



# OUR ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

THE CREAM OF FOREIGN EXCHANGES

OUR ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.  
The Cream of Foreign Exchanges.  
PUBLISHED EVERY 6TH WEEK.

This Magazine will contain the CREAM of our Foreign Exchanges, and will prove invaluable to every effective mind in the spiritual ranks. That which is of great value, something with which each one should be familiar. Each one will in the future be drawn upon to assist in making for our readers an interesting and profitable study. It is a magazine, in that your neighbor shall join with you in subscribing for our paper. Insist upon his contributing at least 10 cents per week for our support in this great work.

## ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

### Violent Spirit Manifestations.

#### The Free Masons and Their Work.

ZOOTHERAPY, OR THE TREATMENT OF THE SICK BY ANIMALS' MAGNETISM.

[TRANSLATED BY Z. T. GRIFFEN.]

M. Valkner, a captain on the retired list of the Holland army, residing at Keuver, Holland, relates the case of a Lieutenant Colonel of the Marines, who was afflicted very badly with rheumatism, and who, on retiring at night, was very much relieved by placing near by him on the bed a cage containing a pigeon. But as he was thus relieved from his malady the poor bird was thrown into convulsions.

A physician of New York makes the following statement as to the beneficial effects of horseback riding, due to the animal magnetism obtained by the rider from the horse.

"The horse is a veritable dynamo for the production of animal electricity. The exhalations from his nose and sweat from his body are charged with vital magnetism. A man riding on horseback is enveloped in an atmosphere of vital magnetism which he absorbs into his body as the parched earth absorbs the dew at night."

La Nouvelle Gazette de Zurich describes another branch of Zootherapie, as follows:

"Having observed that the peasants when wounded by cuts, were relieved by having a dog lick the wound, the American physician pursued the subject vigorously, and was so successful that a sanitarium near Zurich was founded where various breeds of dogs were employed to treat cuts and sores by the licking by dogs. This method of treatment is styled 'tongue bathing.' E. H. Phelps, D. D., *Lancet*, in *Journal Du Magnetisme* for Nov. 1890.

**Magnetic Minerals.** In Europe, in the fourth century, the loadstone or magnet was considered as having the property to cure headache, and later it was used to cure hysteria, epilepsy, and diseases incident to women.

**VIOLENT SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.**

*Petit Journal* of Paris, France, contains the following account in its issue of November 14, 1890:

"For more than a month there has been strange stories about manifestations of a violent nature on the farm of M. Trevistide, near Coray. The furniture in the house was carried from room to room, and generally returned to its place by invisible hands. Stones were dashed down from different directions all around the premises, breaking the windows, dishes and implements, without any one being able to discover the cause that projected them. People from miles and miles around came to visit the haunted premises. Several persons from Quimper who visited were obliged to leave the premises suddenly, as likewise most of the other visitors, being wounded by the stones. A few days ago when the police officers of the town were assembled in front of the premises, the captain of the police had his pipe knocked out of his mouth and broken by a stone thrown by invisible hands. Last Sunday more than six hundred persons assembled around the premises and the stones fell like hail stones on the servants of the house.

Yesterday an image of the Virgin Mary, which had been placed on the door step by a maid of the house to drive away the bad spirits, had its head knocked off by a stone. The superstitious people ascribe this phenomenon to bad spirits who are punishing the residents of this farm for their wickedness."

**FREE MASONRY.**

Communication from the Spirit-world, through the medium, Captain Boule, in France, Sept. 5, 1890.

"I take this occasion to speak on the subject of Free Masonry. I was an earnest member of that society in my life on earth. If I divulge any of the transactions of the lodges I was connected with, it is for the sole purpose of showing the objects of the institution. It is a society which teaches the religion of humanity and endeavors to better the condition of mankind morally and socially. It seeks to liberate the consciences of men, and thus destroy the hold of bigotry and tyranny. Kings and rulers of past ages have always endeavored to establish a state of religion. Logically the free masons do not wish to be subservient to priests, popes and kings, and so these rulers, who always object to human progress, have always opposed this fraternity. To obtain the results sought for, free masons always prefer the republican form of government, and always have aided in its establishment. Notwithstanding this the candidates are always sworn to patiently submit to the government in power, and many of the members of this society have been gallant and successful soldiers. On the contrary the Roman Catholic church instructs its young postulants never to take up arms, even in defense of country

The Kookkraa tribe being a strong one, the old chief had come down to Pearl Key Lagoon to implor assistance against the murderer of his sons.

The murderer hearing of the application for justice, fled up the Segovia River but was, I believe, taken by officers sent out by my brother after I had left the country, he being then Commandant and Governor-in-Chief. A jury of six Indians from each tribe was called. The murderer was found guilty, and my brother passed sentence of death on him. After the execution notices of the trial and result were sent to each tribe and settlement.

The particulars of this strange tragedy were careful to minutely note, in order to come at the customs of the country, as it was desirable, if possible, to do away with the influence of these Obeah-Men, who sometimes use improper and dangerous influence in the country of the Mosquito King.—*Light*, London.

## SUPERNORMAL.

### Following the Dictates of Nature.

The word supernatural is rightly dead and buried among thoughtful people, for as nature is all-embracing, how can anything escape her grasp?

Unfortunately, however many stones of contempt we may cast upon it, it still a very cromlech rises to our self-satisfied eye, yet in sleepy corners and bigoted by-lanes the term yet skulks about ghost-wise, bearing with it perniciou error by which it has betrayed men for ages into false conceptions. The word *supernatural* appears to the writer to be also open to condemnation. We say a partridge is a *supernatural* creature, I atrocious it may be, and happily rare, but inasmuch as under certain conditions it becomes developed, it cannot be contrary to nature, though opposed to her usual course of filial affection. In a recent case, two lads thought it right to commit this deed, and were only following the dictation of nature in so doing.

The word "supernormal" appears to be a very useful one in place of both these fallacious terms. It means *above a law*, and must not be taken to mean *above laws*, but only relegated for the time being to that domain of unformulated science whereof the laws have yet to be discovered; and as knowledge advances, facts which we now call *supernormal* will more and more be absorbed into the category of normal ones.

Even now it is difficult to settle to which class many unusual occurrences belong. Take the case of birds appearing, contrary to their usual habit, before human death or sickness. I am thinking not of the phantom bird of Mrs. N., which is clearly spiritual and *supernormal*, but of the real bird which appears to her daughter before illness. May we not suppose that this was a wild pigeon, rendered restless by some meteorological change, and so, leaving the woods, which it happily frequented, to visit its daughter? I am thinking of a companion with Miss N. who, resting on her window-sill, the same atmospheric disturbance being the common cause of its wandering, and of her rheumatic seizure?

A similar case has just happened to me. One afternoon, some time ago, I observed a crowd of children at my front garden gate. The cause was an escaped parrot, which sat proudly on the top of a high tree close to my house. Great were the efforts to recapture the truant, and many the flattering words addressed to Polly, who at length flew right away. As I was just then engaged in conversation with Miss N. about her bird story, I thought to myself, I hope this will not be a bird of ill omen to me.

The next night there was an awful storm of wind and rain (it was the one which engulfed the *Serpent*), and above all the howling of the last and the pelting of the clouds, both my daughter and I heard a loud exulting shriek, apparently of the bird, who, it would seem, had found her way back to the tree-tops near her home, and was no doubt flapping her wings with delight, as tropical birds do in their native climes, during a long-winded down-pour.

The effect was so weird and uncanny, I could not help saying to my daughter, what I had thought of the day before that I hoped it was not of evil import.

The sequel proved it was, for going out incautiously before the wet had subsided, I took a dangerous chill, from which I am still a prisoner in my room.

With regard to robins as precursors of death, it seems not improbable that as the smell of decaying vegetable matter appears to inspire their sweetest songs, so they may be attracted to the approach of death in the human frame, and even delight in an odour imperceptible to our sense. Wagtails again (who were the birds accused of window-tapping in *Science Gossip*), are dear lovers of rotting river weeds, and foul-smelling riparian mud. Crickets and death-ticks may, for aught we know, have similar acute senses and peculiar preferences. In view of these probable explanations, how are the facts to be classed as *normal* or *supernormal*?

In either case, we, as Spiritualists, should not forget that behind the warring elements and subtle processes of decay which surround us as with a certain there is one Supreme Will, which has so linked together all created things that man, were he not so blind and deaf as he is, might often recognize in birds, beasts, and creeping things the messengers of fate.—M. W. G. in *Light*, London.

## SHADOWS AROUND US.

### Accredited Narratives of the Supernatural.

#### The Wonderful Performance of a Hindu.

I.—THE TRANSLATION OF MAURICE II. TULLING.

The remarkable case now to be dealt with is recorded by Dr. Johann Heinrich Jung (usually called Jung Stilling), the friend of Goethe and Lavater, and the author of the "Theorie der Geisterkunde," and the "Szenen aus dem Geisterreiche." He most carefully examined the evidence, and vouched for the authority of every circumstance, but suppressed the correct names of the parties in relating the incident in his "Theorie der Geisterkunde."

There resided in a comfortable house not far from Philadelphia, United States, in 1740, a man of somewhat singular habits. He had an independence; and lived entirely alone, seeing little of his neighbors. He had the reputation of piety, and was a regular churchgoer, while his unostentatious kindness and benevolence in the neighborhood were well-known facts. Even his name was for long a mystery until he received letters from an Indian postmark, when it soon became noised abroad that they were addressed to Mr. Maurice Agra Tulling; from which, and from collateral circumstances, it was immediately ascertained that he was born in India, at Agra, and named after his birthplace; that he was perhaps a half-caste, very possibly a Brahmin, or Buddhist, or fire-worshipper, or fifty uncanny things; more particularly as the women who periodically assisted his old housekeeper in cleaning the house reported the presence therein of a variety of fearful images and extraordinary weapons, and altogether Mr. Tulling was the object of no little curiosity, and some certain fear, to the inhabitants of Philadelphia and the outlying houses.

Among these neighbors was a Mrs. Hackett. Her husband was captain of a merchantman, which, at the time of these occurrences, had been between eighteen months and two years gone on a voyage to the West Coast of Africa, and to England, during the latter half of which time she had received no letters from him. She became exceedingly uneasy in consequence of this, and expressed to her friends serious fears of a fatal disaster. Hackett, in all his previous voyages, had always been a punctilious and careful man, and his original programme of the voyage had been carried out, he should long before this time have arrived home.

Mrs. Hackett was a person of some energy of character, and her position, tortured as she was by anxiety, and at the same time helpless to do anything to relieve it, was almost unbearable. She was not a superstitious woman, by any means, but she was reduced to such a state of despair as to willingly clutch at any suggestion, however insane, which might bring news of her husband. So that when one or two of her ignorant neighbors, impressed by the tales they had heard of the mysterious powers of the woman, recommended her to consult him, she, after some hesitation, determined to do so.

Upon her arrival at the house, and in response to her request to the housekeeper to see him, Mr. Tulling himself appeared, evidently not a little surprised at receiving a visit from a lady, more especially from a woman and neighbor. He was a spare man of a little over the middle height, well formed and erect, and his short, irregular, white beard offered a strong contrast to his sun-tanned skin.

Mrs. Hackett, with some embarrassment, told him her difficulties. She hinted that she had been told that he had traveled, and probably knew all about the places to which her husband had gone, and would perhaps be able, in consequence of his knowledge, or maybe by some other means, to tell her something which might ease her mind.

Mr. Tulling heard her out, and sat in silence, steadfastly regarding her face for some little time after she had spoken. Then he said—

"I don't know—I will do what I can. If you will excuse me for a little time perhaps I may be able to bring you some news. You will wait here, and I shall only ask, 'Do you know that man?'"

She did so, and her mysterious neighbor passed through a door into an inner room. This door had in its upper panels two elliptical windows, which were, however, hidden by short red curtains. The other room Mrs. Hackett was waiting. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour. Another quarter of an hour, and a clock in another part of the house struck three. Another half-hour. Mrs. Hackett began to get impatient. Had he gone away and forgotten her? Still she waited, and at a clock struck. She had been an hour and a half in this room without hearing a sound but that of the clock. She felt uneasy. Was he making a fool of her? What was he doing so quietly in the next room? Perhaps the man was mad, and she was in a dangerous position. Perhaps his eye was intently fixed upon her every movement from some cunning hole or cranny. She would take a peep into the inner room, cost what it might.

She arose and stepped lightly to the door. The curtains were upon her own side. She moved one a little aside at the corner, and peeped through the panel window into the room. The light in the room was dull and faint, the one small window being obscured by a drawn blind, but clearly on a sofa there lay Mr. Tulling, stretched out motionless and rigid, as if a corpse. His eyes had the glassy stare of a dead man, and his features were pale and fixed.

Mrs. Hackett let go the curtain and turned away considerably frightened. What should she do? Call the housekeeper? Not yet. Perhaps, after all, he might not be dead. It might be only a part of some fearful witchcraft or another. She would wait a little longer, and if she heard nothing then she would call the housekeeper.

Again she waited—five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour. Terrible Hindu images, with distorted faces and many heads and arms, grinned at her from the recesses of the room; inscriptions in strange characters stared from screens and cabinets. It was in late winter, and it began to get dusk. Half an hour.

A slight rustle in the inner room, and her heart stood still. Then the door opened, and Tulling appeared in the room, pale and slightly languid, as though from unquiet sleep. Mrs. Hackett gasped and shrank from him. Tulling smiled slightly.

"You may comfort yourself, Mrs. Hackett, I think," he said, in a quiet, equable voice. "Your husband is quite safe, at this moment, in fact, in a coffee house in London. He has had several adventures since he left you. There is war between Spain and the old country, and his ship was taken by a Spanish vessel nine months ago. But one of Admiral Vernon's ships took the Spaniard in its turn, and after taking him with her for some time, just lately returned to England to refit, and has landed him there. He sent one letter from the man-of-war, but that must have miscarried. He is now on the point of taking ship for home, and will probably arrive as soon as any could letter he might write."

Mrs. Hackett's agitation prevented her replying to or thanking her strange informant for some time; but some shade of doubt crossing her face, Tulling resumed:

"You may quite rely on the truth of what I have told you. It seems strange, no doubt, but I have means of becoming acquainted with such things, which I cannot explain. But I hope you will set your mind entirely at rest. Believe me, on my honor, what I have told you are the actual facts."

Confused and amazed, Mrs. Hackett thanked him as well as she could, and made the best of her way home. The element of superstitious belief which is present in every human nature, backed by Tulling's evident earnestness and sincerity, prompted her to some confidence in what she had been told, but it was a confidence which she would scarcely confess to herself; and there was a vague fear that she might have been assisting at, or connected with, some unholy rite of witchcraft—witchcraft being a thing believed in and punished by the Pennsylvanians of those days.

Whether she passed the next month or two in a much easier frame of mind than she had enjoyed before her visit to Mr. Tulling, she would probably have been puzzled to say; but as the weeks succeeded one another her excitement and suspense increased.

At last her watching and waiting came to an end, for her husband came. Where had he been? Why had he been so long? Where was his ship? Why hadn't he written? were her questions, the first greeting and tears were over.

The ship had been taken, he said, by the Santa Croce, Spanish frigate, on its way from the Guinea coast. But the Santa Croce soon had its turn, and got in the way of an English line of battle ship, who towed her away to Portsmouth, after consulting about a bit; he and his liberated crew in the meantime navigated the captive Spaniard. The only letter he had been able to send had been one from the Santa Croce, after his liberation, by a merchantman under convoy, which had been spoken for other purposes.

He had never received the letter, she said, and they agreed that it must have miscarried.

Hackett concluded his story. He had landed at Portsmouth, and had gone to London to place in the hands of his owners' agents the business of claiming the recovered ship, and had almost immediately after embarked for home. The wife said nothing at first about Tulling and his statements, marvelously fulfilled as they had been; wishing to find, if possible, for herself, where his information came from. And this she shortly found.

Walking out of Philadelphia a day or two after his return, accompanied by his wife, on their way to the house of a friend, Captain Hackett suddenly stood still and hailed a man who was rapidly disappearing up a path near Tulling's house. It was Tulling himself.

"Why, he's running away—don't wait to know me again!" observed Captain Hackett, with astonishment. And then he suddenly added, "Why he must have come over in the same ship with me—it was the first one leaving. But hang me, if I saw him on board!"

Mrs. Hackett was ten times more astonished than her husband. But she only asked, "Do you know that man?"

"Why, yes, and so do you. He brought me news of you in London; never told me his name, and I forgot to ask you about him yesterday."

"You saw him in London? When?"

"Come to me in a coffee-house. He said, 'Aren't you Captain Hackett?' 'Yes,' says I. 'Then,' says he, 'Mrs. Hackett, in Philadelphia, who is a neighbor of mine, is troubled in her mind about your safety. You are a good deal overdue, and she hasn't seen a letter from you for months. Are you going to write to her?' 'No,' I said, 'I shan't write now, because I am going over by the next ship, but I wrote a month or two ago, and then I told him about the ship being taken, and every relative thereto. There was a many folk in the coffee-house, and presently I cannot tell how we got separated, and I never saw any more of him although I hunted the place inside out. And now he runs away from me. But how could he have come across, and I never clap eyes on him all the way, is what beats me. Who is he?'"

Exactly who or what he was Mrs. Hackett would never venture to guess, but she told her husband that his name was Tulling. Why Captain Hackett had never seen him in the vessel which had just arrived she quite understood, for Mr. Maurice Agra Tulling had never left Pennsylvania, at any rate in the body, since first settling there, shortly after Hackett had last sailed.—ARTHUR MORRISON, in *Light*, London.

Probably Prussia will never get out of debt. It now owes \$1,450,000,000. Wars and a standing army are expensive institutions.

## THOUGHT INFLUENCE.

### Sometimes it is Most Potent.

In reading the ideas expressed in books, and elsewhere, we oftentimes find striking resemblances to our own thoughts; and very frequently realize vivid mental pictures, which at one time were but masses of light and shade, apparently bearing no relation to each other. Some of us pause to think of these resemblances of thought, and from them we can gather conceptions of the relation of mind to matter, and soul to soul. Surrounded by a thought atmosphere, in which exists the thoughts of men who have long since passed on, we probably get impressed with some of their thoughts. We say, these are *my* thoughts, and those are *your* thoughts; and each is disposed to believe that he thinks originally. But why so? Are not the thoughts of Homer, Plato, Socrates, ours? We have similar elements in us; we may think as they did, but may fail to express our ideas.

We are constantly finding our actions reflected in other men; they act, live, and we do; their very works resemble ours, and the man who reads our actions and ideas seems to be our natural friend; he is one with us, and is, so to speak, our counterpart.

Spiritualism has taught us that myriads of spiritual entities are about us; that they can impress us with ideas, and we almost live as one with them. Then we are surrounded by a world of thought and intelligence, and there seems to be a kind of telegraphic communication between all men, and the fine ethers of the brain are the wires for the transmission of thought. All thoughts are ours if we will but consider them so, for what is one man's is everybody's right. We try to think secretly, but the electric ether flashes on the mind, and our secret is out, and the next friend we meet will tell us so. Do not the elements, which compose my body now, help to build up another in the future; or it may be a tree or a flower? The elements are there, but the expression and form are different. We are parts of the great Whole, but body and mind are mind, spirit and spirit. Bound by no man's creeds, neither slaves to the thoughts or opinions of others we can work parallel with the Spirit-world, and the spirit within us. We need to forge no chains to bind us to Nature and God, or to our fellow-men, for we are bound closely together, and our minds are so finely tuned, that they perform their functions immutably, and fulfil their promises if we are true.

How oft do we try to fence ourselves in, and endeavor to prevent an intrusion of magnetism; our selfishness causes us to fear, lest we lose our secrets, and what we choose to call our ideas. But thought is not to be chained up, but to be made up of darts from us, as only thought can dart, and with a pleasant smile says, "Well done, my little Sir, you tried to keep me, but I slipped you."

To-day we may walk with a friend, and both may utter the same words concurrently, and be surprised at their mutual agreement; yet the fact of the similarity of expression is not far to seek. One man will grumble with another for "stealing" his ideas, and yet he is not guilty of such an act. Similar development of brain and mind-power may link any two or more persons to the same chain or sphere of thought. Our development does not depend so much on what others may think or say as on what we feel inwardly convinced is true; and we can feel nothing to be true unless the inner self feels it to be so. This inner self tells us what is true and what is false, and does not always trouble to give us a reason; but, perhaps, the truth is that the inner self makes us blind; all things are explained in due course.

Our conceptions seem limited, but our attainments are limitless; for each step we take into the broad expanse of the universe, reveals unto us the possibilities of the laws which govern the universe, and that our possible attainments are beyond all computation. The nearer we get to the Infinite, the more we feel our littleness, and when we try to conceive the infinitude of space and creation, the mind is bewildered by the immensity of the theme.

But to know me a great deal still is the fact that the laws which govern the universe and ourselves are so finely balanced that any disobedience on our part to fall in with Nature's dictations brings its own chastisement. If Nature then maintains her equilibrium with one man, who is similar in comparison with the universe than a grain of sand is to this earth,—may we not reasonably suppose that she maintains her equilibrium with humanity at large? We are living in an age of unbalanced conditions; and spiritual laws, and thought formations, and principles are struggling to maintain their balance, and, as a matter of course, will conquer in the end. In proof of this let us look at the remarkable development of spiritual thought for the past fifty years. Here we have our minds upon thousands of people practically thinking about, and desiring the same things: first, a definite and satisfactory proof of life after so-called death; second, reform in religion; third, reform in social and industrial systems. The effects are gigantic, are characterized by firmness, and a determination to win. What could have done this, excepting it is the result of the rolling of a great wave of thought over the human race, a new epoch in the evolution of thought in which men are brought to see their condition, and being disgusted and sickened at it, make a desperate effort to improve themselves.

After men have left the first convulsing shock of what they call "new" thought and systems, their minds calmly settle down to reason about it, and then goes on the transmission of thoughts and ideas from mind to mind. The air is pervaded with thought, and quickly but firmly and surely the work of reform proceeds.

Truth has always an impetus given to it which is lasting and enduring; different from the transient blaze of enthusiastic words, and the banners of enthusiasm. Scores of so-called religious systems and bodies have arisen at various times, and one might have judged from the amount of enthusiasm and energy expended, that each one of

them was going to blast all other systems into space. But one by one these sects have vanished, and are almost forgotten. Why have they disappeared so quickly? Because they were not on them the essential elements of truth. All sects have some truths in their doctrines, but sects cannot live, unless their precepts be of universal application.

Each man, who has attained to a comparatively harmonious state, has discovered that the causes which have led him to that state are within him. He has not obtained peace and harmony by endeavoring to sever the links which bind him to humanity and the universe, and, setting himself on high, disclaimed his relationship to these. We make our heaven on earth, when we feel and know that life is *now*, that the saint and sinner are of one common stock; that even our thoughts send forth an influence which may either raise or lower those who are sensitive enough to feel them.

Our quiet, silent prayerful thought may pour out, like the balm of Gilead, on struggling souls; or our evil speculation may cause despairing souls to sink at last.

In all around us we see the immutable finger of God weaving the marvelous network of creation; we are woven in its meshes, sometimes here, sometimes there; we rise and fall with the undulations of life's broken sea; and often enough are we like automatons, and able to control our conditions. But amidst all this we may discern our duties, and can act out our true nature, and become filters as it were, through which shall percolate pure golden drops of love and wisdom; which, like the wonderful elixir of life, will revivify us, and tell us something of our immortal spirits.

To the progressive mind, each day, nay, each moment, is furnishing him with fresh experience and knowledge. While feeling himself a person, an individual, or a unit, he feels how inseparable he is from everything around him. Lo, here is bound by sympathy and love; there by duty; his yearning for immortality links him with the Spirit-world; his piety asks regeneration to God. He sees the same divine power working through others as with himself.

To some men these things are not so. They are like those who, when the sun is hidden by clouds, think it does not exist; but other men have climbed to the mountain-top, have risen above the clouds and mists, and find the sun shining in all its gloriousness.

Amidst this order of things, no man can assert any prerogative; he stands at a dead level with his fellow-man, so far as laws and conditions are concerned. But there comes a time in his development when he seems to have special advantages and claims, but the penetrating eye can see that he is made up of incongruities, of perpetual oscillations, similar to other men's. His only superiority springs from the mystery surrounding him, from his ability to obey and fall in with existing laws and conditions. And this is my point; that we are all filters, as it were, coarse or fine, more or less, and that the development we refine and purify our bodies and souls, by attending carefully to the impulses of the higher nature, and living with the chords of our being vibrating in unison with the eternal laws of God.—W. J. Leader, in *Medium and Daybreak*.

## "The Pharisee's Prayer."

There's a spot which holds in keeping  
Gentle rays of light, and shall stay I—  
Purest gems of hallowed weeping,  
Dropped o'er forms of lifeless clay.  
Tears of mourners have bedewed it—  
Diamonds glistening on the grass;  
Flowers of tenderness have strewn it,  
And with saintliness endued it,  
Where the feet of elders pass.

And one night, while stars were beaming  
Through the dark, eternal space,  
I, while lonely, idly dreaming,  
Hailed the vision of a saintly face,  
Wrapt in solemn, silent musing.

On each mossy stone and mound,  
Quaint old epitaphs perusing,  
I saw the spirit of a saintly soul,  
All the mystic scene around.

Through the ruined lattice palling  
Which enclosed the place of rest  
Came the wind's low plaintive wailing  
Like the voice of souls distressed.  
At a stranger's glance I started,  
"O'er my mind, I knew not why,  
Soft I breathed a prayer appealing,  
Full of pleading, soulful feeling,  
To the Father in the sky."

For the fancy that stole o'er me,  
And my mind did thus engage,  
Made those moss-grown rails before me  
Seem like some great prison cage.  
Like the voice of a saintly soul,  
Wherein earth-bound souls are cast  
Doomed to feel a grief tremendous—  
Grief from which great God defend us—  
They could never redeem the past.

And I shuddered in my anguish  
At the contrast—then I said—  
They eternally to languish,  
While my soul should soar so free.  
I should taste of bliss eternal;  
I could pray for their release,  
Try to ease their grief infernal,  
Give them yet eternal peace.

But the prayer had scarce been given  
Ere my listening conscience stirred  
Something like a voice from Heaven;  
Soft, so softly fell each word  
That the moonlight air around me  
Seemed so much as light stirred;  
Yet the message trace-like bound me,  
Naught but this could so astound me;  
Reeled my senses, stunned and blurred.

And the words which I heard then  
Drove away all thoughts of bliss,  
And my soul with shadows darkened;  
Yet the voice said simply this:  
"Know thy place, and be content,  
For thy prison bars are bound;  
But thy pity is not needed;  
For thyself thou shouldst have pleaded,  
Crave thine own release, begin!"

"Far art thou from Heaven's portal,  
Victim to thy flesh-blind pride;  
Know, thou poor imprisoned mortal,  
Thou hast viewed from the inside—  
Viewed thy prison bars, and seen  
And thyself hath captive kept  
Those yea-yet with repining  
Hovers o'er thee, radiant, shining."

Then I turned aside and wept.  
—H. GORDON SWIFT, in *Agnostic Journal*.

Von Stephan, head of the German imperial postal system, received on his birthday, three weeks ago, a portrait of Emperor William II., with these words in the Emperor's handwriting on the back: "The world to-day stands under the banner of trade, which breaks down barriers between people and draws nations together." Progressists claim that by these words the Emperor meant to declare himself against Bismarck's corn laws.











