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

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CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—The Organic March of Man.
- SECOND PAGE.—Questions and Responses. Philo Wilson's Fate. Lyman C. Howe on Theosophy.
- THIRD PAGE.—Woman's Department. More Mahatmic Force. Book Reviews. New Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.—The Old and New. Need of New Inspirations. Vicious Journalism. A Descendant of Lord Baltimore Was Next. Pleading for a Change.
- FIFTH PAGE.—General Items. Through the "Gates of Gold." General News. A Psychic Researcher's Appeal. Spiritualism and the Pulpit. Authority in Science. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.—An Undertone. Dreams and Visions. "The Only True Exponent." The Significance of Dreams. Light on the Path. Bishop's Death. An Apparition. Tests Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Sloason. The First Spiritualist Church of Elmira, N. Y. Spirits as Prejudicators. Dr. Shurdy on Death. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects Continued. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—The Power of the Magnetizer Over His Subject. Illuminated Buddhism. Lines from a Looker-out. London Letter. His Conviction and Sentence. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THE ORGANIC MARCH OF MAN.

A Discourse by E. M. Wheelock, on "Human Evolution," to the Unitarian Society of Spokane Falls, W. T.

"The word became flesh"—John 1:14. There is a story widely current that once a little Hebrew, of mean presence but splendid courage, stood on the Hill of Mars in the Hellenic city, and declared to scoffing Greeks that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth."

It goes without saying that such an utterance was received with scorn by the polished Athenians who could not conceive that their favored race, standing on the pinnacle of culture, were of the same blood as the "outcast barbarians." So the sturdy "apostle to the Gentiles" found little favor with the worshippers of the "Unknown God."

Yet in that day the brave avowal of Paul was scarcely more abhorrent to the proud exclusiveness of Grecian thought, than are the teachings of science, to-day, to the belated religionist; for while the dauntless Hebrew simply declared the brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God, science to-day teaches the universal touch and class of all organic life, of a common origin, that in the one loom forms of life; these forms are the sign-posts and mile-stones along the organic march of man. Star-dust, monad, fish, bird, beast, are all steps in the stairway which reaches from cloud to cloud, and terminates in soul! The worm at our feet is climbing the transfigured mount!

Every animal has been melted in the vital crucible from which man is made. Each form he uses is a wayside inn along the upward journey of the soul. His outward shell passed through every vegetable and animal body before it took on the human appearance, as in lower nature an analogous chemistry evolves electric bodies and wings from eggs and worms. When matter became organic man was a possibility; for his psychic nature was once enshrined in flint and platinum; when the spine appeared he was already in view. To become a self-conscious spirit, the psyche must first pass through every expression of life from land-creeper to skyscraper; from the glowworm to the star; from the daisy to the sun; from Simia to Seraphim; from dust to Deity! This measureless cycle is all synthesized in man, who attains self-consciousness only after a countless series of evolutions. The stone becomes a plant, the plant a beast, the beast a man, the man a spirit, the spirit a god.

"And the poor grass will plot and plan What it will do when it is man."

Mineral, vegetable and animal structures, nay, atmosphere, planets and suns are nothing else than so many means and tendencies to man, on different stages of his transit. Creation is the coming and becoming of man. The world is because he is. The reason of everything it contains is written in the book of human nature. The cosmos is minimized in him. Animal forms are the fetal and infant entities of man. Begotten as we by the one life, its children as we, the Will that sent them out on the infinite sea, will take care that they land on the other side—the side of self-consciousness and the ripened evolution of man.

It is the human idea that crystallizes the snowflake, veins the leaf, and paints the flower. These objects once carried our lives, and left them higher than they found them. Through all nature one growing purpose runs—the building up of man. There is nothing in the world but the human, actual or

potential. Says the Kabbala: "If man did not exist, there could be no world." He is the brother of all things even as God is the father. Though the earth incessantly revolves, yet he is always at the top. Each of the various types in the mineral, plant and animal realms, elaborates its mite of the vital principle, and rising in the stately miracle of life, passes it on to a higher form. No atom can slip from the ligature of law. Prick the skin that is nearest, or the nebula that is farthest, and you draw the life-blood of law. Thought thinks in the atom; each molecule has a brain; and the forces of nature are the fingers of God. All thoughts are things, and all things have thoughts. Time and space are the immeasurable continents, and matter the equally measureless content, of creative investiture; thus all things wait on man to serve him in his fates.

He is made of the same stuff as the oyster he eats, or the corn he hoers. All the animals are on the King's highway, only at indefinite distances behind us. We are all interlinked in origin, in life, and in destiny. If man is a philosopher he is also a polyd, and many a horse is wiser than his groom. Often the dog in a man is the best part of him. All creatures and all plants are on the same road. Our kindred stand at every mile-stone, and from the herded beast to Humboldt, from the Saurian to Shakespeare, from the stone to the star, is but a step. The circumference of man is the universe, the centre of the universe is man. He is the microcosm of the macrocosm. The dog is a barking man; the tree is a rooted man. He has cloaked himself with each astral force stored up in the auric envelopes of the earth.

Upon molecular life which is the mineral, growth life which is the vegetable, and instinctive life which is the animal, is founded a life of life which is mind. The face of man thus travels through the universe, and love and intelligence look out from things with an infinite variety, according to their capacities. He cannot travel beyond himself, for the world is still within the compass of his being. The heights of Zion and the abysses of Gehenna are within him, and he is a pipe that runs with every wine. There is neither fiend nor angel in the universe till man appears. It is he alone who "plays the devil." There is no hell for him except the hell in man, created by man. The wise man recognizes his own species wherever life is seen; this is true to the very mire. The advent of man is the universe beckoning to the atom to come up among the gods.

"His eyes dismount the highest star; He is, in little, all the spheres." Animals are but plants loosened a little at the roots; while the fibres of man run down to every sweet and bitter thing, from the metal to the gas, from the violet to the vine, his body rolls along with the orb, kneaded together out of their juices and her clay. He is as much harnessed to matter as fish or dog, only with a larger arc. He stands waist-deep in matter as in a swamp. He is glued to nature. He is caught, like the be-dragged fly, in the viscid fluidity of things. Both his feet branch down into roots that share the universal life, with the toad and the tree. His heart beats in the slender pulsations of the jelly-fish. He has worn in his evolution the whole vesture of life, a vesture woven without seam from top to bottom, stretching from pit to pinnacle, from angle-worm to angel, from sponge to spirit, from protoplasm to prophet!

Step to step, through ages measureless by time, from particle and spicule, from cell and protoplasm, from plant, polyd and quadrumanus have we scaled creation's altar stairs. In us are sun and moon, snow and mountain ranges, bud and flower. Many mothers fashion for one child, who yet, in his oneness, comprises myriads. There is nothing but is related to us; tree, sea-shell, or crystal, the running river or the rustling corn—the roots of all things are in man. Whatever is found as form in nature is present by form in man. The lower creation is planted permanently in him. He has distanced whatever is behind him, yet carries it all in him. He incorporates each fruit, root and grain, and is "stuccoed all over with quadrupeds and birds." In his natural degree he is the measure of the material cosmos, for he has grown from the star-fish and the chickweed, and "he has prowled, fanged and four-footed in the woods." Just as the stone feels its way to the flower, and as the acorn out of Sol's sunbeams fashions the oak, does the animated dust climb at last to a human brain, and the fluent mountains melt into man.

But slowly does the body forget its heredity. The animal is horsed on man. The old brutehood lurks in each cerebellum; and he looks at the universe at all, it is through a Jewish pin-hole. The slice of beef on the rich man's table has a history that goes back to the dawn of creation, and so has the needle that sews the poor man's rag together. The pauper is brother to the prince. The life of the race circulates in each individual, and the disease of the individual is in the blood of the race. The world is in man as much as man is in the world. This truth is as far above the thought of the churches as the blue sky is above the reach of one's hand, yet it is in the world, and in it stands the new time. As the Jewish hierarchy slumbered while the star-led Magi worshipped at the feet of the chosen Babe, so sleep those now who represent ecclesiasticism of the time. Of all classes the priest is the most stupid; he is born with the blinkers on, and speaks to men out of the windows of Noah's ark! The He-

brew myths are to him the ruins of the universe, beyond which lies the yawning gulf of perdition. Such men talk of "losing their souls;" they would do well first to find them. Man is the Wand'ring Jew in whose ear the fiat rings forever, "Move on!" He is the tree Idrasgil, whose roots are in Hela; whose trunk is in the lower natures; whose fruit is passion from the blood of instinct, and whose branches wave in the air-deeps of the world's breath. He is the Midgard serpent in whom ends and beginnings meet and who hoops the whole world round. He is the true ark of Noah, in which all the lower natures are housed. He travels with a whole menagerie in his cerebellum, and in him the Creator brings all his dumb creatures under one roof. When the animals came to Adam to be named, each as he drew near brought to Adam a token of himself—a token that he had dropped as he passed that way long ages ago.

The sap of the tree foretells his blood, and the hoof of the quadruped prefigures his hand. Every atom avows life—human life—the kingdom of God in least. Man has touch with every epherule. The circle of his arms is the girde of creation. His electric wires have compressed the earth until the elbows of the nations touch, and the winged heels of Mercury come tardy off beside the fester Ariel of Edison and Bell. He is the Proteus that slips from form to form. All history lies under his hat, and he is the trustee of every past age. Religion is born from him. He makes his Deity in his own image, and from his own heart and brain are shed the bibles of the race, as the leaves are shed from the tree. He is animated oxygen, breathing granite. Living man is figured in the crystal and predicted in the plant. "Prediction grew into prophecy in the reptile and bird. Prophecy grew into assurance in the ape. Assurance ripens into fulfillment in the man."

"Man doth usurp all space, Stares thee, in rock, brook, river, in the face, 'Tis no sea thou seeest in the sea, 'Tis but a disguised humanity."

Science watches the monad through all its masks, and detects through all the troops of organic forms the Eternal Unity. All feet fit into that foot step and all things have passed that way.

Plato learned in Egypt that nature is all one piece. All her varied wardrobe is cut from the same cloth. The Unity is so unbroken that the merest goat carries on his back the key to the universe. A drop of maple syrup and a drop of human blood have their origin in the same corpuscle. The fungus and the oak on which it grows, the animalcule and the scientist who studies it, are one. The sun has no fuel that the earth cannot duplicate. The slime pushes up into the lily; the dung heap is transformed into the grape-vine; from the refuse of the sink and the sewer come the tint of the pink and the odor of the rose. Filth and fertility are the same word. So we climb the creative ladder from weed to man.

And more or less bulk signifies nothing. The earth is but an astral grain. The atom is as large as the Alps. Infinitesimals are as huge as infinities. The world is wrapped up in the particle. The drop balances the sea. The sand-grain is a masterpiece like the sun. In every cobweb there is room for a planet. Through the egg and the orb stream the same laws, and the blood globules in our veins dance to the same tune as asteroid and star. If the lenses of our eyes were differently adjusted, the whole universe might come within our plane of vision, and the spaces between the planets be no greater than the interval between adjacent grains of sand. The air bubble then becomes the star cluster, and in a glass of water behold the galaxy!

"'Tis from the world of little things The ever-greatering cosmos wings The heaving earth its rounded sphere Began between a smile and tear."

From one minute cell another proceeds; from them others, and the result is a lily, an oak, a polecat or a poet. The universe is one; it has no outside, and in its unity all is taken up. The energy that crystallized a grain of sand welded on the same anvil a star. God's Word is written in full on every mustard seed. The law that shapes the star into the planet is no greater than the law that makes the man, and works the frost forest on our window panes. A pebble is a microcosm. The moulds of the stars are used in forming the rain-drops, and through each cubic foot of earth shorts the axis of the globe.

"The eye reads omens where it goes, And speaks all languages the rose; And striving to be man, the worm Mounts through all the spheres of form."

Spirit is the great Life on which matter rests, as rests the ponderous globe on the free and fluid ether. Spirit impregnates matter; matter embodies spirit. Nature is the revelation of spirit in space; history is the revelation of spirit in time. Spirit sleeps in the stone, grows in the plant, stirs in the animal, wakes in the man, and will work on till the present chaos and old night are taken up into the higher evolution. The mind occupies every corpuscle. Spirit precedes time and space, builds its own structure and makes its own environment. The Psyche is present even in the lowest forms. It exists, but for want of fitting organs it is too dim for our faculties to ken, and increase in mind force only takes place with ascent of organism. The pebble climbs to a rose and the rose to a soul. Cosmic unity runs on the broad roadway of law through all the world.

Man has the planet for his pedestal. The gases gather to compose his form and the winds hold him in solution. "He knows," said Emerson, "of ox, mastodon and plant, be-

cause he has just come out of them, and part of the egg-shell still adheres. The plowman, the plow and the furrow are all of one stuff." It is true, man has traveled on the protoplasmic railroad, over all chasms and up all grades, from microbes to poets. Every step he takes is locked with the last and the next. The ends of the earth are brought together to be built into the temple of his body. He passes through the fingers of every herb, and is enriched by each. He drinks the atmosphere with the planet dissolved in it. In the stone or plant is the Psyche first imprisoned that, later on, is to resound through history and push the nations to their goal. In every form alike the Eternal God-seed comes and goes.

The animal is an unconscious creature. He is tied hand and foot to his instincts. He cannot turn round in his track and face himself. But man's self detaches itself to look itself in the face. The animal, while he knows, does not know that he knows. He sees, but does not see that he sees. He acts, but does not react. Man alone has the faculty that looks before and after. He alone has spiritually, and lower forms are but the stinging prophecy of that unmatched perfection. God made man in his own image, and then He made the universe in the image of man! Man is conscious nature; nature is unconscious man. Her effort is to evolve her own God, who is man. To bring her stupid deity to his senses, she cuffs and beats him, as the angry fishermen of Naples do the images of their saints in a long spell of stormy weather.

Our systems are charged in every fibre with the eternity behind us, and what was done a million of ages gone, when the crystal breathed granite. Living man is vital in us to-day. In us unite zoophyta and fish, monad and mammal, and we confess it in bone and function. The mouse is our fellow creature. The worms are our poor relations. Nothing walks, or creeps, or grows, which we have not been in turn. The rock is man stratified; the plant, man vegetating; the reptile, man wriggling and squirming; to-morrow it will fly, walk or swim; the day after it will wear a neck-tie or a bonnet. Our Psyche fits on and wears each coat in nature's wardrobe before it assumes the human incarnation. The unconscious effort and aspiration of all lower life is to reach the human organism. Man is thus a universal form from the complex of creation, and the cosmos crosses him by its lines through every nerve. The desire for a sentient life shows itself in everything from a seed to a sun, and is a reflection of the Divine Will that the universe should continue. Things that have life are alive whether they be atoms or orbs. Every particle in nature is a life, and there is not a finger-breadth of empty space beneath the dome of the sky.

In this universe the meanest thing does not stand isolated and forlorn. The brutes are kith and kin to those who rule over them. They are the steps of our ascending pathway through nature, and each lower form proffers its torch to light up some obscure chamber in the faculties of man. The universe runs seaward from its source. Scales change to feathers, gills to lungs, fins to hands, matter to force, atoms to thought, dust to mind, sap to soul. Humanity, by its principles, extends through the realms of beasts and fishes, herbs and stones, and even through the winds and the fluid worlds. There is no escape anywhere from man; if we fly to the uttermost parts of the earth on the wings of the morning, if we ascend into heaven or make our bed in hades, still he is there. The universe is swallowed up in him, thought is its cradle and its grave. By man all things are spread abroad. He barks in the dog, grows in the tree, murmurs in the passing brook, and his pulse vibrates to the stupendous movement of all the stary scheme.

He is Atlas with the globe on his shoulders. He has the philosopher's stone and transmutes coarse matter into golden forces. He is the king of nature, for he knows himself in the midst of a universe that does not know itself. All through nebulous and planetary life there was one determined upward movement until man was reached. Form after form was flung aside, one creation after another left stranded until the human appeared. From the appearance of the first and faintest organism, man was ideally present on the earth, involved in the anatomical snarl. He is brother to the blossom and the tree, and with the same pigment nature paints the apple's and the maiden's cheek. From one form to another the monad has passed on. It was once encased in stone; then it crept out of its prison into the sunlight as a lichen or moss. From change to change it climbed, until its physical form became that of man.

In these lengthened processes of evolution, the mystic advance of man has drawn into the various lines of the organisms through which he has passed, each one holds mirrored in his structure, constituents and images of Universal All. I that to-day am man, was yesterday a pine; the day before I sparkled in the crystal or the spar; before that I slept in the world egg of stone; before that again I was a rapid sparkling atom of the day, winged and unscolded, yet hungry for incarnation; for the Psyche desires birth and to dwell in forms, and the soul craves organism. Each form I use is but the inn where I tarry for a night, for the soul is an incurable nomad, dwelling always in tents. All things strive to ascend and ascend by striving, so at last we work out the beast and let the tiger die. Tusks change to teeth and the lion's paw and the jaw of the shark become the tools of culture. Evolution is the steady play of the Eternal Will through all these turn-

ing and belted worlds, and the death of Pan is his re-birth in humanity.

The primal nucleoid holds the soul-seed of man—the offspring of dust and of spirit. In every type the soul-force has a corresponding material structure—to every seed its own body. The forms which he inhabits at any epoch in his organic march are only the record of his spirit's unfolding up to that date; a death is a birth; a corpse is a seed; a cadaver is a genesis, and every green grave a cradle; "from form to form he maketh haste."

If God is great, He is also little. He dwells in the small man seed by powers of fate, and weaves upon it shape on shape in being's loom. He is dim in the rock, flower and bird; in human flesh He is most himself, and in human eyes we look most closely into the eyes of God. God is not a mind, but the cause of mind; not a spirit, but the cause of spirit. He is felt and known as the only Creative Life, and man as the creaturely form in which that life becomes fully expressed and glorified. Each human innermost is a gemmule of God. The creation is that God the One may become God the Many. Man stands in the doorway of the planet; God can enter nature only through him. The evolution of the man is the slow growth of the divine in us from infancy and non-age to kingship and rule. The road is a long one. He lurks in the lichen and sleeps in the stone. Nature has cunningly wired him through all their products from flower-bud to planet-bud, from the airy cope to the granite calyx of the globe.

In man the Divine Impersonal becomes personified. The Psyche is the God-element which, divided from God, is yet divine and human. The scale of humanity ranges from atom to archangel; hunger for food is at one pole, and at the other hunger for God. Evolution moving backward does not leave us in the lap of the monkey—it traces us to the Infinite Arms. The long evolving chain stretches not only from protoplasm to man, but from spirit to spirit. The road behind us begins with the Infinite; onward it ends only with the Infinite again. God creates himself in man; man completes himself in God. Man finds being in God; God attains existence in man. The universe is intelligence infinitely individualized. The creation is a thought discreted from the thinker's mind. It is the separateness of the personal entity or soul from the aggregate of soul in the cosmos. Nature holds the seeds and forms of all life in potency; in this way the primal slime becomes fish, bird, mammal, man; but all this stream of existence flows from the Divine Life, through every ancestral link, and is God's from end to end. An infinite force from first to last propels the eternal whole. Nature streams perpetually from God; every atom even of her chaos is penetrated by an adequate mind; every granule is impeded and winged. Man has been crystallized, metallized, herbed and incensed; he will be unbeasted, humanized and godded. Space and matter, irrespective of him, are so filmy that thought goes through them as if there were nothing there. Time is not heard unless ticking in ourselves.

In the primal medley, or in chaos, creator and creature, God and man, are mingled and indistinguishable. All things are confusedly blended. It is a potpourri. The entire scope of evolution is to reduce this chaos to order; to lift this mute, melancholy and prostrate universe into human personality. To evolve at length a self-conscious personality is the end in view of the entire process.

The wisest ancients knew the great law which Darwin has but re-stated. They knew, for instance, that the psychic outline of man was latent in the horse, and was preparing for evolution. This knowledge they expressed in the myth of the centaur. It is a parable of evolution. So the mermaid, the siren, the sphinx, are similar parables. These human-headed gods, with bodies of the reptile, fish, bird or beast, are the pictures and object lessons by which the wise men of the east taught the truth of the evolutionary ascent of the germ of man. The cosmos is God disappearing in material life to emerge as man. God lost in the forest of forms, till found again in the human advent. Nature is the involution of spirit in matter. History is the evolution of the Godhead. Each little child, like the Holy Babe of Bethlehem, intercedes for every person born; for God without and God within are one; the Son of Man is evolution; and the poorest little babe in the manger of poverty is the Lord from the skies!

Man always was—in God; but to attain personal existence he had to be created, that is, distanced from the Creator. So he was wired through all forms and strained and sifted through a thousand organisms. He is veiled in matter and divided from the Infinite by the whole breadth of the creation, that he may individualize and by the long climb of evolution, gain for his Personal Being fixity and place. In itself the Psyche is an unbounded force, seeking constant expansion and over-flow. The long series of forms through which it ascends furnish the curbing power that it needs to compress its action into orderly channels, and to endow it at length with self-control. Spirit must mount on the shoulders of matter, for man is a perpetual becoming, and matter is the vehicle of all becoming. Before a seed can grow, it must be taken from the shell and planted in the soil; so nature furnishes the soil for the growth of the soul.

Man's spiritual destiny is so sublime; his final blending with the divine so intimate and complete, that he needs all this preliminary

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

- 1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life between the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. Do you regard Spiritualism as a knowledge of psychic laws and to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY LOUISE M. FULLER.

A desire for the views of all parties on a given subject is a new departure of the times, and certainly a very encouraging one. Your questions have made an interesting study for me, and I send my answers along to be shaken up with all the others, and taken for what they are worth as an individual view of Spiritualism.

1. I have never belonged to a church. I have no doubt missed something thereby, but I have enjoyed the privilege of studying the New Testament without the intervention of creeds, catechisms, and preconceived opinions.

2. If believing in the immortality of the soul, an actual resurrection, and the possibility of communicating with friends who have left this world is being a Spiritualist, then I have always been one.

3. First, my own heart; secondly, the New Testament; third, my own reason, confirmed by that of the wisest philosophers of all ages; fourthly, satisfactory communication with friends in the Spirit-world, beginning in youth and continued through life.

4. The most remarkable incidents of my experience with spiritual phenomena cannot be authenticated. The date of my mother's death, given me alone audibly, some weeks before that event, is one fact that can be authenticated with others of a like nature. We had much talk of the other world during my mother's illness and she always said: "If it is legitimate, I will find some means of communication with you." Through a friend, who is an excellent medium, we afterward conversed of matters known only to ourselves. Her manner of naming the different members of her family was peculiar, and though entirely unknown to the medium or any one else in the circle, was always correct.

5. I do not regard Spiritualism as a religion. Considered as a religion, what is the difference between it and other religions, except in the emphasis laid on the doctrine of immortality? This doctrine is common to all religions worthy of the name; but in its practical bearings on life, it seems to be ignored by most of the Christian sects. If we judge by the superstitious fear and dread of the whole subject of death, which is common with Christians everywhere, hence arises the office or function of Spiritualism as a natural, reasonable and universally necessary protest against the materialism of our times. The evidences of immortality furnished by Spiritualism are such as are in keeping with the times; mainly, sensible, external, materialistic, so that the complaint of want of spirituality is very frequently returned upon Spiritualism with much truth. Spiritualism, like all otherisms, is made up of sincere believers, make believers and hangers-on. It is affecting the necessary emphasis of the doctrine of immortality and the fact of communication between this world and the next, there is much danger of overestimating the importance of these things. The doctrine of immortality is not the most essential article of religious belief, yet it frequently seems to be about the only article of belief in Spiritualism. Many Spiritualists seem to have let go of all other sources of enlightenment except the advices from the other world, and do not stop to question these as severely as they sometimes do Scripture statements. There certainly is danger here that the primal and all-important doctrine of the direct dependence of the soul on the Most High, should be lost sight of, and the mind become a prey to the incursions of thought and feeling from without, i. e., be ruled by other minds, rather than the divine will, through the individual exercise of reason, conscience and common sense. Here also comes in the prior importance of another doctrine of universal religious belief, the freedom of the will, which is so easily impinged even by all high powers, except only the Almighty. It is so much easier to have somebody think for us, even in regard to earthly affairs, that oracles have always been resort of the lazy and idle minded, and a temptation even to the well intentioned. But still worse than the result of mental work and responsibility avoided, is the possible result of the infestation of evil spirits, which may lead to insanity. However, I think it probable that as many poor souls have been saved from insanity by the hope and comfort of communication with their loved ones in the other world, as have lost their reason by means of the dangers of Spiritualism. I see no objection to considering Spiritualism a religion, provided the essential articles of religious belief keep their

respective places in the minds of Spiritualists.

I do not know certainly the greatest need of Spiritualism; but one great need of every specialty is to know itself, and thence other things, and thus its true place and relative importance among the various interests of life. The mediumistic sense is the rallying point of Spiritualism, and it is especially necessary that this should be wholesome and vigorous. It takes the whole physical circulation to insure vitality in each part, and if we wish to make the most of a special function we must appreciate its dependence on the whole organism of human interests. It seems to me that if mediums would take more sympathetic and intelligent interest in society and all the ordinary affairs of life, it would give them greater power and higher purpose for their work.

The more we run along with the rest of the world, no matter what our specialty, the better it will be for the specialty. I know the causes of estrangement do not lie with mediums alone, but there is nothing that does away with ignorant and unfriendly suspicion like friendly acquaintance and community of interests.

Spiritualism is not the only occult realm. Religion, philosophy, science and art, each has its occult realm, its special senses, special understandings and special revelations, which run far ahead of the common ken.

Edison deals with some of the less known and more mysterious forces of nature, the scientific occult. Idealism is one of the abstract or transcendent realms of philosophy, while genius with its surpassing revelations, is ever the unapproachable and inexplicable of art. Each of these four great orders of intelligence, the religious, philosophic, scientific and artistic, has borne its share of misunderstanding and persecution. The time will come when each will honor and glorify the others in their mutual glorification of the Highest, and all orders of intelligence unite in upholding their powers of special revelation.

In St. John's vision of the "throne set in heaven," these four great affections of truth are represented by the "four beasts around the throne." "And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within." The wings symbolize the powers of abstraction, which give place to the "eyes within," the peculiar insight and special senses of each affection of truth.

That mediums and Spiritualists should take more stock in the revelations of each of these other great orders of intelligence, and their revelations, both ordinary and special, and thence be, perhaps, less anxious about the outcome of their own is a suggestion I make in the interest of Spiritualism. However, advice is a very dangerous thing, unless, like a boomerang, it may be used where it came from.

7. Just what is meant here by "psychic laws" I am a little puzzled to understand. In a spiritualistic sense I suppose it means the laws governing the special powers of the soul. The main body of psychic law is concerned with matters which are open to the common understanding. The soul has its special senses, as clairvoyance and clairaudience, but the sum of soul-consciousness is feeling and thinking. Everybody feels and everybody thinks, and the special senses are after all very much like a human extension of the five we have already, heavenward or upward, instead of downward and earthward like those of the animals. Feeling and thinking constitute the base of human consciousness. We have here the essential elements of all psychic forces. If this common ground were well understood it would be easy to go on; but here is a world in itself, a world which is hurried over to get at the things beyond, the marvelous and mysterious. To know your own thought and that of another is to know something of spiritual form, and here is where we must all begin in our knowledge, the study of human nature and the elements of spiritual form. Special powers come afterward, and must be approached from the ground of general principles; just as, if we would understand the more mysterious phenomena of a natural force as electricity, we must be very familiar with the general principles or laws that govern the whole field of electric phenomena. It is one thing to know psychic law, psychological works, and another thing to know souls. Men are more apt at the former; women at the latter. There are some who care to study psychology, who care very little for practical soul knowledge; such, for instance, as to know the thoughts of a friend in its characteristic distinction from the thoughts of others; to appreciate his feelings and understand the quality of his disposition or will. These outline the spiritual form and constitute character, and are the ground of all soul-knowledge here and beyond, now and forever. Quality of disposition is something that is ever identical with itself, and is as easily recognizable by those who have their eyes open to such things as the faith which gives it human expression.

I do not see how I should have known my mother through a medium except that I knew her habits of thought, her disposition and her manner of expression. I see people who take no stock whatever in personality, character, or any kind of intelligence, who know you only by your name and dress, and care for nothing more, who get rid of one medium to another in the vain search of satisfaction from some friend or relative in the other world. How they expect to know them it is hard to tell, if they cared no more for their thoughts and feelings while here than they do for those of the friend left behind. Such generally report no satisfaction, after having shown no more respect for the personality of a medium than for the strings of a mail bag. Selfishness is its own heavy seal on the senses of the soul. Two lady friends who had passed to the other life, said through a medium that they both felt they had no more than belonged to them in their earth life. It was easy for those who knew them spiritually to understand what they meant, since they were self-sacrificing to a fault. Neither of the husbands of these ladies, though not bad men, could understand what was meant, though their wives had literally worn themselves out in the service of their families. This is merely an instance of want of soul-knowledge, and nothing whatever against husband, or men in general. These people, however, did not know their wives from anybody else, when there was nothing but soul to identify them by. What such people want of mediums is not spiritual communications, but fortune telling. To have those on the other side help on with some earthly expectation.

The development of special spiritual functions waits on the universal development of spirit, in intelligent affection, in thoughtful consideration of others, in human feeling and good will everywhere. The limbs grow no faster than the body, and the senses no faster than the mind; the occult powers of the soul no faster than the soul, and the strength of a mediumistic person no faster than the sincere demands of an intelligent circle; and I suppose we might say, the char-

acter of Spiritualism no faster than the universal interest in the spiritual world.

The bond of union, therefore, between souls and soul worlds is intelligent love, and any one who thinks to teach those beyond by means of idle curiosity, philosophic acumen or "scientific investigation," is as unreasonable as one who should undertake to explain the solar system without recognizing the force of magnetic polarity.

I have here merely suggested something of the great importance of a knowledge of spiritual form or character. I should like, if I had the time, to go on and show how much help this knowledge is in the conduct of life, in the family, in society, and in government, for character is the base of all human institutions, both here and hereafter, stands by us now in our relations with those in this life, and helps us to keep hold of those gone on before, and will not forsake us when we ourselves reach the other shore. He who said, "I know whence I come and whither I go," knew also what is in men.

PHILO WILSON'S FATE.

Coincidence or Premonition? Remarkable Vision by a Mother—Separated by Thousands of Miles from her Son, She is a Witness of His Violent Death.

In 1849 a young man named Philo Wilson, the son of a well-known foundryman in Racine, was infected by the California gold fever, which at that period, as everybody knows, had become epidemic all over the civilized world. He was one of several children, and although but nineteen years old had the ambition of a man of greater age. He was strong, well built, erect, with perfect health, and the possessor of limitless courage and elastic spirits. Ennued by the narrow opportunities and promises of the town, he resolved to go to the gold regions.

He was the favorite of his mother, whose maternal nature was cruelly lacerated when he tore himself from her embrace and, a mere child, started alone on a journey then dangerous and uncertain.

He went to Vera Cruz, and, with a desire to see the country, he crossed Mexico from Vera Cruz to Acapulco, on the Pacific coast. At this point he sold his steamer ticket to California at a largely advanced price, took passage on a sailing vessel and after a long and stormy voyage was landed at San Diego, much weakened by the character of the sea trip and the shortage of provisions, through which all were brought to the verge of starvation.

Purchasing a horse and an outfit he started on a journey inland toward the mountain region. His impairment of strength from the sea voyage was not relieved by his overland travels, so that when he reached the San Joaquin River he was nearly dead from a fever. There was a ferry at the point where he reached the river kept by a man named Ansberry, who, moved by the emaciation and feebleness of the boyish stranger, invited him to stay until he had recovered his strength. This was in the early autumn of 1850, or more than a year since he had left Racine.

On the date of Oct. 5, 1850, Philo wrote a letter from the ferry at Joaquin River to his parents at Racine, portions of which are subjoined:

"I am in what may be called a curious place, in a curious business, and among a curious people; but to my mind, in a place and business more congenial than anything I have ever before known."

"I have now under my control about three hundred Indians, who do my bidding, and what is better and more satisfactory to me, they will have nothing to do with any other Americans. I think, in the course of a year, I shall go back to my friends and my dear parents satisfied with California, its appearances and appurtenances."

"I am now digging gold with my subjects, and have already taken out a considerable quantity."

He then gives the particulars of his illness at the ferry, the kindness of Ansberry, the complete restoration of his health, his great hopes, the love he entertains for his parents and his assurance that he will soon be with them, the possessor of a competence. He then relates in detail his connection with the Indians.

"When I recovered my health I went hunting, and on one of the trips made the acquaintance of the chief of a tribe of Indians, whom I found to be very sensible and agreeable—for an Indian. I will give you a description of him, as you may hear more from him hereafter. His name is Neseopho. He is taller than the average Indian, has large, powerful limbs, broad shoulders and a very pleasant and prepossessing countenance. His forehead is high, his features are regular, his age is about thirty-five, and he is the only man I ever knew that I could feel an affection for."

"I look on him almost as a brother; he is one Indian among a thousand who can appreciate the feelings of a white man. He is one whom I shall miss in their language, 'Macho, Wichip'—'One of the Best.' The rancher of the Indians was but a short distance from the tent where I lived, and they all soon became very fond of me, especially the chief. We hunted together, they with their bows and arrows and I with my rifle, which makes them more fond of me."

"The chief proposed that if I would get some clothing for his men they would all dig gold for me. My men have already dug for me about three thousand dollars. The chief tells me his men are not friendly to the whites, and that he never before and never again would get his men together to work for a white man."

The long letter concludes with a glowing summary of the delights of the climate, the grandeur and beauty of the mountain scenery, and the abundance of game. His last sentences are expressive of intense love of his parents and the assurance that they will all speedily be reunited.

Happy youth! Only twenty years of age, the owner of a gold mine, the monarch of a paradise, the friend and director of a powerful chieftain and his warriors. What boy would not envy his condition and freely give years of his life to occupy the same enrapturing situation! Antelope in the ravine, elk on the plains, bear in the forest, wild ducks and geese in the air and in the river, and a salubrious climate—what else could be desired to make the happiness of Philo Wilson more complete?

What writer for the amusement of youth ever created anything so bright as this picture of a young man in perfect health, the substantial emperor of a region of illimitable game, a climate which stimulated the pulses like purest champagne; a tribe of ferocious Indians who love, fear and obey him, and gold mines of inexhaustible richness. Even Rider Haggard, in his wildest dreams, never produced a combination so wonderful as that in which young, red-cheeked, bright-

eyed Philo Wilson was a successful prospector.

It was on Christmas Day of the same year as the date of the above letter. The parents of Philo had moved from Racine to Janesville to escape the severity of the lake winds. They were temporarily staying and boarding in the family of a friend.

Mrs. Wilson, the mother of Philo, was a woman of more than average intelligence and the owner of a strength of mind of unusual dimensions. She was passionately fond of her children, even tempered and of a religious tendency. She was a Christian in the higher sense of the word—conscientious, truthful, a firm believer in the doctrines of her church, and not in the smallest particular given to superstition. She was remarkable for plain common sense and thoroughly practical views of life.

Just as dawn was mingling its gray tints with the somber shadows of night Mrs. Wilson, who was lying beside her husband in bed, awoke and gazed sleepily and unconsciously at the ceiling. Then a wild expression filled her eyes, and with a scream that was heard in every portion of the large house she sprang up in the bed and out on the floor, convulsively grasping her pillow as if it were a dead body.

"My God, what is it?" ejaculated the husband, roused from a deep slumber by the shriek of his wife.

She was standing near the bed in an attitude as if frozen. She had dropped the pillow. Her eyes were fixed on some object in the distance, and she saw in the dim light that they were staring and distorted as if with an awful terror. Both her rigid arms were extended straight in front of her in the direction of her gaze.

"What is it? What do you see? Are you dreaming?" he said, as he took hold of her arms and pulled her toward him.

Suddenly the stiffened form weakened, collapsed, and sank in a dead swoon to the floor. Restoratives were applied, and after a long time she came hysterically sobbing back to consciousness. Her eyes unclosed and took in the anxious faces about her, and then shut for a moment, while swift shudders convulsed her frame.

"What is it, wife? What ails you?" asked the husband.

"Philo is dead, dead, dead! I saw him on the snow; there was blood on his breast, and I heard him scream, 'I am killed!'"

"It was a horrid dream! See! We are all here. It's only a vision, a nightmare. There's nothing the matter with Philo."

It was many hours before Mrs. Wilson could lighten in the least the heavy burden of her grief.

"I'm better now," she would say with an effort at cheerfulness, and the next instant would break into spasms of weeping.

Toward noon some inmate returned from the postoffice, bringing in the mail a letter with the California postmark.

"Hurray!" shouted Mr. Wilson, as he glanced at the postmark and the handwriting. "It's a letter from Philo! He's all right! I told you so! I'll read it." He tore off the envelope and read the four closely written pages. It was the letter written by Philo Oct. 5 at the ferry on Joaquin River. There was universal rejoicing over its arrival, and its opportune appearance seemed almost a providential offset to the shock of the dream.

The Christmas dinner was all the more hilarious and jolly from the contrast between the dread vision of the morning and the contradiction. Even Mrs. Wilson appeared to become herself to the company in general, although it was noticed that now and then, in the happiest moments, a sudden sadness would darken her eyes, and a sob would be choked back with a quick effort.

Among those present at this memorable Christmas dinner, in addition to the parents, were two sons, John J. L. Farley, and H. K. Whitton, then a law student, and later a partner of Joseph Sleeper, a well-known lawyer of this city. Farley Wilson is dead. The remaining brother, John J. L., is now a resident of Chicago.

It was the same Christmas day in the mines in the foothills, on one of the tributaries of the San Joaquin River. There was a tent on a height sufficient to escape the high water of the stream where the gold washings were carried on. For the reason, perhaps, that it was Christmas, no work was in progress.

A young man, with light hair and some down just covering his face, with a complexion, naturally of a blonde hue, now tanned to the color of a saddle, sat on a bench in front of the tent and gazed, it may be presumed, with a look of sadness down the long ravine that revealed the snow-clad peaks of distant mountains. About him were pines through whose spear-like leaves a light wind passed and awakened a low and melancholy tone like the breathing of a sigh. The environment was in harmony with the sighing of the pines; dead vegetation, cheerless rocks, ruptured surfaces and a soil lifeless and yellow.

It was Philo who sat in front of the tent and looked with fixed eye down the valley. It was evident it was not the scenery which occupied his attention; his glance passed over the white peaks, beyond the mountain ranges, the alkali plains, the transmissour prairies, and on to a broad lake, on whose banks lay his home. He had seen but one white man whom he had before known, since he had been mining in the wilderness.

He was, for the time, homesick. An irrepressible melancholy took possession of his soul; he longed for the clasp of a friendly hand and the warmth of a kindly voice and eye. He was but a mere boy, he was motherless, and over him rushed an emotional torrent of home recollections which almost smothered him with its impetuosity. He felt the dear old arms once more about him, his head again lay on her warm breast, and there filled his ears the joyous voices of brothers, sisters and friends.

His eyes grew misty as he contemplated the ravishing picture of home, and then there was a reaction. His courage returned, his eyes sparkled with hope, his breast expanded, a flush colored his cheek; he rose to his feet, drawing himself erect, and said:

"Another Christmas, I will be with them! I shall be rich, and never again will I leave the dear old home!"

His attention was attracted by some figures approaching through the ravine. There were four of them and a mule, which one of them was leading. He soon discovered that they were white men. They had reached within a dozen yards of him when from behind a rock there came an Indian yell, and in an instant three of the men staggered, ran a short distance, and then fell to the earth pierced with arrows. The fourth man sprang to the side of Philo, then, seeing some Indians advancing, jumped on his mule, wheeled about and fled down the ravine.

Philo jumped to his feet and hurried forward to prevent the scalping of the fallen miners, which was evidently the purpose of

the Indians who were coming with yells of triumph from the concealment of the rock. He hoarsely shrieked an expostulation, when an Indian turned, and then—

The Wilson family at Janesville waited anxiously and expectantly for further intelligence from Philo, but no letter broke the silence.

March 18, 1851, the March following the Christmas dinner in Janesville, a letter signed Charles Stevens was received in Racine by Eli Stevens, the father of the writer. It was dated at Truolome, Cal., Jan. 26, and was written on a half sheet of commercial paper with a printed head, "Exchange, Banking and Collection Office of McCrea, Bell & Ullman, Racine, Wis." It was evidently from the stationery of the firm named, and had been taken to California by the writer. The following shows the contents of the letter:

DEAR FATHER: Having an opportunity to send a letter to the office, I hasten to write you a few lines. I am sorry to say that I have had news for some of my Racine friends, and that the death of young Wilson. The poor fellow was murdered by Indians on Christmas morning, and also three others. I was told of this by a man who was there at the time, and who escaped sharing the same fate by jumping on a mule and running for his life.

They were buried by some man who came up from a ferry across the San Joaquin River, about eight miles from where the river leaves the mountains. The place is now entirely uninhabited, every one having been killed or driven off by the Indians.

When I saw Wilson, last fall, I tried to persuade him to leave the Joaquin region and go with me. I told him that the Indians were dangerous and that he ought not to trust them. He would not believe me. Since then I have learned that they had made him a chief and that he had a large number of them at work for him. At the recent rising of the mountain Indians those with him had joined the others. When the Indians, some forty or fifty in number, fired on the whites, Wilson ran out from the tent to stop them. He was struck by an arrow, which passed through him, and he fell on his face, crying, "I am killed!"

Such the letter of young Stevens, whose sad intelligence was at once communicated to the Wilsons by one of the Ullmans, reaching them in a letter dated Racine, March 18, 1851. The Stevens letter, dated Jan. 26, was nearly two months on its passage, having been sent around by Cape Horn.

Mrs. Wilson's agony need not be made a matter of comment. She wrote a long letter addressed to the San Joaquin ferryman who had been so kind to her son during his sickness and at his death, but never received an answer. Not a scrap of his papers or an ounce of his gold was ever recovered. An awful void, an impenetrable silence rests on his grave in the wastes of the Sierra Nevadas.

As to the curious coincidence of the vision of Mrs. Wilson and the death of Philo on Christmas Day, I have no explanation to offer. It may be pointed out that, while both the vision and the killing occurred in the morning, the difference of time between the two places, Janesville and the San Joaquin region, would be some four hours. Hence, the mother saw her son slain, saw him fall, heard his cry, "I am killed!" at least four hours in advance of the event.

It is, possibly, no more a mystery that the killing was foreshadowed than would have been a synchronous development of the vision and the slaughter. One is just as inexplicable as the other.

In conclusion, I beg to assure the public that this is no fancy sketch. The letters copied are in the handwriting of well-known people, and the facts related are personally known to residents of Racine, Janesville and Chicago, some of whose names are mentioned in the course of the narration. Both the elder Wilsons are dead.—Polluto in the Chicago Herald.

Lyman C. Howe on Theosophy. Lyman C. Howe spoke at the Y. P. P. Hall, 104 22nd Street, Sunday evening, May 19th, on Theosophy. The following abstract but very imperfectly represents the full text of the discourse:

Every student interprets by the light of his strongest convictions and dominant habits of thought. Christians see all subjects through the lenses of their creed. Materialists limit all they touch to their accepted theory of matter and force. Theosophists translate everything into the language and symbolism of their most cherished faith, and often bewilder the novice with a mixture of mysticism and philosophy. To them Spiritualism is either detestful or Theosophy. Spiritualists analyze Theosophy and all other subjects in the transcendent light of their rational faith made knowledge by demonstration. The conclusions each investigator reaches in his survey of the vast field of subjects, must be correct or faulty according to the character of his own system by which all others are measured. Believing Spiritualism approximates more nearly to an all-sided system of mental science than any other, we approach Theosophy in the light of revelations. Neither are of recent origin. Both are yet in the infancy of their possible development. Theosophy—wisdom in God—implies a study of the Divine character. There are two methods of reaching truth; the spiritual intuitive, and the material inductive. They are exactly opposite as evolution and evolution. Theosophy like Spiritualism has had to deal with both, and when the two methods are harmonized in one we have the most complete science. Unfortunately for Theosophy the interior method has been too abstract, assumptive and dogmatic to harmonize with the inductive system. When the heart rules, reason is enslaved; and in the extreme of this tendency nature is spurned as the enemy of God, the betrayer of the soul! In the modern phases of theosophical evolution—apart from its broader sphere of all-sided Spiritualism—there is a manifest disposition to mystify and accept the marvelous on trust and establish theories which degenerate into irrational dogmas that obscure rather than reveal the spiritual nature of man and the character of God. The tendency is to foster superstition at the expense of spiritual science. But this should not blind us to the great truths and well authenticated facts and experiences which have come down the centuries in company with "art magic" and mystic moonshine, "shells" and "elementals," reincarnation and psychographic hallucination, which have repeated themselves with no small degree of emphasis through certain sensitives in the spiritual movement of our times. It is reasonable to suppose that those lives of abstraction dwelling perpetually upon the divine nature, the exclusion of the world of sense, should grow into a closer correspondence with the spirit of nature—God—than the average

worldling. When such lives of devotion speak from the throne of spiritual authority and experience it behooves us to listen, and only repudiate what is clearly against science, and accept only as fast and as far as the revelation can be made clear to us.

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

TEACH THE CHILDREN THE REASONS FOR SUFFRAGE.

The Education forms the common mind. Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. Pope's lines are as true to-day as when first written. Indeed, we are more sure of their truth now than then, for every generation's experience deepens our knowledge of all truths.

This work should be entered upon vigorously by woman suffragists everywhere, and in every possible direction. By the direct home teaching of their boys and girls by mothers who believe in suffrage for their sex; by explanations from older sisters to the younger members of the family; by suggestions by teachers of topics for school compositions such as will lead to the discussion of political duties; and by prizes offered for the best short essays for or against suffrage, written by young people.

Already a movement in this direction has been made in various quarters. In a western town a wealthy woman suffragist offers small money prizes for the best essays written by public school pupils of either sex, on the political rights of woman. Essays written by these unformed but forming minds against woman suffrage should be as much encouraged as those in favor, for by discussion only can the truth appear, and the interest excited by the pros and cons of this question will awaken interested attention to the duties of government and citizenship, and will help those who take part therein, when of age, to vote understandingly as responsible citizens rather than partisan tools of the political machine.

As indicative of the interest already awakened on the subject among school children, I submit a composition on the subject by a school girl of thirteen, who never has been talked to on woman suffrage by any one directly. I give it as written: SHOULD WOMEN BE ALLOWED TO VOTE? In considering this question, a great deal of nonsense as well as sense is said concerning "Woman's sphere." To begin with, what is meant by "woman's sphere?" Does it comprise merely the duties of the household, such as washing, ironing, sweeping, etc., and the art of keeping in a pleasant humor through all this? Certainly, this is the sphere of some women, but others have a broader work to do. Every woman may be said to have a

sphere of her own, and nearly all differ in some degree. "Woman's sphere," therefore, may be considered as the work which lies within the power of each woman to do. In regard to the question of woman's rights, many people consider it entirely out of place for a woman to wish to maintain her rights. A woman, they reason, should be modest and sweet; accordingly what business has she at the polls with men of all classes? Ah, yes, woman's rights are all very well for coarse, vulgar women, but for women of refinement—what nonsense!

Again, some question, Is she fitted intellectually for the work? Has not woman successfully accomplished whatever she has yet attempted? To be sure, she may not, in some instances, be able to accomplish much as a man, because she is not as strong, but she is equal to him as far as her strength may go. Now, if women were to mingle with all classes of men at the polls, would she become degraded herself, or would she elevate the men with whom she came in contact? In any public place do not men instinctively speak in a lowered tone and with softened language in the presence of women of any refinement? Then why should it be otherwise at the polls? It seems to me that women of refinement would not be easily degraded; but on the other hand, the men would be benefited by their company.

Another exceedingly silly argument against the right of women voting is, that while the wife and mother was at the polls, the children would be racing about the neighborhood, hungry little vagabonds, with no mother to care for them. Now, what woman would ever leave her children in such a state as this? It is nonsense to waste time and breath on so senseless an argument. In many of our cities, towns, and even villages, women own large estates, and ought not such women to have a voice in the election of town officers? But no, men (that is, some men) say, it is all very well for women to vote for the school committee, but farther than that it must not go on any other principle that we give a child a cracker in order to pacify it, while we indulge in cream cake. Nevertheless, the cause of woman's rights is slowly but surely progressing, and in the century to come it will probably be acknowledged by all leaders of society that women should be allowed to vote.

More Mahatmic Force.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: If your mail resembles mine in quantity and quality of theosophical correspondence since "Mabel Collins's" disavowal of inspiration from Madame Blavatsky's Hindu "controls," it must be curious reading for one who is as used as you are to reflect upon the lights and shades of human nature. At this revealing through the JOURNAL some people are pleased; others sorry; others angry; some applaud; some condemn; many are curious; and most of them want to argue about it. My mail has a sort of shivery, gooseflesh quality, as if a panic in mahatmic stock were imminent, and there is a tendency of the hair of the faithful to stand on end. What will happen to the original and only genuine straightout Blavatskians, who now present so picturesque a microscopic group, when the rest of the facts in the case are wrested into the garish light of day by profane editors, I do not know. But it is always safe to wait and see. Just now I gather from my correspondents two curious items. First, a good many persons are surprised that I seem to have only now found out that "Light on the Path" was not dictated by Mrs. Koot Hoomi or any other Eastern adept. Such have always known all about its source, and my discovery is discounted as a theosophical chestnut. Let me say to all such, that I do not always tell all I know, and that I might have continued silent on the authorship of "Light on the Path," had I not had reasons for publishing Mrs. Cooke's letter just then and there—reasons I reserve for the present. Secondly, and very curiously, some of my correspondents advance a theory that would have the charm of novelty to one less versed than myself in that capacity of the human mind to resist knowledge which results in what the Catholics call "invincible ignorance." This theory is that Madame Blavatsky knew the source of Mrs. Cooke's inspiration better than the author of "Light on the Path" knew it herself; and therefore the former ingenious lady was quite right in begging the latter ingenuous lady to do as she did. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and one that I should not like to mar by any injudicious interference. The more we learn of the methods of Mahatmic manipulation of our wild and woolly Western wickedness, the more we admire Oriental wisdom and innocence. Commenting you soul to the care of the Dhyana-Chohans, recommending you to read Bret Hart's deathless poem, I remain, with respect, Washington, D. C. F. T. S.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

ESSAYS, RELIGIOUS, SOCIAL, POLITICAL. By David Atwood Wasson, with a Biographical Sketch by O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Chas. T. Dillingham. 1889. Pp. 390. Price, \$1.25.

Mr. Wasson was a scholar, a critic and a philosophical thinker of much acuteness and ability. He was not a popular writer. He was not a voluminous author. The best part of his intellectual life was spent in ill health and seclusion; and lack of strength limited his writing, while lack of contact with the world for several years had a somewhat narrowing influence on his mind and gave a pessimistic hue to some of his theories. He had a deeply religious nature combined with a philosophical turn of mind and artistic tastes. What he wrote on religious, social and political subjects, if not with originality of thought, at least in a manner that was his own, and which imparted unusual interest to his discussions. Mr. Wasson is regarded by some as the greatest thinker of all the New England transcendentalists. When Mr. Frothingham wrote his History of Transcendentalism in New England, he referred to D. A. Wasson, John Weiss and T. W. Higginson as the only living representatives of that intellectual movement. Mr. Higginson is the only one of the three who remains, and his tastes and work are more literary than philosophical. Mr. Wasson was a friend and admirer of Theodore Parker, and for a while occupied the desk of the Parker Memorial Fraternity. He was a frequent contributor to the Radical and to the Index. With him the soul of man was the centre of all belief. He says: "My conceptions of man's being begin always with an absolute soul of man. This I hold to be infinite in depth, contained in God, heir to the utmost resource of his being. That is the starting-point—pure spiritual unity; or, in other words, pure personality."

Again he says: "To my mind Nature is all redolent of God, and the hear, of man is all instinct with God." Spiritual pantheism is perhaps, the phrase which most fitly describes Mr. Wasson's religious belief. With Orthodox Christianity he had no sympathy, and he was sometimes severe in his strictures upon the popular religious beliefs. Hitherto there has been no collection of Mr. Wasson's essays, which appeared in the Christian Examiner, The Atlantic Monthly, The North American Review, the Radical and the Index. These reprinted in this volume are: "Nature the Prophet of Man," "Authority," "Unity," "Social Texture," "Conditions of Society and Productiveness," "The Puritan Commonwealth," "The New Type of Oppression," and "The Genius of Woman." The sketch of the author by Mr. Frothingham is that of a friend, but it strikes the reader as being impartial and true. It contains a fragment of an autobiography of Mr. Wasson, which are the least interesting part of the book. There is, in fact, nothing in the life of Mr. Wasson of general interest to readers beyond the thought and the character of the man, which are sufficiently revealed in his writings. But to those who know the author personally all these details will, of course, be of interest.

SOCIAL PROGRESS, AN ESSAY BY DANIEL GREENLEAF THOMPSON, author of "A System of Psychology," "The Problem of Evil," "The Religious Sentiments of the Human Mind," etc. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; New York: 15 East 16th Street. 1889. pp. 161. This work, "respectfully inscribed to my fellow-members of the Nineteenth Century (of which Mr. Thompson is the President) the Communist Club, and the Reform Clubs, of the City of New York in association with whom the thoughts contained therein have been suggested," is one of the smaller volumes of a series in which the author is presenting a comprehensive system of thought. His first work, "A System of Psychology," gained for the author a reputation among European as well as American thinkers as a profound and learned philosophical writer. This work is beyond any doubt, the ablest as well as the most comprehensive treatise on psychology that has been produced in this country; and we know of none by any foreign writer which treats certain aspects of the subject with so much analytic power. As Nature in reviewing the work said: "In dealing with many special questions, Mr. Thompson goes beyond the later English psychologists, just as they themselves have gone beyond Locke." Mr. Thompson brings to bear the same qualities of mind, so conspicuous in his first work, in the treatment in this latest volume, of such subjects as "The Conception of Society," "The Liberty and Law," "The Psychological Foundation of Individual Liberty," "Equality in Rights," "Equality in Power," "Fraternity," "The Utility of Change," "The Formation of Opinions," "Radicalism and Conservatism in Art," etc. In the concluding chapter, Mr. Thompson says: "I can find no reason for discouragement, but on the contrary, every reason for hopefulness as to the future of social life, though its perplexing problems are by no means all solved. Such hopeful words are not, however, to be taken as a contrast to the jeremiads which are often heard to-day. It is to be regretted that by some blunder of the printer the preface is incomplete, especially since the purpose of this preface is to show the relations of the volume to former works and its place in the author's scheme of systematic thought.

TWO CHAPTERS FROM THE BOOK OF MY LIFE. With Poems. By R. Shepard Lillie. Boston: John Wilson & Son, University Press. Price \$1. Postage 12c. The author dedicates her work, "First to my spirit guides to whom I am wholly indebted for whatsoever merit it may contain, while its faults are owing to the inability of my brain more perfectly to reflect their thought; second, to those who from the first believed in me so implicitly that, with untiring trust they followed me from the time when I took the first lonely journey out into the darksome valley of uncertainty until they saw me rise on the hill-tops of success."

Mrs. Lillie has given a sketch of her life and the unfolding of her mediumship which will read with interest. While it is in a way startling, sensational, and is told in a modest, unpretentious way, it will impress any one who reads it as being a truthful and conscientious narrative of the trying experiences of one of our mediums, who never hesitated to inform her friends of her spiritual friends, doing her work faithfully and unselfishly. The larger part of the book is made up of Mrs. Lillie's inspirational poems, many of them possessing real merit. Mrs. Lillie says of them: "I feel that the best of the poems I have given to my friends through my instrumentality, have been lost. I have felt that I would give much if it was only in my power to reproduce them. The few found in this collection are only the stray ones, caught now and then by some reporter present when they were recited, and I am glad to have them as they were recited as I found, on attempting in some instances to revise them, that such revision only marred the beauty of the sentiment. Therefore I give them as they are."

Reflections from the light above Which round my pathway shine." Some were received by automatic writing, and some by clairaudience. She is not a poet by nature, but she is a gift from her spirit friends, but says: "Always on receiving these poetical impressions I have a sense of something much grander than my brain and lips can convey, and yet such even as they are I cherish them as rays of light from the spirit world of life." Mrs. Lillie's friends will be pleased to read this book. PROFESSION OF FAITH OF A SAVOYARD Vicar. Translated from the French of Jean Jacques Rousseau, Citizen of Geneva. Also A Search for Truth in the World. New York: Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton St. 1889. Pp. 124. This profession of faith of the eloquent and rationalistic vicar of Savoy is remarkable for its unsectarian spirit, its candor and its broad and liberal religious views. The thought, of course, is that of Rousseau, who, like Voltaire and Paine, was a firm believer in intelligent power revealed in nature and in human consciousness. The authority of inspiration, and the miracles and prophecies of theology are criticised in this famous work in a manner that has hardly been surpassed, and rarely equalled. The tolerant spirit of the author is shown by the fact that he put into the mouth of the vicar: "Had I any Protestants in my neighborhood, or in my parish, I would make no distinction between them and my own flock in everything that regarded acts of Christian charity. I would endeavor to make them all love and regard each other as best they could, without regard to their religious opinions, enjoying their own." This was the spirit of Rousseau, who, with all his faults made men think and act. As Carlyle in his Heroes and Hero Worship says of him: "He could be cooped into garrets, laughed at as a fanatic, left to starve like a wild beast in a cage; but he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire."

"A Search for Truth," is a beautiful allegory taken from "The Story of An African Farm." Of the profession of faith, Rousseau himself said: "You will find in this exposition treats of nothing more than natural religion. It is very strange that we should stand in need of any other."

New Books Received.

The Foreign Biblical Library. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, U. S. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777, with an Outline Sketch of His Army of Canada, 1775-76. By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 50 cents. A Manual of Introduction to the New Testament. By Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Vol. II. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 12mo. 368 pp. Cloth, \$2.00 per volume. Leading physicians, eminent divines—every one who tries it, endorses Samaritan Nervine. All druggists. The Practical Illustrated Mesmerist. By Wm. Davey. The sixth edition is now out and is meeting with a hearty welcome. Price, 75 cents. How to Magnetize, by James Victor Wilson, needs only a mention as it is the most popular work on this subject. Price, 25 cents. Cadwell's How to Mesmerize is another popular work and should be read by all investigators of this subtle power. All the above for sale here.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 1, 1888.

The Old and New.

From all the signs, and they are many, the world is passing into a crisis. The Church, and by the Church is meant the organized Orthodox, is planting itself on the Bible as the infallible Word of God and on the inferences therefrom crystallized in the form of orthodox Christian doctrine. Ultimately these will all fuse under the dogma of the Catholic Church. Those who are not prepared for the logical outcome of their evolution drift towards the freer speculations of rationalism. Reason and not the latter's claim to acceptance, holic priesthood,—from the Pope we see this, and hence they foster the such vagaries as those recently by the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, sitting in New York, C. Roberts, D. D., LL. D. Dr. Roberts upon the ignorance or credulity of the people when he says:

"The sun can be dispensed with the light of the sun as the race can dispense with the sun. The enemy most dreaded by the biblical criticism. Nothing worth being cut away by it. The New Testament has of the fiery furnace of revision without of fire. The Old Testament will stand the daily well. We must oppose the process would set aside whole books because they of the supernatural. We cannot afford to them. Just as soon as the prophecies will per- the King of Zion will take possession of the orb. When that time comes let us be on the side of the Lord."

When it is remembered that "Biblical criticism," outside of the interested revisers of the New Testament, has demonstrated that there is no historical evidence for one hundred and fifty years of the Christian era going to prove that there was ever such a person as Jesus Christ, and that the earliest copy of the New Testament dates four hundred years after the commencement of this era, and that we have no copy of the original text from which our revision is a transcript; recalling these facts reasonable people begin to inquire on what, then, does historical Christianity rest? There is but one answer—tradition. This is the ground occupied by the Catholic Church; and it is the ground which the Protestant Church should occupy or cease its criticism of honest men who tell the truth. We have some respect for the Catholic Church because it is logical; none whatever for such men as this reverend expounder of falsehood, for he knows, or ought to know, that his Bible—the New Testament portion of it at any rate—is the record of a myth and, like all myths, without historical verity to sustain its exterior claims. Strip the record of its coarse covering of materiality and sensuousness and translate its grand esoteric truths into the reality which underlies its verbiage and we have a glorious manifestation of the Eternal Love and Wisdom,—adapted to all the states and conditions of humanity. Spiritualism, in its higher aspects, will alone save the world from "Rationalism" and "Catholicism." ("Protestantism," as expounded by Dr. Roberts, has no sound reason for its existence) by giving it the new spirit which is now imminent in man—clothing all old thought in the new garb of a new interpretation. To this the world is coming. Such men as Dr. Roberts and the Pope may enter their protest, but the world will move on as in Galileo's day.

Friends of the JOURNAL should bear it in mind continually and never lose an opportunity for presenting its claims and making it known to those who desire to pursue psychics and to explore the spiritual field in a rational, scientific manner. Every subscriber has it in his or her power to strengthen our hands; and the aggregate of this effort, if only persistent and effective, will be stupendous.

Need of New Inspirations.

That Christianity is suffering both from collapse and decline no reasonable observer can doubt. The former is due to the skeptical tendency of the age, the latter to materialism. There is a distinction between the two. One may be skeptical regarding the miraculous claims of Christianity yet be possessed of a deeply religious nature. When both predominate then is the religion of a nation at its lowest ebb.

But the inner life of a people never perishes. It is rooted deep in the vital life of humanity. There may be skepticism concerning creeds and dogma, but the materialistic doubts which operate like the disintegrating forces of winter are not so universal as the superficial observer conceives. The old stalk denuded of its blossoms and fruit still strikes its roots deep in the soil of the ages and already new shoots are putting forth in token of a fresher verdure and a more splendid harvest than the world has ever witnessed.

The signs of the times are meekly commented upon in that staunchly conservative paper, The New York Tribune, in a series of notes under the title, "In the Church Porch." Very lately the author, after commenting upon the spirit of individualism and the spirit of conservatism, the two ruling ideas in the world of thought and the world of action, deplores the fact that there is little of that human solidarity which, in the olden days, made possible great nations and great religions. "Selfishness," he continues, "has taken the place of self denial and egoism has supplanted brotherhood. Religion cannot flourish in such an atmosphere. The finer graces of spirituality that made the lives of saints so beautiful, fade and wither away when exposed to its miasmatic influence."

These assertions, it will be remembered, are made by no radical or even liberal newspaper. They are specimens of the usual Sunday notes in a widely read journal. Its editor, who has just sailed as Minister to France, is a member of that Presbyterian Church in Fifth Avenue, New York, under the pastorage of Rev. Dr. John Hall, the church buildings, land and parsonage of which cost in round numbers, something like one million of dollars. On its roll are inscribed the names of the foremost leading millionaires of the city. The massive and beautiful edifice in which they worship is a materialized dream of quiet and classical beauty. In sonorous English the dignified pastor rolls out those ponderous Calvinistic sermons concerning death, hell and judgment to come which suits the taste of those who hold certified orders upon the heavenly mansions. Yet observe what our note maker continues to say in the Tribune: "It is useless to disguise the fact that it (Christianity) is engaged in a deadly struggle with forces that would destroy all spirituality; and these forces have gained many temporary advantages. That 'other worldliness' which Christ taught finds no adequate expression in modern church organizations. . . . Parochialism, the lust of entertainment and the adoration of committees, obscure the lives, dull the colors and dwarf the dimensions of the real church of Christ."

This is strong language but this is stronger still. The writer continues: "Speaking broadly, the Christianity of this age does not rise to the height of its own teachings. It ambles along in respectable propriety, upheld partly by the remembrance of its earthly triumphs, and partly by the strength derived from its complex organization. In many ways it has conformed to the low material standards that content the world around it; and from the desire to please men it has held in reserve many of the lofty, though perhaps impracticable teachings which were alike the inspiration and the glory of the Christianity of Christ."

Can any outside the pale of the church utter stronger criticisms than these? This is all the more deplorable, because the modern world can not be converted by routine preaching or routine practice. It can only be conquered by the all-compelling power of unconventional earnestness and enthusiasm. Frivolous as the world is—and perhaps in no age has it ever been more frivolous—it will respect and follow men who have convictions and live upon them. Hence the success of many of the so-called religious "cranks" of the day, who with great earnestness call upon men to believe some half-truth, or gross superstition.

So much for the failure of the Christian ministry to rise to the level of their opportunities and for the need of a new influx of divine light and life. The same writer in commenting upon society at large deplores the fact that "an ominously large number of people in the community have virtually forgotten the meaning of the word duty in their eager quest for their rights. Their moral sense has become blunted. The desire to do right because it is right has become an almost rudimentary impulse; it has become atrophied through long disuse. Expediency and self-interest are the two great motive principles of their lives."

A noble minority of church members eagerly welcome any inspiration which, irrespective of churchly authority, quickens and uplifts the spiritual nature.

Vicious Journalism.

Is it not high time for the proprietors of the leading dailies of this city to veto the chronic prostitution of their columns, carried on by a class of cheap and irresponsible reporters? The owners and leading editorial writers are respectable men, and why they allow their papers to be filled with the diseased products of vitiated imaginations, and all the moral filth of a great city, which is published not because it is news but because it is nasty, is beyond comprehension. The beastly Carter divorce case was spread out day after day for weeks, each journalistic "shoe maker" striving to outdo his rivals in sensational decorations and salacious suggestions, with no more idea of true journalism and no more care for it than a Hottentot. The big "blauket sheets," having been cut off from further supplies of Carter muck by

the close of the case, are forthwith filled with the morbid materializations of repertorial cerebration inspired by the finding of the body of the murdered Dr. Cronin. Sickening pictures of the nude and rotten remains are plentifully supplied, some of them too disgusting to be described in words in a decent paper. The names of innocent men are seized upon by these ghouls of the press, and insinuations of guilt or knowledge recklessly made in connection with the dastardly crime; insinuations having not even the color of truth and calculated to do great injury to the feelings of excellent people. Again, with an hour or two on hand these repertorial ravagers haunt theatres, lecture and concert rooms, not for the purpose of giving a truthful and entertaining account of the play, lecture or music, as the case may be, but to pick up some suggestion to serve as a foundation for a column of midnight rot, to be served up to decent people with their coffee and rolls a few hours later. These criticisms upon the daily press of Chicago apply with equal force to that of New York, Boston and all the larger cities.

All this is not journalism, and the proprietors and editorial writers know it, or should know it. Respectable people are obliged to tolerate this viciousness because in the same papers may be found the important news of the world together with able editorials on current events from writers of experience and ability, news and editorial opinions most valuable, indeed, indispensable. The JOURNAL is a stalwart stickler for the freedom of the press; this goes without saying, but it sharply discriminates between liberty and license, and always considers the motive inspiring publication of matter and whether publication is calculated to do more good than harm. The press of America wields the destinies of the nation: let it rise to the full dignity of its position; let it conserve the purity of the home, the morals of community and the highest interests of a virtuous and order-loving people if it would retain its sway!

A Descendant of Lord Baltimore Was Next.

In mentioning in last week's paper the transition to a higher life of our respected co-worker, Mr. L. B. Wilson of the Banner of Light we concluded with the question: "Who will be the next?" The question is already answered and sooner than anticipated. Our long-time friend, correspondent and subscriber, George Henry Calvert, journalist, author and consistent Spiritualist, passed on from his home at Newport, R. I., on Friday, May 24th, at the ripe age of eighty-six years. Mr. Calvert was a native of Maryland and great-grandson of Lord Baltimore. On his mother's side he was a lineal descendant of the painter Rubens. He was also related to Martha Washington. In 1823, when twenty years old, Mr. Calvert was graduated at Harvard and afterwards studied at Göttingen, Germany. Returning home he edited the Baltimore American for several years and afterwards published his "Illustrations of Phrenology," the first American treatise on the subject. He translated from Goethe and Schiller, wrote poems, essays, sketches of travel, and was at all times a diligent student and literary laborer.

In 1843 Mr. Calvert established his home in Newport, and ten years later had the honor of being Newport's first Mayor. He inherited wealth from his parents, and like the late Allen Thorndike Rice, did literary work for the love of it. At his delightful home in Newport he dispensed a refined and generous hospitality. He was a representative gentleman, of the old school, yet wholly accessible to the ideas of the day. He was one of the pioneers in calling attention to and discussing hydropathy, and interested himself in all current problems of his time. He was a contributor to the North American Review and other well-known publications. Mr. Calvert and Historian Bancroft had been warm friends for years, frequently exchanging visits when the two were in their homes at Newport. Mr. Bancroft arrived in Newport from Washington the day before Mr. Calvert's death, but not in time to be greeted by his old-time friend.

The appreciation of a considerable number of cultured and representative people has been of inestimable worth to us in the arduous labors incident to our profession and the peculiarly trying field we have essayed to cover. Among this number the encouragement and support of no one has been more highly prized than that of Mr. Calvert. Every one with any experience in the field of reform journalism, whether of politics, religion, ethics, science or sociology, can realize to some extent how much more rapidly comes the expansion of opportunities and responsibilities than of financial support; how in our unique field, increased influence of the JOURNAL brings added burdens far beyond the facilities of the office to carry, without undue strain upon the editor and proprietor whose work as a journalist is of necessity only a small part of his enforced duties. He must be a missionary without pay, a bureau of information, an adviser-in-general upon hundreds of matters that cannot be treated of in the paper; and he must cover a wide field which properly belongs to those accessories and auxiliaries of a well organized and well equipped sect or party, but which Spiritualism has not. He must cover this ground at his own expense, whether able and so disposed or not. At least this is our experience and the only possible course consistent with our mental constitution and temperament. This condition of affairs was realized by Mr. Calvert. His attention having been called to the needs of our work by some published remarks, on Feb. 7th, 1888, he enclosed us his

check for \$50 as a perpetual subscription to the JOURNAL, entitling him and his heirs to the paper during its publication, and wrote as follows:

MR. CALVERT TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

MY DEAR SIR:—Considering the unspeakable importance of the revelations of Modern Spiritualism in the progress and emancipation of humanity, and considering the ability with which under your editorship the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has presented and expounded the facts and principles of Spiritualism, it seems to me it is reasonable that you should meet with generous co-operation. I therefore enclose draft for \$50 as a perpetual subscription, and with thanks and best wishes remain,

Very truly yours,

Newport, R. I.

G. H. CALVERT.

Pleading for a Change.

It appears from the Washington Post that the Rev. Scott F. Hershey, the retiring moderator of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church, delivered a sermon which was somewhat of a sensation to his hearers. Its tenor was an appeal for the modernization of Presbyterianism, and it was a strong blow at the ultra-conservatism which is popularly believed to govern in that church. "We are living in an age," said he, "which on future ages will tell with prodigious impression. The English poet could write fifty years ago that fifty years in Europe were better than a cycle in Cathay; but we have fallen upon times when a single generation is pregnant with such possibilities and tendencies as came not to any generation of the past. Human thought never was so keen, aggressive, presumptive. The social order never seethed in the caldron of such ferments. Human life was never so intense, restless, evolutionary. Communication and intercommunication are matters of seconds instead of months. We are no more conditioned mostly by local ideas, customs, and habits of classes and sections, but are imbibing the ideas and assimilating the habits and rubbing into our social order the customs of all peoples and countries. With all its solid masonry of evangelism, the Presbyterian church in America lacks something. Between the pastor and the people flows the chilly current of a dignified reserve, which is especially evil in its effect upon young people. Our church needs take on what some one has called the 'enthusiasm of humanity,' founded on God's fatherhood, and so free in its popular fraternity as to override all hampering forms and sickly traditions. We cling to an old and wornout custom of mere outward method."

Dr. Hershey then gave what he called some alarming facts. "There are twelve hundred pulpits vacant, and but for the accessions from other denominations the gain above actual losses last year would have been but two."

It is stated that Mrs. Emma Althouse of Utica, N. Y., whose continued trance during the past two years has attracted so much attention, has taken a change for the better and there is a chance that she may entirely recover. For the last month her condition has gradually improved, until now she can partake of some nourishment; her breathing is more natural and her trance periods are less frequent and shorter. Two months ago she was given up for dead; and her vitality became so low, subsequent to her rallying on that occasion, that all of her relatives became convinced that she could not live. Mrs. Althouse partakes of small quantities of nourishment is able to move hands, and seems much stronger, but she is wholly powerless to sit up in bed, where she has lain during the two years of her illness. Lately she has had no medical attendance, and strangers have been more rigidly excluded from the house than before. Her last trance lasted only a week, and she has had several short naps of three or four days. In one of them she plainly saw the scenes attending the inauguration of President Harrison, but her strength was not sufficient to fully describe them. She also knew about other events which had transpired, and which were not mentioned in the sick room. The longest trance Mrs. Althouse has had lasted thirty-five days. Another continued thirty-three days, but the average until lately was between fifteen and twenty days.

In a recent article in The Carrier Dove J. J. Morse says: "Among the ranks of more contemporary spiritual writers few are entitled to higher place than Hudson Tuttle. Utterly free from involved vacuity, always thought-provoking, never tedious, his books are most valuable to all thinking Spiritualists. The announcement of his forthcoming volume, 'Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science,' is a welcome promise of good things to come. Hudson Tuttle never writes unless he has something to say. And when he writes all who read him are the better for having done so. Our best writers today are, without doubt, Hudson Tuttle, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, and Prof. Kiddle,—since A. E. Newton, recently ascended, has been thus retired from our active authors on the mortal side. Mr. Tuttle's recent pamphlet, 'The Tiger Step,' is admirable. We want writers who have backbone enough to call a spade a spade. Milk and water sentimentalism may be an evidence of cerebral solution, but of other value it has none. . . . This time it is 'Scientific Religion,' by Lawrence Oliphant, who has lately crossed the border. It is a curious book, mystical and semi-theological with a suspicion of Thomas Lake Harrisism

about it. It has a preface by Mrs. Oliphant—who was Miss Rosemond Dale Owen, a granddaughter of good Robert Owen, the socialist and philanthropist. She badly disgruntled English Spiritualists some five years ago by using their platforms to expound the Divinity of Jesus, after a fashion peculiar to herself. Her husband's book is another contribution to the mystical aspects of religious aspiration, but its tendency is scarcely healthy or helpful."

There seems to be a bound from the prevalent acceptance of the Darwinian theory of evolution as applied to morals. Two of the ablest scholars in England have taken upon the subject at once, each from a different point of view, to show that the time has come for a re-examination of the Darwinian philosophy, as it is accepted by a large proportion of the scientific world. Prof. St. George Mivart, himself one of the most distinguished investigators of this generation, who criticized Darwin's theory on its first appearance and made an argument against it which Darwin himself confessed had great weight, has contributed to The Forum for May, his second essay to prove that the theory fails as a scientific theory purely where man comes in and that moral deductions made from it are of no weight whatever. He brings forward much interesting evidence to show the unphilosophic character of Darwin's mind. Prof. Mivart's first essay, which he called "Darwin's Brilliant Fallacy," appeared in The Forum for March. The other scholar who leads the attack on the Darwinian theory of moral development, is Mr. W. S. Lilly, the great authority on ethics; and his argument is from the point of view of a master of moral philosophy. It is noteworthy that as the writings of Herbert Spencer and Prof. Huxley, and to a certain extent of Darwin himself, received their earliest recognition in America, so these important criticisms of their philosophy, which are attracting a great deal of attention in England, appeared first in The Forum, an American periodical.

An International Congress of Woman's work and institutions will be held in Paris, July 12th, this year, under the presidency of M. Jules Simon. Mme. Isabelle Boyelat, Mme. de Verneuil, Mme. Koechlin Schwartz, Vice-presidents; Mme. Emille de Morcier, Mme. Maria Martin, Beardsley Avocat, Secretaries. The committee on organization is composed of women belonging to all creeds and social classes; and men of high intellectual attainments are encouraging the undertaking. The congress will be divided into sections: 1st, Philanthropy, Morality; 2nd, Pedagogy; 3rd, Art, Science, Literature; 4th, Civil Legislation. The programmes are being prepared and will be sent broadcast. It is a significant fact that this will be the first time a Government officially patronizes a movement in favor of women. The Catholic aristocracy seems willing to join with Protestants, Jews and Freethinkers, and a great success is contemplated. All communications must be addressed to the Secretary of the Congress, 21 Passage Saulmer, Rue Lafayette, Paris.

The St. Paul Spiritual Alliance adopts as its basic principle 'love of truth and hatred of error, with justice to every human soul.' It protests against every attempt to compel mankind to worship God in any particular or prescribed manner; and demands perfect freedom in the search for evidence of life beyond the grave. It claims the right of search for this knowledge in ancient records or in the phenomena, philosophy and science of modern Spiritualism, which challenges the deepest, the closest and the most humane thought, and teaches that purity of life and honesty of purpose are a means for improving the condition of humanity, and deals with the children of men in accordance with their conditions, capacities and responsibilities, denying to no individual the possibility of entering into a state of happiness beyond the grave.

The seventh annual camp meeting of the Michigan Spiritualists will be held at Haslett Park, commencing Thursday, July 25th, and closing Monday, August 26th, including five Sundays. The following is the list of speakers: July 28th, G. H. Brooks and J. Frank Baxter; July 30th, and August 1st, J. Frank Baxter; Aug. 4th, 6th and 8th, Frank C. Algerton; Aug. 11th and 15th, J. Clegg Wright; Aug. 18th and 20th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Aug. 21st, Meeting of Mediums' Protective Association, Dr. A. W. Edson, president, G. H. Brooks, secretary; Aug. 22nd, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Aug. 23rd, Memorial Day; Aug. 25th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie.

Mrs. H. L. Stone, of Kalamazoo, Mich., widely known as an educator, traveller and journalist, has been spending a couple of weeks in this city as the guest of Celia Parker Woolley. On Thursday evening of last week Mrs. Woolley gave a reception in honor of Mrs. Stone. The occasion was one of delight and profit to the brilliant company. Mrs. Stone, although considerably over seventy, is a most interesting conversationalist, and on this evening she talked on Egypt, giving striking incidents from her own reminiscences of that country, to which she has in years past made frequent and extended visits.

"The Light of Egypt" announced as in press by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House has already created a breeze of expectancy in many quarters. It will be ready for delivery by next Monday. We have only read one chapter, but upon the judgment of those competent to decide we venture to predict that the book will produce a deep agitation in psychic and theosophic circles.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The unknown friend who mailed us valuable advices from Dover, England, is hereby notified of safe delivery, and also thanked most heartily. If he (or she) will unveil their anonymity, we can say more by letter.

The professional services of J. Madison Allen, inspirational trance speaker, may be secured for the summer and autumn months by addressing him at once at 225 Moss Ave., Peoria, Ill. He has been busily occupied for some months in Kirksville and Hannibal, Mo. and Quincy, Ill., but will now accept calls from more distant points, east or west.

Dr. Joseph Wilbur, formerly widely known in Chicago and the west, as a successful magnetic healer, passed to spirit-life last week from Burlington, Wisconsin, at the age of seventy-nine years. It was our good fortune to know Dr. W. well and to know of much excellent work done by him. His memory will be cherished by thousands whom he has helped in one way and another.

A city subscriber writes: "A very interesting little séance was held May 8th, at the residence of Mrs. Buckley, 1843 Michigan avenue. Mrs. Hamilton, the medium, was not introduced to the persons present until after the close of the séance. All testified to having received excellent tests of the presence of their spirit friends. Messages were written, and names signed which were recognized fully by those for whom they were intended.

Mr. J. J. Morse will commence his final month's regular lecture work, in Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., corner Bedford avenue and Fulton street, on Sunday next, continuing through the month of June. During July he will visit Jacksonville, Fla., and in August his time is taken up for camp work. Himself and family sail for Great Britain the last week in August.

John D. Rockefeller has just given \$600,000 to the American Baptist Educational Society to establish an institution of learning in Chicago. It is proposed to increase the amount by further subscriptions to \$1,000,000. Mr. C. Hinckley of Chicago gives \$50,000. There is as much wealth, and as many wealthy men, among Spiritualists as the Baptists can claim; when shall we be able to chronicle such munificent gifts in the interests of Spiritualism?

We desire to call special attention to the letter of Richard Hodgson LL. D., published in another column. A number of Boston gentlemen, favorable to Spiritualism, under whose eyes he has worked since coming to America, speak of him in the highest terms and consider him especially qualified for his position as Secretary of a psychical research society. Assistance in the lines indicated by Dr. Hodgson will unquestionably hasten the orderly and systematic arrangement of the facts so essential to psychical science.

Through the "Gates of Gold."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The recently published letter of "Mabel Collins" (Mrs. Cooke) has attracted, for a very good reason, so much attention and favorable comment, that the following will doubtless be read with interest. It is the full text, written to me by Mrs. Cooke shortly after the appearance of the "Gates of Gold," of what Mrs. Cooke and myself both refer to in our joint recent publication in the JOURNAL. I did not then give it, because I could not conveniently lay my hands on it. But since the matter has assumed such magnitude I feel the need of being exact on every point. Having looked over my files and found the letter, I give it word for word. It is in Mrs. Cooke's handwriting, undated and unsigned: FARNUM

"72 CLARENON ROAD, NOTTING HILL, W. LONDON.

"The writer of the 'Gates of Gold' is Mabel Collins, who had as well as 'Light on the Path' and the 'Idyll of the White Lotus' dictated to her by one of the adepts of the group which through Madame Blavatsky first communicated with the Western world. The name of this inspirer cannot be given, as the personal names of the Masters have already been sufficiently desecrated in the JOURNAL.

This is exactly word for word, what Mrs. Cooke now says she wrongly wrote to me because Madame Blavatsky "begged and implored" her to do so, and which she also wrote at her dictation. It certainly has the genuine Blavatskian ring about it.

Yours truly, ELLIOTT COUES.

GENERAL NEWS.

Minister Lincoln presented his credentials to the Queen at Windsor.—The protocol of the Samoan Conference is nearly ready for the signatures of the delegates.—French indignation caused King Humbert to alter his intention of visiting Strasburg in company with Emperor William.—Sir Charles Dilke is slowly making his way back to political life.—In a race between yachts the Valkyrie was again a winner.—The receipts from United States fishermen under the modus vivendi have so far this season been \$5,000.—The Boulangists have resolved to contest all the elections in France.—Detective Coughlin, of the Chicago police, was arrested as a party to the murder of Cronin.—The Scranton City Bank was closed because of a defalcation by the cashier.—The cashier and the assistant teller of the Merchants' National Bank in New Haven were arrested.—It was reported in Washington that General Lew Wallace and Colonel Beverly Tucker were appointed Commissioners to Hayti.—A combination of ten Ohio River coal shippers proposed to buy out the small operators for \$12,000,000. Four men were arrested in Arizona for the robbery of Paymaster Wham.—A new town election has been ordered in Guthrie, Okla.—The President took a trip on Postmaster-General Wanamaker's yacht down the Potomac River.—Gen. James B. Weaver, the Greenback Congressman from Iowa, has opened a law office in Oklahoma.—Buffalo Bill and his horse appear to go far in Paris toward replacing the departed Boulanger and his black charger.—L. Q. C. Lamar Jr., a son of Justice Lamar and a department clerk under Cleveland, has turned up as a drummer for a Rochester boot and shoe house.

A Psychic Researcher's Appeal.

The Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research Desires the Co-operation of the Readers of the Journal. He makes Important Suggestions which should be Strictly Observed.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: About a year and a half ago a peculiar account appeared in a Pennsylvania paper, purporting to be the narration by a well known politician of an experience of his own. Some time afterwards the following paragraph appeared in the paper:

"HOW THE SUPERNATURAL HAPPENS." "We were short of copy one week two or three months ago, when out of our ghostly imagination we constructed a story about a prominent citizen of this town seeing the spiritual image of his brother lying in the snow before him on the Reynoldsville road, at the very moment his corporeal body was succumbing to a Dakota blizzard. Of course it was purely imaginary, as such stories always are. But behold the Pittsburgh Dispatch of the 25th ultimo comes out with a special telegram from Punxsutawney giving the whole substance of this wild story substantially as related by us, only expanding it into a half a column and adding many thrilling details. Now that story will be read and believed by thousands, and the cause of ignorance and superstition advanced accordingly."

Stories of one kind or another relating to psychical matters, especially, perhaps, to alleged "hauntings," are continually appearing in papers published throughout the States. So far as my own experience has gone, there is little foundation for these reporters' accounts, though in a few even of these cases the outcome of my correspondence has been a well attested psychical experience. It is obvious, however, that when editors, not to speak of correspondents, make such confessions as that involved in the paragraph which I have quoted above, the general reader is not likely to be much impressed by un-certified accounts of psychical experiences.

It is unnecessary for me to comment here upon the ignorance displayed in the quoted paragraph. Those who have been at the pains to familiarize themselves with the enormous mass of "occult" literature, from early legends up to the most skeptical parts of proceedings of Societies for Psychical Research, can not doubt the existence of supernatural phenomena; that is to say, phenomena which exhibit "the action of laws higher, in a psychical aspect, than are discerned in action in everyday life." (Proceedings of S. P. R., Part VIII, page 30.)

I desire now to make an appeal to your numerous readers for more strenuous efforts on their part to contribute such experiences of their own as are likely to be of the greatest evidential value to persons who, both from their mental habits, and the inadequacy of their acquaintance with the subject, may not yet have been convinced of the actual occurrence of these supernatural phenomena, and I shall point out briefly some different classes of phenomena in the careful recording of which your readers might do great service.

There are first of all such spontaneous experiences as have been grouped under the head of Telepathy in the well known "Phantasms of the Living," published by the English S. P. R. An instance is "The Strange Story of a Milwaukee Man," quoted on page 6 of the JOURNAL of May 11th. According to the account Mr. H. Anderson dreamed of the sinking of the steamship Danmark, and the news was afterwards received of the loss of the steamer. We are told that "there are half a dozen witnesses of reliability to prove that young Anderson reported his strangely true dream before any intelligence of the Danmark's fate was received." I have written to Mr. Anderson for the purpose of obtaining additional corroboration of his experience, but have not yet received any reply.

Now I wish to urge upon the readers of the JOURNAL the extreme importance, in the event of any such experience to themselves, of making an immediate record of it before any knowledge of its verification, and of obtaining the signatures of several reliable persons to the account, also before verification if possible. The account of its verification should also be carefully recorded, and the corroborative signatures of friends obtained; and this should be done even though the experience may happen to be of an apparently trivial character. It might be an impression of an illness of a friend, or the "monition" of an otherwise unexpected visit, or an apparition at the time of death, etc., etc. What we most need at the present in this branch of our investigation is a well authenticated set of recent cases of this general type. All the testimony to each case should be, if possible, published at the same time.

Another class of experiences which appear to be not at all uncommon, but of which very few careful records are made, consists in the so-called automatic writing. Careful accounts of these would be very valuable, and I would urge the special attention of your contributors to the careful and immediate record of experiences where the communications furnished by the automatic writer showed knowledge which was not in the possession of any of the persons present, all of whom should sign the record. It can not be too strongly impressed upon witnesses that a written record should be made, and signed, and dated at the time.

The same suggestion applies just as forcibly to the test communications of trance mediums. Another important service might be rendered to the cause of psychical research if your readers could be induced to make experiments in thought transference, such as those which have been recorded in the Proceedings of the English and American Societies. I shall be glad to send circulars to any persons who are interested, describing some easy methods of experimenting, and of keeping the record. RICHARD HODGSON, Boston, Mass. Secy. A. S. P. R.

Spiritualism and the Pulpit.

Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, in a series of discourses on Holy Scripture, has devoted one to the subject of Christian Spiritualism. For an address with such a title it cannot be regarded as satisfying. It cannot be characterized in the language employed by Dr. Parker to describe the pulpitory of the late Rev. Henry Melville, as "foaming, tumultuous, on-rushing, climacteric, sweltering, tremendous"; nor does it, we think, fulfil all the conditions of the form of oratory favored by the speaker of being "easy, conversational, domestic, instructive, colloquial—without vulgarity." It is severe upon the Church—as contradicting, and we presume, from the "Temple,"—and lays a heavy hand on "irresponsible chatters," and "fools and fanatics" who believe only in such phenomena as can be explained by the disorder of the stomach

—imperfectly instructed persons, no doubt; but on Spiritualism in its varied relations to Christianity Dr. Parker throws no serious light, and has, in so far as evidence is afforded by his discourse, thought very little. He tells one or two stories of which the following is the most interesting:—

A SUDDEN PREJUDICE. "Why did that lady take such a sudden prejudice against her medical man? He had been accustomed to come to the house and had been on cordial terms with the family, yet suddenly the lady was conscious of an unaccountable revulsion. Asked why she felt so, she replied, 'The moment he took hold of my hand this morning, I heard a pistol go off, and I felt as if he were a dangerous man.' Of course this was fanaticism, foolery, optical illusion, any kind of polyeillable that excluded God. For a long time the matter was kept secret; at length the doctor was told of the revulsion of his patient, and he said, 'That is very remarkable; that morning I had been called in to attend a suicide; a young man had shot himself through the mouth; when I went into the room I took up the pistol, held it in my hand for some time examining it, and I went immediately from that house to the house of my lady patient.'"

Dr. Parker's account of his experience with PLANCHETTE may be quoted. We can imagine the young Templars who heard it "going in" for this new description of entertainment. We will hope that the instruction which they may draw from it will be valuable, and their experiences not like those of the two ladies who had to confess that they had been compelled to give up the acquaintance of Planchette in consequence of the indecorous character of its language. "Planchette," explains Dr. Parker to his flock "for the sake of the little ones."

"A little rough triangular instrument with a pencil put through one point; the little toy runs on wheels and will spell for you words from the alphabet which you write at the top of the page; you simply put on your hands, have a thought, or put a question, and expect some answer. Of course if you are fools enough to delude yourselves and push the little toy up to A N D, there is no penal law against your making such consummate asses of yourselves; even that you can do; but if you are earnest and commit yourselves to spiritual or magnetic or nervous action, and see the results, you have a right to conclusions wrought out by honest inquiry. My friends were busy with this little lady when I went home, and I said, 'Well, if it will answer me a mental question I will believe in your little wooden toy; I have asked a question, now let Planchette answer me.' The little machine ran about and my friends said in a spirit of almost self-ridicule, 'It has written —,' and then they mentioned a name; as it is the name of a living man I will not now quote it. I said: 'That is the most mysterious thing I have ever known; the question which I mentally asked was, Who is the architect of the City Temple?' We were then building this place or about to build it, and the little toy wrote the name of —, and that very day submitted plans for this edifice."—London Light.

AUTHORITY IN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The position of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, demanding a positive basis for science and philosophy, commends it to all well-balanced and well-educated minds. It is only within the present century that the jurisdiction of science and philosophy have been extended over the realms of theology and psychic speculation. Prior to this there can be little in the sphere of psychic and spiritual science worthy of being quoted as authority for the instruction of the present generation. It is to a great extent the same in all science and philosophy, and yet two correspondents of the JOURNAL, presenting themselves as medical scientists, gravely offer as authority for our instruction, the opinions of Chaldeans, Persians, Egyptians, Pythagoras, Plato, the Neo-Platonists, Origen, Synesius, Homerus and Hilarius, the Kabala, the ancient Aryans, and modern Bruno!

What folly or superstition cannot boast of a similar array of names? If ancient names give value to old opinions, those who think so should hasten to join the Roman Catholic Church, which has a nobler array of authoritative names than any other form of superstition. Modern scientists say to the superstitious thus heralded, "Old opinions! old opinions! Rags and tatters! Get ye gone!"

Would not these gentlemen consider it supremely ridiculous in any one to quote the opinions of Galen, Avicenna or Hippocrates against the modern authority of Bernard Brown-Séquard, Sir Thos. Watson or Sir James Paget; or to quote the opinions of Aristotle and Pliny against Tyndall, Huxley and Owen?

There is not in physiology, pathology, chemistry, physics, any work of the past century which has any real value to the modern scientists, for all such are superseded by later and truer works. Our scientific knowledge, mainly created in the last three centuries, has consigned to the antiquarian or to the lumber room the systematic works of earlier days. Much more emphatically is this true of the higher psychic sciences, which have assumed a definite form in the last hundred years, in the writings of Buchanan, Wallace, Crookes, Denton, Hare, Howitt, Owen, Sargent, and many others. The champions of antiquity deny the value of the labors of those to whom we are so much indebted, but where in the whole range of literature, prior to the eighteenth century, can we find anything like the clear statement, the practical proofs, and the lucid philosophy of the writers I have just named? They especially deny that we have any satisfactory spiritual philosophy, and ignore the profound discoveries of Prof. Buchanan, with which they are probably unacquainted. Prof. Coues says that mankind owe him a large debt of gratitude for Psychometry, but Psychometry is only a small portion of his scientific labors extending over half a century. As I had the pleasure of attending his able and profound lectures in the Medical College, of which he was the Dean at Cincinnati, thirty-nine years ago, and reading his successive works, I can inform those who have not had that pleasure, that by revealing the functions of the brain, and thus by experiment establishing for the first time in human history a complete anthropology. Prof. Buchanan has achieved a far greater work for philosophy than any of his predecessors, an opinion which will not be controverted by any student of his old work, the "System of Anthropology," who has subjected the doctrines to the test of experiment, or by any one who has been personally instructed in this subject by Dr. Buchanan. Every committee of investigation has pronounced his discoveries true, and grand. His instruction carries absolute conviction to every hearer, but as he is not one of those who care much for cotemporary fame, he does not engage in popular propagandism, since he has before

him the engrossing task of quietly consummating the greatest work ever undertaken by any philosopher or scientist, the complete exposition of the soul, brain and body of man; the greatest mystery of science; a problem which no investigator before Buchanan has ever attempted to solve.

His "Therapeutic Sarcogenomy," to be issued this year in enlarged edition, is at once a solution of the great problem, and its application to practical use, a revolution in medicine, the consequences of which will develop and increase with the progress of the science.

His anthropology gives the basic philosophy of Spiritualism, connecting it with all the facts of anatomy and physiology. It is superbly absurd to quote against such revelations of positive science, the old opinions of authors who knew nothing of the brain, little or nothing of anatomy and pathology, and nothing of modern physiology, and the marvelous psychic experiments of the present century. As well might we quote the opinions of Ptolemy upon a question of American geography. A single copy of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL contains more for the enlightenment of mankind than all the nebulous philosophy (?) and superstition of India. Dr. Buchanan has always appeared indifferent to cotemporary fame or popularity, and does not now engage in popular propagandism, while engaged in the greatest task ever undertaken by any philosopher, the presentation in a systematic form of the great sciences which owe their birth to his labors, a task for which the remaining years of his life may be inadequate, for while his huge piles of manuscripts are being revised, his active mind is continually making additions. America has never, in the opinion of Prof. Denton, produced so bold and original a thinker, and if he has stopped long enough from his task to brush aside the phantasms of ancient priestly ascidation, environed of old with myth and fiction, and revived to-day with similar marvelous and incredible legends, we owe him thanks for doing it in a manner so thorough that it has not been and can not be answered.

I venture to prophecy that when his works shall have been fully published, very few will think of looking to antiquity for a scientific and satisfactory Theosophy. GROSVENOR SWAN, M. D.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Maud Lewis, in her 11th year, of spinal fever, at Ceylon, O. She was too sweet and gentle for the burdens of earth. Young as she was, she had already made a wide circle of devoted friends who mourn her loss with a sincerity rarely met with. Mr. Hudson Tuttle gave the funeral discourse, fraught with such consolation as the spiritual philosophy only can give, to a large attendance of relatives and sympathizing friends.

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As while the tide may on ward flow Till glowing signals call; How well we wrought we need not know...

God's organ speaks. Rise from its tone Full voiced soprano bold and clear...

To sing the soul's long summer time While white blooms drift about our dead...

And thus inclining each to each, Many as one near accord, In alphabet of angels' speech...

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In Great Britain last year 919 persons were killed and 8,525 injured on the railroads.

BISHOP'S DEATH.

The Cause of the Mind Reader's Early Decease.

Jonathan Hunt, of the Soldiers' Home, Sandusky, Ohio, writes as follows to the Cleveland Leader and Herald: His death was not entirely unexpected to me; three days before his demise, while talking upon the subject of fortune telling and mind reading, I ventured to say that he would not live long...

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To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

We have passed another era in the history of the First Spiritualist Church of Elmira, N. Y. We have been weighed in the balance, and not found wanting. Our spiritualist brothers and sisters, who seem to be unwilling that we should enjoy the privilege of calling ourselves a church, thereby recognizing and endorsing the life, acts, doctrines and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, I would say: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do..."

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The person who tries the science cure is engaged in harmless and healthy amusement; the person who is trying to teach faith cure is doing a good work...

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In Great Britain last year 919 persons were killed and 8,525 injured on the railroads.

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THE LIGHT OF EGYPT

OR THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL AND THE STARS.

IN TWO PARTS

BY AN ADEPT.

Finely Illustrated with Eight Full-page Engravings

PREFACE.

The reasons which have induced the writer to undertake the responsibility of presenting a purely occult treatise to the world, are briefly as follows:

For nearly twenty years the writer has been deeply engaged in investigating the hidden realms of occult force, and, as the results of these mystical labors were considered to be of great value and real worth by a few personal acquaintances who were also seeking light, he was finally induced to condense, as far as practicable, the general results of these researches into a series of lessons for private occult study. This idea was ultimately carried out and put into external form; the whole, when completed, presenting the dual aspects of occult lore as seen and realized in the soul and the stars, corresponding to the microcosm and the macrocosm of ancient Egypt and Chaldea, and thus giving a brief epitome of Hermetic philosophy. (The term Hermetic is here used in its true sense of sealed or secret.)

Having served their original purpose, external circumstances have compelled their preparation for a much wider circle of minds. The chief reason urging to this step was the strenuous efforts now being systematically put forth to poison the budding spirituality of the western mind, and to fasten upon its mediocentric mentality, the subtle, detestable dogmas of Karma and Re-incarnation, as taught by the sacerdotals of the decaying Orient.

From the foregoing statement it will be seen that this work is issued with a definite purpose, namely, to explain the true spiritual connection between God and man, the soul and the stars, and to reveal the real truths of both Karma and Re-incarnation as they actually exist in nature, stripped of all priestly interpretation. The definite statements made in regard to these subjects are absolute facts, in so far as embodied man can understand them through the symbolism of human language, and the writer defies contradiction by any living authority who possesses the spiritual right to say, "I know."

During these twenty years of personal intercourse with the exalted minds of those who constitute the brethren of light, the fact was revealed that long ages ago the Orient had lost the use of the true spiritual compass of the soul, as well as the real secrets of its own thought. As a race, they have been, and still are, travelling the descending arc of their racial cycle, whereas the western race has been slowly working their way upward through matter upon the ascending arc. Already it has reached the equator of its mental and spiritual development. Therefore the writer does not fear the ultimate results of the occult knowledge put forth in the present work, during this, the great mental crisis of the race.

Having explained the actual causes which impelled the writer to undertake this responsibility, it is also necessary to state most emphatically that does not wish to convey the impression to the reader's mind that the Orient is destitute of spiritual truth. On the contrary, every genuine student of occult lore is justly proud of the snow white locks of old Hindustan, and thoroughly appreciates the wondrous stores of mystical knowledge concealed within the astral vortexes of the Hindu branch of the Aryan race. In India, probably more than in any other country, are the latent forces and mysteries of nature the subject of thought and study. But alas! it is not a progressive study. The descending arc of their spiritual force keeps them bound to the dogmas, traditions and externalisms of the decaying past, whose real secrets they can not now penetrate. The ever living truths so concealed beneath the symbols in the astral light are hidden from their view by the setting sun of their spiritual cycle. Therefore, the writer only desires to impress upon the reader's candid mind, the fact that his earnest effort is to expose that particular section of Buddhist Theosophy (esoteric so called), that would fasten the cramping shackles of theological dogma upon the rising genius of the western race. It is the elusive Oriental systems against which his efforts are directed, and not the race nor the mediumistic individuals who uphold and support them; for "omnia vincit veritas" is the life motto of

THE AUTHOR.

This remarkable work is sure to create a PROFOUND SYMPATHY and be productive of lasting results. IT WILL INCREASE THEOSPHERISTS, SPIRITUALISTS and ALL STUDENTS OF THE OCCULT under whatever name they may be pursuing their researches.

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THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

THE SOUL.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER. Pamphlet form, price 15 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

nary experience of mineral, vegetable and animal existence to give him the alphabet of self-consciousness, and to render him at last solidare with God. The Word became flesh that finally the flesh might become the Word.

"Thought is the spirit's bread: By thought the mind is fed. The holy, wise and good From thought derive their food. Thought makes the spirit strong, Nerves it against the wrong, Turns in its ward the key That opens eternity. Thought liveth in the light; Thought breathes in love's delight, Thought blossoms in the trees: Thought throbs in tidal seas. Thought grows complete in man: The thinker and the plan, The spirit and the shrine, The hand and work combine, And God who built the whole, Works in the growing soul."

The Power of the Magnetizer Over His Subject.

To illustrate the power of a magnetizer over his subject, I will relate the following: During the war with Mexico I was stationed at La Paz Baja, Cal., under the command of the late Gen. Burton, then Lt. Colonel. On one of our campaigns to the interior I observed a serpent magnetizing birds. When I returned to La Paz I commenced magnetizing Mexicans of both sexes; one Mexican, Juanito, was the best subject or medium I have ever seen—perfectly clairvoyant. I gave séances (1847) at the house of the Mexican Governor, Don Francisco Palacios. I also lectured and exhibited my medium at the Catholic Chapel, and many were the strange wonders he revealed; among other things he told of the battles and skirmishes then transpiring in Mexico hundreds of miles distant; he also told our Colonel where the Mexican Gen. Pineda had interred some brass cannons, some sixty miles distant, to keep them from falling into our hands. Lt. Chas. B. Scott was sent by Col. Burton and obtained these guns, and he told the writer he had found the broken cartridges and the guns just as Juanito, when magnetized, had described them.

One day, about the commencement of 1848, I received an order from the Adjutant to be within three hours aboard of a schooner and accompany the Colonel to Mazatlan, Sinaloa. It being a time of active hostilities, and thinking I might never return, I sought my subject, Juanito, to learn something of my family then living in Canada. Such was my control of him that at my willing he would come to me. On one occasion while controlling him I sent him to my family in Canada, and he was greatly surprised at seeing white ground, white trees, roofs of houses white, etc. When I told this child of the tropics, who had never seen snow, it was amusing to hear his expressions of delight. At that time he told of a sister who had died since I left home, and that my father was carrying his arm in a sling. Nearly two years thereafter I got letters verifying the death of my sister, and stating that my father had my broken arm by falling on the ice, and during the winter had cried it in a sling. So remarkably clairvoyant was he at this time, and finding that distance was no obstacle to him, I resolved to send him to the moon. "Juanito," I said, "I want you to go to the moon."

"It is a long road, Senor," he responded. "I commanded him to go. From the moment his spirit set out on that flight, he grew by degrees deadly pale. I said, 'Are you there?' In a scarcely audible voice he responded, 'No, Senor.' Desiring to solve a great problem I allowed a few more minutes to pass, when I repeated my question, 'Are you there yet?' I then could only perceive by the turning of his lips that he had not yet arrived. Still hesitating to recall him, I was suddenly startled by the voices of those looking on, exclaiming, 'He is dead!' Dead he was to all appearance; his pulse had ceased to beat, and his body was cold except the region of the heart. For a moment I was afraid that, in the interest of science, I had gone too far and caused his death. Then recovering my equanimity, I said to myself, 'By the power of my will this man was put into this condition, and by the power of my will he must be restored.' Then I passed out by the backdoor into the open air, and as I fanned my brow with my passes, I invoked heavenly aid. I could feel as I passed my hand, that it came in contact with something tangible, yet as invisible as the strong wind when it presses upon the head. Feeling my head relieved, I returned to the house where a mournful family surrounded the apparent corpse. My reason told me that I must dispel the ghostly cloud or sphere that hung like a pall upon those present. I mastered all my feelings and apprehension. I even invoked a smile from some, and a laugh from others, by telling them a witty joke; but when I stood before the man and commenced the reversing of the passes, I prayed earnestly for help to restore him to life. What labor so exhausting! Great drops of perspiration rolled from my forehead, and I can realize that under certain great emotional conditions a man can sweat blood like the Savior. I thus continued laboring for some minutes when I saw with delight the blood recommencing its circulation, and in a few moments later I had him on his feet. 'How do you feel now, Juanito?' I asked. 'A little confused about the eyes and head,' he replied.

A few more passes relieved him. When the war was over I settled in San Francisco. I made money fast. Although young I was elected a member of the first town council, and later on a legislator. I found political life disgusting, and money making could not satisfy my hunger for something better. Thus I remembered Juanito, and thought it would be a good thing to have him come to San Francisco. Then came the question: 'How can I get him?' I concluded that I could bring him to California by willing him to come there, though his home was twelve hundred miles south. I sent forth my will to him, directing him to leave all home, family, kindred and property, and come to California; yes, I went further—I commanded him! After doing this, I forgot all about him.

Again I entered into the rush and whirl of business. Years rolled on; then came the great rebellion. I went to Mexico, and a year later returned as interpreter and confidential agent of a Mexican Commission for obtaining a loan and getting resources to help Mexico in her war with France. While in San Francisco I had appointed a young half-Mexican, George Pas, private and confidential secretary to the Commission. Before leaving San Francisco for New York, we were invited to spend the evening at the house of his mother, where we found numerous guests of different nationalities; but no sooner was I introduced than a young Mexican woman recognized me; she was the daughter of Juanito. 'Oh! Senor,' she exclaimed, 'send me to

heaven,' and surprising all present by repeating the wonderful things that I had made her father do. At length I had to tell them of her father and his wonderful gift, and then at their repeated solicitations I magnetized her and several others present, and had a spiritual musical séance. Now I come to the gist and meaning of these reminiscences. The next day I met the mother, the widow of Juanito, and upon my questioning her about the death of her husband, she told me that several years after our army had left La Paz, he surprised his family by telling them he must go to California to see his American friend, Don Alfredo, the only name by which I had been known among them. All opposition to this leaving, made by his family or friends, was unavailing; go he would, and he did. He heard that I had gone to Monterey, after leaving Mexico, as it was there my regiment was discharged at the close of the war. Arriving there he inquired for the young American, Don Alfredo. He evidently did not know my surname. He was told that after I had left the army I had gone to Moquelune. Thither he went, and upon arriving there, he was told that years before I had come and gone, but no one knew where. Then not knowing what to do, he continued his search, and died in the mountains of California while trying to find the one who had called him to California, and who had forgotten all about him.

I don't know how guilty I am for having done all this. I can only plead in extenuation my youth, ignorance, and want of experience, for then I did not realize that magnetism, hypnotism, etc., belong to the same family, being different phases of Spiritualism. I will close my article with a warning against the abuse of Spiritualism, but to all those who look upon it as a gift from heaven to break up and shatter the agnosticism, infidelity and atheism of this age, and who view it as the harbinger of better times, the fulfillment of prophecy and the entering of the long awaited millennium—to them I say: 'Go on in the spirit of love and truth with your investigations. Your horizon is unbounded; the spirit friends of our solar system and those from thousands of other planets in our universe are waiting to communicate with you, for the time to do so is near at hand. WASHINGTON, ARIZONA. ATHENE.

ILLUMINATED BUDDHISM.*

J. J. MORSE.

Anything that can give the student light upon the real nature of Buddhism is most welcome in these times; and if, in addition, it tends to throw light upon the soul-desending doctrines of Hindu theology, and the equally undesirable dominion of Hindu spirits, it is all the more useful to day, when misguided enthusiasts, under the direction of unprincipled adventurers, are endeavoring to fasten the chains of mental and spiritual slavery upon the growing life of Europe and America. These present-day hierophants (?) may claim they are striving to do us good by bringing the wealth of Buddhist teaching to our doors, and they may attract a passing attention by vigorously banging the tom-tom of Theosophy; but the assumption that the present can only be taught by the past is just a trifle astounding, to say the least.

Spiritual philosophy has hitherto always been more or less encumbered by mystical and transcendental interpretations, to the detriment of all real advance in its own important realm. However suitable was the atmosphere to sustain the mystagogue in the past, surely in this age he can scarcely expect to flourish; yet he strives to emerge 'from a theory' and 'become a condition' in our affairs to-day. The Hindu egg has hatched out the Theosophic bantam, but whether 'fine feathers will make a fine bird,' is still undecided. So far the feathers are fine, the fuss undeniable, and the crowing persistent. Will the bird live? Surely all the 'fuss, feathers and cackle' mean something? Let us hope so.

The latest, or nearly, contribution to our store of information concerning things 'Theosophical,' comes from the Spiritual Scientific Publishing Co., of Kansas City, Mo., bearing title as at the head of this article. The sub-title is as follows: 'Or The True Nirvana. The Original Doctrine of the 'Light of Asia,' and Explanations of the Nature of Life in the Physical and Spiritual Worlds, by Siddhartha Sakya Muni, or Gautama the Buddha, Transmitted by the Law of Occult Science,' a title page full of hundred odd pages making this one.

If the book is small, its contents are weighty, whether coming from Sakya Muni or not. It is full of clear-cut ideas, well expressed, and rationally illustrative of those much vexing problems of Nirvana, metempsychosis, avatarship and Buddhahood, and also upon the genesis and future of the human spirit. The keynote to the origin of transmigration is struck in the statement made in the book that Hindu philosophers, instead of dealing with the origin or derivation of the human spirit, took up their consideration of the problem from the point of its existence now (here) and assumed that: as death did not destroy it, life could not have commenced it! It is alleged that as India was invaded by the Aryan race, its conquerors to maintain their supremacy, introduced the conditions of caste, and the ideas of rigid caste lines were carried over into the doctrine of immortality, with the resultant species of lower class immortality consisting of the inferior castes being continually reborn on earth! The priesthood, inspired by certain classes of spirits, helped to still further rivet this crude doctrine upon the Hindu mind, and in time the material domination of the 'mild Hindu' was supplemented by a priestly and spiritual incubus that has held the race in bonds almost beyond the power of breaking. The book asserts Gautama has now accepted the lead of Western thought, is an evolutionist of the progressive sort, and denies in toto the crude ideas of reincarnation that have held the minds of his countrymen in bondage for so long. He urges that men be taught that when they quit their mortal bodies and lives they have quit them finally, so far as ever returning to physically live in them again is concerned.

His presentation of Nirvana is clear and forcible. He says: 'When the spirit has attained to the power of perfect control of all that belongs to the lower grade of sensation, it then approaches the condition I denominated Nirvana.' And the impression is clearly and distinctly conveyed that when we reach that sweet calm and holy placidity of mind and soul wherein we are masters of ourselves, and in unison with the soul of peace, then have we reached Nirvana. It is also shown that the law is that the authors

* Illuminated Buddhism, or the True Nirvana. By Siddhartha Sakya Muni. Kansas City, Mo.: Spiritual Scientific Publishing Co.; Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

of all misdirection, I act or thought, of their fellows, are they up a whom ultimately devolves the task of helping in the undoing of the wrongs they have caused.

The little work can be most cordially commended, as the best antidote extant to the reincarnation perillities emanating from Paris or Madras, from 'Kardoc' or Blavatsky, and from it can be plainly perceived the deadly spiritual peril we are in from the attempts made during the past fifteen odd years, to open the gates, by the key of Theosophy, for the entrance into our lives of the horde of ancient hosts whose delusions, sophistry and craft would put the West under the diabolical spiritual slavery they formerly succeeded in imposing upon the Hindoos. Of all the deadening, delusive evil-full doctrines that have ever obstructed the progress of spiritual philosophy the monral Hindooism of 'Theosophy,' with its attachments of reincarnation and 'malhumism,' are about the worst. This book, 'Illuminated Buddhism,' should be read by all interested in the Asian doctrines it deals with, for, apart from its claimed origin, it is a work that will enlighten many who are glamored, and doubtless preserve many from becoming entrapped. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lines from A Lookouter.

Don't think for a moment that we have ceased to be 'of the earthy,' even if we do live in the cloud of ether, and find ourselves attaining unexpected unfoldment on the summit of a mountain. Karma may hold still greater change in store for us than the transition from staid, puritanic New England, to the great, undeveloped South. This is the age of thought, agitation, progression and triumphant effort. Steam and telegraphy are servants to do our bidding. We sit on our high perch and the mail and press keep us in full communion with the four quarters of the globe, while the portals of the Beyond are always open to our seeking.

In view of the camp meeting to be held here this summer, I venture to intrude my pen, that may give your large circle of readers a little sketch of the camp owned by the Lookout Mountain Association of Spiritualists. The Natural Bridge Springs Hotel, now under the management of Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, is a substantial old mansion with a broad 'gallery' surrounding the entire lower story, affording shade and shelter from southern heat. A covered 'gallery' extends across the front of the second story, and commands a delightful vista of wooded heights and verdant hollows. In accordance with the custom of the country, the large dining-room and kitchen are detached from the main building. Many changes have been made in the hotel the past month for the further convenience of guests. Five cottages containing large, airy rooms, nicely furnished, stand near the hotel. During the camp meeting season, ten portable cottages are set up, and present quite a camp like appearance. A beautiful lawn stretches in front of the hotel, on the left of which lies a fine croquet ground in splendid trim. Great trees adorn this lawn, their sweeping branches making delicious shade on a warm day when one sits on the comfortable seats built around their sturdy trunks. A gravelled path wide enough for a carriage to pass over easily, winds around the lawn and extends to the steamboat, a long building containing numerous rooms opening out on exceedingly long passages. The pavilion is an octagonal structure containing tiers of seats reaching a height corresponding to the first balcony in a theatre. All the meetings are held under this roof, and many mediums have given public séances within its walls.

The Natural Bridge, according to good information, is 'fifteen feet high and sixty feet long.' A spring of the purest water arises under the bridge to the left. The virtues of this water are now widely known. People afflicted with liver or kidney affections, come here to be cured by this spring and are greatly benefited. Before the dry weather approaches, a water-fall of tremendous volume, tumbles down from a fissure in the rocks above, and falls into a natural basin under the bridge. There is a Chalybeate spring, and in fact several springs valuable in medicinal properties. The 'old man of the mountain' is a huge rock strongly resembling an aged human face. It rests on the summit of a bluff, and can be seen by standing on the knoll to the right of the hotel. Telephone Rock, Lion's Mouth, Whale Rock and Uncle Sam's Letter Box, are some of the interesting formations here.

The Incline and Narrow Gauge R. R., is a wonderful enterprise. One leaves the city of Chattanooga in a minute and steps out at St. Elmo, the incline station, after a ride of three miles. A long, comfortably arranged cable car is in waiting, the front side entirely open, the other supplied with windows for the benefit of those desirous of enjoying the scenery on the airy voyage. The conductor walks along the narrow side platform to collect fares, and we proceed up the dizzy height with a steady swiftness simply astounding. We soon find ourselves at the Lookout Point Hotel where the Narrow Gauge begins. This hotel commands a superb view of Chattanooga and the outlying country with long ranges of mountains. Stepping on board the train, we begin our trip around the towering wall of rock which we look down, down, down upon terrible slopes, and pass over a road seemingly built on air. But we reach Sunset Park alive and well, although away from the experience of the journey, and take our way to Natural Bridge Springs Hotel not far distant. The Broad Gauge R. R. has a station in Chattanooga on Newby Street, and takes its passengers to the mountain over a most interesting route. It stops at various points, and does a large business.

I know your space is too valuable to encroach upon it; so I will not pause longer over the features of this resort. A few lines in regard to our approaching meeting may be timely. On July 1st, 1899, our opening address, the meeting will continue through July and August. Among the speakers and mediums engaged are: Mrs. A. M. Glading, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Mrs. Cissna, slate-writing medium, Mrs. A. E. Kibby, trance and test medium. Three of the best musicians Cincinnati contains, will furnish our music. There will be additions to our programme, so I will send further details later on.

Natural Bridge Springs Hotel is now open, and families are arriving with their little ones. Any information in regard to camp meeting rates, etc., will be furnished by addressing Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Lookout Mt., Tenn.

We shall take pleasure in placing the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL before the public here, and aid its valuable circulation. We appreciate its contents, and have read the 'Outing' with great interest. By the way, we are reading Hudson Tuttle's 'Psychic Science,' and find it deeply interesting. He wields an able pen; an unbigoted thinker. GEORGIA DAVENPORT FULLER, Lookout Mt., Tenn.

LONDON LETTER. Theosophites and Blavatskites.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: As a close watcher of the relations here between the Spiritualists and the Theosophites, I am led to offer you a few remarks on the singular attitude of the latter. It has long been my desire, and I have directed my efforts, however feeble, to bring about a better understanding between the two parties; and this seems to be farther off than ever, now that the party of 'Universal Brotherhood' has split into two. Both call themselves Theosophites; but one party is what would be denominated in American politics 'mugwumps' and the other is the outright Blavatskites. I wish that all seekers for spiritual truth could be harmonious here as they seem to be in the United States. But the disaffected Theosophites here pronounce the madame to be emphatically in consequence of her personal peculiarities, and unconventional standard of speaking the truth. Many have thought that the unexplained withdrawing of Mabel Collins from Lucifer, and the silence of Mr. A. P. Sinnett, are significant. I freely confess my own doubts and fears that the hour will not strike so long as Blavatsky can dominate with her massive personality. Were it not for that we could cast aside the rubbish with which she has overlaid some truth, and join the Spiritualists in constructing a system which may include many if not all shades of opinion.

There is reason to think that the leaders of the Spiritualists like Rev. W. Stainton-Moore, are ready to join hands with the better class of Theosophites; but the mass of Spiritualists still regard Theosophites as being entirely committed to Madame Blavatsky's peculiar notions, and cannot forget how she has always scoffed and scorned their phenomena and their beliefs. But they are fast growing out of the crudities and inaptitudes which marked the more than quarter of a century during which their phenomena were mostly in the hands of the unlearned and the foolish and the knavish. But it is not less unfortunate that Theosophy should have been godmothered by so inferior a person as the historical myths of Buddhism and the irreconcilable whimsies of her prolific imagination have concreted into a kind of dogma as peculiar as that of the immaculate conception—at least it has no father, but only this lady for a mother. The more thoughtful of the Theosophites say that this mythical erection will have to be razed. Here the Blavatskites present the curious spectacle of a mutual admiration society, which is always changing as the less docile ones are eliminated for refusing to stay under the lash, and the tired and disgusted ones drop off. This is not a state of things that can be long perpetuated; and the circle of those who are pledged to support the Madame's views and obey her orders continually contracts with each new piece of damaging evidence that appears, like the dropping of over-ripe fruit from the bough.

What is needed most here is harmony and organization, and an administrative head who can direct things with a wise firmness and broad policy. When Col. Olcott was here some months ago it was hoped that after her quarrel with him had been healed by the kind intervention of 'K. H.' (who reappeared in the nick of time after long silence, like that which followed the 'Kiddie incident'), things would go more smoothly. But the friendly rivalry which they jointly signed upon the direction of 'Kool' Home was soon followed by a private circular calling upon the faithful for renewed pledges of devotion to the Founders' persons, and the formation of such as would take the pledge into an 'Esoteric T. S.' for purposes which only those who know Madame Blavatsky could imagine. Mr. B. Keightley was made 'Hon. Sec.' of this Esoteric and sent to America on the business of circulating an appeal to your Theosophites to support Blavatsky in all things, and to boycott any newspaper which should print any criticism of her. This does not seem to be right, or indeed calculated to do anything but defeat itself. Although I am a Theosophite, there are some things I cannot approve, and which I wish to protest against. F. T. S. Adelphi, London, May 13th, 1899.

HIS CONVICTION AND SENTENCE. Mr. Hudson Tuttle's Opinion of Rowley's Attitude and of Mrs. Rowley's Letter.

CLEVELAND, O., May 21, 1899. Mr. W. S. Rowley: Your reply through your wife to my letter meets the issue presented to you in a manner wholly unexpected and surprising to me. I had hoped until now that you would come forward and vindicate your claims beyond all doubt, which, if genuine, need no cover, hedging, or pretense, like those of the fakir and charlatan. At least I expected you would stand up, and not screen yourself behind the wife who is braver than you. As you have refused to do this, and have publicly claimed you desired, and pledged myself to make with the absolute fairness the subject demanded, holding in all view the subtle conditions requisite for all psychic experiments, and with the partiality arising from a desire to have your claims proven true, not only for your own sake, but because, if true nothing relating to earth and heaven is of more consequence, and as you have refused the issue, I can come to but one conclusion, in which those who have cared to look into this matter will, I presume, generally agree. It is safe to say you will never give a genuine test séance to the 'professors from all the Eastern colleges,' nor to any committee not packed in your interest. I regret the spirit with which you have met my proposition, because it is your conviction and sentence. I am ever fraternally yours. HUDSON TUTTLE.

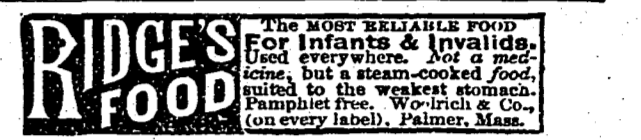
Make the Weak Strong.

The season when that tired feeling is experienced by almost every one is here once more, and again many people resort to Hood's Sarsaparilla to drive away the languor and exhaustion. The blood, laden with impurities which have been accumulating for months, moves sluggishly through the veins, the mind fails to think quickly, and the body is still slower to respond. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed. It purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, makes the head clear, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling, and imparts new strength and vigor to the whole body.

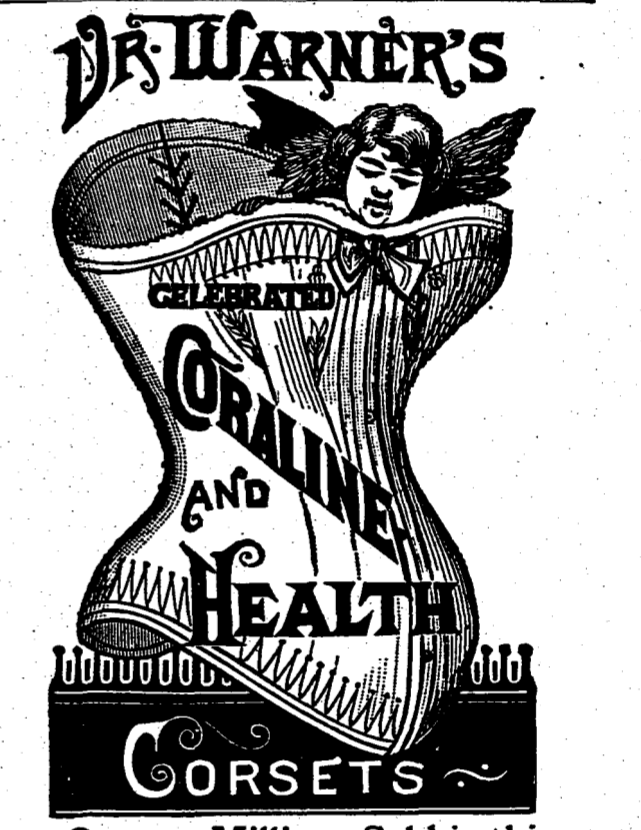
There is comfort for the man with a premature gray beard in Buckingham's Dyke, because it never fails to color an even brown or black as may be desired. Those who have read of the bloodhound only in sensational stories of the days of American slavery will learn the real traits of that little-known animal with surprise, in reading an illustrated article on the dog in the June Century. The article is written by the chief expert on the subject in England, the gentleman whose bloodhounds were used by the detectives in some recent murder cases in London.



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