

An over-handed devil
 Is this "prince of the power of the air";
 Working without man's mean disguise.
 An honest devil is he—as devils go;
 Seeming to be what he really is:
 Noisy, rough, capricious, remorseless:
 A prince, indeed,
 Of limitless wantonness.
 A prince for that man
 Who bends the knee
 To all gods of pretense:
 A prince to fawn to
 As worthy of Satan's crown.

DR. OTTO PFLEIDERER.

With deep regret we learn from a cablegram of the death of Dr. Otto Pfeiderer which took place on July 20. As *The Open Court* goes to press nothing is yet known of the details of his illness. Professor Pfeiderer was one of the leading theologians of Germany, and combined deep personal piety with the spirit of fearless research. In fact he has been one of the leaders in investigations with regard to the history of the primitive Church and the origins of Christianity. He has written important books on philosophical topics, but his three latest publications have been on the origin and development of Christianity, *Die Entstehung des Christentums, Religion und Religionen*, and *Die Entwicklung des Christentums*. A translation of the Introduction to his last work on "The Evolution of Christianity," which is really a condensation of Professor Pfeiderer's whole position, appeared in *The Monist*, of October, 1907. Another important article by Professor Pfeiderer appeared in the same magazine in the last two numbers of 1904, under the title "The Christ of Primitive Christian Faith in the Light of Religio-Historical Criticism." Dr. Pfeiderer has many friends among students of religion in America and was a prominent figure at the Congress of Liberal Religions held at Boston last summer.

SISTER SANGHAMITTA'S EXPERIENCE WITH VOICES.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

After reading in *The Open Court* an article entitled "The History of a Strange Case," I am prompted to tell you something that I have never told any one before. I too have heard voices in my own ears. When I was a child and until recently, I have heard voices coming from within my brain, similar to those emanating from the head of Mrs. Blake; however with this difference: I never heard what is commonly supposed to be communications from the dead. Sometimes these voices annoy me; it is as though I was in a crowd of people all talking at once, and being obliged to listen, I become weary.

Only in three instances has anything of importance been communicated to me through these voices; the first time was when a voice in my ear told me in clear loud tones of an accident that had happened to my mother. At this time I was in California and my mother in Mexico, and the voice told me of the accident on the same day it happened. Another time was on the occasion of