

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Editor: DR. PAUL CARUS.

Associates: { E. C. HEGELER.
MARY CARUS.

VOL. XXII. (No. 5.) MAY, 1908. NO. 624

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CHICAGO

The Open Court Publishing Company

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THE MONIST

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Philosophy of Science

Editor: DR. PAUL CARUS.

Associates: { E. C. HEGELER.
MARY CARUS.

"The Monist" also discusses the Fundamental Problems of Philosophy in their Relations to all the Practical Religious, Ethical and Sociological Questions of the Day.

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THE ATHENE OF PEACE
In the Louvre

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THE HISTORY OF A STRANGE CASE.

A STUDY IN OCCULTISM.

BY DAVID P. ABBOTT.

I.

IS spiritualism all deception and illusion? Is there no grain of truth to be found under the great mass of fraud and trickery with which a vast army of charlatans have disgraced it? Are the efforts of the Society for Psychical Research to prove fruitless? When all of the fraud and deception is cleared away, will nothing remain? These questions I have been asked time and again. What will the answer be?

Do no whisperings of hope from the great beyond ever echo down the infinite corridors of darkness? Will the pale vanished faces of our loved ones, that haunt the shadowy mists of memory, ever again stand before us in the bright sunlight of day? Will we ever again hear the dear voices that have long been stilled? Must we, with tottering steps supported only by blind faith, go down the hillside of life into the infinite darkness of the eternal valley? Is there no turning aside—no escape? Must we face the inevitable annihilation of the unity of self? When science lifts her torch and peers into the surrounding darkness, is there no gleam of hope to be seen? Will a new dawn ever break, with its countless songs of gladness bursting from the throats of the twittering love-birds of joy? Oh, beautiful Nature, how thy children adore thee! Oh, infinite Power, that animates and directs the great All, why this insatiable longing for immortality in the hearts of thy children!

I have been asked again and again, if, in all of my investigations, I have found nothing that I could not explain: if all has been perfectly simple and commonplace as soon as I witnessed it: if all of the mystery and romance disappear upon investigation. I have finally

removed certain difficulties to publication, and shall now give to the public an account of the most remarkable case that it has ever been my fortune to investigate. Among all the cases of my investigation, it stands unique and alone, entirely in a class by itself; still to a certain extent shrouded in mystery, with some features which I have not yet thoroughly explained satisfactorily to myself. The memory of this remarkable experience, and the weird and dramatic effect of what on the surface appeared to be the voices of the dead talking to me and exhibiting an intimate knowledge of my family history, will remain with me through life.

II.

On March 7, 1906, the carrier left at my door a letter that was destined to disturb my peace of mind, and to furnish me much material for thought for some time to come. Shortly before this I had published in *The Open Court* an article entitled, "Some Mediumistic Phenomena." I had vaguely wondered if this would not indirectly bring to my notice some accounts of strange phenomena from remote places in the world. Such was this missive.

This letter was written by a gentleman in New Haven, Connecticut; and in it he described a strange case that he had witnessed in a remote village one year before. The writer, Mr. E. A. Parsons, was unknown to me; but he introduced himself as a magician. He stated that having read my article and noted my knowledge of trickery, he desired to lay this case before me, in the hope that I might be able to explain it. I here quote from his letters:

"I will describe an experience which I had with an elderly lady in a little town in Ohio last year. She uses two tin horns or trumpets, each fourteen inches long, and two and one-half inches in diameter at the large ends, tapering to one inch at the smaller ends. The large end or bell of one horn is so made as to slip tightly into the large end of the other. On the smaller or outer ends of this double trumpet are soldered saucer-shaped pieces large enough to cover a person's ear. The trumpet is empty and can be examined by any one.

"Her *very marvelous power* is this: The sitter takes one end of this trumpet and places it to his ear, while the lady does the same with the other end, placing it to her ear. At once the sitter plainly hears whispers in the trumpet. These purport to be the voices of the spirits of his dead friends and relatives. They reply to any questions which he speaks out loud. During this time the lady's

mouth and lips are tightly closed, and she makes no motions of the throat or lips. She will, instead of holding the trumpet to her ear, hold her palm against it; or allow him to place one end of it against her back. She will, if preferred, permit two spectators to each hold an end, she merely touching the center with her fingers. In either event one hears the whispering just the same. Now this is done in broad daylight, anywhere, even out of doors. I investigated this phenomenon seven hours altogether, giving it every possible test, but could obtain no clue to it. I found that it was not ventriloquism, as the voices were really in the trumpet; besides, ventriloquists can not speak in whispers. I proved beyond question (as have many others) that the voices were really in the trumpet.

"The information which I received from the whispers was correct in every case. I had never seen the lady before, nor had I been in Ohio previously. Now the production of intelligent language inside this trumpet in daylight, three or four feet away from the medium, I regard as more wonderful than anything I have ever known. I now have the trumpet, having purchased it. Can you tell me how the whispered words were produced?"

In a subsequent letter he said: "The description I gave you was not overdrawn in any way. The lady is the wife of an humble farmer and resides in an obscure country village. She has resided there all of her life and has reared a large family of children. She has never been over twenty miles from her home and has but little education. She is, however, very intelligent. She gave her sittings for a long time free of charge, and later began charging ten cents. She now charges one dollar, but does not insist on anything.

"She can use a glass lamp chimney or any closed receptacle in place of the trumpet; and I have heard the voices just as plainly coming out of the sound hole of a guitar that lay upon the table. The guitar has also played in my presence, independently, but faintly. There was no music box in it, as is generally the case. She has also caused music to sound in the trumpet, and raps to sound on the outside of it.

"Three of my most intimate friends have seen her several times. Two of them were with me at my investigation. I have known of this lady for six years; and finally, having heard so much about her, I journeyed six hundred miles to see her in January, 1905. The lady was at many times talking with persons in the room at the same time that I was listening to the voices. I noted this with great care. Sometimes two different voices would whisper at the same time, as if one were trying to get ahead of the other.

"Of course we know how mediums usually gather information,

but this lady had no means of knowing anything about me; and yet the voices told me, correctly, many things of my own private life. Among those who talked with me were my mother, my daughter (dead twenty-two years), and my grandfather. My daughter told me where I lived, what kind of a house I lived in, what her living brother was doing, where she was buried, etc. An old music teacher of mine, of whom I had not thought for ten years, announced himself and said that he would like to play for me. Then I actually heard faint but distinct sounds of piano-playing in the trumpet, and my friends in the room also heard it. The sounds were like they would be if one were listening to a piano over a telephone. My father and my father-in-law spoke to me; as did also an uncle of whom I had no knowledge, but whose existence I afterwards verified. My mother gave her own name completely, but failed to give my middle name. She gave it as 'Albert,' when in reality it is 'Augustus.'

"At one time I heard an open voice in the trumpet for a moment. I also listened at her mouth and throat when voices were speaking, but could detect no sounds. I found the positions of the voices in the trumpet would vary, sounding at one time nearer to one end, and at another nearer to the other end. I had noticed the varying strength of the voices, and the lady told me of this change of position. I verified it by listening outside the trumpet when others held it, and found the voices to vary one foot and a half in location. *I was particularly impressed with the openness of the lady, and with her perfect willingness for me to test her powers in any manner that I desired. She afforded me every opportunity to make such tests, giving me seven or eight hours of her time.* I suppose this thing to be a trick; but with over forty years study of magic, and with the acquaintance of all the great magicians, I was entirely unable to even surmise how it could be done. It is either a trick or it is the work of His Satanic Majesty.

"Now I believe I have discovered a medium as good as Home, and I hesitate about making public her name and address. You understand, any medium possessing this secret would think his fortune made. I am no medium, but I certainly want the secret. If this prove to be a trick, I do not want its secret given to the world, but desire to keep it for private use. If you see fit to sign a contract binding yourself to respect this desire, and not to reveal the secret of the performance without my consent, I will be pleased to furnish you the name and address of the lady. I shall expect you

to give me the fullest results of any investigations which you may make."

On receipt of this letter I immediately signed and returned the required agreement to Mr. Parsons. I received in return the coveted information. Being now at liberty to reveal all of the details, I shall state that the lady is Mrs. Elizabeth Blake, of Braderick, Ohio. This is a little village of a few houses, on the banks of the Ohio, just across the river, north, from Huntington, West Virginia. The place is reached from Huntington, most directly, by a row-boat ferry.

After receiving this information, I decided to try to learn from other sources if the case were really as described by Mr. Parsons. About this time I learned that the latter gentleman is well known in the world of magic under the nom de plume of "Henry Hardin," and that he is a dealer in magician's secrets. Had I received this account from other sources, I should have given it but little credence, inasmuch as I have investigated so many other cases, and have invariably found nothing but trickery. But here was a strange report from a man versed in the arts of trickery; an expert himself, and one not easily deceived. Surely, this, at least, warranted investigation.

I had always been very skeptical, never believing in spirit communion, telepathy, clairvoyance, or anything of the kind; and as to physical phenomena, I had found everything very commonplace and devoid of mystery when I had an opportunity to see it myself. I could not help wondering and pondering; and asking myself if, after all, it were possible for a being to exist on this earth with any powers out of the ordinary; or with any faculty not common to the rest of the race. Decidedly, I could not believe such a thing possible, and yet, how could an expert magician be deceived with such a thing? I felt greatly puzzled; and although I had no faith in spirit communion, decided to investigate further.

I wrote a letter to the professor of science in the schools at Huntington, telling him that I knew of a strange case of psychic phenomena in his vicinity, and proposing to engage him to investigate it for me. I was a member of the Society for Psychical Research and I offered to furnish him with proper credentials, etc. I enclosed a stamped envelope, but he did not even condescend to reply. Next, I wrote directly to Mrs. Blake, and invited her to visit my home. I told her I was a business man of Omaha, and offered to furnish references as to my standing. I also offered to defray all expenses of her journey.

Mrs. Blake did not reply in person; but I received a letter

from a gentleman of very high standing, whom I shall call Dr. X—, as he does not desire me to use his name. This gentleman happened to be her physician. He informed me that Mrs. Blake had fallen from her chair at some previous time, rupturing the ligaments of her ankle; that this had resulted in blood poisoning and had left her crippled; that since that time she was compelled to go about on crutches; that inaction frequently resulted in attacks of acute indigestion; and that she was thus in such a state of health as to prevent her making any journey. He thanked me in her name for the invitation.

Now, this gentleman seemed to be accommodating; so I took the liberty of again writing him, asking for a report from him on the powers of his patient; for his own opinion of the case, etc. This he kindly gave me; and this was followed by several letters, going into great detail of what he considered the most important case in the world.

His report corroborated all that Mr. Parsons had written me; but I noticed that he attached greater importance to the information given by the voices, than he did to the phenomenon of the voices themselves. This was just the reverse of the estimate of the case formed by Mr. Parsons, for the latter regarded the phenomenon of the voices as the greater mystery.

Dr. X— stated that at his first sitting he was completely "taken off his feet, so to speak," and considered spirit communion as proven; but that upon subsequent occasions, he was sorry to state things had occurred to lessen this belief. He related many marvelous incidents of conversation with the voices, and stated that he had taken many friends to the lady under assumed names; *yet he had never failed to hear the voices call these persons by their right names, etc.* He also stated that the information furnished by Mrs. Blake's voices at times had seemed so marvelous that he had seriously contemplated referring her case to the Society for Psychical Research, in order that he might have an authoritative statement with regard to what her powers really consisted of. I quote a few extracts from many in his letters:

"Twenty-two years ago this summer, my father took me to Virginia for the purpose of entering me in college. I was an only child, had not been away from home a great deal, and was quite young; therefore he accompanied me to Blacksburg, Virginia, introduced me to the president of the school, and otherwise assisted me in getting started. It was a military school, and every new-comer

was called a 'rat,' and this was yelled at him by the older students in chorus until it grated upon his nerves to a considerable extent.

"As my father and myself walked up towards the college buildings over the broad campus, the word 'rat' was yelled at us with depressing distinctness. We went across the campus and on beyond to a large grove of virgin forest, where we sat down upon a large log; and here my father gave me some paternal advice. He was going to leave the next morning and I felt very sad and lonely; and it was with great difficulty that I kept back the tears that in spite of myself would now and then trickle down my cheeks. At all of this my father laughed and said that I would be all right in a few days.

"When conversing through Mrs. Blake's trumpet with the supposed voice of my father, the following conversation with the voice occurred. I had previously written out the questions and I have since added the answers of the voice:

"'Do you remember the time you took me off to college?' I asked.

"'Yes, as distinctly as if it had been yesterday,' the voice replied.

"'When we walked towards the buildings, what was said to me by some of the students?'

"'They yelled "Rat" at you.'

"'Spell that word,' I requested, as I desired no misunderstanding.

"'R—a—t,' spelled the voice.

"'Where did we go after leaving the campus and college buildings?' I next asked.

"'We went to a large grove near the college buildings and sat down upon a hickory log,' responded the voice.

"'What did I do and say while sitting on this log?'

"'You cried because I was going to leave you and go home,' answered the voice. All of this was wonderfully accurate, but I do not know whether or not the log was hickory."

In another letter he says: "On one occasion a voice supposed to be my grandfather's talked with me, and I asked it what had caused him to depart this life. Just previous to asking this question the voice had been full and strong; but upon asking it the voice became indistinct, and I concluded that my question had 'put the lady out of business.' To my surprise, in a few minutes my grandfather commenced to talk again; and I reminded him that he had not answered my question. He replied by saying that I knew

perfectly well what had caused him to depart this life, and that it was not necessary to ask such unimportant questions.

"I replied by stating that I wanted the question answered, in order that I might be convinced as to his identity; and also to know that he had sufficient consciousness and intelligence to reply. He then stated that the immediate cause of his death was a fracture of the skull.

"How did this happen?" I asked.

"By falling down a stairway," answered the voice.

"In what town and house did this occur?"

"In Gallipolis, Ohio, in my son's home," again responded the voice. All of this was correct.

"I next asked my grandfather's voice if he remembered what he used to entertain me with when I was a child. He replied that he did; and that he had made little boats for me, and had floated them in a tub of water. I asked how old I was when this took place, and he replied that I was five years old. This was correct, and had occurred some thirty-four years ago."

Again Dr. X— says, "In addition to her daylight work, Mrs. Blake gives dark seances. At these, the voice of her dead son Abe usually opens the meeting with prayer, and some hymns are sung by all present. During this time, numerous little blue lights flit about the room; the guitar is frequently floated over our heads, etc. After this, voices speak up in various parts of the room and address those present. I attended one of those night meetings recently.

"In addition to others present, I took with me Clara Mathers Bee, who had formerly been my stenographer, but whom I had not seen for five years. She was a total stranger to the others present, and resides at a remote point in the interior of the state. Mrs. Blake does not keep in touch with the whole state of West Virginia, and knew nothing of this lady.

"Mrs. Bee had recently lost a young lady cousin, and was very anxious to communicate with her. She even went so far in her inexperience as to call for this relative on several occasions, giving her name in full. This, however, brought no results, although Mrs. Blake could have made use of the knowledge thus acquired. Finally, during an attempt to communicate with this relative, a child's voice spoke and said, 'I want to talk to my Aunt Clara.' It was some time before any one answered and no one seemed to understand for whom this was intended. Presently Mrs. Bee said, 'Do you want to talk to me?'

“‘Yes, you are my Aunty Clara,’ the voice replied.

“‘What is your name?’ asked Mrs. Bee.

“‘My name is Stinson Bee,’ answered the voice.

“‘How long has it been since you died?’

“‘Six months.’

“‘What caused you to leave this life?’

“‘I was burned to death; and I want you to tell my papa that I want to talk to him.’ responded the voice.

“In explanation I will state that Stinson Bee, who was a nephew of Mrs. Bee’s husband, was burned to death six months before the time of this sitting. Mrs. Blake could not have known anything of this, as it happened in a remote part of the interior of the state; and as intimate as I am with the family, I did not know of it.

“Just at this point my father’s voice broke into the conversation and said, ‘How do you do, Clara?’

“‘Do you know who this is that you are talking to?’ I asked.

“‘Yes, it is Clara Bee,’ responded the voice.

“‘That is correct, but what was her name before she was married?’ I asked.

“‘Don’t you think I know Clara Mathers?’ the voice replied.”

These are but few of many incidents which Dr. X— has related to me in great seriousness. He is a well educated and highly respected gentleman, of the highest standing in his community. There are reasons why he does not desire his name used, and this is why I omit the name; but it can be had in private. In one letter he informed me that during the daylight sittings, Mrs. Blake first seats herself beside the sitter, each allowing the trumpet to rest with its ends in their adjacent palms. Soon the trumpet begins to grow heavy, and then finally, one end of it seems to attempt to move upward to the ear of the sitter. This means that conditions are right and that a voice desires to speak.

He further stated that close friends of Mrs. Blake who were in a position to know, informed him that of late Mrs. Blake was rapidly losing her powers; and that they were not nearly what they had previously been. He suggested, in case I contemplated an investigation that I make it as quickly as possible, for he said that her health was such that any sudden attack was liable to terminate her earthly career. He also suggested that I write nothing further to Mrs. Blake, and in no way let her know that I contemplated making such an extended journey to see her; as he had found results much better when she did not think she was being especially investigated.

He thought I should simply act as if I had been passing and had merely stopped off on my journey.

After receiving these reports, I determined to investigate this case if possible. I wrote to Prof. James H. Hyslop, Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, and detailed the case to him, asking if he would assist me. Meanwhile I wrote Mr. Parsons, and secured his permission to lay the matter before Professor Hyslop. I did not tell the latter the name or location of the lady but explained that it was within one hundred miles of Cincinnati. Also, I wrote to Dr. X— that I would like to be informed if Mrs. Blake were at home and well, as I wished to come. He replied, informing me that she was at that time visiting in the mountains; but that immediately upon her return, he would notify me. This he did; but she was suddenly taken sick on her return, and this prevented my making the journey. Dr. X—, however, stated that he would instantly inform me on the recovery of Mrs. Blake's strength, as soon as such should enable her to give sittings. He again urged me not to delay, if I desired results of value, stating that undoubtedly her powers would soon be gone.

Meanwhile, Professor Hyslop met a lady from that section of the country, who told him of "a wonderful medium, a Mrs. Blake near Huntington, West Virginia." Professor Hyslop then wrote me that he thought he had discovered the identity of the lady, and asked me if this were she. I wrote in reply that it was. I mailed the letter from Omaha to Professor Hyslop, who was then in New York at Hurricane Lodge on the Hudson. In just two days after mailing the letter, I received a telegram from Professor Hyslop, saying, "I start for Huntington to-night."

Now, I did not desire any one to arrive on the scene ahead of myself; for I wanted to thoroughly satisfy my own curiosity. I therefore immediately telegraphed Dr. X— at Huntington as follows, "Professor Hyslop wires his starting. Shall I come?" In an hour I received this reply, "Just as well now as any time." During the wait I called up by telephone, my cousin Geo. W. Clawson of Kansas City, Mo., to whom I had previously described the case, and induced him to accompany me. So far I had not revealed to him where we were going, except that it was beyond Cincinnati. Mr. Clawson had a short time before lost a daughter whose Christian name was Georgia Chastine, and was very greatly grieved over her demise. It was the hope of obtaining some proof of a future life through communication with her that caused him to yield and to go with me.

The next morning I took the train for Kansas City, where I was joined by Mr. Clawson; and we started on our one-thousand-mile journey. I asked Mr. Clawson to choose a name to travel under, and to keep his real name secret, as I wanted no possibility of deception in my investigation. The name he chose was "C. E. Wilson," that of a friend of his. He made the journey under this name and registered under it at the Florentine Hotel.

I had resided for a few years in Omaha, but was not generally known there. My parents reside at the village of Falls City, Neb., and are well known there. I knew that, should my friend Dr. X— desire to do so, it would be possible for him to employ some one in advance to obtain information in regard to my relatives and family. *I regarded him with far too much respect to think such a thing would happen*; but in order to *remove all possibility of fraud*, I desired to take with me an unknown person under an assumed name. This was why I decided on Mr. Clawson. I did not reveal my intention to any one.

I had previously written to Dr. X— that I was liable to bring an unknown person with me, but I gave him no idea of who this person would be. I did not think that any one would be able to reach out through space one thousand miles and read my mind, discover whom I intended taking, and then look up his history in advance. I considered Mr. Clawson a desirable person to go with me, as both of his parents were dead; and also on account of his great desire to communicate with his dead daughter, if such a thing were possible. He also had a brother by the name of "Edward," who had died when quite young, and a son who had died within a few days of birth. However, these last two instances I did not know until after our sittings. The reader should remember these facts and names, on account of what is to follow. I did not expect results of much consequence myself, owing to the fact that I have no immediate dead, with the exception of two baby brothers, my grandparents and some uncles and aunts. I therefore could not expect to receive results of much importance, whatever the power of the lady might be. We journeyed continuously for two nights and a day, arriving at Huntington in the early morning hours of Monday, July 23, 1906.

III.

About eight o'clock that morning I telephoned to Dr. X— that I had arrived with a friend. The Doctor resided in a beautiful park a short distance in the country. He soon arrived at our hotel with his carriage; and I introduced my friend, Mr. C. E. Wilson (Mr.

Clawson, under his assumed name), to him. The Doctor then drove us to his residence for a short time. He showed us a copy of a letter to Mrs. Blake which he had dictated a few days before, and which stated that he expected two friends from New York to visit him; and that he wished to take them to see her, and he hoped she would receive them and do the best she could, even if not entirely recovered from her recent illness. He did not give any names in his letter; and he assured me that, since the time of answering my letter to Mrs. Blake at the beginning of our correspondence, he had never mentioned my name to her.

To the Doctor himself, I was a total stranger, with the exception of what he had learned of me in my letters to him, and also what information he had gleaned from my article, "Some Mediumistic Phenomena," before referred to. The Doctor had in his possession one of Mrs. Blake's double trumpets. We examined this thoroughly; and taking it we drove to the Ohio River, and crossed in a row-boat to Braderick, Ohio. This village consists of about one dozen cottages situated along the river bank. It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and Professor Hyslop had not yet arrived, the night boat on which he journeyed down the Hudson having been delayed. We went up the bank and turned to the left to Mrs. Blake's cottage. The ferry landing is close to her house, and most of its patronage seems to come from her visitors.

Mr. Blake was sitting on the porch and he received us. He informed us that he had just turned away a number of persons who desired sittings with Mrs. Blake, and that she could not receive us professionally. However, we were not to be dismissed in this manner, and we refused to leave without at least seeing her. Mr. Blake then told us we might enter, while he remained outside to turn away visitors. We entered the little parlor; and Dr. X—stepped through the open doorway and spoke to Mrs. Blake, telling her he had his two friends with him whom he wished to bring in. She readily consented and we entered.

She was sitting in a large rocker by the window in her little room. Her crutches were by her side, and she seemed a very pleasing, though elderly and frail lady. We were introduced merely as "friends," and we conversed with her for a few moments. She said she was born and had resided all of her life within two and one-half miles of her present home. She explained that she had possessed her power since a child. She said that as a little girl she had heard voices in her ears, and that some gentleman had experimented with her. He found that a closed receptacle confined

the sounds and made the words clearer. After this, the present trumpet had been devised, but she could use any closed receptacle. She said that since her sickness, she had *lost her power*, so that she could "get nothing satisfactory any more." She said that her power was declining so rapidly that she felt she would have to give up the business entirely. She expressed her willingness to try, but stated that she could not satisfy any one now like she used to do when her health was better. Meanwhile, her husband kept coming in and going out, as if he were watching her closely to prevent her giving a sitting. She, herself, seemed very accommodating; and I felt assured that, but for him, we could conduct some interesting experiments. Finally Dr. X— went out and talked to him, and succeeded in securing his consent for a short trial.

Mr. Clawson now seated himself beside the lady, and she instructed him to take one end of the trumpet in his palm, while she did the same with the other end.

In a moment Mr. Clawson remarked, "How heavy that is getting!" and as he did so, I thought I heard a faint whisper in the end of the trumpet that Mr. Clawson was holding. It was, however, so faint that I could not be certain of it. It was more like a single syllable, the drawing of a breath, or like a hissing sound, but it was very indistinct. In a moment the trumpet began to rise toward Mr. Clawson's ear, and the lady said, "Some one wants to speak to you, sir; place the trumpet to your ear." He did so, and she placed the other end to her ear.

Whispered voices in the trumpet now began to address Mr. Clawson, but from the outside I could not understand what was said. Mr. Clawson seemed unable to do much better, and it appeared that the sitting would prove a failure on this account. Mrs. Blake now spoke and said, "Please try and speak plainly, dear friend, so that the gentleman can understand you." The voice now seemed to become more distinct, and Mr. Clawson asked the question, "Who are you?" He did not appear to understand the reply; for he repeated his question a few times, as one does at a poorly-working telephone. Finally I heard him say, "You say you are my brother Eddie?" Mr. Clawson seemed confused at being unable to understand the many whispered words in the spoken sentences; and turning to me, he said, "You take the trumpet and see if you can understand any better."

I may here remark that up to this time I did not know that Mr. Clawson had a dead brother "Edward," and that I supposed this to be an error until afterwards. During the time that the voices

were speaking, Mrs. Blake's lips were tightly closed, and there was no motion of them. She appeared to be listening intently to the voices, and trying to follow the conversation.

I now took the trumpet. A voice spoke a lengthy sentence or more, which was so inarticulate that I could not understand it. Finally I heard the words, "Can't you hear me?"

"Yes. Who are you?" I replied.

"I am your brother and I want to talk to mother. Tell her. . . .," responded the voice, the last words becoming indistinct.

"What shall I tell her?" I asked. The voice then took the tone of a child's voice, low, and almost vocal, and said, "Tell her that I love her."

The only dead brother that I have, who was old enough to talk before his death, was named "Thomas." He was two years older than I, and three years old at death. I now said, "Give me your name." The voice then repeated an inarticulate name many times, but I could not understand it. It appeared to sound like "Artie" or "Arthur." In fact it sounded first like one, and then like the other would sound, were I to try to whisper them in an inarticulate manner. I did not repeat these names, and the voice gave up the attempt. I now handed the trumpet to Mr. Clawson, and the voice kept repeating, "I want to talk to my brother," so he gave the trumpet back to me.

"Whom do you want to talk to?" I asked.

"I want to talk to my brother Davie—brother Davie Abbott," responded the voice. I could hear the name "Abbott" repeated several times after this, and then the voice finally ceased.

Mr. Clawson now took the trumpet. I may remark that although Mr. Clawson's parents, and also a little son who was never named, were dead, his whole heart was set on obtaining a communication from his daughter Georgia, who had recently died; and unless he could do this, the whole sitting was a failure as far as he was concerned. This daughter had been very affectionate, and had always called her mother by the pet names of "Muz" and "Muzzie." She also generally called her father "Daddie," in a playful way. She had recently graduated from a school of dramatic art, and while there had become affianced to a young gentleman whose Christian name is "Archimedes." He is usually called "Ark" for short. Mr. Clawson had these facts in mind, intending to use them as a matter of identification.

A voice now addressed Mr. Clawson, saying, "I am your brother."

"Who else is there? Any of my relatives?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Your mother is here," responded the voice.

"Who else is there?"

"Your baby."

"Let the baby speak and give its name," requested Mr. Clawson.

This was followed by many indistinct words that could not be understood. Finally a name was pronounced that Mr. Clawson understood to be "Edna." He had no child of that name; but in what followed, although his lips addressed the name "Edna," his whole mind addressed his daughter, "Georgia."

"Edna, if you are my daughter, tell me what was your pet name for me?" he asked.

"I called you Daddie," the voice replied.

"What was your pet name for your mother?"

"I called her Muz, and sometimes Muzzie," responded the voice.

"What is my name?" asked Mr. Clawson, but the reply was so indistinct that it could not be understood.

I now took the trumpet, but received nothing satisfactory—merely inarticulate words. Soon I was quite sure that I heard a voice announcing, "This is Grandma Daily." My grandmother on my mother's side was Mrs. Daily; but as she had always called me "Davie" as a child, and as the names "Daily" and "Davie," when whispered, sound very similar, I decided that possibly the voice had whispered, "This is Grandma, Davie." I did not wish to misinterpret sounds and thus aid the lady, and I desired to be very certain of all of my tests; so I did not repeat the name "Daily," as most persons would have done. I waited, expecting the voice to pronounce the name unmistakably.

A number of inarticulate sentences which I could not understand were now spoken. However, among the words I heard first the name "Harvey," and then "Dave." After this I heard the name "Dave Harvey." Next, I heard the initials "J. A.," and I also heard a name that seemed to be "Asa." I have an uncle who is dead, and whose name was "Richard Harvey." The name of his son who is now living is "David Harvey." An uncle of mine who is dead was called by the name of "Asa," but his name had been given in my article referred to before. I have a living brother whose initials are "J. A."

Mr. Clawson now took the trumpet and attempted to talk to some inarticulate voices. Finally a voice said, "I am Grandma."

"Grandma who?" asked Mr. Clawson. I could not understand the reply; but I heard Mr. Clawson repeat, "Grandma Daily?" with a rising inflection. He then turned to me and said, "That is pretty good. The voice says that Grandma Daily is here."

At this point Mrs. Blake terminated the sitting, claiming that her strength was leaving her. It had lasted probably twenty minutes. At one time Mrs. Blake had turned her back to me so as to use her other ear. At this time her face was next to the wall, and I could not see her lips; but I thought I detected a twitching of the muscles of the throat. The sounds were really in the trumpet, and there was no doubt that they did not issue from the nose or mouth of Mrs. Blake.

A few times during the sitting she took the trumpet from her ear, allowing it to rest in her palm. This would be for an instant at a time. During such time there was no cessation of the voices in the trumpet; but the fingers of her hand that were over the end of it seemed to be separated. At such times the voices seemed to originate at her hand, and were not so distinct as usual. When the trumpet was at her ear they seemed to originate there.

After the sitting, we told Mrs. Blake that we had a friend who would arrive on the next train. We stated that we very earnestly desired him to meet her, and finally she agreed that we should bring him and return in the evening. Then we presented her with a neat sum (as we desired her best services), and took our departure.

We crossed the river, returned to the home of our friend Dr. X—, and then sent a driver to the train to see if Prof. Hyslop would arrive. Mr. Clawson went with the Doctor's driver to the train. In a short time they returned, bringing Professor Hyslop with them. Immediately after noon we dictated to the Doctor's stenographer a concise account of our morning sitting. It is from these records made at the time that this account is taken. Each of us dictated separately all that he could remember. We then compared our reports and corrected them.

A little later in the afternoon, we drove to the river again and crossed to Mrs. Blake's cottage. We were received, and had quite an interesting conversation with her. During this time Professor Hyslop questioned her minutely about the history of her case. We desired a sitting, but she declined to give us both a daylight and a dark seance; so we waited a few moments, as it was rapidly growing dark; and we then had a dark sitting, intending to have a daylight sitting the following day if possible. Mrs. Blake agreed

to this, and said if her strength did not fail her, she would give us a sitting the following morning.

It now became quite dark, and we arranged ourselves around a small table. We were conversing at the time; and having my mind intently on her work, I thoughtlessly said to Mr. Clawson, "Mr. Cla—, take this seat." The others were talking at the time, I was not speaking loudly, and I discovered my error in time to omit the last syllable. I was quite sure that it was not noticed at the time, but this fact must be remembered.

Mrs. Blake sat on my left, and Professor Hyslop sat on her left. At the opposite end of the table sat Dr. X— and his brother-in-law who had just happened to come in. Mr. Clawson sat at one side of the room, holding the hand of Mr. Blake. Professor Hyslop and myself declined to hold the hands of Mrs. Blake, as we cared nothing whatever for physical manifestations, but desired only *mental phenomena* which would be of the same value whether given in darkness or in light.

We sat a very long time, and it seemed that nothing was to occur. Finally a blue light floated over the table between us, and another appeared near the floor close to where Mr. Clawson and Mr. Blake were sitting. The trumpet on the table was also lifted up over my head and dropped to the floor by my side.

Finally, the deep-toned voice of a man spoke. It appeared to be about a foot above and behind Mrs. Blake's head. The voice was melodious, soft, low in pitch, and very distinct. This is the voice that is claimed to be that of her dead son, Abe. There was a note of sadness in it, and it spoke these words: "My friends, I am sorry to say that owing to my mother's weak condition, it will be impossible for us to give any manifestations that will be worth anything this evening. We deeply regret this, but it is beyond our power to give you anything of value, as she is very weak."

It is hardly necessary to say that we refused to take this statement as a dismissal, but continued to remain. In a short time we heard a man's voice of a different tone entirely, which Dr. X— recognized as the voice of his grandfather. These voices were open,—that is, they were in no trumpet and were vocal. The tone of this last voice was that of a very old man, and the conversation was commonplace. Soon a much more robust and powerful man's voice spoke, and said: "James, we will give way to the others." This voice Dr. X— recognized as the usual voice which claimed to be that of his father.

A lady's voice now addressed Professor Hyslop, and some

little conversation was carried on, but with no satisfactory results. I now reached down to the floor, and taking the trumpet, placed one end to my ear and gave the other end to Mrs. Blake. The voices issuing from it could be heard by the other persons present. The first voice appeared to be that of a girl, so I handed the trumpet to Mr. Clawson. The voice said, "Don't you know me, Daddie?"

"Who are you, Edna?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Why, you know me Daddie," answered the voice.

"Are you Edna Jackson?" asked Mr. Clawson. This was the name of a dead friend of his daughter.

"You know I am not Edna Jackson," responded the voice.

"If you are my daughter, tell me where mamma is."

"At home."

"Yes, but where?" insisted Mr. Clawson. The reply to this was inarticulate, but resembled "Kansas City," which was the correct place.

"Is she in St. Louis?" he asked.

"You know she is not," the voice replied.

"Is she in St. Joe?"

"No, no. She is in — — —," replied the voice. The first words were given with great energy and were almost vocal, but the last words were inarticulate. The latter, however, resembled "Kansas City." I then asked the voice to repeat the name, but it grew so weak that I could not distinguish the words. So far, everything was entirely unsatisfactory, and we were greatly discouraged.

I now took the trumpet. That the reader may fully understand what is to follow, I shall state a few facts. My Grandmother Daily, in the latter part of her life, resided in the country in Andrew County, Missouri. There my mother grew up. My grandmother died thirteen years ago. My mother's maiden name was "Sarah Frances Daily." She was always known to all as "Fannie Daily," and where she now resides is known to every one as "Fannie Abbott." Even Mr. Clawson did not then know her correct Christian name. My eldest sister, Ada, who is now Mrs. Humphrey, was residing in the village of Verdon, Nebraska. She and I as children, used to visit our grandmother, Mrs. Daily, and we were great favorites with her. She always called my sister "Adie," and myself "Davie." This was many years ago.

A voice in the trumpet now addressed me, claiming to be that of my grandmother, Mrs. Daily.

"Well, Grandma, what do you wish to say?" I asked.

"Davie, I love you, and I am all right. It is all right Davie, it is all right; and I want you to tell your mother that you talked to me, and tell your father, too," said the voice.

"You want me to tell my mother and my father that you talked to me?" I repeated, hardly knowing what to say.

"Yes, Davie, and tell Adie, too," replied the voice very plainly. "Tell whom?" I asked, being greatly surprised, as this came upon me like a gleam of light out of a chasm of darkness.

"Tell Adie, too," the voice again repeated. It certainly seemed incredible that this voice could manifest such intimate knowledge of my family's names, one thousand miles away. I thereupon decided to further test this knowledge.

"Grandma, what relation is Ada to me?" I quickly asked.

"Why, sister Adie, Davie. Tell sister Adie. You know what I mean—tell sister Adie." This had come so suddenly that I was for a moment dumbfounded; but I quickly decided to ask a test question that I did not think the voice could answer.

"Grandma, now if this is really you talking to me, you know my mother's first name. Tell it to me," I said.

"Sarah," answered the voice, quick as a flash. It was so quickly answered that the name "Sarah" had not entered my own consciousness at the instant. I had asked the test question so very quickly, that I had given all of my thought *to the question, and none to the correct answer*; and I had dimly in my consciousness only the name "Fannie." Thus the name "Sarah" really momentarily surprised me, and I had to think a mere instant before I realized that it was correct. I did not repeat the name for fear of a mis-interpretation of sounds.

"What do you say it is?" I again asked.

"Sarah," again the voice plainly responded. There could be no mistake, but I did not repeat the name as most would have done.

"Mrs. Blake, what do you understand that name to be?" I asked, turning to her.

"Why, it sounds like Sary," she replied. I then conceived the idea of having the voice give the first names of Mrs. Daily's other children, but it here disappeared. I ask the reader to substitute himself for the writer, and for the names "Ada," and "Sarah," to substitute names in his own family; and then to go over the foregoing dialogue, using these substituted names; to imagine himself in a strange country among strangers, and then to note the peculiar effect upon himself. He will then understand the peculiar subjec-

tive effect that this had upon the writer. A gentleman's voice now spoke inarticulately.

"Let my uncle come," I said.

"Let our mutual uncle come," spoke Mr. Clawson. This question, conveying within itself our relationship, being spoken, I now said, "Yes, let our mutual uncle come."

"Well, I am here," spoke a man's voice near the table top in a few moments.

"If you are our uncle, give us your name," I requested.

"Dave, I am Uncle Dave," now spoke the voice. We had an uncle whose Christian name was "David Patterson," and who was dead.

"If you are Uncle Dave, tell me your second name," I requested. The voice pronounced a name that resembled "Parker." It began with the letter "P," but we could not understand what followed.

"Dave, you were named after me," continued the voice.

"What is your last name?" I asked. This was "Abbott"; but the voice replied with an inarticulate sentence, in which we distinguished the name "Harvey." My uncle Richard Harvey and the uncle whose voice this purported to be, were quite intimate many years ago.

One remarkable feature of the voice which claimed to be that of my uncle David, was that it resembled his voice when alive, to an extent *sufficient to call to my mind a mental picture of his appearance*; and for an instant to give me that inner feeling of his presence that hearing a well-known voice always produces in one. *I said nothing of this at the time.* I may say that during all of our sittings, *no other voice bore any resemblance to the voice of the person to whom it claimed to belong*, so far as I was able to detect. As this uncle had died only a few years before, I have a vivid remembrance of his voice.

At this point Abe's voice spoke and said, "Gentlemen, you will have to excuse my mother for this evening. Her strength is exhausted."

We now asked permission to return the following morning. Mr. Blake agreed to go to a telephone on the following morning, and to "call up" Dr. X— and to inform him if Mrs. Blake were well enough to receive us. We now took our departure. When crossing the river in the darkness I asked Professor Hyslop if he had heard my "slip of the tongue." Dr. X— spoke up and said that he had, but that he thought that Mrs. Blake did not hear it. Mr.

Clawson now incautiously spoke and said, "Well, it doesn't matter. I do not care who knows who I am. I am George Clawson of Kansas City, and there is no use to conceal it." He was so disappointed at getting nothing definite from his daughter "Georgia," that he forgot his discretion. While still on the river Mr. Clawson spoke to me and said, "Did you notice how that voice sounded like Uncle Dave's when it first spoke?" I replied that I did, but that I had thought it to be partly my own imagination. The other parties in the boat will remember this conversation.

The following morning Mr. Blake telephoned our friend, and announced his willingness to receive us. As soon as we had dictated our reports of the previous evening, Professor Hyslop, Mr. Clawson, and myself started for Mrs. Blake's house. Dr. X— did not accompany us, but remained at home to attend to other duties. We arrived at the cottage in due time, and found Mrs. Blake in excellent spirits and much improved physically. A little granddaughter of Mrs. Blake's was playing in the street and entered with us. This pretty little child was but four years of age and seemed a great favorite with her grandmother.

Mrs. Blake informed us that this child was developing a power just like her own. We asked for a demonstration. Professor Hyslop took the little child on his lap, and I gave her one end of the trumpet. Immediately whisperings in the trumpet could be heard, but I could understand nothing except the question, "Can you hear me?"

Mrs. Blake now took the trumpet. She and I allowed its two ends to rest in our palms for a few moments. Soon it rolled on our palms one-half of a revolution. I now heard a syllable of a vocal voice which appeared to originate near the end of the trumpet in Mrs. Blake's hand. I placed the trumpet to my ear, but could understand nothing. In a short time the inarticulate voice seemed to have changed to the whisperings of a lady. Finally, Mrs. Blake said, "I believe they want to talk to you, sir." This remark was addressed to Mr. Clawson, whose identity, so far as we knew, was entirely unknown to Mrs. Blake. She makes it a rule to ask no questions, and apparently scorns being given any information, even to the name of her sitter. Up to this time Mr. Clawson had been standing very close to Mrs. Blake and intently watching her. I noticed this and feared it would embarrass her. I now surrendered the trumpet to Mr. Clawson. I seated myself so that I could hold my right ear against the middle of the trumpet, and I faced Mr. Clawson, thus carelessly turning my back upon Mrs. Blake.

Instantly the voice appeared exceedingly loud and strong, and I could understand the words from the outside with perfect clearness. I will mention the fact that from this time forward, in about one-half of Mr. Clawson's tests, I could understand the words from the outside of the trumpet and thus assure myself that he did not misinterpret the sounds. In his other tests I had to trust entirely to his sense of hearing and his own discretion.

"Who is this?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Grandma Daily," responded the voice.

"How do you do, Grandma? I used to know you, didn't I?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"How do you do, George? I want to talk to Davie," responded the voice. "I can hear you from here, Grandma," I said from my position beside the trumpet.

"He gives her strength; that is why she speaks so much stronger now," said Mrs. Blake, indicating Mr. Clawson.

"Keep your position. I can hear her from here," I said to Mr. Clawson.

"Grandma, tell me the names of some of those big boys of yours," requested Mr. Clawson. Here some inarticulate words could be heard, but could not be understood.

I must state that I have a living aunt by the name of Mrs. Benight, who is a daughter of my Grandmother Daily. She resides in the country in Buchanan County, Missouri, and is not known far from home. Practically all of her life has been spent within a radius of a few miles from there. Her first name is "Melissa," but she has always been known by the name of "Lissie." At the time of this sitting Mr. Clawson did not know of this aunt, but he did know of her dead sister, Mrs. Cora Holt. This he had learned from my *Open Court* article referred to before. It was this last name that Mr. Clawson had in mind during what followed.

"Grandma, tell me the first name of one of your daughters," requested Mr. Clawson.

"— — —." The reply I could not understand from the outside.

"Lizzie?—Lizzie?—You say Lizzie?" asked Mr. Clawson. I could hear the reply between each of these questions, but could not understand it. After the sitting when crossing the river, I asked Mr. Clawson about this incident. He said that the name seemed undoubtedly to be "Lizzie," but that the letter "z" seemed to have more of the sound of "s." Up to this moment, strange to say, the name "Lissie" had not occurred to me; but when he spoke of the

sound of the letters, I immediately thought of this aunt and informed him of her. I then learned that he did not know of her.

"What is the name of Dave's mother?" now asked Mr. Clawson.

"Sarah," answered the voice.

"Yes, but she has another name. What is her other name?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Daily."

"That is not what I mean. Give me her other name," continued Mr. Clawson.

"Abbott," answered the voice.

"That is not what I mean. She has another name. What do I call her when I speak to her? I call her by some other name. What do I call her?" insisted Mr. Clawson.

"Aunt Fannie. Don't you think I know my own daughter's name, George?" plainly spoke the voice, so that I could understand the words outside.

"I know you do, Grandma, but I wanted to ask you for the sake of proving your identity," continued Mr. Clawson.

"I want Davie to tell his mother and his father that he talked to me, that I am all right, and I don't want him to forget it. Davie, I want you to be good and pray, and meet me over here," continued the voice, speaking plainly so that I could hear outside.

When I used to visit my dear old grandmother many years ago, upon parting with me she would invariably shed tears, and say, "Davie, be good and pray, and meet me in heaven." These were the last words she ever spoke to me.

As I write these lines there comes before my eyes a vision. I am looking back through the vista of the years. I see an old-fashioned homestead in the hills of Missouri. There is a grassy yard and the great trees cast their shadows on the sward. The sunlight is glinting down through the leaves, and an aged lady stands at the door. Her form is stooped; and her withered hand, which trembles violently, is supported by a cane. The tears are streaming down her cheeks, for she knows it is the last time she will look upon the youth who stands before her. Before the lady lies but the darkness of the approaching night. Before the youth stretches the waving green fields of the future, lighted by the sunlight of hope. Each knows it to be the last parting on earth, for the lady is very feeble. Her trembling hand clings to mine, while with tears streaming down her aged cheeks she says these words: "Davie, be good and pray, and meet me in heaven." I turn from her, a choking sensa-

tion in my throat, and I hurry to the old-fashioned gate. I can not trust myself to speak; but I look back at her, and she is watching me as far as her dim eyes can see. Then she slowly totters back to her lonely room.

The vision has vanished. It lingers but in the mists of memory. The dear old grandmother sleeps these many years in the grave-yard; the youth has grown to manhood, the snows of approaching winter already glisten in his hair, and the fleeting years are hurrying all too quickly.

With the exception of the words "over here" in place of the word "heaven," these last words spoken by the voice were the identical words which my grandmother spoke to me the last time I ever heard her voice. But I must not write this article to express sentiment, neither must I permit it to interpret facts. I must merely report what occurred with sacred accuracy.

Just after the last words spoken by my grandmother's supposed voice, the loud voice of a man broke into the conversation. It was vocal in tone, low in pitch, and had a weird effect.

"How do you do?" said the voice.

"How do you do, sir? Who are you?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Grandpa," replied the voice.

"Grandpa who?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Grandpa Abbott," said the voice and it repeated, hurriedly, a name that sounded like "David Abbott"; and then the voice expired with a sound as of some one choking or strangling, as it went off dimly and vanished. "David" was my grandfather Abbott's Christian name.

The lady now laid the trumpet down in her lap and said, "Let it rest in our hands until we regain strength." In a few moments she turned her chair so as to face the opposite direction, and said, "I will use my other ear; my arm is tired."

Now, while they were resting, I determined to offer a suggestion to the lady indirectly, and to note what the effect would be. Turning to Mr. Clawson, but not calling him by name, I remarked, "It is strange that those we want so much do not come; that your daughter, to whom you would rather talk than to any one, does not speak to you. You have evidently talked to her, and she seems to identify herself; but is it not strange that she does not give her name correctly?" I said this in order to convey to the lady the fact that the name which appeared to be "Edna" was not the correct name of the gentleman's daughter.

When next he raised the trumpet to his ear a whispered voice said, "Daddie, I am here."

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Georgia," replied the voice.

"Georgia? Georgia, is this really you?" asked Mr. Clawson, with intense emotion and earnestness.

"Yes, Daddie. Didn't you think I knew my own name?" asked the voice.

"I thought you did, Georgia, but could not understand why you would not tell it to me. Where do we live, Georgia?"

"In Kansas City," responded the voice, and then continued, "Daddie, I am so glad to talk to you, and so glad you came here to see me. I wish you could see my beautiful home. We have flowers and music every day."

"Georgia, what is the name of your sweetheart to whom you were engaged?" now asked Mr. Clawson.

"— — —." The reply could not be understood.

"Georgia, spell the name," requested Mr. Clawson.

"A—r—c, Ark," responded the voice, spelling out the letters and then pronouncing the name.

"Give me his full name, Georgia," requested Mr. Clawson.

"Archimedes," now responded the voice.

"Will you spell the name for me?" asked Mr. Clawson who wished to prevent a misinterpretation of sounds.

"A—r—c—h—i—m—e—d—e—s," spelled the voice.

"Where is Ark, Georgia?" now asked Mr. Clawson. The reply could not be understood, but an inarticulate sentence was spoken ending with a word which sounded like "Denver."

"Do you say he is in Denver, Georgia?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"No, no," responded the voice loudly and almost vocally, and then continued, "He is in New York." This, Mr. Clawson afterwards informed me, was correct; but he thought the gentleman was at the time out of New York City, though somewhere in that state.

"Daddie, I want to tell you something. Ark is going to marry another girl," now continued the voice.

"Georgia, you say Ark is going to marry another girl?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Yes, Daddie, but it's all right. It's all right now. He does not love her as he did me, but it is all right. I do not care now. I would like to talk to Muzzie," continued the voice.

Here a voice, vocal in tone and of the depth of a man's, broke into the conversation. Mr. Clawson, who could not restrain his

tears, owing to the intense dramatic effect of the recent conversation, stepped for an instant into the adjoining room to obtain control of his emotions and to recover his self-possession.

I placed the trumpet to my ear and the man's voice said, "I want to talk to Davie. Davie, do you know me?"

"No. Who are you?" I replied.

"Grandpa Daily, Davie. Tell your mother that I talked to you, Davie."

"You want me to tell my mother you talked to me?" I asked.

"Yes, and tell your father, too," responded the voice. Mr. Clawson had by this time returned to the room; and, impetuously seizing the trumpet from my hand and placing it to his ear, exclaimed, "Hello, Grandpa! I used to know you, didn't I?"

"Of course you did," responded the voice.

"Who am I, Grandpa?"

"Oh, I know you well. You are George Clawson. I know you well." This response of the voice was just as loud and plain as if a gentleman were in the room conversing with us.

"Grandpa, tell us the name of that river we used to cross when we went over to your house?" now asked Mr. Clawson.

The voice answered inarticulately; and although the question was repeated several times, no response could be obtained that could be understood. The river is known as "The Hundred-and-Two." If a correct answer had been given, we should have considered it quite evidential. The voice gradually grew weaker; and then a lady's voice spoke and apparently addressed Professor Hyslop. The latter gentleman took the trumpet; but the words were weak, being mere whispers, and nothing definite could be understood.

Mrs. Blake then said, "We can't understand you. Now please give way to those who can speak more loudly." I now took the trumpet and a gentleman's voice addressed me in vocal tones. I asked who was speaking, and the voice responded, "Grandpa Abbott." I now asked the voice to give me my father's name. This it was unable to do. However, it pronounced an inarticulate name that resembled "Alexander." The first two letters were certainly "A" and "L," but we could not be certain of that which followed. Mr. Clawson tried to get a response, but could do no better, and the voice grew weak. My father's full Christian name is "George Alexander." Mr. Clawson knew his middle initial; but until after all of our sittings, did not know for what it stood.

Here another loud, vocal, gentleman's voice spoke and said, "Gentlemen, you will have to excuse my mother. Her strength is

exhausted." This voice was identical with the one of the evening before, which claimed to be that of her son Abe.

During the sitting, at one time, when the trumpet lay in the lap and while Mrs. Blake was conversing in her natural tones, the short guttural syllable of a gentleman's voice spoke, at what seemed afterwards to be the same instant that she was speaking. I noticed that her own voice ceased instantly as if she had been interrupted. I was not expecting this, and could not be certain whether the two voices spoke simultaneously, or whether the illusion was produced by the rapid alternation of the voices coming unexpectedly. This occurred again in the afternoon of this second day.

Mr. Clawson now walked out upon the porch with Professor Hyslop, where he shed tears. He remarked, "I feel just as I did the day we buried her; and I have surely talked to my dead daughter this day."

I remained inside to try and induce Mrs. Blake to cross the river that afternoon, and visit our friend's office. She seemed well enough; and I told her candidly that I desired to have a photograph taken with her in the group, and that I expected to write an account of my experiments for some publication. This seemed to please her and she readily agreed to go, providing we would send the carriage, and also if we could secure the consent of her husband. This we now did. The latter was away at the beginning of this sitting, but had just returned. He consented, although the ride must be for several miles, as it was necessary to drive down the river to a large ferry.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EGYPTIAN ORIGIN OF THE WORD "CHRIST."

BY HON. WILLIS BREWER.

I CAN understand that the ordinary student should go to Sanskrit and to the slopes of the Himalayas for the origin of the word "Christ." I cannot understand why the learned Dr. Carus goes to such sources. My reference is to his article in the February number.

Our dear simple old Herodotus, who would have made a very second-rate newspaper reporter, but on whom we must lean for much that we get from no other, tells us that the Greeks derived the names of nearly all their deities from Egypt. It could scarcely be otherwise. No people before or since have searched after God through so many labyrinths; none have left so many and such substantial memorials of their religious devotion. That they symbolized Deity and his accessories in every conceivable way, indeed in ways which are far beyond our modern conceptions or appreciation, excited the contempt of Cambyses and invoked the satires of Juvenal; but to the liberal and philosophic intellect, which recognizes religion in its every manifestation as a cry from the depths, as gropings of the finite for the Infinite, there can be no contempt and no satire; it is only a question of crude ideals and refined ideals.

But I did not set out to apologize for the Egyptian religion. Those who have seen even the Seba-u or "propylons" of their magnificent temples, or who reflect that the Sphinx is as ancient as the period usually assigned to Adam and Eve, should know that such religious splendor in so many ages must have cast its light wherever that "land of the shadowy wings sent her ambassadors by the sea."

I dare to follow and supplement Herodotus. Let me suggest that the Egyptian verb Ṭa or Da, "to give," is the The-os of the Greek and the De-us of the Latin. Others have correctly urged that the Latin word Natura, our word Nature, is the Egyptian word Neter, rendered "God," "Divine." I suggest that Ze-us is from the symbol "eye" of the Sun of Summer called Uza-t. Even Jupiter may be E-Gypt-Ur or "great Egypt," a name of the adored Nile.

I feel safe in asserting that A-Phrodite is Pha-Raa-Da-t, "gift-of-the-Sun," or Pha-Raa-Tut, "vestal-of-the-Sun," with A or E prosthetic; and long ago her probable shrine at Bethlehem was called E-Phera-ath-ah, for Naomi asks to be called Mar, and Mar-y in Egyptian means "beloved." Paradise, the Hebrew Paredes or "orchard," I suggest to be the Egyptian Pa-Rud or "the growing"; hence the town Arad was on the verge of the desert. The Hebrew Dad or "David" seems to be Osiris-Dadd-u or Ṭaṭṭ-u; hence "City of David" or Kir-Dad bore the same name as Daddu or "Mendes"; and so Kar Thad-ah or "Carthage" is "City of Diḏ-o" or Thad-ah; which diversity arises from there being no letter D in Egyptian save the Ṭ or Ṭh. I must also advance the opinion that Hades is a form of Ho Dua or "the Dua-t" or Ṭua-t, a frequent name in Egyptian for the Unseen World; and I call attention to Ho-Du or "India" (Esth. i. 1) into which Hadas-ah or Eseter made her descent at the order of Marduk to rescue the beloved Jehudah; there meeting the giant Haman, the I-Gig-i or "archangel," the Latin Gig-as, son of Ha-Medath or "the tall," and whose roof covered a gallows fifty feet high, and who as A-Gag had to be hewn in pieces at one time in order to be handled; but the Ezekiel begins the story of Haman-Gog or Og, and there is much of it; the name originating probably from the Egyptian word Kek or Geg, "night," "dark."*

But more important to the present purpose is the Latin name Mercury, the Greek Herm-es, who as Ḥeram of Tyre built the temple without noise of axe or hammer. In Egypt he was Taḥhut, the Greek "Thoth," and in Hebrew Taḥbut means "under," "beneath." He was in Egypt also called Ap Reḥ-ui or "Judge of the Combatants," Horus and Set, and Ab Rech (Gen. xli. 43) may be identical with Joseph. "Thoth" was lord of Maa, or "truth," and of Maa ḵHeru or "true words," and from Maa ḵHeru we perhaps have "Mer-Cur-y," who was messenger or herald of the gods. Thoth was lord of speech. His oracle at Delphi was associated with his name Pa-Iḥib or "the Ib-is," hence Ph-Oeb-os or Phœbus.

Now Dr. Carus advances the very startling and astute proposition that when the writers of the Septuagint rendered Meshiaḥ by Christos they did not mean a translation of the former word, but an identification of the person meant by that title with some similar concept. His position is grounded on arguments which seem to me hard to gainsay.

* In Chaldean mythism or folk-lore the Iḡig-i were heavenly archangels, and the Anunak-i were the earthly, but the Aanak-im at least were men of Med-ath (Num. xiii. 32) to Bene Ḳsrael, and Haman was a son.

At the period when the Septuagint was prepared, say B. C. 100, all the schools of speculative thought around the Mediterranean were discussing the Logos. Under its personality as Ta^hut the Egyptians had evidently ended such metaphysics long before Cadmus is supposed to have come into Greece. They invariably placed after the name of the deceased on the funeral papyri the words Maa ^kHer-u. These papyri contained one or more chapters of books believed to have been written by Ta^hut, and which were to guide and shield the soul in its journey through the Shades till it reached Aalu. Without these ^kHeru the soul would be lost. In classic mythology we often find Hermes or Mercury escorting the soul, while in Egypt the word of Ta^hut not only shielded the dead, but had created the world. He was the personified Logos or "Word"; the ^kHeru or "voice" that consecrated the living and the dead, and gave them the true ^kHeru.

It is not necessary to use the word Meshia^h in the strict sense of "anointed" any more than in its original sense of "sweeping-over." Saul and Cyrus are each called Meshia^h, but it is rather in the sense of a representative, messenger, intermediary, through or by whom Jehoah would speak or act. This was the function of "Thoth" the divine Se^khai, and of Hermes and Mercurius. Indeed, as "writer" or Se^kh, we may have the word Me-Sia^h, as the syllable Me or Ma is often in Hebrew merely enunciative, adding nought apparent to the sense, and as the Egyptian "scribe" or Se^kh he would connect with the Greek Log-os. Nay, more: Se^kh was also Egyptian for "tongue," which is yet more to the point; and we have the fiery tongues at Pentecost which taught the disciples new languages; though this teacher seems to have been what the Hebrew calls the holy Rua^h, which at the creation "rubbed" or "softened" a Peth or "hole" in the face of the waters; and perhaps the Re^kh or "counsellor" of the Egyptian, for Ma-Ra^h, "rubbed," "softened," means also "to persuade," and in Arabic it means "to anoint" with oil, so that I suspect not only its connection with the Egyptian word but also with Me-Shia^h, which would thus be much the same as Rua^h or "spirit," "breath," "wind."

It must be allowed that the Egyptian word Me^hu or "crowned" may give us the Hebrew word Meshia^h or "anointed," but for reasons here stated I question if the idea of "crowned" entered into the name Christos of the Septuagint. But I must confess that the Egyptian word She^khaa presents more difficulties, as it means "crowned."

The Egyptian letter ^kH is a highly aspirated H, and is usually

transcribed by the Greeks as X, and vice versa. The value of the Greek X in English is usually Ch. The ^kHeru of the Egyptian would thus be Cheru, or Ch-R. These latter two letters form the famous XP cryptogram of the early Christians. That this referred to Christ is generally accepted, but perhaps as the "Word" that the Greek John Gospel said was made flesh, and which was in the beginning, and was God. A Greek or Jew, writing at Alexandria when the Septuagint was prepared, and while the Log-os was subject to many ramifications of thought, would have a different view of the Mesia^{ch} from the Galilean of a century or two later. The Galilean would understand from rhapsodists, like Joel and Malachi, that the great day of Jehoah was to be preceded by some warning messenger, such as the fiery charioteer Elijah, the ti-Shib-i or "returner," but that Jehoah himself (Juaa in Egyptian means the "Coming-One") would in person re-establish his kingdom. On the contrary, the scholar at Alexandria, with few illusions, and environed by the mystical and metaphysical ideas of Egypt and Greece, would construe Mesia^{ch} as some agent or agency emanating from the Divine Order or Supreme Intelligence, and working as noiselessly in nature as did ^{ch}Heram or Herm-es at building the temple; and this is seen in the Greek Gospel of John, where Jesus is called the Logos, is made to speak of the Paraklete or "Comforter," and to say (xvii. 17) of God "thy word is truth," in the sense of Maa ^kHeru, since it was to sanctify them. The Jewish concept was practical, and grew out of a condition of oppression which called for a deliverer, and it is curious that the man who began the revolt which ended in the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus was Me-Na^{ch}em or "Comforter." The Greek or Egyptian idea was psychologic or phrenic, and Paraklete to them must have represented the inward monitor which we call by the curious name "conscience," though personified as a divine message and messenger or adviser, such as Ta^{ch}ut was to the gods and Athene to Ulysses.

It was this warning "voice" or ^kHeru, which as Cheru we may have as Christos, the substitute for Messia^{ch} in the Septuagint; an Egyptian word for Log-os. Dr. Carus may thus have firm foundation for his opinion if he would only seek it in the nearest field, though I am aware that the word in proximate forms has relative meanings in several languages. It was only in Egyptian eschatology, however, that we find the ^kHeru or "words" of Ta^{ch}ut given as pass-words to the soul in the realms of the dead.

THE WORD "CHRIST."

BY THE REV. A. KAMPMEIER.

AS a result of a recent correspondence with the Editor on the word *Christos* and at his request I make the following comments:

On Professor Cornill's authority it is generally accepted that the Solomonian Psalms in their present form must have originated between the years 48 and 37 B. C. Since the Septuagint appears to have been completed about 150 B. C. it cannot be said that the word *Christos* first occurred in the Solomonian Psalms, but that its first appearance is to be found in the Septuagint.

In eight passages the Septuagint uses the word *Christos* to translate *Mashiach*, "the anointed one" in the sense of "king." (In its more complete form the expression is *Meschiach-Jahveh*, "Jahveh's anointed.") The passages are 1 Sam. ii. 10, 35; xii. 3, 5; xvi. 6; xxiv. 7, 11; xxvi. 9, 11; Ps. ii. 2; xviii. 51; xx. 7. Cyrus is also called *Christos* (Isaiah xlv. 1). In Ps. cv. 15 the plural form *Christoi* is even used for the patriarchs. Of course in all the passages mentioned there is no reference whatever to the New Testament Messiah, but simply to an ordinary Jewish king, with the exception of the last two passages, referring to Cyrus and the patriarchs. And Cyrus is again referred to in the passage Dan. ix. 25, where *Christos* also occurs, accompanied by the word *nagid*, "prince," which according to the orthodox interpretation refers to the Christ of the New Testament. In the following verse (26), however, the *Christos*, who will be "cut off" very probably refers to the High-priest Onias III, whose assassination was one of the causes of the Maccabean wars, for the term *ha kohen ha maschiach* occurs in the Hebrew Bible for the "anointed High-priest." I just mention this Daniel passage here, as it has always been and is yet considered as one of the stock prophecies referring to the death of Jesus, and because the context in which it occurs has always been

and is even yet the foundation, without any ground whatever, of all that absurd and futile labor spent on the Apocalypse to find out the exact time of the coming of the Antichrist and the second coming of Jesus.

Now to the grammatical part of the question. The form *Christos* is a passive participle of the future, meaning "one who is to be, or one who must be, or one who shall be anointed." But the word *Christos* has also the meaning "anointable" or taking the neuter form *christon*, "something to anoint with" or "to be rubbed on," as salve. Æschylus uses this neuter form in connection with *piston*, "something drinkable," "a draught," and *brosimon*, "something to be eaten," when speaking of different remedies in Prometheus, section 480.

Now the question is whether the word *Christos* can ever be used in the sense "one who has been anointed." Strictly the present passive participle *chriomenos*, "the anointed one," or the perfect participle *kechrimenos*, "one who has been anointed," would be expected.

But I think there is satisfactory evidence that the passive participle of the future, the form *Christos*, has imperceptibly changed from the meaning of "one who is to be anointed" into the meaning of "one who has been anointed." It has received a perfect passive participial meaning. In the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the messengers say they have seen her (*Antigone*) hung by the neck. She had committed suicide. The messengers say: "*Ten kremasten auchenos kateidomen.*"¹ Now *kremasten* (accusative case, fem.) is formed exactly the same way as *Christos*; *kremastos* is a passive participle of the future of the verb *kremannumi*.² Here plainly the meaning is not: "We saw her to be hanged," but "we saw her hung by the neck." And there are other forms formed exactly the same way as *Christos* from the future of the verbs, but having imperceptibly gone over into the past passive participle meaning. Thus *kerastos*, "mingled," *plastos*, "moulded," *pristos*, "sawed," *phryktos*, "roasted."

I therefore think that *Christos*, has in the face of the afore mentioned examples passed over into the meaning "one who has been anointed." At least from the number of examples in the Septuagint the form *Christos* is indisputably shown to be used in that sense. I therefore think, that there is no need to assume, that *Christos* stands in any connection with or is a corruption of the word *Krishna*, although I would not deny that the Indian God-

¹ τὴν κρεμαστὴν αὐχένος κατείδομεν.

² κρεμάσω, fut.

incarnation ideas stand in connection or have influenced Western Asiatic ideas in this respect, especially if we take into consideration the legends of Krishna being born among the shepherds and the massacre of the children of his age by a king who feared to be deposed by the new-born king.

If the evidence of the Septuagint shows that *Christos* is used in the sense of "the anointed," i. e., "king," and if it is a fact of Jewish history, that ever since the decline of the glory of the old Davidic kingdom the hope was fondly cherished that the old glory would be renewed by some future scion of the Davidic house, which hope was even yet expected to be fulfilled in the person of Serubabel after the return from the Exile, (compare the post-Exilic prophets Haggai and Zechariah) but of course in vain; and if as late as the Solomonic Psalms this hope of a Messiah from the house of David was kept up; why is it not natural that such a national Messiah- or *Christos*-idea became amalgamated with the Persian *saoshyant* and other "saviour" and god-incarnation ideas and that under the word *Christos* were subsumed all hopes, the national, social, spiritual and moral, among the Jews just preceding the times of Jesus? Especially since, as we know from the New Testament, among the primitive followers of Jesus, the national and spiritual Messianic hopes seem to have been blended together and could not be parted from each other. And to give utterance to my own opinion, I suspect that Jesus, whom I take as a historical person, in some way or other, perhaps not clearly, thought himself to be the Messiah, because he was a descendant of David, according to Romans i. 3, one of the oldest and most authentic writings of the New Testament, written about 59 A. D., and because any such descendant might consider it possible to become the Messiah, as the noted Jewish Medieval writer David Kimchi has said. And further the promises Jesus gave to his disciples, that they should sit on twelve thrones to judge the twelve tribes of Israel in the final restoration; as also other sayings in the Gospels point to the view that the Messianic ideas of Jesus were not entirely of a spiritual character.

ANGELUS SILESIUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

MYSTICISM is, as it were, a short cut of sentiment to reach a truth otherwise inaccessible under given conditions, and since writing an article on the subject for a recent number of *The Monist*, I have devoted more time to a renewed perusal of one of the most prominent and interesting mystics of Germany, Johannes Scheffler, or as he is better known by his adopted name, Angelus Silesius, who was born in 1624 at Breslau, and died in 1677. While mystics of the type of Jacob Boehme and Swedenborg present their views in long essays of a philosophical nature which read like the dreams (or if you prefer, the vagaries) of a prophet, Angelus Silesius condenses his views in short apothegms, written in a somewhat archaic style, mostly in simple verse, and often with crude rhymes.

For an explanation of my view of mysticism, I refer my readers to the above-mentioned editorial article published in *The Monist* of January, 1908, pages 75-110. I have there attempted to translate some of the lines of Angelus Silesius (on pages 104-109). Since this mystical thinker is little known in the countries of English speech, and since only a few of his verses have been translated, we present here to our readers an additional selection which will serve as instances of the peculiar God-conception of the mystics, so much like the Buddhistic Nirvana; also the mystic ethics of quietism, the mystic psychology and mystic religion which teach man to seek salvation through breaking down the limits of the ego. By overcoming egoity it is promised that man shall attain divinity. Particularly noteworthy is the mystic's sensual conception of piety, and the representation of the soul's relation to God as a kind of mystic marriage. All this is typical of a certain kind of mysticism which exercised such a powerful influence at the end of the Middle Ages, but has now entirely lost its influence on mankind.

Johannes Scheffler was born of Protestant parents at Breslau, the capital of Silesia, in 1624, and was baptized in the same year on Christmas day. Having passed through the usual course of education at a gymnasium he went to the Universities of Strassburg, Leyden and Padua where he studied medicine and philosophy. At the last mentioned place he took his doctor's degree in 1647. For three years, 1649-1652, he served as Court Physician to Duke Sylvius Nimrod of Oels, who was a pious but decidedly oncsided Protestant.



DR. JOHANNES SCHEFFLER.

From a caricature of 1664. (Considerably reduced.)

Scheffler's mystic inclinations had long before alienated him from the dogmatic and anti-artistic spirit of the religion of his birth which during the middle of the seventeenth century was more severe and bigoted than ever before or afterwards. At the same time there was a religious revival in the Roman Catholic world which proved attractive to him, and so it was but natural that finally in 1653 he severed his old affiliations, and joined the Church

that by the mystical glamor of its historical traditions was most sympathetic to him.

The zeal with which Scheffler embraced Roman Catholicism made him unjust toward the Protestant persuasion and implicated him in very unpleasant controversies.

Having become *persona grata* in the aristocratic circles of Austria, Scheffler became Court Physician to the Emperor in 1654; ten years later, in 1664, he was appointed chief Master of Ceremonies at the court of the Prince Bishop of Breslau, with the title Counsellor.

His devotion led him in 1661 to enter the order of St. Francis, commonly called the Brotherhood of Minorites. Having fallen a



DETAIL OF CARICATURE.

(Somewhat enlarged.)

prey to consumption, he died July 9, 1677, in the institution of the Knights of the Cross of St. Matthews in Breslau.

Though by education a physician and a scientist, Johannes Scheffler was a mystic and a poet. His most famous book is entitled "The Cherubinean Wanderer," and it is from this that the present selection has been made. It was followed by another pious effusion entitled *Heilige Seelenlust oder geistliche Hirtenlust der in ihren Jesum verliebten Psyche*. He is also the author of several church songs which breathe fervor and piety.* Like Newman's "Lead,

* The two best known songs of his which are still used are:

"Mir nach! spricht Christus, unser Held,
Mir nach, ihr Christen alle,"

and

"Liebe, die du mich zum Bilde
Deiner Gottheit hast gemacht."

kindly Light!" these have become the common property of both Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. Some of his songs have been translated into English, notably, "Earth has nothing sweet and fair."

We have tried in vain to find a likeness of Johannes Scheffler. The only portrait that we can discover is a caricature in an invective lampoon entitled *Wohlverdientes Kapitel* ("Well deserved Chapter") published in 1664, in which our mystic is represented as a pedler of spectacles, rosaries, cards, dice, and other similar wares. No attempt has been made to disfigure the expression of his face, and we have reason to believe that it bears a certain likeness to the man. In his signature he calls himself "*Archiatr et physicus Olsnensis*," which means that he was court physician and surgeon of the small duchy of Oels in Silesia.

We will now let Angelus Silesius speak for himself:

What has been said of God
Does not suffice, I claim.
The Over-Godhead is
My life, my light, my aim.

God is my final end;
Does he from me evolve,
Then he grows out of me,
While I in Him dissolve.

God loves me more than Him;
Than me I love God more.
So He gives me as much
As I to Him restore.

In Spirit senses are
One and the same. 'T is true,
Who seeth God he tastes,
Feels, smells and hears Him too.

In God nought e'er is known,
Forever one is He.
What we in Him e'er know,
Ourselves must grow and be.

God never did exist
Nor ever will, yet aye

He was ere worlds began, and
When they're gone he'll stay.

God Father is a point,
God Son the circuit line,
And God the Ghost does both
As area combine.

God is all virtue's end,
Its mainspring He's likewise.
He too is virtue's cause,
He eke is virtue's prize.

Thou needst not cry to God,
The spring wells up in thee.
Don't stop its fountain head:
It flows eternally.

Who without God as well
As with Him e'er can be,
He is at any rate
A hero verily.

Abandon wimmeth God.
But to abandon God
Is an abandonment
Which must seem very odd.

Eternity is time
 And time eternity,
 Except when we ourselves.
 Would make them different be.

Things in eternity
 Are all at once in prime,
 No after nor before
 Is there, as here in time.

Who would expect it so?
 From darkness light is brought,
 Life rises out of Death, and
 Something comes from Naught.

Two eyes our souls possess:
 While one is turned on time,
 The other seeth things
 Eternal and sublime.

My heart below is strait,
 On top 't is wide and stout.
 It must have room for God.
 But earthly things keep out.

O Christian once thou must
 Down into Hell be led.
 If not while still in life,
 Thou must go down when dead.

Trust me, my friend, if God
 Should bid me not to dwell
 In heaven, I'd stay here
 Or go, as lief, to Hell.

When quitting time, I am
 Myself eternity.
 I shall be one with God,
 God one with me shall be.

What did eternal God
 Before time had begun?
 He loved Himself and thus
 Begot He God, the Son.

What you for others wish,
 You for yourself suggest.
 If you don't wish them well,
 Your own death you request.

A soul redeemed and blessed
 No more knows otherhood.
 It is with God one light
 And one beatitude.

In Heaven life is good:
 No one has aught alone.
 What one possesses, there
 All others too will own.

Plurality God loathes,
 Therefore He has decreed
 That all men should in Christ
 Be only one indeed.

Beware man of thyself,
 Self's burden thou wilt rue.
 It will impair thee more,
 Than thousand devils do.

Three enemies has man:
 Himself, Satan, the world:
 The first will be the last
 That to the ground is hurled.

Were e'en in Christ himself,
 Some little will at all,
 However blessed he be,
 Surely from grace he'd fall.

The highest worship is
 Like unto God to grow,
 Christlike to be in life,
 In habit, and love's glow.

Like unto Christ is he
 Who truly loves his foe,
 For persecutors prays,
 And renders good for woe.

What shame! The silkworm
works
And works till he can fly,
While you a man remain
And still on earth will lie.

Pure as the finest gold,
As rock so rigid hard
And clear as crystal, keep
The soul within thy guard.

Had Christ a thousand times,
Been born in Bethlehem,
But not in thee, thy sin
Would still thy soul condemn.

He who before the Lord
With envy comes and hate
Will hatred with his prayers
And envy impetrate.

I say it speeds thee not
That Christ rose from the grave,
So long as thou art still
To death and sin a slave.

Golgotha's cross from sin
Can never ransom thee,
Unless in thine own soul
It should erected be.

Man, thou shalt be St. Paul!
In thee must be fulfilled
What Christ has left undone
And where wrath shall be stilled.

The resurrection is
In spirit done in thee,
As soon as thou from all
Thy sins hast set thee free.

Thou must above thee rise
All else leave to God's grace:
Then Christ's ascension will
Within thy soul take place.

If neither love nor pain
Will ever touch thy heart,
Then only God's in thee,
And then in God thou art.

Who not with others hides
And always lives alone,
If he's not God himself,
Must into God have grown.

Man should not stay a man:
His aim should higher be.
For God will only gods
Accept as company.

"Where is my residence?"
Where I nor you can stand.
"Where is the final end
Where I at last shall land?"
"T is where no end is found.
"And whither must I press?"
Above God I must pass.
Into the wilderness.

Indeed, who of this world
Has taken the right view,
Must be Democritus
And Heraclitus too.

The saint is rising higher;
He's changed to God in God;
The sinner downward sinks,
Is changed to dirt and clod.

To own much is not wealth,
For he is rich alone
Who losing all he hath
Will not his loss bemoan.

Thy will 't is makes thee damned,
Thy will that makes thee saved:
Thy will that sets thee free,
Thy will makes thee enslaved.

The nearest way to God
Leads through love's open door;
The path of knowledge is
Too slow for evermore.

Love maketh bold; and he
Who God, the Lord, will kiss,
With love alone should kneel
Before His throne of Bliss.

Child, be the bride of God,
And be thou His alone.
Thou shalt His sweetheart be,
As He's thy lover grown.

Will pregnant be of God:
His spirit verily
O'ershadow must my soul
To quicken God in me.

The angels are in bliss,
But better is man's life,
For no one of their kind
Can ever be God's wife.

You ask what manhood is?
'T is plainly understood,
For in a word it is
The Over-angelhood.

God kisseth but himself.
His spirit is His kiss;
The Son 't is who is kissed,
The Father who did this.

Thou wishest to behold,
O Bride, the bridegroom's face;
Pass by God and all else,
And thou wilt him embrace.

The God-enraptured man—
One only pain hath he;
He can not soon enough
With God his Lover be.

To bear a child is joy:
God's sole bliss is that He
Brings forth His only Son
From all eternity.

God e'en Himself must die
That you may live thereby.
How can you gain His life
Unless like Him you die?

Death is a blessed thing!
The stronger death chastises,
The much more glorious is
The life that therefrom rises.

Oh ponder well on death!
Too many things you try!
Naught can more useful be,
Than how one means to die.

Friend it is now enough.
In case thou more wilt read:
Thou must the Scriptures be,
The essence eke, indeed.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT JESUS.

BY DR. CHARLES F. DOLE.

[CONCLUSION.]

V. JESUS AS THE FOUNDER OF CHRISTIANITY.

The conventional questions may now be asked. How can the rise and history of Christianity be accounted for in any other way than upon the presupposition of a unique founder? For the most progressive nations are to-day accounted Christian. The Christian religion under some one of its forms is still winning converts. This seems at first a very formidable question, but the answer is much plainer than it is often made to appear. It grows out of a mass of familiar knowledge about the rise and development of religions.

In the first place there seems to be no ground to believe that the actual Jesus, even in the rôle of Messiah, ever intended to found a new religion. The old religion at its best was good enough for him. It was a religion of justice, mercy, peace, reverence. This was all that Jesus preached. It only needed to be freed from its tribal narrowness and its vexatious details of ceremony in order to become a religion good enough for all men. The spirit of a broader humanity was already in the air. If Paul had really known the religion of his own people, as taught in the sixth chapter of Micah, it is hard to see to what else he would have needed to be converted. It is certain that with such a religion he could never have been a persecutor, much less an enemy of Jesus! Of all the denominations in Christendom the Quakers seem to have been nearest to Jesus's thought. If one fact is sure, it is that Jesus never founded the elaborate congeries of systems historically known as "Christianity." It is preposterous to suppose that he would have understood the claims, the colossal machinery and the magnificent pomp of the Roman Catholic and other sacerdotal churches.

As to the rise and development of Christianity, two quite different theories appear. One is that the mighty stream of Christian history is traceable back substantially to a single fountain or source,

namely, the life and teaching of Jesus, as men may once have guessed that the mysterious Nile had a single source. This idea seems to be out of line with all the analogies of history and of human life. The other thought is that the great stream flows from innumerable sources, with contributing fountains in every land and from every period of history, with daily accretions to-day, as if from the constant rain and the dew. The stream of religion flowed before Jesus was. A long line of unknown psalmists and lovers of righteousness fed the strong spring of his life, as from underground sources. A noble group of men, close to him and following him, each added the momentum of their lives to the new flow of the current. At this point the stream took Jesus's official name, as the continent of America took the name of Americus Vespucci, or might better have taken the name of Columbus, without the slightest word of disparagement of other brave and great voyagers who under a common inspiration sailed the same seas. The analogy between the founding of Christianity and the discovery of America is very suggestive. We have the same analogy in the history of every invention. No person ever accomplishes anything alone. No one can be given the sole credit for any attainment.

The truth is, that the early Christianity obviously owed its success very largely to the indefatigable labors of Paul, whose genius took it out of the lines of a Jewish sect and gave it a quasi universal character. As Jesus founded no new religion, so he wrote no books and professed to bring no new doctrine. There is no certainty that he appointed apostles, least of all twelve in number. Suppose that he had merely emphasized the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, though in the clearest manner. Does any one imagine that a new religion could have been established and made to endure on this simple basis, in the age of Nero and in the face of Gothic invasions?

The primitive Christianity was involved with certain very natural, and fascinating ideas, lying close to the borderland of error, which, like alloy mixed with the gold, gave it common currency. One of these ideas, akin to the belief of modern spiritualists, was the bodily or physical resurrection of Jesus. This appealed tremendously, as such a notion always does appeal, to the popular imagination. This was the burden of Paul's preaching, though he seems for himself not to have credited a physical resurrection so much as the repeated appearance of Jesus in his "spiritual body." (1 Cor. xv. 44.)

The early Church also seems to have looked for the miraculous coming of their Lord from heaven to judge the world. (See 1

Thes. vi. 14 etc.) This was an idea to conjure with and to make converts. The grand expectation in the early Church of supernatural events about to spring forth made such a book as the Apocalypse possible.

Again, the early Christianity, just like Christian Science to-day, was a vigorous health cult, all the more persuasive from the common delusion that devils were the cause of disease. The Christian healer, at the magic name of Jesus, could cast out the devils, and cure the sick. Imagine this idea removed from the early Christianity, and try to think what would have been the collapse of faith. These three great ideas, like so many strong strands, helped mightily to hold Christians together, till the new religion came to be fortified with the priest-craft, the pomp and power of imperial Rome. Then it largely ceased to be Jesus's religion at all.

The development of Christianity from the working of natural means and the play of human motives, allies it with the rise of other great cults. Thus, while the Buddha gave a name to Buddhism, he certainly did not create the religion. But he served as an intermediary to give a new and popular turn to the prevailing religion of his people. A religion is always greater than its founder. Otherwise we should have to assume needless dignity for the authors of various modern cults. We have spoken of the Madonna worship. But no one outside of the Catholic Church thinks it necessary, in order to explain the origin of the worship, to suppose that Mary was better than other mothers. It is interesting to recall that in Paul's case, he seems not to have known Jesus "after the flesh," that is, the actual Jesus. His Jesus was an ideal person and all the more powerful. The relation of the founders of a great religion to the course of its growth is like that of the founders of a nation or a dynasty. We gladly owe our thanks to King Alfred and Washington, but we owe our thanks to many another good patriot as well without whose help we could never have heard of Alfred or Washington.

VI. CERTAIN POSITIVE CONCLUSIONS.

It may be that the old word will be uttered again, at least in some form: "They have taken away my Lord." If we can never be sure what the actual Jesus was like, what becomes, you ask, of the "leadership of Jesus"? We answer, in the very words attributed to Jesus in the Fourth Gospel, and which contain a world of wise suggestion. "It is expedient for you that I go away." It is another instance of the familiar case where the vase that bore the exquisite

perfume must be broken in order to use the perfume. The letter must go that the spirit may prevail.

To be perfectly frank, as we are bound to be by every consideration of honesty as well as religion, the actual and historical man Jesus is not, and has long since ceased to be, the one leader or Master in religious life, or in the progress of mankind. He is not the real authority of the modern man in any church, either for conduct or religion.

Let us face this fact seriously, for it is very important. In the first place, the ideal man whom we modern people demand as the pattern of our lives, is not, as we have seen, the Jesus of the Gospels. It is indeed a different ideal for every man and woman. But for us Americans, it must be modern and American. Jesus was a Jew, unmarried, the father of no children, apparently somewhat skeptical of the marriage relation (Matt. xix: 10-12), as Paul was. He was not a citizen but only a subject of the empire; he was not a man of affairs; he had nothing to do with art; he was the example of a Hebraic type, in contrast to the generous Greek type of life. The dominant thought of the cross and the resurrection puts him somewhat away from the normal healthy-minded youth and man. Our actual ideal, on the contrary, is of a patriot, a husband and father, a man of affairs, a man of the world, in the noblest sense of the word, whose business it is, not so much to die bravely as to live nobly, while fearless of death. Our ideal embraces both the Hebraic and the Classic type in a larger pattern than either. This is a different ideal from that which the name of Jesus Christ represents. It is absolutely essential to teach this ideal to our generation with freedom and heartiness.

As a matter of fact the world of Christendom has never taken Jesus's life seriously as a possible life to pattern after. The world does not now take it in earnest. "Ah," men say, when Jesus is mentioned, "His life was out of the common. It was supernatural. No one else could do as he did; no one can be like him." The words, the "leadership of Jesus" in certain mottoes doubtless set before most people the figure of a somewhat exalted personage, walking in advance and apart from the rest of the world. Do our Sunday school children think that Jesus ever smiled? He is mostly an unreal man, with an unreal or quite exceptional mission. This is unfortunate for the teaching of the art of the good life as normal and gladsome. People actually come to use the exceptional character of Jesus's life as an excuse for doing nothing practical with his noblest teachings!

More important yet, as we have already shown, there are very naturally elements in the story of the actual Jesus which appear seriously misleading and even unethical in the light of our best spiritual truth. Men call Jesus's example difficult and "unpractical" on the side of his faith, his sense of duty, his devotion, his non-resistance, but they constantly cite his frequent use of anger and denunciation. We cannot afford any longer to let them quote that unlovely passage about his driving out the money-changers from the temple, whenever justification is wanted for bitter words, for a quarrel or a war. We cannot permit men to use Jesus's mighty example for calling their fellows hypocrites and "a generation of vipers"; we cannot let them quote his authority for buying swords.¹¹

Men have indeed often put a high use to the question: "What would Jesus do?" as a mode of guidance in problems of conduct. What they really mean is what would the most perfect man do? They evidently cannot know what the actual Jesus would have done for example, with the problem of temperance in the United States, or with the backward races, or even with legislation upon the subject of divorce. Each man proposes as Jesus's presumable answer the judgment of his own conscience. The Italian Roman Catholic or German Lutheran sees no moral difficulty in the story that Jesus made wine out of water and prescribed the perpetual use of wine in the sacrament of the Eucharist. Millions of people in America on the other hand see in wine no longer the symbol of pure joy but of degrading temptation. Such considerations suggest the absence of any express or infallible ethical standard to which men may resort as to an oracle and have an answer to their questions free of the costly discipline of thought, experience and sympathy. Is not this because ethical and spiritual development, so far from being based on a set of finite rules, is an endless process of movement toward the conception of an infinite Good Will? The loss of personal acquaintance with the actual Jesus,—a man who stands in the past,—is in fact the facing about towards the noblest ideal of the living God.

Meanwhile the need and the sense of personal companionship in the good life do not depend at all upon the belief in Jesus as the only perfect man. Who does not have the ideal companionship of actual friends among the living as well as among the departed? In other words, we steady our consciences many a time by asking: What would my father or my mother, my wife or my friend do and

¹¹ Luke xxii. 36. But compare the fine passage Matt. xxvi. 52.

say in this emergency? This appeal of the imagination is as effective as it is to ask: What would Jesus do?

It is often said that a religion must be personal. In other words, it must worship a founder: its sentiment must cling around a single object. There is a valid truth here. It is the truth embodied in the faith that God in some sense is a person and not an abstract force. A vital religion conceives of a Life, an Intelligence, a Good Will, with whom we can come into unison, who may reverently be said to care for or love us, in doing whose will we have peace, satisfaction and gladness. In this high sense, religion must be personal.

Religion is also made manifest through symbols and through persons. But it is not true that it is dependent upon a single symbol or personal manifestation. Vast as the loss would be if we could suppose the history of religion to be blotted out to the beginning of the eighteenth century, we surely could not therefore lose religion. The fact is, there are many symbols and numerous personal manifestations of religion. It has been said that Jesus showed both what God is like and what man may be. We say a larger thing. The present generation has seen thousands of men and women who have shown us what God is like and what man may be. He is indeed poor who has not known some such beautiful life. When therefore Jesus takes his natural place in the marching ranks of mankind we have not lost a single personal element from our religion. We behold a great company of lovable, heroic and admirable lives.

There is one great use of Jesus's life which will perhaps always remain. In many respects he stands as a familiar and notable type of humanity. The old view of him as the single Saviour of the human race passes away as soon as men cease to think of themselves as a doomed, or "lost" race, that is, wherever the modern evolutionary doctrine holds good of a race in process of becoming. But there is a continual need, no longer for a unique Saviour, but for innumerable helpers, saviours and lovers of men. Jesus is doubtless the best known name among this great and growing class.

Again, it seems to be a spiritual law that no one can be a helper of his fellows except through obedience to a deep law of cost. It matters little whether one dies or lives for the sake of his fellows. He must in any case give his life cheerfully in order to lift the level of the common humanity. Jesus's case is the typical instance of this great law of cost and willingness. But we all have to obey it. Every good mother knows it as well as Jesus.

I wish to leave the impression as strong as possible that we

have gained and not lost anything, in this view of Jesus. Let me make my meaning clear by a simple parable. A child was once given a costly gem. It was wrapped in many coverings and hidden away in a dark closet so that he rarely could see it. He fondly supposed that it was the only gem in the world. At last a whole handful of beautiful jewels were set before him. Is he poorer or richer than before? Is he poorer because he now knows more than ever about gems? He does not even care in his joy at the variety of beauty before him, which gem is the largest or the most near mathematical perfectness in his collection.

It remains to treat Jesus naturally, as we treat all the benefactors of our race. With all modesty we do not range ourselves exclusively as the disciples of any single great man, not of Socrates or Plato in philosophy, not of Homer or Dante in poetry, not of Michael Angelo or Praxiteles in art, not of Beethoven or Wagner in music, not of Newton or Bacon or Darwin in science. We use and enjoy and admire them all. We make all of them serve as object lessons, each in his own way. Our wealth of human interest and sympathy thus grows larger. Marching in one grand procession, they all and each of them stir us to practical effort and valid hope better than a single unique, lonely, and unattainable Master, if such there were, could ever stir us. There is a new sense of a grand companionship to which we all belong.

This natural view of Jesus is in line, as the exclusive and exaggerated view of him is not in line, with the whole trend of the democratic thought of our age. To most men even yet Jesus is the center and head of a monarchical scheme of religion. It is easy to bow in church and make a king of one who lived and died twenty centuries ago. Such homage costs little reflection and no effort of substantial good will. The democratic ideal, on the other hand, conceives of a host of men, all of one common nature, all associated together as members of one family, all needing both to help and to be helped, to give and to take of each other, to teach and to be taught, to inspire and to be inspired by every fresh act and word of friendliness and devotion. There is here no one Master or Leader or Saviour,—like a king-cell in the human body. There is reciprocity; there is mutuality. If one has it in him to show the structure and the gleam of the diamond, all men also may show the same glint, and enter into the same beautiful structure. This alone is spiritual democracy.

The only objection to this view of Jesus's relative place in the world of men comes from the side of the temporary hurt to our

sentiment. The same sentimental opposition was once raised to a democratic government, free of any sole figure of a king to revere, and about whom to rally the nation. It has been found that the sentiment of loyalty may be more mighty and effective, as well as far more sane, among the citizens of a republic than among the subjects of an empire. It has been found that men are abundantly willing to die for the sentiment of a rational citizenship in a great republic. Be sure that no sentiment which is good for anything can be permanently harmed by facing the light of day.

This view of Jesus's relation to human nature is absolutely called for by the practical purposes of ethical education. You cannot easily make the life of Jesus interesting and persuasive to the ordinary boy or youth. There is too little usable incident. Throwing out the wonder-stories, there is a fatal lack of material to make into continuous lessons sufficient for several years of Bible study. Barring exceptions and the work of teachers of marked genius, the child's mind becomes weary of the study of Jesus. The scenery is foreign to him, and the moral and spiritual experiences are remote. How many Sunday school teachers have ever had such an acquaintance with Jesus's life in any of its phases as to be able to make young people acquainted with it?

Take your freedom now! Use Jesus just as you would use any other grand figure of the distant past, precisely as it happens to impress you. Use it much or little, for your own help or for the training of youth, accordingly as it commends itself to you as usable. Then add to it, in democratic and natural fashion all the treasures of biographical material with which our world is growing rich. Add the lives of men and women who have impressed themselves upon our own generation, and have helped to make human history nobler. Tell as many stories from every source as you can, all going to show the glory, the success, the happiness, the health of the good life. Has not the impulse come to you toward this life, almost as if from the atmosphere you breathe? It is doubtless the atmosphere of goodwill. See to it that this atmosphere is around your youth in the home, as well as in the church, or Sunday-school room.

Be sure finally that there is that in human life which is greater than the greatest man. It is the spirit of man, or rather the spirit of God. Wherever the good spirit is there is God. Wherever this spirit is in history, history ceases to be profane and becomes sacred. Wherever this spirit possesses men there is not one son of God, but all are God's children. Nothing less than this is the gospel for to-day.

GREEK SCULPTURE THE MOTHER OF BUDDHIST ART.

BY THE EDITOR.

A GLAMOR of antiquity generally rests upon the monuments of ancient India, and we cannot doubt that Indian civilization reaches back to the first millennium before Christ, and that in the days of Buddha it had attained a height which made possible one of the most remarkable of the world's religious movements—the establishment of a faith that discarded all the pagan features of primitive idolatry and superstition and formulated a moral code which even



HEADS FROM GANDHARA.

to-day can scarcely be regarded as antiquated. Nevertheless Indian antiquities are much younger than they are popularly supposed to be, and neither manuscripts nor monuments of the Brahmans and Buddhists date back earlier than the fourth century B. C. No doubt they include more ancient traditions, and we do not hesitate to acknowledge that the Buddhist books incorporate sayings of the Buddha which are genuine and may be the very words of the

ALL CREATION LAMENTING BUDDHA'S FINAL ENTRY INTO NIRVANA.





THE BUDDHA OF GANDHARA.

founder of the Dharma; but the Mahabharata, for instance, the national epic of India, in the shape in which it now lies before us, though resting on primitive traditions, has been influenced by Greek thought, and the traces of the Iliad and Odyssey are noticeable in its verses.



DETAIL OF THE APOLLO BELVEDERE.

What plastic art may have existed in India before the third century B. C. is not known, and if there was any the work must have been executed in perishable material, for nothing has been preserved. The first specimens of Indian art are of Greek origin, and are found in the Gandhara districts which were overrun by

Greek adventurers after the time of Alexander the Great. At home Greek art entered a state of decadence, but here the artists were inspired with new thoughts, and though in technique they were inferior to their brethren at Athens and Rhodes and other centers of Greek sculpture, they made a start toward a new development which was destined to sweep over the whole of Asia and produce that peculiar kind of sculpture which found a new typical expression in Chinese and Japanese art. Even before this significant connection of Asiatic art with the last traces of Greek vitality had been known, connoisseurs of Chinese, Japanese, and Tibetan sculpture called attention to the fact that in contrast to other subjects of Oriental art, the Buddha always bore Western features. The reason for this is now obvious, for it is natural that on account of the reverence in which the Buddha figure was held the conservatism of tradition would require that the original type of this most sacred figure should have been preserved more faithfully than in other cases.

It is now commonly agreed that the figure of Buddha was modeled after the prototype of Apollo, and the abnormalities which mark the character of Buddha according to Indian traditions, have been so softened as not to be offensive to the more cultivated Greek taste. So especially the bump of intelligence on the top of Buddha's head, which would appear ugly to a refined artist, has been changed into a top knot of his hair which happened to be fashionable in those days in Athens and is quite obvious in the Apollo Belvedere.

A specially remarkable evidence of the Greek character of Buddhist art is a statue found among the Buddhist Gandhara sculptures at Peshawar, now in the museum at Calcutta, which in want of a better name is commonly called the Buddhist Athene. That the statue is Greek in origin and type is evidenced by the name Yavanis, which the Hindus have popularly given to all statues of this type. Yavani is the Indian pronunciation of the name Ionian by which all people of Hellenic origin are denoted.

A comparison with Athene statues and bas-reliefs plainly indicates that the Buddhist sculptors were either Greek themselves or had learned their lessons from Greek masters. The figure of Athene in bas-relief here reproduced is of an unknown authorship, and apparently dates back to the best times of Greek art. It must have served as a stele to a tomb, for the attitude is characterized by a pensive solemnity which is not overawed by the problem of death but dwells on it in earnest contemplation.

Our frontispiece is known as the Athene of Peace which next



THE BUDDHIST ATHENE.

to the Venus of Milo is one of the best treasures of the Louvre. The absence of all armor is obviously intentional. Only the helmet is left and the head of Medusa for unequivocal identification.

The technique of Gandhara art is apparently below that of the best Greek workmanship, but it is animated by a new spirit of



TYPICAL ATHENE STATUES.

promise which can not be traced in the contemporaneous post-Hellenic period.

The field of early Buddhist art is still but little touched by systematic investigation perhaps because Calcutta where the Gandhara relics are kept lies so far from the centers of European learning that they have as yet received little attention.

A peculiar instance which will be of common interest to almost



ATHENE ON A STELE.

all archaeologists on account of its connection with Christian art is the Buddhist lamb-bearer, which has been found in Gandhara and bears a remarkable similarity to the Good Shepherd representing Christ in the same attitude. Both found their common prototypes in ancient Greek sculpture. Typical illustrations of the Greek and Christian lamb-bearer in comparison to the analogous Buddhist figure have been published in the *Portfolio of Buddhist Art*, Plate 6 (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company).



GIGANTOMACHY FROM THE PERGAMON TEMPLE.

A favorite subject for Greek artists was the representation of the struggle of Zeus against the monsters and giants of the deep who in the Pergamon Zeus temple are sculptured as wild men ending in serpent tails. It is scarcely possible that the same idea should have originated independently in Gandhara, and the similarity of the design, including even such a detail as its use upon a staircase, is too great to be accidental.

Eastern Asia has undoubtedly developed a civilization of its own. Its religions, its arts, its literature and philosophy are typically

Asiatic, and we know positively that many of the parallels that may be traced have originated in an independent development. The same psychical laws under similar conditions produced the same effects in different countries, and yet we sometimes discover historical connections where we least expect them. Gandhara was a center from



A BUDDHIST GIGANTOMACHY OF GANDHARA.

which Greek methods spread over the whole of Eastern Asia, and their influence has been the more far-reaching since religious conservatism preserved some important traces of the Buddha type which was held in special sanctity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CORNPLANTER MEDAL FOR IROQUOIS RESEARCH.

BY FREDERICK STARR.

In previous issues of *The Open Court*, we have called attention to the founding of the Cornplanter Medal for Iroquois Research and its award in the years 1904 and 1906. It is the only permanently endowed medal for ethnological investigation in America. It is awarded once in two years and is administered by the Cayuga County Historical Society of Auburn, N. Y. Four classes of workers are eligible to receive the medal—ethnologists, historians, artists and philanthropists. The first strike of the medal was given to Gen. John S. Clark, one of the foremost students of the history of the Six Nations, or Iroquois Indians. The second was awarded to Rev. William M. Beauchamp, whose contributions to Iroquoian ethnology and archæology are

well known. At its meeting of February 18, the Cayuga County Historical Society awarded the third strike of the medal to Dr. David Boyle of Toronto, Canada. On that occasion the following biographical sketch of the recipient was read:

"In awarding the third strike of the Cornplanter Medal for Iroquois Research, we go outside of the group of students born in the United States. Its recipient was born in Europe and has done his life work in Canada.

"David Boyle was born in Greenock, Renfrewshire, Scotland, May 1, 1842. As a boy he attended the Mason's Hall School of his native town and St. Andrew's School, Birkenhead, England. When a fourteen year old boy, he came with his parents to Canada, where he has since lived. On arriving at his new



DAVID BOYLE.

home he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, with whom he served four years. In his hours of leisure he made diligent use of the local library of the village in which he lived, and at the end of his apprenticeship took a teacher's examination and secured a certificate qualifying him to teach in public schools. As an educator he was pronouncedly successful. Teaching for twenty-five years, he was for more than half that period principal at Elora, where he made him-

self felt as a power among the teachers of the county in which that town is located and throughout the province. During his years of teaching Mr. Boyle was much interested in the local geology, making extensive collections of fossils from the Silurian rocks of the locality and establishing a school museum, which still exists and is the most important of its kind in Ontario. In his collecting, he discovered a considerable number of species unknown to science, which were named in his honor. As frequently happens, the collection of fossils was associated, in his case, with the gathering of Indian relics. Of these he formed a good private collection which he took with him when he removed to Toronto. This collection formed the nucleus about which has gathered the great series of almost 30,000 specimens, forming the present Provincial Archæological Museum. It is one of the most important collections on the continent and the best from the Canadian field. It is of special interest to the Cayuga County Historical Society and in connection with the Cornplanter Medal because it represents the area occupied by the Huron-Iroquois. This collection, due so largely to Dr. Boyle's efforts, must ever be of great significance to students of those tribes. Pre-eminently then does Dr. Boyle deserve a medal founded for the encouragement of Iroquois Research.

"Dr. Boyle has also been interested in the living Iroquois, numbers of whom still live in Ontario. There, as in our own State of New York, the modern representatives of the great Confederacy retain much of the life and thought of the past. Dr. Boyle has investigated these survivals; he has studied the pagan thought, religious songs, dances and other ceremonial observances of the Canadian Iroquois and has printed interesting and important papers regarding them.

"The Provincial Museum at Toronto is organically related to the Department of Education, and its collections are displayed in the Department buildings. They are admirably arranged and their study has supplied material for a series of admirable annual reports, the first of which appeared in 1886. These are well illustrated and contain many important papers, made up of new and original matter by Dr. Boyle and his collaborators. They are highly prized and are sought by libraries and institutions as well as by private students. They are creditable alike to Dr. Boyle and the Ontario government."

"The government took advantage of the Chicago and Buffalo Expositions to show their work in archæology. Chicago was the first World's Fair to recognize a department of anthropology in its official classification and organization; the Pan-American was the first to devote one of its main buildings, a part of its architectural scheme, to ethnology. Dr. Boyle was at both expositions in charge of the archæological exhibit of the Ontario government. None of the many important exhibits in this field were more attractive and interesting in themselves or attracted more generally favorable comment than these from Canada.

"Dr. Boyle is, naturally, corresponding or honorary member of many historical and scientific societies, among them *The Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland* and *The Anthropological and Ethnological Society of Italy*, located at Florence. His literary activity, while admirably represented by the series of Annual Reports of the Museum, is not confined to them. Among his other writings his *Notes on the Life of Dr. Workman*, his *Notes on Primitive Man in Ontario* and his *History of Scarborough from 1796-1896*, deserve particular mention. He has been a frequent contributor to

The Scottish American, published in New York, under the *nom de plume* of 'Andrew McSpurtle.'

No tribe of American Indians is more typical, none more interesting, than these Iroquois of the famous Six Nations. For nearly three centuries they have been in contact with white men, and yet almost or quite ten thousand remain, speaking their old languages, thinking their ancient thought, living more or less of the old life. Some have asked whether it is likely that suitable candidates for future awards of the medal may be expected. There are already in the mind of those interested in the award more worthy claimants for recognition than can be supplied during twenty years.

MEDIUMS OUTDONE BY THE CITIZENS OF FORT WORTH.

Under glaring headlines "Ghosts and Spirits Routed by Athenians," the *Fort Worth* (Texas) *Record* of January 29, gives an account of an exposé of spiritualistic fraud given in that city by an energetic association called the Athenian Society. Using as a basis Mr. David P. Abbott's book, *Behind the Scenes with the Mediums*, the Athenians under the leadership of Rabbi Joseph Jasin gave a public exposition illustrating different varieties of famous spiritualistic frauds in which well-known citizens acted the part of mediums. The *Record* describes the event as follows:

"Attacking front and rear, as well as executing a scientific flank movement or two, the Athenians utterly routed all the assembled ghosts, hobgoblins and "psychic phenomena" artists at the city hall last night and provided one of the most interesting and instructive entertainments for the great crowd assembled that has been given in Fort Worth for ages. The hall was literally packed to overflowing with seekers after truth, standing room being at a premium in both hall and gallery.

"Rabbi Joseph Jasin acted as spokesman, lecturer and conjurer-in-chief and conducted the entire affair throughout with a quaint, humorous and entertaining style all his own. His opening address dwelt with the purposes of the meeting, stating that it was not all in ghosts and the like, but a serious subject; that his associates and himself had for years made a close study of psychic phenomena and had been greatly interested in the recent appearance here of Ruth Grey and Dr. Tyndall, as well as Anna Eva Fay. The apparent impossibilities performed by those remarkable people had whetted the desire of the Athenians to show the people what the apparent mystical performances really were and the meeting was the result of this desire. He stated that in the olden days people who pulled off such apparent miracles would have been burned for witches, but this age is skeptical. And contrawise, no other people in history were more completely gullible and superstitious than our own, as witness the manner in which they allowed themselves to be fooled only a short time ago."

The paper next proceeds to enumerate the different tests, and the explanation of each mystery as it was afterwards made clear to the audience: spirit-writing, vest-turning, rope-tying, table-moving, and readings of sealed writings, while the star exhibition was the billet test to which Rabbi Jasin thus refers in a personal letter:

"Just one week ago to-night the Athenian Society gave a public exposé of 'psychic phenomena,' illustrating about 10 or 12 different varieties of famous

frauds. We had a very clever and accomplished lady for our mind-reader, and she surpassed Ruth Grey. Our telephone was of a special design, the receiver being concealed in the lady's waist, with a flexible speaking-tube attached to it which really increased the volume of sound and also made it easy to conceal the mechanism while tying on the blindfold. Our tablets were made up of separate sheets held together by brass brads which made it easy to take out any sheet and replace it again without leaving any suspicious clew. At the speaking end was a telegraph clicker attachment which gave a signal of distress by lifting one of the lady's heels from the nail. The experiment was successful beyond our wildest hopes, as evidenced by the general praise of all impartial observers, and the unrestrained wrath of the spiritualists, though we had made no direct mention of or attack upon the latter; but they instinctively felt that their cause had been much damaged in this community. The newspapers were loud in their praises of the enterprise, and the astonishment at the revelations we made was universal. Altogether we had great success, but the comments of some of the innocent dupes have convinced me that these frauds are not only simple impositions upon popular credulity, but they are positively harmful from a psychological point of view and ought to be fought by all honest men who are in a position to show them up.

"The next Sunday the local spiritualists, after challenging me through the press to perform some of my miracles under test conditions such as are 'always demanded by hard-shell spiritualists,' had two of their missionaries from New York here for a public lecture and demonstration of spirit return which was advertised as an answer to the Athenians. Our exposé helped to attract a big crowd which turned into the most disappointed and disgusted lot of people I have ever seen. Out of fear of us—I believe—they abandoned their slate messages and confined themselves to verbal blue book tests and a lot of general bluffing of a very crude variety. Both of the Reverend Doctors are extremely illiterate, and even the believers felt ashamed and afterwards many said so. The proceedings are hardly worth describing. At the conclusion, the Rev. Mrs. N. announced that her husband was a magnetic healer and she an expert shampooer and manicuriste, and would be glad, etc."

A LETTER FROM MR. PEIRCE.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

I wish to express to you my full conviction that your article on modern theology in the April *Open Court* is really great.

Your proposition that there is on the one hand a Jesus legend which is to be valued on the same principles as any other legend, but that Christianity on the whole is not that, nor to any considerable degree a development from that, but that it is a gradual common-sense evolution from a Christ-idea, seems to me to be a very great and vital truth, which I am all the readier to accept because it satisfies my internal conviction of the truth and dignity of Christianity. It at once raises our special religion to a sovereign position,—by basing it in that development of Human Reason to which all truth must be referred.

It seems to me to be a magnificent and truly great idea, to which I give in my adhesion for what little value it may have.

CHARLES S. PEIRCE.

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