen. I have revered him for his work. I respected him for his worth. I honored him because the prostitution of mediumship was abhorrent to his soul, and I cherish his memory. As I write his name, how worthless appear to me all those prefixes and suffixes, in which small people delight. Why should pure gold be plated; the name 'Daniel Douglas Home' is panegyric sufficient. The loss of his mediumship to the Spiritualists of Europe was irreparable.

"The star of the field which so often had poured, Its beam on the battle has set; But enough of its glory remains on each sword, To light them to victory yet."

In my next number I shall treat of Spiritualism among the aborigines of North America. Sturgis, Mich.

[To be continued.]

THE THEOSOPHICAL MAHATMAS.

BY WILLIAM TOURNAY BROWN, F. T. S.

I am pleased to see in the JOURNAL of September 25th, the short essay by Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman on the subject of the theosophical mahatmas. The spirit of the writer is, in my judgment, that of a scientist and truthseeker, and, as I am just as anxious, in the interest of truth, to be shown how I have been deluded as Mr. Coleman can be to have genuine proof of the Mahatmas' existence, it will be for the good of all that I should say some more upon this important subject.

In the first place, let me say that I am well qualified to pass an important judgment on this matter, as I am acquainted with all the parties concerned. Being impressed by the truth and beauty of the Koot Hoomi letters in the Occult World, and having made Mr. Sinnett's acquaintance in London, I went out to India in the latter part of 1883, for the express purpose of testing the truth of the Occult Philosophy and of the Theosophical phenomena. I went out at my own expense and greatly against the wishes of my brothers and Scotch Presbyterian friends who wished me to go on with my profession, which is that of the law. I went out to the East in a quiet impartial spirit, neither predisposed to bolster up Madam Blavatsky nor to have satisfaction in proving her to be a fraud. I remained in India fifteen months; travelled over the country; lived at headquarters with Blavatsky and Olcott; became friendly with Damodar and the rest of the chelas; compared notes from time to time, with my fellow investigator, Dr. Hartmann, of Munich; made the acquaintance of Mr. Hodgson of the London S. P. R. when he came out to India, and tried to assist him in his investigations; and was a member of the Board of Control which dismissed the Coulombs from the T. S. on the ground of fraud and corruption.

As regards the philosophy of self-moral culture and development, no one calls that in question. It is the same now as when Jesus worked his "miracles"; for natural laws do not change, though, for periods of time, they may escape human perception. Thus the task which lies before me is to dispose of the personalities in the case, if I can, in such a way as to show that the principles are unimpaired and to absolve the personalities themselves from false and unjust accusations.

On their own confession and statement the Coulombs are fraudulent deceivers. They were justly expelled from the T. S. and their statements are out of court.

Mr. Hodgson of the S. P. R. is a young man of my own age (28), cultured and truth-loving. But he was quite unprepared to pass serious judgment regarding psychic facts and occult phenomena, for the reason that he did not recognize the existence of psychic faculties with which to see the psychic facts. A well meaning man, like the majority of the materialistic school he had no explanation for anything in the occult aspect of Nature but non-existence or fraud. Colonel Olcott made a great mistake when he invited a member of a society of beginners to pronounce judgment upon the "miraculous" verities. He and the society have had good cause to realize his error in judgment and to profit by the experience.

No one calls the good faith of Colonel Olcott in question. My opinion of him is that he is a just, an eloquent and an honorable man. Damodar, however, is supposed by some to have been an accomplice in deceit of Madam Blavatsky. To one who knows Damodar, as I do, this is simply absurd. Damodar is a vegetarian and total abstainer, and his writings show great truth and earnestness of purpose. He had to make great caste and pecuniary sacrifices in joining the Theosophical Society. And for what? For no visible reward. Not a single official of the T. S. receives a fraction of salary, and Damodar worked 7 hours a day as Joint Recording Secretary. Verily Damodar can say that virtue is its own reward and that it is a royal thing to do good and have evil spoken of one. And now as regards the great Blavatsky. Shall I defend her? I shall not. But I shall defend the philosophy.

That Madam Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society are not one and the same is a fact which many are slow to recognize. Every man of us must work out his own salvation, and the Mahatmas are as responsible to us for what they do as we are to them. Thus it is that if at any time we choose to leave the straight and narrow path they are powerless to prevent us. Karma or self-responsibility is the central point of the occult philosophy.

Madam Blavatsky's failings or virtues may be put aside. The evidence from all sources, and when Madam Blavatsky has been thous-

ands of miles away, is theosophically conclusive.

I remember well at Adyar in August, 1884, when Madam Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott were in Europe and when the Coulombs had taken themselves off the premises, a letter came to Dr. Hartmann and Mr. Lane Fox, from the master K. H. through the self-same dejected shrine.

Damodar and I had had a dispute and, as neither he nor I would yield, the master evidently observed the psychic commotion and thought right to interfere. The letter took Damodar to task, much to his chagrin, telling him that he had "undoubtedly many faults"; but K. H. asked the Board of Control to remember that, though very imperfect, Blavatsky and Damodar were the best psychic evolutions in the circumstances. This letter, which is in the unmistakable K. H. writing, was in no sense a reflex of Damodar himself, as his self-estimate was considerably mortified thereby. Where then was the fraudulent deceiver? This is only one of numerous examples. All scientific Spiritualists will agree with me, I think, that the sooner we get into our minds and hearts that Theosophy is not Blavatskyism, but the Ancient Wisdom Religion, irrespective and independent of personalities, the better. The Theosophical Society has a mission in expounding Theosophy, but Theosophy (God's Wisdom) will outlive each and every society.

Valuable Contributions—The Mystics—M. J. Savage on Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal:

I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable papers you are now publishing on "The Philosophy of Religion from the standpoint of the Mystics" by C. H. A. Bjerregaard of the Astor Library. In that great library and elsewhere the earnest and accomplished author and compiler finds ample material for an excellent history of some of the most clear and interior phases of spiritual thought, and some of the sweetest and noblest aspects of religious life. The Mystics have ever been intuitive, taking the interior view of things, trusting the soul, holding soul knowledge as highest, full of faith in illuminating inspiration and in communing closeness to the universal soul. Emerson had large sympathy with them, and appreciated them as only an intuitive and spiritual thinker can. Fenelon and Madame Guyon, illustrious in virtue, were of this school. Mozoomdar, the Hindu, has many like views, for the unity of spirit counts dividing oceans and mountain barriers and centuries of time as of no moment. Thoughtful Spiritualists will join me in the hope that the proposed Encyclopedia of Mysticism may be published, and that meanwhile these suggestive and excellent papers may be kept up in your columns.

I am also glad to see, taken from Light, an excellent article on "Witches and Mediums" by Dr. Carl du Prel. That London journal is full of rich food for thought. It is well to have, in that great city, so able an exponent of Spiritualism, which must command the respect even of those who differ from it.

In comparing the Secular Review with Light—one a representative of English agnosticism and materialism, the other of a spiritual philosophy and natural religion—the contrast is striking. The first is negation, the last is affirmation. One breaks in pieces and leaves the shattered fragments in wild and hopeless confusion; the other destroys only to re-build, using the fragments as stones in the walls of the new and nobler temple. One is cold, the other glows with warm radiance. The range of one is narrow, only three score and ten years in time, and only the life on this earth; that of the other revives beyond the grave to a progressive eternity in land's fairer than day. One chills us with the sad thought of infinite space without life or soul; the other peoples the vast expanse with life, and makes us feel the infinity of wisdom and love and design as well as of law and force. But let us leave London for Saratoga. Quicker than the lightning's flash thought crosses the wide ocean, and the pen obeys its change of scene and records its action. No fine mechanism has such facile and ready modes of change as the human mind.

Your special correspondent reports the delivery of a sermon by Rev. M. J. Savage on "Immortality and Modern Thought" before a large and deeply interested audience" at the Unitarian National Conference at Saratoga, Sept. 22nd. We are told that Mr. Savage considers three things settled—hypnotism or mesmerism, clairvoyance and "the fact that mind can impress mind, and... send messages... even half way round the world." These three settled things he thinks do not "prove the central claim of modern Spiritualism," but make the question a rational one.

Mesmerism, clairvoyance and mind reading granted, and what lies beyond held as rational. This is a gain, slow but sure, for all three were ridiculed and tabooed in polite Unitarian gatherings a few years ago. No leading clergyman ever gave his verdict in their favor, no such verdict would have been heard with deep and respectful interest to-day. We are bound to gain and to win, but persistent and conquering work must go on, and the Spiritualists must do the most and the best of that work. Psychic research societies are all well, but the conceit and prejudices of some of their members are absurd and unscientific, and their best investigators are often raw and awkward in their new field. The experienced Spiritualist is an expert, and can do far better work. Heart and head together are worth more than either alone, and when they keep the just balance each helps the other. We need not look for our main work outside. We can accept psychic research society effort for what it is worth, but our own research is better, and the Spiritualists can and have so verified their statements that they are weighty and will convince in time.

Can Mr. Savage, as member of a psychic research society, explain all he has seen by either of his three "settled" conclusions? Has nothing been witnessed beyond these? If not, then research has been poor and superficial.

Here is one fact. Mr. A. L. Thompson, a gentleman in this city whom I have known for ten years, not a professional medium but a business man, and a man of honest aims, writes automatically, his hand moving without his mental guidance or knowledge of what is being written, and has other phases of mediumship—all coming without his wish or effort. He has written many passages purporting to come from — Spencer. Some months ago he was told, in this way, that Spencer was a lawyer in Pittsburgh, and that he would learn more soon in that city. His business led him there in a few weeks, and one evening in his room at a hotel came, by his hand, a message signed with Spencer's name, telling that he had a law office on a certain street, in a block named — and in a room in that block, the number of which was given, as was the street number at the entrance. Eight years ago he died, it was writ-

ten. The next day Mr. Thompson went to the place, following the street and number given, found the law office and was told by its occupant that eight years before a lawyer named Spencer had occupied it and died. He had never heard of Spencer's existence; all these facts as to his place of business were unknown until told by this writing, and all was verified by his research as above. Any other effort to solve this matter, save by the real presence of Mr. Spencer from the life beyond, is quite circuitous and far fetched. These messages always claim to be from persons once on earth, and who come back in these various ways. Their manners, voices, hand writings, etc., are personated and imitated, and they all declare, "We are verily here!" Is it not absurd to suppose that mesmerism, clairvoyance and mind reading should come under false colors and with assumed names? Have these all conspired and combined to cheat us? Mr. Thompson has written fair similes of the signatures of leading men here—one so perfect that a banker, not knowing how it came, said, "I would discount a note over that signature if that man was alive." Yet the medium did not know the hand writing of the person imitated and was but slightly acquainted with him, but that person claimed to be present and told of matters in a strikingly characteristic way. For such things the three "settled" conclusions of Mr. Savage offer but faint and far fetched explanations, none indeed, if one is very critical, but Spiritualism has its direct and rational reason for all, and is the proof positive of immortality. The progress of men like Mr. Savage is strangely slow, but they must move on, or go back to materialism. It takes an immense amount of proof to convince such men, and they are better than the average. A Unitarian clergyman would want about ten times as much proof of Spiritualism as a good judge on the bench would need of any matter on which he was to give his decision, and as for the Evangelical clergy, many of them would only set heart and mind against all proof and cry out, "It is the devil!" while a "glorious remnant" hold heart and mind open to the light.

Mr. Savage says: "This apparent semi-independence of the body does at least make the question a rational one as to whether the soul is not an entity, capable of getting along without the present physical body." Emerson and Parker settled that intuitively long ago. Emerson said: "Man is an intelligence served by bodily organs."

If the soul is not "capable of getting along without the present physical body," of course there can be no future life, no light of immortality. Herbert Spencer perpetrates the absurdity of trying to write a book on Psychology, when he is not at all settled as to whether the soul is a fleeting product of the body, or the body the transient servant of the immortal soul. Of course his book is poor and shadowy, thought well of to-day but to be laid aside to-morrow.

If the Unitarians look at Spiritualism from Spencer's standpoint, a deal of mist must be got out of their eyes before they can even "see men as trees walking," or take fair measure of great facts. If they look at it from the intuitive ground of Channing, Emerson and Parker, they will have clearer vision and more heart in their research. But they begin to see that it must be looked at, and "so far so good." For the rest we must work and wait. G. B. STEBBINS. Detroit, Mich.

HAUNTED HOUSE.

Crockery and Glassware Brought from the Table Before The Eyes.

The pretty country town of Gwynedd, in Montgomery county, on the line of the North Penn. Railroad, twenty miles from this city, has been thrown into a state of great excitement by some supernatural agency which has been breaking every fragile article in the house of Francis D. Worley, a resident of the town and a member of the firm of Sharpless, Worley & Neall, wholesale flour dealers, 143 North Broad street, and treasurer of the Commercial Exchange.

STRANGE SIGHTS.

Three days ago, when it first began, the family paid no attention to it, and attributed the mysterious breaking to natural causes, but as it progressed and articles of crockery were continued to fall from the safest of places, the family became alarmed and it then began to dawn upon their minds that some supernatural agency was at work. The dishes and other articles were pushed back on the shelves but they still continued to break, no matter in what position they were placed if the room was deserted for a few minutes, the articles would fall to the floor and smash.

SUPERNATURAL INFLUENCES.

At last, after Mrs. Worley and the rest of the family had become fully convinced that it was through no acts of carelessness or in any way natural, they called Mr. Worley's attention to the mysterious breaking, and communicated to him their fears concerning the unforseen agency. Mr. Worley, who is a highly intelligent gentleman, and in no way inclined to superstitious beliefs, at first laughed at the fears of the family, but when they had placed several articles on the table where they could not possibly fall off and in a short time found them on the floor broken, he

BECAME MORE SERIOUS.

and was puzzled to account for it. During the first night, at intervals a crash would be heard in various parts of the house, and the next morning when they made a search of the rooms, broken articles of every description were found.

SCATTERED OVER THE FLOORS.

Mr. Worley came into the city as usual yesterday morning, thinking that the peculiar manifestations were over, but shortly after he reached his place of business, he received a telegram from his son telling him to come home at once as the manifestations were worse than ever.

Mr. Worley went to the store of his neighbor Josiah Bryan, who has a mill at the corner of Broad and Vine, and told him the peculiar state of affairs at his home, and asked him to accompany him to his home. Mr. Bryan consented and together they proceeded to Mr. Worley's residence.

When they reached there they found the family in terror, and almost on the verge of despair. Instead of abating the smashing had increased, plates, cups, saucers and dishes of every description were smashing in the kitchen and dining room, and earthen pots and bottles were flying through the windows. Mr. Bryan was as much astounded as the family and was thoroughly convinced that it was the work of some supernatural agency.

All of last night Mr. Worley laid awake and endeavored to solve the mystery but without avail, and this morning the floors had to be covered with old carpets so as to collect the debris.

There is now only a few articles of a break-

able nature in the house, and it is expected that they will be broken before evening.

The affair has created the most intense excitement in that section of the city. It is the talk of the country for miles around. Nothing like it was ever heard of before, and the people are almost wild over the wonderful manifestations of supernatural power.

None of them can understand it, and no one makes an effort to explain the horrible breakage of the household ware. Mrs. Worley is thoroughly prostrated by the affair, and her sickness has served to increase the excitement.

People from all the surrounding towns and villages have turned out to get a glimpse of the house, and are continually arriving. Many of them are afraid to go near the place, and keep at a safe distance. They are content to gaze at it from a distance.

Other neighbors a little more courageous have gone to the assistance of the family. Mrs. Worley is prostrated by a nervous shock and has been compelled to take her bed. It is feared that it may be some time before she will be able to get up again.

A physician is in attendance upon her and is doing everything in his power to relieve her. His greatest effort is to keep her from thinking of the sight which she witnessed and prevent her from worrying over it. Fears are entertained of her mind becoming affected should she worry over the affair.

The neighbors stand and gaze with a look of mystery upon their faces when spoken to in regard to the queer and remarkable visit. They can give no explanation, and, in fact, everybody is in the same position.

ALL THE LAMPS BROKEN.

Every lamp in the house has been broken and the family is compelled to depend upon candles for light to-night. There is not three dollars worth of crockery and glassware left in the house. Mr. Worley came to the city to-day and said that he intended to remove the broken stuff from the house and throw it away.

Before leaving home Mr. Worley said to an ITEM reporter that he intended to collect a wagon load of broken articles in his dwelling and cast them away.

The greatest and strangest mystery of all is the way in which the affair occurred.

The destruction has never been accompanied by any supernatural noises, and in no instance was there any warning of the strange manifestation.

"How has it occurred?" asked the reporter of Mr. Worley.

AROSE BEFORE THEIR EYES.

"Why, in every instance," said he, "the crockery and glassware has arisen before the eyes of the family, and after rising a short distance in the air above the tables, fell on the floor and went flying through the air. Much of it went crashing through the windows as if it had been hurled by some unseen power."

WHAT A NEIGHBOR SAW.

One of the neighbors, who was called in last evening, was seen by an ITEM reporter this afternoon and said: "Mr. Worley told me of the strange happenings in his house and asked me to call in and see for myself. When I entered the room the table was set for supper, and the cloth was so arranged that I could see directly under the table, so that it was impossible for any one to be under it without my knowing it. I had been in the room but a few moments when one of the glasses arose right before my eyes off the table and fell on the floor, smashing into pieces. A few seconds later a plate went through the window as if it had been thrown with great force. Other pieces of crockery went the same way until the table was almost emptied. I can give no explanation of the affair. I simply tell what I saw. I was naturally very nervous and breathed easier when I got out of the room."

NO HUMAN AGENCY.

"Before leaving the room however, I examined it carefully to see that there were no wires or other human agencies that could have produced the sights I saw, but I could not discover nothing. I kept my eyes steadily on the table and saw the pieces of crockery rise from it and go on sailing either through the window or else fall on the floor."

TO WATCH THE BUILDING.

Mr. Worley has invited a number of gentlemen to spend to-night at the house and make a thorough investigation, as he is convinced that some other than human agency is the cause of it. The house will be carefully searched and every opportunity given the watchers to fathom the mystery. Those who know Mr. Worley say that they are fully convinced that there is no deception of any kind, and that he is not a man to indulge in any practical jokes or pranks. The residents have begun to view the house with awe, and unless the turbulent spirits are speedily laid it will soon fall into rack and ruin for want of a tenant.—Philadelphia Item.

Lethe Sayles on Ghosts.

The question to Lethe Sayles, when she was upon the witness stand, as to whether or not she believed in ghosts, in one of Miss Murfree's stories, reminds one of a dialogue heard between a lawyer and a witness in Independence, Jefferson County, Mo. One of the "James gang," as the band of robbers were called who for a few years previous to that time (1881) had committed numerous crimes in that portion of the State, was on trial for participating in what was known as the "Glendale train robbery." Mrs.—, a witness for the State, testified that the night before the robbery occurred she saw the prisoner, and heard him talking to her husband about the proposed robbery. Upon her cross-examination the following dialogue took place:

Q.—"Now, Mrs.—, tell us again how you happened to see the prisoner, the evening in question?"

A.—"He came to the house 'long in the first part of the evening, an' asked me where was my old man. I said outdoors someers, an' he went out to find him. Bime-by I 'lowed I'd better see if he'd found him, an' when I got outdoors I heard voices in the corn-patch, an' I went along kinder still like, an' 'looked through the fence. I was a couple o' fence corners from 'em. 'Twas light as day, 'most."

Q.—"You saw them distinctly?"

A.—"Yaas."

Q.—"Well, Mrs.—, I want to know if you believe in ghosts—in spooks?"

A.—"Waal, I don't know as it's any o' your business what I believe."

"You must answer the question," said the Judge.

A.—"Waal, then, I do. I've seen 'em."

Q.—"Your house is said to be haunted, isn't it?"

A.—"Yaas."

Q.—"And ghosts have been seen walking about outside by yourself and your family?"

A.—"Yaas."

Q.—"I thought so. Now can you swear that it wasn't ghosts that you saw and heard out in the cornfield that evening?"

A.—"Yaas, I can."

Q.—"Well, how do you know?"
A.—"Cause they war a cussin' I've seen an heerd ghosts, but never ghosts as cuss."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[106 West 29th Street, New York.]

FORWARD.

Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping eyes,
Jinger not in the valley beneath the day that is done!

Mark how the summers hasten through the blossoming fields of June,
To the purple lanes of the vintage and levels of golden corn;

"Vesta," the interesting correspondent of the New Northwest, describes, in this wise, a lecture upon Bulgaria, respecting which we have read so much of late.

"Last Sunday night I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Ivan Balabanoff lecture in the Presbyterian church, on the fortunes and misfortunes of his native land (Bulgaria), a theme especially interesting in the light of recent discussions in the little province for which Turkey and Russia are both contending. He is one of thirty Bulgarians in America, and the only one who has ever come west of the Mississippi river.

The CENTURY MAGAZINE. (New York.) To the October number Clarence King contributes a paper on the Biographies of Lincoln; The frontispiece is a portrait of the Liberal Statesman of Norway, Bjornstjerne Bjornson and the article entitled A Norwegian Poet's Home, gives some account of his literary habits and country life.

It seems impossible to realize such toil as the lot of a woman, but travelers in the East all testify to their ignorance, degradation and hard labor. In some districts they are harnessed with mules, or help to draw loads with oxen.

The Chicago Tribune, in an able article on woman's work, says:
" One does not desire to see American women like the women of Northern Europe—mere beasts of burden. For instance, in Stockholm woman is almost exclusively employed as hod-carrier and bricklayers' assistant. She carries brick, mixes mortar, and does all the hardest work about a building."

The LIBRARY MAGAZINE. (New York.) Contents: India under British rule; Transatlantic Lessons on Home Rule; British and Foreign; Oliver Wendell Holmes; The Knights Templars; New Eyes for Science; Natural History of Credit; Three Roman Letter Writers, Etc.

The HERALD OF HEALTH. (New York.) Contents: Ventilation of Closets and Drains; Cellars in relation to Health; Giving Baths; Fruit as Food; Pies and Pies; Answers to Questions; Topics of the Month; Studies in Hygiene for Women.

glum young women and even little girls work continuously in coal-pits, and there are bent and crippled old women about these pits who have worked in them since early childhood. In Holland they work on the canals with a rope over the shoulder, and do a large part of the work upon the dykes which hold the sea at bay.

It takes little thought to show one that to make a woman a beast of burden is to unfit her to be a wife and mother. But woman is a human being, before she is a wife and mother, and as such should have every opportunity that man can have in the same age and the same country.

WOMAN IN GERMANY. Even in enlightened Germany the condition of woman is far below what we would expect in that philosophic nation. They value the finer sex for its inferior qualities only.

"Women, it is well known, are excluded from the colleges and universities of the German Empire. Both men and women look with derision and disdain upon the girl aspirant to academical honors. They do not consider women capable of advanced training and are the bitterest opponents of co-education. Girls' Schools are laughably elementary. History and languages, it is true, they have at their tongues' end; but that is all. The 'three R's' form the Rubicon of their progress.

EVER NEW. A Song Book. By S. W. Straub and W. F. Werschul. Chicago: S. W. Straub. Price, board cover, 50 cents.
A work designed for singing classes, conventions, day schools and choirs. The plan of the elementary department contains some new and important features. The object is to make equally good readers in all the keys from the beginning. To this end, indispensable daily reading exercises are used. In this way the representation of the relation of key-tones is familiarized from all degrees of the staff, fixing the principle of reading music at once. It is claimed that one-half of the time can be saved in becoming good readers, by this method.

WIDE AWAKE. (Boston.) Sophie May has the opening story, The Gipsy Monkey, and there is another monkey story, The Odd Switch-Tender of the M. & C. Celia Thaxter has a delightful poem. Mrs. Foote writes of the burning of Royalton, and Mr. Hays has a stirring Tennessee story. In Royal Girls and Royal Courts, the German Court and some of its Princesses are described. Miss Harris writes about H. H., and others. Rosier Johnson has a long article upon Bridges. There are several notable poems and two ballads are richly illustrated.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (New York.) The Phrenological Journal for October, contains a lengthy article relating to Phillips Brooks, D. D.; Familiar Talks with Young People, will enlist many new recruits. Kate Greenaway's genial face looks out from the Journal and the sketch of her life and works will be enjoyably read. All lovers of the horse, will be interested in Brain Power in the Horse. The queries of many correspondents are answered. There are also good editorials, items, etc.

THE SIDERAL MESSENGER. (Northfield, Minn.) Contents: The Meridian Circle of the Lick Observatory; Instrumental Photography; Electric Phenomena in the Solar System; The Red Light; Orbit of the Binary Star Gamma Coronae Australis.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (New York.) Good articles are found under the following heads: Review Section; Sermonic; Miscellaneous and Editorial.

CHAUTAQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL. (Boston.) The contents of this number will be of interest to reading clubs, schools and homes.

MIND IN NATURE. (Chicago.) This popular journal of psychical, medical and scientific information, has a most timely and suggestive table of contents for October.

GOLDEN DAYS. (Philadelphia.) The boys and girls look forward to this weekly with much pleasure, for it always brings them many good stories and items of news.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY. (Boston.) The children will be amused with this number as it contains many short stories and illustrations.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) The usual table of contents fills the pages of the October number.

THE SEASON. (New York.) The latest fashions and novelties are displayed in The Season.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

THE BOOK OF ELOQUENCE.—A Collection of Extracts in Prose and Verse from the most Famous Orators and Poets; intended as Exercises for Declamation in Colleges and Schools. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

EVER NEW. A Song Book. By S. W. Straub and W. F. Werschul. Chicago: S. W. Straub. Price, board cover, 50 cents.
A work designed for singing classes, conventions, day schools and choirs. The plan of the elementary department contains some new and important features. The object is to make equally good readers in all the keys from the beginning. To this end, indispensable daily reading exercises are used. In this way the representation of the relation of key-tones is familiarized from all degrees of the staff, fixing the principle of reading music at once. It is claimed that one-half of the time can be saved in becoming good readers, by this method.

HAPPY MOMENTS. By S. W. Straub. Chicago: S. W. Straub. Price, board cover, 50 cents.
This Song Book is arranged for Schools and Seminaries, and the author has made a fine selection from new and old secular and sacred songs, which are characterized by beauty of melody and richness of harmony. Teachers looking for new singing books should not fail to examine this.

CHARACTER BUILDING. By Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., LL. D. Boston: James H. Earle. Price, cloth, 30 cents.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. Vol. II. By W. H. Prescott. New York: John B. Alden. Price, 2 vols., cloth, gilt top, \$2.25.

SOLAR PHILOSOPHY. A Ruskin Anthology. Compiled by Wm. Sloane Kennedy. New York: John B. Alden. Price, paper cover, 20 cents.

TEN GREAT NOVELS. Suggestions for Clubs and Private Reading. Edited by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr. Price, 10 cents.

GEORGE ELIOT. Suggestions for Clubs and Private Reading. By Celia P. Woolley. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr. Price, 10 cents.

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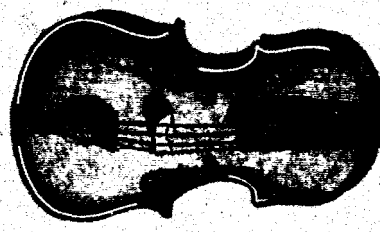
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Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 16, 1886.

The Great American Board—All Pagans go to Eternal Perdition.

The great American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions opened its seventy-seventh annual meeting at Des Moines, Iowa, October 5th, with an attendance of over one thousand delegates and visitors. The platform was crowded with clerical magnates, most of them with their divinity duly doctored after the orthodox fashion. In the centre, and at the front sat Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D., an old-time defender of chattel slavery from the Bible, who had traveled 1,500 miles from Massachusetts to be present and give the weight of his eighty years to the occasion.

This Board has sent out thousands of missionaries and spent millions of money in efforts to convert the heathen on foreign lands, acting on the absurd and degrading idea that all who had not heard of Christ and the Bible would be doomed to endless and hopeless suffering—in plain language that God would send them all to hell; putting Deity and devil on the same low level of unipity and unforgiving hate. Their progress has not been great—very small, indeed, in proportion to the pains taken. They have never been so prompt to preach against sin as they were to compromise with it. In anti-slavery days they failed in this respect, so said the abolitionists, and proved it, too. N. P. Rogers, in his keen way, called the Board "a great pile of dead and useless lumber" in his Herald of Freedom up among the New Hampshire hills.

Now comes up a new trial. In the new atmosphere of our day some good evangelical church members have gained higher views of the Divine character, and feel that God should not be supposed to do what any decently humane man would be ashamed of. They doubt this wholesale infernal doom of the poor pagans. They think that a good heathen may have a better place in heaven than a bad Christian. They believe in probation after death, in hope for future growth. A goodly number of young clergymen have these views, and the Committee of the Board has refused to send out these believers in the "new departure" as missionaries. There has been anxious waiting to see what the great Board would say on this subject, and they sustain the committee. Of course this step into the dark is taken with due dignity and decorum. They do not decide as to a man's fitness "to be a minister of the gospel," but say that "no part of their contributions can go for the propagation of error, either in doctrine or practice." Rev. Dr. Withrow of Boston, preached a conservative sermon the first evening, sustaining the views of the report.

Hereafter the candidates for missionary work will be catechised somewhat as follows. In language, of course, far more soft and guarded than any at our command, but with the same meaning and effect that our words convey.

The young clerical candidate will stand before the grave and pious committee, and will be asked, in substance: "Do you believe God will send all the heathen who have never heard of Christ or the Bible to hell with no hope of learning the right way after death?" If he answers yes, and is sound otherwise, he will be duly endorsed, and sent out, not "without purse or scrip," as in Apostolic days, but with purse and scrip comfortably filled. If he says No! let him be otherwise as sound as possible, he will be told to leave; "For no error of doctrine or practice can be endorsed, and you hold the grave and dangerous heresy that God will not punish a decent pagan for not believing what he knows nothing of, but will give him opportunity after death to learn and to grow in grace."

Here is blackness of darkness of moral vision, mingled with mental absurdity, such

as would be hard to find outside this kind of reverend clergy. The glorious remnant, the minority in opposition, it is to be hoped will keep up a wholesome discussion; but we fear for their courage unless they decide to quit the old concern. This result was not reached without vigorous opposition by a strong minority, among whom was Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor of the Christian Union. The discussions filled a day, and were very earnest. At the opening of the session, in which the final vote was taken by which a majority sustained the old and bad way, devotional exercises were held. When such men want to pave the way for a mean thing they are very apt to pray.

This state of things will not last. This wretched decision will bring no peace; an agitation will go on which will cripple the Board and make its missionary efforts the pity and laughing stock of the pagan and Christian world.

Fifty years ago, in Cincinnati, the General Synod of the Old School Presbyterian Church voted that "Slaveholding had not been, was not, and ought not to be a barrier to fellowship and communion" in that body. Then they prayed and were glad, and a reverend D. D., exclaimed in joy: "That volcano is capped at last!" But the volcano burst out with new violence, the anti-slavery agitation grew, and the slave is free. So it will be now. It is the Divine order that no wrong can be settled save by right doing.

From Devils Lake to St. Paul.

Extent and Resources of Dakota—Hints on Sociological Problems—A Fish Story—Fargo—Moorehead—The Park Region—Concluding Remarks on Minnesota.

We are still at Devils Lake City. It is Monday morning, August 23rd. I get up at six o'clock, after ten hours straight sleep, to find the promise of another hot day. Curtis has already done the city and tells me it is well supplied with churches of various strictly orthodox sects, also with a large assortment of dram shops. He remarks about the adulterated spiritual food to be had in the former and poisonous spirits dealt out in the latter; but as the churches are locked and he is a total abstinence advocate I feel sure he is not, according to the rulings of my esteemed Boston contemporary, qualified to express an opinion, for he was present in neither place and cannot speak from personal knowledge.

After breakfast I sit down to consider the extent and resources of Dakota. Here is a Territory—which ought to have been admitted as a State ere this—considerably more than twice as large as all New England, leave out Maine, and it is more than four times the combined area of the other New England States. Great Britain and Ireland could be dropped into it and still leave room for a half-dozen German principalities. Its area is nearly 150,000 square miles. The Missouri River is navigable throughout the Territory and the Red River affords an eastern frontage of 250 miles. Although in 1870 Dakota only had 65 miles of railroad, the metals now span 3,000 miles and railroad building goes steadily forward. She offers, as a whole, the finest wheat growing country on the Continent and is rich in gold, silver, coal, iron and manganese mines. In 1870 her white population was only about 14,000, in 1880 it had increased to 135,000 and now is considerably more than enough to entitle her to admission as a State. This country which within my memory was considered by the best authorities as a desert, and so designated, now produces not far from 75,000,000 bushels of cereals. Twenty-seven years ago one solitary pioneer harvested the only wheatfield in what is now Dakota; it comprised 40 acres and yielded 945 bushels. Dakota has more miles of railroad than has the State where first the Pilgrims and Puritans landed, or any one of two dozen other old settled States. 300 newspapers and nearly 2,500 schools are supported; and the Territory pays more revenue to the post office department than any one of thirty-two of the States. She can with her present wheat supply, satisfy her own wants and furnish enough to feed half of the States. And yet her development has hardly begun, the soil is still unbroken on, probably, three-fourths of her tillable land. And what is true of Dakota largely holds good of a vast region in this Northwest.

Think of all this, you philanthropic people! You who are vexing your minds with sociological problems, listen! Instead of studying theories and inflicting dull essays and dreary books upon an innocent and long suffering public, do some practical work that lies plainly before you. Organize emigrant aid societies; assist the industrious poor to homes in this inviting country and elsewhere. Send out your financial agents, men of big heart and sound judgment; let them study the needs of the poor settlers, loan them small sums at a low rate of interest, and foster industry, health and happiness among those who bravely strive against stupendous odds to conquer poverty and previous condition. Go about your over crowded cities and furnish the industrious poor with information as to how they may get a little farm in the West where they can rear their children and become well-to-do and important members of the body politic. Stimulate their interest, coax it into action, then help them to help themselves. Here is a grand country for them; such as prefer Kansas, and sections further south should be given a chance wherever their inclinations lead them to settle. The ragged boy is now driving the ox team that draws the plow that turns the sod on Dakota's prairie who is to represent her

sometime at Washington. Stop your theorizing and show that you really do love your fellow man. Pool your money and brain with his muscle and energy and you will make happiness and wealth for all concerned.

The morning slips away while I grow enthusiastic over the country. The train which is to take us back will soon be here. We shall have to bid farewell, possibly a long farewell, to Devils Lake City, its enterprise, its churches, hotels and brilliant hopes. By the way, speaking of hotels, I heard a story this morning which if true would indicate that hotel keepers as well as ministers are sometimes "called" to their vocation. The story runs as follows: After the civil war was over, among those who returned North with broken health, shattered constitutions, and pictures of vile Southern prison pens burnt into their memories, was Major Benham of Michigan. Instead of the stalwart, manly fellow she had bade God speed and sent off with her blessing to battle for the preservation of the Union, his sweetheart welcomed back a lover whose appearance was only the shadow of his former self. But his soul was as bright and good as ever; the true hearted woman recognized this, poured out her love upon him, and by its health-giving potency brought him back to a fair degree of health. Uniting their lives with the bonds of love they started out to make a competency. But absence from the channels of business, while defending his country, made it hard for the returned soldier to get into the current, all the harder because of a constitution weakened by the barbarities of a Southern prison. He saw among his acquaintances men who had staid at home and fattened on the necessities of the country while he was breasting bullet and bayonet. The harder he strove to get alongside these, seemingly, more fortunate ones in the struggle for a competency the more he felt the burden of his patriotic sacrifice.

At last he determined to go West, secure the bit of land he was entitled to, and make a new beginning. With wife and babies he finally reached the vicinity of Devils Lake, Dakota. The land had not been surveyed, the railroad was a long way off, supplies hard to obtain, no society, only a wild country with magnificent possibilities to stimulate their hope. But with loving hearts and strong purpose the young couple met the hardships of pioneer life. A cabin was built, a few acres of prairie sod turned, and a beginning made. The country tavern did not abound with any great frequency in that region, and so it came to pass that the Major and his wife were often compelled to divide their scanty store with land hunters, emigrants, and later on, with surveying parties; taking whatever the guests saw fit to voluntarily offer in payment. At last this pay-what-you-please style of business did its sure work. It wore out the house-wife and still further impoverished the struggling farmer; until one day on taking an account of stock, it was found that a bag of flour, another of salt, and a few potatoes completed the inventory. A cow of doubtful reputation as a "milker," and a yoke of rawboned but faithful oxen comprised the breathing, outdoor assets. The reason of this careful inspection was because the Major had received word that a distinguished party of railroad magnates had got strayed from their supply wagons, and must dine with him. What was to be done neither could tell; the Major looked at his wife, his eyes moistened, his great heart throbbing with loving pity, while he almost cursed himself that he had brought her and the babies to such straits, to say nothing of the perplexing dilemma of how to provide for the railroad people. Visions of a possible pass over the road, when built, flitted through his mind. If only he could manage to provide for them, he might, sometime, with their favor, be able to get back to Michigan and visit his old friends. But it was no use, not a bit of meat in the cabin, not even an ounce of codfish, or canned stuff. To be sure there were plenty of big pickerel in the lake, but not a fish hook was there left about the place; none to be borrowed nearer than some miles away.

In his perplexity the Major unconsciously wandered off to the lake shore. The day was hot; with his depressed spirits came a return of the old "goneness" that had first come to him on a long forced march during the war. The brave old soldier who had honorably won his rank on the field, succumbed; throwing himself on the ground under a scraggy oak he listlessly looked off over the lake. Some two rods from shore in water half way up her sides stood his cow, a beast of small profit and little value. She had secured immunity from the flies in her present position and was as tranquilly chewing her cud as though she had been a good, honest, Sunday school cow. She lazily turned her sleepy eyes toward the Major and seemed to blink a recognition. But the Major was in no mood to recognize her civility. He lay pondering over his situation and rubbing the arm that had once been pierced by a rebel bullet, through which twinges of pain were darting now and then. Suddenly, with a bellow of fright and surprise, the old cow scrambled out of the water toward him; jumping to his feet in a half-second way just as the beast reached shoal water, what was his astonishment to see an enormous pickerel holding the cow's tail in its mouth; as the beast struck dry land she made one desperate spring and threw the fish high and dry on shore. A flash of inspiration seized the Major; here was the answer to his unconscious prayer; by some inscrutable providence he had been led to this spot. He hurried forward, struck the pickerel on the head with a stone to quiet it, then seizing it by the gills, raised it up

until his arm was straight from his shoulder.—and still his booty dragged on the ground. His "goneness" was gone, and with it the pain in his arm. Not many minutes passed before he stood in his cabin door calling to his wife to see his trophy.

"My dear," said the Major as she came forward, "by this token I know I am called to open a hotel. We will move over to the proposed site of the railroad village if I can't get the station established on our own land. My duty is clear."

The good woman thought him a little wild, but thankfully proceeded to prepare the fish for dinner. When the railroad prospectors arrived they sat down to a table on which smoked a fourteen pound pickerel garnished with potatoes and reinforced with hot biscuit. Never had they tasted so delicious a fish, they declared, and to this day they sound the praises of the pickerel of Devils Lake. "Major Benham followed his 'call' and is now a popular and successful hotel keeper as you see," concluded the story teller. Upon cautiously and delicately intimating some degree of skepticism concerning that part of the account wherein the tail of the cow is seen in the mouth of the fish, my informant replied: "It is not at all strange or improbable, the big fellow was hungry, he may have mistook the strands of hair on the tuft of the tail for a lot of young eels, and, making a grab, entangled his teeth in the matted hair, which held him long enough to end the scene in the manner described."

At last we are off. Copeland comes back from his hunt—mentioned in last week's account—with 56 grouse and a large stock of experience. We make an uneventful run back to Grand Forks, where we change cars and instead of crossing into Minnesota, keep on the Dakota side of Red River to Fargo. This takes us through one almost continuous wheat field eighty miles in length. At Fargo we cross Red River into Moorehead where we spend the night.

Fargo is the most important city in Dakota, next to St. Paul and Minneapolis its name is more often heard throughout the east than any other city in this region. The Northern Pacific crosses the Red River at this point. I would gladly spend a day there, for with such friends as Col. Lounsbury to show the advantages of the city, one could not help being well entertained and instructed, but the thermometer persists in keeping above 90°, and Mrs. Bundy is anxious to get into the region of the great lakes. Moorehead aspires to rival Fargo and the jealousy between the two cities is something quite amusing. Just now, Moorehead is ahead in hotel accommodations, having a house which would be a credit to a metropolitan city. Last year a medium sized cyclone came along one morning about five o'clock and gave this house, the Grand Pacific, a shaking up. No serious damage was done, but some narrow escapes are chronicled. Clara Louise Kellogg afforded considerable amusement at the time; she was occupying the suite of rooms to which our party is assigned; the roar of the wind, falling plastering and other trifling manifestations caused her to leave her apartments and dance through the halls in attire quite as striking, but somewhat less appropriate than any she ever donned in opera. The voracious hotel clerk avers that her voice ran up the scale to a higher note than was ever reached on the operatic stage.

We leave Moorehead soon after seven o'clock Tuesday morning, with a long, hot day's ride before us. Some "steamers" are seen threshing wheat. Most of the wheat is still in shock, and a half-dozen teams are required to haul in the sheaves fast enough to feed the machine. Wagons with enormous boxes are provided, into which the threshed grain is raised by machinery; as fast as one is filled, another takes its place and the first is hauled away to the elevator at the R. R. station or stored in the buildings on the farm. In some instances there is insufficient storage room and the grain is heaped upon the dry ground where it is threshed. Fergus Falls is 55 miles southeast from Moorehead, and 186 miles from St. Paul; it is on the Red River, too, but here the river runs west and south, not having yet headed northward. Fergus Falls is delightfully situated and one of the handsomest places we have thus far seen. Within the city the river has a fall of 83 feet, affording a force equal to more than 6,000 horse-power, and this is more than equalled by the fall of 100 feet that occurs within a mile of the city limits. Thus Fergus Falls has a water power which, as it is always steady in all seasons, will in time give it a leading importance as a manufacturing center.

As we leave Fergus Falls the character of the country changes and grows more rolling. From here southward it is very appropriately named "the Park Region," beautiful little lakes are constantly in view, timbered knolls take the place of grassy plains, farms grow smaller but none the less thrifty looking. Many of these little lakes are becoming popular as fishing and pleasure resorts. As the country fills up, and facilities for obtaining recreation with a minimum amount of fatigue and discomfort are increased the popularity of these lakes will grow and thousands will make annual pilgrimages to this health-giving region. Alexandria, Osakis and Interlaken are already visited each summer by a considerable number, of whom a quite large proportion are from the extreme Southern States.

On we go, passing thriving towns, the most important being Sank Centre and St. Cloud, and reach St. Paul at 6:15 in the evening. Here we have three hours to wait before taking the night train over the Chicago, St.

Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha R. R. for Ashland. Our entire party is thoroughly fagged; hot, tired and dusty, we don't feel equal to going to a hotel and dressing for dinner. We consult the thermometer and find it only 44°. We inspect the fine Union depot and are agreeably surprised to find every accommodation for comfort and refreshment and in almost as attractive style as the million dollar hotel up town offers. We unanimously agree to settle down for the long wait.

And now before we leave Minnesota I want to say a word more of its soil, resources, growth and advantages. Some of the JOURNAL's readers are, no doubt, contemplating change of location, others have friends about to settle in the Northwest. Among the JOURNAL's European readers are those who occasionally write me in the interest of little colonies about to seek homes and fortunes on this side of the Atlantic. To all these I would say: Before you decide to move, take time to become as well informed as possible concerning the different sections of country you have in mind. Study the resources, climate, rainfall, transportation facilities and all that bears upon health, prosperity and happiness. I know of no new country that offers superior advantages to those of Minnesota and Dakota at the present time. There is considerable good government land still to be had at points within 25 to 50 miles of Grand Forks and Devils Lake in Dakota. But the settler who has from a few hundred to two or three thousand dollars will do better to buy railroad lands. Among the roads holding land in Minnesota none has so much good land as the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba. This road has nearly 2,000,000 acres of choice land still for sale, land that will the second year after the sod is turned yield from 16 to 30 bushels per acre of the best wheat in the world. The cost of wheat raising averages about forty cents a bushel. So much has been said in newspapers about wheat growing in this State that the public has a notion the country is good for nothing else. This is a big mistake. It is not the best corn country, but nearly all kinds of small grain do well, and vegetables are better than in States farther south. Apples, pears and small fruit do well and large yields are had. As a dairy State, Minnesota is rapidly coming to the front and has already received the first premium against spirited competition.

Any one who can come to this State with from \$500 to \$1,500 and a firm purpose to acquire a farm, and later on a competency is quite sure to succeed. I would not deal in a lot of dry statistics if I had them at hand, and I have not, but I advise those who are interested and can do so to take a trip through Minnesota and Dakota. Those seeking further information should write Mr. A. H. Mohler, Land Commissioner, St. P. M. & M. Railway, St. Paul, Minn., who will no doubt supply full and trustworthy particulars.

As one of innumerable instances of the good fortune attending those who come west the case of Mr. James J. Hill, President of the St. P. M. & M. Railway, may be cited:—"Jim Hill, as he is quite generally called—except to his face—began a few years ago at the bottom of the ladder. Some say he was a day laborer on the road whose vast interests he now controls; others that he was a low-priced clerk in the employ of the company. Now he wields an influence second to no man in the State. He is liberal, public spirited, full of resources, and of indomitable energy. He is doing much in many ways to improve the State and is generally popular with the people along the various lines of his railway. Though his time and mind are so taxed in public matters, he finds opportunity for the gratification and improvement of his love of art and literature. He has one of the finest private collections of works on art in the country and is an authority on the subject. He is an excellent judge of men, as is evidenced by the personnel of his staff. I could name many men in this and other western States whose success equals his.

Nine o'clock is at last here. Now for a sleeping car. We shall be whirled through the towns and forests of Northern Wisconsin before daylight, and early breakfast hour will find us at the "Chequamegon" in Ashland—barring a broken rail or other mishap—which never, or almost never, happens on the ably managed C., St. P., M. & O. Railway. B.

At the forty-ninth anniversary session of the Illinois Universalists, lately held at the Church of the Redeemer, corner of Robey st. and Warren avenue, prominent clergymen from all parts of the State were present. The report of the executive committee indicated a very promising growth of Universalism throughout the State. The permanent funds of the convention were stated to aggregate \$3,565.33, invested for the most part in real estate. The growing tendency toward centralization in church organization was noticed in the report, and was contrasted favorably with the former leaning toward independent government by the different congregations.

The manuscript of a few of the prominent writers of the JOURNAL are peculiar. Some underscore, on an average, every other word; others are indiscriminate in the use of dashes; others find place for a superabundance of commas, while others seem to take special pains to render proper names so obscure that no one can possibly decipher them. We are often compelled to reject MS. on account of the penmanship being so bad that too much time would be required to place it in proper condition for the compositor.

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Knight of the Cross and Vine.

What was Seen by a Mexican Dispatch Messenger near Roma, Mexico.

My noble steed, Why start with speed? 'Tis only a cross and vine, And Heaven be praised, His coil be raised, 'Tis only a dead man's sign!

I have seen a sight That has made me white! To the Holy Virgin pray, That his weary spirit, Be confessed to-night, And go upon its way.

From a distant shore, He came of yore, I know by his ancient vest, By his great cross-bow, Of years ago, And by his mail crowned crest.

Yes, you can laugh, And gaily and chat, And call me a holy fool, Not to know a ghost, From a graveyard post; Or a broncho from a mule.

Yet I will avow That near you bough, I saw the grave-lights gleaming, And near that cross, O'er grown with moss, The faces of death were streaming!

And then it burst, That gravestones, And out the phantom came, In a glowing shroud, Like an evening cloud, Caught in the lightning's flame.

I made a sign, Of the cross divine, On my brow and on my sword, And the phantom bowed, In his glowing shroud, But he spoke no warning word.

You have seen the ray From a star turn gray, And fade from mortal view, O'er the eastern rim, When the moon greets him, And the morning light-shone through.

And thus that ghoul, Of Satanic rule, Was disappeared in air; Praise to the sign, Of the cross divine, And to St. Mary's prayer.

Some ghostly deed, Gives him the need, To wander around the tomb, Where his body is laid, And his soul has stayed, To answer the judgment doom.

I will throw a stone On his grave o'er grown, And if Heaven be his goal, The priest shall say mass, That his soul may pass, When the evening church bells toll.

Perhaps the mesquit I love too well, Was wrought within my hand, To the fancy's shape Of man or ape, The shadow of the dead.

If dispatches were sent As the wire is bent, I would not linger here, Near this lonely grave Of saint or knave, And tremble with strange fear.

But a cavalry band, From the Rio Grande, With a Texan ranger leading, Is at my back, And on my track, And o'er the mesa speeding.

And I will wait, However late; For these dispatches shall be given, What e'er befide This midnight ride, By ghosts in hell or heaven.

And I will see On a benched knee, What immortal man has said, Above you shine And live vine, And here is what I read:

The bones of Captain Albert Alverdo rest here. Stranger disturb them not. In the city where I was born I have been long since forgotten.

When and how I died is a fitting subject for the novelist. Once a Captain in the Royal Army of Spain. Now an unworthy servant among the great legion of Immortals.

It is not queer That men start with fear, On the verge of the great unknown. If all they can see, Is an epitaph and stone.

This inscription was placed here by the good will of Alverdo and by his beloved friend and companion, Friar Sanchez of the Spanish chapel at Mexico.

REX.

* A Mexican liquor distilled from the Mescal plant.

Mrs. Hall's Materialization Seances.

Mrs. M. A. Hall gave three seances at the house of Mr. S. Howard, 305 South Street, Oponshaw, on August 31st, September 1st and 2nd. The number of sitters was limited at each seance to fifteen to prevent over-crowding. On each occasion "Sister Dora," one of Mr. Howard's guides, manifested herself and completely enveloped that lady with her drapery; she also, on a promise given on the first night, brought on the third occasion the spirit form of Mrs. Howard's little boy in her arms. Flowers were at each seance distributed among the sitters, who were also permitted to touch the drapery as the spirits passed. The most exquisite perfume was produced at different periods of each sitting, and what is more remarkable with respect to this feature, although extremely powerful during the time of its manufacture, all trace of it had entirely disappeared ere the sitting had closed. Lights of great brilliancy were shown, and rappings on the wall innumerable, some of these being given after the medium had left the seance. The spirit form of Mr. Critchley's wife appeared, and very perceptibly kissed both Mr. Critchley and Mrs. Howard. Numerous other spirits appeared, to the gratification of all. On the whole the seances were very successful and satisfactory.—G. T. Page in Medium and Daybreak.

Mrs. M. E. Robinson, of San Francisco, Cal., writes: For the first time in many years the doors to a spiritual meeting have been thrown open and the Golden Gate E. P. Society take the first step. We justly had a little good just now. A heavy volume was received from Mrs. Wilson upon her husband's seances, and a large and well bound octavo—Spiritual Dynamics.

The Situation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Thirty-six years ago I began to investigate Modern Spiritualism, and twenty years ago I have made since I first announced myself a believer. In all this time I have not had so much as a doubt, and I have always said, "I am a Spiritualist," on all proper occasions. I have never sung but one song, to express it in that way. Should I now add any other word or prefix to the simple term Spiritualist, I should call myself a Scientific Spiritualist. One reason why I make these statements is this: If I have any friends in the wide world with whom I have influence, I wish them to know that I have been a Spiritualist, and this thing—I have never denied being a Spiritualist.

Thirty-five years ago I taught a district school in the town of Newbury, on the eastern shore of Lake Sunapee, midway between Blodgett's Landing and the south end of the lake where the railway station now is; and at that time I surprised Mr. Nathaniel Baker's family, with whom I boarded, with this prediction: "The time will come when a railroad will be built past this lake and a steamboat will ply upon its waters."

Nine years ago Mrs. Mary E. Breed of Warner, while taking care of Mr. George Blodgett's invalid mother, became a Spiritualist and a trance medium. She has said that I was the means of her conversion; at any rate during that summer I visited the lake every Sunday, and we held spiritual meetings either at Blodgett's or at V. C. Brockway's. Mrs. Brockway was also a medium. Mr. Brockway was station agent on the railroad and lived some five miles from Blodgett's. Sometimes we went between those places in a rowboat, going in the same track which the steamers now take. Thus we were building wiser than we knew, traveling those roads over and over, boating the lake over again and again.

Eleven years ago ideas of a Spiritualist camp meeting took possession of me to such an extent that one day I started on foot from home to Newbury station, to see if grounds could be found there suitable for that purpose. I found a place that the railroad company had fixed up for picnic, which I thought would do to begin with.

Five years ago Mr. George A. Fuller called to see me and said: "I am trying to get up a Spiritualist camp meeting at Sunapee Lake." My answer was: "I have been thinking of that and I hope you will succeed; will do all I can to assist you."

Nine years ago Mr. Fuller held his first Spiritualist camp meeting on that very spot which I had selected. Eight years ago the camp meeting was changed to Blodgett's Landing.

I have been watching the development of Sunapee Lake as a place of summer resort, the chief attraction of which is the Spiritualist camp meeting. I have seen steamboats built, until now five are in operation. Little villages have sprung up on the shores and on the islands; one of the cottages have cost thousands of dollars. Six hotels besides boarding houses are in use during the summer months. The three principal hotels are called Lake View, Bunnell's House and Forest House—the last named at Blodgett's, the first on the opposite shore, and the other at Sunapee village. Mr. Fuller's administration ended last year, and I must say that we owe a tribute of praise to him for his indefatigable labors for the success of this institution.

Mr. George Blodgett, the owner of the grounds, has worked with a devotion of time and money that is worthy of our cause.

The boats and railroads have made themselves useful. Sunday excursion trains have been run from Boston and also from Claremont.

To stand at the wharf at Blodgett's on Sunday morning, and see the steamboats swing into the harbor, ever loaded with passengers, with bands of music playing, the inspired Spiritualist cannot but see in all this a sure prophecy of the "good time coming."

Sunapee Lake scenery of unkempt forests and great rocks, is wild indeed. It is situated on the height of land between the Merrimac and Connecticut Rivers, and has been, and is now, a noted place of resort for the wild Indians. To stand on the shore at Blodgett's, and see a thunder shower strike across the lake from the northwest, is a sight that would interest a fakir.

Our camp meeting, has been somewhat infested with fraud, the same as all others have been. Our nearness to the "Hub" affects us sensibly; sometimes favorably and sometimes otherwise.

New Hampshire was once a province of Massachusetts before it became an independent State. Boston has been called the Athens of America, and truly it is a great centre of education and refinement; but some of Boston's great lights, men that were born in Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, are spirits now: Denon, Parker, Channing, Allen, Putnam, Harvey, Pierce, Webster and a host of others who were equally great, but were unknown to fame; these, our spirit friends, are always on the side of right.

What if, as spirits, William Penn, Franklin, Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, Grant or Patrick Henry, should just happen to make us a call while they visit the other camps? Would it be at all strange if some of those ancient spirits should do so while on their way to and from the Hub, and more especially as some of their mediums were stopping at Sunapee?

One of the correspondents of the JOURNAL recently asked: "Where are the Builders?" Now, as I was informed by a man while at Sunapee Lake this summer, that he was a builder, I will proceed to tell the story in my own way—how I found him, and who he was. For various reasons, real or imaginary, my annual tour to Blodgett's had been delayed, but during the third week of the camp meeting I began to feel strong attractions to attend it, yet lacking the necessary funds, I did not know whether I should or not, and then again, after I had earned the money I was taken sick and could not go. But Tuesday morning, Aug. 24th, found me aboard the stage for Bradford Station. The only passenger inside the coach was a corpulent lady from Boston, who had been boarding at North Sutton, and was on her return home. She was quite social and companionable, but at last started me with a question: "Why is it, that you New Hampshire Yankees are so lank?"

I helped her out at Bradford, with her large bundles of odd weeds: goldenrod, burdock and cattail flags. In the car I met a Chief of Police, my acquaintance, who after learning from me my place of destination, went on to tell what awful drunken things those horrid Spiritualist mediums were, and then stuck her head out the window and surprised the startled birds outside with a revival song.

On the boat I happened to sit down by the side of a gentleman who interviewed me about every thing, after the manner of a newspaper reporter; but when in turn I began to question him, he started up suddenly and said: "Now we will clear the deck and have a Shaker dance." He and his company were Massachusetts people, who had probably been to visit the Shakers at Enfield, and so learned to dance; this lasted until we arrived at Blodgett's Landing.

A homesickness and awkwardness at once took possession of me, for those who knew me did not know me; nobody in recognition, and nobody spoke to me. I pushed on up to the Forest House, in a resolute manner, and registered, and told Mr. Blodgett that I should stop a few days anyway. He seemed to know me. I attended the meeting in the grove in the afternoon, and the conference at the hall in the evening, but could not seem to get a fair opportunity to speak, for the chairman's attention seemed to be devoted to pumping those who had nothing to say. Wednesday morning I walked the grounds all over, and forced a recognition from some that knew me, and made new acquaintances, some of whom were doctors. Finally I found myself seated on the platform of the hotel with my new-made friends around me, talking to the people who thronged all around, for there was no meeting that morning; not so much as the pretense of a conference; so I got a hearing on "The Religion of the Future," "The Medical Practice," and the laws and social conditions of the same, and many other advance thoughts. I was listened to with attention, with only one trifling exception, for I should think nearly two hours. The dinner was up and I closed by telling them I had said it about all. Having delivered my message—fulfilled my mission as my Spiritualist call it—I felt some better. They seemed to stare at me some while at dinner; after which I sought seclusion, trying to call to mind what I had said and how I had said it. Judge of my astonishment and emotions when I got back to the hotel just at night, and grasped the hand of A. A. Wheelock. He had been waiting for me. 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(Continued from First Page)

tion, made by Mr. Massey, for a plainly evident specific purpose. Mr. Massey speaks of the angel descending at "certain times," placing the words "certain times" between quotation marks, as if they were a verbatim quotation from the Bible. The Bible words are "a certain season" (old version) or "certain seasons" (revised translation). The reason why "seasons" was changed to "times" is, I think, apparent. The angel in John's gospel came at certain seasons of the year, but the gods in the *Ritual* are spoken of as being in a certain place at certain times in the night and day. "Seasons" would not apply to the latter, so the biblical language was changed to suit Mr. Massey's purpose.

Again, Mr. Massey quotes from the *Ritual* that the Gods say "Pass away hence" to him who has been cured. The passage, in the 125th chapter of the *Ritual*, reads, "Pass away hence" to him. The words, "who has been cured," are manufactured by Mr. Massey and are added to the quotation, as placed between quotation marks, as a part of the original language of the *Ritual*. The object is evident, to force a parallel that does not exist. In the spurious New Testament passage the sick folk were cured by the descent of the angel; hence the use of the word "cured" as a part of the passage in the *Ritual*, of which it really forms no part. The passage quoted by Mr. Massey about the Gods of the Pure Waters "has nothing to do with a pool, with neither the Pool of Siloam, of Salem (?), or of Bethesda. It refers to certain occurrences in the Hall of Truth in the Soul-world in which the deceased human soul and the forty-two gods who are in the Hall of Truth are participants. Nothing is said of the gods descending, either to "trouble the water" or to do anything else, and Mr. Massey's statement to that effect is not correct. (Bunsen's "Egypt" v. 297). There are certain obscure, symbolical references in previous passages in this chapter to the "well of Truth" and the "well of the South of" and the North of the fields of Sa's-hou; but there is nowhere any allusion to anything like an angel or god, or gods, descending at "certain seasons" to trouble the water in a pool or in a well, or anywhere else, to cure the sick. In this chapter of the *Ritual*, the purified human soul, proclaiming his purity, appeals to the 42 gods in the Hall of Truth, and after the "Gods of the Pure Waters" an epiphany of his purity and that he is indeed purified with Osiris or Osirid, they (the Gods) say to him "Pass away hence." This appears to be the meaning of the passage quoted by Mr. Massey. The times "at which the Gods are said to be there have some mystical significance, bearing no relation to the seasons" at which an angel is said to have troubled the water in Bethesda's Pool. There is no approach to an actual parallel between the two passages—merely some very slight verbal resemblances without significance.

The climax of absurdity is, however, contained in the final paragraph of Mr. Massey's remarks upon this series of supposed parallels. Here it is! In the margin, the Pool of Siloam is said to be the Pool of "Sent," and the word "Sent" is the Egyptian name for a medicated or healing bath. The first part of this sentence is incorrect. It is not "in the margin" that John's gospel interprets Siloam as meaning "sent," but in the body of the book, in the words of the original author. See John ix. 7. It is remarkable how careless Mr. Massey is in his quotations from, and references to, other writers. It may be that "Sent" in Egyptian means a medicated bath, but I have been unable to trace any such meaning to this word in the vocabularies to which I have had access. Not having an exhaustive knowledge of all the words in ancient Egyptian, I am not prepared to deny that this word, with the significance as stated, may be in that language. But the inaccuracy of Mr. M. in other respects, it must be confessed, does not tend to inspire in us perfect confidence as to the literal verity of what is said about the word "sent." I am aware of a word "sent," in Egyptian, which means "let loose" and a word "senn," meaning "Pass." Also "sent," to terrify, terror; and various other words, "sent," meaning, respectively, flame, give, basis, incense, ray of the sun, game of chess, to found, cake, and establish. Likewise "Senn," signifying "breathe," and "Senn," a kind of stone image. There are, also, "Senta," respect, burial; "sentat," h. measure, tier; "senta," delightful; and "Senti," discourse, worship, breathe, terror, found, compliment, etc. But no "sent," a healing bath can I discover. It is probable, also, that the mode of spelling, sent, does not correctly indicate the pronunciation of the Egyptian word or words thus transliterated. In the hieroglyphic writings there are many omissions of vowel sounds, which have to be supplied to express fully an approximation to the correct word. When double consonants are found in words, and in other cases of vowel omission, it is usual to interpolate the letter e to express the unwritten sound. It may be, then, that a more nearly correct form of "sent" is *sennet* or even *sennet*,—the former more particularly. In such case the resemblance to the English word "sent" is considerably lessened.

But, granting that "sennet," in Egyptian means healing bath, what connection can there be between the modern English word "sent" and the ancient Egyptian "Sennet," so far as the New Testament is concerned? John's gospel was not written in English and the English word "sent" was never used by its writer, whether he were John the Apostle or another. The gospel was written in Greek, and the following is the passage in point: *Siloam, hoc hermeneutai Apestalmenos;* in English,—"Siloam, which is by interpretation, Sent." The Greek word for sent is *Apestalmenos*, which bears no resemblance to "Sennet" in Egyptian. Had the Johannine author written *hoc hermeneutai Sent*, there would have been some sense in alleging a possible parallel with the Egyptian; but as it is, the word nonsense scarcely suffices to express the depths of folly involved in the asserted parallel. Over a thousand years after John's gospel was written, the Greek word *Apestalmenos* was translated into modern English by the word "sent," a word not in existence when the gospel was written (the English tongue being then in Teutonic embryo, so to speak) and likewise not in existence until after the death of the ancient Egyptian language; nevertheless Mr. Massey's claim that the Johannine *Sent* is paralleled by the Egyptian *Sennet*, and is a proof that the New Testament was borrowed from Egyptian mythology, and that Jesus and his disciples were unhistorical characters!

The numerous other alleged parallels between the New Testament and Egyptian mythology advanced by Mr. Massey, are, as a rule, as far fetched, incongruous, absurd, and positively false in construction, as I have shown the series connected with the Samaritan woman at the well to be. The true character of the whole can be gathered from the foregoing analysis of the one set. I have endeavored to be rigidly accurate and conscientious in all that I have written in this connection,—so state facts just as they are with

out coloring, distortion or garbling. I challenge closest scrutiny into all that I have said; and if any error can be detected I would be glad to have it pointed out—as what is wanted is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

AT GAMALIEL'S FEET.

Gail Hamilton Discusses the Question of Biblical Inspiration.

The Doctrines of Prominent Divines Analyzed and Criticized—What Basis Is There for Belief in Literal Inspiration?—Every Man's Reason Held to Be His Divine Light, and God to Be Discovered in the Worlds of Matter, Action, and Spirit.

Eighteen centuries bear witness to the thoroughness of Gamaliel's learning, to the excellence of his character, to the culture of his spirit, to the eminence of his reputation. He was so powerful a leader of the people that he could allay the passions of a murderous mob with a gentle appeal to the reason. He was a teacher so impressive that his most celebrated pupil, a man whose name and fame brightened with the rolling years, characterizes his instruction as in "the perfect manner."

Yet his teaching was wrong—so wrong that this very pupil, his brilliant eulogist, counted himself the chief of sinners for carrying his teacher's instructions into practice! Is it not possible that our own Gamaliels, learned doctors of the Divine Law, eloquent in council, held in reputation among all the people, teaching according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, zealous towards God, may yet sometimes be teaching doctrines as antagonistic to the truth as were those of Gamaliel, which led Paul to persecute men and women unto death?

The existence of God and His revelation of Himself to man is the most important, the most practical, the most vital of all religions; perhaps of all earthly questions. On this point of all points we not only welcome but crave light. We weary Gamaliel with questioning, and if occasionally he wearies us with his answers may it not be because there shines sometimes from Heaven a little light roundabout even babes in learning which fails to fall upon the gentle, wise feet of Gamaliel, the beloved master?

After this manner of God teaches Gamaliel Clark, a Doctor of the Law in the Trojan Court of the Temple, held in reputation among the people, teaching according to the perfect manner of the fathers, zealous towards God. In a novel and picturesque parable he expounds the nature of the revelation of God to man under the figure of one who began life by floundering in the mire, wading in a swamp of mystery, of ignorance, and of sin. The more he struggled the more he mire. Presently he felt something solid beneath his feet. It was God's promise. He stood on this and was safe—until the rationalistic craze seized him. Then he began to widen his foundations, driving in for one pile "reason," for another "ethical consciousness," and for another "God mirrored and limited in human conception." Then the structure of Christian faith was carefully moved aside from its old rock base and made to rest partly on a divine and partly on a human foundation.

After awhile the poor man found, to his horror, that his pile work was not firm; that his vast outlay was hopelessly sunk. He abandoned his whole scheme and found no solidity or rest until he rebuilt "his faith upon a child-like trust in every word of God. His final, fixed belief was 'Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in Heaven.'"

These be pious words. Would it be flippant, unparliamentary, irreverent to say that they only tickle the ear and never touch the brain? He who regards the meaning of words and is not beguiled by their sound reads this parable with a mistrust that deepens into certainty, for the question is not of Heaven but of earth. We admit that the word of the Lord is settled in Heaven. We are not concerned with the exegesis of the skies. What we wish to know is, whether there is any settled word of God on earth, and what and where is it. To this Gamaliel Clark's answer is no answer. It leaves us exactly where we were. To counsel a "child-like trust in every word of God" is to evade the question: What is the word of God?

Does he mean by the "word of God" the Bible? In another court of the same temple sits another Gamaliel, a doctor of the same law, equally held in reputation, and at his feet are gathered a group questioning him as to the proper attitude of a Christian towards the theatre, to whom thus answers he:

"Our conscience tells us not to go, lest at the very least we violate the command to abstain from all appearance of evil." Instantly then Gamaliel Clark's rock base begins to totter and we find ourselves flat in the primeval mud, for the revised version says there is no such command; bids only to avoid every species of evil, which not only gives us no enlightenment on the question whether the theatre is evil, but forces us to ask whether "every word of God" means every word of King James' translation or every word of the revised version. Until that is decided, and because it is to be decided, and, therefore, after it is decided, not only does our faith rest partly on a divine and partly on a human foundation, but the human foundation is subdivided into two piles, one weather-beaten and seasoned with the wear and tear of more than two centuries, and other just hewn and green, hardly driven in and wholly untried. Forever, without doubt the word of the Lord is settled in Heaven, but it is so far from being settled on earth that all the churches and creeds and sects of Christendom have come into court for the purpose of settling it. When the word of God is settled on earth, earth will be earth no longer, but the Holy City—the New Jerusalem.

If any light from Heaven shines around this pen, the truth is exactly what Gamaliel Clark's lively parable was fashioned to oppose. The structure of Christian faith was made by the author and finisher of our faith to rest partly on a divine and partly on a human foundation.

For if the Christian faith rests on a foundation wholly divine it must be communicated at first-hand to every human being. Every man must receive his revelation fresh from God—through no human medium. This, I believe, is what the Quakers teach, and their lives have been so pure, gentle, beneficent, that their belief has a good deal to say for itself. Certainly those two sons of thunder against human oppression, John Boanerges and John Greenleaf, must equally be, in the sweet, unselfish, manly character common to both, disciples whom Jesus loves.

But those of us who are not Quakers are taught that the revelation is not made to ourselves but was made many years ago to a few men, by whom it was transmitted to the rest of the world. Holy men of old, moved

by the Holy Ghost, spoke, but they spoke in what is to us a wholly unknown tongue. Even if they were inspired by a Divine being in every word and sentence, it is nothing to us. We cannot understand one word of it. I suppose there are not a hundred native American men and not ten native American women who could read a single word of what Isaiah, the prophet himself wrote, or who could understand a single word if he had overheard the whole private conversation between Job and his wife. The Hebrew language reveals nothing to 50,000,000 of the American people. We have to depend upon some men to tell us what the letters are—what the words mean. Granting that God revealed to Samuel, no one claims that he has revealed Samuel to us.

Practically the nineteenth century has no revelation unless it has one partly on a human foundation. That human foundation is the translators of Greek and Hebrew. Our revelation is by hearsay. It depends upon the fidelity, the scholarship, the mental rectitude of several men in several generations, in several countries, all purely human, for no one claims that King James' translators or the Revised Versionists were inspired. Alcuin and Luther and the saints of St. James claimed no inspiration outside of their learning and their devotion. They were lights of the world, but all worldly lights are liable to flicker and to fail. Acquainted as we are with Harvard and Yale and Andover and Oxford and Heidelberg, it must be admitted that the human part of the structure of Christian faith is a little unsteady, not to say rickety. It must give a little or it must splinter. It is easy to preach every word of God so far as we know it, but a man must use his reason in order to know which is the word of God and which is the word of prejudice, or passion, or ignorance. Even if God inspired Matthew to write "Baptizo," he cannot have inspired one man to decide that it means always to go under the water and another man that it means always or only to have a little water sprinkled on the forehead. Practically, therefore, we American republicans know no more what is meant than if the word had not been inspired at all. If Gamaliel Clark teaches us truly that every word of the Bible is the word of God, then King James' translators, or the Revised Versionists, are fighting against God; and among the Septuagint, and Douay, and Griesbach, and Tischendorf, and their great host, we need supplementary inspiration to tell us which of all these pretenders is the real word of God. One of the piles under our structure of Christian faith is and must be reason. Even then the structure is not so firm as could be wished; but if that pile be taken away it is not firm at all. It cannot stand.

Gamaliel Foster sees the difficulty, and to the people gathered at his feet in the Boston court of the Holy Temple would find explain it away. Not less positive and categorical, he says a limitation and practical definition. "The Bible," he says, "is the word of God; does not simply contain it, but is it. It is inspired in fact, that it is so constructed under the control of the Holy Spirit as to convey precisely the meaning God had intended. Not a single word is admitted which does not pass the scrutiny of the Divine Inspector as approved."

This sounds not only pious but rigidly orthodox; yet, under scrutiny, does it really say anything? Does it in the least explain inspiration? Does it even give any practical information? Of three or four interpretations placed upon a text, where is the umpire who shall decide which is the meaning God intended to convey? And to whom does He intend to convey it? Where is deposited the certificate of approval from the Divine Inspector? Does God intend to convey to the Roman Catholics the doctrine that he would build his church, and to the Protestants that that rock was Christ? If he does not, which rendering has received the warrant of the Divine Inspector? The clergy and the lawyers, the second best men in Massachusetts, hung and pressed to death twenty of the first best men and women, their superiors, on an understanding of the word of God: Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live; and modern learning oversets this into: Thou shalt not suffer a witch to get her living. Did God intend to convey to Cotton Mather the mandate that Rebecca Nourse should be hung, or did he intend to convey to the nineteenth century the idea that people should not earn a livelihood by practicing sorcery? Without waiting for the seal of Divine inspection we, uninspired human beings, simply by studying grammar, geography and arithmetic, metaphysics, history and material science, simply that is, by the ordinary and orderly march of the human reason have unanimously rejected the first rendering of the word of God. If we adopt the second, do we not put God in the unhandsome and debilitated attitude of not giving men a revelation till they had found things out for themselves? While the intelligence and virtue of the community was struggling, strangling, crushing in the dark the Supreme Being gave no sign; but when it had cleared for itself and for us a pathway of comparative light, and witchcraft is a lost art, and misunderstanding can do no further harm. He conveys to us His precise meaning! Is that like a God? That seems to me like a very mean and malicious man.

Gamaliel Foster says that "the absolute infallibility of the Scriptures will soon be beyond question among Christian thinkers, and the only questions mooted will be those of interpretation." That is a wise, not to say innocently wily, way to throw heresy-hounds off the scent; but is it not rather a verbal than a real distinction, a sort of despotism tempered by assassination theory? If a question of interpretation is a question between being pressed to death under a board and living out life happy in one's happy family, what is gained to the world by infallibility? If the meaning of Scriptures is impenetrable, it is little to the purpose that they are infallible. One would as soon be hanged by an interpolation as by a misunderstanding. An infallibility securely hidden in the text, dormant through ages of history, latent while interpretation is dealing death and disgrace to a baffled and virtuous world, seems hardly fitted to be a working infallibility for fallible human beings.

Gamaliel Phelps, learned and venerable doctor of the law, held in reputation among all the people, in the Andover Court of the Temple of the Lord expounds thus after the perfect manner of the law of the fathers: "The Bible is a unit.... The whole or nothing is the word of God. A revelation supported by intermittent authority, inspired in patches and parentheses, we may be very sure is not a revelation either of God or from God. Its structure is not God-like."

Beloved and blessed in Israel, Father Gamaliel, revered beyond words, bear with me, who am less than the least of all saints, and still less meet to be called an apostle, if I persecute the church of God by protesting that this is exactly the revelation we have,

and all we have, and all we have a right to expect!

There are three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one. That is my Bible—which my ancestors bequeathed me, which they believed in, which I received. But the revised version leaves this out altogether. It is the revised version, then, rejecting the word of God? Or did King James' translators put in the words of men as the words of God? How am I to know? If we give up this verse, as the revisionists bid us, we must give up the whole Bible, for "the whole or nothing is the word of God." Our ancestral Bible, if the revisionists are right, was inspired in patches, and this piece between patches the revisionists cut out and threw away, and to be logical and theological, we must follow suit and throw the whole Bible away!

The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it." So ring the voices of Dr. Reynolds and his host at Hampton Court, singing the Psalms of David, but the translators of a later time tune their harps to another key: "The Lord gave the word. The women that publish the findings are a great host." Will Gamaliel Phelps throw away the Bible unless that great host of women is drawn off from it? It looks as if the seventeenth century translators thought those women had no business there, and simply and succinctly translated them out of sight without regard to King David's honorable award, without the slightest conscientious scruple concerning fidelity to the text. But time rolled on, and women's colleges sprang up and women's boards were formed, and when the nineteenth century translators sat down to their task it was thought best to bring those women back again where they belonged. And have not women—it is, to be sure, a mere side issue—by this token a special and prescriptive right to expound and promulgate the word of God, being celebrated by King David for so doing?

Can it be said that the translators were not inspired, but that we must go back to the original writers for the text which they directly received from Heaven? Apart from the fact that this leaves the great majority of human beings without any authoritative revelation, since we, the unlearned, cannot read the Hebrew and Greek originals, is the equally important fact that the learned are no better off than we, for they differ about the original text as widely as they differ about the translations. There does not exist in the whole world a Bible, a unit, a whole, of which we can say, or of which the most learned Scriptural scholar can say that this is the original, real, undisputed Bible, given by God to man. On the contrary, when we go behind the translations to the original book, we are launched on a whirlpool of contradictions without so much as a cooper's cask to hold us up, for the Bible, through many centuries, did not exist as a unit. The dates of the different books composing it are different, distant, and doubtful. The number of manuscripts in which these various books are found is uncounted. Many of them were lost before our literature began. The variations of text are also innumerable. If the Bible is in every part and parcel the Word of God—if the Bible as a unit as a solid body, is the Word of God—of which no part can be lost or rejected without losing or rejecting the whole, then are we of all men most miserable, for in the lapse of ages and the lack of literary and scientific culture, certainty about the Bible text is absolutely

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

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