

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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DEATH—AND AFTERWARDS.

Edwin Arnold's Eloquent Plea for the Soul's Immortality.

Man is not by any means convinced as yet of his immortality. All the great religions have in concert affirmed it to him, but no sure logic proves it, and no entirely accepted voice from the farther world proclaims it. There is a restless instinct, an unquenchable hope, a silent discontent with the very best of transitory pleasures, which perpetually disturb his skepticism or shake his resignation, but only a few feel quite certain that they will never cease to exist. The vast majority either put the question aside, being absorbed in the pursuits of life, or grow weary of meditating it without result, or incline to think, not without melancholy satisfaction, that the death of the body brings an end to the individual. Of these, the happiest and most useful in their generation are the healthy-minded ones who are too full of vigor or too much busied with pleasure or duty to trouble themselves about death and its effects. The most enviable are such as find, or affect to find, in the authority of the arguments of any extant religion, sufficing demonstration of a future existence. And perhaps the most foolish are those who, following ardent searches of science, learn so little at the knees of their "star-eyed" mistress as to believe those forces which are called intellect, emotion and will, capable of extinction, while they discover and proclaim the endless conservation of motion and matter.

If we were all sure, that a difference it would make! A simple "yes," pronounced by the edict of developed science; one word from the lips of some clearly accredited herald sent by the departed, would turn nine-tenths of the sorrows of earth into disguised joys, and abolish vice as large a proportion of the faults and qualities of mankind. Men and women are naturally good; it is fear and the feverish passion to get as much out of the brief span of mortal years which breed most human offenses. And many noble and gentle souls, which will not stoop to selfish sins, even because life is short, live prisoners, as it were, in their condemned cells of earth, under a sentence from which there is no appeal, waiting in sad but courageous inactivity the last day of their incarceration; afraid to love, to rejoice, to labor, and to hope, lest love shall end in eternal parting, gladness in the cheerless dust, generous tolls in the irony of results effaced, and hope itself in a vast and scornful denial. What a change if all these could really believe that they are cherished guests in an intermediate mansion of the universe, not doomed captives in one of its dungeons? How happy as well as fair and attractive this planet would become if it were not a doctrine, not a theory, not a poetic dream, but a fact, seen and accepted, that death arrives not like "Monsieur de Paris" to strip the criminal, to clip his collar and hair, and lop away from him life and love and delight; but as a mother lulling her children to sleep, so that they may wake ready to play in the fresh morning; as the gentlest angel of all the ministers of man, bringing him much more than full ever brought; and leading him by a path as birth of miracles of soft arrangement, and as delicately contrived for his benefit as is the process of birth itself, to brighter heights of existence, simple in their turn and order as the first drops of the breast-milk of his mother, and neither more nor less wonderful!

PRODIGES ALL AROUND US.

There is no new thing to say hereupon, even if one should personally and sincerely declare he was quite sure he should never cease to be. That would be worth nothing philosophically, and be rendered no whit

more valuable because a man should have studied all the creeds and read all the systems and be eager to convey the assurance which none of all these can give or take away. Goodwill may recommend a conviction but cannot impart it. Yet there are reflections, apart from all conventional assertions and dogmas, which might be worth inditing, rather as suggestions to other minds than arguments; rather as indications of fresh paths of thought than as guiding along them. And the first which occurs is to represent the great mistake of refusing to believe in the continuity of individual life because of the incomprehensibility of it. Existences around us, illuminated by modern sciences, are full of incredible occurrences; one more or less makes no logical difference. There is positively not a single prodigy in the ancient religions but has its everyday illustration in nature. The transformations of classic gods and goddesses are grossly commonplace to the maddish of the medusa, which is now filling our summer seas with floating bells of crystal and amethyst. Born from the glassy goblet of their mother, the young hydra becomes first a free germ resembling a rice grain; next a fixed cup with four lips; then those lips turn to tentacles, and the hyaline flower, which splits across the calyx into segments, and the protuberant thing has grown into a pine cone crowned with a tuft of transparent filaments. The cone changes into a series of sea daisies, threaded on a pearly stalk; and these, one by one, break up and float away, each perfect little medusa with perfect bell and trailing tentacles. What did Zeus or Hermes ever effect like that? Does anybody find the immaculate Conception incredible? The nearest rose bush may rebuke him, since he will see there aphides, which in their wingless state produce without union creatures like themselves; and these again, though uncoupled, bring forth fresh broods, down to the tenth or the eleventh generations, when lo! on a sudden, winged males and females suddenly result and pair. Or is the Buddhist dogma of immortality in the past for every existent individual too tremendous a demand? The lowest living thing, the Protococcus, has obviously never died? It is a formless film of protoplasm, which multiplies by simple division; and the specimen under any modern microscope derives, and must derive, in unbroken existence from the ameba which moved and fed forty moons ago. The living slime of our nearest moons lived before the Alps were made.

It is not, therefore, on account of the incredibility of a conscious life after death that sensible people should doubt it. I stood last year in the central aisle of the Health Exhibition at South Kensington and observed a graceful English girl lost in momentary interest over the showcase containing the precise ingredients of her hair and perfect frame. There—neatly measured out, labelled and deposited in trays or bottles—were exposed the water, the lime, the phosphorus, the silica, the iron and other various elements, perversely styled "clay," which go to the building up of our houses of flesh and bone. As I watched her half-amused, half-pensive countenance the verse came to my mind: "Why should it seem to you a wonderful thing, though one rose from the dead? Minerals and grasses have, so science opines, an atomic and ethereal life in their particles, and if we could only imagine them conversing elementally how skeptical they would be that any power could put together the coarse ingredients of that glass case to form by delicate chemistry of nature the peerless beauty, the joyous health, the exquisite capacities and the lovely human life of the bright maiden who contemnedly with her unconvinced smiles those materials of her being!

THE GREATER MARVEL.

But, if passing behind such an everyday analysis of the laboratory science had dared to speak to her of the deeper secrets in nature which she herself embodied and enshrined—without the slightest consciousness or comprehension on her part—how far more wonderful the mystery of the chemistry of her life would have appeared! Some very grave and venerable F. R. S. might perchance, reverently have ventured to whisper, "Beautiful human sister! built of the water, the flint and the lime; you are more marvellous than all that! Your sacred simplicity does not and must not understand your divine complexity! Otherwise you should be aware that, hidden within the gracious house made of those common materials—softly and silently developed there by forces which you know not, and yet govern, unwittingly exercising a perpetual magic—are tiny golden beginnings of your sons and daughters to be. You have heard of and marvelled at liads written on films of fairy thinness, and enclosed within nutshells. Divine poems, in infinitely fairer characters, upon far subtler surfaces, are inscribed upon each of those occult jewels of your destined maternity. The history of all the vanished lives of those to whom, by many lines and stems, you are the charming helms—from their utmost heights of mental reach; from their smallest tricks of habit and feature; from passions and propensities to moles and birth marks—are openly recorded in the invisible markings of those enchanted forms, to be more or less developed when the flame on that new altar of later life, of which you are the sacred priestess, brings to reproduction such miraculous epitomes." She would not, and could not, understand, of course; yet all this is matter of common observation, the well-established fact of hereditary by pangensis, certain though incomprehensible. What,

therefore, is there to be pronounced impossible, because of our blindness, in regard to endless continuity and successions in individuality, when out of the holy ignorance of such maidenly simplicity there can be thus subtly and steadfastly prepared the indescribable beginnings of motherhood? If one result of each human life should be to produce more or less completely a substantial, though at present invisible, environment for the next higher stage—while handing on, by collateral lives, the lamp of humanity to new hands—that would not be much more strange than the condensation of the oak tree in the acorn, or the natural sorcery of the contact of the mill and the spawn. "Miracles" are cheap enough!

Another consideration having some force is that we should find ourselves speculating about this matter at all. All the other aspirations of infancy, youth and manhood turn more or less to be prophesies. Instincts explain and justify themselves, each by each. The body foresees and provides for its growth by appetite; the mind expands towards knowledge by childish curiosity; the young heart predicts, by the flesh cheek and quickening pulse, that gentle master passion which it does not yet understand. That is a significance, like the breath of a perpetual whisper from nature, in the way in which the theme of his own immortality teases and haunts a man. Note also that he discusses it least and decides about it most dogmatically in those divine moments when the breath of a high impulse sweeps away work-a-day doubts and selfishness. What a blow to the philosophy of negation is the sailor leaping from the taffrail of his ship into an angry sea to save his comrade or to perish with him! He has never read either Plato or Schopenhauer—perhaps not even that heavenly verse, "Whoso loseth his life for my sake, the same shall save it." But arguments which are as far beyond philosophy, as the unconscious life is beyond the conscious, sufficiently persuade him to plunge. "Love that stronger is than death" bids him dare, for her imperious sake, the wattering abyss; and any such deed of sacrifice and heroic contempt of peril of itself almost proves that man knows more than he believes himself to know about his own immortality. Every miner working for his life and children in a "fiery" pit; every soldier standing cool and firm in those desert zaebras of Stewart and Graham, offers a similar endorsement of the indignant sentence, "If rats and maggots end us, then alarm! for we are betrayed."

INDIVIDUALITY.

"Well," it will be said, "but we may be betrayed." The bottom of the sea, as the dredging of the Challenger proves, is paved with relics of countless elaborate lives, seemingly wasted. The great pyramid is a mountain of by-gone nummularities. The statesman's marble statue is compacted from the shells and casts of tiny creatures which had as good a right to immortality from their own point of view, as he. Moreover, it may be urged, the suicide, who only seeks peace and escape from a trouble, confronts death with just as clear a decisiveness as the brave sailor or dutiful soldier. Most suicides, however, in their last written words, seem to expect a change for the better, rather than extinction; and it is a curious proof of the propriety and self-respect of the very desperate, that forlorn women, jumping from Waterloo Bridge, almost always fold their shawls quite neatly, lay them on the parapet, and place their bonnets carefully aside, as if the fatal balustrade were but a boudoir for the disrobing soul. In regard to the argument of equal rights of continuous existence for all things—live, it must be admitted. If the bathybia—nay, even if the trees and the mosses—are not, as to that which makes them individual, undying, man will never be. If the life be not as inextinguishable in every egg of the herring, and in every bird and beast, as in the poet and the sage, it is extinguishable in angels and archangels. What then is that varying existence which can survive and take new shape, when the small dying sea-creature drops its flake of pearl to the ooze, when the dog-fish swallows a thousand trivial herring fry, and when the poet and the sage lie silent and cold?

The reason why nobody has ever answered is that each stage of existence can only be apprehended and defined by the powers appropriate to it. Herein lurks the fallacy which has bred such contempt for transcendental speculations, because people try to talk of what abides beyond, in terms of their present experience. It is true they must do this or else remain silent; but the inherent disability of terrestrial speech and thought ought to be kept more constantly in view. How absurd it is, for example, to hear astronomers arguing against existence in the moon or in the sun, because there seems to be no atmosphere in one, and the other is enveloped in blazing hydrogen! Beings are at least conceivable as well fitted to inhale incandescent gas, or not to breathe any gases at all, as to live upon the diluted oxygen of our own air. Embodied life is, in all cases, the physiological equation of its own enclosing condition. Water and gills, lungs and atmosphere, co-exist by correlation; and stars, suns and planets may very well be peopled with proper inhabitants as natural as nutshells, though entirely beyond the wit of man to imagine. Even here, in our own low degrees of life, how could the oyster comprehend the flashing cruises of the swordfish, or he conceive the flight and nesting of a bird? Yet these are neighbors and fellow lodgers upon the same globe. Of that globe we build upon our bodies; we speak of agitating its air; we know of no light save those few lines of its

unexplored solar spectrum to which our optic nerves respond. We have to think in terms of earth experience, as we have to live by breathing the earth envelope.

ILLUSIONS.

We ought to be reassured, therefore, rather than disconcerted by the fact that nobody can pretend to understand and depict the future life, for it would prove sorely inadequate if it were at present intelligible. To know that we can not now know is an immense promise of coming enlightenment. We may meditate safely when we realize that space, time and the phenomena of sense are provisional forms of thought. Mathematicians have made us familiar with at least the idea of space of four and more dimensions. As for time it is an appearance due to the motion of the heavenly bodies, and by going close to the North Pole and walking eastward a man might, astronomically, wind back again the lost days of his life upon a reversed calendar. Such simple considerations rebuke materialists who think they have found enough in finding a "law," which is really but a temporary memorandum of observed order, leaving quite unknown the origin of it and the originator. Even to speak, therefore, of future life in the terms of the present is irrational, and this inadequacy of our faculties should guard us from illusions of disbelief as well as of belief. Nature, like many a tender mother, deceives and puts off her children habitually. We learn from Galileo, not from her, that the earth went round the sun; from Harvey, not from her, how the heart worked; from Simpson, not from her, how the measureless flood of human anguish could be largely controlled by the ridiculously simple chemical compound of C₂HCl₃ or "chloroform." Men must be prepared therefore to find themselves misled as to the plainest facts about life, death and individual development. We still inherit the depressing world feuds of the past long after they have sufficiently taught their lessons of human effort and brotherhood; and we shall live in the gloom of ancestral fears and ignorances when the use of them in making man cling to the life which he alone knows has for ages passed away. But all the time, it is quite likely that in many mysteries of life and death we resemble the good knight Don Quixote when he hung by his wrists from the stable window, and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet. Maritornes cuts the thong with lightsome laughter, and the gallant gentleman falls—four inches! Perhaps nature, so full of unexplained ironies, reserves as blithe some a surprise for her offspring, when their time arrives to discover the simplicity, agreeableness and absence of any serious change in the process called "dying." Pliny, from much observation, declared his opinion that the moment of death was the most exquisite instant of life. He writes, "Ipse discussantiam plerumque fit sine dolore, non nunquam etiam cum ipsa voluptate." Dr. Solander was so delighted with the sensation of perishing by extreme cold in the snow that he always afterwards resented his rescue. Dr. Hunter, in his latest moments, grieved that he "could not write how easy and delightful it is to die." The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as his "agony" befell, quietly remarked, "It is really nothing much, after all!" The expression of composed calm which comes over the faces of the newly dead is not merely due to muscular relaxation. It is, possibly, a last message of content and acquiescence sent us from those who at last know—a message of good cheer and of pleasant promise, not by any means to be disregarded. With accents as authoritative as that heard at Bethany it murmurs, "Thy brother shall live again!"

EXPERIENCE AND TERMINOLOGY.

The fallacy of terms of our present limited sense knowledge has given rise to foolish visions of "heaven" and made many gentle and religious minds thereby incredulous. As a matter of observation, no artist can paint even a form in outline outside his experience. Orcagna, in the Campo Santo at Pisa, tried to represent some quiet original angels, and the result is a sort of canary bird with sleeved pinions and a female visage. Man never so much as imagined the kangaroo or ornithorynchus till Captain Cook discovered their haunts. How, then, should he conceive the aspect of angels and new embodied spirits, and why should he be skeptical about them because his present eyes are constructed for no such lovely and subtle sights? We can perceive how very easily our senses are eluded even by gross matter. The solid block of ice, whereon we stood, is just as existent when it has melted into water and become dissipated as steam, but it disappears for us; the carbonic acid gas, which we could not see, is compressed by the chemist into fleecy flakes, and tossed by him from palm to palm. St. Paul was a much better philosopher than the materialists and skeptics when he declared "the things not seen are eternal." But these invisible, eternal things are not, on account of their exquisite subtlety, to be called "supernatural." They must belong in an ascending but strictly connected chain, to be the most substantial and to the lowest, if there be anything low. The ethereal body which awaits us must be as real as the beef-fattened frame of an East End butcher. The life amid which it will live and move must be equipped, enriched and diversified in a fashion corresponding with earthly habits, but to an extent far beyond the narrow vicissitudes of our present being. We narrow to abjectly; utterly the perils mistake that anything anywhere is "super-

natural," or shadowy, or vague. The angelic Regent of Alcyone—if there be one—in the heart of the Pleiades, is "extra-natural" for us; but as simple, real and substantial to adequate perceptions as a Chairman of Quarter Sessions to his clerk.

Remembering, then, that the undeveloped cannot know the developed, though it may pressage and expect it; remembering that bisulphide of carbon is aware of actinic rays invisible to us; that selenium swells to light which is lost to our organism; that a sensitized film at the end of the telescope photographs a million times we did not see; and that the magnetic needle feels and obeys forces to which our most delicate nerves are insensible—it seems within the range, and not beyond the rights of the imagination to entertain content and happy dreams of successive states of real and conscious existence, rising by evolution through succeeding phases of endless life. Why, in truth, should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable lines of the visible and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—moulding, governing and emancipating them? Is it enough with the Positivists to foresee the amelioration of the race? Their creed is certainly generous and unselfish; but since it teaches the eventual decay of all worlds and systems, what is the good of caring for a race which must be extinguished in some final cataclysm any more than for an individual who must die and become a memory? If death ends the man, and cosmic convulsions finish off all the constellations, then we arrive at the insane conception of a universe possibly emptied of every form of being, which is the most unthinkable and incredible of all conclusions. Sounder beyond question was the simple wisdom of Shakespeare's old hermit of Frague, who "never saw pen and ink, and who very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is, is!'"

BIRTH AND DEATH.

If so very sensible a recluse had gone deeper into that grand philosophy of common sense we might fancy him saying to the niece of his Majesty, "First of all the plain fact is this, fair Princess! that we are alive, and far advanced in the hierarchy of such life as we know. We cannot indeed fly like a bird, nor swim like a dog-fish, nor hunt by smell, like a hound, but—vanity apart—we are at the top of the tree of visible earth-life." If there had been a vast past leading to this, the individual remembers nothing. Either he was not; or he lived unconscious; or he was conscious, but forgets. It may be he always lived, and inwardly knows it but now "disremembers;" for it is notable that none of us can recall the first year of our human existence. Instincts, moreover, are memories, and when the newly hatched chick pecks at food must certainly have lived somehow and somewhere long before it was an egg. If to live forever in the future demands that we must have lived in the past, and there is really nothing against this! "End and beginning are dreams;" mere phases of our earthly foolish speech. But taking things as they seem nobody knows that death stays—nor why should it stay—the development of the individual. It stays our perception of it in another; but so does distance, absence or even sleep. Birth gave to each of us much; death may give very much more, in the way of subtler senses to behold colors we cannot here see, to catch sounds we do not now hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects, impalpable to present to us, but perfectly real, organized constructed, and constituting an organized society and a governed, multiform state. Where does Nature show signs of breaking off her magic, that she should stop at the five organs and the sixty odd elements? Are we free to spread over the face of this little earth, and never freed to spread through the solar system and beyond it?

Nay, the heavenly bodies are to the ether which contains them as mere spores of seaweed floating in the ocean. Are the specks only filled with life and not the space? What does nature possess more valuable in all she has wrought here than the wisdom of the sage, the tenderness of the mother, the devotion of the lover and the opulent imagination of the poet, that she should let these priceless things be utterly lost by a quincy or a flux? It is a hundred times more reasonable to believe that she commences afresh with such delicately developed treasures, making them the groundwork and stuff for splendid farther living by the process of death, which, even when it seems accidental or premature, is probably as natural and gentle as birth; and wherefrom, it may well be, the new-born dead arises to find a fresh world ready for his pleasant and novel body, with gracious and willing kindred ministrations awaiting it, like those which provided for the human babe the guarding arms and nourishing breasts of its mother. As the babe's eyes opened to strange sunlight here, so may the eyes of the dead lift glad and surprised lids to "a light that never was on sea or land"; and so may his delighted ears hear speech; and so may his contentedly to find how touch and taste and smell had all been forecasts of faculties accurately following upon the lowly lessons of this earthly nursery! It is really just as easy and logical to think such will be the outcome of the "life which now is," as to terrify weak souls into wickedness by medieval hells, or to wicker the bright instincts of youth or love with horizons of black annihilation.

Continued on Eighth Page.

Some Strange Phases of Spiritualism in India.

The following article has been written by an English gentleman, whose long residence in India, high social position, and eminent intellectual powers have given him a complete mastery of the opinions, customs and beliefs of the singular and interesting people of whom he writes. We shall not attempt to mar the force of the narrative by any comments of our own, except to add that although the authority of his name, no well informed readers will be disposed to doubt the strict veracity or authenticity of the narrative.

Englishmen in India are apt to look upon the symbols of worship used by the Hindus with contempt. The rigorous laws of the government, as a rule, prevent all active deprecation, but cannot check the tendency to depreciate and ridicule those objects which the people venerate, by calling them "stocks and stones."

In vain do learned Brahmins assure them that the stone is naught; it is the indwelling deity that is worshipped; deity and emblem are inseparable and co-existent, and those Hindus who have received a university education, and acquired the materialistic tone of thought—which goes with the opinions of western nations—begin to share the opinions of their countrymen.

Occasionally, however, the reality of the unseen dweller in one of their uncouth idols, manifests itself by an unaccountable outbreak, which awes them into belief, and gives them an uncomfortable proof that matter is not all.

Driving late one afternoon into the beautiful cantonment of Banskpur (it is to be understood that all names of persons and places are fictitious), I got to be at the end of a long and tedious journey. I noticed by the roadside, in the dry ditch—a garland of flowers on a stone. From the patch of red on the latter, I saw it was "sacred"; and a few days later examined it. It was a rude idol, lying against the side of the drain; there was no altar near; a few faded flowers lay on and about it, and it seemed to lie in an unusual position, intended—save for the marks of reverence—to be thrown away.

My attention being roused, I learned the circumstances which surrounded the fallen idol.

It had formerly been placed on a rude altar in the clump of trees which stood on a waste piece of ground between the road and the English church hard by. A British engineer sergeant, wanting materials for the foundation of some public building, ordered his men to demolish the altar to furnish the same. The natives refused this work, dreading the vengeance of the god. The enlightened Englishman had no such prejudices; he overturned the idol, and threw down the upper part of the masonry, which his coolies then removed and used.

That same night the sergeant's two children fell ill, and, in spite of every attention, died. The father and mother had hardly realized this fearful stroke when they, too, were smitten with severe illness. Being ordered away from the station by the staff surgeon, as the only chance of saving their lives, they left with all practicable speed, but died before they reached the next cantonment. The story soon spread, and the Pujari, or Brahman priest who had attended the idol and been shocked by its overthrow, came timidly forward and resumed his humble service of flowers, and lit a lamp before the idol as it lay in the ditch. He dare not move it again, but waited for some indication of the wishes of the offended deity.

About this time I left Banskpur, and did not return for many years, when inspection duty led me there for a day or two. As I drove in to camp I looked to the side of the road for the idol, it was gone. I made inquiries, but my stay was brief and busy, and I could learn nothing of the cause of its absence. Years after it came to my knowledge in a singular way. A relative of mine had been engineer in charge of the cantonment when I left it. Meeting him the other day in England, he referred to the idol, and, to my astonishment, told me that shortly after I left, he had been ordered by the general commanding to remove it, as being an eyesore. On his ordering the native mistri, or foreman, to take it away, the old man told him the story that I have given above, and begged him to have nothing to do with it. But in the military world orders must be obeyed. My cousin had the idol removed, and he himself was shortly transferred to another station. There his baby boy sickened and died, the only one out of a large and healthy family that he has lost. The parents do not know whether to consider the death of this deeply mourned infant as a sequence or a coincidence; but I do not think he would share in the thoughtless derision with which most Anglo-Indians would treat the claims of a Hindu idol to respect.

NARRATIVE NUMBER TWO.

The above was not the only instance that came under my notice of the powers of the despised Hindu gods. The male actors in the following story were well known to me; the native ladies I did not know, as they had not thrown off the trammels of Moslem seclusion which still hamper Hindu society.

In a large city, which I will call Kalbai, lived a Hindu gentleman, whom I will name Parushotam Dharmasathi, who held an important and confidential post under the English Government, and being a wealthy and influential man, was one of the "upper ten" of his caste. Though the caste system confers a nominal equality on all within its pale; and though all the men can theoretically marry any of their fellow caste men's daughters, yet practically the wealthier and more cultured families marry among themselves; and the marriage of a maiden of such a family with the son of a humber household would be considered a disgrace. Parushotam had been prosperous in his family as in all his affairs; his sons were well-to-do professional men, who had distinguished themselves at the Kalbai university, and had married well; and his daughters had also married their social equals, to whom their sufficient dowers had come as a scarcely necessary added obligation.

But in their happy lot Parushotam's wife found one bitter drawback; Hindu ladies are proud of their full black hair, and she had proudly combed the redundant tresses of her daughters, and decked them for their weddings with jessamine blossoms, and the quaint, rich gold jewels which form so important a part of a Hindu bride's outfit. But her youngest daughter, Savitri, was bald! She was like a widow, whose shaven head is the last and most conspicuous symbol of the degradation which falls to a Hindu widow's sad and lonely lot. Often did Anandibai lament with Parushotam that their darling suffered from such a disfigurement, which doubtless punished the transgressions of a previous birth. She took her daughter to the hajams, or barbers, who knowing the wealth of the family, put forth all their skill, and applied all the unguents and simples which

are their traditional resort in such cases. All in vain! Savitri remained bald. Then she consulted the European hairdressers, who tried all their infallible oils with as little success.

SAVITRI'S MARRIAGE.

But time was passing, it was incumbent that Savitri should be married, for Hindu society tolerates no old maids, while no eligible husband could be found for a girl in her predicament. So Anandibai called in the Vaid and Hajams, the Hindu and Moslem physicians, who still practice their old-world pathology, but are gradually making way for the graduates of the English universities in India. They exhausted their quaint pharmacopoeia without effect. Savitri remained bald. Then her sons urged Anandibai to go to the European doctors. They had themselves given up all faith in the native schools of medicine, and ceased to believe in any thing but European science. To a Hindu lady, the idea of consulting an English gentleman on medical matters is terrible, indeed, but a mother's love takes all the remedies of English science applied—still without result. Then the family gave in. A young man of the same caste, but on a much lower social level, was found, who, in consideration of a large dowry, agreed to marry her, and the anxious parents celebrated the wedding with sad hearts, relieved at all events that the disgrace of an unmarried grown-up daughter was averted from them. Their son-in-law made himself acceptable to them, and the family gradually accepted the situation.

Some time after Savitri's marriage, a good deal of wonder was excited among the native society in Kalbai, by the arrival of a holy man from the Panjab, whose knowledge and insight were astonishing. People who went to him were told their inmost thoughts, their private secrets, their half-forgotten past. Lost treasures were found, diseases were healed, golden advice given—such were the tales that aroused Anandibai's attention, and set her wondering whether the holy man could tell her how to take away Savitri's bloomish hair. When she told her of her desire, they were shocked at the idea of her going to such a "mountebank." "Dear mother," they said, "you have done all that you could; what was to be, was to be; Savitri is married; school yourself to bear what is sent." But the mother's heart was not to be put off so. Friends kept on mentioning some fresh wonder of the Panjabi gossamer, and at last, taking some cocoanuts and other simple offerings, she went to his reception, laid them before his seat, and told him her trouble. He listened, with eyes shut, as one in a trance, and when she had done said, "Go to the Lady Amba, and pay the vow you owe."

THE LADY AMBA.

As he spoke, it suddenly flashed upon her memory that before Savitri was born, the mother had made a vow to Anandibai, the tutelary goddess of the family, that, if all went well with her, she would make certain offerings at her shrine. From that day to this the vow had vanished from her mind as if it never had been made; and with the sense of ingratitude, and duty neglected, the overpowering thought rushed upon her that this stranger had told her of the unpaid debt which she herself had forgotten. She went home as one in a dream, and announced, amid the laughter and remonstrance of her skeptical sons, that she must go and pay her long-kept debt at once. In vain they urged her to bury the past; what could Amba do where European science had failed? Her daughter was married; "she had surely spent too much money already in a wild-goose chase," and so on. But the mother was not to be gainsayed; she prepared the gift she had vowed and forgotten; also a propitiatory offering over and above, to placate the goddess, and a present for the Pujari at the shrine; summoned her daughter, and in a day or two after her marvellous reminder, left for the temple.

THE TEMPLE AND THE GODDESS.

Twenty miles from Kalbai they alighted at the station of Pahira, and hiring a bullock cart, jolted slowly along the cross country road six miles to the village, in which the "mother's" temple stood. Here she explained matters to the Pujari, laid her daughter's disfigured head upon the Lady Amba's altar, explained her fault, deposited the gift she had vowed, and the supplementary offering that she had brought, and with Savitri made the usual circumambulations round the temple. They then retraced their weary way to Pahira, got into the train, and returned home safely. Within a month, Savitri's head was black with a thick growth of hair, which in due time grew her kues, and excelled even her sisters' luxuriant tresses. Her husband, no doubt, thought that it must be the reward of his virtues in a previous birth; her educated brothers thought it was the result of the English doctors' pills, potions and blisters, which had somehow remained latent in her system; and her sisters thought it had their virtuous pre-existence had not been adequately recognized; but Anandibai had no doubt that the hand of the stern yet kind "mother" goddess had been shown, and trembled, and was grateful accordingly.

CONCLUSION.

It has often struck me, when my study of Spiritualism has led me to the knowledge of such occurrences as the above, how foolish it is of the average Christian missionary to ignore the gods of the Hindus and to treat them as nonentities. If facts were not beneath their notice, and they would condescend to study more facts, they would find that each idol was the symbol of a spiritual verity, whose reality they must acknowledge and face before they could give their own message with any effect. To deny facts without the knowledge of a man intellectually one's equal, with a view to convert him to one's religion, appears to be a wildly ineffective mode of approach. And if Christian missionaries are to succeed in India, they must go to the despised Spiritualists, and sit at their feet to learn the details of the problem that they have set themselves to solve.

ALPHA.

To those who may peruse the above narrative and reiterate with the *know all, educated* Englishmen in India—"What stuff!" "What effect can be produced by deprecating a 'stock and stone idols?'—we would say, as so good as to study the experiences of an accepted spiritualistic authority a little nearer home than India—namely, the Baron de Guldenstube. In Mr. Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," and the Baron's own elaborate French work on Spiritualism, scores of cases are cited in which it is shown that papers containing written questions deposited on the tombs of celebrated personages were left, and, under the most cruel test conditions, answers written by the spirits of those to whom the monuments were dedicated, were invariably found, placed and written by no mortal hands on the tombs or statues in question. Baron de Guldenstube writes many chapters to show by what philosophic connecting links the spirits can be reached and communicate with earth. He also proves, by multitudes of test facts, that

no links are so potent as pictures, statues, tombs, altars, or any religious monuments designed and executed in honor of the departed. All the Hindu "gods and goddesses" were—it may be believed—once illustrious men and women who lived on earth, passed to the higher spheres, are still the friends and patronesses of their countrymen and earthly worshippers, and hence, have the most intimate links of association with earth through the shrines and stone monuments dedicated to their memory.—*The Two Worlds.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. ARNOLD ON EMERSON.

A Brief Criticism Upon the English Critic.

I heard the lecture of Matthew Arnold given in this city a few years ago, prompted to that hearing by the special wish of a friend, and by a desire to hear and see an English writer of some repute, and of whom I thought well. At our first hearing and from our estimate we take his measure and form our opinion. My estimate of Arnold was not the result of any unfriendly prejudice. To me, he was a well educated person, in the literary sense, but not in a comprehensive knowledge of men and of affairs. His moral tone was healthy, his aims good. He was clear within a certain range, but not broad, and had not the weight of presence that goes with a great personality, and makes itself felt in the words and writings of some men. I respected his acquirements, but could not realize any sense of his largeness or eminent and lasting influence. A tinge of insular British conceit was visible, made more absurd by the singular awkwardness of his platform manners and speech.

I came out of the lecture room tolerably satisfied, yet not at all inspired or made strong. Going home I thought over his estimate of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and decided to look over the books of our great countryman, with whose writings I was somewhat familiar, and the charm of whose personal presence and fine simplicity as I had seen him at his own home and elsewhere had made a lasting impression on my mind. From notes then made these views are given which the lapse of time has not modified.

The Englishman counts Emerson as a man of singular and remarkable gifts and merits, yet not fit for a place among the really great philosophers and thinkers—rates him as excellent, but second rate in matters of high thought and gives him a lower place and a narrower range than do many others. I extract a few brief sentences from Emerson, as helps to show the incorrectness of Arnold's estimate.

In his address at the Cambridge divinity school in 1838 is this noble ideal of moral philosophy, reaching into the region of religion: "Man ought. He knows the sense of that grand word, though his analysis fails entirely to render account of it. When... he attains to say, 'I love the Right. Truth is beautiful within and without forevermore. Virtue I am thine; save me; use me: the will I serve... that I be not virtuous but virtue'—then is the end of creation answered, and God is instantly pleased.... He who does a mean deed, is by the action itself contracted. Who puts off impurity thereby puts on purity.... If a man dissembles he deceives himself, and goes out of acquaintance with his own being. A man, in view of absolute goodness, adores with humility." This is intuitive moral culminating in a reverence that uplifts and never degrades.

In a Boston lecture in 1842 he said, "The idealism of our day acquired the name of transcendentalism from the use of the term by Immanuel Kant of Konigsberg, who replied to the skeptical philosophy of Locke, which insisted that there was nothing in the intellect which was not previously in the experience of the senses, by showing that there was a very important class of ideas, or imperative forms, which did not come by experience, but through which experience was acquired; that these were intuitions of the mind itself; and he denominated them transcendental forms." Here is a clear definition of the transcendental philosophy which he advocated; yet with him intuition and experience were allies and co-workers, the first discovering and lighting up the new path, and the second making it smooth and safe.

Fine and clear intuition and a practical Yankee common sense were united in him, and each helped the other. A word from an essay on self-reliance shows this. "If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises they lose all heart. If a young merchant fails men say he is ruined. If the finest genius studies at college and is not within a year installed in an office in the cities or suburbs of New York or Boston, it seems to himself and his friends that he is right in being disheartened, and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad comes from Vermont or New Hampshire, who tries all the professions in turn, who teams it, peddles, keeps school, preaches, edits a paper, goes to congress, buys a township, and so forth in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls."

Advocating sincerity, and the conquering power of genuine effort, he says: "Pretension never feigned an act of real greatness. Pretension never wrote an Iliad nor drove back Xerxes; nor christianized the world, nor abolished slavery. As much virtue as there is, so much appears; as much goodness as there is, so much reverence it commands.... The high, the generous, the self-devoted sect will always instruct and command mankind. Never was a sincere deed untried and never a magnanimity fell to the ground, but there is some heart to greet and accept it unexpectedly. A man passes for what he is worth.... There is confession in the glances of our eyes; in our smiles, salutations and grasp of hands. His sin bedaubed him, mars all his good impression. Men know not why they do not trust him, but they do not. Why vice glazes his eye.... and writes, O fool! fool! on the forehead of a king."

Writing on "The Over Soul," his great word—a high spiritual philosophy—is: "Let man then learn the revelation of all nature and all thought to his heart; that, namely, that the Highest dwells in him; that the sources of nature are in his own mind, if the sentiment of duty is there. But if he would know what the great God speaketh, he 'must go into his closet and shut the door,' as Jesus said. God will not make himself manifest to cowards. He must greatly listen to himself, withdrawing himself from all the accents of other men's devotions. Even their prayers are hurtful to him until he has made his own. Our religion vulgarly stands on numbers of believers. Whenever the appeal is made—no matter how indirectly—to numbers, proclamation is then and there made that religion is not. He that finds God a sweet enveloping thought to him never wants his company. When I sit in that presence who shall dare to come in? When I rest in perfect harmony, when I burh with pure

love, what can Calvin or Swedenborg say? The faith that stands on authority is not faith. The reliance on authority measures the decline of religion, the withdrawal of the soul."

Respect for the forms that others may use, which does not dim their reverence for the son's voice, is seen in his fine poem, The Problem, in which he says:

"I like a church, I like a cow, I love a prophet of the soul, And on my heart I monostrate Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles; Yet none for all his faith can see Would I that crowded churchman be."

The whole scientific philosophy of evolution is stated and made larger by his wealth of intuition in other poems.

Mount Monadnock is made to tell the story of its massive rock; and to say:

"For the atoms were built in order And the atoms in built in time, Rhyme the pipe and time the warden; The sun obeys them, and the moon, Orb and atom, forth they prance, Whence the heat, from far the tone; When a music wanders in the tropic, None so backward as the dance. Beach the place and circumnavigate, But kings the sun-creating sound, And, though a pyramid, will bound."

He gives us his idea of man, as higher than earth or animal, as follows:

Monadnock is a mountain strong, Tall and good I find among, But well I know no mountain can, Zion or Meru, measure with man, For it is on sodias writ, Adamant is soft to wit."

In Woodnotes the old pine tree breathes its music.

"To the open ear it sings Sweet the gasps of things, Of tenderness through countless ages, Rhyme the pipe and time the warden; Of rounded woods, of space and time, Of the old world's subsiding slime, Of the new world's rising form, Of poles axis powers, cold, wet and warm, The rusky metamorphosis, Dissolve; all that nature is, Merit things that be to things that seem, And solid nature to a dream."

But he is not content with the superficial methods of science; his insight goes back of force and law and sees that a guiding intelligence must be. We are told:

"Ev' a fresh, the broad creation, A divine improvisation, From the heart of God proceeds, A single will, a million looms, Once set the world an egg of stone, And pulse and sound and light was none, And God said, 'Be! and there was motion, And the vast said, 'Became and vast ocean."

He is the heart of every creature, He is the meaning of each feature; And his mind is the sky, Than all it holds more deep, more high."

These few rich extracts have something of philosophy in them, something of the higher thought that aways the world.

Emerson's writings have an influence among the leading thinkers of our day far wider and deeper than those of Arnold, and have done and promise to do far more to shape and guide the world's thought. Is not Arnold's criticism of Emerson a plain case of the lesser trying to measure the greater by his own narrow standard and falling pitifully, of course? There is, too, a shallow impertinence, a lack of respect and fitness in this whole matter. Suppose Gladstone to have just passed away in London, and that, in a few months, William M. Everts should go there from New York and give a lecture on the great Englishman. Suppose he should say that Gladstone had some rare merits, but was not to be counted among leading statesmen, was not up to that greatness. England would ring with rebukes of the impudent Yankee; the opponents as well as the upholders of Gladstone's official policy would grow wrathful at the ill-timed utterance of such an estimate over the fresh grave of their honored countryman, and no English audience would hear it again.

This is a parallel to Arnold's lecture on Emerson in this country. To me that lecture revealed a complacent shallowness and lack of self feeling which showed little "sweetness and light."

Mr. Arnold has come and gone, with better hearing and more deferent attention than his real merits deserve. We are a good-natured and hospitable people, sometimes falling to see how our hospitality is abused but our sober second thought will probably put the Englishman lower than he stood before coming among us. G. B. STEBBINS, Detroit Mich.

J. G. Jackson's Reply to Payton Spence.

The Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Prof. Payton Spence, in JOURNAL of April 21st, gratuitously attacked my statement of the true cause of erect vision, as made upon the standard authority of Sir David Brewster, and he introduced some seemingly very absurd ideas of his own, occupying about one column of your paper, I responded with half a column in JOURNAL of May 5th. He returns on May 25th with nearly two columns more, thus occupying in all more than double the space I will have covered after this is printed. You will hardly think it fair to close the discussion without allowing me at least room enough to put myself straight before the readers of the JOURNAL, especially as he has dragged into the matter of a simple scientific statement of fact, metaphysical notions that tend to seriously injure true psychic science.

The Professor in his last letter expresses "amazement" at my "bad temper and hard words" when his former letter "was couched" (as he says) "in the most respectful language." Was it respectful in him to jump uninvited into the review of another party, and state bluntly that a reason given on the highest optical authority "was no explanation at all"? But what vexed the "mad bull" most was his assertion that "consciousness has no up or down, no right or left, no center or circumference, no north, south, east or west in it." If that expression, which we have no consciousness of direction up or down, right or left, north or south, east or west.

Let the readers of the JOURNAL decide for themselves whether we do not every waking minute of our lives entertain a consciousness of up and down, right and left, and all other manifest lines of direction. The sense of sight perceives the sun rising, and at the same time we attain a consciousness that it is eastward; so of its setting—so of its southing. We feel the force of gravity pressing us earthward. That sense of feeling reveals to us a consciousness of up and down. What can be more plain? Why need more words be wasted upon it?

We all know that in olden time there was a breed of metaphysicians who admitted no world of reality, but claimed everything to be only mental impression—"consciousness"—"all in the mind." Prof. Spence has got a dose from them and his head will not carry it steadily. There are in the world abundant substantive realities, and the office of our senses is to make us cognizant of them by impressing the brain in the normal and orderly manner provided. The mind's sensi-

tive camera is sometimes abnormally impressed with images that have not the regular substantive backing (so to speak); such false images are in the mind; but they are the abnormal, not the true; they are exceptions, not the rule. Blinded are they who have the sense to discriminate between the one class and the other. It has often been said "it takes a very smart man to tell a lie and not get caught at it." It takes one equally learned and talented, to quip metaphysical logic and not "put his foot in it."

Did ever a man make a more absurd blunder than when he says: "If in my perception of the stick, the red appears at one end of it, it can not really be there, for it really is in the mind?" Prof. G., that he to say of both J. G. J. and Yet. G., that he "is confident they will admit his correctness."

If Prof. Spence does not want the mud thrown back, let him not thus stick it in our mouths to swallow, or stir up the slime before us uncalled for by the question at issue.

A few more words to put things right about the original question of explaining the method of erect vision by the eye, which Prof. Spence has so needlessly led up into the mists. He appears to have read up numerous authorities since writing his first letter, and discovers that other writers previous to Brewster had announced that the "line of visible direction was perpendicular to the surface of 'the retina.'" This is very probably true as quoted; but does not weaken the fact. In Brewster's Optics, edition of 1837, by A. D. Bache, A. M., Prof. of Natural Philosophy in the University of Penn., etc., page 247, will be found this statement: "The law of visible direction above explained and deduced from direct experiment, removes at once every difficulty that besets the subject." We may readily admit that other investigators have cast doubt upon the exact perpendicularity of the lines of visible direction to the retina; but all agree that those lines cross at some central point within the eye ball. Without asserting exactly where that central crossing point may be, the object of erect vision is attained through such crossing, and there appears no special need of further dispute about the cause of it. But one idea occurs which may assist a decision concerning the exact location of said crossing point. When we look with a healthy pair of eyes at the outer world, we may observe with thoughtful wonder and admiration, how the eye balls may be rolled in their sockets without in the least affecting the steadiness of surrounding objects—as to the direction in which we see them. This "admirable steadiness" would seem to admit of no other explanation than that the eye ball must roll concentric with the crossing point of the lines of direction, which means that those lines are perpendicular to the surface of the retina and cross in the centre of the eye, as Brewster states. This test is for physicists, not for metaphysicians, Q. E. D. It may not be new, but has recently occurred to this correspondent whom yourself or Bro. Tuttle (bless your hearts) has recently styled "the philosopher of Hockessin."

J. G. J. Even philosophers are prone to have the last word; and a paper never cuts off a discussion without thereby causing one of the parties to feel aggrieved that he should be denied a further hearing. Nevertheless the JOURNAL must now close this one, and trust to the good nature of the disputants for forgiveness.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Pulpit Denouncing Spiritualism.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

There seems to be an epidemic of denunciation of Spiritualism broken out among the ministers, who have nearly all taken a hand in airing their ignorance of the subject which from the importance they give it, must be a veritable lion in their way. The bravery with which the ordinary minister of the gospel attacks the greatest questions of advancing civilization and science, is amusing and pitiable. Galileo spent a life time in gaining the proofs that the earth was round and revolved around the sun, but the priests of his day were able to meet him at an hour's notice with denial. Darwin, with a patience that has few parallels, accomplished the resistless mass of facts, which prove the methods of evolution; the smallest country preacher, can on a Saturday afternoon prepare a sermon which will demolish every vestige of the theory of the famous naturalist! It forcibly reminds me of Mrs. Partington, whose valor exceeded her discretion when the waves of the Atlantic rolled into her cabin; she met them defiantly with her mop! Exposures of fraud; the folly of credulity, and the Seybert Commission's Report, have furnished occasion and text, and the assault is made along the whole line. Perhaps the most vindictive assault is that of Rev. Dr. Easton of Newark, N. J., who retails his billingsgate slang at a salary of \$4,000 a year. It is right and proper to bring forward all just and cogent arguments against Spiritualism in fair, honest discussion for the truth. It is able to bear the fullest investigation, and seeks the blaze of the light. But when the opposer uses the vilest epithets of condemnation, without the least attempt at argument, he simply sinks himself to the level of a blackguard. The "Rev. Dr." Easton says:

"I arraign and condemn modern Spiritualism as the vilest imposture.... The mediums are simply greedy vampires, grasping property and real estate from wealthy victims. They are proper candidates for the penitentiary. We have laws against medical charlatans; it is high time we had some to punish those who wreck men's minds and to close the doors of Spiritualists, clairvoyants and fortune-tellers."

He has no argument; a mind like his could not hold an argument; a mind like his could not hold a shudder of the old inquisitor, and with a shudder we thank fortune that we live in a country where a free people make their own laws, and the dragon of bigotry is chained.

Mediums may be greedy, but can any one point to a case where a Protestant church or minister ever refused money? I know of an instance where the Catholic church would not accept money tainted with rascality, but no instance of a Protestant church. The money of the gambler, the courtisan, and the saloonist, are taken with thanks into the greedy treasury of the Lord, and no questions asked. There are churches like Trinity, that rent their property for gambling halls, drinking places and brothels. The common practice of the ministry when called to the bed of the dying, when the intellect wavers, and fears crowd thick and fast in the mind trained to superstitious dread of death, to press the attention of the departing to church charities, college endowments, missions, home and abroad, and a great river of wealth constantly flows into the treasury of the church by this most reprehensible interference. Hence, a minister like Dr. Easton should be the last man to arraign mediums

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 9, 1888.

John Bull and the Roman Bull.

When an Irish member of Parliament—we refer to Mr. Healy—ridicules the pretensions of the "Sovereign Pontiff" amid cheers and laughter of his Roman Catholic constituents, it is evident that the Irish agitation is entering upon a rather dangerous phase not only for papal influence in Irish political affairs, but for the pope's authority in general. The majority of men are influenced powerfully by their feelings, and when the Irish come to have a settled contempt for "rescripts" like that sent from Rome a month ago by the Cardinal Committee, and published the other day, they are pretty sure to feel less respect for the authority of Rome in matters spiritual.

Some years ago when the Italian government, dispossessing the pope of his temporal power, took possession of the eternal city, the pope and the whole college of cardinals, as Mr. Healy says, declared a boycott against Victor Emmanuel and his court; and with the result only of lessening the authority of the Vatican whenever it subsequently issued an edict. From that time the spiritual authority of the pope has, in Italy, been on the wane. In France and Belgium the same results have followed. The Irish have been regarded as Rome's most faithful subjects, to be depended upon in any emergency. Did they not send a brigade of soldiers to fight against Garibaldi and the powers that questioned the divine right of papal rule?

But now the pope, for diplomatic reasons, forbids the Irish to follow, in reference to rackrenting landlords, the precedent which the Vatican authorities established when Victor Emmanuel, by the wish of the majority of the Italian people, established himself in Rome; and the Irish are in such a state of excited resentment against papal interference, that the Irish Catholic Bishops have to publish an apologetic explanation to the people to whom the rescript was intended to be addressed as a condemnation, and this after the publication of the document has been kept back a whole month!

They say that the "rescript" was intended "to affect the domain of morals only," but cautiously yet absurdly omit to state the moral questions involved, while eulogizing the Irish leaders who have been criticizing the pope and the bishops in sympathy with him, and expressing their "deep and lasting gratitude to those national leaders, for the signal services they have rendered to religion and country." If this does not in effect, amount to a repudiation of the papal rescript, words have no meaning. But what else could the Irish bishops do? Only a few days previously Mr. O'Brien, a Catholic member of Parliament had told one of these bishops that his statements were false and that his conduct was cowardly; and these pointed statements were approved by 20,000 members of the bishop's flock. Evidently ecclesiastical authority is on the decline even in priest-ridden and priest-cursed Ireland.

A recent event which occurred among us serves as an indication of progress:

On the evening of May 31st a mass meeting of Irish Roman Catholics was held in Chicago to "protest against papal interference in the rights of Irishmen." Resolutions were adopted which, while acknowledging the pope's spiritual authority, unequivocally denounced his interference in Irish political affairs, referring especially to the recent papal "rescript." The JOURNAL has room for only two of the dozen resolutions which were carried with such an uproarious shout of approval that one of the leading speakers commented on it by saying: "Let Lord Salisbury

put that in his pipe and smoke it." These two resolutions were as follows:

That we respectfully recommend to the Court of the Vatican the realm of England as an exhaustless field for the reformation of moral conditions, and that we emphatically protest against the offering up of Ireland as a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of her oppressors.

That while wishing most earnestly to avoid controversy with the venerable head of the Catholic Church and his immediate advisers, we can not permit the right of the Irish people to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to be sacrificed to the diplomatic ambitions or the alleged political necessities of the court of Rome.

The reading of the resolutions was frequently interrupted by the most tumultuous cheering and clapping of hands, the ladies present, Catholic ladies remember, joining in these enthusiastic demonstrations of approval. And it was the pope who was on trial!

The first speaker, Mr. M. P. Brady, said, in supporting the resolutions: "This rescript of the pope is based upon the presumption that the relations between the Irish landlord and his tenant are the result of a mutual contract. In this the court of St. Peter is egregiously mistaken. On this matter the holy father has been misinformed by lying scoundrels who desire the extirpation of my people and your people from the land of their home. Has it come to this that to be a devout Catholic, worthy of salvation, a man must be a dog? In this rescript I do not hesitate to say that the holy father is mistaken, and you are not bound by it. Neither am I, and I am disregarding it tonight. And by the sacred law of self-defense, Ireland has the right by necessity to disregard—disregard it at the point of the bayonet, the musket, aye, or even with dynamite."

The next speaker, Hon. P. T. Barry said: "Justice has stood on the side of Ireland and justice has not changed sides because of the rescript from Rome."

Hon. John F. Finnerty followed in a speech in which he said that the Irish in America look upon a papal rescript on a political subject much in the same way that they regard a proclamation from Mr. Balfour. He added that Henry the Second, "the murderer of Thomas a Becket," whose name is a stench in English history, came over to Ireland and selecting Nicholas Brokepeare, made him pope, [Pope Adrian IV.] and from that day the Irish had been tossed like a ball on the horns of "John Bull and the Roman bull." It was a good man that could fight one bull at a time, but no human being he said, to the great amusement of the audience, could fight two bulls at once. Two pairs of horns there were, and between them the cloven foot. They were told by the pious Catholics who refused to attend the meeting that they were not affected by the rescript. Were they not, Mr. Finnerty asked, sending money constantly to these people to pay the bloody landlords? Did not the pope know this? If not let him get instructed. God was before nations, nations were before popes and God ruled eternally. Such was the substance of Mr. Finnerty's very effective speech. The ingratitude of Rome was the burden of the thought which ran through the entire proceedings and the feeling of resentment toward the vatican authorities was very marked. These facts are for the thoughtful mind full of significance. They show that those who have yielded unquestioning obedience to ecclesiastical authority are beginning to think for themselves under the influence of the Protestant principle of the right of private judgment, which will, in time, make popes and priests things of the past.

Freedom vs. Conformity.

The immaculate Prince of Wales, it is said, is very particular about going to church regularly; and he demands that all his guests at Sandringham shall attend 11 o'clock service in the church of which he is the patron saint. Billiards and bowling, the same authority states, are always resorted to afterwards as an antidote to the fatigue of religious devotion. The religion of the sort that the Prince represents in his character and life, the most prominent feature of which that passes under the name of religion is mere conformity to the external requirements of the Established Church, is a religion without conscience, without moral ideals, without enthusiasm for truth, without sympathy for the oppressed, without regard for the chastity of woman or the rights of man, without interest in human progress; indeed, it resists almost instinctively whatever threatens to remove ceremonies and to substitute for them character and conduct. This religion pretends to be shocked by Bradlaugh's atheism and protests against the use of affirmation instead of the parliamentary oath; but it is not particularly shocked by the social horrors among those in high life, of which the Pall Mall Gazette once gave a glimpse. The exposure made the Prince and some of his chums squirm; but the business of the procurers and the social infamies implied receive no check from the religion which the Prince represents, because this religion has no heart, no conscience, nothing but conformity to appeal to, and is therefore impervious to reason and humanity. The religious establishment is a curse to England. A churchman said to a Positivist, "I support the Episcopal religion because it is established. Get your d—d religion established and I will support that." What the free soul delights in is freedom to think, untrammelled by authority, not to conform to the words and ceremonies of established religions from which the spirit has long since departed. He who is worthy to be called a man, and not a mere automaton, wishes to walk in hitherto untrodden paths, to enter

new fields, to hold communion with nature direct, and not simply to find out what is established and conform to it with the idea that such conformity is religion, the test of character, and something that will "cover a multitude of sins." Many noble souls may be found in the established church, but not because of the principle here condemned, which binds to church men of the type of the Prince, who so far as can be judged from his career, is destitute of all that is truly religious in any high sense of the word.

MRS. WATSON AT McVICKER'S.

A Noble Woman's Eloquent Plea Before a Large Audience Representing the Culture, Fashion and Wealth, and Rational Spiritualists of Chicago.

Not since Col. Ingersoll lectured in McVicker's Theater has that splendid auditorium been so crowded to listen to an address as it was last Sunday night to hear Elizabeth Lowe Watson; but the resemblance between the two audiences ceases after that is said. Viewing both audiences from a proscenium box one could not help being struck with the marked contrast. More than three-fourths of Col. Ingersoll's were men; men whose faces indicated that to them this sensuous world bounded their desires and yielded them all the happiness they aspired to; strong faces, hard ones, many sensual; some thoughtful and earnest, but few noble and attractive. As the eloquent orator rolled out the red-hot lava of invective, the smoke of coarse jest, exaggeration and virtuperative misrepresentation mingled with now and then a sentence of pathos and patriotism, the vast audience mingled with the output roars of tumultuous applause to sweeten the offering which was ascending from the agnostic altar to please the nostrils of the materialist's fetish. The fetich was illuminated by the oratorical fireworks and gratified with the noise and smoke. The orator with true equinoxial ardor hunched a muck with theological windmills, and the hydra-headed Sancho Panza who filled the house to suffocation had cheered the doughty knight and furnished provender for his Rosinante. That was all! Men and women left the auditorium with no nobler aspirations, no sweeter spirit nor greater content than possessed them upon entering.

From the same point of observation last Sunday evening, what a contrast was the sea of upturned faces! The vast audience was made up evenly of men and women, if either sex predominated it could only have been determined by count. There was not a face to be afraid of in the throng, not one that would cause a timid girl to shrink in nameless fear; there were hundreds that showed culture, noble ambition, love of humanity, aspiration and high endeavor; there were faces in which soul-hunger had traced its lines, and others with pleading, expectant, hopeful look. Here and there was a fair-minded agnostic with a critical, but not unfriendly expression, Society ladies whose names appear in the elite directory, grace the roll of attendants at fashionable gatherings, and strengthen the patron's list of hospitals and charity organizations were liberally scattered through the audience, flanked by lawyers, doctors, ministers, bankers and merchants. Some of these were Spiritualists and all were interested in hearing the fair speaker who had but the Sunday before left her flower-embowered and vine-clad cottage in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley.

Mrs. Watson after being presented to the audience made a preliminary statement explanatory of her mediumship, and this enabled her hearers to intelligently observe the sharp contrast between her personality during these remarks and that presented by her when the regular exercises of the evening began. For an hour, with face illuminated by a heavenly light, with voice and manner dignified yet frank, tender and earnest, the speaker stood an incarnation of angelic grace, wisdom and love, and poured forth a stream of logic, affirmations of spiritual truth, hope and comfort for all receptive souls which thrilled her audience and held the multitude entranced.

In print her discourse may prove discursive and not read as well as some the JOURNAL has published, that remains to be seen; but warmed by the fire of her soul and graced by perfect manner and delivery its effect was magical. It is not probable that a single listener left the house without feeling stronger of purpose and more determined to probe the psychical side of life, to the end that it should advantage his usefulness and happiness.

No announcement of the lecture was made except in the JOURNAL until Saturday morning, and then only briefly in three daily papers. As soon as it was learned in newspaper circles that the speaker was a guest of the editor and endorsed by the JOURNAL, reporters from leading dailies besieged the office seeking opportunity to interview her. The fact that the JOURNAL vouched for her as a woman and a speaker was enough to insure the good will of the daily press. If possible the lecture will be reproduced in the JOURNAL. Below are specimens of the treatment accorded Mrs. Watson by the Chicago press.

The Chicago Herald, the leading democratic paper of the West, to which position it has been raised in a very few years by the ability, integrity and energy of its managers, published on Sunday morning an interview with Mrs. Watson. Only two paragraphs of the column can find space here:

Elizabeth Lowe Watson, of San Francisco, one of the ablest "inspirational" speakers in the United States, will deliver a free lecture at McVicker's Theatre this evening. She was here three years ago

and made quite an impression. She is a Spiritualist of the most advanced school, but the philosophy which she teaches is entirely free from those distasteful theories held by many who claim the recognition of the rabble. Mrs. Watson is a person of independent resource, who owns a charming home near San Francisco, and whose talents have never been prostituted for the amusement of the curious or the impertinent. Her work is largely on the sociological plane.

A representative of the Herald met Mrs. Watson at the residence of Colonel John C. Bundy, editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, yesterday, and was encouraged to ask some plain questions traversing a field of work and line of thought which the lady has made peculiarly her own. Of Mrs. Watson's sincerity there cannot be the slightest question. She undoubtedly has experienced all that she claims for her philosophy.

Prefacing an excellent abstract of the lecture, appeared the following in Monday morning's Herald:

To an audience that crowded McVicker's Theatre in every part Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson last night lectured on "Psychics and Religion." It is doubtful whether any Chicago lecturer has ever been honored by the attention of an audience more representative of the culture and thought of this community. There were present, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, editors, merchants, artists, musicians and men and women whose intellectual verdict is entitled to the highest consideration. It is not too much to declare that such verdict was highly favorable. Mrs. Watson is a speaker of rare power. There is about her manner and matter nothing of the clap-trap of the adventurer or the method of an insouciant advocate. The service last night was modeled on those which the lady conducts each Sunday in the Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco and an address. Colonel John C. Bundy, editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, introduced the lecturer, who declared that she made no claim to supernatural wisdom. She said she did believe in the power of disembodied spirits to make their identity manifest to their friends here. She was not "controlled," nor was she a machine for the operation of outside spirit intelligence. Mrs. Watson began by a beautifully worded tribute to the power and goodness of nature.

The Inter-Ocean, the only stalwart republican morning paper in town, sent a reporter to interview Mrs. Watson; below we quote the opening and closing paragraphs of a column given to the matter by that paper on Sunday morning:

The time was when the name, "spiritual medium," brought to mind a strange, eccentric looking creature—short-haired, wild-eyed and emotional. In Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson, one sees the representative of the modern school, the gentle woman in voice, appearance and manner, sweet, sympathetic and persuasive, teaching a doctrine which, as she presents it, is certainly full of hope, comfort and encouragement. Mrs. Watson was called upon yesterday afternoon, at the residence of John C. Bundy, editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and gave a most interesting account of her experience as a medium.

In regard to her doctrines, Mrs. Watson said: "Spiritual philosophy, as I understand it, not only robs life and death of their horror, but it reveals the fact that we are the product of all the past, and there are infinite possibilities within us, with an eternally in that to develop them. That, to me, is more than all the rest, because it reconciles us to much that, otherwise, would be unendurable in life, and is a promise to the best of us." Mrs. Watson's subject tonight at McVicker's Theater, is "Psychics and Religion," a comprehensive theme that will call into play all her peculiar gifts. While all cannot subscribe to her belief, yet what she will say will, without doubt, be extremely interesting and well worth hearing.

The Inter-Ocean for Monday had a fine abstract of Mrs. Watson's lecture, occupying a column. The Daily Globe and the Evening Journal also referred to the lecture in complimentary terms. The Times in so far as it attempted to quote Mrs. Watson did its work correctly, but with its customary vicious style of journalism it decorated the account after the fashion in vogue with ten-dollar-a-week bummers, who write for papers read by the rabble. With the exception of the Times, Mrs. Watson and her lecture received respectful and dignified treatment from the Chicago press. The magnificent audience of fifteen hundred people gathered on brief notice is indicative of the kindly interest toward Spiritualism when presented through a channel that has the confidence of the public, as the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has frequently demonstrated.

The Question of Oaths.

John Bright wrote in 1883: "On the question of oaths probably there is nothing in the New Testament more especially condemned and forbidden than oaths. To those who do not care about the New Testament this fact will be of no weight. The practice of swearing to the truth of anything makes two kinds of truth or truthfulness. If oaths are of any avail, by so much as they make truth more certain by so much they lessen the value of any ordinary statement, and diminish the probability of its truth. If ignorant persons are not sworn, they think they may tell lies with impunity, and their lying is made to a large extent blameless in their eyes. I think oath and oath taking have done more than any other thing to impair and destroy a regard for truth."

John Bright's words are worthy of consideration by those who imagine that the judicial oath promotes truth-telling. The JOURNAL holds, and in this it is supported by the testimony of the ablest jurists in England and America, that the oath tends to make men, as the above extract says, undervalue the obligation of telling the truth when not under oath. Besides it offers a premium upon hypocrisy. A law which makes oath-taking a condition of giving testimony in a court of justice—and there is such a law in force in several States of the Union—punishes sincerity and truthfulness by favoring the man who lies in saying he believes when he does not, and imposing disabilities upon the man who scorns to falsify in regard to his convictions for gain to himself or to others.

National and Possibly "Natural."

The prospect of a holiday seems to have demoralized the JOURNAL's proof readers last week so badly, that they made the title of a leading editorial read "Natural Control of Railways," instead of National, etc. While National control may be the most natural, and for that reason inevitable in good time, yet it was not the JOURNAL's intention to

mangle the title of Mr. Taylor's essay in The Forum, which formed the basis of the editorial. Under the circumstances it was quite natural for the editor of the JOURNAL to hold a sance for instruction and admonition with his proof readers. It takes some religion and more philosophy to gaze unperturbed upon such a work of carelessness when too late to correct it, and to admonish the responsible parties, but let it be recorded that thus it was done.

GENERAL ITEMS.

J. Madison Allen's engagement at Peoria, Ill., will be continued through the month of June.

The name of the medium mentioned by Miss Hull in the interesting narrative concerning her connection with the celebrated Jumel case, is Mrs. Sarah A. West, who now resides at 250 Fountain street, Providence, Rhode Island. It was through her mediumship that Miss Hull became convinced of the continuity of life and spirit communication.

The Cincinnati Press Club has established permanent quarters during the Centennial at the Exposition buildings in that city, and will dedicate them Saturday evening, the 9th inst. The editor of the JOURNAL acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to be present and take part in reception and banquet on the occasion and hopes to be able to accept. The great benefit to journalists, and indirectly to the public, of Press Clubs, is readily seen by all who are familiar with their objects. The one in this city has done a vast amount of good and was never so prosperous and popular as now.

The Spiritualists of Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, will hold their fifth annual camp meeting at Fraser's Grove, Vicksburg, Mich., July 4th to August 4th. Fraser's Grove is a beautiful body of oak timber, forty acres in extent, adjacent to the village of Vicksburg, the crossing of the C. & G. T. and G. R. and I. railways. It is easy of access, being only one-half mile from town, carriages running to the grove from the village and union depot at all hours of the day or evening. The following speakers have been engaged: W. H. Blair, Mrs. Shepard Lillie, Hon. L. V. Moulton, Mrs. Sarah Graves, Helen M. Gougar and D. M. King.

A dispatch from Ishpeming, Mich., to the Philadelphia Press, states that May 19th, Mrs. Charlotte Erickson, a Scandinavian woman forty years of age, with several children, was taken to the asylum at Marquette, hopelessly insane from religious excitement. So violent has she been for several days that the united efforts of two men were barely sufficient to restrain her. Her ravings could be heard for blocks. Mrs. Erickson is the eighth woman in as many months who has been crazed by religious excitement in this section through the exhortations of female Swedish evangelists. They have been preaching the doctrine of fire and brimstone exclusively. Talmage won't be likely to mention this, but it would be well to have his attention called to the fact.

Francis William Newman and his brother John Henry, the cardinal, have been separated by their religious beliefs for forty years. Both are remarkable men. The former married and devoted himself to philology, history, religion and philosophy. He made grammars of obscure tongues and wrote books replete with evidences of wonderful scholarship and full of courageous thought. He was shut out from Oxford as a freethinker, as his brother was excluded for catholicism. He contributed largely to prepare the minds of the scholarly classes for the acceptance of the views of Darwin, Wallace and cotemporary radical thinkers generally. He was one of those who prepared the ground for good seed which was planted by others and from which has resulted a golden fruitage. All honor to such intellectual pioneers.

A dispatch from Columbia, S. C., says: "The first instance in South Carolina of a resort to the 'faith cure,' is reported from Timmonsville where it resulted in the death of Annette Maness, a bright girl twelve years old, the daughter of respectable and intelligent parents. About three weeks ago Annette was stricken with the measles, which finally developed into a dangerous type of dysentery. A regular physician attended her and soon had the disease under control. At this juncture along came a short-haired young woman from the north, calling herself Miss Mattie Gordon, lecturing on prohibition and holiness, and claiming to be a faith healer. Miss Gordon appeared at the girl's bedside and soon induced her to drop the doctor's medicine and adopt the faith remedy. The mother protested, but the child, encouraged by Miss Gordon, refused to take the doctor's medicine. As a consequence the disease took a firmer hold, and with nothing to check it raged with more violence than ever. Day after day the victim continued to sink. Finally the family recalled the regular physician, but it was too late, and the unfortunate girl died. When last heard from Miss Gordon was in Charleston conducting a 'Holiness' revival."

At a late conference in this city the Rev. Mr. Westergren endeavored to explain the difference between fanaticism and holiness. In his opinion most of these so-called holiness movements, faith cure and similar fads, are the direct outgrowth of fanaticism. The Rev. J. L. Foster said that fanatics were running riot in nearly all the suburbs and outlying churches. He had a man arise in one of his prayer meetings recently and announce with great vehemence that he believed a certain woman to be the Lord Jesus Christ, and urging that they all fall down and worship

her. He also cited the case of a prominent member of the Congregational church, who went daft on the subject of Mormonism. Rev. J. Arnold said he was pastor of a church for one year which was made up wholly of hollowness fanatics. In their meetings they would go wild, and shout, sing, pray, faint, yell, froth at the mouth, or write on the floor in paroxysms. They proclaimed their sinless perfection on the streets and everywhere, and were guilty of the most audacious fanaticism. One year satisfied him. The church afterward fell to quarreling among themselves and disbanded. Will Brother Talmage kindly make a note of this ministerial testimony and oblige the JOURNAL?

City readers and visitors, who desire to patronize a first-class Turkish Bath, are informed that a new one has been fitted up at the Southern Hotel, 22nd street and Wabash avenue. It is in charge of Mrs. Dr. G. C. Somers, who, for many years, with her husband, so satisfactorily conducted a similar establishment in the Grand Pacific Hotel. Russian, an electro-thermal, sea-salt, and other medicated baths, are also given. Mrs. Somers is a graduate of a leading medical college and an expert in her specialty of treatment by baths. Mrs. Somers' establishment is open for ladies during the forenoon, and to gentlemen in the afternoon until ten P. M. Sundays for gentlemen only from seven A. M. to one P. M.

Dr. and Mrs. C. I. Thacher, of Aberdeen street, gave a reception in honor of Mrs. E. L. Watson on Friday evening of last week. A brilliant company of advanced thinkers were present, among whom were represented several of the numerous schools of "Christian Scientists." Though differing widely on minor points there was the most cordial fraternal feeling exhibited. Dr. Thacher, whose wit and wisdom are proverbial, opened the way for an informal discussion of moot questions with one of those profoundly wise little speeches for which he is noted, and then called upon Mrs. Watson who responded with her accustomed grace and skill. She was followed by Rev. Mr. Adams in a beautiful little speech full of kindness and breadth of sentiment. Dr. Avery added to the interest of the evening by recounting some of his experiences, and Lyman C. Howe very appropriately closed the conversation with one of his always excellent disquisitions.

The Young People's Progressive Society may feel elated over their closing meeting for the season at McVicker's Theater last Sunday evening. So large an audience has not been seen at a Spiritualist lecture in this city for the past twenty years. The JOURNAL is informed that next fall the Y. P. P. S. intends to inaugurate a lecture series by the best obtainable talent and continue it through the winter.

Mary Shelton Woodhead who sang at Mrs. Watson's lecture gained fresh laurels and new friends on that evening.

Intolerance of Catholics.

The following paragraph is taken from the Catholic Review:

A person who signs himself "A New Subscriber," asks: "May I attend a lecture by Dr. McEllynn?" Certainly not. To do so would be to show disrespect to the Church, to encourage him in his bad course, and to give scandal to all good Catholics. Let that unfortunate man alone. Pray for him, but stay away from the meetings at which he speaks.

"Pray for him, but stay away from the meetings at which he speaks." Assume that he is wrong, and hear nothing that may weaken confidence in the assumption. You may not understand the merits of the discussion, but the Church has pronounced against him and it is your duty to stand by the Church, whether you yourself have any opinions on the subject or not. Your duty is primarily to yield obedience to the priestly hierarchy, not to think and to follow your own convictions. Your eternal happiness depends upon your submission to the Church. Disobedience means damnation. There is ever a device better adapted to destroy all independence and freedom of thought and to make men cringing slaves? The Catholic Church is an anomaly in our American civilization; it is the enemy of intellectual freedom, of true manhood and of human progress.

The Views of Swedenborg.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: After reading in the JOURNAL Professor Elliott Cones' grand lecture on spiritual matters, which in my humble opinion is the most scientific ever delivered on Spiritualism, magnetism and kindred subjects, I collected a few thoughts or ideas from the writings of Swedenborg, which I think will serve as a key to open some of the mysterious natural and spiritual phenomena presented to the public in the above lecture.

ALFRED A. GREEN.

San Francisco, Cal.

DIARY OF SWEDENBORG.

In everything of nature inwardly there is something acting from the spiritual world; unless this were so, nothing in the natural world would actuate the cause and effect; that which acts from the spiritual world in natural things is called life and will. In everything created by God there is reaction; in life alone is there action, and reaction is excited through the action of life; this reaction appears as if it were of the created thing, from the fact that it exists when it is actuated.

From the action alone done by the hands, the angels with a man know his whole quality; note hence the science of palmistry. Heaven and hell, -two opposites that act against each other, from whose action and reaction there results equilibrium. The spiritual impels nature to act, as a living thing impels a dead one. The soul acts in the body and into it, but not through it, and the body acts from itself from the soul.

No happiness of life without active life. The reason why the angels are God's ministers, is that they may be in active life and thence in happiness.

Active thought is the speech of man's spirit. Desire is the activity of life itself, and from the activity of life comes power.

Forms are substances, forces are their activities. Prior things continually decrease in activity and expansion even to ultimate, when their activity and expansion ceases in ultimates.

The activity of love produces the sense of delight; its activity in heaven is with wisdom, and its activity in hell is with insanity. In all conjunction by love there must be action, reception and reaction; the delicious state of a wife's love is acting or action, the state of a husband's wisdom is recipient or reception, and is also reacting or reaction according to perception, and this reaction is perceived by wives with delight in the bosom.

Life is the inmost activity of the love and wisdom that are in God, and are God. Activity itself, regarded in itself is not creatable. Sound, which is the activity of the atmosphere, is not creatable; neither is heat, which is the primary activity. It is from creation that where there are actives, there are also passives; if the actives were creatable like the passives, there would have been no need of a sun. The natural sun consists of created substances, the activity of which produces fire.

The actives of life are called celestial things, and the passives spiritual things. That no effect can exist in the universe without an active and a passive, thus without a marriage. All actives are changes of state and variations of form. In the Hebrew language, powers are meant by the same term as activity. He who knows actual evil induces upon himself a nature thence. Man draws within him into the other life from actual sins, innumerable evils and falsities. No one is punished there for hereditary evils, but for the actual evils that he has himself committed. Evil spirits and geni are only allowed to operate into those things which a man has actually acquired. The evil that a man has contracted by actual life and confirmed in thought even to faith and persuasion, cannot be amended, but remains forever. Actual evil is acquired by thoughts without act. Man should guard against any evil going into actuality; for as soon as there is actuality, it puts on custom and habit, and passes to posterity.

CONCERNING SPEECH OF SPIRITS AND ANGELS. It is in consequence of the correspondence of the speech of thought and the speech of the mouth, that man when he comes after death among spirits knows how to speak in a universal language; thus with spirits, what he had been their language in this world; also he scarce knows any other than that he speaks there as in the world; when, nevertheless the expressions of their speech are not expressions such as man uses in the body, but are ideas, which were the ideas of his thoughts, and in an idea is a multiplicity of things; wherefore a spirit can utter more in a moment than a man can speak in a half an hour, and still there are several things, which are in the same idea, which cannot at all be expressed by bodily speech. The angels who are in heaven speak yet in another way distinct from spirits, for the angels who are in heaven have their speech from intellectual ideas, which by the philosophers are called immaterial ideas; whereas spirits have their speech from ideas of the imagination, which are called material ideas; hence in an idea of the thought of angels there are contained many more things than, spirits can utter by several series of their ideas, besides many things which they cannot express at all; but when a spirit becomes an angel, he is in angelic speech; just as a man, when after death he becomes a spirit in the speech of spirits, and for a like reason. From these considerations it may be manifest what action thought is; that it is the speech of a man's spirit.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"For This Relief Much Thanks."

J. J. MORSE.

The JOURNAL for May 12th contains a noticeable article which calls for some little passing notice, not so much because of its contents, as from the position of its author in contemporary American opinion upon matters psychical. The article in question is entitled "The Signs of the Times," and is apparently, a verbatim publication of an address delivered before the Western Society of Psychical Research, by Professor Elliott Cones, president of the American Theosophical Society.

Eliminating the opening portion of his address, relative to woman, which no doubt, his fair listeners relished highly as, indeed, they had good reason to, the main points of Professor Cones' presentment concerning Spiritualism, will, undoubtedly, produce a profound sensation, with a possible aftermath of criticism from more sources than one. Indeed, it is likely that the professor may find himself subject to a triangular fire directed by Spiritualists, Scientists and Theosophists alike. Be the above as it may the fact will remain that each class referred to can peruse this address with almost equal interest.

Probably the most important part of the matter will be in the unconditional admission of the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism. "Substantially true as alleged, are the professor's words, which are frankly made. In stating his position the professor says: "Let me not be misunderstood, and hereafter I mean to say that everything in Spiritualism is true, or flat all the instances of the alleged phenomena are genuine; far from that! When I say that the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism are substantially true as alleged, I mean each one of the several different kinds or classes of physical manifestations of phenomena, as a fact does occur. Granted that most public exhibitions, particularly of that stupider of phenomena, materialization, are fraudulent, knowingly, wilfully and shamefully intended to deceive; granted that most of the rest are obscure, perplexed and unsatisfactory, or resulted to any investigation, though not intentionally fictitious; granted that yet others are illusory or delusive, and wholly misinterpreted; with all these admissions, and all these grave admissions, for the evidence or through erroneous conclusions, yet the evidence not thus set aside in a vast array of natural phenomena which cannot be explained away—cannot be met

aside, and have not yet been explained to the satisfaction of science or of average everyday common sense. We do not know, in fine, what these phenomena mean, unless, indeed, a tremendous admission again—they mean what they say!"

That the phenomena "mean what they say, when they assert the reality of communication with spirits, is evidently what the professor means, as he states in the following excerpt:

"Do I then believe in spirits and spirit intercourse? Assuredly I do. For am I not a spirit, too, like every one of you? and do I not communicate with this visible world by my natural body, my visible without being thereby shut out from my spiritual prerogative of communicating with such other spirits as I can reach, on another plane, by the spiritual body appropriate to that plane of existence? Ask me for my authority for this statement, and I point first to the ascertained facts of psychic science; but if other authority be acceptable, I may quote one whom not many may be inclined to dispute when I repeat the solemn words: 'There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.'"

It would appear, then, that the position occupied by Professor Cones is on all fours with that in which every sober minded rational Spiritualist stands in? And that so far as facts lead us—justly and warrantably—he is a Spiritualist. He advises us to adhere to a careful, conservative and scientific mode of procedure—in a word, to be sure of our facts, then go ahead.

Brilliant and able we have long known Professor Cones to be, and doubtless, honest withal. His recent admissions now discover him brave as well. With equal frankness let me add my testimony to a quality none too large among gentlemen of his cloth and training. Those who occupy irresponsible positions scarcely know the courage demanded for a public avowal of belief in unpopular facts. To what extent the professor will reap advantage for his apparent frankness is an open question.

The remarks concerning animal magnetism contained in the address under notice were quite in accord with the experiences of practitioners any time these fifty years past, which have also been verified in many cases by experiments made by the writer of these lines. The words of caution were none too few, or none too emphatic.

Considering to whom the address was delivered its conception and arrangement were admirably suited to the occasion, but is the Professor coltish to stand with feet planted, one on Spiritualism and 't'other on Theosophy? Can his admission of spirit intercourse be made to square with the state of life hereafter presented by Theosophy—that *Kama-loka* is the realm from which the Theosophists assert the great majority (possibly all?) of their alleged "communications" come from—that realm being the home of "shells," "sleazoids, and victims of accidents." True, the *Kama-loka* affords its inhabitants *devachan* or *avichi* (good or bad states), while as to the souls passage, by re-embodiments in this life or other worlds—up to *sapa-loka* and *arupa-loka* nothing need be said herein, except to suggest that there does not seem to be that harmony between the professor's admissions *re* Spiritualism before the Western Society of Psychical Research, and the ideas it may be presumed he holds as President of the A. T. S.? The result will be that, as no man can serve two masters, nor sit on two stools at the same time, the very interesting address under notice will fall to give earnest, rational Spiritualists, as much satisfaction as would at first reading appear, while Theosophists may possibly think their able champion is in danger of conversion from their tenets?

However, that Professor Cones has openly admitted the possibility of our facts, thereby showing that he is amenable to evidence in our direction, must "go upon the record," and to that extent at least, therefore, hereafter, he can not be counted as a foe to our facts, even if anomalous as it may seem to some of us,—he yet remains a Theosophist. On this account, then, Spiritualists may, perhaps, echo the line at the head of this, and in the words of a keener mind than ours, say to the Professor: "For this relief, much thanks!"

One word more, it will be a sad and dangerous word when "authority" battles any question of fact in our ranks. If wavering Spiritualists standing on the verge of Theosophy, are tickled back to our belief through the endorsement of those eminent in outside sciences—as is Professor Cones—then have they but illly digested the lesson of our forty years' experiences, which is: Our knowledge of our facts depends upon personal observation and verification. There is no connection between the teachings of Spiritualism and Theosophy as to the interpretation of facts of the elucidation of philosophy, therefore; "Let every tub stand on its own bottom." San Francisco, Cal.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit life at the residence of her son, John B. C. Taber, in the City of Dallas, Texas, on Tuesday the 22nd inst., aged 81 years, 4 months and 8 days, Mrs. Caroline A. Taber, wife of Dr. B. C. Taber. The deceased was born at Plymouth, in the State of Massachusetts, Jan. 14th, 1807. Her father was Lieut. John C. Briggs, a Unitarian minister, who in the early part of the present century was well and favorably known throughout the State of Massachusetts and others of the New England States. She deceased whenever known was highly esteemed because of her daily upright life and goodness of heart. She died as she had lived a firm believer in the doctrine of Spiritualism. Besides her husband and two sons, the late daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Thomas of Mount City, all have an abiding and cheering faith grounded on their belief, that there is no death, but simply transition from one state of existence to another, and that we where we shall know and recognize each other as in this life. J. LINDEGAR.

Knights of Pythias Excursion to Cincinnati, June 12th!!

Stupendous convalescence of Sir Knights!! The Pythian army in dazzling armor!! A scene of medieval splendor!! 15,000 uniformed and well-drilled Knights in line!! Gigantic military competition drilled!! Magnificent and costly prizes to the victors!! Cincinnati in holiday attire for the festival season!! Vestibule trains and Low Rates from Chicago!! The Illinois Brigade (uniform rank) has contracted with the Monon Route (L. N. A. & C. and C. & D. Railways) for transportation at barely one cent per mile, and a special train of elegant Pullman Buffet Sleepers and Palace Coaches will leave Dearborn Station, Chicago, Tuesday, June 12, at 7:30 P. M., with the Knights and their friends. Other trains will follow, giving ample accommodations to all. Tickets will also be good going and returning on regular train. The low rate for the Monon Route will attract visitors from all portions of the north-west.

Sail For All.

No part of the west is attracting more attention than central Kansas, particularly the city of Hutchinson. The immense deposits of salt underlying the city is rapidly making it a center of trade, and is bound to make it a city of Kansas. It seems to us, after a personal visit, that no section of the country offers such inducements for investors and young men seeking a good opening. It is a model town in every respect, having modern conveniences that many old eastern cities four times its size do not enjoy. Let parties interested in the development of the west, and wishing to locate in a new city, write for information to A. L. Forsha & Son.

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The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychic phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents. Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

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CHICAGO.

A Medium's Meeting, conducted by Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton, will be held on Sunday afternoons, at 2:30 o'clock, in Apollo Hall, 528 West Madison Street, entrance on Bishop Court. Good meals will be present and tea evening.

The Young People's Progressive Society, meets in Martini's Hall, corner Indiana Avenue and 22nd Street, Sunday evenings at 7:45. The best of speakers are engaged.

The Society Side. The best of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd street.

The Chicago Association of Universal, Radical, Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums meets in Spirit's Liberty Hall, 517 West Madison Street, every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M. The public cordially invited. Admission five cents.

The Young People's Spiritual Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 P. M. in Apollo Hall, 2780 State Street. First class speakers always in attendance.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 123 West 43rd Street, New York.

The Peoples' Spiritual Meeting has removed to Columbia Hall, 574 4th Ave., formerly at Spencer Hall, 14th St., services every Sunday at 7:45 P. M. and 7:45 evening.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall, during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 159. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Parted.

HELEN M. COMSTOCK.

"O God! can it be eternal?" Will it reach Lethe's waters o'er Far into the realms beyond? Parted, to meet nevermore?

The wind-harp breathes fairly music By lightest of zephyrs fanned; And soul-chorus thrills as sweetly Touched by Love's magical hand.

But music is made imperfect, If played o'er a broken string; And Love's low notes are discordant, If sorrow hath hidden sing.

Can life, bereft of all beauty, Be aught but a thing of naught? Can hearts that live but for duty, Blossom like flowers of spring?

Must spirits akin to sorrow, Bear always a weight of woe? Must souls, tho' parted forever, Ne'er drink waters sweet waters flow?

Aye! memory's fount is sparkling, Far down in its crystal deeps, With gems which the past has garnered, And Love's mists faithfully keeps.

While these are carefully treasured, Life surely hath more than a zest; While time with beauty touches, Rare scenes with joy so replete;

The sun-bright halo still lingers, And lessens the heart's deep gloom; The drooping buds of affection, In richest fragrance rebloom.

The future may stretch all barren, Far out o'er a trackless waste; But still there will be oases, With emerald beauty graced.

When life's pure waters are gushing, So clear from their deep, cool bed, We could drink and love forever, Sure angels our feet have led.

Then why, O soul! in thy sorrow, Bow down 'neath a weight of woe? Tho' life's greatest need be denied thee, The Father hath willed it so;

And Time, the discipline over, Shall bring thee such perfect joy, As only purified natures Can sever from earth's alloy.

O no! 'twill not be eternal, This parting that hurts so sore; If here comes not the glad meeting, 'Twill be on a fairer shore.

Rochelle, April, 1888.

"These words: 'O God! can it be eternal?' were wrung from the very soul of one who had been carried far down the sloping hillside of life, faster by grief than years, as he was about to be separated from all to him most dear.

Tuley on Religious Freedom.

Shall we have a construction by a secular court of the efficacy of infant baptism? Shall judicial interpretation be given the United States upon the soundness of the doctrine of purgatory?

It was recently held by the court of appeals in New York that a provision made by a testator for the purpose of having masses said for the repose of his soul was in violation of the constitution. It is a fundamental provision that the American Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The Catholic, like the Calvinist, may believe, unquestioned by any secular authority, in the eternal damnation of the spiritually lost. Unlike the Calvinist, he may hold that mercy has so far tempered justice that freedom is free from mortal taint, but a cleansing of venal offenses which is made in purgatory, and that the period of detention in that state may be shortened by appeals for mercy from the altar upon which the sacrifice of the mass is made. Such belief exists, and conscious of the human frailty which makes the just man fall seven times a day, a human creature, apprehensive of the torment and the agonies of hell, may seek to provide that after his death some portion of his estate shall be used for his welfare. It is not for a secular court in the United States to assume to decide whether or not the doctrine is absurd, the practice preposterous. The fact remains that in the free exercise of his religion the testator proposes a means to an end which seems to him rational and desirable. Upon what ground, does a court assume to invalidate such provision, does a court assume to invade technical and entirely at variance with the constitutional guaranty of religious freedom.

In most states the common law as it existed in England prior to the fourth year of James I. was adopted as the law of the land. During the reign of Elizabeth seven statutes known as anti-papist acts were passed by parliament. Among them was a provision that such bequests as the New York court seeks to render ineffectual shall be illegal. Aside from its intrinsic interest which may be felt in the question it receives local attention from the fact that Judge Murray F. Tuley, of Cook County Circuit Court, criticizes the decision of the New York court in a letter to Mr. Osahan, which has been published in an eastern print. In Judge Tuley's opinion so much of the common law as is not applicable to the States is not operative here, and that the guaranty of religious freedom, which is not found in the common law of England or its constitution, so changes our status that no law of Elizabeth respecting the exercise of religion can be made to apply here. The relation of the particular bequest to the exercise of religion is the chief object sought by religion in the saying of a man's soul, and if his religion teaches him that the saying of masses may aid in the saving of that soul, how can it be said that there is a free exercise of his religion when he is not permitted to give his own money to save his own soul? He may give or bequeath his money to build churches in which it is taught that masses are necessary and effective to that end; but he can not bequeath his money to pay for the saying of such masses.

What of the suggestion of public policy? Judge Tuley's remark is sound and sagacious: "If judges are to decide on the grounds of public policy, then the guaranty of freedom of religion found in the constitution, national and state, amounts to nothing. When a judge is driven to 'public policy' as a ground of his decision I always think of the saying of Justice Burroughs, of England: 'Public policy is an unruly horse, which, if a judge unwarily mounts, ten to one he is run away with.'" - Chicago Times.

The Boston Herald (April 25th) contains a long account of a "ghost fraud." Since some unknown correspondent has sent me the paper, I presume it is considered to be of interest to my readers. I hardly think so. It is no new thing upon the earth that knaves should trade on the credulity of fools. It is not necessary either to say that Spiritualism is the happy hunting ground of the fraudulent, or that it has been so ever since the vagrant charlatan cast his eyes on the average frequenter of dark scenes and marked him down as his prey. It will be as unprofitable as the average frequenter of dark scenes, or in insufficient light, are discountenanced and discontinued. The particular case to which the Herald devotes so much space is no worse than those which have preceded it. It is characterized by that vulgarity, audacity and disregard for any feelings of reverence and respect for sacred things, such as may be supposed to be the common property of humanity, which, we sadly feel, Spiritualism, in this aspect of it, holds almost a monopoly. The show from beginning to end, as the account in the Herald reads, seems to have been a gross parody on anything fitly called Spiritualism, and a common fraud on some very credulous people. And that is all. - M. A. (Oxon.) in Light, London.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

A Chat With a Prominent Disciple—His Opinion of Theosophy and Fraud.

J. J. Morse, of London, England, who delivered the address at the funeral of the late J. L. Grover, is one of the most prominent Spiritualists in the world. For the past year he has been engaged in lecturing before the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society in San Francisco, occupying Mrs. E. L. Watson's desk owing to the latter's illness. Morse, before coming to San Francisco lectured in New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Brooklyn. He also corresponds with the English journals devoted to the teachings of Spiritualism. At present he has classes in San Francisco in which mediumship is developed.

On Tuesday evening a Sentinel reporter interviewed the gentleman, and asked, "What is the object of the society which you represent?" "The object," replied the gentleman, "is the dissemination of the philosophy and teaching of Spiritualism in relation to the higher needs of human nature. There are in this country ten million Spiritualists, and in the whole world about twenty million, who are out and out believers, and many more who do not show their colors."

"What do the modern Spiritualists believe in?" asked the reporter. "We believe in the conscious personal immortality of man, and the base of the whole is communion between the two worlds. To realize that we are dependent on what is called 'mediumship,' which is a condition of sensitiveness that renders some people susceptible to the influence of spirits. Everybody can not be a medium, but a great majority are liable to be influenced."

"Mediumship is a thing to be very carefully and judiciously developed. It is not always proper to disclose to people, and it sometimes the reverse. The practical object that I would as a Spiritualist, strongly emphasize, is the scientific verification of the phenomena. Let the inquirer take nothing for granted, but prove by psychic fact; by the same methodical examination as he would any fact pertaining to physical things; in fact, follow the scientific and practical method. The Spiritualist has nothing to gain by subterfuge, and considering the universal state of uncertainty and doubt concerning the future life, the immense importance of any evidence to elucidate the future is at once apparent to every thinking mind. In fact, all prejudices, either scientific or theological, should be laid aside and the question entered upon in regard to its merits simply. Professor Coues, of Washington, D. C., recently said in Chicago that modern Spiritualism was alike the help of religion and the despair of science, which is truly the case."

"To my mind the present day phenomena give the strongest support to what we call the intricacies recorded in religious history, while the revelation, of what one might almost call an extra-natural world, with its forces, present a problem to the scientific man that he is incapable of solving so long as he confines himself to merely the mechanical and chemical solution of the phenomena of the world and man."

"We are investigators and willing to learn. We do not claim that we have solved every problem in this question. It is possible that exuberant enthusiasm may at times lead us to rash conclusions, just the same as any subject in everyday life. When we make the discovery that such is the case we are always willing to rectify our frontier line."

"Do you believe in slate writing?" "We believe in the possibility of the manifestation as expressed in slate writing, and other phenomena called spiritual. While we believe they are possible and do occur, that does not necessarily mean that they occur in every case. We are opposed to trickery and knavery of every kind—all we want is truth, and consider every medium who cheats and tricks his friends or patrons is as much deserving the attention of the law as any other swindler."

"I believe in the test mediumship of John Slater and Ada Foye, and of the similar character. Do you believe in theosophy?" "I might answer that by saying yes and no. However, I believe in the good intentions of the theosophists. To be a theosophist one must necessarily be a Spiritualist, as one follows the other in the opinion of theosophists. I can't say that I believe in theosophy. Virtually, in my opinion, theosophy is built upon the philosophy and experience of Spiritualism, and it is but another department of a many-sided subject."

"Do you have any controversy with religious bodies?" "Contrary to religious bodies is beside the question, as the question is one of fact, although these things occasionally occur. When that fact is settled it is for each individual to decide for himself the value and bearing of the result of the test. Mr. Morse said that he was delighted with his visit to Santa Cruz, and considered it the prettiest place he had ever seen. Before bidding the reporter "good night" he informed him that he (the reporter) would make a good medium, as his clairvoyant abilities are largely developed, and he also had the power to heal by the laying on of hands."

Mr. Morse returned to San Francisco Wednesday morning. - Santa Cruz (Cal.) Daily Sentinel.

HE SAW IT IN A DREAM.

Fatal Accident on the Boston & Maine Foretold to a Railroad Man.

"Speaking about dreams, I can give you a story of one I had once that left a lasting impression upon my mind," said David Whelton, the foreman of the Boston & Maine roundhouse, as a Globe reporter sat in the main office at the Globe building, and he gave him the following account of a "good night" he had had. "I am a workingman, and the Globe stands up for our interests every time. But the dream was as follows: "Thirty-five years ago I was working for the Boston & Maine on the Reading section. The section foreman, with whom I boarded, was my uncle, Tim Canby, who holds the same position there. There were two other men in the office, one of whom, Patrick Kelly, is still alive in Reading, and will join with my uncle in vouching for the truth of my story. One night, after finishing my day's work, I retired as usual, and in my sleep had the following dream: I thought I had arisen the following morning, and while we were going to the place where we were to make some repairs in the track, on a curve about a mile and a half beyond Reading, we came upon a passenger train in the ditch. I remember how vividly the whole scene came before me, and how we at once went to work digging the dead and wounded out of the wreck and piling them on the hand-car and carrying them to the village."

"Of awaking I arose and told my aunt what an impression the dream had made upon me. She laughed and told me it was unlikely to tell a dream before breakfast. I then went into the yard and told it to my uncle, and on going to work I told it to the other section hands and expressed my opinion that the dream was a presentiment of evil, but they 'poo-pooed' it until we came to the curve I saw in my dream, when, on rounding it, what was our surprise to find a wreck just as I had dreamed of."

"A passenger train, drawn by the engine Hinckley, No. 45, with Joseph Langley engineer and Daniel Smart conductor, lay in the ditch. The train consisted of four passenger cars and a baggage car. There were no smoking cars on those days, and the baggage car was filled with laborers going to their work. This car was turned completely over, and the heavy flooring and trucks had pinned many of the men down, killing some and injuring others severely. I at once went back for doctors, and the rest went to work digging out the injured and piling them on the hand-car, exactly as in my dream."

"The immediate fulfilling of my dream caused a great sensation, and, as I had related it in detail to a number before we went to work, no doubt could be raised in the minds of any as to the truth of the story." Mr. Whelton has been at work on the Boston & Maine for about 35 years, with the exception of two years during the war, when he was in the cavalry service. He has charge of over fifty engines and oversees about a dozen men. He is one of the most trusted men on the road, and all who come in contact with him testify as to the confidence which can be placed in his veracity. This dream had made such an impression on him that he is a firm believer in the reliability of dreams in general. He can be seen any evening at the roundhouse, where he and Mr. Higgins, who has general charge of affairs, show every courtesy to visitors. - Boston Globe.

Materialization—A Doctor's Suggestions for Crucial Tests.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The most invariable exposure, soon or later, of every public materializing medium, naturally occasions deep anguish of mind among all Spiritualists. It places their sacred belief in spirit-communication in so unassured a light, that their very heart of hearts becomes painfully faceted. Experience, sadly manifold, discloses the existence of impostors heartless enough to literally steal heaven's fire to serve the devil's common with. I think that our duty to repel repetition of such hell-begotten recalcitration is impossible."

I shall not dilate on this phase of this important question. My object to-day is merely to propose the application of some simple instruments that would unfailingly detect the smallest irregularity on the medium's part, plainly recording them to view. One of these is the pneumograph, which can be readily attached to the medium's chest, in a manner to record the nature of each and every respiration. The instrument is small, and would in no manner interfere with all legitimate motions and emotions. An even steady respiration, without "suspicious motions," is plainly shown by equally even and steady curves traced by this detective. In other words, if the medium really is the passive party as claimed, the recording instrument will be an innocently regular guide. But if irregularities of the track-drawing, self-vibrating, body-shifting and like "emotional motions" are practiced, then said "curve" (drawn by the pneumograph) will show in tell-tale "hops, skips and jumps" the true status of things in general, and of the medium in special.

Again, we might make satisfactory use of the Sphygmograph (sphygmometer), or "pulse-recorder," an instrument that truthfully marks in peculiar curves the exact nature of every heart's beat, or rather of every arterial pulsation, the same as does the pneumograph, or "respiration-recorder" of the lung's motions. It is not here to explain either instrument, or the exact manner of the use. I solely wish to call attention to the desirability of employing already existing appliances of their kind, that cannot possibly interfere with the spirit-communication, and which would be a plain and simple method of testing the truthfulness of the medium. True media will hail as friends such trustworthy and unbiased exponents to their worth and honor. Spiritualists are sadly given to snubbing science. Why not use science's own instruments to convince science with? DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wis.

Defaming the Dead.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

We should always have conclusive evidence of any statement reflecting on the honesty of anyone who has passed beyond the power of self-defense in this world. An Illinois lady recently informed me that a person in her neighborhood had recently returned from California, and reported that they were told while in Santa Ana that Mrs. Mott, just before her death, said that Mr. Mott's sances were all a fraud. That she, Mrs. Mott, was a ventriloquist, and by this power had made Mr. Mott's reputation as a medium."

I am very sorry I have been unable to bring this defamatory of a noble woman's character home to the proper person, and to bring it to the attention of the public before the public."

The whole idea is entirely false. I have it direct from the lips of Mrs. B. J. Salisbury who was with Mrs. Mott almost constantly during the last two days of her earthly life, and who is ready, if necessary, to make affidavit to the same, that not only did Mrs. Mott not intimate any such idea, but by many forms of expression, to her last breath, gave positive evidence of her belief in Spiritualism, and of the genuineness of Mr. Mott's mediumship. She took great comfort in the thought that she would soon join her loved children in the Spirit-world. Mr. and Mrs. Mott came direct to my house from Los Angeles, and she was removed from my house to more commodious quarters where she passed on. I am intimately acquainted with the two nurses who attended her, and they, too, gave positive evidence of her belief in Spiritualism, and of the genuineness of Mr. Mott's mediumship. She took great comfort in the thought that she would soon join her loved children in the Spirit-world. 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Death and Afterwards.

(Continued from First Page.)
SHADOWS OF THE FUTURE.

Moreover those new materials and surroundings of the farther being would bring a more intense and varied as well as a higher existence. Man is less superior to the sensitive plant now than his re-embodied spirit would probably then be to his present personality. Nor does anything except ignorance and despondency forbid the belief that the senses so etherealized and enhanced, and so fitly adapted to the fine combinations of advanced entity, would discover without much amazement sweet and friendly societies springing from, but proportionately upraised above, the old associations; art divinely elevated, science splendidly expanding; bygone loves and sympathies explaining and obtaining their purposes; activities set free for realer cosmic service; abandoned hopes realized at last; despaired of joys come magically within ready reach; regrets and repentances softened by wider knowledge, surer foresight, and the discovery that though in this universe nothing can be "forgiven," everything may be repaid and repaired. In such a stage, though little removed relatively from this, the widening of faith, delight and love (and therefore of virtue which depends on these) would be very large. Everywhere would be discerned the fact, if not the full mystery of continuity of evolution, and of the never ending progress in all that lives toward beauty, happiness and use without limit. To call such a life "Heaven" or the "Hereafter" is a concession to the illusions of speech and thought, for these words imply locality and time, which are but provisional conceptions. It would rather be a state, a plane of faculties, to expand again into other and higher states or planes; the slowest and lowest in the race of life coming in last, but each—everywhere—finally attaining. After all, as Shakespeare so merrily hints, "That that is, is," and when we look into blue of the sky we actually see visible infinity. When we regard the stars of midnight we veritably perceive the mansions of nature, countless and illimitable; so that even our narrow senses receive our timid minds. If such shadows of the future be ever so faintly cast from real existences, fear and care might, at one word, pass from the minds of men, as evil dreams depart from little children waking to their mother's kiss; and all might feel how mysteriously the poet was who wrote of that first mysterious night on earth, which showed the unexpected stars; when—

And lo! Creation, with the host of heaven came,
And his spirit widened on man's view!
Who could have thought such marvels lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or insect could reveal—
Whist! flower and leaf and insood stood revealed—
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shrub death with anxious blind?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life.

An Indian Spirit Gave Important Information in the Famous Jumel Will Case.

PHOEBE CHAMPLIN HULL.

Recently, while looking over old papers I came across some memoranda, which forcibly remind me of a curious experience I had some years ago, and which in these times of doubt and criticism on all spiritual matters, it may be well to make public, being a part of the unwritten history of Spiritualism, which, probably, is very abundant, did we but know it. This experience will be very interesting, clearly showing the presence of spirit-power, and its ability to give information on matters entirely beyond the knowledge of all connected, hence no mind reading possible in this case.

Your readers, many of them at least, have heard or read accounts of the famous Jumel litigation which lingered in the courts of New York City for several years; the last trial of which my story deals, occurring about the year 1872, and which at that time created great interest and excitement. Madame Jumel (a widow) died in her famous mansion in New York City, in July, 1865, 90 years old. She possessed a large property, valued at the time at about \$6,000,000. When a girl she resided in Providence, R. I., and was, during the later part of last century, a member of the family of Major Ballan, Chief of Staff and personal friend of Gen. Geo. Washington. While still unmarried and a member of this family she gave birth to a son. This, according to record, occurred in 1794. Later, about the year 1800, she went to New York to reside, and deserted this boy, whom Mr. Ballan brought up. She there made the acquaintance of a young Frenchman, the nephew of Madame Jumel, whom she married in 1804. Mr. Jumel died in 1832, leaving no children and his wife the sole possessor of all his vast estate. Madame Jumel afterward married the noted Aaron Burr, from whom she was divorced, taking back the name of Jumel. Mr. Charles O'Connor was her attorney in divorce proceedings.

This boy of hers, to whom she had given the name of George Washington Bowen (her maiden name was Betsy Bowen) continued to live in Providence, and knew but little about his mother. After her death, about all the Bowsens living in Rhode Island and Massachusetts came forward to claim her estate. In their search for the Bowen tribe, they unearthed this son who was now quite an old man, and wealthy. After these people had failed to prove their claim, this son was induced to come forward and make claim to her property on the legal ground that a natural child could inherit from the mother in absence of other children. My father who had known this boy from babyhood, and had been his friend during his life, now became the most important witness for the plaintiff, and the only living witness that could testify that this man was her son; he distinctly remembered her showing him her baby when he (father) was a wife of a lady. The case was tried two or three times, resulting in a disagreement of the jury. This last case was brought in the U. S. Court, Judge Shipman presiding. The legal talent engaged on both sides consisted of noted lawyers: Ex Judge G. I. Tucker, Levi S. Chatfield (ex-Attorney General), Channacey Schaffer, ex-Judge Geo. F. Hoar of Massachusetts, appearing for plaintiff, and Charles O'Connor and James C. Carter for defendant.

My father then about 80 years old, was kept on the witness stand five whole days in succession, most of the time being consumed by Charles O'Connor on cross-examination. Every effort was made to break down his testimony and test his memory, which was remarkable on all occasions of his childhood. It was all in vain. In the after part of the trial, by the merest accident, I, who was in Providence at the time, came across the trail of detectives searching for evidence to break this testimony of father. My father and his brothers had always disputed about their ages,—it happening when all were young, that after their father and mother died, and a fire just after burnt up all their effects

with the records of births; this fact was being hunted down. Thoroughly aroused in defense of father, whom I considered had been treated rather inhumanly by Mr. O'Connor, I followed in the trail of these men, and found all they had discovered. I went to New York as quickly as possible and informed Mr. Tucker of what was being done. He asked, "What can you do?" I suggested bringing in as witnesses the oldest member of each family (my father's brothers were all dead) which would strengthen father's testimony on that point. I secured the witnesses and took them on at the proper time, and, of course, got much interested in the case myself. While attending court one day some doctor's account books were offered by the defendant, showing that another family of Bowsens had a daughter of the same name as Betsy Bowen, the girl who afterwards became Madame Jumel, had lived in Providence at the same time and in same part of the city. This was intended to show that this other Betsy Bowen must be the mother of this man. After adjournment of court that day, Mr. Tucker said to me, "I must go immediately to Providence to find testimony about this other woman, for a rebuttal." He said he would employ a detective there, and asked if I would go and help them. I consented and the next morning reported to him in Providence ready for work. He gave me the only clue known. This other Betsy Bowen had married a man named Abner Metcalf, who was a leather dresser. We each spent three days in different directions. Advertisements were inserted in all the papers, with rewards for information; all the old records, account books of men in, that business 70 and 80 years before, and all the old people we could find were interviewed, and not a trace could we discover of such people. Mr. Tucker gave up, obliged to return to New York. Before leaving he said to me: "I leave it in your hands. Do the best you can, but I have not much hope. Mr. O'Connor never ventured to put that evidence in until he was sure we could find nothing to rebut it." I persevered another whole day, at the end of which I felt tired out and sick, as well as discouraged. Before going home that night, I concluded to call on an aunt of mine. She had been one of the earliest trance mediums, and had one of those famous faithful Indian controls. My thought was to have him give me an examination and prescribe what I ought to do for myself when I got home for the night.

This aunt knew nothing of what I was doing or interested in, it being thought best to keep the business entirely to ourselves. I asked if she would give me an examination, to which she readily consented; and soon entered, the Indian commenced talking to me. Instead of looking into my physical condition, he began at once on the mental, and much to my surprise told me what I had been doing. I said to him, "Yes, you are right, but I am discouraged. There are plenty of people over there on your side who know all about this business, if they know anything. I should think they might come and tell me what I want so much to know. You ought to be able to find them."

Said he: "Maybe me can. Wait; we will see." So I waited, the medium keeping perfectly quiet and not speaking for some time. After while he said: "Me see, hanging right before you, a big key."

"Well, what does that mean, I asked?"
"Wait. Maybe me tell you."
"Said he said: 'Now me see this right above the key: C-h-a-c-e.'"
"That spells Chace," said I; "and you are on the wrong track; that is the name of the defendant in this case, only he spells his name 's-e' instead of 'c-e.'"
"No, me right, not mean that."
"Well, what do you mean," I asked.
He said: "That name is the key to what you want to find."

I asked: "Do you mean me to understand that I must find a person named Chace, who can tell me all?"
"Yes, yes."
"That is not very definite," I said, "for there must be about a thousand of them in this State. Can't you be more particular? Tell me what Chace."
"No, can't see any more."
So I had to give it up and make the most of it.

By this time I had entirely forgotten I was sick, and without stopping to explain matters to my aunt, I started off home. The next morning I enquired of father if he knew of any very old person by the name of Chace.
"Yes," he said, "there is old Bill Chace, I don't know as he is living now; it is a good many years since I saw him and he is a good deal older than I am. I knew him when I was a boy. The last I know he lived up in North Providence."

"What was his business," I enquired.
"He used to be a leather dresser," he said.
"Ah!" I thought to myself, "Mr. Indian may be right after all."
"Off I started as soon as I had breakfasted, and making enquiries I learned where I had to go to find Mr. Chace, if alive. I reached a team and drove out to this house; on reaching there an old gentleman sat by the window looking out. He proved to be Mr. Wm. Chace, then over 90 years old. I told him I was trying to find a man or his family by the name of Abner Metcalf. Could he give me any information. I told him how long ago it was since anything had been known of them.

"Yes, I know all about him," he said. "I ought to, we were dressers-in-law. I learned my trade of leather dresser of him. He carried on the business then, I married his sister. Afterward I bought out his business, and he moved with his family to Massachusetts. He married Betsy Bowen, and they had one daughter who died. They are all dead now, died many, many years ago, and are all buried in Massachusetts," telling just where I could find their graves. There was only one other relative living who knew anything about these matters, a sister, very aged, and totally blind. She lived in Peabody, Massachusetts. I took my notes, asked the old gentleman if he was willing to give his testimony. He said, "Yes," and thanking him, I left, going at once to the telegraph office and sending to Mr. Tucker this message: "Eureka! Will see you to-morrow morning."
At nine o'clock the next morning I was in Mr. Tucker's office, where I told the lawyers on the plaintiff's side. I met them my story and how I obtained my clue.
"Wonderful, wonderful," all said.
Application was made to the court and a Commission appointed to go to Rhode Island and Massachusetts to take the testimony, the witnesses being too aged and infirm to leave home. Mr. Levi Chatfield, and myself, Mr. James C. Carter and clerk, as well as plot, all went to take this testimony. The evidence when all collected proved that this Betsy Bowen had married Mr. Metcalf as early as 1792; had a daughter born in 1804, the same year Geo. Washington Bowen was born. All were dead except these few whom

I had found through this spirit communication. When Judge Hoar, of Massachusetts, summed up for the plaintiff, he spent two days going over the testimony. In that speech, when alluding to this evidence, which had been so complete he said: "Before our learned friend, Mr. O'Connor, ever dared present this Bowen evidence in this court, he had raked Rhode Island with a fine toothed comb, and thought nothing was to be found by which we could rebut it; but our evidence is complete; it forever overthrows the idea that this plaintiff is any other than the son of Betsy Bowen, who afterward became Madame Jumel." At last it was so admitted by the defendants. The case was lost to the plaintiff so far as the property was concerned, though he proved his birth. The Judge instructed the jury to bring in a verdict for the defendant, because Madame Jumel possessed no property when she died, therefore there was none for the plaintiff to inherit; some papers they called deeds having been put in evidence in the last days of the trial, showing that Mr. and Mrs. Jumel had transferred all their property to a third person many years before Mr. Jumel's death. The fact remained that Madame Jumel survived her husband 33 years, and all that time had retained exclusive control and possession. Let any one answer who can. Whence came this information given me in this curious way?
New York, May, 1888.

What is Theosophy?

SUSIE E. HIBBERT, 2ND DEGREE, F. T. S.

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Theosophy is derived from two Greek words, *Theos*, meaning God, and *Sophia*, meaning Wisdom. Theosophia or Sophia is the wisdom of God, or Divine wisdom. Theosophy is at once a science and a religion. It is the science that embraces the phenomena, laws and principles of all sciences. The religion that contains the absolute truths underlying the creeds of all religions of all ages and peoples since the making of the world. It is as old as the sun; as young as the dawn. It evolves from the microcosm and explains the macrocosm. While mortal in manifestation, it is immortal in essence. "It is the light shining in the darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not." Its truth was hidden behind the veil of Isis, was clothed within the sacred Lotus of the Buddha, was guarded in the temples of Greece and Rome, was carved upon the golden sun of Montezuma, and was crucified upon the cross with Jesus Christ. Theosophia—Divine daughter of God!—calls aloud to all the world in this New Cycle, and proclaims in her very name her glorious origin and certain destiny!

The ancient Initiates or adepts were the discoverers and conservators of all the sciences of ancient times, and also the guardians and teachers of all the religions of the past. To the Initiates there never was and never can be any conflict between true science and true religion. But the ancient adept gave neither his knowledge of nature, nor of the gods to the people. There was an esoteric science, and an esoteric religion jealously guarded by the few, for the few who proved themselves worthy. Only after long years of study, of pure and holy living, and of the most terrible and painful ordeals was the seeker for divine wisdom admitted to the inner sanctuary. Few are they who can be entrusted with the awful powers that come from occult knowledge of the *Atma Bruta* till they have risen to the comprehension of the sublime mysteries of the *Atma Divina*. "Cast not thy pearls before swine, nor give that which is holy to the dogs." To gain admission to the higher secrets of the adepts is as difficult to day as it was in the times of Pythagoras or of Christ, though the time for revealing many secrets hidden for thousands of years is now at hand. Theosophy and theology have nothing in common. The former is knowledge making belief secure; the latter is belief based on ignorance. Theosophy teaches no creed, and seeks no converts. It explains all esoteric religions, but teaches none. It has a secret doctrine, and that he who seeks rightly may find.

The mystic grasps not only the immutable and relentless laws of the material world, but also the equally unvarying, inexorable and higher laws of the spiritual universe. The adept, both ancient and modern, reads the most occult pages in the book of nature, commands forces utterly unknown to modern science, scans the hearts of men and demons, and holds converse with the Gods. The most learned cosmopolitan is at best but a citizen of the world; the adept is a citizen of the universe, and can live alike in the world of causes, and the world of effects, in the here and the hereafter. And do we mean to say that all the Theosophists know the secrets of all sciences, and have the key to every mystery of the soul? No! a thousand times no! As well might one say that every philosopher is a Newton or a La Place, every naturalist a Darwin or Hæckel, every musician a Mozart or Beethoven. But our claims seem startling enough to some. They are so high, wide and deep, that Science seers, Religion repudiates and Ignorance ignores them. But Theosophists heed none of these things. They live in time as though it were eternity, and are as sure of eternity as they are of time. Though they may have caught but the faintest echo of the divine harmony, that echo wraps the soul in abiding calm. A great western mystic beautifully defines "reason as the eye of the mind and intuition as the eye of the soul." The Theosophist walks the paths of truth with both these windows of his being wide open, and turned to the source of all light; and knows himself a son of God returning to his Father! And also knows that in that long journey, he shall gather all knowledge, both of earth and heaven, and attain to all the joys and powers, both of men and angels! He believes in absolute love and absolute wisdom, because he knows the laws of absolute justice that rule the universe. There can be no such thing as perfect love without perfect justice. The Gnostic alone, of all men, can tell you why "It is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one jot or tittle of the law to fail." Because he knows the law that gathers his strength for the evil days that soon must fall upon mankind, because the power now held by the classes is used to oppose and suppress the rights of the masses. As every adept can read in the astral light, he knows the future when he wills. Thus, soop you will hear voices, here and there throughout the world, giving warning of the terrible calamities now swiftly sweeping from the Unseen, to overwhelm those who doubt and oppose the justice of the living God. The mystic loves all Christs and believes in all, but for him there is no savior outside of himself. He knows the meaning of the beautiful mystery of the atonement; but the world does not know it; neither does the Church show that she knows it in the

husky doctrine that reaches the masses from the Vatican. Slowly the master entered the silent hall where his disciples walked and pondered the mysteries. "Hast studied well the symbols, and dost thou know at last the truth," said the master. "In part I know, and always I seek," replied the novice. "Ponder well and strengthen thee, for we go a long journey and much may be revealed to thee." "Come!" said the master, and the student rose and followed. Soon they were in the dense gloom of a tropical forest; the towering trees wrapped in the fogs; the folds of clasping vines, whose twisting fingers drew ever closer the dark roof leaves. Before them rose the dim outlines of that massive and mysterious temple, lost for ages in the heart of Yucatan. The master pushed away the heavy vines that covered deep carvings of many strange symbols engraved upon the leafless stone before the Aztec rose or the Montezumas reigned. "Behold the temple of the living God!" said the master. And as the student knelt a tongue of flame leaped from cross to wheel, from wheel to serpent, and he cried aloud: "They knew!—thousands and thousands of years ago they knew, and here are all the mysteries, oh! Buddha our Lord!" "Come!" said the master, and the student rose and followed. It was night. Round them stretched in awful majesty the ruins of ancient Karnac. Terrible in grandeur loomed those giant columns, striking black shadows across the splendor of the Egyptian moon. A flock of flamingos whirled slowly in the air above, moving towards the gilding Nile. Then from the deepest shadow came a voice: "I am Hermes Trismegistus. If that which thou seekest thou findest not within thee, thou wilt never find it without thee. All is living—life is one, and God is Life." When silence fell, a faint flame gleamed upon a broken column, and as the student bowed in awe, he saw the symbols carved deep, imperishable. The tongue of flame swept from winged globe to winged wheel; the triangles interlaced, were enclosed in a serpent of fire; and his heart melted within him. And he cried again: "Here they knew him!" Here he was adored! Oh! Christ ineffable, oh! mystery Divine! "Come!" said the master, and the student arose and followed. Suddenly thick darkness held them like a wall. They could hear the sudden surge of waves that sweep stealthily in covered. Startled bats brushed them as they moved. The damp stones proved the sea was near this entrance to the cave of Elephas. They were approaching the eldest mystic of India. The master gently took the cold hand of his disciple as the darkness slowly lifted, and in the dimness glowered that monstrous statue—gigantic, horrible; that dual creature of stone, half man, half woman—the mystery of the ages! And as they looked, a tongue of flame shone upon the wall and there they saw the symbol most sacred—worse! cried by Aryan, Egyptian, Aztec, Jew and Christian. And the master cried aloud: "Behold the temple of the Living Truth!" "The same yesterday, to day and forever!" As he cried the flame crept from the wall and glowed over his heart, and his disciple turned and beheld his master illumined from within, and fell upon his knees and worshiped him, crying, "Tis He! 'Tis He! He is here. His temple is 'within thee'!" The disciple wept with joy, and bowed his head upon his breast, and lo! the flame leaped from within his own heart, and he cried with a mighty voice, "Tis He, 'Tis He! Behold, we are the temple of the Living God!"

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