

# RELIGIO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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T. G. NEWMAN,  
EDITOR.

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## THE BORDERLAND.

### A Warning Face.

I had been pulling a local passenger train for nearly a year, making 108 miles a day over 27 miles of road and in a country so devoid of railroad incident that when the engine dispatcher asked me to take out a Grand Army Special from Boston to Stoneham one evening, changing back to my regular run between Boston and Lawrence in the morning, the trip was welcomed as a diversion after trying to make 27 miles in an hour, with 21 stops four times a day.

Sumner told me that the engineer who was marked up for the special wished to meet friends in Lawrence and if agreeable would take my run and engine for the afternoon trip, leaving me in his stead to go to Stoneham with the "Vantage" and ten coachloads of veterans.

No premonition of evil overcast my spirits when we pulled out over the drawbridge at 7 o'clock that evening, a breeze from the bay tempering the heated air of the cab. The trip along the double track to Montvale and up the branch to Stoneham was uneventful. There were no stops and with everything working well I congratulated myself on the good fortune that threw such an opportunity in my way.

It was arranged that we would leave on the return trip at 11 p.m., shortly after the post was dismissed, and get on the main line at Montvale ahead of the Lowell accommodation, which was scheduled for every stop between the Junction and Boston, and would keep us down to a snail's pace on the entire run if they gained the signals at Montvale and left us to follow. It was seven miles from Stoneham to Montvale switches and we could make it by 11:15 and still clear the accommodation ten minutes, an easy run with the grade all in our favor.

Eleven o'clock came all too soon. Like all excursion parties this one was a few minutes late, and when the switches were set for us and the conductor's lantern flashed the "go-ahead" signal my watch showed 11:07, still time to get to Montvale, I thought, and looked inquiringly at Sumner.

"Never lose your nerve, young man," quoth he; and nothing loth I commenced to give the "Vantage" steam. She picked the train up quickly and we were soon out of town and nearing "Farm Hill" curve. Around this curve and down a little sag was the station from which it took its name. A side track where a shelter had been erected for commuters, but without a station agent and the switches likewise without lights, for lack of any one to take care of them. I was peering into the wall of darkness ahead with Sumner drawing at his pipe contentedly on the fireman's seat, when

#### SUDDENLY A FACE CONFRONTED ME

just outside the bright rays of the headlight. I saw a face, for there was nothing more, the body, all but that pallid face, seemed swallowed in the darkness. The eyes were staring, and straight across the forehead appeared a blood-smear gash.

The additional sense strong in an engineer that urges him to stop when something seems wrong ahead, prompted me to reach for the

throttle, but catching sight of Sumner, his former monition to keep my nerve brought pride to the front, and instead of shutting off I opened the throttle a few notches, giving the already rapidly moving train fresh impetus.

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask my companions if they had seen anything ahead, but, fearing ridicule and the official charge of being a victim of hallucinations, I held my peace. The face had disappeared, but the memory of it is as fresh as on that night when it thrust itself before me, set in the frame of black night. The lineaments were unfamiliar to me, and while puzzling over the strangeness of it all the train had rounded the curve and was pitching down the sag toward Farm Hill. A minute more and the brilliant shaft thrown by the headlight fell on the switch. This time hesitancy did not characterize my actions, for I saw it was set for the side track, occupied by loaded cars.

Yelling to my companions to jump, I shut off steam and applied the vacuum brake. Automatic brakes were practically unknown at that time, and the vacuum brake used was deficient in power and slow in operation. With but

with dread lest the baggage master had been a victim of the accident, we hurried to meet them.

In the dim light of their lanterns we saw, pinned between the dickey of the tender and the forward end of the baggage-car, the form of what had once been a man surmounted by the ghastly face which had peered at me from its black setting ahead of the train before we came around the curve. A feeling of faintness overpowered me, and I steadied myself by the friendly shoulder of the engine dispatcher, thinking of the fatal result of an unheeded warning.

By means of jack screws we gained space sufficient to remove the body from which the spark of life had been so rudely snatched, and it was placed on the grassy slope of the embankment. A search of the garments brought nothing to light that would identify the man, and their condition and texture indicated he was of the genus tramp. The conductor said he saw him lounging around Stoneham station before the special started, and thought he must have jumped on the forward steps of the baggage-



Laying the Corner Stone of the Temple dedicated to Universal Brotherhood, at Point Loma, Cal.

slightly diminished speed the engine dashed into the freight cars with a crash that awoke sleeping farmers for miles around. Rails which were loaded on the first freight car crashed into the smoke arch and through the flue sheet of the old "Vantage" and from the jagged rent poured steam and water, her life blood.

Neither of my companions jumped when I warned them, and we were all in a jumble of coal and fragments of the cab. Getting ourselves out of the tangle and finding there were no broken bones or anything more serious than bruises, we took a survey of the wreck. The engine and freight cars were irretrievably mixed; tender and baggage-car were off the track, the forward platform of the car crushed by the tender, but no other coaches had left the rails.

The conductor and brakemen now came hurrying forward with lanterns to learn whether our lives had been lost and the extent of damage sustained by the train. We could see them examine the trucks of each coach as they passed, and heard their exclamations of horror on reaching the wrecked baggage-car. Filled

car, intending to steal the ride which proved his last.

A man was sent back to Stoneham with a message for the train dispatcher explaining our situation and asking that the wrecking train be sent to our aid, as well as an engine to take the special to Boston when the track was cleared.

Noticing that I took no part in the discussion relative to the unfortunate man's identity, Sumner took me aside and said abruptly: "What did you see or hear when we struck 'Farm Hill' curve?" "Why do you ask?" I replied. "I have railroaded for nearly forty years," he said, "and in that time have never seen a railroad man act impulsively in the line of duty without a reason, even though he could not perhaps explain it. I was watching you as I ever do a young engineer; there was no need to give the engine more steam at the point where you opened the throttle, and I know you are too good an engineer to burn coal uselessly. You intended to shut off and perhaps stop, but pride prevented you from carrying out a first impression. Now what did that impression arise from?"

His kindly words nerved me somewhat and I told him of the face I had seen and my impulse to stop, which was outweighed by my fear of his ridicule or censure. "I will say nothing of it, and neither will you, for high official position sometimes dulls the railroad sense and classes warnings with hallucinations, which would carry reprimand or discharge. But remember this, as long as you are in the service, never disregard a warning. Say that there was a hot bearing or give any other time-worn excuse, but stop your engine, and when you start keep your train in hand as though running over a washed-out track. Had you done that to-night a human life would not have been blotted out and the company would have been saved a wreck which will now cost them several thousand dollars."

The subject was never mentioned between us again and the mystery of that night remains unexplained, but in my succeeding railroad experiences the advice of the old engineer saved my life on more than one occasion, impressed as it was on my mind by the weird circumstances connected with it. A. M. ALLEN.

### Spiritualism in Pellow Islands.

At our circle on March 13, at 68 Queen's-road, London, England, Mrs. Ohlson, medium, the table was moved by a German spirit, then by a Spanish one, and questions put by a young man who spoke Spanish, were answered to his surprise and satisfaction. At the same time, the medium (who is ignorant of the Spanish language), while under control, spoke to the spirit at the table, and also conversed with the young man in the Spanish language.

This young gentleman, having lived for some time among the inhabitants of the Pellow Islands, was about to return there in a few days, as he had an appointment there for three years. A short time ago he lectured at No. 8 Brougham-terrace, Liverpool, on the religion of the inhabitants of the Pellow Islands, and showed that Spiritualism is understood by them by its phenomena, and that the religion of those uneducated people is built up from the observance of those facts.

He says, "The temple in which the Pellow Islanders worship is a house in which two priests reside, at one end; at the other end there is about one-third of the dwelling screened off by means of a red cloth. This is the "Holy of Holies," the sacred place where they think the Galid lives. The remaining part is the abode of the priests, whose office it is to approach the red curtain but not enter. Seated on the floor, he tells the Galid inside the petition of the people, to which (as all the natives affirm) the Galid (or intelligence) answers in a voice which all hear, but which only the priests understand, who then interpret the message to the expectant devotees.

"One evening I was present and saw the following ceremony: One of the women arose from among the company, and placed herself in the center of the house, the others forming a circle around her by holding each other's hands. The one sitting in the midst stretched out her legs, upon which a finely-made mat of palm leaves was laid. On this they placed a large branch, which had been made earlier in the day from certain plants and herbs. The branch was wrapped round its end by a lot of cloth, and after a time it stood on one end without any other support. As soon as this was done, the woman, after throwing away the betel nut she had been chewing, asked a question of the branch, to which all the women followed, chanting a solemn chorus (the words of which we have no translation, as it is an idiomatic dialect, reserved for the use of addressing only departed souls)."

As a rule this ceremony takes place on the fourth or fifth day after the death of a person; at nightfall the principal persons of the village, especially women, meet together in the house of the deceased. As a rule, the questions are on matters touching the deceased, and are directed to his or her soul, which they believe to be around the branch or at any rate close at hand. If the women receive an answer, the branch shakes itself; but if not, it, of course, remains still; the other women still continue their chorus.

The natives believe that each one possesses a soul completely distinct from the body. They call it "Adelip;" its properties they believe to be immortal and immaterial, and that it is able

to separate itself from the body for any period of time, and is endowed with intellectual faculties. Their entire religion (he said) seems to be a species of Spiritualism.—*Two Worlds.*

### THE COMING DAY.

Read at the Seattle Anniversary.

A day shall come when men will find  
More pleasure in the wealth of mind  
Than now they do in worldly goods;  
When earth from mammon finds release,  
We will plant it in the arts of peace,  
All over with happy brotherhoods.

The day will come when woman fair,  
With healthy cheek and piquant air,  
Will take her place—the equal of her mate—  
When side by side the happy pair  
Shall equalize their load of care,  
And jointly own the world's estate.

The day will come when humankind,  
With chastened soul and cultured mind,  
Shall learn of angels how to live;  
When all the races of mankind  
Shall wisely seek, and seeking find  
The joys which only love can give.

The day will come when passion's sweep  
And crimes which make the angels weep  
Shall vanish from our mother earth;  
When every champion of the right  
Shall wisely work by heaven's light,  
And change grim sorrow into joyous mirth.

The day will come when churches grand  
Shall echo from the pulpit stand  
The fact that spirit communion  
Is a sacred bible truth—  
They learned it in their youth,  
And find it in the basis of all union.

Yes, they know the bible taught it  
Before the Fox girls caught it  
By the gentle spirit raps for "yes" and "no;"  
Nor will we debate them,  
For we will not underrate them,  
Though they leave us far behind in the show.

They will tell us that Saul  
Became a medium in Paul,  
And talked with Jesus after he arose.  
We will not dispute it,  
For no one could refute it,  
And just such truth every medium knows.

All who take a careful look,  
And study well the book,  
Will find it is full of spirit lore.  
There is scarcely a phase  
Of phenomena these days  
That was not practiced in the days of yore.

A glorious day is very near—  
To us it is already here—  
When science shall prove immortal life.  
The facts by truthful witness told,  
And multiplied a million fold,  
Must silence every voice of strife.

The evidence is sound and clear  
As ever courts of justice hear,  
That when the body dies, the spirit lives.  
It lives and makes its presence known,  
Which has a million times been shown  
By all the force that reason ever gives.

But the world is slow to hear  
That evidence—however clear—  
Slow to hear or give impartial thought  
Because the voices from the sky  
Come not to fill our garner's high;  
Because they bring not wealth for which we sought.

With joy we hail that voice,  
And it makes our hearts rejoice  
That mystery no longer shrouds the tomb.  
We love them, for we love the right;  
We welcome them as heaven's light,  
And we should give their proven truth full room.

Friend, would you haste the coming day?  
Then help to chase the clouds away—  
That dim life's sunny skies  
They are little clouds o'er all the land,  
No larger than a human hand,  
Held vainly over love's bright eyes.

J. MARION GALE.

### A Psychic Journey.

One evening, some months ago, a strong inclination came over me to retire unusually early, so lowering the window curtains and extinguishing the light I betook me to my couch for a sweet rest in the loving arms of Morpheus, as I felt very much in need of such rest.

With this pre-arrangement I was completely wrapped in the somber mantle of darkness within the walls of a small room that was both roofed and floored, thus excluding from my physical vision all phenomenal objects.

In the midst of this opaque condition I soon began to sense a signal change being wrought, or taking place with myself, my surroundings, or both, and suddenly as if by magic the whole planetary system began to express itself before me in more than usually attractive beauty, and while I was taking in and enjoying this wonderful display, that to me was a scene of glory, my attention was suddenly, by some psychic force, directed to a brilliant constellation in the south-

eastern heavens, the central one of the group being a sun in all its brilliant, golden splendor; and as I gazed delightedly on the combination, there began to extend outwardly and earthward from that illuminating center a distinctive sheen or ray of light that kept constantly throwing off what seemed to be electro-magnetic sparks. I further observed that that ray, which had assumed the form of a ribbon about two inches in width, continued to retain its connection with its sun fountain or source, while it continued to elongate.

In this condition it kept nearing the earth and rapidly approaching the spot where I was posed, and as I became intensely interested in the phenomenal display, I noticed that the beautiful ribbon sheen kept oscillating or vibrating like the movement of a clock pendulum, and finally coming sufficiently near to envelop me within its halo it began to move in an easterly direction, and as it did so I found myself leaving *terra firma*, and without the least effort on my part I followed that swinging ribbon of light with thrillingly delightful interest, taking no thought as to the outcome.

Well, on and on it moved, and rising far above the close earth atmosphere and into or on an atmospheric plane of illuminated glory that was full freighted with exhilarating, buoyant richness and sweet influence, and keeping in close proximity with the beautiful wonder, we passed through a vast extent of space, and by and by I began to realize that I had left the western hemisphere far behind and was moving over various parts of the Orient very rapidly. And as we passed from scene to scene in which both the ancient and modern conditions of human society seemed to be constantly reflected before me, all at once I became aware by some mystical or interior force or insight, that I, in company with my silent pilot and conveyance, were over that part of the earth that in history is known as the ancient kingdom of Persia, that too in its old time condition and order of life, etc., and soon after arriving within its atmospheric influence we rapidly neared the earth, when presently there appeared before me an ancient temple located on the border of a large city of singular looking buildings, and in the center of a beautiful grove of evergreen trees, and as we approached the temple I noticed that there were six other ribbon like rays projecting out from the one I had kept company with so far and long, a few feet from the end, and soon after this new presentation the seven sheened splendors settled down gently on what appeared to be the roof of the temple and completely enveloped the entire structure in a baptismal cloud of light, and at this display of unearthly glory I was invited to pass into the interior, which I did, when there within an arborial arrangement of beautiful flowers were seated seven fair beings of the feminine gender, six of whom formed a perfect chain circle around the seventh, and the heads of the seven sported beautiful crown-like ornaments while an exquisitely wrought band of burnished silvery brightness and sparkling brilliancy formed the base of the crown that artistically graced the head of the seventh or central figure, and on the front of this band were clearly engraved hieroglyphic or sacred characters that were translated before me as I looked on the changing process and which read when translated,

"QUEEN OF THE SYBILS,"

and over the left breasts of the other six were large, seven-pointed stars of dazzling beauty and character, and to increase the charm of the group immensely and to make the scene still more wonderfully interesting, the ends of the seven ribbon sheens rested on the heads of the seven persons, the central one resting on their queen.

Then it was that I was able to read the words engraved on the beautiful stars sported by the six fair ones, and each word was composed of three syllables, which word was "SYBILA," a name significant of the high spiritual office filled by those beings in some previous age.

While taking in this scene of ancient spiritual wonder, and fully realizing that this group was heaven's illuminated stars, with which did work the spirits of the gods to light the mental pathway of our old-time ancestry in the long ago, I wondered within myself if their beautiful mantels, infilled with divine magnetic power, had ever fallen, or were likely to fall, on some of the fair ones of the modern world, when suddenly the entire group made a responsive bow to my mental inquiry.

Soon after this rich presentation, in which was presented a spiritual scene of the long past, the ribbon rays of light withdrew from the temple and myself with them, and I soon became aware that I was being generously escorted back to the place from whence I started on that strange and yet delightful journey by that same silent yet evidently intelligently-exercised sheen of light, and on arriving in my adopted State of C., and while passing over a small city, one of the rays penetrated a humble-looking building and rested on the head of a young lady therein, and at that moment a sweet, cheery voice greeted me as though it came from the central ray, in these words: "Behold one of them! America and Europe have more, and the number is rapidly increasing."

Soon after this announcement the combination of seven rays of light waved their "good-by" and almost like a lightning flash and its sudden disappearance, I found myself back to my normal condition in that dark little room.

PSYCHIST.

### Fulfillment of Dreams.

"Experience teaches," is a widely accepted axiom, and conviction is never more forcibly brought home than by its application. I fully realize this by the fulfillment of three dreams for the accuracy of which I can vouch.

1. Just before waking one morning (whether in a dream or vision I know not), a manly figure which I could not identify appeared to me, and said, "If you can write another song just as good as the—(mentioning a previous lyrical composition), I will sing it and we will make it a success." All day the words forced themselves upon me. I could not think of a suitable subject, but the third day, passing down Coventry street, a well-known vocalist stopped me and repeated the exact words I had heard in my dream. It was the same man I had seen! We talked the matter over, and I undertook the work without saying a word about my premonition. The result was a song, the effective music of which is written by a prominent composer.

2. An elderly gentleman and intimate friend died not long ago. After his decease a valuable heirloom diamond ring was missing. The family were anxious, and my wife was asked to join in the search. Though not quite to her liking, she consented. After more fruitless search she had a dream in which the exact spot of concealment, behind some books on the top shelf of a bookcase, was revealed to her, where it was found next day.

3. I missed an article of no intrinsic worth but some sentimental value, only a few days ago. As I had it in the afternoon its sudden disappearance was curious, and I could not help thinking about it a good deal. In a dream a certain pocket was indicated, where I found it, the lining of the pocket having become worn. Facts are stubborn things!—K. S., in *Light*.

### The New Disease Germ.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* thus exploits Dr. Class, and his "discovery":

"Dr. W. J. Class of the health department, who believes he has discovered the germ of scarlet fever, is working to prove his theory, according to the rules laid down by Koch. He has found he is able to breed the germs in mixed garden mold. He has yet to experiment on animals or human beings with these germs. If upon introduction into the blood of living creatures they produce scarlet fever his discovery will be of great value. But until that test is made other physicians at the health department say it is impossible to tell whether the germ is that of scarlet fever or some other disease, or whether it is a disease germ at all. Dr. Class was anxious to have his theory recorded, so that if his ideas prove to be correct he may be known as the discoverer of the scarlet fever germ."

The hunt for "baccilli," is a parallel of the "witch" hunting which was a craze in Colonial times. An eminent Microscopist writes that the "students," see whatever they desire to see. That scarlet fever germs, which flourish in fresh and living blood can live "and do well," in garden soil, will be a new revelation to those who have thought themselves learned on this subject. Those who have investigated with the microscope know the great difficulty there is in distinguishing the germ of one disease from that of another. It is often impossible, and how

this doctor came to the belief that the germ found to flourish in garden soil was of "scarlet fever," is problematical. No doubt he is "anxious" to be set up as the discoverer, and to inoculate a menagerie of animals for the culture of the "virus of scarlet fever," whereby the gullible public led by the doctors, may have the blood of the unfortunate children corrupted for the high fee exacted. The cow-pox vaccination is a bonanza to the profession, bringing millions of dollars yearly, and the anti-toxine has proved equally lucrative and more deadly. In fact the toxine is more to be dreaded than the fearful diphtheria.

A "laboratory" wherein a hundred or more animals could be inoculated with garden dirt, and allowed to fester until their blood was ripe in its horrible rottenness, and ready to fill the "quills," the "hermetically sealed glass tubes," and cover the "points" with venom like that which tips the arrows of some savages, would be at least for a time a bonanza. There would be money and fame; both desirable.

The trouble is that the theory has first to be tried on "animals and human beings." Inoculation of animals would be of no value, as to the efficacy of the germs on human beings, yet presumably "after the method of Koch," unlimited numbers of animals have suffered the abominable tortures of dirt germs. Animals are helpless and unfortunately no law protects them against the inhuman demons who experiment on them.

But with human beings it is different. Dr. Class is "anxious" to experiment on them. His way to fame and fortune is barred because no one is philanthropic enough, or so devoted to the cause of "medical science," as to come forward and be inoculated with "garden dirt." Why does not the doctor try it on his own children, his wife, or himself? Why does not some other doctor make an offering of himself? Dr. Class belongs to the "Health Board," that immaculate body which conserves the public health by making it a crime for any one to heal by other than the means it prescribes. He has free access to the Public Hospitals, where the friendless patients are hopelessly placed under the protection of the doctors. There the attendant, and "visiting physicians" may experiment to their own sweet will. It is recorded that they have vaccinated with unmentionable disease scores of women, in order to find out the effect on the unborn child; they have drained the fluid from the enveloping membrane surrounding the spinal cord, from orphan children to find the percentage of mortality.

In a Southern Hospital it is recorded that immigrants were inoculated with yellow fever, and died horribly, watched by the physician who had injected the poison into their blood, who recorded any groan and spasm, and published his report in leading medical journals, and was loudly applauded by his brethren!! Why not, Dr. Class, go to the Charity Hospital, and experiment with your "garden dirt" on the helpless orphans? It is your only opportunity. No one will resent any indignity or torture you may choose to inflict. You will follow in the path of a majority of those who practice in such hospitals. The poor patients are considered by your profession as so much "material" for free experimentation. Within the walls of the hospital is freedom from public intrusion, and absolute secrecy.

A doctor licensed by the Board of Health, may experiment to his hearts content; may inoculate with virus, the effect of which may be the death of a dozen victims, or cut his way into the most vital organs, the wretched patient dying as the conclusion of a "brilliant operation," and he will be lauded as a bold and able practitioner, but if a patient "given up by the doctors," as a forlorn hope, sends for a healer not licensed and the patient dies, prosecution and imprisonment for malpractice is the punishment for the "quack." The quacks! Who are the quacks? HUDSON TUTTLE.

### The Home Circle.

Whatever people may think or believe in regard to the great question of life and death, I and my household are firmly entrenched on the rock of a living truth. Thanks to impressions made on my mind by our spirit friends, I was induced about five years ago to visit a medium in Keokuk, Iowa, named Mrs. W. L. Thompson. She still lives there at 905 High street. By her advice and assistance, we succeeded, after three

months, in getting table-tipping in our own home circle. That's the place to be converted—around our tipping table, with wife and children to rejoice with us in the great revelation.

While the first few months were somewhat clouded by incomplete or misleading messages, yet in a comparatively short time our reason was satisfied, our doubts overcome, our hearts touched with the love which beamed out all through our experiences.

Oh, the joy unspeakable which fills the soul of a poor, doubting, struggling Thomas, when through the darkness of unbelief and skepticism he sees shining all around him the "light that never was on land or sea."

My great desire is, that in their own good time, my friends "over there" may use me to demonstrate to all earnest inquirers the great truth of spirit return.

As Sister Abby Judson says, what does the loss of a few paltry dollars amount to, or the loss of a few of our former friends who have given us "the marble heart" on account of our much misunderstood faith, when our angel friends and all the forces of good are on our side? Let us rejoice and be exceeding glad, for even so were the prophets and mediums of old misunderstood and made light of.

Chili, Ill.

CHARLES CROSSLAND, J. P.

### A New Religion.

When in this country, Christopher Jibarra, "Archimandite" of the Apostolic and Patriarchal Throne of the Orthodox Church in Syria and the whole East, in his address said: "I believe that God has preserved the Koran, and also preserved Islam, because it came to correct the doctrines and dogmas of the Christians."

This statement was a surprise to his hearers, as the Mohammedan religion has been considered as very objectionable by the sectarians. Whether the correction of the Christians' creed was to forbid the use of intoxicating beverages the Archimandite did not state, as it is well known that Mohamed forbade intoxicants. The Archimandite also said, "As Columbus discovered America, so must America find a true religion for the whole world and show the people of all nations a new religion in which all hearts may find rest." He further said: "I think a committee should be selected from the great religions to investigate the dogmas and to make full and certain comparison, approving the true one and announcing it to the people."

Such were the words of this Christian prelate of high rank who had lived among the Oriental religions. The Rev. Dr. Barrows did not make a favorable report when he came back from his visit to the Orient, but his stay was quite limited and then he is quite an emotional speaker and his testimony is not as valuable as that of the Archimandite.

The distinguished Presbyterian, the late Prof. Asa Gray, said, in one of his addresses, that "no sensible person now believes what the most sensible person believed formerly. In the domain of natural science, settled scientific belief must needs control the religions."

Evidently there is need of a new creed as those eminent Christians take the same view as Prof. Drummond and other distinguished theologians. In the meantime let us not forget the compact creed of the great teacher of Christ, Rabbi Hillel, embodying the essentials of all religions—the simple diction:

"Be good, my boy; be good, my boy."

QUAKER.

### Unselfishness in Life.

I delight to read the JOURNAL. Anything concerning reform matters, a change in the motives of life interests me deeply. The picture "Imperiled Republic" is most astonishing. When I saw it I held the paper in my hand a long time, completely absorbed in thought upon the terrible inequality and injustice prevailing all over this earth. And the difficulty of effecting anything in the way of reform is so great as to be almost overwhelming. But courage and persistence accomplish much, and we must never give up trying. Unselfishness is life, selfishness death.

Dr. Muehlenbruch's article is extremely interesting and I quite agree that we are free agents, inasmuch as all these inevitable physical demonstrations and influences can and should be used by us to help on the development of our best,

mentally and spiritually. My rule of living is never to endure trials and hindrances, but use them to strengthen the higher nature. In that way, without in any degree unfitting ourselves for a useful life here, we prepare the mind to understand and enjoy the life beyond. Then when our transition comes, to that beautifully true and grandly unselfish life, we are able to enter it easily, without any strangeness or homesickness for this life to overcome, and with an added satisfying beauty and interest in living, quite unknown here on earth.

M. FOLGER COLEMAN.

### From Mrs. Longley.

It gives me pleasure again to send fraternal greetings to the readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL from the N. S. A. Our work and mission go steadily on, and we are much encouraged by the kindly words and expressions of appreciation we are receiving from many quarters, on the influence for good that this Association is exerting in many directions. Societies and public workers are waking up to the belief—and fact—that the N. S. A. is a useful institution, with a purpose and a mission, and that it deserves credit for its labors, and a recognition of its objects.

In many instances, the favorable thought and acknowledgment of the worth and utility of the Association, that are extended to us, are unselfish, and they bear the stamp of genuine desire to bless and forward our work. In some cases, however, it is amusing to perceive the sudden interest that some mediums and speakers are taking in the subject of organization in general, and in the N. S. A.; in particular. Why is this? Because they have learned of late that to secure the indorsement of this Association, either as its missionary or as an ordained speaker, whose credentials are filed at this office, they will be recognized by the railroads, as entitled to clergy rates of travel, provided they depend upon their platform work entirely for earning their living. It costs a dollar to get a copy of the Ordination paper registered at this office. It must be a true copy of a legally conferred certificate of ordination, given by some well established spiritual society. The N. S. A. does not confer the rites of ordination upon any one. That is left for the local societies to do according to the rules and privileges granted them by their papers of incorporation from their respective States. I mention this in reply to numerous queries on the subject.

I wish to thank all—authors and friends—who have in response to my appeals kindly donated their books to this library. Among those thus kindly heard from to date, are Colville, Peter-silea, Bach, Walker, D. W. Hull, Lilian Whiting, and Susie C. Clark—all are gratefully thanked and blessed by the N. S. A.

This Association is in debt, it needs funds to help it square up bills contracted last year, donations, large or small, will be gladly accepted.

MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec. N. S. A.

600 Penn. Ave., Washington, D. C.

### Warning in a Dream.

A strange thing happened to me this week. If I refer to it, it is because it is a striking instance of the dream warning. In the small hours of Thursday morning I woke up, and not being able to sleep again, I read Major Arthur Griffith's "Memorials of Millbank" until seven, when I dozed off. Between seven and nine o'clock, when my housekeeper called me, I had a dream. In my dream my sister, who lives near me, came into my room, and standing at my bedside with tears in her eyes, told me that a near relative had met with a sudden death.

The horror of the dream was upon me when my housekeeper roused me, and I said to her, "I must tell you the dream I have had," and I gave her the particulars of my sister's tragic visit. She went down stairs and I read the papers. At half-past nine there was a knock at my bedroom door, and my housekeeper said, outside, in a nervous voice, "Don't be frightened, sir; your sister wants to see you." My sister came to my bedside, her eyes filled as with tears, and gave me a telegram she had just received at her residence. A near and dear relative had died suddenly in the night. Here is, at any rate, an authentic instance of a dream warning being realized almost to the letter.

G. W. SIMS, in Referee

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at 1429 Market St. San Francisco, California  
Between 10th and 11th Streets.

Official Organ of the California State Spiritualist Association.

THOMAS G. NEWMAN, Editor,

Assisted by an Able Corps of Special Contributors.

The Editor is not responsible for any opinions expressed in the communications of correspondents.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for publication must be authenticated by name and address of the writer—if not for publication, then as a guaranty of good faith.

Rejected Communications will be returned only when stamps for that purpose, accompany them. They will not be preserved more than 30 days, after being received at this office.

Newspapers sent to this office having matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article.

This JOURNAL will be mailed to subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and all arrearages are paid.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., APRIL 27, 1899.

In the California legislature Senator Simpson succeeded in adding two sections to the proposed vaccination law. They provide that for any injury or detriment caused by vaccination, the school authorities that have had the vaccination performed may be sued for damages, and the vaccinator will also be liable for damages.

A friend sends us the following, clipped from a religious periodical:

"The seven principal bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Tripitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindus, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians."

There is a strange omission—the old Jewish scriptures are "not in it." The Christian church has appropriated the Old Testament, and thus robbed the Jews of their own bible, the Talmud, as well as of all rights and privileges, political and religious.

The average church-member even believes that the prophets and the ten commandments all belonged to the Christian church, and were created for its use and behoof.

One of the wonders of the present age is the peculiar transformation of the American Republic from a peaceful to a warlike power. An exchange very truthfully says:

The suddenness with which the idea of expansion seized upon the popular mind in this country, the rapid growth of sentiment in favor of national sea-power as an agency of maritime and commercial ascendancy, and the unparalleled awakening of the latent race sympathies between the people of the two Anglo-Saxon nations of the world, are justly regarded as the most phenomenal developments of the late war with Spain.

Mr. W. STANSFIELD, of Southport, in England, writes thus in the *Two Worlds*, showing that the philosophy of Spiritualism is permeating all religious thought:

As I was recently passing through one of our principal streets I was accosted by one of our well-known ministers of religion, who said: "Mr. Stansfield, did you see the memento in the obituary column of \_\_\_\_\_ a fortnight ago?" I said I did not remember. "Well," he said, "it was to this effect: 'In memory of my loving husband, who passed to spirit life twelve months ago, and with whom I have had constant communion.'" This delighted me immensely. In the first place, because of the apparent interest my ministerial friend had taken in the notice, and secondly, because of such notice appearing in the columns of a journal not devoted to Spiritualism, and as evidencing also an amount of spiritual "grit" in the lady in question. The world surely is moving forward.

### Theosophical Congress.

On Sunday, April 16, it is said that some 2,000 persons assembled in the amphitheater on the site for the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, on Point Loma, near San Diego, Cal. A picture of the laying of the cornerstone of the Temple may be seen on the first page of this issue of the JOURNAL.

There were many greetings to the congress by letter, telegram and cable, which had been received since the previous session. These came from lodges in Sweden, Holland, Germany, England, New Zealand, Canada, India and other countries and from cities in many States.

Several speakers maintained the advisability of giving less attention to systems of philosophy and depending more upon sound common-sense, regarding such as the coping stone and purpose of every school of philosophy. Differences of opinion were regarded as unimportant and as the natural outcome of different conditions and the development of mind, but in every case brotherhood as a fact and the essential wisdom of making it the guiding rule were insisted upon.

Mrs. Tingley said in substance that the great need of life now was to recognize and realize conceptions. The weakness into which man had drifted left him now without the courage and strength to battle with the force of adverse conditions, in accord with his higher feelings and aspirations. He felt that he had not the time to work except on the prevailing lines, and these led to pain, suffering and helplessness. She spoke of the people of Cuba, of their powerlessness unaided and alone to avail themselves of the opportunity and the new life opening to them; what this could be brought to with some compassionate aid given with the touch of common human kindness. She referred to all this as but the fuller expression of what was prevailing in less accentuated form everywhere. When humanity, through the encouragement of brotherly help and sympathy and the higher education and deeper understanding such would bring to pass, came to know and fill the soul, then would men and women arise with the power to lead human life into its rightful heritage. This was the aim and purpose of the Universal Brotherhood, and already its work was producing results and was witnessed by the rate at which the organization was growing, by the presence of that large assemblage, containing so many who in devotion and love to this cause and to promote it had come from the furthestmost parts of the globe.

A special congressional session of Universal Brotherhood will convene immediately after the regular one now proceeding will have expired by limitation. The special session will extend through three days to Sunday, April 23. It is called because many matters of importance have not been reached and additional ones have arisen which need prompt attention and consideration. More time for this is required than is left at the disposal of the regular session.

### Not up with the Times.

It has been often asserted that Spiritualists are not keeping up with the procession, that they are continually looking for tests, but do not read and keep abreast with the marching intellect of this progressive age. The following ringing words from the pen of Mr. Lyman C. Howe, in the last *Cassadagan*, are too true:

With the boasted ten million Spiritualists in the United States, not a hundred thousand patronize any spiritual paper. Probably not fifty thousand do. A few thousand may sponge their reading, by borrowing papers, and cheating the publishers; but the majority do not read any spiritual publication.

I frequently find well-to-do Spiritualists taking from three to six or more secular papers, or periodicals, and not a spiritual publication ever visits them, unless sent by a friend, or a sample from the publishers. This is a sad comment on the outlook for spiritual growth and the dis-

semination of spiritual knowledge. What an example to set for the rising generation! What a comment upon them for the on-looking world!

In many of these cases it is not because of expense, for they are abundantly able to pay for every spiritual paper published; and they do pay liberally for other literature. What then is it but indifference to the knowledge of spiritual truth which these publications supply?

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### Focalization of Will.

The shortest method to conquer "circumstances" is to ally yourself with principles, says Andrew Jackson Davis. Suppose you say: "I can comprehend only one thing, viz., the idea of progress." Keep in mind, now, that the idea is a principle. Now suppose you say: "To that principle I will be loyal, though the heavens fall." Can you not take that positive position? What seems to me to be true, that I will adhere to, though I lose the whole world. And I will adhere to it with power, not with "force." Force is animal; it is not "power." Secure your spirit by an indomitable adherence to some divine principle. Fix your nature in its true orbit, and forthwith you are above anger, above enmity, above petty vices, above low motives, above vindictiveness, and therefore, you are master and governor of all those demons of discord that beset your path. He adds:

In proportion as you are loyal to a principle, you will receive inspiration, and thus "power" is added to that life which is integral and eternal. The divine, in ultimates, always gains a victory over that which is earthly and unworthy. In theology, however, the devil always has the upper hand. But, in fact and in truth, the devil is always under—in outer and in utter darkness. Discord—force—the war element—is finally put down. The animal world is beneath man; the angel world is above man; higher worlds roll over the angel world the divinest sphere through and within them all; and the same eventually conquers.

In this rudimental world of ours, the man of war is not a conqueror, nor is the earth itself a conqueror; but the sun, with its inconceivable opulence and abundance, is grandly triumphant. But yet how silently the sun does all its omnipotent work. It does not send out a flaming letter to say, "I shall give you a very fine day to-morrow; I shall show you a world full of warmth; a great flood of light will I pour over your habitations." But it rolls right on and shines beneficently, and warms the fields, and brings mankind a wondrous wealth of golden harvests. The sun is the "power" of wise affection personified.

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,  
1429 Market St., near 10th St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Advertisements appearing fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is shown that dishonest persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once excluded.

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## Local News Summary.

Edited by M. S. NORTON.

**Ladies' Aid.**—On the last Friday evening of this month, April 28th, the ladies will give a Musical and Literary entertainment, followed by a social dance and light refreshments. Admission 10 cents. On Friday evening, May 12, Mrs. Peter Hickey and Mrs. Lida Hickock will give an entertainment as a testimonial benefit for the Ladies' Aid Society. This entertainment has been several times postponed on account of the serious illness of Mrs. Hickock. Admission 25 cents. At the headquarters of the Society, Occidental Hall, 305 Larkin St. The famous suppers given by the ladies in the past, have been discontinued, the banquet hall being otherwise occupied.

**Children's Progressive Lyceum.**—Last Sunday was observed as Memorial day by this Lyceum, and the exercises were in memory of the members and friends who have passed to the higher life during the past year. The attendance was very large and the occasion one of unusual interest. After the regular lessons and the usual platform exercises, Mrs. Sarah Seal spoke for the departed ones, and Mrs. Clara Steers, controlled by J. Procter Greenleaf, delivered a message to the Lyceum from her father, Mr. Mayo. Dr. Carpenter gave an inspiring, practical address, and Mr. Carl Sawvell sang a bass solo. Mrs. Mayo read a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Mrs. Lena Howes and Captain Brown addressed the children in a happy strain. The platform was beautifully and profusely decorated with flowers. Mrs. C. H. Wadsworth is the conductor, ably assisted by Mrs. Briggs; Mr. Wadsworth musical director. Miss Gertie Grant, Secretary, and Mrs. Sadie Cooke, pianist. The Lyceum goes upon a picnic excursion to El Campo on Sunday, May 14.

**Drew-Robinson Meeting.**—In spite of adverse conditions, the work of interpretation and transmission of messages from spirits to mortals goes steadily on. Every Sunday evening these mediums stand between the two worlds upon the platform of Fraternity Hall, 909 Market St., and do the work of the spirit world. The harvest is great—the laborers few.

**Oakland's New Meeting.**—Mrs. R. Cowell and C. F. VanLuven will open a spiritual meeting in A. O. U. W. Hall, 1169 Broadway, commencing Sunday, May 7. The meetings will be held at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m., each Sunday. The promoters of this latest effort are both well known and popular, and have the best wishes of the JOURNAL and the spiritual fraternity.

**Free Thought Lectures.**—Dr. J. L. York the noted liberal orator, spoke again in lower Scottish Hall, last Sunday evening, on "Our Defense." No more valiant champion of intellectual freedom can be found than this Ingersoll of the West; and his scathing rebuke of the false charges made against Liberalists ought to blister to the bone.

**Progressive Spiritualists.**—The usual song service, last Sunday evening was followed by a short talk from the newly-elected vice-president, Mr. G. W. Hawes, being a plea for organization and concert of action. Then Mrs. R. Shephard Lillie took for her topic, "The Spirit of Unrest, and what does it Portend?" The speaker maintained that the unrest among our people was caused by the unfolding of the spirit of truth in them, and is the manifestation of a desire to carry the light into the dark places of earth; but economic conditions retard the work, and the soul chafes under the restraint. Other people under another name are doing our work, to their honor and glory, while the Spiritualists pinch their necks and wonder what is the matter with Spiritualism.

**Universal Spiritual Association.**—The subject under discussion last Sunday at 20 Eddy St., was "How to Overcome Present Conditions." The attendance was very large and the entire meeting one of unusual interest. The public nuisance, not having sufficient good breeding to remain quiet while others are speaking, was largely in evidence. There is need of a blistering rebuke in this direction, and it will surely come in the near future. The subject for next Sunday is "Poverty, its Cause and Cure." Miss Lee, as usual, dispensed sweet music, and Mr. Carl Sawvell, of Los Angeles, gave a bass solo and encore. Dr. W. S. Hall is the presiding genius.

**Mrs. Logan's Meeting.**—Last Sunday the Circle of Harmony was entertained by Mrs. Logan and Brother Walter with spiritual talks, Mr. Heiss, musical medium, at the piano; Mr. Carlson and Mr. Keller, piano and accordion. Mrs. Rhoda Gray and others gave inspirational talks. Mrs. Logan read an original poem, "The Man with the Hoe," after Edward Markham. These meetings are held at 305 Larkin St., every Sunday, beginning at 1 p.m.

**John Brown, Sr.**, the "Medium of the Rockies," passed to spirit life at San Bernardino, Cal., on Thursday, April 20, at 7 p.m. He was probably the oldest and best known medium on the Pacific Coast, and was a general favorite in this city. We have no particulars of his death, but a condensed history of his remarkable life will be published in the JOURNAL in the near future. He was born on Dec. 22, 1817, and leaves a wife and several grown children.

**Mission Lyceum Party.**—Wednesday evening, April 26, this Sunday school will hold its regular monthly Entertainment and Dance, in Excelsior Hall, Mission St., between 19th and 20th Sts. Those who witnessed their demonstration at the Anniversary celebration recently, will know what to expect from these juvenile denizens of the Mission. Music, eloquence, dancing and refreshments will be the program. The cost of all will be 10 cents. Next week we will publish a poem written by a member of this Lyceum.

**Oakland.**—The Union Spiritual Society met at Dr. Palinbaum's, 356½ Isabella St. The meeting opened with a poem entitled, "A Beautiful Angel Comes to Me." Tests followed by Dr. Palinbaum; and Mrs. C. J. Myers of San Francisco gave some very convincing proof of immortality to about 14, which were all recognized.

**Local Personals.**—Mr. B. G. Franklin and Mr. Carl Sawvell, of Los Angeles, visited the different meetings last Sunday. Mrs. Dr. Blake has removed to her cosy home at 56 Belvedere-st., near the Chutes. A. O. Stordeur, M. A., Ph D., recently of Australia, called at our office during the past week. Geo. Hand Brower, artist medium, located at 17A 6th St., looked in upon us the other day.

**The Wedding** of the grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Newman occurred on April 13, 1899. These particulars are from the Denison, Iowa, Review, about it:

The marriage of Miss Bertha M. Cook to Mr. John Kott took place last evening at 8:30 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Cook, on East Broadway. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. A. G. Martyn, pastor of the Presbyterian church, using the simple but impressive form by which the mutual vows were pledged. The bride is a young lady of education, refinement and musical culture, and one of our most popular vocalists, always heard with pleasure by Denison audiences. The groom, while but recently in our city, has won the esteem of all with whom he has come in contact by his gentlemanly bearing, his genial companionship and his broad sympathies. He has had wide experience in travel, and is a fresco artist of the highest merit, his skill adorning a number of our best residences. Mr. and Mrs. Kott will spend a few days at Omaha, and then be at home to their many friends in Denison, whose sincere congratulations and well wishes are freely given for a *bon voyage* on the sea of matrimonial life, in which congratulations the Review heartily joins.

**Madam Montague** writes from London, England, on April 5, that she expects to return to the Pacific Coast in the near future, and that her private affairs must be settled according to her "perception of right, guided by reason, and sanctioned by conscience, regardless of the consideration of others." She is grieved that she has by some been misunderstood. Let that charity, taught in our beautiful philosophy, be practiced more generally. Her return will be cordially welcomed by her many friends.

**Mrs. Prior**, Atlanta, Ga., on April 14, writes: "Again this spring I have been called upon to take charge of two societies. The Society in Chattanooga, Tenn., and the Society here. This necessitates 280 miles of travel each week. Hence I have little time to devote to anything but my public work and correspondence." Her California friends will be glad to learn this bit of news.

## Societies and Meetings.

Under this heading we insert notices of meetings at TEN CENTS per line each insertion ONE INCH (10 lines), \$3.00 per month.

## California State Spiritualist Association.

HEADQUARTERS—1429 Market St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PRESIDENT.....M. S. NORTON, 1429 Market Street  
VICE-PRESIDENT.....W. D. J. HAMBLY, San Jose.  
SECRETARY.....T. G. NEWMAN, 1429 Market Street.  
TREASURER.....B. F. SMALL, 3750 22nd St.  
DIRECTORS—Mrs. R. I. Johnson, Hollister; Mrs. H. E. Robinson, San Francisco; Mrs. M. E. Coleman, Oakland; C. H. Wadsworth, San Francisco; Mrs. I. M. Kellenberger, Alameda.

## Society of Progressive Spiritualists,

Meets at 305 Larkin St., San Francisco, at Occidental Hall, Supreme Court building, every Sunday evening at 7.30 p.m. Mr. J. T. and Mrs. R. S. LILLIE, of Boston, are engaged for the present season.

**LADIES' AID SOCIETY.**—Headquarters at 305 Larkin-st., San Francisco. A FREE Social will be held on the second Friday evening of each month, and a Musical and Literary Entertainment and Dance on the last Friday evening. Admission, ten cents. Business Meetings will be held every Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. Take the Elevator.

**MRS. JENNIE ROBINSON** holds circles for Messages and advice every Tuesday evening, and Fridays, at 2 p.m. Private consultations daily; letters answered, a specialty. 1346 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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