

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

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THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

An Essay read before the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Other Liberal Churches, by Rev. Joseph Waite, of Janesville, Wisconsin.

I find a fitting prelude to my thoughts in the poetic musings of Emerson by the banks of the Musketauquit:

"Thy summer voice, Musketauquit, repeats the music of the rain; But sweeter rivers pulsing fit Through these, as thou through Concord plain."
"Thou in thy narrow banks art pent. The stream I love unbounded goes Through flood and sea, and firmament. Through light, through life, it forward flows."
"I see the inundation sweet. I hear the spending of the stream Through years, through men, through nature fleet, Through love and thought, through power and dream."
"Musketauquit a goblin strong. Of shard and flint makes jewels gay; They lose their grief who hear his song, And where he winds is the day of day."

Religion, like everything else outside of Deity, rides resistlessly forward upon the broad bosom of this mighty stream of progress; and though men may stand within the shallows and upon the sandbars which here and there the stream discloses, and to which they cling with flattering hopes of perpetuity and fixity, only to find themselves sooner or later ruthlessly undermined by the stealthily eating waves, and out again upon the moving mass—I say though men may anchor themselves within these shallows and upon these sandbars, and frantically endeavor to snatch their darling from the rushing current, and crystallize and eternalize it in form, fondly labeling it with the words "Immortal" and "Inchangeable," vain is the attempt. This stream is a "run-bounded" it encloses all things. Nothing may be dragged to its bank, for bank it has none. It is so resistless nothing may withstand it, and that which has not native buoyancy to float upon its bosom toward the goal, it submerges to be seen no more. The unrelaxing grip of metamorphosis is upon all things, and that which is not capable of ever hithering mould shall take an ever lowering one until it be lost in the darkness of unresurrectionable oblivion. "Advance or die" is the imperious, relentless command of nature thundered from the center to the circumference of things.

Even the slowliest observer knows that there is at the present moment, especially in the higher circles of intelligence, among men of scholarship broad and deep, scientists, philosophers, those who have climbed high enough to look beyond their father's chimney, and who have broken a little way from the apron string of grandma theology, a rapid drifting or rather steering, for it is not aimless, from religious forms. The vast majority of the eminent men of our time are branded by the church with the stigma of theist, materialist, or the more generic term of skeptic. The truth is, science and scholarship have discovered so many wrong holes in the timbers of the ship our fathers sailed in, and have so completely honeycombed it by raking out the rotten wood, that few shipwrights or inspectors longer care to sail in her. Orthodoxy still exists and shares in her a modicum of prosperity, but its existence, in its grosser forms, is because darkness still covers the earth and gross darkness the masses of the people. But

when we can see the direction taken by the master minds, the pilots, the burning luminaries of the time, it demands no very great farsightedness to discern where even the masses must find themselves in due course of time.

I do not predict, however, the cataclysmal fall of the old forms of faith, nor do I desire it. I think, indeed, that many hideousnesses within them might at once be eliminated with great increase of usefulness and beauty; but many doctrines, false in form, yet having a germ of truth wrapped up in them, may as well live on until they die a natural death. They will die, willingly or unwillingly, like everything else, when their time has come; when they are no longer in harmony with their environment, when they no longer minister life to things around them or are ministered unto.

Religion, as already said, with all things else, comes forth under the all-wise, formative hand of the mighty law of Evolution,—the adaptation of everything to the surroundings. The delicately sensitive, highly complex, and beautiful organisms of to-day, were not in existence in the primeval ages. Why? Existences were impossible; air and earth and water and food were as yet too gross and impure to minister life unto them. The human eye, for example, that incomprehensibly wonderful little camera, photographing with such amazing swiftness and precision, painting and rubbing out and painting again upon the same retina, and within the compass of a minute, thousands of perfect pictures, was then a clumsy, sluggish murky thing, painting slowly, blurred, broken and uncertain images. Why? The light was too impure for the development and action of such an eye as now exists. The hot blood of the fiery young planet was not yet sufficiently cooled down. He was fretting and fuming and sweating and sending up from his panting lungs clouds of steaming exhalations as poisoned the atmosphere and blotted out the sun in heaven. The improvement of the eye kept pace with the improvement of the light, and the evolutionist beginning with this organ when it was only a tiny, colored spot in the head, it head it might be called, of some slimy monster of the deep—no organ at all, properly so-called, no lens for the admission and refraction of the rays of light, simply a pigment, the termination of very sensitive fibers which acted more through feeling than through sight, will describe the process to you step by step, showing it to you in all its various stages of development until you have it the wondrous thing it is to-day. We call these primitive organs and types imperfect, malformed, hideous, but they were the highest types that could have existed at that particular time. The improvement of the eye kept pace with the past was the necessary forerunner of the improvement of organism. Just so is it with the religions of the past. We shudder as we survey them, so unlovely their men, so loathsome their form, so dark their conceptions; but they were the very best forms which could find their way into existence at the time. They were adapted to the intellectual and moral capacities of the ages and races wherein they arose. Nay, there were the product, indeed, of the humanity of that day. Religions improve according as the situation improves; the eye of the soul develops according as the light of the soul develops, according as knowledge is diffused and clarified, according as the heavens above the soul are swept of the clouds of ignorance, and the sun of beauty and of righteousness shines down in untarnished splendor.

If you would bring in therefore a more beautiful form of religion, you must first unlock the chambers of the human mind and store it well with knowledge; drive out the darkness from the public horizon. Without this your higher form cannot survive; with this your lower form will unresistingly pass to its ever-made and ever-yawning sepulchre.

Here is the explanation of the feeble existence among the masses of certain high types already named. There is already among us a type of religion thoroughly cooperative with science and philosophy and rationalism, racing neck and neck with the foremost thought of the age, and ever in the van of all social and ethical reform, numbering among its devotees such undying names as Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, Cooper, Hawthorne, Bancroft, Jefferson, Franklin, three-fourths of the men who have made the literature of this country; yet is orthodox evermore, not very far, and not very bravely, tolling the bell for its decease because of its weakness numerically. Numerically! According to orthodox philosophy itself there was a time when the wide world contained only one man and one woman, while the lower animals, in seeming millions, howled and gormandized and made the earth from pole to pole a wild pandemonium of brutality. Numerically! Again and again in history has one man, a Christopher Columbus, a Galileo, a Bruno, stood alone amid the race; but the world to-day stands where they then stood. Numbers! I care nothing for numbers. Show me a type, which though it be extinguished struggling for existence down there among the ruder forms and sluggish atmosphere of the multitude, yet if it flourish vigorously, marching proudly upon the Alpine heights of thought and culture and morality, where its grand, wide-open eye finds a correspondence in the purer light and wider outlook,—show me this, I say, and give me time for the evolutionary process, and I will show you the world transformed to that type.

Not a few persons, marking the radical

defection of the leading luminaries from the fossil forms of religion, have concluded that the future will be without a religion altogether. This is a hasty and unwarranted deduction. Yonder is a miner casting energetically from him certain matter which he has long treasured about his person under the generic name of gold. Has he ceased to value the precious metal? Nay, but he has learned of late more perfectly to discriminate between it and the dross and a more perfect process of separating the two, and 'tis but the dross he is casting hence. Men are learning of late a subtler spiritual chemistry, whereby to sever the false from the true in religious forms, and 'tis but the false they are hurling hence. They see, as a brighter effulgence flashes through the world, that they have long embraced upon their bosoms forms loathsome and repelling, and these, with mingled cries of malediction and astonishment, they are dropping from their arms and fleeing. But while there is thus, on every hand, a hasty hurrying as in a plague-stricken time of the field corpses of deceased religions, the spirit of the thing surviving in the corpse is as dear to men as ever. Think not that because a conservative church has branded a man with its ready-made and always-to-hand stigma of infidel that he is, for that reason, of necessity an irreligious man. Read history and observe that the infidelity of one age has always been the religion of the next. The religious heroes of to-day, the men whose names occupy the niches in our pulpits and temples, were all of them infidels in their own day; Socrates, Jesus, Savonarola, Wicklyffe, Luther, all these were infidels; but religion in a few generations had pitched her tent on the sunlit eminence where their firm feet had been strongly planted. "Atheism" cries the old church, agast as she views the progress of the God-conception. Why the early Christians, we read, were all thus branded because their God was invisible. Spinoza was a theist, as Dr. Clark observes, "because he denied that there was anything but God." Every man is an atheist who will not prostrate himself adoringly before my poor little, dwarfish, commiserable conception of a God.

Men say there is no religion in our day. In Emersonian language, 'Tis like saying in cloudy weather, there is no sunshine now, when at that same moment we are witnessing one of his sublime effects, the exhalation and diffusion of moisture. Why, the very skepticism of the age is the finest proof of the fathomless depth, the utter ineradicableness of the religious instinct. 'Tis but an exhibition of the sincerity of the human heart; its agony to find the ultimate truth, and the highest goal of thought and being. No more promising augury of the future. Show a me sincere skeptic,—I say sincere, for there's a pitiable amount of sham skepticism on the part of the so-called popinjays who do not know enough to doubt, but affect it impressingly, finding it popular—but I say show me a genuine doubter, a man whose soul is agonized with fear that he is wrong, because of intense anxiety to be right, and I'll show you in time a divine ideal specimen of life and thought.

"Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds, At last he beats his music out; There lives more faith in honest doubt, Believe me, than in half the creeds."

The world will never be without a religion. It may be without my religion. It may find itself without your religion; if I have my hand right upon the pulse of its great throbbing thought, it will find itself without the orthodox religion; but a religion and a better religion than any now existing, it will never be without. It is the pitiable conceit of many men, that should the world ever lose that dwarfish, scraggy, shrivelled specimen of faith embodied in their puny, drop-in-the-ocean sect, it must remain, utterly and forever, godless and secular. From out of my soul I pity the apologists of these systems in these days of broadening philosophy and penetrating thought. When coming their votaries to the necessity of increasing valor and aggressiveness, they point them to the alien hosts, to the mighty men joining the ranks of the enemy, to the growth of atheism, the appalling spread of skepticism, the black cyclonic cloud of unbelief fast gathering and threatening their annihilation, and their watchword is, lugubriously spoken: "Fight for religion, or religion is no more." When they step out before the unbelieving, they blandly prove the divinity of their system by pointing to its unprecedented prosperity. "Behold," say they, "its triumphal march! How it gathers proudly to its train the glory and greatness of the earth. Unfortunately, things not meant to be paralleled will come into juxtaposition, and these two arguments look unwise at each other sitting side by side. But as men describe themselves more frankly in presence of their friends than to their enemies, we must take the badish outlook as expressive of the true inward thought. Thankful am I to have no such "infirmity of faith." I have a religion, and I believe in it as tenaciously as any man, and, because I believe it, I naturally desire to propagate it. At the same time fully persuaded I am, that though I and my principles and all the religions of the day were sunk eternally in the nether abyss, the bottom would not fall out of society, nor would religion be looked for in vain. God, all-wise and all-mighty, has not put things together on that cobweb principle. The Copernican system shows no signs of tumbling to pieces. The mighty tug of

gravitation, spiritual and material, is as young as ever. Courage! faint-hearted one, I tell you on the destiny of the world and on the destiny of every man in it, is the grip of Omnipotence. Heaven kindly gave our blood a moral flow. "The whole creation," says a keen-thoughted critic, "is made of hooks and eyes, of bitumen of sticking plaster, and whether your community is made in Jerusalem or in a miner's camp, it coheres in a perfect ball. Men as naturally make a church or a state, as caterpillars a web. We are born believing; we bear belief as trees bear apples. A self-poise belongs to every particle, and a rectitude to every mind, and is the Nemesis and protector of every society."

No class of men have the word faith sitting on the lip so readily as the old school of religionists, yet no men beneath the beautiful, faith-engendering sun of heaven possess so little. Everywhere I find them with but one solitary prop beneath the universe of God, a prop incessantly in need of splicing, and heaving, and bandaging; and they too, while they lift their eyes nervously in momentary expectation of the calamity, that should it break, or should an enemy knock it out,—and hark to the sledge hammer blows raining upon it thick and fast,—the whole must tumble in dilapidation, and chaos and eternal night brood owlishly upon the scene. I would I could reveal to them that this world rests calmly, lightly upon the broad shoulders of Omnipotence, who bears it forward with giant strides to its fated destiny of glory and of good.

There will be a religion in the future. What will it be? 'Twere an easy matter to foreshadow what it will not be, what present elements will be swept away. 'Tis but recently I heard a lecture demonstrative of the literal fulfillment of Old Testament prophecy. It struck me as a suspicious omen, engendering of omens, and every prophesy of alleged fulfillment, addressed, was of the destruction of a city. Is God altogether a Destroyer? I pondered. Does He pull down and not build up? Had I been pointed to the prophesy of a city now flourishing but yet unfounded at the time of its prediction, I might have taken the argument into consideration; though even that would be within the compass of the human mind, for many a shrewd pioneer, journeying westward, finds the prophesy of a city, thus to locate the confidence of the coming streams of commerce. It takes not even seership to predict destructions. The hand of change and decay is upon all things. A hundred cities are beneath the ground, and not a stone to mark their burying place. A hundred more are tending thitherward. Macaulay talks complacently of a time when a single naked fisherman shall wash his nets in the Thames, where now the four-and-a-half millions of mighty London seeth and roars. 'Tis far in the distance, but time which fulfills all things will fulfill this also.

But purely destructive predictions are neither comforting nor divine. Summarizing swiftly, therefore, in positives and negatives combined, I observe:

The religion of the future will be a continuously progressive religion. It will exist in flexible mould; not unstable, rugged, loyal to conviction, but ever confessing its fallibility, and ready to break its moulds and take on higher form with the gathering knowledge and increasing effulgence of the coming centuries. The prevailing religions are grounded upon some notion of finality and infallibility, either in man or book, and hence all progress is excluded. At the close of the book is a curse upon all those who shall add unto its contents; and upon the lips of the man who shall confess to have seen anything which his one pair of eyes have not first discovered, or cannot see. Their favorite motto is, "Nothing new in religion." Why, I demand, should all the petty subjects of human investigation be cumulative, and religion, which overleaps all others in its swift rush out into the infinite, tread a dull small round and discover no new continent or new land? An illustration: All the light of the earth is from the sun, direct or indirect. Years ago you same central luminary shown down through a dank and steaming atmosphere, and nourished such a gigantic vegetation as now we see not. Forest grew in the wake of forest and falling under the magic power of chemical forces, were slowly transmuted into coal. Thus there were locked up in the bowels of the earth vast treasures of condensed sunlight. And thus, as when you unlock the phonograph, you hear a reflection of the voice which spoke unto it perhaps a century ago, so, when you gaze upon the gas-jet's friendly ray, you behold but a reflection of the sunlight of centuries ago. A good thing to have; but who would not turn his back upon the gas-jet to greet the sun in morning splendor! The religions of the present have shut themselves up in cells and cloisters, and walk by gas-light, the rays from the Sun of Righteousness which fell upon the earth in remote antiquity, and are stored up in the literature of that period. A good thing to have; but the religion of the future will plant itself under the broad, free canopy of heaven, and drink in with widely opened eye the streaming, noonday revelations from the living God,—the light which comes from nature, from science, from history, from human souls, from every point of the universe radiant with the divine thought and purpose. Why, I ask, for there is urgency still to ask, "should revelation be a something sealed and closed and finished as if God were dead?" Why should the Jew alone have a tympanum

to catch the vibrations of the voice divine, or the atmosphere of antiquity alone have the quality of transmitting those vibrations?

Again I remark.—The religion of the future will duly exalt the individual; it will be emphatically an Individualism, allowing each man, nay encouraging each man, to become and remain a "separate whole." The struggle of religions in the past has been to submerge the individual, to efface the heaven-imprinted originality, to run all men through a theological planing mill and size them up alike; but nature has struggled in the opposite direction, and nature is triumphant. The mighty law of differentiation is not to be headed off. From the homogeneous to the heterogeneous is nature's plan, and nothing may thwart her invincible purpose. She brings men into the world with different phenomenal prominence; she educates them differently, circumstances them differently, varies their experiences, gives a different hue to the spectacles she puts before the eyes of each,—there are bound to see things differently; they do see things differently, and the howling asphatemas of popes, and creeds, and councils; can not make it otherwise.

This growing individualism by no means implies, as some would argue, a growth of dignity, absence of co-operation and bonded fellowship. It inclines indeed to the opposite. There is vastly more individualism in the world to-day than there was five centuries ago; yet is there vastly more unity and good-fellowship; a higher unity than mere sameness; unity of purpose, oneness of sympathy, God's unity, which is unity in diversity; God's harmony, which is harmony in variety.

The religion of the future will say to every man: "Do your own thinking; launch out into the open sea; lift your eyes to the pole star of truth and beauty; lay hold of compass, helm and chart, and find your own anchorage of belief." It will also plant every man down upon his own two feet and bid him lift his drooping hands and do his own doing. Orthodoxy has brought forth only a crab-fruited personality. Her legitimate children all walk on crutches when they walk at all. Always has there been a mediator, and the man has been terrified to lift his own honest, trustful gaze, directly into the face of the All-Father; he must get another man to look for him. A system of dependence! Always has there been a substitute, and the man has been saved, not by his own personal purity and loftiness of life, but by the virtues of another man. Why, I demand, resurrecting the old question to which naught but echo has yet brought forth an answer, should one man have a "monopoly of morality," and all the rest of the race be sent cringing to his feet to borrow? Such a religion is a degradation of the individual, a silly delusion and a hollow sham, for if there is anything beneath the sun, inalienable by the very laws of its being, and which cannot be borrowed or transferred, it is that cultivatable but ungraftable, untransplantable, indigenous product of the individual life—virtue.

And so I predict that the religion of the future will be intensely ethical. It will transfer the emphasis from belief to life, from credulity to conduct. It will relegate to the moles and the bats, among the puerilities of the world's infancy, the now popular evangelistic strain:—

"Quit your doing, all is done. Doing is a dead thing. By doing you'll be damned."

and it will substitute therefore the irrevocable words of nature, do or die. It will cry to every man, "The world is the holy, of the past, and Jesus among the rest, have you nothing except in so far as they inspire you to follow in their footsteps."

In conclusion, not because my portrait is life-drawn or finished but for want of space or time; the religion of the future will find its theology in nature. The religions of the past have dug up their beliefs from the dusty manuscripts of remoter ages; they have proceeded upon the strange assumption that the farther you can travel backward through the darkness toward the infantile conceptions of the early world the more authority to bind the intellect and conscience. I think with a critic of the last century that if age implies authority, then, the present is the most authoritative point in history, for it is certainly the oldest. Religion in the future will take the testimony of David, of Jesus, of Paul, of Calvin, of Wesley, of Channing, as it will take the testimony of every man who has demonstrated his right to be heard in the trials of human thought; but by no means will it close the examination upon the registration of their simple testimony, nor will it heed their testimony unless it be found to be an accurate paraphrase of the language of nature. It will cease the vain, tantalous task of struggling to enthrone an infallible book. Its beliefs will be simple, natural beliefs, growing out of a scientific root. It will insist upon no doctrine incapable of a scientific demonstration. By this I do not mean a senseless demonstration, as when you clutch or gaze upon a tangible object. Science holds to many beliefs capable of no such verification. No man has sensuous evidence of an atom or molecule, yet, seeing the divisible aggregates, we know the indivisible particle must be there. No man has sensuous evidence of the interstellar fluids which float the worlds and form the medium of transit for those subtle forces which play from planet to planet. Many such beliefs, the mind creates per force through the laws of its own nature; it meets with certain effects,

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

MADAME BLAVATSKY AND THEOSOPHY.

A Reply to My Critics.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Part Two.

As an offset to the abuse, misrepresentation, and sneers with which I was freely favored from the theosophists, in the JOURNAL'S columns, were the hearty thanks and warm encomiums which I received from representative Spiritualists and others for my critique of theosophy in the JOURNAL of January 14th. One of the most zealous workers for pure common-sense Spiritualism wrote to a friend of mine in this state that said articles of mine was the best he had ever read. "Thank God," said he, "we have such a man as Coleman in our ranks to tell the truth and defend the right!" In the JOURNAL of May 19th there was published a venomous and silly article by Dr. J. D. Buck, of Cincinnati, in which he attacked and derided me in a disgraceful manner. A few days after its publication I received the following from one of the JOURNAL'S most critical and intellectual contributors: "I have just read your article on 'Theosophy and Spiritualism' in the JOURNAL of May 19th with my usual satisfaction in perusing whatever comes from your pen. Indeed, permit me to say you are one of the few contributors to the JOURNAL for whom I have profound respect, and whose opinion I consider worth much on the subject of Spiritualism vs. Theosophy. Of one thing I am certain; your integrity is sound to the core, your learning I admire, and the way you castigate humbugs and cranks meets with my entire approval. I am the more moved to write you at this time, because of an impudent letter from Dr. J. D. Buck, published in this issue. The man raves, and I should like to impale him and would, if I had been the subject of his impotent venom. How such shallow minds lay themselves out to rebuke! He stultifies himself in half a dozen instances and hasn't the wit to see it. To this I may add, that not only such minds as Dr. Buck, but even those of a greater intellectual caliber accepting theosophy, are guilty of continuing to explode nonsense championed by them with as much tenacity as a sapient philosopher clings to demonstrable truth. Poor deluded souls! their mental condition is to be pitied.

The statement of the Countess Wachtmeister, in the JOURNAL of May 5, that my "calumnies" of Madame Blavatsky are due to "personal spite, a very ignoble feeling," indeed, serves to indicate the Countess's ignorance both of the facts of the case and of my mental status. The reply of Lyman C. Howe to the strictures of Prof. Cones is a sufficient vindication of me from the charge of being actuated by "personal spite," an "ignoble feeling" to which I never suffer myself to become a victim. I antagonize Madame Blavatsky solely in the interests of truth and right, and in opposition to fraud and untruthful doctrines. The worthy Countess is evidently one of the Madame's most blinded dupes; since she tells us that she is devoting herself and her life to the theosophical cause and to Madame Blavatsky, and also that she has "sacrificed much that the world holds dear to serve the theosophical cause." Poor lady! I am sorry for her.

A Washington correspondent in the JOURNAL of March 10th, writing under the signature of "Seventeen-Twenty-Six N," speaks of the "depths of depravity or folly into which Mr. Coleman seems to think" the members of the Theosophical Society in America are sunk. This is another instance of the usual theosophical misrepresentation. It seems almost an impossibility for a theosophist to present a thing in its true light. Perversion and distortion seem chronic with them all. Nowhere have I said a word about the members of the Theosophical Society being sunk into "depths of depravity." Nothing was said by me in any manner affecting the moral character of any theosophist anywhere in the world, except in the cases of Madame Blavatsky and her few confederates in India. The term "depravity" is inapplicable to what I have said about any of the other theosophists. I have charged them with "folly" and absurdity, but not with depravity. On the contrary I have spoken of many of them as "worthy people" who have suffered themselves to be deluded. Again must I protest against the injustice constantly which is done to me by the theosophists. I demand that in criticizing me they forbear from attributing to me ideas that I have never entertained or broached.

Helen Densmore asks my opinion of Madame Blavatsky's letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, on "Theosophy and the Churches." The intellectual vigor and the ability, in some things, of Madame Blavatsky has never been denied by any, I believe. It is to be regretted, however, that her talents and intellect are devoted to such bad ends. So far as the Madame, in her letter to the Archbishop, contrasts the corruptions of modern Christianity with the teachings of Jesus and primitive Christianity I can concur with her; but when she claims the oneness of the teachings of Jesus and those of theosophy, that Jesus had a "secret doctrine" of theosophic, mystical import, which has been suppressed and destroyed, and that to understand the esoteric doctrines of Jesus and of primitive Christianity, we must study the eastern religions and philosophies,—when Madame Blavatsky tells the Archbishop such rubbish, falsehood, and balderdash as this, I am compelled to withhold my approval. The world has been cursed sufficiently with mysticism already; this age demands science, truth, demonstrable fact. The theosophical movement is a retrogressive one, tending to the highest welfare of the human race, a spurious religion manufactured to order from various pre-existing materials mostly of an absurd and false character,—a pseudo-religion worthy of the contempt and scorn of every well-wisher of humanity and truth. Christianity, with all its corruption and evils, is the natural product of religious evolution; its founders, Jesus and Paul, being honest, earnest, unselfish workers for moral purity and theological reform. Christianity has an undoubted historical basis in ethical reform. It was not a deliberately-prepared forgery manufactured for a selfish end, such as theosophy is. To compare such souls as Jesus and Paul with a person like Blavatsky savors of what is usually called blasphemy, while to compare primitive Christianity with all its defects, with present-day theosophy borders strongly upon the ridiculous.

General A. Doubleday, in the JOURNAL of

April 28th, cites instances of kindness and charity of the part of Madame Blavatsky. This is irrelevant to the remark that I made concerning her, and proves nothing. That she may be benevolent and kind-hearted in cases of distress has not been denied. That in no manner affects the question of her imposture and fraudulency. It is no uncommon thing for noted criminals to be benevolent and charitably disposed. Boss Tweed, of New York City, the head of the infamous ring that systematically stole vast sums pertaining to the municipal government of that city, was a very benevolent man, it is said, and gave away to poor people large amounts from the stolen funds. Regarding the marriage of Madame Blavatsky, to which General Doubleday refers, as I have had quite a different version of the circumstances attending it than that which he relates, given me by those well acquainted both with her and her husband, I am strongly of opinion that the account given by him is one of the Madame's characteristic romances, her penchant for which was pointed out in Part One of this reply.

The worthy General also says "to those who know her" the bare assumption that Madame Blavatsky is the kind of woman to "engage in thimble-rigging performances to obtain a senseless notoriety from gaping crowds" "is unutterably absurd, and does not need refutation." This declaration of our military friend illustrates how thoroughly the world has been pulled over his eyes, and how little he really knows of the "true inwardness" of this woman. It is often said that there are none so blind as those who will not see; and the General complacently shuts his eyes to the overwhelming mass of evidence proving her a trickster and a sham. Poor deluded old man! The distortion and perversion of the facts among theosophists is apparent in the General's remark about the Madame performing tricks before "gaping crowds." This is about as near the exact truth as a theosophical writer seems able to get. The inaccuracy so marked in Madame Blavatsky seems to affect all her literary adherents. The Madame is not in the habit of performing her slight-of-hand tricks before "crowds" and the General must know this. Why then does he make a statement so contrary to truth? We all know that her alleged magical exhibitions are only given to an aristocratic select few, sometimes to only one person. The General says that "to those who know her" the bare idea of her performing tricks is "unutterably absurd." Our warrior friend is mistaken. I believe that the Countess, who so fully exposed her imposture in India, "knows her" quite well. I have received a number of details of her impostures and of her true character from those most intimately associated with her, parties who "know her" much better than do General Doubleday and the other theosophical dupes. It is those who know her the best that are aware of her life of deception and fraud.

W. P. Phelon, M. D., in the JOURNAL of March 3d, says: "Theosophy can hardly be called a branch or offshoot of Spiritualism, for the former was taught by Gautama Buddha and Jesus, at least three thousand years ago, while the latter can hardly count a half-century of assertive existence." This is about as cheeky a perversion of truth as I have seen of late, another instance of theosophical distortion and misrepresentation of facts. In the first place, it is untrue that Buddha and Jesus taught theosophy. Theosophy signifies the "wisdom of God." Buddha was an agnostic or atheist. He ignored God in his teachings, and he did not claim, nor is it claimed for him by his followers, that his philosophy was derived from any divine source. The doctrines taught by him, which he regarded as ultimate truths, were evolved by him from his own independent consciousness, the result of long and diligent reflection and study. Moreover the teachings of Buddha are in most matters radically dissimilar to those of modern theosophy. Aside from re-incarnation and karma, both of which theosophy teaches in quite a different manner from Buddhism, there is scarcely anything in common between Buddhism and theosophy. The name "Esoteric Buddhism" applied to the system of thought known as theosophy is a misnomer. It is not Buddhism. Nearly the whole of it is borrowed from sources alien to Buddhism. A portion is Brahmanism, and the remainder is taken from Paracelsus, Eliphas Levi, the Kabbala, Spiritualism and Christianity. It is doubtful if there is anything distinctive of Buddhism in it, save the use of a few Sanskrit terms. Its doctrine of Karma approximates the Brahmanic idea more than it does the Buddhistic, and its re-incarnation is more Brahmanic than Buddhistic. In fact, theosophy has no title whatever to the name of Buddhism, exoteric or esoteric, and its appropriation of the name is in keeping with all the rest of its false pretensions, perversions and distortions. From top to bottom, from stem to stern, the whole theosophical system is a tissue of falsehood, imposture, fraud, and a humbug it has perhaps never been excelled.

To claim that Jesus taught theosophy is a worse perversion of the truth than the similar claim for Buddha. Did Jesus teach re-incarnation, karma, the sevenfold nature of man, the existence of elemental and elementary spirits, the astral and the aetherial world, or any of the other nonsensical jargon of theosophy? Theosophy stole from the teachings of Jesus a few moral precepts, precepts recognized as true by the bulk of civilized humanity regardless of creeds; and upon the strength of this theft it claims that Jesus was a theosophist. None of the distinctive doctrines of theosophy can be found in Jesus's teachings or in Christianity. There is nothing in common between the except certain elementary or fundamental ethical injunctions common to humanity in all lands and creeds. Madame Blavatsky, with her usual audacity and disregard of fact, claimed and still claims Jesus as a theosophist, at one with her monstrous plagiarized doctrines; and the other theosophists parrot like repeat the falsehood. That any presumably intelligent person could for a moment seriously entertain so transparent an absurdity as the identity of Jesus's teachings and those of theosophy is a lamentable commentary upon nineteenth-century rationality and common sense. Of course Mad. B. knows that there is no truth in the assertion, but it is fair to presume that her honest but deluded followers really believe such arrant nonsense. But any person who could believe in re-incarnation, elemental and elementary spirits, devachan, the seven principles of man, etc., can believe in anything, no matter how opposed to reason, nature, science, philosophy, or the demonstrated truths of the universe. The folly of weak-minded, credulous people is amazing whether in theosophy, Spiritualism, or Christianity.

While it is true that none of the distinctive features of theosophy are found in Christianity or Buddhism, it is evident, on the other hand, that some of the distinctive features of Spiritualism are connected with the life-work both of Jesus and Gautama Buddha.

Spiritualism is centered in spiritual manifestations, and spiritual phenomena of various kinds are recorded as forming an integral part of the life-line of Jesus and Buddha. The lives of these two, as well as primitive Buddhism and primitive Christianity in general, are interpermeated with spiritual phenomena. It is not claimed that there is historical foundation for all of these phenomena. In both cases myth and legend play a very important part. Instead of it being theosophy that dates back to the times of Buddha and Jesus, while Spiritualism is not fifty years old, the converse more nearly approximates the truth. Spiritualism was known and accepted, in its fundamental features, though not in its present-day form, long ere the time of Buddha, while theosophy is about thirteen years old. The statements of Dr. Phelon in this matter are a fair sample of the false assumptions, misstatements, bad logic, sophistry, and fallacious reasoning with which all theosophical literature is crowded.

I have reserved for my concluding remarks a consideration of the attempts of J. Ransom Bridge to weaken the force of my strictures upon theosophy by endeavoring to make his readers believe that theosophy is really something different from the Blavatsky concoction which I have criticized. In the JOURNAL of Jan. 28, Mr. Bridge begins an article by stating a statement to the effect that the world needs none of this fanfaronade of pretended mystical truth, and the sooner the whole of it is buried in oblivion the better for humanity." Mr. Bridge next defines theosophy as something different from that which I had labelled theosophy. Now it was not the so-called theosophy of Mr. Bridge as specifically defined by him, that I said about universal truth, the good in all religions, the divine wisdom; but when you make them plainly and squarely confess what they really believe in, you find that the divine wisdom, the universal truth, consists of re-incarnation, karma, the teachings of the mahatmas, and all the other rubbish of Madame Blavatsky. They prate about Jesus and the fargon of elementals, elementaries, the "four principles," theosophy, theosophy, Paul, Zoroaster, Confucius, teach re-incarnation, karma, the doctrines of "shells," elemental and elementary spirits, devachan, or any other part of the "Secret Doctrine" of Madame Blavatsky? Did Buddha teach any of this except re-incarnation and karma? The conclusion of the whole matter is, try to disguise it as some theosophists may, presently theosophy is Blavatskyism all through. Its teachings are primarily derived from her; her labors and her writings are the main spring and fountain-head of the whole movement. She bestowed the name of theosophy upon the movement started by her, and all other theosophists adopted the name from her. From her every theosophist has his being, and from her nearly all other forms of present-day occultism and mysticism, not calling themselves theosophic, have been derived. All phases of the occultism and the mysticism of the present day can be summed up in one word—Blavatskyism; and that is virtually a synonym of imposture as well as of mystical rubbish; and I repeat, the sooner the whole of this fanfaronade of nonsense and corruption is buried in oblivion the better for humanity.

San Francisco, Cal.

A Little Law About Religion on the Witness Stand.

MASS. PUB. ST. c. 169, § 17, 18.—"No person, of sufficient understanding, shall be excluded from giving evidence" [with certain exceptions not material here]; "but the evidence of such person's disbelieve in the existence of God may be received to affect his credibility as a witness."

There is a general belief that there is some connection between the use of the oath in court and Christianity, and that, if the appeal to God is discarded, our faith will have received a shock. The historical fact, however, is just the other way. The practice of judicial oaths goes far back of any historical records to the earliest days of the Greeks and Romans, before they had emerged from barbarism. When Christianity appeared, its followers—acting, as they believed, under the direct instructions of Christ—refused to take the oath, and accordingly were allowed to use a more moderate form containing no reference to future punishment, somewhat as the Quakers have been allowed to do in modern times. As civilization decayed and the Roman law was neglected, the oath became more important again, until the appeal to God sometimes usurped the place of the oath altogether. The Church of Rome took especial charge of it, and lent all her weight to making the supernatural reference impressive and final. In lay proceedings, the earliest form of jury was nothing but a group of neighbors, who, without hearing any testimony, decided from what they knew of the parties whether their oaths were to be accepted. The parties brought in their friends and retainers sometimes by the score, not to give any evidence, but simply to swear that they were right; and their oaths settled it; and thus the jury trial, like the ordeal by fire, etc., was essentially an appeal to Heaven. As civilization revived, this method naturally fell into disrepute, and the witnesses were asked for proof of the facts; but the old methods were abandoned. Less and less attention, however, was paid to the form, until now both its pagan origin and its character as an appeal to a supernatural arbiter have been forgotten by all but antiquarians; and it is even defended, as if it were a Christian regulation of our modern judicial procedure.

Like a good many other venerable formalities, it has sometimes been a great impediment to justice, by using its religious test to keep facts from the jury; and many States have tried to make it harmless by depriving it of this dangerous power. Twenty-six States and Territories have forbidden the exclusion of evidence on account of religious belief, as follows: Arizona, California, Colorado, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New York, Ohio, Wisconsin, Texas, Utah, Vermont. It will be observed that this includes all the new Northwestern States and nearly all of those in which codification has recently been attempted.

The list of States which retain the old restriction is shorter: Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Dakota, Delaware, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wyoming. The four Territories embraced in it will, in all probability, leave it as soon as their legislation takes shape. If we disregard them, the remainder are all Middle or Southern States, with the exception of three from New England. On this point, the United States courts follow in each State the rule of the State in which it is sitting. If we compare the two groups, we notice at once that the first includes nearly all the

Chicago, April 12th last. In an account of this convention published in the *Inter-Ocean*, I find the following: "A long autograph letter from Mme. Blavatsky was presented by her emissary, Dr. Keightley, wherein the lady spoke with much tenderness of her watchfulness and abiding faith in the aim to do good to the assembly there gathered, and of her inability to be there *in esse*, concluding with an ardent expression of hope that the result will be of lasting good. During the reading of this personal missive—for each one present deemed it a personal letter—there was what one of the ladies afterwards expressed as a 'wave of unity of love and brotherhood' in the room, and it was plain to be seen that the responsiveness of their inner natures had been touched." In the well known "Wilkes-Barre Letters on Theosophy," a publication highly commended by theosophists generally, I find the following: "There are in Theosophy two central doctrines—the doctrine of re-incarnation, and the doctrine of Karma." In an article by Mr. Bridge himself (who tries hard to mislead his readers into believing that theosophy is quite different from Blavatskyism), published in the JOURNAL of April 28th, he speaks with admiration of the theories of Karma, re-incarnation, the pantheistic conception of God, and the "grand system of philosophy" the outcome of which is the existence of the mahatmas. Is not all this Blavatskyism, and all this? Mr. Bridge, though he attempts to induce us to think his theosophy something grander and more divine than the teachings of Blavatsky, yet "gives himself away," as the saying goes; and before he finishes he plainly shows that what he really believes in is Simon-pure Blavatskyism, esoteric Buddhism; and so, no doubt, with them all. They write sweetly about universal truth, the good in all religions, the divine wisdom; but when you make them plainly and squarely confess what they really believe in, you find that the divine wisdom, the universal truth, consists of re-incarnation, karma, the teachings of the mahatmas, and all the other rubbish of Madame Blavatsky. They prate about Jesus and the fargon of elementals, elementaries, the "four principles," theosophy, theosophy, Paul, Zoroaster, Confucius, teach re-incarnation, karma, the doctrines of "shells," elemental and elementary spirits, devachan, or any other part of the "Secret Doctrine" of Madame Blavatsky? Did Buddha teach any of this except re-incarnation and karma? The conclusion of the whole matter is, try to disguise it as some theosophists may, presently theosophy is Blavatskyism all through. Its teachings are primarily derived from her; her labors and her writings are the main spring and fountain-head of the whole movement. She bestowed the name of theosophy upon the movement started by her, and all other theosophists adopted the name from her. From her every theosophist has his being, and from her nearly all other forms of present-day occultism and mysticism, not calling themselves theosophic, have been derived. All phases of the occultism and the mysticism of the present day can be summed up in one word—Blavatskyism; and that is virtually a synonym of imposture as well as of mystical rubbish; and I repeat, the sooner the whole of this fanfaronade of nonsense and corruption is buried in oblivion the better for humanity.

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progressive States; while in most of the members of the second group, the standard of culture is low. It is not practicable to compare the morality of the two groups, because in the one which prides itself upon retaining the divine sanction for its legal proceedings, and excluding all facts from its juries that do not come from Christian sources, there is often so little attempt made to punish crimes of a homicidal nature that the criminal statistics are untrustworthy. The statistics of illiteracy, however, are striking. The States which exclude atheistic evidence have an illiterate element of about twenty-four per cent., while the States which set up no religious tests have a percentage of about twelve. In other words, about one-fourth of the first would neither read nor write in 1880; while only half as many, or one-eighth, of the progressive class were in this unfortunate condition.

Of course, we do not argue that the oath has much effect upon culture or crime, but merely that, when a certain stage of mental growth is reached, these restrictions upon the truth are felt to be absurd, and are speedily gotten rid of.

Out of the twenty-six States and Territories forbidding the use of the religious test, eight—District of Columbia, Georgia, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Nebraska, Utah—allow the religious opinions of the witness to be inquired into to affect his credibility, permitting the jury to assume that if a man is not a believer he is more likely to be a liar. The supposition is so violent that, in the absence of an express statute, such evidence is too remote and inapplicable to be admitted. One or two States, like Oregon, have forbidden any such inquiries by constitutional provision, which prevents any change by statute. One or two States, like Vermont, have passed statutes of a similar tenor; but, apparently, such a statute is merely declaratory, and the law would not be altered by its repeal. In some of the States, the court has held that evidence of admissions of infidelity by the witness should be offered before he can be asked any direct questions about it; but, although there are no contradictory decisions, the practice is not always in accordance with the statute. Inquiry is seldom urged before an intelligent jury, because it is apt to prejudice the case with them. It seems odd that Massachusetts should be in this small minority with Georgia and Utah, a minority whose percentage of illiteracy is two per cent. higher than the class it belongs to.

HENRY W. HOLLAND.

"Are You a Christian?"

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

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

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

To be sure, a general word like Christianity becomes, by much using, like a box with a false bottom, into which you can put as much or as little as you please. There are senses in which I might feel free to call a Christian, who would write to thank me, I might be called Shakespeare (but I know that the word is not generally used in that sense, and as we cannot spend our lives in giving definitions, I should prefer to be called simply a man—or, if you like to add an epithet, a good man or a bad man—rather than a Christian.

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

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

The profoundest writers of the age have not missed this truth. Emerson said, twenty-five years ago: "Genius is always the enemy of genius by over-imitation." The English divines have Shakespeareanized now for centuries. And Goethe says in the same way, "Shakespeare is dangerous to young poets; they cannot but reproduce him, while they fancy that they produce themselves." (*Aphorisms*, by Wenckstern, p. 111.) What then? Are we not to read Shakespeare? Of course, we are; as Goethe says elsewhere, in same book. The artist who owes all to himself has very little reason to be proud of his matter. We need teachers; but it is the exclusive acceptance of any one teacher, even though he be the highest, that dwarfs a man. It is inevitable, I suppose, that all our sects, in relaxing the severity of dogma, should pass through an intermediate period when the worship of Jesus stands in the place of all other creed. To them, this worship will do good, because it is a step forward. But, to those who have been accustomed to a simple "Natural Religion," this personal idolatry would be a step backward; and it is better to keep clear of it. And it is satisfactory to think that those who decline to take Jesus for an exclusive exemplar really get more good from his example in one way than those who are more exclusive.

"Shakespeare was not made by the study of Shakespeare," was the saying of Jesus. He at least was not a Christian—in the sense of dependence on another—whichever else is. It to be a Christian meant to get

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 22, 1888.

RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

In the First Person Singular the Editor and Publisher Addresses His Constituents upon Matters of Mutual Interest.

SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS OF THE JOURNAL: Address you in a straightforward, candid way, and bespeak your patient attention and earnest consideration for what I have to say. As most of you know, I was suddenly called to my present position in March, 1877, under circumstances calculated to test the metal of any man. I had been for the ten preceding years business manager of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and a close observer of the Spiritualistic Movement and its personnel. I realized the stupendous importance to the world of a knowledge of the phenomena, philosophy and ethics of Spiritualism; and had quite clearly defined ideas of what our Cause needed in order to develop its tremendous potencies for good, and to destroy, or at least reduce to their minimum, the maleficent agencies which were eating at the very vitals of the Movement. I soon began a vigorous effort to place Spiritualism so far as possible on a scientific basis, as to its central claim. To do this it was necessary to analyze the claims made by persons assuming to be mediums, to point out how and where observers had been and were being misled, to expose fraud and deception wherever found and however strongly fortified with prestige, influence and general credence. Many of the JOURNAL'S readers will recall the storm which my course evoked; a storm whose thunders, appalling to faint hearts, may still be heard rumbling faintly in the distance as the clouds retreat before the refulgent rays of the sun of rational thought and scientific methods. A considerable number of reputable, and more or less representative, Spiritualists stood aghast at the course of treatment the JOURNAL had adopted to remedy the evils. They wrote in terms like this: "For God's sake hold on! For the sake of Spiritualism, pause! Your course will destroy the Movement. All you assert is true and you do not begin to portray the real rottenness; still it will not do to expose it to Spiritualists even, much less to the mocking, critical world." While respecting these good friends, I felt the imperative necessity was upon me; and I had such perfect faith in Spiritualism that I was ready to pit it in its purity and simple truthfulness against all the world; confident of its vitality, and power to withstand the severest scrutiny and to endure the capital operation necessary to remove the cancerous fungi that had attached to it. I felt that delay and procrastination would only defer what was inevitable, and in the end bring irretrievable ruin, whereas, if the exigencies of the case were at once fearlessly grappled and reformation begun in earnest, the danger would be successfully met and Spiritualism would stand firmly anchored on a scientific foundation, impervious, impregnable, immovable; a white shaft, with its base resting on the earth and its apex in the beautiful Summer Land, a monument of purity, a guide to happiness here and hereafter.

Fortunately for the JOURNAL and for Spiritualism my views were but the echo of

hosts of rational minds and brave hearts on both sides of life, only waiting for some channel through which to reach the world and do their work. I claim therefore, no originality of conception of the situation; I only say that being so placed I did not shrink from the task which seemed mine, by force of circumstance or spirit design as one may choose to think, and that I have labored unceasingly and as wisely as I could. The wide-spread awakening, the increasing moral sense, the grand reformation in the ranks of Spiritualism, now clearly discernible from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is full justification of the wisdom of the JOURNAL'S course, and a rich satisfaction to those who have steadfastly aided it during years of struggle which tried the bravest hearts. I desire right here to gratefully acknowledge the warm sympathy and moral support which has been given the JOURNAL in its Herculean efforts and without which I could neither have endured the ever present strain nor have remained the agent of mortals and spirits in the great work of regeneration and upbuilding of the spiritual kingdom on earth. The depth of my gratitude to these dear friends, a majority of whom I have never met, is unspeakable; the warm magnetic currents constantly flowing in upon me from them, feed my spirit and body and inspire me in hours of trial with strength sufficient for the task. I feel bound to this host of co-workers by ties stronger than a three-fold cord and as enduring as eternity.

Before much constructive work was possible it seemed essential to do a large amount of tearing down; the iconoclast had first to destroy the idols set up on every hand in the Spiritualist domain; the work of discrimination and differentiation was the first to be done. Necessarily this was an educational work, and not to be successfully accomplished except by long and persistent effort. In carrying forward this work the JOURNAL has occupied a peculiar and somewhat unique position, one full of hazard and perplexity. Reformation within sectarian or party lines has in the past been all but impracticable; history is full of failures; and those who essay such a work are sure to be misunderstood and misrepresented by many, and maliciously abused by those whose selfish interests are linked with the old order of things.

The JOURNAL'S task has been doubly difficult, and for these reasons: (1) The general public, including Spiritualists, is accustomed to regard all papers as purely business enterprises and consequently to class the JOURNAL in the same category with newspapers in general, as being published for the profit in the business or to afford occupation and pleasure for the owner; (2) hence I have had to meet the public on its cold, hard, strictly business side, and as a publisher, struggle to maintain the financial side of the paper; (3) while on the other hand, as editor I have, by virtue of the position, been doing a purely educational work and one which sharply antagonizes the financial side of the concern at times. It is needless to say that never in the slightest degree have the pecuniary interests of the JOURNAL colored or warped the editorial policy; you already know they have not. I could tell you of instances where I have declined large benefactions because their acceptance was coupled with conditions that would have committed the JOURNAL to courses detrimental to the best interests of Spiritualism, as the would-be benefactors will eventually see; indeed as they already begin to realize.

The result of the steadily increasing demand of rational Spiritualists seconded and emphasized by reasonable requirements asked by a vast body of intelligent, interested inquirers, and voiced through the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, has been to narrow the field of uncertainty, lessen the traffic in commercial Spiritualism, quicken the moral sense of the Movement and turn the course of Spiritualist work toward higher and safer grounds. The outlook for pure Spiritualism is most encouraging. The time is at hand when systematic, orderly and general constructive work is possible, beyond anything in the past. In this work I feel that the JOURNAL must take a leading part; and in order to do this promptly and effectively it needs increased resources and continuous co-operation.

During the past ten years, fully \$150,000 have been spent by antagonists of the JOURNAL in attempting to ruin it and drive me from a work which I never sought, but which when thrust upon me I strove to do to the best of my ability. In spite of the powerful and vindictive opposition, born of ignorance, fraud and immorality, in spite of the harm which misrepresentation, whether innocently or maliciously made, has worked me and the JOURNAL among good people not in a position to mistrust or readily discover their error, in spite of all this, the JOURNAL has steadily held its way and to-day has a wider influence, a higher standard and is an abler paper than ever in the past. The cost of this long struggle to my wife and myself, cannot be measured by money. A very few know something of our trials, sacrifices, heartaches and never-ceasing strain; the history of these years can never be known in its fullness by any but ourselves; neither is it essential that it should. My only purpose in this paragraph is to show you, briefly, how the JOURNAL may be rated as a great success, a powerful educational and reformatory agent, with potent influence in the Spiritualist ranks and commanding the respectful attention of the secular press and the world at large, how it may be all this, with a splendid record behind it; a present healthful strength and a future full of glorious promise, and

still need your assistance and co-operation in a work which is as much yours as mine.

The special work of the JOURNAL for the past few years is near completion, nearer than any one not intimately conversant with the esoteric workings of the Movement can believe. The time for building is come; constructive (not sectarian) work can soon be begun; and I honestly think the JOURNAL is the most promising and safest center from which to prosecute it.

With no general bureau of information, or for missionary purposes, supported by a special fund, the burden falls upon the Spiritualist press, and naturally the JOURNAL carries the most of it, for reasons above given. This work, while it does not show publicly, and is a severe tax, yet is of vital consequence to the cause of Spiritualism, indeed is second only to that of the JOURNAL itself and should be continued. With adequate financial resources, enabling it to take advantage of many avenues of profit now either closed or only partly developed, the JOURNAL could make these dependent activities self-supporting and even revenue-producing auxiliaries. To accomplish this, as well as to improve the JOURNAL and widen the field of its influence and the general work carried on in its office, I feel that a stock company should be organized and that the time is propitious for it. I therefore invite your favorable attention to the prospectus of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, and ask your prompt and liberal subscriptions to the stock.

PROSPECTUS.

The Religio-Philosophical Publishing House.

Capital \$50,000.

Adequate capital is essential to the highest success of any undertaking. It is better that this capital be contributed by a considerable number rather than by one or a very few individuals, provided all are animated by a common purpose.

In these days of rapid improvements in machinery, means of communication, growth of liberalism, scientific research and steadily increasing demand for accuracy, excellence and completeness in all that entertains, accommodates, instructs or profits the public, necessity obliges that a newspaper like the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, which aims to keep abreast of the times, should be thoroughly equipped; and backed by capital sufficient to command every resource of success and to work every desirable avenue that promises to prove a feeder.

In the exposition of the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism, of Spiritual Ethics, of Religion posited on science, an independent, intelligent, honest and judicially fair press is indispensable; by all odds the most powerful far-reaching and influential agent. Without a newspaper, the most eloquent and logical lecturer or writer would have but a comparatively limited field; with its aid he can reach into thousands of homes and wield a world-wide influence. What is true of the lecturer and writer, has equal force with all the various agencies for the betterment of the world.

The Spiritualist Movement has reached a stage where it imperatively requires an abler press, a higher standard of culture in its teachers, a more orderly, dignified, effective and business-like propagandism. A systematized method of investigating phenomena and recording results is gradually being evolved, and needs to be further developed. A well-organized and endowed activity for the instruction, care and development of sensitives and mediums is almost indispensable to the development of psychic science. The keener the apprehension and broader the comprehension of causes, the better able are we to deal with the perplexing sociologic, economic, political, and ethical questions now vexing the world; and in no other direction is there such promise of progress in the study of cause as in the psychical field.

A first-class publishing house can be made the promoter of all the agencies necessary to carry forward such a work. With its newspaper, magazines, books, branches for psychic experiment, missionary bureau, etc., etc., it can satisfactorily and with profit accomplish what is impossible by such inadequate methods as now prevail, and as have hitherto marked the history of Modern Spiritualism.

To lay the foundation of what it is hoped will in time grow into a gigantic concern, a license has been secured from the Secretary of State of Illinois to organize the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE in Chicago, with a CAPITAL STOCK OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, IN ONE THOUSAND SHARES OF FIFTY DOLLARS each. The Commissioners have opened books for subscriptions. Twelve Thousand Five Hundred Dollars have already been subscribed. Two of the subscribers are men prominent in Chicago business circles, and another is a wealthy farmer and stock raiser who desires to give or bequeath a large sum to benefit the world, and who may make this publishing house his trustee should it give evidence of being a desirable repository of his trust. In this connection it may be well to call special attention to the desirability of having a stable, well managed and confidence-inspiring corporation to act as trustee for those who desire in the interest of Spiritualism to make donations during their life-time or to leave bequests. One of the important purposes of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House is: To receive, hold, use and convey any and all property estates, real, personal or mixed, and all bonds, promissory notes, agreements, obligations, and choses in action

generally that may be bestowed upon it by bequest, gift, or in trust, and use the same in accordance with the terms of the trust when imposed, or discretionary when the bequest or gift is unconditional.

The Commissioners have decided to publicly announce the enterprise and to solicit stock subscriptions from the JOURNAL'S readers. It is hoped that a considerable number will be found ready to take not less than twenty shares, or one thousand dollars each; and that a goodly number will subscribe for not less than ten shares each; while those who will be glad to subscribe for a single share, fifty dollars, will reach into the hundreds.

In the State of Illinois there is no liability on subscription to stock of a corporation, the amount of whose capital stock is fixed, (as is the case in the present instance) until the whole amount of stock is subscribed. See *Temple vs. Lamson*, 112 Ill. 51. Therefore no one need fear being caught in a scheme which is only partially a success. Subscribers to stock will not be called upon to pay for it until the whole amount is subscribed. No one in any event assumes by subscribing, any pecuniary responsibility beyond the amount of his stock. It would seem as though the entire remaining stock, thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, ought to be promptly taken. That the stock will pay a fair dividend is highly probable; and subscribers to the shares will be guaranteed five per cent. annual dividends, payable in subscriptions to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. This will secure to each single share-holder, and to his heirs or assigns after him, a copy of the JOURNAL without further cost; and to larger holders in proportion.

Those desiring to subscribe will please promptly write to the Chairman of the Commissioners, John C. Bundy, Chicago, notifying him of the amount they will take. There are, no doubt, friends so interested in the JOURNAL and all that promises to advance the interests of Spiritualism, that they will be glad to assist in procuring stock subscriptions among their acquaintances; and they are invited to correspond with Mr. Bundy upon the matter.

Richard A. Proctor.

The announcement in the daily papers of last Thursday, that Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, had died the previous evening in New York City, a victim of yellow-fever, as the physicians report,—was a surprise and a shock to millions; for he was not only a discoverer and an authority in his special domain, but one of the ablest and brightest popularizers of science of the present age. He translated not only his own discoveries, but those of others, those of thinkers working in different fields of science, in a manner to interest the common people. What he saw in the stellar heavens and what he observed in all the fields of human life, in which there was nothing too minute for his microscopic vision, he was able to communicate in language as simple as it was charming, and therefore peculiarly adapted to average minds. He was like all men of genius, a theorizer, and often ventured far beyond demonstrated science; but several of his most daring theories, although at first treated lightly by some of his contemporaries, have been substantiated,—such as the now accepted theory of the nature of the solar corona and that of the inner complex atmosphere of the sun, proved true by Prof. Charles A. Young, the great authority in that special field.

Twenty years ago Proctor constructed a chart of 324,000 stars, and was led thereby to a new theory of the universe, which has been a subject of much controversy. His investigations of the transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882 are of special value. He was the author of a dozen or more valuable publications, such as "Half Hours with the Telescope," "Saturn's Systems," "Other Worlds than Ours," "The Moon," "Borderland of Science," and the new and elaborate work now in course of publication entitled "Old and New Astronomy." He was author of the article on astronomy in the latest edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and wrote several little treatises; one on "Chess Problems," which interested him mathematically. He was born at Chelsea, England, March 23, 1837. He was thoroughly educated. In 1872 and 1873 he was honorary secretary and editor of the proceedings of the Royal Astronomical Society. He lectured in the United States with great success in '73, '74, '75 and '76. A few years ago he married an American lady and made America his home, living most of the time at St. Joseph, Mo. About a year ago he removed from that place, where he had lost two children and was himself suffering from malarial disease, to Orange Lake, Fla., where he built an observatory and had an ideal home, pursuing his observation of the heavens and at the same time his varied literary labors with great enthusiasm. When taken sick in New York he was on his way to England to meet lecture engagements. Proctor was brought up a Catholic, but years ago he publicly repudiated church dogmas and was thereafter a radical and pronounced freethinker. His death is a loss that will be felt over a very wide area. Personally he was one of the most agreeable of men.

James W. Thomas, of McKinney, Texas, an Anti-Saloon Republican, is a candidate for Congress, in the 5th Congressional District, and respectfully asks the support of the voters of the district. Mr. Thomas has been a reader of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for many years and one of our staunch friends. We know him to be a firm advocate for truth and right and we trust he may find many supporters.

What the Struggle Is For.

The JOURNAL is struggling to establish a broad and rational religion—not a theological sect—posited on a scientific basis, a religion which shall bring prosperity, comfort and happiness to every enlightened soul on earth and make of heaven a better place than it now is by peopling it with those who have lived rightly here from the pure love of right; a religion which shall stop the hegira to heaven of the spiritually pauperized, the soul deformed; stop it by stopping the propagation of such mal-formed creatures here. When Spiritualism in its purity shall be universally dominant in the hearts of men, the lower spheres of the Spirit-world will be vastly improved and the veil between this life and the next will grow thinner and more transparent. The JOURNAL acknowledges no allegiance to any sect or party, but only to truth and right conduct. The exposition of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism is its largest purpose, for therein lies all else; and in this work it knows no racial, political, sectarian or class obligations. It cannot be governed by venal considerations, nor influenced by personal interests. It aims to stand as the true and loyal representative and exponent of a host of noble souls on both sides of life who are working for man's redemption here and hereafter.

Reader, do you sympathize with these aims and efforts? Undoubtedly you do. Then do your level best to show your goodwill, both by word and deed, but especially by deed. Action, diligence, determined purpose alone can give value to your latent goodwill and render it effective. Circulate the JOURNAL among your acquaintances, secure their subscriptions, contribute your best thought and choicest experiences to its columns. Do these deeds to-day, to-morrow and every day as opportunity offers, and see how quickly the habit of doing will become fixed, and how greatly blessed you will be in blessing others.

The JOURNAL is an open court wherein opposing advocates can freely ventilate their views, within the limits of its jurisdiction and subject to its rules. On another page an esteemed and learned correspondent, W. E. Coleman, concludes his rejoinder to his theological critics and completes his supplementary bill of complaint against Theosophy. The JOURNAL does not share his fears as to the effect of Theosophy upon Spiritualism; and does not anticipate any dire results from the coquetting which is going on between Theosophists and Spiritualists in various quarters of the globe. If vagaries dubbed theosophic can make fools of Spiritualists, then is Spiritualism better off without them, for the fool germ was in them and sure of development sometime. If good and capable people are more attracted to spiritual studies and psychical research along lines labeled theosophical than by those branded spiritualistic, the JOURNAL bids them God-speed; knowing that at some time near or remote, they will reach the temple of knowledge and wisdom, by whatever path they travel.

Mr. Coleman is always intensely in earnest, and the JOURNAL likes him for this. One always knows where to find such a man and knows he will make a good fight either for or against one's views or purposes. Such men are never counted as doubtful upon any issue; and once convinced of mistake or error, they hasten to acknowledge it. Their very intensity sometimes weakens their cause, for human nature is loth to be stirred against its inclination, and rebukes too bold onslaughts upon its pet toys. It were better often to distract attention from the old by presenting a newly painted plaything of a different pattern; but some of us can't do that, it isn't our way.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. S. R. Stevens, trance medium, who has been spending the summer at Onset, called at the JOURNAL office last week on her way west. She will spend the winter with the family of Mr. F. P. Baker, 1015 Quincy street, Topeka, Kan.

Mr. F. P. Baker, editor of the Topeka daily *Commonwealth*, enlivened the JOURNAL sanctum with his genial presence the other day. He was on his way home from a well earned summer vacation, and from all indications is prepared to put fresh fire and snap into his already wide awake paper.

It has been remarked that the faith-cure people are not flocking into Jacksonville, Fla., in any considerable numbers to stay the progress of the yellow-fever. Do not those who criticize these healers know that some of the most remarkable of their cures are effected by means of what is known as the "absent treatment"?—*Chicago Tribune*.

B. F. Underwood has been requested to visit Oregon to meet Rev. Clark Braden (who has been having everything about his own way the past month or two) in public debate. He has authorized the committee who wrote him to challenge the theological bulldozer for all the debate he wants, and it looks now as though fossilized theology in that region would soon be put upon the defensive.

It is reported, apparently on good authority, that Cardinal Gibbons's ideas concerning the Knights of Labor have been so far adopted by the pope as to insure a relaxation of the laws of the church so that Catholics may become members of this and similar labor organizations without forfeiting their religious standing. This advice by Cardinal Gibbons, it is stated, has been incorporated in a decree soon to be promulgated. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain.

An Excellent Test of Spirit Power.

Harry A. Kersey furnishes the Two Worlds, England, with an account of an excellent test given through the mediumship of Mr. Eglington, the slate-writing medium. Before going to the room of the medium, he screwed two slates securely together. The first effort to get writing on the inside failing, Mr. Kersey, casting about in his mind what to do, it occurred to him that Mr. Eglington had not seen the inside of the slate, and therefore a suspicion might linger in his mind that a trick might possibly be tried to be played upon him. As there was still no apparent prospect of getting any results, Mr. K. invented an excuse in order to set Mr. Eglington's mind at rest if his surmises were correct. He therefore suggested that possibly the piece of pencil which he had inserted might not be sufficiently magnetized, and that probably they might get better results if he exchanged it for a piece from a small heap of such lying on the table. To this Mr. Eglington assented, and gave Mr. K. his slate. Taking from his pocket a small screwdriver, four inches long, which he had brought purposely with him, he withdrew the screws and requested Mr. Eglington not to touch the slate while open, and kept it out of his reach so he should not do so. Mr. K. then opened the slate, took out his own piece of pencil and inserted a similar piece from the heap before named, and in so doing he took care that Mr. Eglington should see the inside of the slate, but not touch it. Mr. K. called his attention to the fact of the slate being clean, and embraced the opportunity to write his initials and the date at one corner; he closed and screwed up the slate securely as before and returned the screwdriver to his pocket. As he was in the act of handing the slate to Mr. Eglington, the latter said that he would try, with both holding it above the table. Mr. K. most gladly assented, as it had not left his grasp since he screwed it up, and he accepted this as proof that Mr. Eglington felt more at home with him, and was getting interested in the experiment. Mr. K. now held the slate at one end, grasping it at each corner, thus assuring himself that if screws could be withdrawn or hinges taken off, it could not be opened without his knowing it. The side was uppermost which contained the heads of the screws. He placed his thumb on one to keep it from being touched, and watched the other, near Mr. Eglington's hand, narrowly, the whole time. In a short space of time, he was pleased to hear the sound of writing going on inside the slate, and felt, most distinctly, the vibrations caused thereby. Three tiny raps sounded on the slate, and Mr. Eglington stated that it was finished, remarking that Mr. K. must allow no one to open the slate but himself. He took it, and again taking the little screwdriver from his pocket, he withdrew the two screws therewith. On opening the slate, he found the following message written partly on one side, and partly on the other:

"We trust this writing will convince your friends that we have the power of writing under exceptional conditions. We have done this at great expense."

The New Church Pacific says the first cremation under New Church auspices which has come in its notice is that of James Edwin Perry, aged forty, of San Diego, California, whose decease took place June 27th last. His body was sent to Los Angeles and there cremated. The ashes were brought back to his mother, and when the proper receptacle is obtained, will be interred at Mount Hope Cemetery, San Diego. On the following Sunday, a very interesting memorial service was held at the residence of his mother, conducted by George W. Barnes. The New Church Pacific says: "We hereby record our approval of this act. When prejudice, originally founded on the irrational dogma of the resurrection of the material body, shall have fully died away, cremation will become a universal Christian custom." New Church Life says: "This is by no means the first cremation under New Church auspices. The first occurred nearly twenty years ago, and comparatively recently the body of a well known physician and New Churchman of Pittsburgh, was by his own wish cremated after his death."

J. J. Morse who lectured here on Sunday some sixteen months ago, on his way to San Francisco, has been engaged by the Y. P. S. for the month of October. Mr. Morse is an able speaker. The Young People's Progressive Society should be supported by the public in the heavy expense involved in supplying lecturers and test mediums. The small admission fee at the door is inadequate to cover the outlay.

The Banner of Light appeared last week in a beautiful new dress. We are glad to note a growing disposition on the part of our esteemed contemporary to follow in the JOURNAL'S footsteps in some important particulars. May the light grow stronger and the new courage of the veteran editor never again be shaken.

Y. P. P. S.

The second social and dancing party of the Young People's Progressive Society will occur on Thursday evening of this week, in Martine's South-side Hall where its meetings are held every Sunday. In connection with the dance, Mrs. Foye will be tendered an informal reception in the private parlors of the hall. At 9:30 a short entertainment will be given, after which all will participate in the dance until midnight. Those having invitations to the reception will not be charged admission. Mrs. Foye will be pleased to meet the many friends on that occasion.

A. L. COVERDALE, PRES.

COINCIDENCES.

J. E. WOODHEAD.

In an article published some years ago in the New York Independent, and afterward revised for, and reprinted in, Mind In Nature. The Right Reverend Arthur Cleveland Coxe says:

"Who can solve mathematically the mystery of coincidences? I mean the mathematical chances in a given case, which are against its ever existing. Are there not, psychological and other mysteries concerned which must account for the fact that against all mathematical probability, or even possibility, coincidences, the most marvelous are known to our daily experience and occur in every human history? Nay, they are so frequent as to be a law of life and one which must be daily reckoned for, socially, economically, morally, and in many other ways, as a rule of life."

"I wish to speak of coincidences and to open my own mind on the subject. For years I have had a philosophy dear to my heart, because of its practical value; and I think others have a like philosophy, which would be more sure of it if they only knew how many millions of men, who are not fools, live and die in this philosophy and are the happier and the better for it. Entrenched in this philosophic fortress, built on the rock of faith, I am willing to study other philosophies, and am willing to let them undermine me and blow me up, if they can; but, as yet, I have seen nothing in the blank nothingness of the agnostics, much less anything to persuade me that they are true philosophers. I can put two and two together as well as they, and, therefore, all I want of them is their discoveries of facts, and for these I am thankful to them; but, when they insult my common sense by pretending to see no evidence of a contriver and a first cause, I feel their want of reality."

"Is the telegraph wire, even under the ocean, a rude material symbol of other mysterious communications between human spirits? Out of scores of striking experiences that often suggest this question, let me relate just one. More than thirty years ago, in the company of several eminent gentlemen, I had the happiness of visiting the reputed home of Milton, at Forest Hill, in Oxfordshire, where a very intelligent young woman, who had the honors and showed us over the apartments and the grounds adjoining, pointing out the 'removed place' of Penseroso and other points illustrative of that exquisite poem. The next day one of my companions gave me a drawing of the scene which he had kindly made for me during the night-watches. It so happened that, soon after my return to America, the drawing was mislaid; but, after twenty years, it turned up one day, as I was examining some papers in an old trunk. 'Treasure trove!' this shall not be lost again; I cried, in my delight; and I sent it to be framed. It came home in due time, and I hung it in an honorable position. That very day came a letter from Oxford, signed by a worthy matron, introducing herself as the young maiden of other days who had received us at Forest Hill, and asking whether I had forgotten my promise to send her any description I might write of that day's adventures. She must have written her letter just about the very day I found the picture and had been thereby led to wonder whether she were yet living."

"A friend who had guarded his children against anything that might offend one of his guests, a strong sympathizer with 'The lost cause,' found, to his horror, that not less than three times, before he could interpose a caution, some friends, who had been asked to meet him, stumbled upon remarks which really looked as if purposely aimed at his somewhat obsolete peculiarities. When these persons who had unguardedly 'committed themselves' beyond all power of self-extraction, found a chance to explain to their host how innocently they had offended, each one substantially remarked, 'I am sure I can't account for my unlucky speech or how I came to make it. This subject is one on which I have not spoken for years, and in which I am passionate and even without interest; yet, unhappily, I seemed to take pains to misrepresent myself and to talk like a fool just for this occasion.'"

In another article on the same subject the Bishop says:

"Unaccountable are the coincidences often brought to a person's attention, where a sermon hits somebody's case, not in the sentence, but with speciality and circumstance, so that it is hard to persuade the man that he was not singled out and portrayed with malice aforethought. A coincidence of another sort once occurred in my experience which, I think, may be worth narrating."

"By the rubric of morning prayer the Psalms for the day, in our service, may be followed by the Gloria in Excelsis, instead of the Gloria Patri. Being the morning service is so long that one very rarely hears it in this place. When the Psalms are read on a week day, with no music, one never hears it. Once, however, on a week day, I was officiating, only a handful of devout persons present, when it occurred to me to devote the Psalter with the longer doxology. I had never done such a thing before; I have never thought of repeating it. The service that day had nothing special in it, nothing inspired me with unusual emotions. I felt that it came into my mind to do so that once, and I read the Gloria in Excelsis. During the day I was called upon by one of the worshippers, a venerable widow and a lady of high position in society, of a family eminent in the history of our country. With some agitation she apologized for asking me whether I had been desired by any of her family to gratify her by departing from my custom in this respect on this particular day. I assured her I had not, and could not explain how it came to pass, though if it gratified her, I was very glad, of course. She then said, she had always made this day one of special private devotion, as it was the anniversary of her husband's death. He died many years before, in her comparative youth. She had made an effort to be at church that morning on this account. 'What was my surprise,' she said, 'to hear you break out with the Gloria in Excelsis.' My husband, very reticent as to his religious emotions, lay dying, and I had longed to gain some expression of his hopes and confidence in his Redeemer, but forebore to elicit anything of the kind by questions. Suddenly he roused himself, and to the amazement of all he recited the Gloria in Excelsis entire, dwelling upon the ejaculations, 'Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world,' etc. Soon after he expired. Reflecting on this as I went to church on this anniversary,' she continued, 'imagine my surprise when, for the only time in a long life, I found that Gloria so used by the officiating clergyman. I joined in it with feelings greatly excited, and come to thank

you for so kindly considering me.' I had never heard of the incident. Her husband was a total stranger to me, and I had never heard him spoken of, save in some casual mention of his name."

Science must continue to ignore these coincidences, and their bearings on human experiences, and beliefs; they cannot be tabulated and arranged under their appropriate headings, as things that are known, yet, they are too constant and important a part in the lives of most of us, for us to feel that they are all merely chance happenings. We need not believe that we are each of us under the special charge of a Socratic demon, but there are very few who are not conscious that there is a "something" that shapes our ends, and brings things to pass different from our planning. Oft-times we can trace this "something" to the conscious mental action of our fellow man, whereupon we label it "Telepathy" or "Hypnotism," and think we have explained it all.

But what is this mysterious subtle power that enables us to transfer our thoughts to another mind without any known means of communication? Knowing this can be done, and finding that there are many of these coincidences and experiences, that cannot be traced to conscious or unconscious thought of our fellow man, may we not safely argue that there is a power greater than ourselves which does influence and bring to pass results not intended by us?

Scientists, unable to weigh, measure or analyze this influence, deny it altogether, and brand all faith, or belief in it as superstition, but so long as men continue to have such experiences as those related by Bishop Coxe, and the following by a noted Chicago divine, they will continue to hug the superstition, without stopping to find out whether it be scientific or not.

A few years ago one of Chicago's most prominent preachers made a statement in one of his sermons, the truth of which was afterward denied, and he was called upon, to either give his authority for the statement, or to retract it. He had read the statement somewhere and believed it to be true, but when called upon to verify it, found that he had failed to note where he had found it, and was utterly unable to recall where he had seen it; whether in a book, or pamphlet, or newspaper, he did not know, and had no means of tracing it. The positive manner in which it had been denied, had so disconcerted him, that his memory entirely failed him; it had been long since he had read the statement, and chances very slight of his ever being able to find it. Two or three months of mental purgatory, failed to aid him in the matter in the slightest degree, and forced him to conclude that it would be best for him to confess that he had made a statement that he could not verify, and which was pronounced to be false. On consulting with his wife, he concluded first to make it a subject of prayer. They knelt down; the prayer was sincere and earnest. Before he got through, the answer came; he arose from his knees, went to a shelf in his library, took out a book, and turned at once to the page containing the statement he was so anxious to find.

A distinguished Chicago lawyer gives the following coincidence:

He was retained in a case in which it was necessary to prove the prior use of a certain mechanical movement. He was certain as to this fact, and believed he could readily produce the proof. When the time came to use it, he looked, but to his surprise was unable to find it. Knowing that his "case" depended on this one fact, he began to search in earnest; went to Washington and spent eight days, looking into every patent and book liable to contain what he wanted, and finally was obliged to give it up; that which he supposed he could find in a couple of hours at any time, he could not find at all. The last evening of his stay in Washington, he wandered down one of the avenues in no comfortable frame of mind. Aimlessly he went into a book auction room, just as a lot of old English magazines were put up for sale; after some delay a bid of 20 cents per volume was made. Mechanically our Chicago friend bid 25 cents, and to his surprise and chagrin, they were knocked down to him; uncertain what to do about it, he asked that they be set aside until morning. After breakfast next morning he went to look at his purchase, to see if they were worth the freight to Chicago; picking up one of them, he opened it, and the first thing that met his eyes was a cut and full description of the movement he was looking for.

How these "chances" can be explained scientifically, I confess I do not know, so it is perhaps wisest for science to deny these reports, and declare that the narrators are lying.

Henry W. Longfellow in his journal for Oct. 11th, 1850, records a similar incident.

"I was in the college library to-day asking for Mather's Magnalia. Dr. Harris gave it me, saying, 'You cannot find in it what you want for there is no index.' 'Then it is of no use to me,' said I, and opened the volume at random. There before my eyes, was the very thing I wanted; namely, the account of the Phantom Ship at New Haven, Book I, chap. 6. I wrote a poem on the subject in the evening."

The entry in his journal for November 21st, 1859, is as follows:

"This morning I dreamed that Charles Sumner had returned, and that I had seen him. I was awakened suddenly by the sound of two cannon shots. It was the salute of the British steamer in the Boston harbor. So after breakfast I went into town; and sure enough, in the little parlor in Hancock street I found him, looking hale and hearty and calling himself 'a well man.' He came out to dine, and after dinner gave us a long account of his visit to Tennyson in the Isle of Wight."

RETURN OF MRS. E. L. WATSON To the Spiritual Platform in San Francisco, Cal.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of San Francisco resumed its meetings in Metropolitan Temple, on Sunday evening, September 2nd, with Mrs. E. L. Watson as its regular speaker. Mrs. Watson returns to her labors upon this platform, after an absence of over a year, with renewed zeal and enthusiasm for truth and humanity. She was greeted the opening night with one of the largest audiences that I have ever seen at the Temple, and everything gives promise of the abundant success of her coming ministrations.

Before commencing her regular discourse she made a few preliminary remarks in which, in feeling terms, she alluded to the great bereavement that had befallen her since she was last seen upon that platform; and she expressed the desire and determination to utter no word during her ministry at the Temple that should in any manner increase the burdens or sorrows of any of God's children,—to say nothing that did not tend to the improvement and betterment of humanity.

Her opening address was upon "The Rock on which we Build, or the Coming Religion." It was an able, eloquent, and earnest discourse, and elicited repeated spontaneous outbreaks of applause. The immutable laws of nature were affirmed to be the rock upon which we build, in contradistinction to the creeds and bibles of past religions. The coming religion, she said, had its seat in the human soul, and it was in correspondence with the demands, needs, and aspirations of that soul. The coming religion would not be based primarily, upon any class of physical phenomena; but the genuine phenomena of Spiritualism, so far as they ministered to the needs and aspirations of the individual soul, and tended to uphold it in beauty, purity and usefulness, would be an important factor in this religion.

Mr. J. J. Morse is speaking this month in San Jose. He and his family, it is very probable, will leave California for the East early in October. WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

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Every railroad and transportation line running into the city have made reduced rates, and there is every indication that a much larger attendance will follow than any year that has preceded.

The design and construction of the Corn Palace at Sioux City, Iowa, has attracted wide attention and Sioux City proclaims itself the Corn Palace city of the world. In all that has been written of this famous Corn Palace, the predominant thought of all who have seen it, has been its surpassing beauty. The Corn Palace of 1887 was grand and beautiful, in the light of experience and increased enthusiasm. The Corn Palace of 1888 will be grander and more beautiful. It will be built on a grander and more elaborate scale; it will contain all the good and successful features of the Palace of 1887, together with all the new effects which experience and the taste of the architect, both the decorative and the useful. The Corn Palace will open September 24th and close October 4th, 1888. Special excursion trains at low rates on all railroads. Special amusements and attractions each day. The whole world is invited.

The Relation of the Sexes to Government, will be discussed by Prof. E. D. Cope, in the leading article of the October Popular Science Monthly. Prof. Cope shows how the psychological and social facts, which every one has noticed, and which are not adapted mentally or physically for the functions of government, and that if they were to take an active part it would react unfavorably on the vastly more important interests of the home.

Under the title Ethics and Economics, in the October Popular Science Monthly, Mr. Robert Matthews gives a thoughtful view of our social outlook, maintaining that the theory of individualism, which has just been having its day, involves too much selfishness, and that each member of society must, in future, pay attention to his duties, as well as insist on his rights.

The Century is to publish in early numbers, a short serial novel by a writer new to its readers, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. The story is based upon events in the early history of Canada, and Mr. Francis Parkman, the historian, has written for it a preface in which he says that "the realism of our time has its place and function, but an eternal analysis of the familiar and commonplace is cloying after a while, and one turns with relief and refreshment to such facts as that set before us in Mrs. Catherwood's animated story." The romance will be illustrated by Henry Sandham, formerly of Montreal, and both letter-press and pictures are said to introduce the reader to a comparatively little known time and scene.

Mr. W. L. Cowles has accomplished something little short of a miracle; he has made for Cassell & Company, a miniature Cyclopaedia that gets within the space of one 12mo. volume the cream of the information contained in such works as the Britannica and American Cyclopaedia. The man or woman seeking information, will find here biographical, historical, scientific, geographical, statistical and other facts that he would have to delve through libraries of volumes to find. Mr. Chas. DeKay has written an introduction to the book that explains its aims and character with a conciseness that is in harmony with the compilers' work.

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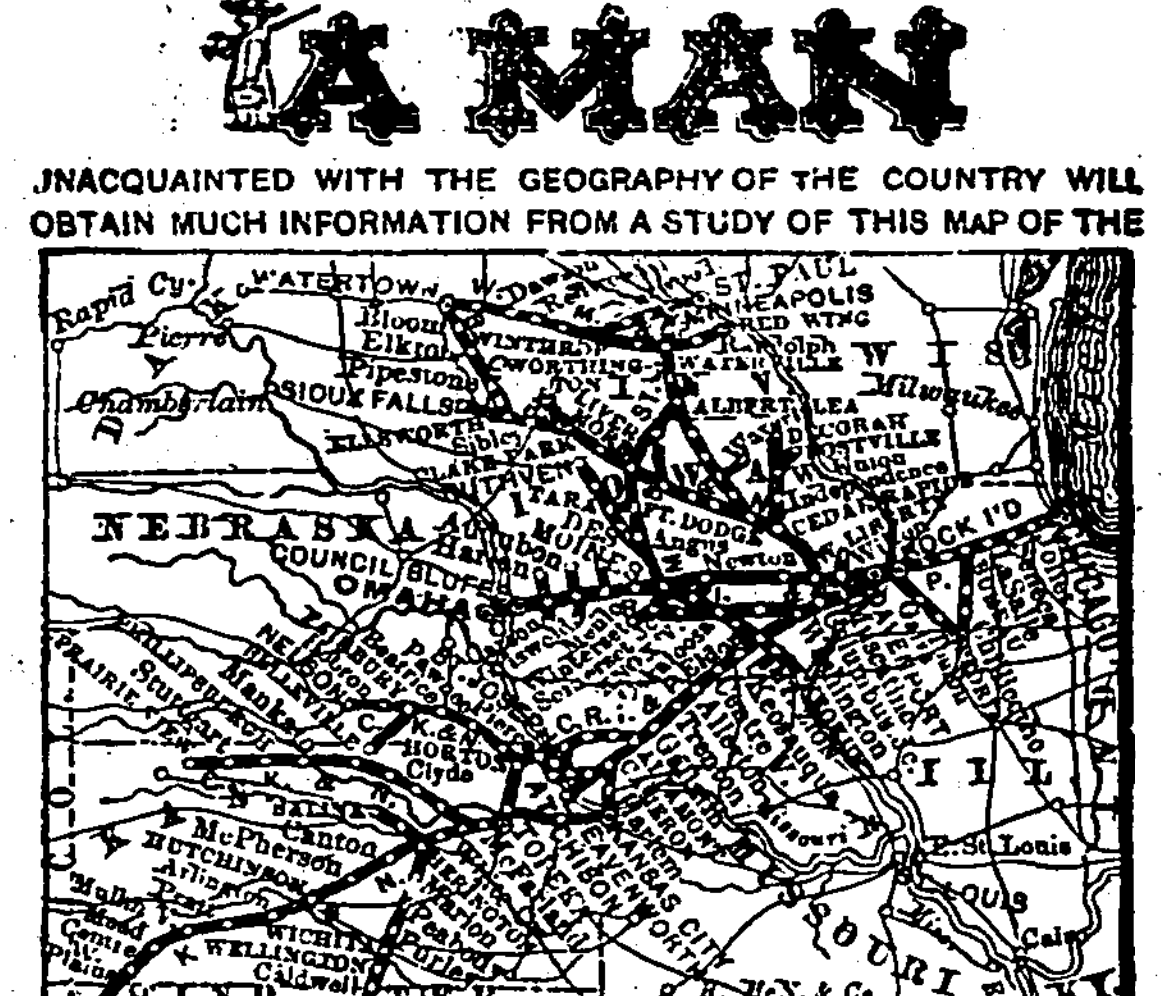
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The Religion of the Future.

(Continued from First Page.)

and knowing that forces and conditions are indispensable to the production of these effects, it is resistlessly driven to the prediction of those forces and conditions. I believe that every essential element of religion may be made to stand upon a similarly unmovable basis. Even the immortality of the soul is destined to such demonstration. When its conceptions have been clarified, its methods purified, and its pretensions graced with modesty, I find nothing unreasonable in the main tenet of "modern Spiritualism."

If there is a spiritual universe around us, the destiny of human souls, as the evolutionary process goes on and man ascends toward that universe, must not the day come, sooner or later, when these two worlds shall meet upon their outer edges and slowly overlap? May not that day be darkly dawning?

Do we not "hear with inward strife, A motion tolling in the gloom; The spirit of the years to come Yearning to mix itself with life?"

"The wardens of the growing hour, But vague in vapor, hard to mark, And round them all, and see are dark With vast contrivance of power."

And when once religious belief is thus grounded how the mind is calmly stayed thereby, and doubts no more. Religious belief in the past, being mainly bottomed on dogmatism and tradition, has proved itself utterly incapable of mooring the mind. The one all-engrossing task of the preacher has been to reforge the broken links of the ancient chains. Volume after volume, sermon after sermon, an incessant stream of apology and defense has been pouring forth throughout the centuries to stay the public mind in its drifting. A suspicious circumstance! Who hears again an argument to re-establish conviction in gravitation, or any of the great laws of nature. Such principles once unfolded the mind instinctively affiliates with them, is strongly anchored by them, and never doubts again.

Such, then, is my thought. The future will greet the coming generations with a religion as of old. It will be a continuously progressive religion, a religion of freedom, liberating the individual from the mass; a religion of divinely diversified thought, but bonded fellowship; a religion of lofty, ideal deeds, of soul anchoring beliefs; when the ample proof of axioms is struck, all disquisitions are a farce. "No man has seen God at any time," says the Bible, and science says the same; this invisibility of the Deity is the chief cause and stumbling block of atheism. It is so hard to grasp abstract ideas, and make spiritual perceptions real, that all religions are prone to drift into idolatry, to deify visible nature instead of the unseen power behind it. It is this natural human longing for a tangible, personal Divinity, that makes the Christian hold so tenaciously to the doctrine of a "God Man" in his Trinity. The thought of an invisible spirit, filling boundless space is too vast and vague to fix and satisfy the finite mind; it eagerly seeks relief and rest, in visions of a material heaven, with definite bounds, gates, golden streets and an incarnate Deity upon the throne. Pure unqualified atheism is fast disappearing from philosophical circles, since the deepest science and keenest logic decide that nature cannot be rationally explained without a directing mind. The ever present, self-evident fact that mind certainly exists as a very conspicuous part of nature, has ever been a living protest against atheistic theories; for if the atheist once admits that intelligence is uncreated and eternal, he is no longer an atheist; he has conceded the essential point of theism, for uncreated mind is Deity. The attributes of this Deity belong to another branch of the inquiry; the dark fact of evil in the world, and absurd theology, do not at all affect the theistic argument as some argue; for a fabled device for torture may prove design as well as the most cruel contrivance. A supreme, malignant intelligence is conceivable. If it is claimed that the world's mind has arisen from senseless matter, the claim is pure assumption, if modern biological science is authority. Tyndall and Huxley tell us that the doctrine, "No life without pre-existing life, is now victorious all along the line. Huxley's acknowledged bias toward materialism no doubt made him hope to see life generated in his sterilized infusion, but no life appeared. When previous, less cautious experimenters found life in their sealed bottles, atheism was thought victorious along the agnostic line; matter was proclaimed Creator; Science had said, "There is no God."

It is plain that physical science can never solve the theistic problem, since thought and life are far too elevated for experiments with air pumps, vacuums, and microscopes; the question clearly belongs to the realm of metaphysics and reason. Had life appeared in Huxley's well guarded crucibles, it would not have settled the "spontaneous generation" controversy, for a theistic scientist might reasonably urge the fact, that a perfect vacuum, excluding the last atom of air is impossible, and that one lurking atom might contain a germ of pre-existing life. His claim that heat had destroyed all germ life in his flasks, might be met by the claim that it is not yet known what degree of heat some forms of life can survive, since some species are indestructible by boiling water. If scientifically critical, the theistic skeptic might still further urge the probability, that infinitely small ethereal organisms had entered through the pores of his bottles, since science estimates that the earth to be without pores must be compressed to a cubic inch; how porous then must be all substances known to art.

When, then, is life? "Spontaneous generation" is mere assumption; the protoplasm of science comes nearest to bridging the troublesome agnostic chasm between dead matter and consciousness, and yet that nebulous "physical basis of life" may not be that inorganic, homogeneous substance it is assumed to be, for more powerful microscopes may yet resolve it into individual organisms, as better telescopes resolved the milky-way into separate stars. Evolution traces the chain of organic beings backward till all

pedigrees and records are lost in prehistoric chaos, where philosophy substitutes theory for fact and observation. In this hazy, unknowable realm those wondrous Darwinian germs were born, which have, we are told, developed into the life and soul of man. This inquiry then concerning the existence of a God, is now narrowed down to the one simple question: has what we call matter, within it, elements which in proper combinations can originate life and consciousness? In searching an answer, scientific analysis is impossible; no microscope can give us a glimpse of the unseen power veiled in a material atom; no anatomist will ever unmask the mathematician that weighs the stars in the brain of the astronomer; our answer, if it ever comes, must come from a far more subtle analysis in the laboratory of the reason.

If, as strict materialism assumes, matter in its ultimate nature is totally destitute of sensation and thought, is it not self-evident that it could never evolve a mind? Such an evolution is clearly nothing less than creation from nothing, the giving to atoms in combination, a new and distinct element not existing in any individual atom; it involves the miracle of extracting from a substance something not in it. According to pure materialism it logically follows that a little more or less carbon, nitrogen or some other senseless element, or a different arrangement of them, determines whether the compound shall evolve a Shakespeare or monkey. The chasm between unliving matter and mind grows wider and deeper as we look at it; the assumption is self-evidently false. We by no means escape the necessity of clear directive thought in nature by any vague theory of blind "potency" or "unconscious cerebration" in matter, for when looked at closely, these imposing phrases mean nothing but old chance with a new ambiguous name. What is this curious, "unconscious cerebration" when translated into intelligible terms? It can be better expressed by the term unthinking thought; for the very essence of thought is consciousness. Can the keenest reasoner tell in what respect an agent that does not know what he is thinking or doing is superior to chance? It is truly a mystery why in the name of science the attempt is made to explain mental phenomena by the laws of unthinking matter.

Admitting, for argument, that isolated atoms of cerebrating matter exist through nature, it is certain, even then, that nothing but anarchy and chaos could result, without a mutual agreement between the independent particles. Is it not positively sure that the parts of a working machine, although endowed with motion would never find their proper places without the aid of some guiding mind? The infinitely superior art of nature shows a unity of plan and purpose, which proves a virtual personality behind it. A harmonious congress, however numerous its members, is practically a person, as much as an individual; and upon this unique philosophy as still at the helm. By the theory that all nature is permeated by intellect, we reach the most tangible idea of God which man has yet conceived; the profound thought which Pope has made immortal in his lines,

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

In reasoning "from nature up to nature's God," analogy, or reasoning "from what we know" is the surest guide to truth; clear, close analogies come near to demonstration; by things seen, analogy reveals the invisible; the spectroscope having proved that all visible stars are of like elements, we believe the unseen worlds are of the same. Gravitation being known to operate through all known space, science believes it "universal." The theory of "spontaneous generation" is better proved false and unscientific by analogical reasonings than by any other line of argument, for since nature, through all historic time, has vitalized unliving matter, and transmitted life by means of pre-existing, living parents, it is surely safe and philosophical to believe that such has been the method in all prehistoric times. Intelligent nature works by means of fixed laws, using the inherent attributes of matter in her creations, and is it not reasonable to affirm, that had matter inherent capacity to spontaneously "replenish the earth," the existing, elaborate precreative system would not have been devised. Analogy forbids us to believe that the fixed law of parents which prevails from the mammoth to the utmost limits of microscopic life, should cease to be the law in the invisible realm beyond the range of the microscope. Can materialism show why it is more reasonable to believe in the spontaneous generation of a germ, than an elephant; the germ of evolution is the greater miracle. Is there any magical, creative power in invisible atoms, or visible hands and uncles? So far as reason can see, nature's God is not strictly Omnipotent in the usual theological sense, but like human genius creates or forms by intelligent use of existing materials and forces. Sight was not given by a word, but by a scientific optical contrivance, adapted to the established laws of light; hearing was also given by conforming the ear to the properties of the air; the born matter was fused that it might more readily assume forms best suited to produce celestial harmony; solid nutriment is dissolved that it may easily reach its destination in the system; such is reason's revelation concerning God's power and creative method.

Old, crude atheism is fast growing obsolete; very few now care to argue that drifting sand might happen to make a telescope, or atoms of phosphorus in the brain compose a poem or weigh an unseen planet. Matter is eternal, says materialism; and dead also, says biological science; its latest utterance being, "No life without pre-existing life." From these two materialistic postulates it logically follows, that life must be eternally co-existent with matter, or was subsequently given it by creative energy; for this puzzling chain of "pre-existing life," made up of isolated links of pre-existing fathers, must at last reach the end of the family record; and the blank beyond be filled by an agnostic "Melchizedek without father or mother"; for a chain having one end, must have two; what can be increased, can be diminished and exhausted; the materialistic gods are unable to explain nature without a God, the philosophical Hartmann evolved an agnostic Deity, who wills and thinks unconsciously.

Theism is grateful for his scientific demonstration that God thinks and wills, but rejects his absurdity, that he thinks unconsciously, for consciousness is the very essence of thought. Theistic gods are mostly too impersonal and vague for religious purposes; the fear of idolatry makes the ideas of God too shadowy and unreal. In conscious helplessness man ever prays, "Nearer, my God to Thee." A metaphysical Deity whose "center is everywhere and his circumference nowhere," and an immortality only in "persistent force" or the "grateful memory of posterity," is, indeed, accheer-

less theology; the pagan and scientist alike are forever "feeling after God." That idea of God which makes him most personal, best meets man's mental needs. Pope's thoughts of God as the soul of the universe, give us the most tangible conception possible of an infinite personality. The familiar idea of an invisible human soul dwelling in, and controlling a limited portion of nature, enables us by its profound analogy to extend the conception of the universe itself, and regards it as a person. Metaphysicians define personality to be "intelligence and thought"; Paley says, "Whatever can plan is a person." The vastness, or even the infiniteness of the universe, does not preclude the idea of personality; plan and purpose is its test. A man's personality is not tested by the space he fills; and why deny personality to the mind in nature when it offers the same proofs as the human mind? It is true, the soul of the world is invisible, but so also is the soul of man; no microscope has ever given us a glimpse of them; they are only to be seen in the picture gallery of the reason. Man in his relation to the forces of the universe may be regarded as a finite Deity; an image in miniature of the Infinite Power. His limited control in a small sphere of nature discloses the far reaching, scientific, and religious truth, that the great physical forces of the universe are not ultimate, independent energies, but are subordinate to the still higher law of volition and conscious free will. The finite human will can suspend and defy gravitation by throwing an inert stone into the air. Where is the real origin of the force that projects the stone? It surely is not in material muscle, bone or nerves; for these are all inert, impotent in death; the primal energies from a conscious, living will. The simple, yet marvelous fact that an immaterial, finite man, moves and control inert matter, makes the grander thought conceivable and philosophical, that the material world itself is moving by the direct energy of a supreme will.

Analogy is a strong support to faith; do we deem it impossible in our hours of doubt that mind can impinge on solid substance and propel the planets? Let us throw a stone, read its profound lesson, and extend the analogy to the universe; even back to that dateless, yet certain epoch in creation, when the uncreated, absolute Will overcame the almost infinite power of gravitation, disturbed the powerless equilibrium of infinity, and sent the revolving nebulae on its world-creating mission. By a few easy steps of common sense logic, and few simple analogies, we have again a conscious, personal Deity for an "Intellectual basis of Faith," instead of a "dim, desiccated ghost inhabiting the empty space between the tangible world and the abyss of the infinite." Theism, so vague and ethereal as to exclude the hope of communication between humanity and God, is valueless as a basis for a human religion. A Deity, as defined by theism, is a ghostly humanity; is practically less to man than a fellow man; we know a human brother can hear and answer prayer; and is God less than man? asks the trusting human heart.

Scientific theology is too much alarmed at the ghost of anthropomorphism, for man can only think with man's thoughts, and in human speech. Believing that God "actually hears us, does not involve the belief that he hears as we hear; that we hear each other, puzzle and toil might be saved by pondering a moment on the deep philosophy condensed into the questions of the Hebrew sage: "He that made the ear, shall he not hear?" "He that made the eye, shall he not see?" In Paul's time, Rome had thirty thousand gods in her Pantheon; many more have since been evolved by metaphysics and imagination, but for the most part, the "invisible bound" "unconscious," "unknowable" God of materialism is the most signal failure among them all.

Since the idols of the world are falling and altars to unknown gods are being built, it seems that no truer conception of God can be formed than the scientific Deity Paul preached to the Agnostics of Athens, the God "manifest in nature," the pre-existing origin of life, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being." The inspiring thought of nearness to God, when habitually cherished, meets man's deepest religious needs, gives courage to face the uncertainties of life, and when called to launch into the "unexplored beyond," gives faith to sing the immortal song of Whittier:

"I know where His islands lift Their fringed palms, and I only know I cannot drift Beyond his loved care sea, And so beside the silent sea, I sit with muffled ear, Knowing that some one comes to me On ocean or on shore."

AN OPEN LETTER To Hudson Tattle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio.

DEAR FRIEND: Please allow me to thank you in this rather personal manner, for your contributions to the JOURNAL, especially for the one in the issue of Sept. 6th, which by the way is a most excellent number throughout. The ideas you throw out certainly demand the earnest thought of all, even of the most scientific and deepest thinkers. Ah! it was no wonder that the question you recount as being asked of the scientist, "What is the difference between a living and a dead protoplasm?" must needs have knocked the breath out of those had-been flippant talkers. It brought them square up against the veil between the visible and the invisible—the material and the spiritual, whereat physical science professes to stop, but beyond which real science may surely reach when her eyes become opened as they may be.

Pertinent to the illustration of the same great truth is your closing sentence: "The balance weighs not, nor scalpel dissects, nor retort holds the elements of soul." Your critique of our latest scientific theories of the ultimate death of all suns and planetary systems—even of the universe itself, through the attainment of an equilibrium of heat throughout, appears very just; for, as you say, the very result is defective and, therefore, in all probability the theory itself is untenable. This has long been my thought,—that there must exist an adequate compensation,—through some law for the renewal or maintenance of animal life. We remember how it was with astronomers,—say 100 years or more ago,—after Newton had advanced the law of gravity and the distance of the planets upon each other (perturbations as they are called) much uneasiness was felt lest these perturbations should at some time prove disastrous to the stability of our solar system, either in the eccentricities of the orbits of the several planets or their inclinations to the plane of the ecliptic. It was thought possible that they might accumulate during a long cyclical period, too much upon some one planet (the earth for

instance) as to lead to disaster and ruin. But the correctness of the general statement made by you that "causation moves in cycles and the most alarming perturbations are balanced by forces operating in other directions, (or rather, I would say, by compensating forces resulting from the very perturbations themselves) so that the result is the preservation of order," seems self-evident.

Thus was it found to be in regard to the orbits of the planets above alluded to. The consummate skill of the great analyst Lagrange, following the lead of his predecessor that prince of philosophers, Sir Isaac Newton, and with all the accuracy of the higher mathematics, demonstrated two theorems (one concerning the inclination of the orbits of the planets and another concerning their eccentricities) which prove the impossibility of any disastrous accumulation of changes taking place in either the one or the other of those varying features, of their orbits.

So, my friend, on account of such facts as these and others that might be named, and in the light of intuitive faith in the Infinite Divine Spirit, do I agree with you that "any system which does not provide for restoration as well as destruction, confesses its own weakness."

So may we continue to believe that when science with continued striving shall

"Drink still deeper from the Pierian Spring"—yet more "star-eyed" and with eyes anointed from the uncton of spirituality, she will yet read us the lessons that will demonstrate, as you in effect aver, that evolution-development and uplift is "the method of creation," yet behind it lies an intelligent causation whose thought controls the whole. Yes! and will read the further lesson that the grand Cosmos "is not born to die," but that it is upheld by laws forever developing life from death and begetting compensations for all apparent waste.

Did it ever occur to you, my friend, where we may look with some plausibility for the compensation of the solar energy radiated as light and heat into space from the surface of the sun? Are not both light and heat only vibrations of varying wave lengths radiated on every side through the all-surrounding ether of space? Like all things radiating from a central point their intensity diminishes in proportion as the square of the distance from the radiating center increases. That is, at twice any assumed distance the radiations are spread over four times the surface covered by them at the distance first assumed and are weakened in proportion to the increased space over which they spread.

Now according to theory attested by abundant practical proofs the intensity of solar gravity or attraction varies according to the same law of radiation; "inversely as the square of the distance"—so does the attraction of every other body or particle of matter; such being the universal law. Why, then, shall we not consider gravity as inward-converging vibrations in the Cosmos ether, in like manner as light and heat are the outward radiating vibrations of the same? Both are in one sense equivalents of force, and it is only by beyond us to explain how the outgoing vibrations of light and heat may become repolarized in the depths of space so as to join in the returning flood of gravitation towards the solar furnace, there again to be revived for an ever repeated onward journey as the emissaries of life.

All this, as you will say, is but speculation, which is admitted, and I claim little originality, if any, for the ideas which may have been thrown out here; but in some such direction will doubtless be discovered the grand compensation that will counteract the anticipated waste of the life of the universe. Our sun with its attendant planets is not only radiating light and heat constantly as mentioned, but it is also flying through space with its attendant planets at the rate of many miles per minute, and in so doing must catch in its net of more than eight hundred thousand miles in diameter an immense number of meteors and other small cosmic bodies known to be numerous in the inter-stellar spaces; and with these, partially at least, supply the home consumption of its "solar furnace."

Matthew Williams, author of a volume called "The Heat of the Sun," though not assuming to be entirely original, in a scientific sense, yet has his work been styled by some of the professors, "A startling book," remarks at the close of his 6th chapter: "Having shown that heat thus radiated into space is received by the general atmospheric medium; is gathered again by the breathing of wandering suns that inspire as they advance the breath of universal heat and light and life; that by impact, compression, and radiation, they concentrate and redistribute its vitalizing power... and thus maintains the eternal round of life."

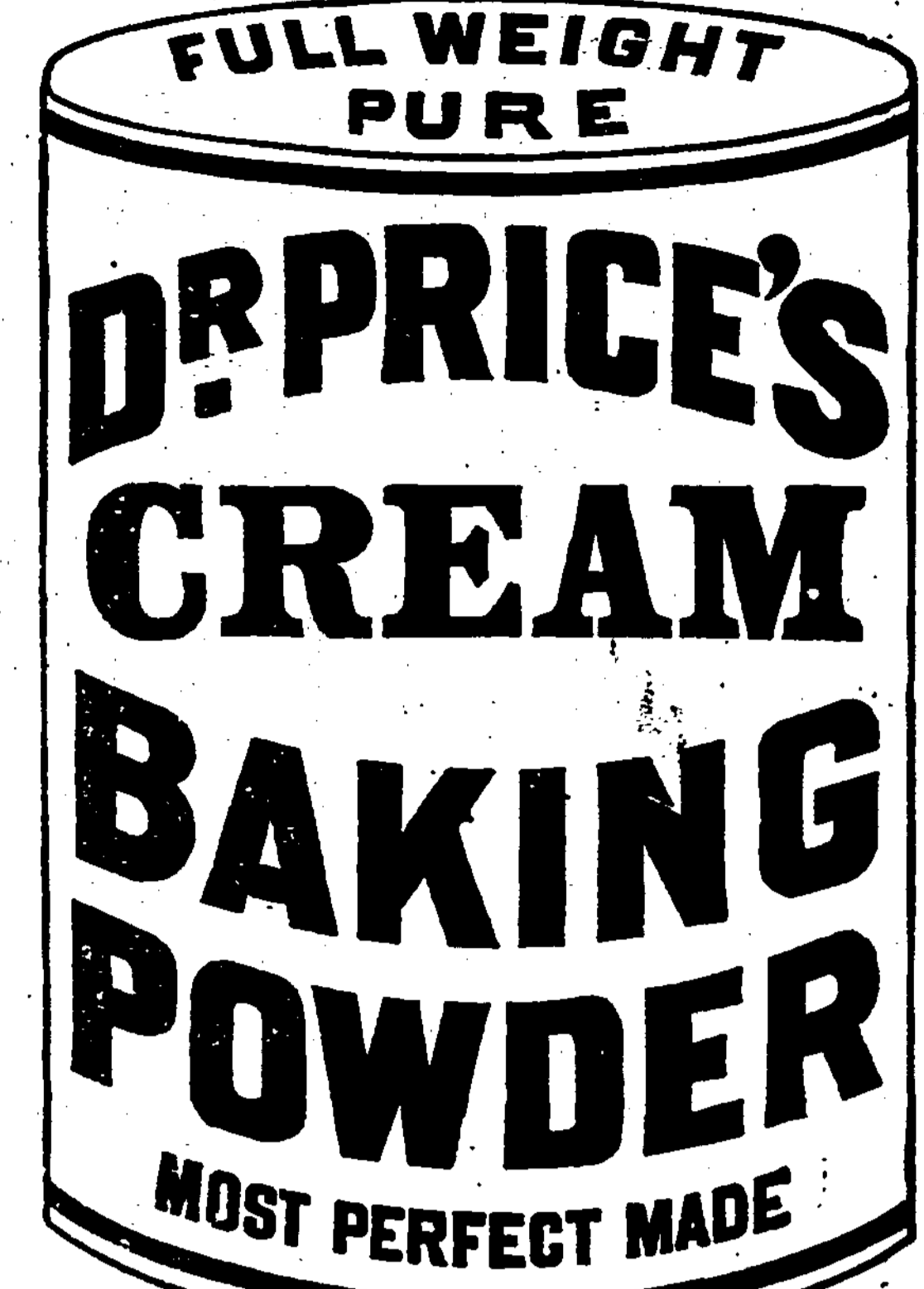
One more speculative idea in the line of thought suggested by your writing: There are now sixty millions or more of suns visible through our best telescopes. Radiating centers of life and force to surrounding planetary worlds—many of them vastly superior to our sun in dimensions and power. There are also nebulae innumerable from which are being evolved other suns and systems.

The suns we now see have shed their mild and quiet radiance upon mother-earth, with little apparent change from the earliest dawn of human history. Of what use in the grand economy of nature are all these stupendous suns with their undoubted attendant habitable worlds?

Are they not all "Gardens of the gods," wherein are being evolved from material surroundings the deathless individualized offspring of the Infinite Spirit?—children of his house,—"heirs at law" of their limitless patrimony, and destined to become co-workers in the line of the Infinite Will?

What, then, will be the number and the power of the untold angelic hosts, that have been born and will be born on these myriad "gardens of the gods," and nurseries of angels, before even one little sun "grows cold"?—Hosts that will co-work for the perfecting and maintaining of the Divine cosmos! Does not that now in his comparatively feeble condition dig from the bowels of the earth and put to legitimate uses the seemingly wasted solar energies that ages ago were locked up as debris in the coal measures deposited during the carboniferous era? What then, we may ask (should need ever arise), could not such angelic hosts accomplish towards aiding to counteract the waste of the life-maintaining energies of creation? The anticipated death of nature through causes presumed by those yet insufficiently awake to her occult mysteries, is by their own showing, so remote as hardly to be considered a practical question; yet let us not even in fancy look towards the advent of such a period. Enough at present do we know of the infinitude that has passed behind and is now beside and before us to rest in confidence of our own system, either in the eccentricities of the orbits of the several planets or their inclinations to the plane of the ecliptic. It was thought possible that they might accumulate during a long cyclical period, too much upon some one planet (the earth for

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