

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

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Beaders of the JOURNAL are especially requested to sena in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plan what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organzation of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and "mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE .-- Bibles -- A Lecture Delivered Before the New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting, Association.

SECOND PAGE.-W. R. Colby allas Parson Raines. Mr Edmund Gurney.

THIRD PAGE. ""My Darling is Dead." Book Reviews. Nev Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE.—A Move to Christianize Japan. Dr. Field Knows All About it. Ecclesiastic History. Mrs. Failon In a Trance. The Professional Beggar in France. General Items.

FIFTH PAGE.- A Typical Case. General News. From Cassadaga Camp. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE—Sunset Thoughts. A Remarkable Dream and its fulfiliment. Commendatory. The Thoughts of Dying Miners, Indulgences. A Trance Speaker of the Revolution. Letter from the Pacific Coast. "Fifty Years Afterward" Of Interest to Women. Interesting Mailiestations. Aldermanic Religion. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

SEVENTH PAGE .- "The Kingdom of Heaven is pt Hand, A Wife's Strange Warning. Miscellaneous Adver tisements.

EIGHTH PAUE.-Heaven Revised.-And a Voice said unt me "Write." Miscellaneous Advertisements.

BIBLES.

A Lecture Delivered Before the New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association

At Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 22nd, 1888, by Hon. A. H. Dailey, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bibles have been the blessing and curse of mankind. They are the work of men,-have never been dictated nor inspired by anything higher than man, or the spirit of man as developed after leaving this sphere of action. In saying this of a book so much revered by millions of persons now living, intelligent, religious and sincere, as well as millions of those who have the realms of time to the eternity which is beyond. I do so with no desire to cause pain to any heart or provoke contention, which is needless, and to be avoided when possible. am not unaware of the good that has been done by this book, which is known as the Christian Bible, nor blind to the influence which it exerts over the lives and actions of millions of persons who look upon it as the only word of God given to man, which defines his duty to his Creator and to mankind, and points the way, and only way, to salvation in the life which is to come. I can well recall the time, and the period is not remote, when I revered this book as containing the only revelation of the word of God to man; and it would illy become me not to respect those who occupy the same position in this regard that I have occupied; and I respect the sin-cerity with which others defend this book from the assaults that are being made upon The influence of early training and education is hard to be overcome, and we need not wonder that men are loth to break away from the associations, training and education of early life, to form new relations with those who stand in antagonism to life-long friends and companions upon matters so important as those affecting our temporal and spiritual welfare. It may seem strange for me to assert that any man of strong intellectual powers, of marked religious .nature, a mau who is magnetic, a natural organizer and leader, could to-day, in almost any portion of the civilized globe, enunciate that as coming from God which originated with himself, gather around himself disciples and believers, and become the head of a new re ligious sect; the stability, permanency and influence of which would depend largely upon the amount of practical common sense which should be interwoven with his theor logy. This has been done, and is being done to day; and I am thankful that this age is being characterized by that wealth of scien-tific knowledge, profound philosophical research, freedom of thought, speech and ac tion, which enable us to discern that which has at least the semblance of truth from that which is absurdly false; which enable us to gather here and there some grains of truth from the mass of chaff with which the world is afflicted. Previous to the year 1827, in the central part of the State of New York, a person with literary attainment whiled away his leisure hours by composing a strange romance, in which one of the tribes of Israel was made to figure in the North American Indian, as being its descendant. Into this work was woven, portions of the ancient Jewish law, and the ingenuity of the writer was such as to enable him to put into his remarkable narrative that which might lead unsuspecting minds to give credence to the idea that he was seeking to inculcate, for the simple purposes of a story. These writings had never

served, but Joseph Smith, ignorant of that fact, chanced many years afterwards to get possession of what he supposed to be the original, and in 1827 he commenced to preach and proclaim to the world that an ancient work written upon tablets of gold, in ancient characters, had been revealed to him and that, by angel guidance he had been lead to the place where this remarkable record had for thousands of years been concealed, and that it was his mission to establish a new church, that of the Latter Day Saints. From this beginning came the book and religion of the Mormons, a religion which now numbers among its adherents men and women of unquestioned attainments; and you well know that I am only uttering that which is the history of the times, when I say to you that the religion of the Mormons has hundreds of thousands of followers; and that the number is constantly increasing. The influence and effect of an accredited lie can-not be estimated; it is beyond human calcu-lation. The book of Mormon was substantially the work of the writer of the romance of which I have spoken. Mormonism had its birth and outgrowth, and owes its power and influence to-day, to the circumstance I have related and to the religion of the Jews. Polygamy is sustained by the practice of the patriarchs of the olden time who were God's servants, and by direct authority from God to the Mormon prophet. These prophets were re-ciplents of personal visits from Him; and they

been published; fortunately a copy was pre-

cipients of personal visits from Him; and they held frequent intercourse with Him; through His angels who came upon special missions, when He was supposed to have been otherwise engaged. A few hundred years after the foundation of the Christian religion, Mohammed claimed to have had a vision, and to have witness-

ed in an incredibly short space of time things which were hidden from the rest of mankind. He became a prophet and so proclaimed himself; and he wrote, and what he wrote is studied as part of the education of great nations in the Eastern countries, and his followers are as numerous upon the face of the earth as are the followers of Jesus Christ to-day. What is true of Mohammedanism is true of the teachings of Confucius,

At about the close of the 17th century, Emanuel Swedenborg was born, and in the

Emanuel Swedenborg was born, and in the early part of the 18th century, he promulgat-ed to the world that which has now become the foundation of the religious sect bear-ing his name. Swedenborgians may be numbered by the hundreds of thousands; firm believers in the truth of his teaching, in the divine nature of his inspiration, crediting him with having held communion directly with God himself. Swedenborg's teachings are largely supplementary to those of Christ, and he goes on to express more fully than had previously been given to the world something of the nature of the spiritual realms into which, sooner or later. we are to be consciously ushered. This remarkable man possessed a wonderful spiritual nature and was gifted with what is known as clairvoyance and clairaudience. He gave to the world proof of these pow-ers which, to people of those days, were re-gamded as supernatural and a gift from God himself. One who is able to supplement his teachings with evidence of powers such as Swedenborg possessed, will command the faith and confidence of certain classes of minds. The age in which Swedenborg lived was well adapted to the inculcation of the doctrine which he gave to the world as com-ing from the divinest of sources. That much of his teachings were true, those who are familiar with the inculcations of to-day from the spiritual realms will not deny; that the Swedish seer was instrumental in preparing the way for the coming of a larger number of seers, is certain. Within the past few years, a book claim-ing to be a new bible to mankind has been written through the instrumentality of a man in our very midst, and those who have read and carefully studied it, concede it to be a very remarkable production. In it you will find expressions which indicate that an individualized God, or Jehovah, is speaking, or has spoken. The writings which were given to the Jews by Moses as having come from Jehovah Himself claim no greatauthenticity than those in this book, which is known as Oahspe. That Oahspe contains much that is instructive, many valuable lessons which it would be well for every one to understand, and that it is sufficient to guide people into the proper paths for the attainment of higher spiritual perfection, will be apparent to those who impartially perfise some of its pages; but having said this much of this and other books, are we to reverence them as containing the positive mandates of God to His children? Is it, or is it not true that Je-hovah has spoken directly to any mortal, commissioning him, to the exclusion of others, with the promulgation of divine truths? Can we not, standing as we now do, fearless and impartial observers of the workings of the human mind, of the power that one individual is capable of exercising over another, understand how proselyting has been con-ducted and how effectual it has been in swaying and controlling the thoughts of people, causing them to become confederated into sects and denominations, and that what parents have believed they have taught their children, and that infant minds have grown, formed and matured to harmonize

does not harmonize therewith, is false and untrue. Here and there, from time to time, as if to thwart and overcome the pernicious effect of this tendency in the human mind, free-thinking men have arisen who have directly challenged the truth of these teachings, and demanded proof of their authenticity. The ablest and most determined opponents that religious teachers in the past and of to-day have to contend with, are those who deal in every-day practical common sense, and apply the ordinary tests of reason to the religious doctrines being promulgated through the various churches and religious organizations. For one I am very willing to concede that

it would be pleasant to know that there is a personal Being who can comprehend this vast universe, who does, can and will control its majestic forces, its stupendous and, to mortals, incomprehensible systems, and Who, at the same time, with all the love and affection that a mother has for her own child, is holding each of His children in constant remembrance; a Being whom, not-withstanding the bereavements and sufferings mortals are passing through, notwith standing the storms and clouds which are breaking upon them, they know is by these methods awakening them to a more perfect comprehension of their relations to Him and to a more perfect enjoyment of that eternal life which they believe to be theirs. That there is something beyond us, a power that is greater that man can comprehend, and which he will never be able to grasp, an infinite force which has set in motion the innumerable worlds above and around us, which causes the sun, as it were, to mount into the heavens by day and to sink beneath the ocean at night, that causes the snow to come in winter, the flowers to bud and blossom in spring, that gives to us plentifully of the fruits of the earth in their season, we do know. That there are intelligences above us, farther advanced than we are, who comprehend more of these wonderful things than we do, I be-lieve that most men feel; but whether there is ONE Who comprehends the whole, in the sense that we comprehend the little within the grasp of our mentality, Who controls these wonderful forces and commands them at His will, we do not know, and no man, by any possibility, can know; he can simply conjecture, and the right of conjecture can be denied to no one

I am speaking this beautiful Sunday morning of bibles. I am speaking of them as the work of men, as I believe them to be the work of men, aided by intelligences who, like ourselves, were born of the world in which we live or of the worlds which are draling around ns. Mestarians things he circling around us. Mysterious things be-come exceedingly simple when the key of knowledge has unlocked the closet. When communication between the mortal and the spiritual realm has become so well established that the system is distinctly understood and its operations perfectly compre-hended, much that is mysterious to th the world to-day will be solved, the stumbling blocks will disappear and burdens be lifted from the shoulders and hearts of innumerable beings who are suffering under a bondage from which they cannot be too soon set free. It now seems to be most thoroughly established, that man is a descendant from an ancestry no more conspicuous than the first germ which sprang forth at the close of the Azoic age. Assuming that man is the descendant of this ancestry; assuming, also, that na-ture has her spiritual side; assuming that man has a spiritual nature, and his soul is the spiritual undying counterpart; when that soul is released and passes into the spiritual realms above and around us, wherein, I ask, does our reason teach us, that, as a spiritual being he is wiser and better than s a mortal? Where, I ask, would such a being look for wisdom, except to the very sources of knowledge afforded by his changcondition? If the broad and swelling Atlantic, and all the seas of the world, have their counterpart in the spiritual realm; if the islands and continents which make up the dry land of our earth. rise in grandeur in spiritual counterparts; if our refined and spiritual natures shall render us capable of comprehending a thousand beauties, a thous and wonderful things which were invisible to us here; then surely in that Spirit-world are avenues of knowledge, fields for study and exploration. Hence how natural it is that those possessing undying affection for friends who are left behind, the denizens of earth. should desire to come back, if possible; to read the vall which separates the two realms, and bring to the hearts of loved ones the good tidings of immortal life, of joy and happiness beyond. This we can understand would naturally be the result of this change to us, educated and enlightened as we are; but let us go back in the history of mankind, to those ages and periods when human life was sacrificed upon the slightest pretext; when man was emerging from a barbarism which was the natural concomitant of a development from the brute creation (or rather ancestry) when these people died, what would natury ally be the character of the communications such spiritual beings would give back to mortals left behind It can not naturally be supposed that the mere advent into another state of existence would have at once transformed them into beings of transcendent wisdom; and it cer tainly would require the lapse of vasi periods

edge obtainable there can be perfectly comprehended by those upon a lower plane of life. If we are developing, we may naturally expect that each successive stage of our existence will unfold to us much that we were not adapted to receive upon the lower planes; and certainly those who are familiar with spirit communications have already learned that it is difficult to communicate to us the conditions by which our friends upon the other side are surrounded, so that we can comprehend them; and this ought to lead us to understand that it may be equally difficult for those upon the other side to advise us upon the ordinary affairs of our own lives. How can it be supposed that those who passed from this world ten thousand years ago, could give any greater information of the formation of the earth, of the creation of that which it contains, than we ourselves can obtain by making proper researches here? It is conceded that before Moses com-

menced his writings, the Egyptians were a great and civilized nation; they were well versed in many matters of science; their as-tronomical calculations have been found to be wonderfully correct; they were far superior to the Jews, and the vision which Abraham saw, and communications which he received seem to have been strangely fulfilled; but have we considered the means which were employed to consummate so great a result? Was there anything more in this whole prophecy than could have been deliberately planned by great spiritual intelligences to be consummated through the lapse of ages? Are we not to day foretelling what we propose to accomplish, and having laid our plans for the future, do we not proceed to bring around the desired result, though years of patient toil, study and care may be required? In youth we lay out the plans of our lives and set about to work for the accomplishment of these purposes. So can we understand how t was planned that Abraham should become the founder of a great people; that certain inhabitants of the Spirit-world knowing his peculiar adaptability as an instrument in their hands to accomplish their own purposes and ends, should desire that his should be an exclusive and peculiar race, a race adapted to the education and development of the particular religious ideas of those who were his immediate inspirers. For this purpose they forbade his descendants from commingling with the heathen nations by which they were surrounded, and caused Moses to be de-veloped and educated as an instrument peculiarly adapted to be a lawgiver to his people.

How easy it is for us new, from the position we have attained, to picture the convocation of spiritual beings, who were of harmonions minds having a unity of nurpose

No. 24

such a people. That God Himself, as a personal infinite Spirit, wrote the law of the Jews, is a bellef which each age is tending to destroy; and at no time since it was promulgated to the Jews, has it been so little credited as by thinking people of to-day. It is a mixture of what is good with that which is barbaric in the extreme. For a man to say, "Thus saith the Lord," is no proof that man speaks the truth; and we are safe in saying that anything which is premulgated as coming from such an "infinite source," which savors of the imperfections of poor humanity, bears in itself the unmistakable evidence that it is false. How that reasoning and thinking people could have so long accredited it to a Divine source, can only be accounted for from the fact that their minds had been trained to believe that it was almost an unpardonable sin to question its authenticity; and the further fact, that, for at least eighteen hundred years, it has been the general belief that no possible means could be found to prove that the Bible is not true. There is ne falsehood so dangerous as the one mixed with truth; and it certainly is true that this book, so highly revered, contains much that is of great value, and which has wrought noble results in the hearts and lives of men. The writing upon tablets of stone and large mastic plates and columns, was learned by the Jews from people older than they, and the literature of Assyria and of Egypt was displayed upon these tablets as well as upon the leaves of the Papyrus which are found preserved with the mumied remains of the men who, like ourselves, regarded death as an incident in human life, but which did not terminate or destroy it.

for from that age, and for the guidance of

The law commanding sacrifices and burnt offerings surely cannot be commended by wise people of to-day as the work of a wise God. We certainly cannot assume that a Perfect Being was lacking in wisdom in the days of Moses, and is wiser to day. That the law of Moses was not a wise law is evidenced from the fact that it has been rejected by Him who came in fulfillment of the prophecy, and established upon earth the great truth that the Kingdom of Heaven is within, and very sensibly taught that God is not pleased with burnt offerings and the sacrifices of blood, but rather with contrite hearts, followed by pure lives and worthy and noble actions. That those who were inspiring Moses, presenting him with visions, represented themselves as being God, may well be ac-counted for upon the hypothesis that they believed that had they made themselves known in their true character as being but angels or advanced spirits of the men of them, nor obeyed their commands, and hence he was purposely kept in ignorance of their real character. How different were the inspirations and teachings of Jesus! A comparatively few hundred years in the spiritual realm had been productive of a vast improvement in those who came back to enlighten mankind, to guide them in the ways of truth and happiness. No longer do we hear the proclamations of war, of havoc and destruction, of the extermination of tribes and the putting to death of individuals at the command of the Most High; and men whose lives were characterized with butcheries, extortions and licentiousness, are not commended for those things: What is more conspicuous than the teachings and gospels by Jesus Christ, as they stand in contrast with the law of Moses and the lives and characters of the men who were commissioned with its enforcement? We have come now to a period when bibles of a different character are being written. They are made up of the very times in which we are living; every discovery in natural science is the unsealing of a page in the Bible of God, as He has written it in nature itself. When Hugh Miller made his discovery and bore to the world the Testimony of the Rocks, and when he pointed to the footprints on the boundaries of time, he was pointing to tablets that bore a testimony which as much transcended that given by Moses to the Children of Israel as the light of the sun transcends the borrow-ed light of the planetary world. Here we find transmitted through a series of ages, the length of which man has not yet been able to calculate, the origin of species and the descent of man, and this testimony is placed in bold contradiction with the record of their special creation prior to the time Adam is said to have been formed from dust. That the sun was not specially created to give light to this little world by day, nor the moon and innumerable hosts of stars to give it light by night, none but the most ignorant at this day will contend; yet there the record stands, still forming a part of the Bible of Christian nations, and which in our own country we are asked to salute with a kiss to make the oath we are taking more binding upon our consciences. have not thus spoken of the bibles which have been given to mankind to lessen the respect every one should feel for the truth that may be contained within them; but because I desire to lead the minds of people to look upon all things which are given, free from bias, free from prejudice, free from the trammels of early education, that each one may seize, comprehend and convert to his use that which is true, and which is for the ben-efit of all who shall learn the truth. I would not lessen the reverence which all should feel for the word of God; if possible, I would increase it; but I would not have that which is the work of man longer hold such pow-Continued on Fifth Page.

and who were preparing the way for the formation of the Jewish nation, with an evident purpose that it should control eventually all the nations of the world: that it should conquer nation after nation and establish upon earth a religious empire, which according to their purpose, should be a kingdom without an end. They knew and compre-hended the superior wisdom and intelligence of the Egyptian people, and that the Jews must receive schooling from nations arther advanced than themselves to enable them to accomplish the purposes in view. To that end Joseph was made the object of special affection from his father, the jealousy f his brethren was created, the conspiracy for his destruction was formed, and then he was sold and carried into Egypt, while his brethren pierced the heart of Jacob with a living sorrow, causing him to lament him as destroyed by wild beasts. That I am correct in my conclusions, is the more forcibly shown from the fact that Joseph, when once amid the civilization, the pomp and power of the Egyptians of that day, soon became conspicnous above the necromancers, astrologers and magicians by whom he was surrounded, by having visions which were strangely verified. and by being a remarkable interpreter of ireams and possessing those powers which the great Patriarch Abraham had given to Isaac, Jacob and their descendants.

The long sojourning of the Israelites in Egypt, familiarized them with the customs and habits of the most remarkable nation of those times, and the adoption of Moses into the King's house, secured for him an opportunity for education which was afforded to no other Israelite; and being a Jew himself, of the chosen stock, he, too, was an interpreter of dreams. He surpassed all other magicians in the production of phenomena, which were as much sought after by the people of those ancient times as they are by the advanced students and philosophers of to-day. Thus Moses became wiser than the people of his own race; he was influential at the court

other books, are we to reverence them as containing the positive mandates of God to His children? Isit, or is it not true that jehovah has spoken divectly to any mortal, commissioning him, to the exclusion of others, with the promulgation of divine truths? Can we not, standing as we now do, fearless and impartial observers of the workings of the human mind, of the power that one individual is capable of exercising over another, understand how effectual it has been tonducted and how effectual it has been conducted and how effectual it has been tonswaying and controlling the thoughts of people, causing them to become confederated into sects and denominations, and that what parents have believed they have taught their children, and that infant minds have grown, formed and matured to harmonize with the teachings they have-received? Thus it is that we find so many people ready to assert their religious beliefs and convictions, and to flatly declare that anything which

Registered Convict, No. 4273. W. R. Colby alias-Parson Raines.

As a Baptist Minister He Robs the Mail Car of a Parishioner-is Caught and Sent to -the .Penitentiary-Getting out by a Ruse, he Essays Mediumship-Driven out of Chicago he Settles in San Francisco where with the Support of-two Papers, Both Weekly, he Prospers as a Medium, Minister of the Gospel and Camp Director-In the Opinion of a Victim he is "One of the Greatest Criminals Unhung."

The JOURNAL for May 2nd, 1885, contained an exposure of one W. R. Colby who was then holding forth in Chicago under the guise of a medium for independent slatewriting and other physical manifestations. W. The JOURNAL adduced proof that the man was an unconscionable swindler, wholly unworthy of credence and patronage, and called the attention of the police department to his performances. In consequence of the Jour-NAL's attitude the city became a dangerous place for him, and he finally brought up in San Francisco-next to Boston, the paradise of pseudo mediums and spiritualistic fakirs. His success at first, does not seem to have been very flattering, for in 1886 he returned to Chicago. His return coming to the knowledge of the JOURNAL, a short item announcing the fact, coupled with some appropriate comments, was published. This seems to have been sufficient to drive him out of town again, and he returned to San Francisco.

In tracing his career in this city we found Colby to be not only a most audacious, reckless swindler, a common liar and gambler, but we discovered evidences strongly indicative of a character more villainous than is usually owned by dealers in mock spiritualistic wares. Enough was learned to convince us that the man had a history back of the time when he essayed the medium business. But no conclusive evidence of this came into our possession until last March. In the meantime he was making headway in San Francisco with the use of advertising space in the Golden Gate. The editor of that paper, Mr. J. J. Owen, was fully aware of the exposure in the JOURNAL and of our opinion of the man, an opinion based on irrefutable evidence; nevertheless he seems to have had no hesitation in assisting the impostor in obtaining the confidence of the San Francisco and California people. In June, 1887, Colby plied his vocation at the Spiritualist camp in Oakland. The editor of the Golden Gate in the issue of his paper for July 2nd, 1887, concludes an endorsement of Colby's mediumship, after one scance with him on the campground, as follows:

We were much pleased with this our first sitting with this medium, and hope as opportunity offers to see more of his powers. He impressed us most fa-vorably with his sincerity, and fidelity to the cause he represente. He returns to this city July 5th and can be conguited at his old headquarters, 43 Sixth street.

Mr. Owen was evidently greatly impressed by his "sincerity and fidelity," for the Golden Gate within a month thereafter again endorsed him, notwithstanding we had again warned the people of the Pacific coast of the fellow's real character. In reply to our strictures, Mr. Owen allowed Colby to publish in the Golden Gate of August 20th, 1887 the following card:

To the Editor of the Golden Gate:

Allow me through your columns, to express thanks to Bro. Bundy, of the RELIGIO PHILO-SOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, for his kind allusions to my mediumship and personal character. Continue them, Brother. I ac-

Golden Gate for April 28th, 1888, appears a report copied from the San Jose News of a scance held in that city, at Germania Hall, by Colby and his daughter. The exhibition consisted of giving names, descriptions of deceased persons and alleged messages from them to their friends, in which both Colby and daughter acted as mediums. According to the account Colby picked up several envelopes "and told what was written within, and answered the question to the satisfaction of the writer in almost every case." One of the "tests" described by the News, as quoted by the Golden Gate, is so significant viewed from its blind side that we give it in full:

He answered the questions on one card, Where did you spend the night?" by stating that the writer was playing faro over a livery stable (the location of which he accurately lescribed) until 3 A. M. and that between midnight and that hour he took three drinks at three separate times at a restaurant.

Colby is an inveterate gambler, and it is more than probable that his questioner saw him at the faro table the night before; and very possibly this "test" was then agreed upon as one likely to create a sensation at the meeting on the following evening. In addition to republishing the News account of the San Jose affair, the same issue of the Golden Gate contained two editorial puffs for Colby; one being in connection with the announcement that "W. R. Colby and daughter will give their last scance at Odd Fellows Hall, for the present, to-morrow evening." Of course the extract from the News was intended to fill the house at this "last seance."

Last year one H. C. Wilson, a person with a salacious record and at that time President of the Washington Hall Society hereinbefore mentioned, an incorporated concern, went into the manufacture of "Ministers of the Gospel;" going through the farce of "ordaining" anybody who applied, regardless of character or fitness. Among others who became "Ministers of the Gospel" and expounders of the Washington Hall go-as-you please religion, was Colby who was "ordained." An editorial mention of Wilson's "Minister Mill" and his own ordination, in the JOURNAL for August 6, 1887, contains this reference to Colby: "As that unconscionable liar, petty gambler and swindler, W. R. Colby, has had the same label pasted on his forehead, its intrinsic value will be readily perceived." It may here be incidentally mentioned that Wilson afterwards visited the Eastern camps on money donated by the people of his society for the purpose, having first been ordained by his wife as a "Minister of the Gospel" in accordance with the rules of the aforesaid Washington Hall Society.

As a preacher and medium for independent slate-writing, etc., Colby seems to have been in luck the past year. He occupied a tent during June last at the camp meeting in Oakland, as we learn from his advertisement in The Daily Dove, a daily edition of The Carrier Dove published during the camp season. The Golden Gate of June 30th contained an editorial announcement of a marriage on the camp ground the preceding week, "W. R. Colby, who is a duly licensed minister of the Spiritual Gospel officiating." The Daily Dove of June 25th, devotes over a column of editorial to this wedding and the festivities which followed. It may be well in view of what is to follow, to quote therefrom:

"On Saturday evening, June 23rd, the mon otony of camp life was disturbed by a ripple upon its surface which, although known to but a few was an event of such great weight and moment as to involve the life-long hap-piness or misery of two individuals. These parties in whom so much interest centered, were John Wesley Wood and Addie E Carr, both of Tacoma, Washington Territory. They were strangers to most present, having but just arrived the day previous. This, however, only added to the romance of the affair; and what would a wedding amount to if the romance was left out?.... "Mr. W. R. Colby arose, and with a legal looking document in his hand, announced that according to the laws of the State of Californ-ia, he was a duly ordained minister of the gospel of Spiritualism, and as such authorized to perform the ceremony of marriage, for which purpose they were assembled. The ceremony was brief and to the point, as it enjoined equal duties and responsibilities upon the contracting parties irrespective of sex. The bridegroom was an elderly man of about fifty years of age we should judge. The bride was a small, compact little body, neatly attired in a becoming brown travelling costume. She was much younger looking than the bridegroom, although she must have passed her sixteenth year several seasons ago. After the ceremony was over and the benediction pronounced, the company formally congrathad once lived in Texas where, under the name of Parson Raines, he had preached good orthodox theology and robbed the United States mail. He gave us conclusive proof of Colby's methods in plying his alleged mediumship. He further averred that Colby had, when pressed by him, confessed to the utterly fraudulent nature of all his claims to mediumship. We found that during our illness and absence in California, the year before. Officer Ind had put a friend of the JOURNAL on the clew; and having done this, had all along supposed we had been made aware of the facts. Upon hearing Officer Ind's story we immediately took up the clew and followed it successfully, as will be seen.

We first secured possession of a letter dated March 2, 1866, and written by Mr. W. L. Booth, an old gentleman living at Hillsboro. Texas. This letter was in reply to an inquiry concerning Colby. It appears that after Colby left Texas and took up the role of medium he had a correspondence with Mr. Booth-not as Parson Raines, by which name only was he known to Mr. Booth, but over the signature of W. R. Colby, medium. In the guise of medium he gave Mr. Booth messages, and told of many things which no stranger could know. It now transpires that Colby lived six months in the same town with Mr. Booth. Colby claims Dick Booth as his "control." It should be borne in mind here that Dick Booth was the son of Wm. L., whose letter is now under consideration and from which we shall briefly quote. After stating that he believes the Parson Raines who was convicted of mail robbery to be the author of the W. R. Colby letters now being published in the Spiritual Messenger at Chicago," Mr. Booth continues:

"I was completely deceived by his letters until nearly the close of our correspondence, then I did not feel like exposing him; and I felt grateful to him because his letters did Dick's mother so much good in her feeble condition..... I had several of his letters pub lished in the Texas Spiritualist, published at Hempstead, in August, September, October and November 1879, I stating that the read ers must form their own conclusions as I knew nothing of the writer W. R. C., except what I had learned from his letters; and that I did not know of any way the writer could have gotten what he wrote, except it was in the way he stated (as a medium). 1 have no desire to show up his past life or expose him. The Baptists have been as badly deceived by him as have the Spiritualists. His letters true or false, have done a great deal of good and caused quite a number to investigate to my knowledge, and they have found Spiritu-alism true; then why blame him? If his letters are lies, he has only done what Paul said was justifiable, as he admits he some-times lied for the good of the cause. Colby does not know that I am aware of the deception he has practiced on me.

It seems from Mr. Booth's letter, which is somewhat incoherent, that Colby has published the correspondence between them as proof of his (Colby's) wonderful mediumship.

Learning the address of the man who was in charge of the mail car: when Colby alias Raines robbed it, we wrote him for information. Under date of April 28, 1888, he replied. We only give here a portion of this letter, as the remainder of it is stated more fully in one received later, and which is given further along:

OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN FLAG 842 Broadway, New York City, April 28, 1888.

Dear Sir: Your favor to hand. I know nothing of W. R. Colby. While in Texas in 1874-5 a man claiming to be a Baptist preacher and travelling under the name of J. W. Raines robbed my mail car at Hearne, Texas, on the 21st day of January, 1875. If you will nize it, if it is Parson Raines. He was sent to Huntsville Penitentiary for five years; after 0 I W11 immediately recog serving about two years President U. S. Grant pardoned him out. The petition for his pardon was sent to me to sign and I declined to do it. The Attorney General reported adversely on the petition, but President Grant was lead to believe the prisoner was very ill and dying, so he pardoned him. I was shot at near Grafton, W. Va., in 1878 or 9, and I believe he was the would be assassin: two shots were fired from the bushes but missed their mark. He is one of the greatest crimi-JOHN F. LIPPHARD. Editor American Flag. nals unhung.

package, and while I was on my down run to Houston I did not miss it, but on my return to Hearne Postmaster Clifford showed me the rifled envelope, which a railroad em-ploye had found in the bushes about 300 yards from the railroad depot at Hearne. The package was from the postmaster of Titusville, Texas, to the postmaster of Galveston, Texas, and contained his quarterly remittance and report.

I wrote to the postmaster at Titusville and he informed me that there was \$300 in the package. 'My first impression was that some of the connecting mail agents had stolen the package, and I went to Rains with a heavy heart and told him of it. He expressed deep sympathy for me, and said, "Don't worry about it, brother John. You can stop at my house while in Hearne and my wife will fix you up lunches to carry with you, that will last you each day until you again return to Hearne. You must watch the Hearne postmaster and the mail clerks closely; they will all rob you if they get the

chance. I will help you all I can, etc." The loss of this register made it hard on me at that time, as by the ruling of the postoffice department all clerks who lost packages were compelled to pay for them. A few days after this, Rains came to me

and said, "Brother Johnny, I have not been able to sleep for several nights on account of thinking of you and trying to devise some way in which you could protect yourself; today I was in Calvert (a town about 10 miles above Hearne) and I-bought this lock for you, (showing it) put it on your car door and you will be safe; it is a combination lock; the key was made the same time that the lock was Put it on your car door and you will be safe for the mail lock that you now have on you car door can be opened by any of the mail agents or the postmaster as they all have keys alike." I put the lock on and felt safe. Several days after this interview, he came to my car on my arrival in Hearne and helpd me finish up my work in the mail car. He aided me by entering my registered packages, etc., in my mail book kept for that purpose. While he was doing this Mr. Geo. Emory mail agent, (who connected with me) and Mr. Fields, a photographer of Hearne, came into my car and staid until I got through with my work. I had 32 registered packages in my car. I finished my work and fastened my car door, and Rains insisted on my going to his house, and keeping his wife company for two or three hours as he said he had to visit a sick member of his church about 2 miles back in the country. I told him I could not do so, as I must go to the post office to get a letter from home, and Mail Agent Emory wanted to receipt for the registered packages upon my return from the post office. Rains then left us. Fields, Emory and myself went to the post office (which was about one-half mile from the depot). I got my letter from home (Washington), read it, and Fields, Emory and myself went back to the Junction House and had supper together. After sup-per we returned to the car, and found the door opposite from the side we entered open or slid back (they were sliding doors) about a foot. The lock was all right, just as we had left it. I unlocked the door quickly and we all three entered the car, and found all the registered packages gone, but one; that one had partly slipped under a sack and the eye and hand of the thief missed it. The loss was reported, search made and nothing could be found. I had to leave at 11 o'clock that night on my return trip to Houston. Clifford, the post master, promised to keep up the search. About 10 o'clock the next morning, while in Houston, I received a dispatch from Hearne sent by the postmaster, that they had the thief. I arrived at Hearne about 4 P. M. and they had Rains in the baggage room, a prisoner. They traced him by his boots from where he jumped from the car with the packages, and found them (rifled of their contents) where he had opened them. He has a peculiar step, throws his toes wide apart and treads heavy on his heels. Very few men step like him. His feet gave him away in 1875, and they will give him away now. At the trial it was proved that he bought the lock he gave me in Hearne (and not in Calvert as he told me) and when he bought the lock, he bought it with two (2) keys. He bought it from Shaffer & Co., hardware deal-

AUGUST 4, 1888.

Office of Superintendent Texas State Penitentiaries, Huntsville, Texas, June 25th, 1888.

Huntsville, Texas, June 25th, 1888. MR. JOHN E. HOLLINGSWORTH, Austin, Texas. Dear Sir:-In answer to your favor of June 23rd, 1888, I enclose descriptions No. 8440 Ino. D. Raine who escaped Jan. 29th, 1881, and No. 4273 W. J. Rains who was a United States prisoner and of whom no description or other data was kept, except as shown on enclosed description list.... Very Respectfully, T.J. GOREE, Supt.

PRISON REGISTER. TEXAS STATE PENITENTIARIES.

DESCRIPTION OF CONVICT WHEN RECEIVED.

Registered No. 4273. When and Where Received. Huntsville 1875, bout 1st of March Name. W. J. Rains.

No record kept of U. S. Prisoners. Pardoned by President wrant, December 19th,

"No record kept of U. S. Prisoners" is written diagonally across that part of the blank which is used to record the prisoner's personal appearance, habits and history.

HEARNE, TEXAS, June 28, 1888. HON. JOHN E. HOLLINGSWORTH,

(P. O. Inspector) Austin.

Dear Sir: I was living in Hearne at the time Raines committed the train robbery. I was personally acquainted with the man; during the first month or two of his residence here I was frequently in his company, dur-ing which time I became convinced he was a ing which time I became convinced he was a "wolf in sheep's clothing," and spoke to sev-eral persons here of my conviction. I think he lived here 8 or 10 months....The photo was shown me for recognition. 'I knew it at once, as did also a number of his old ac-quaintances here....Respectfully JAMES G. ADAMS, Deatmaster

Postmaster. POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF CHIEF POST OFFICE INSPECTOR. WASHINGTON, D. C./July 17, 1888. GEORGE B. KIDDER, ESO., Inspector in Charge, Chicago, Ill.

Sir: Herewith please and letter of Jno. C. Bundy returned, also the photo of J. W. Raines concerning whom this inquiry was made. It seems perfectly clear that the man W. B. Colby and "Parson Raines" are identical and as this Dart has no nee for the identical, and as this Dept. has no use for the accumulated evidence annexed, the same can be handed to Mr. Bundy for his information. Respectfully, W. A. WEST.

Chief Inspector.

It will be observed that, the name of the preacher is sometimes spelled with an e, and at other times without it, and that the initials are differently placed by different witnesses-sometimes W. J., and then J. W .; but these are such variations as often occur, and in no way affect the identity of "Parson Rains" and Colby.

At the late Oakland camp meeting, Colby was elected a director of the corporation for the ensuing year. In explanation of this, a San Francisco correspondent informs us that Colby secured proxies to the number of one more than half the stock and then voted in such officers, himself included, as suited his purposes. Hence to day he stands before the San Francisco public, apparently, as a representative par excellence of Spiritualism, being a medium, a "minister of the Gospel" and director of the California State Campmeeting of Spiritualists. There is no evidence to show that he is any better man to-day than when, while playing the role of Baptist preacher, he robbed the mail car of his confiding parishioner. The Spiritualist papers of San Francisco were sufficiently warned by the JOURNAL two years ago, but failed to do their duty to the public. It remains to be seen what will now be their course. If a gambler, thief and swindler makes a good enough "minister of the Spiritual Gospel" for the conductors of those papers, let them frankly say so. Let the stockholders and directors of the Golden Gate define their attitude too!

knowledge indebtedness to your columns for some of the best friends I have.

Respectfully. W. R. COLBY. This card was more shrewdly concocted than at first blush appears, for while to the editor of the Golden Gate and the few of its readers cognizant of our exposure of the man and repeated warnings against his wiles, the sarcasm was apparent enough; yet to the great mass of those who read it, knowing the high moral standard demanded by the Jour-NAL and its caution regarding the exemplification of phenomena, knowing this from the general reputation of the JOURNAL, and ignorant of our attitude toward Colby, his language would be taken as an endorsement by us of his "sincerity and fidelity"-as Mr. Owen so forcibly puts it.

The Golden Gate for December 17, 1887. contains an editorial announcement that Colby, the "Slate-writer," will lecture the following Sunday evening for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall, San Francisco. Subject: "Christians' and Spiritualists' Heaven; Where and, What is it?". "At the close of the lecture," continues the editorial, "his spirit friends will endeavor to give some manifestations in independent slate-writing." The lecture and the "endeavor" seem to have pleased Mr. Owen greatly, for the next issue of the Golden Gate contains a flattering notice of the affair, from which we extract as follows:

"We are surprised that Bro. Colby does not oftener let his voice be heard in giving out some of the many truths he must have gleaned in the past eight years of his experience as a public medium....... Then the control of W. R. Colby, 'Rich-ard Booth,' produced writing between a pair of slates, in a clear and open manned, such as no honest skeptic could take exceptions to."

It may be mentioned, in passing, but not as of any significance necessarily, that Colby was patronizing the advertising columns of of the Golden Gate. In the name of his "control," which with a due sense of propriety Mr. Owen mentions as "Richard Booth," but who was never called by any other name than Dick Booth, there lies a long and interesting history in connection with Colby's career as a medium, but it can not be given here, for | latter was a resident here. He informed us

ulated the happy couple, and then adjourned to the big tent to hear Emerson's tests. At the close of the evening meeting, a pleasant surprise was given them at the tent of W R. Colby, where a nice repast was spread....

"Mr. Edgar Emerson made a brief congratulatory address which was responded to by the bridegroom, Mr. Wood. Joseph Maguire ang an appropriate solo, and after mutual congratulations the happy company dispersed. We regret that we could not have remained on the pleasant occasion, but were obliged to get the train for San Francisco as early as possible. We learn that another similar little episode is on tapis, and another tipple will soon bear out upon the tempestnous sea of matrimony, two other innocent, confiding mortals, to that bourne from which there can be full and complete return."

Having rapidly sketched the spiritualistic career of this typical specimen of the trafficker in commercial Spiritualism, it is time briefly to trace his life as a

BAPTIST PREACHER, MAIL ROBBER, AND PENITENITENTIARY CONVICT.

Last March while interfering with the confidence game of the Englishman, W. H Watson, we came in contact with an officer connected with the detective bureau of the city police department, who told us of his acquaintance with Colby. This officer, L. B. Ind, was a lodger in Colby's house when the want of space. On the editorial page of the that he had good reasons to think that Colby

Upon receipt of this letter we forwarded to Mr. Lipphard a very fine cabinet photograph of Colby taken by Mosher of this city, procured for us by officer Ind. In response to this Mr. Lipphard replied as follows:

NEW YORK CITY, May 4, 1888 My Dear Sir: Your favor of May 1st to hand. The picture you send me of W.R. Colby, is the picture of J. W. Rains, whom I met in Texas, and had sent to the Hunts-ville prison for five (5) years. In Texas he represented himself as a Baptist minister and was located at Hearne, Robertson county. At that time he had a wife (or wo man claiming to be his wife) and a little daughter about eight or ten years of age. He is a very bad man, in fact one of the greatest criminals unhung.

In 1874 I received an appointment as mail agent in Texas. Gen. Geo. A. Bangs gave me the appointment. (Gen. B. was at that time superintendent of mails.) On my arrival at Hearne I inquired if there was a Baptist church there and was informed that there was a union meeting house. Every other Sunday the Baptist minister preached, and on the alternate Sundays a Presbyterian minister held the pulpit. The two denominations clubbed in and built the meeting house jointly. My home was Washington (my birth place) and all my people Baptists, n myself being a member of the Rev. C. C. Meador's Fifth Baptist Church, Washington, D. C. Being a stranger in a strange land, I sought out my own kind. Rains was introduced to me as a most worthy gentlemen, etc. I attended his church, as I was in Hearne every other day. . The run from Hearne to Houston was about one hundred miles; I would go down one day and come back the next. On my arrival at Hearne, Rains would meet me at the car, enter my register packa-ges for me, and take me to his house and I would have supper with him. He appeared a very good man and I looked upon him as a friend sent from Heaven. I was among strangers, which made his seeming friend-ship dear to me.

Early in January, 1875, I lost a registered

ers. The lock and two keys were charged to him on the firm's books, and he did not pay for it for several days afterwards; the books were brought out on the trial.

I can never forget Rains' face, it will only fade from my memory with death. He was only convicted on one charge, and that was of the robbing of the registered packages at Hearne-that gave him five years. There was another charge that can be brought against him to day, which I will explain to you: I liked the man so that I used to carry him in my mail car down the road to different stations. He would come to my car and say, Bro. Johnny, I want to go to Bryan" (about twelve miles). I would say, "All right, Doc-tor, jump in," and he would ride with me, open packages of letters for me and assort them in the letter boxes. On the trial it was proved that he stole some of the letters he thus handled. Out of one of them he got a hundred dollar check, and bought a feather bed and some other things from a merchant in Bryan, Tex., gave him the check endorsed by himself, taking the balance of the check in cash. This offense the district attorney said he would push against Rains as soon as his term of imprisonment expired.

June 1st, 1888 .- Since writing the above, have been on a visit to Washington. My wife recognized Rains' picture; as also did Mr. allahan, who is now a clerk in the General Postoffice, Washington, D. C. I hope that you will pardon the delay in answering your letter; my only excuse to denly away to Washington. JOHN F. LIPPHARD. ter; my only excuse is that I was called sud-

After reading this letter we had no doubt of the identity of Colby and Raines, but to be doubly assured we opened communication with the Inspector's Office of the P. O. Dept., and also with parties in Texas to whom we sent a photograph of the criminal. The result of this further inquiry has been to confirm beyond all possibility of doubt or mistake, the identity of Raines the Baptist preacher and mail robber of Texas with Colby the medium and "minister of the spiritual gospel." The picture of Colby has been recognized by many of his Texas acquaintances, including members of the Baptist church in which he preached. One of our Texas correspondents writes of Colby's arrest for mail robbery as follows: "When the complaint was sworn to, no officer could be found to execute the warrant of arrest, because of Raines' high standing and piety; so the Government had to have a special deputy."

From the mass of evidence supplied us by the P. O. Department and Texas officials we select the following to close the case:

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Mr. Edmund Gurney.

Spiritualists and all other students of psychic science will regret to learn of the death of Mr. Gurney, apparently from an overdose of chloroform, taken for insomnia. This fatal accident brings to mind three other cases in the comparatively narrow ranks of authorship-one a distinguished English surgeon, another a writer of brilliant war-sketches, the third a leading journalist. The announcement follows close upon that of the death of Professor Balfour Stewart, President of the London Society for Psychical Research, of which Mr. Gurney was one of the most active, efficient and preminent members. He stood in England with a very few others we could name at the very head and front of the scientific investigation of phenomenal Spiritualism, telepathy, hypno-tism and related phases of the "main question

The London Society has never been a hap-py family. Almost from its foundation there have been two irreconcilable wings or factions, distinct enough to have become known to irreverent Londoners as the "hard-head-ed" and "soft-headed sikes." The former were mostly recognized men of science, of basic orthodoxy, interested, indeed, in spiritualistic or theosophic manifestations whose occurrence could not be gainsayed, but bent on putting these on a materialistic basis. The latter were the Spiritualists and Theosophists, under the lead of such men as Rev. . Stainton Moses, A. P. Sinnett, and C. C. Massey, with whose views of the manifestations most readers of the JOURNAL would be more in accord. Mr. Gurney belonged to the former wing of the psychic researchers, but was apparently free from prejudice or pre-possession, and was certainly indefatigable possession, and was certainly indetacigates in collecting cases and sifting the evidence. upon which their authenticity and genuine-ness were alleged to rest. His name occurs throughout the published "Proceedings," and Journal of the Society; and he will be partic-plaring aited as long as the science of psyularly cited, as long as the science of psy-chics endures as one of the anthors of a re-markable work, "Phantasms of the Living," in connection with Mr. F. W. H. Myers and Mr. F. Podmore. This work, in two portly volumes, is, perhaps, the most remarkable and significant contribution of late days to the investigation of "borderland." It stands in somewhat the same relation to the bolication somewhat the same relation to the/scientific aspect of the case that Mrs. Crowe's "Nightside of Nature" or Robert Dale Owen's books did a few years ago to the popular side of ghost literature.

The facts which Mr. Gurney and his colleagues have adduced form an irrefragable mass of testimony to the reality of the physical manifestations usually called spiritualist-

ic, weighed and sifted with the utmost care, and set forth in an orderly methodical man-ner beyond praise. Mr. Garney was never less cool, cantious and self contained in coming to his conclusions, than enthusiastic in con-ducting his experiments or painstaking in collecting his cases; and he was always can-did, earnest and truth loving. What pivotal points of spiritualistic or theosophic truth he may have stood upon, as a matter of his pri-vate conviction, it is not our business to in-quire. Judging him in the light of his pub-lished writings we cannot but see him caught in the "cobwebs of the brain," spinning inge-nious gossamer theories to bridge the gulf be-tween matter and mind,—now resting quiet-ly on the ascertained facts of physiology and tween matter and mind.—now resting quet-ly on the ascertained facts of physiology and psychology, now nimbly scaling the heights of metaphysical speculation, but always striving against his own spiritual intuitions, determined to exhaust every other resource of his imagination before being driven to the "despected every other resource of the metaphysical" to ex-"desperate expedient of a mystery" to ex-plain his facts. But, perhaps, he is a better critic of his own views to-day than yester-

day... Few men have passed out of the bodily darkness better equipped to continue the batt tle of life on the astral plane than Mr. Gur-ney. May his astral environment yield speedily to the higher Devachanic state. It speedily to the higher Devachanic state. It is not likely (though not impossible, seeing the abrupt manner in which he passed on) that he will be heard from again in his own personality. But his good works remain to us, though the failure of his physical mech-anism leaves a sad gap in the ranks of earn-est, honest and advanced students of this life's mysteries. F. S. life's mysteries. F. T. S. 1

> For the Religio Philosophical Journal. "MY DARLING IS DEAD."

> > A. RIKER.

"My darling is dead," was the solemn sen-tence that greeted me as I tore open a tele-gram last Wednesday morning. Only four little words, but each letter of every one of them so freighted with woe, that they burned deeply into my very soul. "My darl-ing is dead." Pause, mothers, and let the tears fall softly and tenderly upon the words as you read them. They are only mute signs, it is true, emblems as it were of an unspoken grief, which has no valid token. But mute as they are, they speak in no uncertain tones to your hearts, and dead, indeed, must they be to the gentle touch of nature, if they they be to the gentle touch of nature, if they do not throb with tender memories and weep in sympathy. The sorrowful message is no uncommon one, for the network of electric wires that girdle the earth in every direc-tion, that span continents and traverse seas, and reach to nearly every town and hamlet in the civilized world, are burdened with it from day to day and year to year and it from day to day, and year to year, and it would almost seem the great fountain of grief must long since have been exhausted. so incessant has been the drain upon it. Not so, however, for the tears still flow and hearts still break. But this particular message, my dear JOURNAL, will be of more than ordinary interest to your many thou-sands of readers, for it came from the heart of that noble woman and devoted mother, Mrs. E. L. Watson, whose name is a house-hold word in the homes of the Spiritualists of America. But a few short weeks ago she bade adien to her loved ones on the shores of the Pacific and started across the conti-nent to spend a brief period with her Eastern friends, previous to the resumption of her work in this city. Full of hope and confi-dence in the future, she anticipated great pleasure as well as a renewal of health from her with the hole. pleasure as well as a renewal of health from her visit, imbued as she was with the holy purpose of doing good, of carrying comfort to sorrowing souls through her spiritual la-bors. No premonition of coming evil clouded the horizon of her future, and she took her departure toward the rising sun full of bright anticipations, and cheered by the benedictions of a host of friends. Alasi alas! how little did she dream that hers was to be the stricken soul, the one to most need consolation. Whilst in the very midst of consolation. Whilst in the very midst of her successful efforts, the summons came that called her to the bedside of her sick boy, her first born, the "darling" whose subse-quent death was announced in the brief but sad terms above written. Yesterday morning the writer left this city for Sunny Brae to be present at the burial services to be held over the remains of W. L. Watson, son of the woman whose name is Watson, son of the woman whose name is revered, and held in grateful memory al-most the wide world over. From San Jose a carriage ride of ten miles is necessary (through the beautiful valley of Santa Clara) to reach the lovely spot at the base of the mountains; and to those who, like the editor of the JOURNAL, have had the pleasure of a brief sojourn in this "garden" of California, it is quite unnecessary to speak of its manifold attractions in detail. To the right, and to the left for the whole distance the landscape is varied by a succession of fields of grain. the left for the whole distance the landscape is varied by a succession of fields of grain, and orchards, and vineyards. On either side of the road as far as the eye can reach, the thrifty trees are laden with their luscious fruit, made golden by the shimmering sun-beams which seem ever to be playing hide-and seek amid the abundant foliage. Here and seek amid the abundant foliage. Here and there a vast sea of emerald lies spread out before you, beneath the billows of which is nature's laboratory, in which the hot red blood, destined to feed the veins and quicken blood, destined to feed the veins and quicken the throbbing heart of commerce, is nurtured. To the right is seen the coast range of moun-tains with their lights and shadows, their sides even now teeming with the products of industry, and dotted with little white cot-tages, home pictures framed in green, yellow, and purple, where dwell amid the lofty pines in the region of the clouds pack a planty in the region of the clouds, peace and plenty, and where is imbibed from the bosom of Mother Nature the purest and most exalted patriotism. To the left looms up in the hazy distance a spur of the left forms up in the hazy distance a spur of the Sierras, on the summit of the loftiest peak of which, Mt. Hamilton, may be seen shimmering in the sunlight, the white dome of the Lick Observatory tower-ing toward the heavens, where the suns and stars are wont to gather in the stillness of the mid-left home and minerated the midnight hour and whisper their secrets; the whole forming a landscape of such vast effent and rare loveliness that it may well be termed the chef d' auvre of artistic beauty from the studio of the Infinite. As before said, a ride of ten miles through this delightful scenery brings you to the en-trance of a winding avenue which leads to what was within a few weeks one of the happiest homes in the wide, wide world. There amid the clustering vines and the wide-spreading branches of the live-oak, is the little cottage where dwelt mother, son and daughter; the trinity—all in one—one in all. The air they breathed was literally laden with fragrance from a bower of roses, and the spiced perfume from the eucalyptus, imparted a delicate flavor suggestive of lite the midnight hour and whisper their secrets; imparted a delicate flavor suggestive of life in the troples. But far sweeter than all this was the spirituality that pervaded their in-tercourse, impregnating the surrounding at-mosphere with a sense of rest and peace and happiness. No loveller spot could be found

11

in the whole valley, and it seemed as if the gods had guided the footsteps of the gifted woman thither, that she might commune undisturbed with the unseen world which is ever so near her.

Alas for human hopes and aspirations! All unexpected the grim hand of death reached forth and plucked from under the corner of the little edifice its strongest pillar of support—the bright young man, the son, the brother! "My darling is dead" was the wail of agony that went up from the stricken hearthstone.

The services were to begin at half-past one P. M., and the only unusual feature of the occasion was that Mrs. Watson Werself was to officiate. Long before the appointed hour the rooms were fitted with kindly neigh-bors, many friends also being present from San Francisco, San Jose and vicinity. The cas-ket in which reposed all that was mortal of the young man, was placed in the center of the little parlor. At the head was an elaborate and very beautiful floral representation of the Golden Gate, surmounted by a white dove with wings wide spread, emblematic of dove with wings wide spread, emblematic of the pure soul which had just passed its por-tals. The profusion of flowers was notable, his young companions thus testifying their kindly sympathy. From the wall, looking down with pity upon the marble features of her dead brother, was the portrait of the baby sister who long since passed over the silent river. All was hushed in the presence of death until the hour arrived, when soon thereafter the stricken mother, white as ala-here of death and and a since passed over the solution of the stricken mother in the presence of the stricken mother is a since of the since of the stricken mother is a since of the since baster and calm as the graven image of despair, entered leaning upon the arm of her step-son. After a solemn silence of a few mo-ments broken only by stified sobs, with clasped hands and upturned face she began her invo-cation. What a picture for the painter! What a model for the sculptor! The imperso-nation of heroic devotion, the embodiment of purity. The sweetly modulated voice, quavering with suppressed emotion scarcely rose above a gentle murmur, but so hushed was the darkened chamber, each syllable reached the ear and heart of every listener. Soon, however, the melody of her tender pleading filled the room, and even the keys of the plano seemed to vibrate and send forth their low, sweet notes in harmony with step-son. After a solemn silence of a few moforth their low, sweet notes in harmony with the tide of tenderness that swept over them. It required no stretch of the imagination to believe the clairvoyant eye could see the forms, and the clairaudient ear hear the hushed voices of the listening angels ming-ling with the subdued sobs of the deeply

ling with the subdued sobs of the deeply moved auditors. Never before did mortal lips give utterance to such unspeakable grief in terms of such loving tenderness. Never before did the sa-cred treasures of the heart find voice, or burn so deeply into the souls of men. Never before was there a prayer so full of tender pathos, so full of the sweetest and purest sentiments of the human soul, wafted to the listening ear of the Infinite. Never before did the white lips of a bereaved mother. listening ear of the Infinite. Never before did the white lips of a bereaved mother, standing by the side of the lifeless form of her first born, her darling boy, speak with such awful potency to the inner conscious-ness of her hearers. List, oh! throbbing heart to the soft whisperings of a suffering soul. Be still, I say! Dost thou not know that the tender words falling from those bloodless lips is thine own language? The prayer is ended. Another pause, and the brave woman begins a discourse the most re-markable, perhaps, ever delivered on such an markable, perhaps, ever delivered on such an occasion. Old men and maidens, mothers, sons and daughters bowed their heads and wept in token of the power of the soul's eloquence. It could not, in truth, in any sense be called a discourse, but rather the outpourings of a heart crushed and bleeding, yet grand in its sublime trustfulness. The pres-ence and sustaining power of her spirit friends was never more clearly manifest, for surely that frail form would have drooped to the asrth had it hear other would

to the earth had it been otherwise. The whole service was a sublime poem of tender feeling flowing from a wounded heart: No words can do it justice, nor could a pen dipped in the molten lava of inspiration con-vey more than a feeble conception of the wonderful power of its eloquence. She soar-ed far above the earth into the sunshine of spiritual intelligence and there reveled in her native element. For nearly an hour her audi-tors sat spell-bound under the magic influmarvelo g gening and ity of feeling became almost audible in the Ity of feeling became almost audible in the throbbings of their hearts. The muffled thun-der-bolts of Jove seemed hurtling through air, so vivid were the flashes of illumined thought, and through no other channel than the inspired lips of this gifted woman could such lofty sentiments find utterance. Now mark the change. She descends from the clouds and her woman's nature is once more in the ascendant. She speaks of the past life clouds and her woman's nature is once more in the ascendant. She speaks of the past life of her boy and dwells long and tenderly on his many virtues and noble traits of charac-ter, of his devotion to his mother, his affec-tion for his sister, and relates touching inci-dents illustrative of his manly nature. She pays a glowing tribute to the beautiful daughter whose fortitude has given her cour-age through all this trial, to her faithful step son; to the white-haired patriarch, who step-son; to the white-haired patriarch, who through good and evil report, has been her true friend, and who a few months since was nursed back to life by her watchful care and gentle ministrations; to her kind and sympa-thetic neighbors; to the young men and maid-ens who for many years were the compan-ions of her boy—to all these she meted out a full measure of gratitude from an over-flowing heart. flowing heart. And last but not least, she paid an elo-quent and soulful tribute to the untiring and unselfish devotion of her faithful friend, Mrs. H. E. Robinson, who in truth was the sick H. E. Rooinson, who in truth was the sick boy's ministering angel during the whole period of his illness. To her she poured out the rich treasures of her grateful heart with touching tenderness. Finally she paid an eloquent tribute to all that is good and pure and holy in this vast universe of ours. The marvelous beauty of her language and the unspeakable tenderness in her careering marvelous beauty of her language and the unspeakable teuderness in her quavering voice made an impression on every spul that can never be effaced and the young people will carry the lesson with them all through their future lives, for they witnessed a scene worthy the pencil of a Hogarth and one that must be, and will be immortalized in their memories. Little more remains to be said. The solemn cortege wended its way to the beautiful cemetery near San Jose where the remains were tenderly denosited in their last remains were tenderly deposited in their last resting place. Flowers were placed upon the grave when Mrs. Watson took her de-parture for home, followed by the loving benedictions of all those present. San Francisco, Cal., July 7th, 1888.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, can be ordered through, the office of the BELIGIO -PHI-LGOOPHICAL JJURSAL.

AN IRISH KNIGHT OF THE 19TH CENTURY. Sketch of the Life of Robert Emmet. By Varina Anna Davis. New York: John W. Lovell Company.

pany. The publisher says: "An Irish Knight tells the fine and simple story of Robert Emmet; but, as his story was also the history of Ireland for the space of his short life, the author—the daughter of Jefferson Davis, whose recent visit to the North will be re-membered—deals in 'An Irish Knight', not only with the adventurous and romantic life, and tragic death of the patriot, but with the conditions which created the need for such a man, and with the sad tale of Ireland, in which he became so nobly but so fatally implicated." The fact that Miss Davis is the author of the work, will alone give it considerable prestige. prestige.

THE GREAT PYRAMID, Its Teachings to us as a People. A Lecture delivered at Chautauqua. By Chas. Latimer, C. E. Chicago: C. H. Jones.

This pamphlet of 32 pages will be read with in-terest by those who are seeking to solve the problem connected with the construction of the Great Pyra-mid. The author says: "All that it has revealed teaches us that it will reveal more, and that we have not more than reached the threshold."

MEXICO, OUR NEIGHBOR. By John H. Rice. New York: John W. Lovell Company. This work gives, in a concise and interesting manner, a comprehensive view of Mexico. Its pop-ulation, races, languages, area, resources, the federal government, financial condition, etc., are alluded to, and facts given that will prove of great value to those who wish to travel in that section, or who think of investing their money there. think of investing their money there.

PHILOSOPHIC CHIROMANCY. Mysteries of the Hand Revealed and Explained. The art of de-termining from an inspection of the hands the person's temperament, appetites, passions, mental endowments, character and tendencies. By Robert Campbell. Illustrated. St. Louis: J. W. Campbell & Co.

Those who are interested in Chiromancy will find this, no doubt, an interesting work. Whether the hand reveals as much as is claimed by the author, each one who reads his opinions, must judge for himself.

New Books Received.

Madame Silva. By M. G. McClelland. New York: Cassell & Company, Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 50 cents,

Herbert Spencer is working again, though with difficulty, for he says it took him from the middle of March to the first of June to write the article on "The Ethics of Kant," which he will contribute to the August "Popular Science Monthly." Mr. Spen-cer combats Kant's idea that only right things done in obedience to duty have moral worth, while the same things done from love of the right in and for itself are morally valueless.

A Pill in Time, Saves Nine!

A. Fill in Time, Saves Nine? Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are pre-ventive as well as curative. A few of these "Little Giants" taken at the right time, with little expense and no inconvenlence, will accomplish what many dollars and much sacrifice of time will fail to do after Disease once holds you with his iron grasp. Constipation relieved, the Liver regulated, the Blood purified, will fortify against fevers, and all conta-glous diseases." Persons intending travel, changing diet, water and climate, will find invaluable Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In vials conve-nient to carry. nient to carry.

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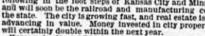
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Note is made in the New York Sum of a stupen-dous plan of supplying the city of Liverpool with water. It involves the removal of a whole Welch village, including woods, cottages, churches, etc., this immense space to be devoted to a reservoir four and a half miles long by half a mile to a mile broad, and eighty feet deep. There are to be three lines of pipe, each sixty-eight miles long, with filtering beds and secondary reservoirs, and the cost of the aque-duct alone is estimated at \$15,000,000.

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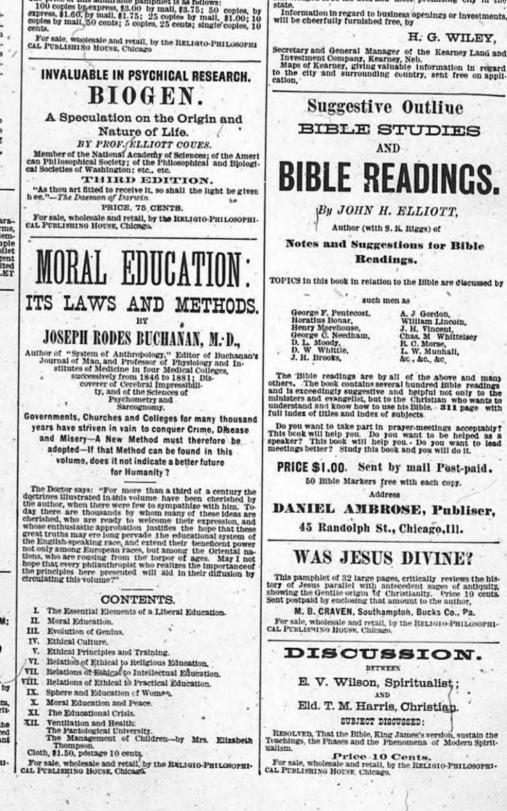
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True Spiritualism is rock-founded and indestructible. About the base of this growing temple may be mlasm for the unwary and death for the foolish, but the sun is shining up where the real workmen are singing at their work. It is error that dies. Truth lives.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 4, 1888.

A Move to Christianize Japan.

Japan has adopted the usages of Western civilization more readily than any other Oriental country. The English tongue is spoken by many of its educated people, our style of dress is often adopted, and many Japanese students are in American and English colleges, who will go home educated under our methods, inspired by new views, and zealous sometimes to spread those views among their countrymen. For an Oriental to visit our country, see the wonders of our mechanism and engineering, the strange ways of our people, the freedom and fearless dignity of our women, must be like visiting another planet. To see and hear of our religious rites and opinions must be like a new revelation. or rather like a confused maze of various revelations.

Unrest in religion prevails in that island

ture. If they doubt now, their agnosticism might grow in this new maze. Give them time to think and to sift out the real spiritual truth. and not rush to a paper Christianity, external and superficial.

It appears that the Presbyterian, Congregational and Reformed missionary churches propose co-operative work for "The United Church of Christ in Jápan." No Unitarian or Universalist need apply, and no recognition of the Unitarian missionary now; in that clesiastical as well as in political history. country would be given. A possible Spiritualist (and they are all over Asia) would be held as a child of perdition by this "United Church of Christ." By no such method or spirit is their life to be lifted to a higher level. But the situation is interesting and significant. "Old things are passing away," work and wait, and new light will come.

Dr. Field Knows All About It.

While the Diss De Bartrial was attracting attention in New York, Dr. Mathew M. Field took advantage of it to read a paper before the Medico-Legal Society of that city. The title of his paper was: "Is Belief in Spiritualism Ever Evidence of Insanity per se?" The following report from the N. Y. World shows the drift of his argument:

The doctor divided the believers in Spiritualism into three classes: First, those who make it a busi-bress to mystify, viz., the so-called mediums; second, those who attend scances. who wonder at the strange things they see and believe they are brought about by supernatural means, and third, those who, without the intervention of others believe that they without the intervention of others, believe that they see the dead or those at a distance face to face. Those of the last class, the doctor said, were all in-

"The abstract belief in Spiritualism is no evidence "The abstract belief in Spiritualism is ho evidence of insanity," he went on. "A man can perfectly well believe that God has spoken to others, but it is when he tells you that God has spoken to him that you have evidence of his insanity. Balaams ass may have spoken in days of old, but when a man him have power in days of one, but when a many tells you that an ass has spoken to him, you believe him insane. In that middle-class which believes in the manifestatione produced by others, while it is mainly formed of weak-minded people, with some brilliant exceptions, it cannot be said that this belief brilliant exceptions, it cannot be said that this belief indicates insanity, though such a belief in a person of mature years and of acknowledged good judg-ment may well be taken as a sign of mental deteri-oration. In this class there is delusion but no hallu-clination, because there is an actual external object produced. I have seen several cases where persons thought that Jay Gould was persecuting them. They heard a voice; they connected that voice with the telephone; Jay Gould owned all the telephones, and thus their point was proved.

The logic of this astute doctor is peculiar, for one would conclude that if belief that an ass spoke to-day proved insanity, belief that an ass spoke thousands of years ago would show a far more bewildered mind. All who believe they have seen the dead are insane, says Dr. Field, and his society says, "Ah! yes." When the apostles saw Moses and Elias on the mount-a beautiful story which never grows old and has been the satisfaction of untold generations-these apostles were poor lunatics, whose hallucination has for two thousand years deceived the Christian world. The women who saw the angel at the sepulcher were poor demented creatures, and the apostles who thought Christ appeared to them after the crucifixion were simply suffering from insanity.

"Oh, no," cries the learned doctor; not that. We do not deny that the dead have been seen in the past. Seeing the dead now is the sign of dementia." The individual who thinks he has seen a dead person, is clearly insane, but to believe that persons have seen the dead in the past shows a ound mind!

for all, and Unitarianism with its broad cul- This is well said, but it does not justify the Register's leading statement, that a "public school is not the place in which to teach ecclesiastical history." Historical text-books for public schools should not present as facts

any doubtful statements, any statements in which historians differ, and if it is necessary. to mention debatable points, the authorities should be fairly cited. Only the outlines of history of course can be taught in our public schools, but so far as the instruction is made a part of the exercises, it should be in ec-That judgment and tact are required in a teacher whose duty it is to present without any sectarian twist the leading events of religious and ecclesiastical history, goes without saying. The use of his position to advance his opinions on points in dispute among the sects, should, of course, not be permitted. But the undisputed facts of history and their obvious relations to one another, whether they relate to the State or to the church cannot be omitted or ignored in teaching history in our public schools, unless, indeed history is omitted or ignored altogether.

Mrs. Fallon In a Trance.

On Monday, July 23d, Mrs. Clara Fallon, residing alone in a flat at 289 Illinois St., had a strange experience. During the day she had felt the presence of a strong spirit influence, to which she reluctantly yielded, after having prayed fervently to God to be relieved therefrom. In the early part of the evening she retired after having written the following note:

MY DEAR DAUGHTERS :- Do not disturb me for 48 hours. I have gone to be with my husband and dear friends. I will return about Thursday morning.

Tuesday evening she was discovered by one of her daughters, who, very much excited, screamed so loudly that she attracted the attention of the neighbors, but in no wise changed the condition of her mother, who was in a deep trance.

Dr. Montgomery was immediately summoned, and the only thing which he exhibited prominently, was his profound ignorance of the case! He called to his aid another physician, but of things spiritual they knew but little, hence could do nothing for their patient. Finally Dr. T. A. Clark, of 241 West Congress St., was called, but he did not arrive until the following Wednesday morning. He critically examined her pulse and respiration, and turned up her eyelids, and without a moment's hesitation said, "This woman is in a spiritual trance. Let her alone; she will come out all right."

Later in the day Dr. Clark called again, and by vigorous rubbing, Mrs. Fallon was brought back to consciousness, much against her wish, as her experiences in the spirit realms had been soul-enchanting. She had not suffered any serious inconvenience in consequence of her long fast, and appeared to have a broader and more comprehensive view of life. While in the trance she was conscious all the time, realizing her surroundings in the Spirit-world, and enjoying to the fullest extent the ineffable beauties there. She first recognized her husband, who passed to'spirit life several years ago, and to whom she was devotedly attached. Then the first minister she had ever known on earth, came to her and presented her a book, from which she read, but the contents o which she does not wish to reveal. The spirit of a lady whom she knew in Chicago, conversed with her, and they had a good time generally. She was also affectionately greeted by her father. She heard music, saw beautiful flowers, and ate delicious fruit. which augmented her happiness, joy and peace. Nothing while in spirit life seemed to disturb her-she was happy in all respects. Mrs. Fallon was born in Ireland, and reared an Episcopalian. She has always been opposed to Spiritualism, although her husband was an ardent Spiritualist. She is an intelligent lady, highly respected, and her spiritual experiences will do much in shaping her future life, and giving her clearer views of the destiny of the human soul. The Herald of this city contained a long and perfectly fair and dignified account of Mrs. Fallon's case, setting its blanketsheet contemporaries an example they can follow with profit,--in more ways than one.

Directions are given how to approach the different classes of people that have means and are charitable. A very successful method of getting money and clothes from Catholic maiden ladies is for the beggar to represent that although he has lived with his wife in love and happiness for years, "their union has not been blest by the church;" that for their own and their children's sake they now want their marriage consecrated, and desire to celebrate their long deferred wedding day. In this way money and, clothes for the marriage are obtained and the lady sends her priest to perform the ceremony. In the same way the baptism or first communion "truc" (in the American slang "racket") is worked. One woman confessed that she had been married fourteen and her children had been baptized eighteen times and that on each occasion she was supplied with money or clothes. There are many "trucs"-the rent true, the political true, the religious truc, etc. A beggar goes to a Conservative as a poor man who has been driven from his employment by communists, or to a Radical he represents that he is hunted from place to place by the police. To a freethinker he appears in the character of a young man who has been driven from his home because he would not continue to study a system of theology which he had come to abhor; and so on. Instruction is given how to guard against failure of these devices through inquiries on the part of the persons applied to for aid; and the directions on this point as well as those in regard to approaching and impressing charitable people of every rank and class, show thorough knowledge of human nature, not surpassed even by Beste, Ross, "Parson Raines," or any of the host of American Spiritualistic "truc" workers.

Steven Pearl Audrews believed in the continuity of life and that spirits could recross the boundary and manifest on their old plane of existence. Courtlandt Palmer was a skeptic as to another life after this. Since Palmer's death it is told in New York that an agreement existed between these two men that the first one to go should communicate if possible with the one left. Each memorized a sentence, to be sent, if feasi ble, to the one living through some medium at a distance. This was to be done within a year after the demise of either of the contracting parties. Palmer had waited impatiently and the year was nearly up when he solved the problem without the aid of the "Pantarch," by death.

"Not long before Courtlandt Palmer's death," says a dispatch to the Chicago Tribune, "he talked with several friends about the unkept promise by Stephen Pearl Andrews, and declared that if the expiration of the year did not bring the proof to the contrary he should set down Spiritualism as a sure delusion. As he died before the end of the year, and without, so far as known, disclosing the test sentences to anybody, this attempt by two of the Nineteenth Century Club men to ascertain the truth as to Spiritualism brings no satisfactory results." Mr. Palmer could have known very little of the spiritual philosophy to have staked the fate of Spiritualism upon such a test. Knowing something of the career of Andrews, his literary work for Vic Woodhull. and his damnable doctrines, the JOURNAL is warranted in believing that he had his ands full in taking care of himself when he got into the Spirit world. It is now more than likely that he is working sixteen hours a day to satisfy retributive justice and accomplish his own salvation. St. Fargean in France, a town of 2,600 inhabitants, seems to have solved the problem of giving boys a trade and a good education hand in hand, and without making a fuss about it. The place has a school of apprenticeship where every boy divides the week between manual labor and study. For three days he works in the shop of some accredited tradesman in the town, the boy's parents having decided what trade he shall learn. The other three days he spends in studying practical matters, such as physical and mathematical science, geography, modern history, modern language, etc. At the end of three years he has a trade and a much better education than falls to the lot of most mechanics. The apprentices take their meals at the school and sleep there. These pay ninety dollars a year, and this amount covers the ex pense of books, pens, ink, etc., the only extra being washing and medical attendance.

AUGUST 4, 1888.

sustaining the Nineteenth Century Club by those close to him who knew him well, with the hope that the higher intellectual and somewhat aristocratic influences of the club would divert his mind from other "reform" associations. Mr. Palmer left no published writings beyond a few essays, addresses and poems. By his request made weeks before his death, Col. Ingersoll delivered an address at the funeral, which was followed by religious exercises conducted in accordance with Mrs. Palmer's wishes, by Rev. R. Heber Newton. Afterwards the body was taken to Fresh Pond and cremated as Mr. Palmer had directed should be done. The deceased will long be remembered by those who knew him. as a genial gentleman and a man of good and generous impulses.

A dispatch from Pittsburgh, Pa., states that physician there named Cooper, has just applied for a patent on a process to preserve human bodies by compression by a curious combination of steel presses and hot rollers. He excludes all the moisture and reduces a full grown body to a small size, 12x15 inchest rendering it as hard and imperishable as marble. It is said that he has made several experiments with perfect success. The Doctor and others who have investigated the process think that it will supersede cremation, as bodies thus preserved are not only not offensive, but can be made to assume various ornamental shapes and kept in the parlor or elsewhere as constant reminders of the departed. The Doctor has on his centre table the remains of a child pressed into the shape of a cross. The Doctor proposes to place a large number of specimens of animals preserved in this way on exhibition in a few days. A company will soon be formed to push the invention.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson writes to ask the JOURNAL to thank her numerous friends in all parts of the country for their letters of sympathy in her affliction. She is obliged to take this public method because of the physical impossibility of personally responding to the hundreds of letters received. She writes: "Please ask that my many friends all over the country wait patiently for replies; being assured at the same time that I am hopeful, comforted by their sweet messages; full of courage for the future; knowing that whatever befalls, God's love and wisdom will bring light out of our darkness, and peace shall follow the turbulence of sorrow. When I have rested a little from my travels and trials I shall have some interesting psychic facts to relate in connection with my dear boy's transition."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. De Wolf left the city last week for Cassadaga camp meeting.

Robert Dawbarn, the father of the lecturer, Charles Dawbarn, passed to spirit life last month at Wisbech, England. He occupied a prominent position there, and the funeral was attended by the heads of the city departments.

Mr. T. J. Skidmore writes that they have a permanent postoffice, called Lilly Dale, at the Cassadaga camp; also a library. Miss Jennie Weller is the librarian; that the camp is very beautiful and opens with more than usual attendance.

The San Diego, Cal., Union, of July 13th,

empire, as it does, indeed, the wide world round. The paganism of Japan is a fusion of different faiths-Sintolsm, Buddhism, Confucianism; etc.,-none very clear, each shading into the other, and all growing dim, especially among the educated., Christian missionaries have freedom of speech, as fortunately religious persecution is little known in Japan-their heathen charity rebuking our Christian bigotry. But toleration is reaching toward indifference-the old faiths fading, no new ones in full sight, and a feeling that it is all inconsequent.

Much else from Christian lands they like; a British war ship is worth a whole fleet of their poor junks; American mechanism makes their tools look mean, and, perhaps, the religion of these lands from whence ships and mechanism come may be better than ours, may 'be their thought. A thinking Japanese might say: "On the whole these far-away people are better off than we are. If their religion helps them, it might help us."

And so comes a surprise, in the fact that proclaiming Japan a Christian empire is talked of by some of its own leading people. The Japan Weekly Mail gives, this to England. The Times, The Spectator and other London journals discuss it, and our own leading journals take it up.

A missionary effort no doubt pushes on this singular movement, for such a change would give Christian clergymen high place, and most cheering success and prestige.

It looks as though these Oriental pagans had better has:en slowly in this matter. So first and so far as Christianity spreads among their people, all well, and the noble freedom in religion which they enjoy is the best means of reaching the highest spiritual truth. To make Japan Christian by proclamation were a poor makeshift for this age,not good in any dark age even. "The kings dom of heaven is within," and no paper bulletin can bring it.

If the poor Japanese are confused by a half-dozen old and different religions, and stand doubting between Confucius and Buddha and others, their confusion must be worse confounded between the scores of sects and creeds, from Catholicism and Episcopacy to Presbyterianism with its election and its One of the best things that a teacher can do hell, Methodism with its free grace and its is to show his scholars that there are really Trinity, Universalism with its final salvation | two sides to many one-sided statements."

Belief in Spiritualism in the abstract, is not as true a sign, only an evidence of "weak mindedness" and "mental deterioration," says the doctor. It is quite unnecessary to give a list of the names of distinguished men and women who accept Spiritualism, to refute this libelous assertion. As for the insanity of Spiritualists, Doctor Eugene Crowell made careful investigation of that subject, and found that of all causes of insanity, Spiritualism was the least potent. Really it furnished no subjects for the asylum.

The Medico Legal Society, listening to such statements, rather supports the somewhat disputed miracle of the talking ass. Of the two, the long eared property of Baalam was the most sensible.

Ecclesiastical History.

The Christian Register referring to the action of the Boston School Committee in withdrawing Swinton's "Outlines of the World's History" from the public schools of that city, says: "A public school is not the place to teach ecclesiastical history." Then a public school is not the place to teach any kind of history. History is history./ It consists of a narrative of past events, of an account of facts in regard to the doings and occurrences of past centuries. Historical instruction, with the important facts of ecclesiastical history omitted, must be very one-sided and unsatisfactory. For centuries the church and State, throughout Christendom were united, and in many countries the union/has never been dissolved. The history of one cannot be understood without acquaintance with the history of the other. The history of one cannot be intelligantly taught, cannot even be intelligently written without constant reference to the history of the other. Why then does a journal generally so just and discriminating as the Christian Register,

say that ecclesiastical history should not be taught in our public schools? But the Register continues: "No public school board has a right to force on Catholic pupils historical statements on debatable points which may be said to strain the Catholic position. History is not to be taught dogmatically.

The Professional Beggar in France,

The Nation in a late issue contains interest ing information in regard to the methods of the professional beggars of Paris who seem to have reduced their business to a very finished art. In use among the "profession" is a print ed manual containing the names of charitably disposed persons in each quarter of the city with statements as to their means, their pecultarities, and the best way to approach them and to take advantage of their failings. Of this manual there are two editions, differing only in the amount of information they contain, which cost, one six, and the other three francs. One is called "Le Grand Jeu,' or "Big Game," and the other "Le Petit Jeu," or "Little Game." The following extracts from the "Grand Jen" show how systematically the Parisian beggar may conduct his busness:

M. A .- Rich proprietor; readily gives a five france

M. B.—Never gives any money; ask for clothes. M. B.—Never gives any money; ask for clothes. Madame C. (widow)—Is interested in children only; ask for 'layette for the baby and linen for the mother; can also get milk tickets for the baby. M. D.-Very religious. Occupies herself in get-ting people married and in promoting baptisms and

In the proble married and in promoting captisms and first communions; gives full suits of clothes. M. E. — Protestant; dresses children so that they can go to school; gives orders for shoes and clothes; asks for addresses and sends to make inquiries; must have a friend ready to answer. M. F. — Old and radical Republican; very rich; tell bim ton are the richlem or the Reading arts. him you are the victim of the Reactionary party.

Courtlandt Palmer, a radical freethinker of New York, best known as president of the Nineteenth Century Club, died last week at the age of 45. He was not a man of great natural endowments, but he had the advantages of a good education received at Columbia and Williams, and he possessed large wealth inherited from his father, the first Courtlandt Palmer, the successful merchant. He early took to radicalism in religion and politics. He was a positivest, very pronounced in his opposition to Christianity, and in spite of his wealth and aristocratic associations, advocated socialistic doctrines. He had the courage of his convictions and was a generous supporter of the movements in which he was interested. His unfortunate espousal of the cause of Bennett and Wakeman, when they attempted to identify liberalism with the foolish agitation for the resion of moral filth through the mails, was a cause of great sorrow to his friends and an injury to himself personally. It brought him in contact with a class in every way his was encouraged in the work of forming and I mystery."

says: "The teachers were entertained by Jesse Shepard at Villa Montezuma, in four separate parties. He sang to each party, and also to a party of the sisters who visited his mansion in the morning."

Miss Phebe C. Hull writes from Lake Pleasant Camp: "It is said there are twice as many people here as have ever been before so early in the season; many fine improvements are in course of completion and the future of the camp appears most propitious."

Miss Florence Morse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse, was the recipient of a large number of beautiful gifts on her 17th birthday. A "surprise party" assembled at the family residence in San Francisco and completely surprised the English girl with the goodwill and gifts of her American cousins.

A. D. Ballou, of Delphos. Kansas, writes: "Our Camp Meeting will be held at Delphos, commencing, September 7th, and continuing ten days, or longer if thought best at the time of meeting. We are making preparations to have a good spiritual meeting, and hope and trust that all will receive benefit by attending. The JOURNAL is highly appreciated here."

Lucy Larcom, whose poetry and stories have touched the tenderest chords in the human heart and given hope and cheer to struggling thousands, is visiting among her oldtime friends in this city. A reception was given her on Tuesday evening of last week by Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman of South Leavitt street. A large company of literary and pro fessional people were present. Miss Larcom. a noble, strong faced woman, seemed to enjoy the evening as greatly as did the brilliant and vivacious company. Mrs. Sherman assisted by her accomplished daughter entertained the guests with her accustomed grace.

The Le Moyne school for colored children at Memphis, Tenn., is a model one, apparently. A visitor, describing it, says: "Imagine 125 white children up North remaining quiet without a teacher in sight. In the Le Moyne peal of all postal laws against the transmis- school that number of children are left in charge of a monitor, who is responsible for their safe and orderly conduct to their recitation rooms. A girl sits at the piano, and at the word from the monitor strikes into a inferiors, among whom were quacks and march, and the childen file out. How the charlatans, as well as fanatics. Mr. Palmer | children are made to behave so nicely is a

AUGUST 4, 1888.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

A Typical Case-Earnest Words Thereon.

On the second page will be found a portion of the history of W. R. Colby now plying the vocation of medium in San Francisco. He is a typical specimen of a numerous class now and for years infesting Spiritualism. Because these harpies of both sexes chance to possess psychic power or are so organized as to render them mediums, as the case may be, they are able to gratify their ravenous appetites by devouring victims, soul and body. Because of these occult powers assumed or real, we are asked by people claiming to be sensible and moral to condone their diabolism, pet their vices, humor their whims and vigorously defend them when caught at their deviltry.

Wealthy men like the late Thomas R Hazard rush to their rescue when enmeshed in the web of the law, and pour out money freely in their defense. Able and honorable men like Luther R. Marsh are cajoled into endowing a Temple of Truth (?) to be presided over by the Queen of Liars. Experienced men of the world like the Hon. J. J. Owen of the Golden Gate are induced to commend them for their sincerity and fidelity to the cause of spiritual truth. These assertions cannot be successfully refuted. They are notoriously true.

Now what is the rationale of this state of affairs? Rational, moral, order-loving Spiritualists, what are you going to do about it? You know your duty! You know, too, that if recreant to your duty you have got to pay the penalty. You know you cannot sit supinely with folded arms and, aping the religionist whose creed you affect to despise throw the responsibility upon God or the Spirit-world. To say that the Spirit-world has this Movement in charge, thereby implying non-responsibility and no cause of action on your part, is the acme of wicked puerility.

Ycu wealthy Spiritualists, you who count your dollars by the million! whose only real comfort has come from the knowledge Spiritualism has brought you, do you propose to continue to shirk your responsibility to the Cause and to humanity, as you have done up to this time? Some of your number are continually being cut off from the scramble for more wealth, from the Herculean efforts to pile up more of that which in its superfluity is but dross. If Spiritualism is true, if any message from the land of spirits is trustworthy, then these your late contemporaries have entered that life as beggars. With souls deformed and spirits agonized, they now do penance in sack cloth and ashes and wander in realms more desolate and conditions more excruciatingly horrible than ever a Milton or a Dante conceived.

Every individual, rich or poor, of station high or low, who ventures within the gates of the temple of Spiritualism partaking of the knowledge therein attainable, assumes synchronously with that act solemn obligations to himself, to Spiritualism and to humanity, from which there is no escape, and which by inexorable law he must perform or take the awful consequences sure to follow, sooner or latter. It is not our purpose to point out these duties and obligations at this time; every individual whose moral sense is throbbing with ever so faint a pulse, intuitively knows what they are. At different times and with due emphasis and particularity we have pointed out methods for meeting these duties and obligations; we shall do so

Miss Phoebe C. Hull, who acted as financial agent for the JOURNAL with such signal success at Lake Pleasant camp last year, has kindly consented to renew her engagement for the current season. Renewals and new subscriptions may be paid to Miss Hull, who will give receipts. She will occupy the JOUR-NAL tent and will attend to all business matters connected with the office.

The Sunday World speaks as follows of the gas well lately located at one of thessuburbs of Cleveland: "Mr. Rowley was the medium and he went in company with Mr. Strong to the Jewett property, when he was guided in a way he could not explain. When they came near the location of the well, he snatched an umbrella from the hand of Mr. Strong and leaping over a high fence, stuck it into the ground, and said. " Drill there and you will find gas." Mr. Rowley then came to himself and declared that he was physical ly unable to vault the fence under ordinary circumstances which he had just leaped over with perfect ease."

Reports from Springfield, Ill., state that there was great excitement at the faith cure meeting at Oak Ridge, July 26th, and the crowd was the largest of the week. The only miraculous cures of the afternoon were those of Mary J. Smith of St. Louis and Mr. V. Duncan of Taylorville, Ill. The former was paralyzed in one side and had lost control of her speech. She was greatly helped, she said, in both respects, talking with little difficulty, She believed she would be finally and fully cured. Duncan had been forty years a cripple from rheumatism and came hobbling in on a cane. In a few minutes he leaped up and climbed to the platform and jumped down again. Then he threw away his cane and walked off without it.

After months of elaborate preparation and the expenditure of many thousands of dollars,Shakespeare's fairy spectacle, A Mid-summer Night's Dream, has been put upon the stage at McVicker's Theatre. As the Chicago public well knows, Mr. McVicker does not do things by halves, and in this instance he has been especially lavish and particular. The result is a dramatic and lyric cast of superior quality. This delightful spectacle was first seen by us nearly thirty five years ago in the old Boston Theatre, and the memory of it has ever been a source of pleasure; never have we seen it presented since until this week, and it delights us now as much as it did when as a verdant western youth, we ventured into the Boston Theatre. It should

have a long and successful run here.

BIBLES. (Continued from First Page.)

erful sway as the word of God; as the work of man, give it just that force and re-spect to which it is entitled, and no more. an it be possible that nature is false, that the testimony which is written all over the ma-terial world is untrue, and that the works of men, called the "Word of God," are to con-trol this testimony=which was old ere man began to consider from whence he came and what his destiny?

It is contended by many religious minds, by public teachers, that God is above nature, and only has relation to it when, for his own purpose, he desires to interfere and control the forces which otherwise would be contin-uous, unchanging. Yet we have been in-structed that at the command of Joshua, the Lord caused the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon, until the Israelites had avenged themselves upon their enemies; and the record says: "Is this not written in the Book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of Meaven, and hastened not to go down about a whole day. And there was no day like that before it or after it that the Lord harkened unto the voice of man, for the Lord fought for Israel." Here is presented the spectacle of the great central orb of this universe (which is 800,000 miles in diameter and 93,000,000 of miles away from the scene of battle- of the world which was revolving upon its own axis at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and of the moon, which is 240,000 miles dis-tant, and making her tremendous circuit around our earth, traveling at the rate of 1,470,000 miles in 28 days) standing still for the space of a day, that Joshua might exterminate a few more human beings, and this at the command of a Being who, while he was fighting for Israel, might as well have caused the earth to open and the offending heathen to be swallowed up, and thereby have saved a good deal of unnecessary exer-cise on the part of Joshua and the Jewish army. While we are considering these remarkable records we should not forget the picture presented of Joshua marching around the great walled city of Jericho, and the priests blowing the rams' horns, and the people shouting, and the wall'falling flat to the earth. Of course, we cannot prove that these things did not occur, but that they are stories, similar to the mythologies of the Greeks and Romans, and have about the same foundation in fact as the story of the part which the gods took in the wars of the While we are considering these remarkable part which the gods took in the wars of the Athenians, as related by Homer in his won-derful Iliad, is apparent to unprejudiced persons who consider all these things as they are correlated to each other. The trac-ings upon the tablets recovered from the ruins and the sites of ancient cities are most instructive, and afford a ready key to unlock the mysteries surrounding much that is contained in writings yet extant of people of ancient times. The works of Dr. Le Pongeon and his esti-mable wife amid the runned cities covering an immense area in Yucatan, have brought to an unappreciative public the history and character of a people, whom we may well be-lieve, were as old, if not older than the Egyptians. Le Pongeon claims, with much evidence to sustain his position, that the Egyptians owed much of their civilization to a great nation, of which those residing in Yucatan formed a part; and his discovery of huge libraries con-taining the literature of that people, (much of which is in the identical characters of the writings of the Egyptians, and which gives an account of that awful convulsion of nature, by which the great Archipelagoes lying between the American and European conti-nents, were submerged, their inhabitants utterly destroyed, leaving but a remnant south

greatest value to archælogists, and actually anthenticates the story of the lost Atlantis, and the traditions of the Assyrians and of the Jews of that period of the great destruction, when the fountains of the great deep were broken up and the waters prevailed upon the earth. That these terrible convul-sions of nature should be attributed to the anger of God, may readily be understood when we consider the superstitious character of the people of those days, and their lack of scientific knowledge, which is now lifting hu-manity from the ills that flow from ignorance and setting them free from the bonds of sup-erstition. We do surely know how prone we are in the lapse of years, to exalt the virtues of men of great and noble deeds, and to illuminate their characters far beyond their actual merits. It is well that we are coming to a condition in which we can better understand the characters and motives of the great men who have made their records in the history of nations and religions, and weigh them as they justly deserve in the balances of impar-tial judgment; not forgetting that they, like ourselves, were human beings, the victims of human frailties, and that God in His rela-tions to man, and the spiritual world in its relation to humanity, are not likely to have changed by the lapse of time, except in the advances which naturally have been made in the upward and onward growth of the human

The bible, then which is being written today, is not the work of any one man, but of humanity at large. It is not a bible dictated from the lips of an austere God to any fa-vored prophet, priest or seer. It is contained in the civilization in which we live. Man is learning the possibilities of life from precept and example, as well as from the expe-rience which each day brings. Man in his intellectual growth is breaking the narrow limits by which his ancestors were environ-ed, and is aspiring to and attaining alti-tudes from which he can look out with a proader vision and keener perception upon the limitless universe, which is, and ever must be before him. The efforts, which are being rewarded with a greater or less degree of sucrewarded with a greater or less degree of suc-cess, to rend the vail which separates the material from the spiritual world, and to au-thenticate the fact that communion is es-tablished, is the crowning and glorious work of the declining century of this age. What a grand and noble work is this! How far it transcends all efforts which here bitherto hear made by particular soft. have hitherto been made by particular sects and denominations, to point yearning hu-manity the way to a heaven of which they themselves were ignorant. If it be true that salvation is conditional upon a belief in, and the acceptance of, the atonement made through the death of a murdered God, of which so many in the midst of Christendom have the gravest doubt, how important it is that these doubts should be removed, and that we should all prostrate ourselves before the throne of Him who requires this at our hands, and stop our mouths from giving ut-terance to thoughts in our protesting hearts against the justice of this plan of attaining

eternal life. The New York Sun gives this report writ-ten by a missionary in Japan, on the effect of the orthodox gospel on the natives:

"They grieve over the fate of their depart-ed children, parents and relatives, and often show their grief by tears. They ask us if there is any hope, any way to free them by prayer from that eternal misery, and I am obliged to answer there is absolutely none. Their grief at this affects and torments them wonderfully; they almost pine away with sorrow. They often ask if God cannot take their father out of hell, and why their punishment must never have an end. I can hardly restrain my tears at seeing men so dear to my heart, suffer such intense pain. Such thoughts, I imagine, have arisen in the

hearts of all missionaries, in all churches." If this, being true orthodoxy, is untrue as a matter of fact, what fearful responsibility rests and ought to rest upon the souls of the men who promulgate such a horrible doc-tring. To go among a simple beattd and trine. To go among a simple-hearted and simple-minded race of people, possessing human affection and love, as strongly implanted as in ourselves, and to teach them that their offspring, their parents and friends who in tha world, to which He had not vonchsafed to impart this requisite to salvation, must forever and forever be in unending torments, caps the climax of the horrible. Standing, therefore, to-day upon this plane of life, and considering how few we are compared to that immense majority who have gone before us, is there a higher and nobler duty which man can perform to himself and to his fellows, than to unseal the mysteries attending his relation to the spiritual world, as he is unlocking the secrets of the physical world and reading its history as written in nature itself? If it can be with reasonable certainty established by satisfactory evidence that man has a soul that survives the des-truction of the mortal body, and anters into traction of the mortal body, and enters into a spiritual realm, which he finds to have been the abode of all spiritual beings since the advent of man upon the earth, and that a sys-tem of communication can by patient re-search be fully established, we have certainly taken a step in advancing the cause of truth in bestowing knowledge where before ignor-ance was most profound, which is of the utmost importance to all who now live and to those who shall come after us. It is with grief and mortification that we are compelled to hide our faces when we find so noble a work is being hindered and so grand a calling prostituted by those who force their way in and proclaim themselves instruments worthy of credit, while in fact they are infectious with moral corruption, minions of darkness masquerading as angels of light. Notwithstanding these discouragements, this work of truth is progressing as never before, and the future is bright with the many-hued bow of hope. That the work which we are doing is not confined in its blessings to us alone, is asserted in the communications received in thousands of households in our own land and other parts of the world. The work of salvation for the human soul may well commence here. We are taught that as we lift up and exalt ourselves, we elevate others in the spiritual world, who are concentrated around us to finish an incomplete work of life, which seems to be an absolute requirement to those who would make advances after passing from here into the spiritual realm. Spirits are teaching us, as we were never taught before, of the Christ spirit, and how it may be at-tained, and the blessings it brings to those into whose hearts and lives it finds its way. It is not given at the whim of a capricious Deity, and no amount of faith or credence in any story is required to enable us to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. We are taught as Jesus taught, that the Kingdom of Heaven is within, and this snpplement which is given to humanity through the lips of ten thous and angel messengers, is making clear to Christendom and the civilized world, that which was so poorly comprehended before, and to which man, by his foolish interpretaof the Gulf of Mexico,) is really one of the | tion has added so much. New chapters to

the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth have been added, and the world is commencing to ap-preciate their beauty and worth. From the sum of all this man will learn the value of life upon the earth; he will seek to lengthen his days and increase his usefulness. The upward and onward growth and development which he is making, through each and every avenue of knowledge which is now being opened to him, is uprooting and eradicating the numerous tares which have been sown in the broad fields' of truth, and the accumulated bibles of the past will each contribute that which is of value, whilst that which is erroneous will be utterly expunged. The in-culcation of such hellish doctrines as have been promulgated to gratify the lusts and passions of men, as characterized in the book of Mormon, or rather by the teachings of its disciples, we hope will be made impossible. That human hearts may be cheered, death lose its terrors, and the labors of life crowned with blessings which shall bear eternal fruits, should be the object and purpose of our lives, and to that end, we humbly crave the blessings of the Infinite One whom we cannot comprehend, as well as of those whom we know to be ever with us, sympathizing with us in our misfortunes, lifting us up when we have fallen, and cheering us when depressed.

From Cassadaga Camp.

tue Editor of the Religio-Philos The ninth annual meeting of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association opened Saturday, July 21. The attendance is larger than ever be-fore, at the same time of the season, and the prospects are that this year will surpass all previous ones in every way. There is great activity all over the camp, and many notice-able improvements have been made. The celebrated Northwestern Band of Meadville, is engaged for the season, and its excellent music enlivens the meetings and brings a cheerful atmosphere to the camp. Congregational singing has been introduced, under direction of Prof. W. F. Peck, of Boston, and is proving very beneficial in giving unity of feeling and sentiment to the meetings. The children's lyceum is in charge of Mrs. E. W. Tillingbast, and the work is going on nicely, to the great benefit of those engaged. Every Friday morning is to be given to the chil dren.

Thus far lectures have been given by Walter Howell, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, and Miss Jennie B. Hagan and others. Various phases of mediumship are represented on the grounds, and the opportunities for investigation of the phenomena were never better than at present. W. A. Mansfield is giving scances for slate-writing, and has all the visitors he can attend to.

If natural scencery has any any effect up-on the development of spiritual powers, the dwellers at Cassadaga ought to attain a high degree of spiritual unfoldment. Nature has done all in her power to give the teachings promulgated from the platform their highest potency. The beautiful lake, on which rest the shadows of the clouds, seems a symbol of the pure waters of truth. The air is as pure and sweet as a breath from heaven. The cool aisles of the woods, with the sunlight streaming down through the treetops, seem hvery paradise, and the reverent soul can ear the voice of God in the rustling of the eaves. The very air seems vibrant with the presence of spirit, and there is an exaltation in simply breathing the sweet breath of the woods. When the natural charms of such a favored spot are considered in connection with the excellent programme of lectures and other exercises, it is difficult to imagine how any one who believes in the principles represented here can be persuaded to remain away a single day of the season.

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again and again.

We have been traduced, misrepresent ed, misunderstood, antagonized, conspired against for our persistent, unrelenting warfare against the vice, superstition and chicanery cloaked under the name of Spiritualism. The JOURNAL has had to contend against such odds as never before assailed a Spiritualist paper. But we do not complain, nor grow faint; we do not pose as a martyr, nor as having a "mission;" and the JOURNAL has successfully withstood all assaults and never was, morally speaking, so robust and effective as to-day. We have done only our duty! Have you who read this done yours? If not, begin from this hour and never again remit your efforts. Seek how best you can promote the best interests of pure Spiritualism, how you can most effectually aid in making this world better and the next a haven of peace!

Mrs. Addie L. Ballon will be one of the speakers at the Paw Paw, Mich., Convention.

G. H. Brooks writes that Haslett Park Camp has been greatly improved. Several excellent mediums are present, and everything indicates success of the enterprise.

Prof. Albert D. Hager, the ex-Secretary of the Chicago Historical Society, passed to spirit life at his residence 461 South Leavitt St., last Sunday. The body was taken to Mukwanago, Wis., for burial. Prof. Hager was highly esteemed by those who knew him for his many sterling qualities.

Owing to the illness of his stenographer, the lightness of the office force during the vacation season and the unremitting pressure upon his time, the editor is unable to reply to many letters demanding his personal attention. Cørrespondents must have patience, or they must co-operate to the end that the JOURNAL office can afford a considerable increase of its staff. Both patience and additional co-operation' will best suit the editor and the demands of Spiritualism.

Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, and his assistant, Mr. Hutcheson, are noted for their wonderful memories. Not only can they refer instantly to any book in the library that may be asked for, but if requested to mention the best books on a particular topic they are able to enumerate them with a rapidity that would shame a book canvasser.

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Campers Attention! Onset Station.

The Onset Station on the Old Colony Railroad is how open and excursion tickets are sold to Onset, which is the most direct way of reaching the On-set Bay camp-ground. The Onset street rail way is also in operation, connecting with all trains to and from the group. and from the grove.

A new series of Mental Evolution, or the Process of Intellectual Development, by the Spirit Prof. M. Faraday, late Chemist and Electrician in the Royal Institute, London. Price, 15 cents; for sale here.

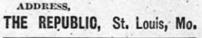
Seekers of Summer Sylvan Shades

should send for the Summer Tourist Folder of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," and a copy of "In Summer Days," descriptive of the fav-orite Northern and Eastern resorts and the way to reach them, profusely illustrated, enclosing two treach them, profusely illustrated, enclosing two stamps for posinge. The tourist routes presented to the attention of the public by the Michigan Central are unrivalled in variety and interest, and should be carefully examined before deciding upon one's summer trin. summer trip. Address, O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

WANTED-INFORMATION, OF WILLIAM REYNOLDS an orphan boy, age about 19. Adopted from the Chica go Home of the Friendless in 1880. Any one naving knowi-edge of his whereabouts will confer a great favor on his sister. Lizzle by addressing MHS. N. G. CLEVELAND, City Missionary, care of Y. A. C. A., Chicago, III.



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Toices from the People. INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Sunset Thoughts.

JENNIE C. WILLIAMS.

Gleaming golden in the sunset Hang the purple clouds at even, Just such clouds as in my childhood Seemed the folding doors of heaven.

Ah! what happy days of promise When the coming was so bright, When from out the mystic future Floated floods of golden light;

When each bird that sang above us And the tint of every flower, Told of something new to love us, Some bright hope for every hour;

When the heart was filled with beauty, Full of truth, of joy, of love, That I wondered how could heaven Be more beautiful above!

Oh! that eyes which looked the purest Should be ever used to see, Onward out beyond the curtain Life's deceit and misery;

That the soul which loved and trusted With the blindness of a child, With a faith in every promise Was by loving hope beguiled.

Amber cloude that wreathed the sunset In our pathway's rosy dawn,-How thay beckoned the young dreamer From his happy moments on.

And the life was lost in dreaming O'er the visions of the past, With the life beyond the curtain Where those lovely dreams may last,

There no yearning soul is reaching Ever out into the dark, Asking wildly for one glimmer, For one little flickering spark.

There beyond yon fleecy curtain All with eliver burnlehed round, I believe the soul's true language In the feture will be found.

And my noblest aspirations Meet fulfiliment, pure and high, When the curtain shall be folded back That shrouds the evening sky.

A Dream and Its Fulfillment.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

aged the W_______ department for a well-known dry goods firm on State street, not far from Madi-son street, Chicago; on the same floor was the shawl department, managed by Mr. B., and another de-partment by Mr. De, the latter having been with the firm twelve years, and Mr. B. about eight years. Many of our fellow-employes expressed themselves as being solid with the firm as long as it should do business. One Saturday, to the surprise of every one, Mr. De, was discharged without any-apparent cause and no satisfaction from the firm, only this: "We regret having no further use for your services." 'The Thursday following I had the following dream: Between Mr. E's and my department was one de-voted to children's ware, and I dreamed I saw a bright fire above the shelving, striking the ceiling, and I got a window pole used. In lower-ring the upper windows, and tried to extinguish it, but did not succeed. Then my dream changed, and I found myself working in a cellar, and on the side of it was, as it appeared to me, a dark place or hole, but I could not make out what it was. Then I entered from the rear a large room, hooking much like a tailoring establishment with shelving on one side, and it seemed as if I was to learn something there. Upon my enfering I was accosted by a gentleman whom I surnised was the manager? with a duster in his hand, and showing me a lot of paper boxes on the shelves, he said it would be my duty to dust them off and keep things in order, at which I felt indignant, having been in the business over ten years, and for the past five years at least, I had some one under me to do such part of the work. I told him I had served my time as an ap-prentice and would not do it. (Then I found my-self in a large place, but could not make out what it was; it seemed to me like a theater, having as out of gallery and a large broad stairway. The has seif in a large place, but could not make out what it was; it seemed to me like a theater, having a sort of gallery and a large broad stairway. 'The last part of this dream consisted in finding myself in the old place again, telling Mr. L., the superin-tendent. that I had come back to work again, to which he gave the answer that he would have to see Mr. E. of the firm.

The next morning when I got to work, I related my dream to Mr. B., and he at once remarked, as fired for me," and I thought the same of myself. As "fired' for me," and I thought the same of myself. As Mr. B. was a hard worker and there much longer than I, it seemed improbable that he should be dis-charged or laid off, but when Saturday night came, he was called to the office, and in passing me, said: "D., here goes my fire," and sure enough to the great surprise of every one he got it. When I saw how he fared, I at once made up my mind that my turu would be next, but I was not favored with my turn would be next, but I was not havored with it until the next Saturday; then without getting any reason for being so treated. Now come my move-ments. I left Chicago for Detroit and got work the day following with M. Bros. & Co. I was taken to the basement department, and what should I see there but the dark spot which I could not make out; it was the horizontal hydraulic elevator machinerg. After working in that department for a month or so, one of the firm came to ma and asked if I could After working in that department for a month or so, one of the firm came to me and asked if I could handle cloaks (something I never had any experi-ence in), and I promised to do the best I could. Mr. M., whom I followed, entered the rear elevator used for freight, and took me up to the third floor. After being introduced to the manager, Mr. H., he showed me through the department in a hurry, and the first thing he asked me to do was to dust "those boxes." They were really there just as I had seen them in my dream with the surroundings and everything to correspond. Well, the manager got my reply, that I had served my apprenticeship, etc., and if he wanted some one else. The consequence was we could not some one to do difty work, he would have to select some one else. The consequence was we could not get along. I was laid off and procured a situation with U. E. & Co., and all Detroiters will readily recognize the description I gave in my dream of it, being as it is a large and spacious store, with broad stairways and gallery. The latter was very vivid in my dream and played an important part in conjunc-tion with my work there. The last part of my dream has not come true yet, but under the present circumstances may happen. D. F. W. Detroit, Mich.

During the recent strike of the miners in the Schuylklii coal region I visited some of the mining towns. In one of them I enjoyed the hospitality of an intelligent miner who came to America twenty years ago from Saxony, where he had worked in the mines. He left that country soon after the oc-currence of one of the most terrible colliery disasters on recent he minet he area number of miners lost currence of one of the most terrible colliery disasters on record, by which a large number of miners lost their lives. He was one of the force of miners who volunteered to enter the dangerous depths of the exploded mine for the purpose of attempting the-rescue of such victims of the disaster as might pos-sibly have survived the explosion itself but were barricaded from escape by walls of fallen coal be-tween them and the month of the mine. There had been a large number of such victims, as the rescuing party found too late, the obstructions between them and the doomed men having been too great to per-mit of removal in time to save them from a lingerand the doomed men having been too great to per-mit of removal in time to save them from a linger-ing and horrible death. Of that melancholy catas-trophe my miner friend has preserved a most re-markable record in a series of manuscript copies, translated into English, of messages written to their friends by such of the doomed Saxon miners as were not killed outright by the explosion, but were among those who were preserved for the no less sure and more terrible death by suffocation, as the poisonous gases slowly destroyed the pure air that remained in the mine. These messages were found suffer and more terrifie deam by sufficient in a that polysonous gases slowly destroyed the pure air that remained in the mine. These messages were found in note-books and on scrape of paper on the dead bodies of the poor men when they were at last re-covered. These last messages from the dead certain-ly have no parallel in heart-touching pathos. No-where, in history or romance, is such a scene depict-ed as is shown by these simple messages—a picture of men, face to face with death, awaiting its coming with a calmness and resignation which only the noblest and strongest hearts could summon. Not one word in the whole record reveals a feeling of bitterness against the fate they could not avert. There is an intensity of pathos in some of the lines scrawled by these death-besieged men in the gloom of their narrow prison. For instance, one of them, a miner named Reichs, held in his hand when his dead body was found a scrap of paper on which

The Thoughts of Dying Miners.

of their narrow prison. For instance, one of them, a miner named Reiche, held in his hand when his dead body was found a scrap of paper on which was scrawled these words: "Dear Sister: Meyer, in the village, owes me 10 thalers. It is yours. I hope any face will not-be distorted when they find us. I might have been better to you. Janetz forgives me. Good-by." Reiche, as my old miner friend told me, having the history of all these poor men still fresh in his mind, was a severe man, his only relative being a sister, a young and pretty girl named Rika, who had charge of her brother's household. She was loved by a young miner named Janetz, and she loved him in return. Her brother refused to consent to her marrying Janetz, and had commanded all communi-cation between them to cease. Janetz was one of the victims of the mine disaster. Pinned to his blackened coat when his body was found, lying near that of Reiche, was a leaf from his note-book, on which me mader is the met the one to the set.

that of Helche, was a lear from his note-book, on which he had written this: "Darling Rika: My last thought was of thee. It is well with our brother, and my heart holds no bitterness. Thy name will be the last words my lips shall speak. Farewell." Utter absence of all settishness, all repinings over

Utter absence of all selfishness, all repinings over their fate as it immediately affected themselves, is touchingly apparent in all the messages. Lying close to the body of the young miner Janetz was that of his friend Moretz, who had a wife and two children. On a paper in his cap he had written these words: "Janetz has just died. Richer is dying. He safs: 'Tell my family I leave them with God.' Farewell, dear wife. Farewell, dear children. May God.keep you."

Two brothers of the name of Jeahn were employ-ed in the mine, working in alternate "shifts." On the day of the disaster the brother whose turn it was to work was unable to go, and his brother, al-though weary from his own toil, generously took his block. The norman was smoon the totime. This place. The poor man was among the victims. This message was found on his dead body:

"Thank God for His goodness, brother! You are

safe!" The miner Schmidt wrote: "My dear relations, while seeing death before me I remember you. Farewell until we meet again in happiness!" One of the doomed men was a man of family named Moller. His message found on the fly-leaf of a Testament in his pocket, was one of the most touching of all: touching of all:

touching of all: "Dear wife," he wrote, "take good care of Mary. In a book in the bedroom you will find a thaler. Farewell, dear mother! We will meet again." The Mary he mentioned was the miner's only daughter, who was blind. A miner named Richer, whose brother was mentioned as dying in Moretz's message, simply wrote on a piece of paper which was found on his breast: "No more toll in darkness." The story of the terrible struggle these poor men made for life in the gas-choked depths is told in a few lines found in the note-book of a miner named Bahr: "This is the last place where we have taken ref-

Bahr: "This is the last place where we have taken ref-uge. It is the last we can take. I give up all hope. The ventilation has been destroyed in three differ-ent places of refuge. May God take myself and relatives and dear friends who must die with me, as well as our families, under His protection."

in this pathetic There are many other passages in this pathetic diary, made up of the messages from these dying miners, all breathing a simple plety and unselfish resignation. This uniformly plous spirit was ex-plained by the old miner. He said that the miners of Saxony are all reared in a strict religious school, and that on entering the mines they all petition heaven for protection while they are surrounded by ever-present perils in the depths, and on leaving the mines they return thanks to God for guarding them and being the strike through the depths are surrounded by and bringing them safely through the dangers of their toll. "I never read these simple messages of those poor men without moistened eyes," said the old miner. "I can picture to myself the scene of the rough-handed what tender beated man. "I can picture to myself the scene of the rough-handed but tender-hearted men, spending their last moments, not in wild cries for mercy and screams of remorse, nor in reploings against their cruel fate, but in sending these farewell words to their loved ones, who were even then bewalling them as dead. While my heart bleeds over the plc-ture, I thank God that, humble miners though they were, they showed the world how bravely and nobly the N.Y. Tribune. they could die."-, the N. Y. Tribune.

A Trance Speaker of the Revolution.

In an elaborate paper on the Autograph Collections of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and of the signers of the Constitution, by Lyman C. Draper, in the fourth vol. of collections of the Wisconsin Historical Society, is the following notice of John Dickinson, one of the patriot statesmen and orators of the Revolution. It would appear that Mr. Dickinson was unconsciously a trance speaker, and such a distinguished instance occurring over eighty years ago, is well worthy of attention.

HON, JOHN DICKINSON.

Mr. Dickinson had for many years been one of the most steady and powerful opponents of the ar-bitrary measures of Great Britain against the Colobitrary measures of Great Britain against the Colo-nice; but when Independence was brought for-ward, he opposed it in Congress both in debate and yote as premature. There was no better patriot in the country; and though temporarily retired from Congress, he was the next year made a Brigadier General of Pennsylvania militia, and two years later fer-entered Congress as a member from Delaware. His services were important to his country. He died in 1808, in his sixty-seventh year. Mr. Niles, in his sixty-seventh year. Mr. Niles, in his interesting incident of Dickinson, as showing the power of the mind abstracts from personal sensibilities. Fifteen or sixteen years ago, then residing at Wilmington, Delaware, as I passed

as showing the power of the mind abstracted from personal sehsibilities. Fifteen or sixteen years ago, then residing at Wilmington, Delaware, as I passed the house of the late venerable John Dickinson, at 12 o'clock in the day, he was standing in the door, and invited me in. After reproving me for not hav-ing called to see him, for he had been a little unwell, he said that he would have a glass of wine with me— the first that he had drank for six weeks. After taking a couple of glassees in instant succession, he suddenly sat down, and abruptly asked me, what I thought of the discussion then going on in Con-gress on the great question about the Judiclary? This discussion occurred during the session of Con-gress of 1801-1802. Having very briefly given my opinion, he said in a sprightly manner, "Pil tell thee mine"—on which he began an argument, soon he became animated, and was uneasy in his seat. As he proceeded, he elevated his voice; and finally rising slowly and unconsciously from his chair, he put forth his hand and addressed me as if I had been the chairman of a Legislativé body, with all its members present. I never have heard a discourse that was comparable to this speech for its fire and spirit, poured forth like a torrent, and clothed in the most beautiful and persuasive language. The grace-ful gesture of the original the succession in the ful gesture of the original the succession in the ful gesture of the original prismants and succession for the fire and spirit, poured forth like a torrent, and clothed in the most beautiful and persuasive language. The grace-ful gesture of the original prismants and spirit, poured forth like a torrent, and clothed in the most beautiful and persuasive language. The grace-ful gesture of the original prismants and spirit, poured forth like a torrent is fine and years and the prismants and spirit, pours for the spire original prismants and spirit, pours for the spire original prismants and spirit. most beautiful and persuasive language. The grace-ful gesture of the orator, his fine and venerable figure, interesting countenance, and locks "white as wool," formed a *tout ensemble* that riveted me to the chair with admiration.

chair with admiration. His delirium, if it may be so called, lasted nearly half an hour, when it was interrupted by one of the family entering the room. He stopped instantly, with a word half finished on his lips, and sat down in great confusion—apologized for his strange beha-vior, and entirely dropped the subject. Mr. Dickin-son was an elegant speaker, and one of the most ac-complished scholars that our country has produced; but perhaps, he never pronounced a speech so elobut perhaps, he never pronounced a speech so elo-quent, so chaste, and so beautiful, as that which be delivered before me as stated. It was his soul rather than his person that acted on the occasion, and a master-spirit it was. The argument was in favor of a repeal of the Judiciary act.

Invor of a repeat of the studicary act. It cannot reasonably be charged or suspected that this was a case of simulation on the part of Mr. Dickinson. Conceding Mr. Niles as a credible and reliable witness, then, indeed, a "master spirit" must have controlled this great statesman of the Revolution on this notable occasion. Mr. Niles had all his life mingled with the great orators of our country, and must have been familiar with their forensic efforts, and yet declares that he "never heard a discourse that was comparable to this speech.

speech." Such an exhibition serves to remind us of the ex-periences recorded in the Bible—"the gift of tongues," "spiritual gifts," which the Rev. Drs. McClintock and Strong, in their Cyclopedia of Re-ligious Literature, pronounce as "utterances of a spiritual kind;" or as Smith, in his dictionary of the Bible, defines spiritual gifts as a "distinctly linguistic nows".

Whatever may be the definition of this power, as God -is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and both He and His laws alike unchangeable, we may very properly conclude, that what was permissible in the days of Fentecost, when men began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utter-ances, was permissible with John Dickinson, and also with trance-aneakers of modern times. also with trance-speakers of modern times.

Letter from the Pacific Coast.

to the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journa." In writing to renew my subscription to the JOURNAL, I wish to express my admiration of the high tharacter it has attained as an ex-ponent of the elevating glorious truths of pure Spiritualism, and your uniring efforts in exposing fraudulent and dishonest mediums. It is unfortu-nate for the cause of Spiritualism that some of our spiritual papers publish so much stereotyped drivel as that which is weekly ground out by the "Sun An-gel Order of Light"; it has the effect of disgusting intelligent people with the whole subject: more intelligent people with the whole subject; more intempent people with the whole subject; more unfortunate still that some of them are so ready to condone fraud, excuse it, or even knowingly sustain it. The JOURNAL, while it is a tower of defence to pure mediumship, is a tempest of fire to the unprin-cipled wretches, who, by fraud, outrage the holiest feelings of our nature. elings of our nature. Your fair and candid treatment of all questions that affect our social and religious interests, have won for you a respectful attention among all thoughtful men, and women who have read the thoughtful men, and women who have read the JOURNAL, and led many who would otherwise have been repelled to investigate the claim of our philos-ophy. I have taken the JOURNAL for many years, and to me it is like a weekly visit from an old friend, laden with the best thoughts of the best men and women of our race; solid food for the mind. A very sad event has recently occurred here in the death of Will Watson, the only son of Mrs. E. I. Watson, who was so suddenly recalled from her visit to the East. She reached home nearly two weeks be-fore he passed away, and soothed the last weary days and nights of his journey on earth, as only a mother can. He was just in the flush the early man-hood, bright, warmhearted, generons and good, the idel of his mother's heart, the light of her home. It is hard even with an absolute knowledge of the It is hard even with an absolute knowledge of the It is hard even with an absolute knowledge of the truth of Spiritualism to give up the darlings who have walked by our side or nestled in our bosoms, to take up our load of care and sorrow and travel the remainder of life's journey without them; but that is the sad experience of most of us. The shadthe remainder of life's journey without them; but that is the sad experience of most of us. The shad-ows of death have dimmed the beauty of Sunny Brae, but just beyond there is a brighter home where those shadows can never enter. Mrs. Watson spoke at the funeral. There was a large number of sympathizing friends present. It was a pathetic but sublime sight to see that noble woman, standing by the coffin of her son, her hand sometimes smoothing the unconscious brow that her lips had so often kissed, telling the sweet story of their blended lives, of their plans and hopes of happiness in that beautiful home, the product of their own industry and care—dreams, alas! never to be realized on earth. She spoke of the many kind friends in earth-life whose sympathies were so grateful to her in her sorrow, of that bright-er life beyond the shadows where disappointment and sorrows can never come. The large concourse of people, as far as her voice could be heard, were bathed in tears, yet no tears came to assunge the hot angulah of the speaker, but the eloquent words that fell from her lips seemed at last to come in great soba as if the mother's heart was bursting. It was a terrible ordeal, but she felt that she could not delegate it to another, and no one else in the world obtid have discharged that sad tasks ow while. Her great stay and comfort now is her daughter Lulu (just on the verge of womanhood, who has graces and wisdom far beyond her years), and the unseen messengers of light who bring balin to her wounded heart. Sam't LydiARD. Santa Clara, Cal. Santa Clara, Cal.

"Fifty Years Atterward"

Is the title of an address, at the annual meeting of the Free Religion Association, Boston, June 1st, 1888, by Edwin D. Mead. The extract below suggests the possibility that a half century hence some one may pass a like criticism on the Unitarianism of to-day for its slighting estimate of modern Spiritualism. Emerson is now a saint in the Unitarian calendar, and perhaps this "stone which the builders now reject" may be "a chief corner-stone" in the broader temple of the future.

broader temple of the future. How were the doctrines of Emerson's Harvard address received by the world of fifty years ago? I think in essentially the same way that they would be received to-day, if uttered to-day for the first time by one who was not yet canonized, but whose fame was yet a thing of the future. I will not speak of the orthodox world, save to remember gratefully the protesting voice of, brave Father Taylor, declar-ing, amid the din and babblement: "Mr. Emerson may think this or that, but he is more like Jesus Christ than any one I have ever known. I have seen ing, amid the din and babblement: "Mr. Emerson may think this or that, but he is more like Jesus Christ than any one I have ever known. I have seen him when his religion was tested, and it bore the test." "He must go to heaven when he dies, for if he went to hell the devil would not know what to do with him." I speak of the Harvard College and Unitarian world, which Emerson addressed. "Theories which would overturn society and resolve the world into chaos," said the highest university authority of the Harvard address. "The lucubra-tions of an individual in no way connected with the school," said the Unitarian newspaper. Emerson's successor in the pulpit, kindly man as he certainly was, felt undoubted relief in explaining that Emer-son had never been considered a regular Unitarian minister. "Silly women and silly young men, it is to be feared," said Andrews Norton, the chief priest, "have been drawn away from their Christian faith, if not divorced from all that can be properly be called religion." The story of that tumult and alarm has been told too offen to need repeating further here. Emerson became the most dreaded heretic in America. "The speech will serve as some of the divisions in Congressional de-bates," Emerson himself wrote to his trother, "to ascertain how men do think on a great question." And so it did. Dr. Frothingham, the father of our own radical leader, preached about Emerson, surely in no approving way, from the text, "Some said that it thundered, others that an angel spoke." The great majority voted for thunder.

Of Interest to Women.

Miss Frances E. Willard, of Evanston, Ill., Presi-dent, and Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, Ind., corresponding secretary of the National Coun-cli, that was organized in Washington, D. C., as the outcome of the great council of women held there last spring, are laying the foundation of a new and might work. Its purpose is to secure in every leading city and town of the United States a "Wo-man's Council" made up of the presidents of all so-clettes of women, having a headquarters of its own, with an office secretary, and entering unitedly upon with an office secretary, and entering unitedly upon such lines of work as all the women can agree upon. It is believed that such a plan of interaction combined with the organic independence of each society, will do away with the overlapping of plans that now leads to 'much waste of time and energy. Also that it will broaden the horizon of every woman who belongs to an organized society of women, and lead to larger mutual toleration be-tween milds, berefolore separate and to a great tween guilds, heretofore separate and to a great degree non-sympathetic. As an illustration of the practical working of the plan it may be stated that such a council of women could readily arrange for petitions from all societies of women in any given petitions from all societies of women in any given town or city asking that women should be placed upon the school board, upon the different boards entrusted with the care of public institutions for the defective, delinquent and dependent classes; asking for the admission of women to local, county, state and national organizations, such as press asso-ciations, medical associations, ecclesiastical associa-tions, etc.; asking that the doors of such schools and colleges as are not yet open to women might and colleges as are not yet open to women might be thrown wide open for their admission; asking for better protection for the home, and heavier The penalties for all crimes against women and gris. It will be readily seen that greatly added force will come from any such movement, whether local, state or national, when it is backed up by the united societies of the locality, state or nation, and that with a small expenditure of money and lime all these societies while carrying on separately their own separate work for which they were organized, may yet do an immense work for womanhood at large along the lines on which all can agree to large along the lines on which all can agree to unite in sympathy, influence and effort. To carry out such plans and on so large a scale will require time, but there is every reason to believe from the experience and success of the women who have ta-ken up this work that they will persist in a quiet but intelligent endeavor, having in view the ends-herein stated until success shall crown their great but practicable movement.

Interesting Manifestations.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: "I am not a professed Spiritualist," said a lady

AUGUST 4, 1888.

unacquainted with the religious predilections of the aldermen. The objectionable words simply convey an idea of the religious thought or bias of Ald. Hammer, and the resolutions were adopted very much in the same spirit ministers pronounce funeral eulogies. That the resolutions begin to express the religious notions of the "city government" the hum-blest of the humble would deny.—*Chicago Times*.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellancous Subjects.

Ventura, Cal., evidently wishes to attract Boston Immigrants. There are just 6,000 acres in one bean field out there.

A fashionable tailor shows some dress suits of white opera flannel, which he made for a party of Yale men, who intend to spring them on Bar Har-bor at the first Casino dance.

The preparation of the buge quantity of beef tea is one of the sights of, the London hospital. One hundred and seventy-two pints a day is a part of the patients' bill of fare.

Carson, Nev., reports an aerolite weighing ten tons that is streaked with horn silver, and fell upon a race course, narrowly missing a jockey who was ex ercising a colt there at the time.

Belated people who are making arrangements to hire seaside cottages are having the best of the bargain, since all unrented summer houses are held now by their owners at cheap estimate.

Pennies are now eagerly demanded by the South and West, where they were once despised, and the 3,000,000 of pennies made at the Philadelphia mint last month were not equal to the want.

A. Maine deacon on his return from quarterly meeting, one Sunday, not long ago, saw a string of trout lying on a bridge. He sprang from his wagon, seized the trout, and drove on, fitly punishing the Sunday angler for his wickedness.

The latest wrinkle is a Turkish bath for horses, in which they are put through the same sweating and cooling processes as human beings. Such a bath is run in connection with a New York stable, and its patronage has become large and profitable.

The Moslems have just concluded the fast of Ramadan. During the day time no food can be touch-ed, water tasted nor tobacco smoked; at night feast-ing may be carried on as energetically as the Moslem pleases, and after the fast there are three days of feasting.

There is a catawba tree in the front yard of a house in Camilla, Ga, which the front yard of a house in Camilla, Ga, which bears three crops of leaves every year, and, strange to say, each crop is destroyed by what is called the catawba worm, which resembles a cateroillar in appearance, but is somewhat larger in size.

Justice Charles, at Liverpool, recently sentenced a and to seven years' penal servitude, and his wife to the same punishment for life, for cruelty to their child, a little girl, whom they had kept imprisoned in a dark cellar and had beaten, burned with a hot poker and otherwise abused.

Marungle, Pa, has a case of witchcraft on hand, and the whole town sits up o' nights to watch "an animal like a cat, only larger and without a bead, black and with an extra long tail," which is said to to have been expelled from a bewitched patient by a conjurer out that way.

"Humpy" Pennington, a noted moonshiner, sixty years old, who has made whisky at pleasure ever since the war, has just been arrested and carried to Nashville, Tenn., but his wife has the still intact and swears she will make whisky "in spite of all the Yankees that ever wore blue."

Caterpillars are doing great harm in Maine towns on the upper Penobscot. Fences seem to be alive, so thickly are they covered with the wriggling, fuz-zy things. Orchards have been stripped of leaves, and now the worms are taking to the woods and clearing the forest trees of their foliage.

Work on the Miles Standish monument at South Duxbury, Mass., has been resumed, and probably the big pillar will be finished this summer. It was in-tended to have the statue of the Puritan soldier which is to surmount the pillar made of bronze, but a later decision is to cut it from Cape Ann ormalia. granite.

A French chemist reports that wine is affected differently by bottles of different manufacture. Some bottles improve while others injure it. An undue admixture of lime and magnesia, which are often substituted for soda and potash in glass on ac-count of their cheapness, acts injuriously upon the wine wine.

A new and artistic idea has been introduced at dinner parties lately. The knives and forks are all different, and each one made after some special design. Diminutive copies of antique German and Turkish swords serve the guests masculine for knives, matched by tiny daggers of Italian patterns; given to those of the sex feminine.

Montreal commercial circles are greatly disturbed by an alarming decline in the grain trade of that port. Although navigation was only opened two months ago, the shipments have fallen behind the amount for the same time last year by 2,640,022 bushels. A leading grain merchant says the trouble is that Canadian forwarders cannot compete with the Americans. the Americans.

Commendatory.

to the Editor of the Religie-Philosophical Journal:

Your article on the Diss De Bars, and Prof. Car penter's on "Mediumistic Tricksters," echo my senti-ments exactly; and I hope you will keep hammer-ing away at them until there are none left to hammer. Commercial mediumship has done mor retard the cause of true Spiritualism.in this city retard the cause of true Spiritualism. In this city than anything else. There is wealth enough here among those who are interested and are convinced of the fact of spirit return, to rival the richest church society, but they hold aloof because of these constant exposures. It is a lamentable fact that we cannot sustain an intelligent course of lectures without resorting to the dime show business in me-diumship, to attract the curious and the ignorant who only want the phenomena, and don't care a straw about the higher teachings of our philosophy. The close proximity of Boston causes its influence straw about the higher teachings of our philosophy. The close proximity of Boston causes its influence to be felt here, and like the stench of the pole-cat the rottenness which penetrates the spiritual at-mosphere in that city has been waited into our mildst and nauseates the stomachs of intelligent thinking people. Yours for decency, Providence, R. I. E. H. DUNHAM.

L. Foster writes: We can't get along with-out the JOURNAL. We have had family sittings for spiritual communications the past six months and have got some very good messages.

Indulgences.

Here is another Roman Catholic on those indul-gences. Victor Duruy, the renowned historian of Greece, of Rome, of France and the middle ages, was a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic; but his histories are accepted and justly admired every-where for their accuracy and impartiality. In his *Historic des Temps Modernes* (eleventh edition), page 182 after a sketch of the corruption in the church at the beginning of the sixteenth century, occurs this passage:

occurs this passage: 4 ⁽⁷⁾ The wars of Julius II. had exhausted the ponti-fical treasury. Afterwards came the magnificences of Leo. X., who dispensed 100,000 ducats at his corona-tion, and gave 500 for a sonnet. He was ilkewise compelled, in order to live, to pledge the jewels of St. Peter and to sell some charges, which increased by 40,000 ducats the annual expenses of the gov-ernment. The spiendid temple commenced by Julius II. on a plan which should make it the grandest basilic of Christendom, St. Peter's of Rome, threatened to remain uncompleted. Leo X. accor-ded indugences to all those who contributed of their money for its completion. The archibishop of Mayence, charged with the publishing of these in-dugences in Germany, caused them to be preached in Saxony by the Bominican Tetzel. There were great abuses committed, both in the exaggented promises made to the faithful who purchased these promises of salvation, and in the employment that was made, even under their eyes, of a part of their money. The Augustines, heretofore charged with the sales of indugences, were irritated to see that lucrative mission pass into the hands of the Domini-cans. Spite uncovered, to them abuses, and these abuses, were strongly attacked by their most emi-nent doctor, Martin Luther, whose theological studies led him to take a view entirely opposed. He had, in effect, already arrived at the principle-which remained the foundation of the Protestant churches, justification by faith alone, whereas the doctrine of indugences supposes also justification by deeds. Such was the beginning of the reform. The wars of Julius II, had exhausted the ponti doctrine of indulgences supposes also justification by deeds. Such was the beginning of the reform.

If that is good history for the schools and col-leges of France, and for the intelligent amongst Roman Catholics and Protestants everywhere, it ought to be good for the Boston High School. If history cannot be taught in our schools, it may be well that the press supply the deficiency.—Boston Transverse Transcript.

Charles Clark writes: I was reading in your columns about the life and death of Servetus; that the people, after 300 years met on the same ground for the purpose of celebrating his death, and to do honor to the murderer. I was born in 1827. When I was five or six years old, there met at Poultneyville, N. Y., the largest crowd of people that I ever saw for the purpose of celebrating the death of Thomas Palne. The world moves, and it you roll the car of progress in the direction that it is now alming, you will soon have wiped out every stain of such bigotry.

riend to , a few days ago, "but I shall always lleve my father came to me, even long years after he died. I was always subject to severe attacks of sore throat. Once, when sixteen years old, I had a very severe fit of illness, and my father sat up with me all night when the disease had reached the climax, to prevent me from going to sleep, as there was a liability that I should strangle if f did. Some five years after that my father having died, I was taken again with the same malady. The disease came in a worse form than ever, and it was thought that 1 would die. One night when I could neither sit. that I would die. One night when I could neither sit, stand, nor lie down, so great was my agony, I threw myself on a sofa and commenced calling my father. 'You helped me when I was so sick before; oh! father, where are you? Can't you relieve me? Don't you know how I am suffering? Surely, if you are still living, you must pity me. You would help me if you were here? Suddenly a strange thrill passed all through me. The pain left me, a sweet peace pervaded my mind, and before I was con-scious that I was even sleepy, I was asleep. It was twelve o'clock. The doctor had cautioned me that I must keen awake. I did not come to consciousness must keep awake. I did not come to consciousness till nearly ten o'clock on the following morning, and then I found the ulcer broken, and my throat

and then I found the ulcer broken, and my throat entirely free from soreness and pain." Another lady who is rather prejudiced against Spiritualism, told me last night that five days ago, when Mr. Randall was lying ill, she distinctly saw him walk into the capitol and take his seat. She says she thought to herself, "Why, Mr. Randall must be better, but I should think it imprudent to rate off from a clot had come of ar. However, get off from a sick bed and come so far. However, that is just like him!" "I never was more aston-ished in my life," she added, "than when I heard he was worse that very evening, and had not left his bed that very day, for I certainly saw him?" It re-mains to be proved whether her vision meant more than met the eye. Washington, D. C. A. R.

Aldermanic Religion.

The Standard, the organ of the Baptists, take The Standard, the organ of the Haptists, takes exception to the wording of the resolutions of re-spect on the death of Ald. Clarke adopted by the city council. The phraseology of the resolutions was by Ald. Hammer, and the words objected to are: "Whereas, by the evolution of nature and the destiny of man, the summors called death has en-tered our municipal circle," and the paper com-menting says: "It is certainly the most extraordi-nary form of words we ever knew to be used on such an occasion, and may instity be objected to by such an occasion, and may justly be objected to by every believer in a God and a divine providence. The public acts of official men, acting in a representa-tive capacity, should on occasions such as this recog-nize the fact that this is a Christian nation; that benize the fact that this is a christian nation, that be-lief in God and in his providence is fundamental in our institutions as a people's that not even can a witness give evidence in a court of justice without recognition of it, and solemn arowal of it, at least in form, in the oath by which he promises to tell the truth, while in all official acts where such recognition becomes proper any manifest omission is indecent and an outrage upon the Christian senti-ment of the country. The language used in the preamble quoted is evidently meant as an evasion of all such customary recognition... It is as clumsy in form as it is untruthful. Above all, it suggests to the people of Chicago the question whether their city government is Christian, athelstic, or pagan." From the Standard, standpoint the criticism may or may not be merited, but one thing is certain, and that is that the publication in question is totally lief in God and in his providence is fundamental in

A dentist in Calgary, Manitoba, has been busy lately, extracting teeth from Indians. It is stated that before the advance of civilization, when the na-tives subsisted solely on buffalo meat, decayed teeth were unknown among them. Braves who stand the torture of the sun dance without flinching are re-duced to a state of abject terror when they feel the cold grip of the forceps.

A weather prognosticator and amateur artist of Prague has painted a landscape colored with saits of cobalt. These colors are very sensitive in moisture and are made still more so by mixture with gelatine. and are made still more so by mixture with gelatine. With an increasing amount of moisture in the at-mosphere, the blue heavens of the picture assume a dirty red hue, and the green grass and foliage, as well as the background, etc., are also strikingly changed in color.

changed in color. According to a first-class authority, horsefleeh is largely eaten in Alsace, Germany. The choice cuts are retailed for about 8 cents per pound, and the ordinary 6 cents. A large quantity is used in the manufacture of sausages. All horses are given a strict examination before and after being killed, and if found in any way diseased are rejected. In Strasburg the flesh of thirty horses is eaten every weak. week.

Myriads of toads about the size of a grain of coffee fell at Beaver Falls, Pa., on Monday. They covered the track of the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad several inches thick, and a passenger train slid past the station before it could be brought to a standstill, owing to the rails being made slippery by the crushed bodies of the little reptiles. The track had to be cleaned and sanded before the train could start again.

The following are said to be the sixteen American inventions of world-wide adoption: The cotton-gin, planing machine, grass mower and reaper, rotary printing press, steam navigation, hot-air machine sewing machine, the India-mbber industry, machine manufacture of horseshoes, the sand blast for grav-ing, gauge lathe, grain elevator, artificial ice-making on a large scale, the electric magnet-in its practical application and the telephone application, and the telephone.

At Aix-la-Chapelle there is a newspaper museum, ounded by Von Forckenbeck, which contains files of specimens of more than seventeen thousand different newspapers in the world, and it is daily re-ceiving copies of the remainder from all quarters of the globe. The great curiosity of the collection is No. 46 of the Texas *Democrat*, published at Hous-ton on March 11, 1864, when the exigencies of war time made it necessary to print it on wall paper.

A Russian physician named Portugaloff declares that strychnine is an infallible cure for drunkenness, that survenine is an infailible cure for drunkenness, administered in subcataneous injections. The effect of the strychnine solution is to change the craving. for drink into positive aversion, and this change is effected in a day. After a treatment of eight or ten, days the patient may be discharged. The strych-nine is administered by dissolving one grain in 200 drops of water and injecting five drops of the so-jution every twenty-four bours. lution every twenty-four hours.

One of the most curious customs that attract the One of the most curious customs that attract the attention of strangers in Panama is to see the na-tive women walking along the street smoking long, slender cigars in much the fashion that men do here. It is the custom of the women there to gather in the public markets as early as surfise to goesip and talk over affairs while enjoying their morning smoke. As there are few newspapers in Panama, and a proportionately small number of readers, the market is the place where the news of the town is to be learned. to be learned

AUGUST 4, 18>8.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand."

We need not wait At the sharowy gate For the last faint breath, For the door called death, That lieth between This life and the life unseen!

We need not walt At that shadowy gate For the first sweet sight Of that realm of light, For that radiant land That is close at hand!

"Seek now and here; For it lieth near To man's higher part, Fo the pure in heart!"

By its liver of peace All turmolls cease, And the lustrous gleam Of its silvery stream, Like a lamp at night, Burns clear and bright!

If we turn from sin We may enter in, For our kingdom waits With opened gates!

Close at hand Is that glorious land! By the soul's real might We may gain the height, And claim as our own Its star-lit throne.

In these earthly hours We may taste its powers, And leaving the ill We may roam at will, By its river of peace, Where all turmoils cease! -Ella Dare in Inter-Ocean.

A WIFE'S STRANGE WARNING.

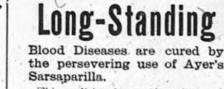
Her Husband's Death Foretold in a Vision.

Mrs. Joseph Browning, a beautiful and accom-plished young woman, the wife of a railroad engi-neer well known in this city, who for some time past has been running an engine on the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific between St. Louis and Moberly, Mo., retired to her room at No. 1911 Izard street, last weak and in a faw means of the street, last past has been running an engine on the wansa, St. Louis & Pacific between St. Louis and Moberly, Mo., retired to her room at No. 1911 Izard street, last week, and in a few moments was onjoying the pleasant slumber which the young only appreciate. Her mother, Mrs. P. H. Roche, who was with her visiting her father, who resides at the number des-ignated above, soon afterwards joined her. About 11 o'clock the latter was awakened by hearing her daughter cry out in a geror: "Joe! O Joe!" and at the same time sprang out of bed. Mrs. Roche at once arose and said, "Lula, what is the matter?" to which the young wife replied, "O, mamma, some-thing terrible is going to happen. Just now Joe came and stood by the bedside and his face was so pale and sad, and I know he is dead." Mrs. Roche tried to soothe her by remarking that she was suf-fering from nervous trouble, but to no purpose, and only a moment afterward when she went to lie down she again exclaimed, "There, there, he is now in the doorway." Mrs. Roche again assured her that it was only a phantasy, but to no purpose, and the mother and daughter again lay down, but not to sleep, for by this time both their imaginations had been wrought up to the highest pitch. M. 120 in the morning a knock came at the door, and in response to the inquiry of "Who is there?" the reply came "Telegram." Upon opening the message it was found to be from Phillip Roche, Omaha: Joe d'ed at 11 o'clock. Come on first train and bring Lula." Browning's death was caused by falling from his engine July 3. At the time he did not suppose he was hurt badly and took his run next day as usual. Two days ago he took to his bed and has night died. It is supposed that he streme cases be made to assert itself, no matter how great the distance between the persons may be.—

treme cases be made to ascert liself, no matter how great the distance between the persons may be.maha Bee.

A Woman's Contession.

To you know, Mary, I once actually contempla-ted suicde?" "You horrify me, Mrs. B. Tell me about it." "I was suffering from chronic weakness." I believed myself the most unhappy woman in the world. I looked ten years older than I really was, and I felt twenty. Life seemed to have nothing in it worth living for." "I have experienced all those symptoms myself. Well?" "Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from the commission of a deed which eleventh hour from the commission of a deed which E shudder to think of. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did so. In an fincredibly short time I feit like a new being. The



This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a radical change in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others ; but, with persistence, the result is certain. Read these testimonials : - /" For two years I suffered from a se

"For two years I suffered from a se-vere pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After Tiving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was com-pletely cured." - John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass. Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my expe-rience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonde ful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."-Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

Springs, Texas. "I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my broth-er and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.,) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continueit for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the nast three months." - T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City. "Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became

gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stompart of this time, disorders of the stom-ach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass. PROLEGOMENA,

ic persons

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are the most essential and valuable things in the book. The first part contains 125 Commercial Tables of ready or stantaneous, calculations in all kinds of Grains Stock, Hay. Coal, Cotton, Merchandize; in Interet, Wages, Trade, Dis-count, Exchange; in Measurement of Logs, Lumber, Land, Cisterns, Tanks, Bins, Wagon-beds, Corn cribs, Cord woo Carpenters', Plasterers', Masons', and Painters' work.

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Miss Ella C. Sabin has been elected Superinten-dent of the Public Schools of Portland, Ore., and Priscipal of the High School, with a yearly salary 00,88 10

James Whitcomb Riley complains that some con-scienceless ecribes are paiming off cheap imitations of his poetry, with his name attached, upon certain guilible editors.

Miss Ransom's portrait of Gen. Grant, which is on exhibition in Boston, is pronounced by some of the General's most infilmate friends one of the best preentations of him in existence.

A Brtish vessel is now surveying a route between Australia and Canada, priiminary to laying a tele-graph cable. The cable will be 7,500 miles long, and the work of laying it will take three years.

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This book is by all odds the most valuable addition to Spiritualist literature that has been seen in some years. Its value as evidence in support of the phenomena of spiritual-ism is very great, as the vast mass of incifients of spiritual-ism is very great, as the vast mass of incifients of spiritual-ism is very great, as the vast mass of incifients of spiritual-ism is very great, as the vast mass of incifients of spiritual-ism is very great, as the vast mass of incifients of spiritual-ism set of the set of the prediction of the set of the set of the inpeached, weakend or ignored; and the host of names em-inent in state-craft, science, society which are introduced strengthen the interest of the recital. The phenomena witnessed through the mediumship of Home were trule remarkable both for their nature and variety and above and beyo d all because of their creatitude. No question of deception, delusion er errer is admissible or will be suffersted by any candid reader. A concise history is given of the results of experiments made with Home by Prof. Crookes. The scientific tests applied by Prof. Crookes are lucidly detailed. The testimony of series history reference is made to the eighty seances held by Tiscount Adare, including the medium's transit through the air and *ability of scenty feit from the ground*, a phenomenon whi-nessed and vouched for by Lord Lindsay, Lord Adare and Unit.

Acidat of secenty feit from the ground, a phenomenon with-nessed and vouched for by Lord Lindsay, Lord Adare and Uapt, Winne. The confirmation of Crockes's experiments by Frof. Yop Boutierow is given. A witness testificithat Home refused an offer of \$10,000 for a single seanof; always declining b sell his gifts, money was no temptation. Scances with Em-press Eugenie, Napoleon JHL, Alexadder JH, Emperor of Russia, Emperor William of Germany, Robert Dale Owen, William Howitt and a host of others are concisely given. Home's acquaintance with Alexadder Dimas and other his-tic characters, his expulsion from Rome' the early friand-ship and continued confidence of Bishop Clark of Hode Island-extracts from whyse letters to Home are given-of Mr. Frank L, Burr.of the Haritord Times whose testimony to astounding pienon ena is repeated, together with a kal-eldoscopic view of his struggies, success marriagra, freedom from guila, altruism, devotion, faith and goodness and his importance as a factor in the Modern Spiritual Dispensation, all combine to render the book both faccinating and inspir-ing as well as permanently valuable. "Within the compase of an advertisement Do adequate description of the lateresting contents of this book can be given; It must be read before its importance can be re-alized. The work is a large Svo of 428 pages, printed from -

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Some communications from their departer theory, Capt. D. B. Edwards, Orieni, X. Y., writes: "I had commu-nications, (by the Psychograph) from many other friends even from iBb old settlers whose grave stones are moss-graven in the old pard. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed true, and the communications have given my heart the greatest con for-if, the severe loss I have had of son, daughter and their mother."

The intervence of the second s

The hardward in his paper, the vorthing on (anim.) at "The Paychograph is an in provement upon the planchette, hardward and and "etters with a few words, so that very little power' is appa ently required to give the communica-tions. We do not he tate to recommend it to all who care to test the question as t whether 'spirits' can return and com-municate

municate Giles B. Stebbins wr (es: "Soon after this new and curious instrument for getting spirit intessages was made known, I obtained one Having no gift for its use I was obliged to wait for the right medium. At last I found a reliable person under whose touch on a first trial, the disk swung to and fro, and the second time was done still more readily."

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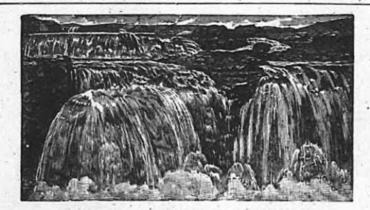
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HEAVEN REVISED

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"It Shall be Given You in That Same Hour What Ye Shall Speak."

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER V. INTO THE DEPTHS.

The remembrance of that desolate, cloudshadowed region haunted me. When next I saw Margaret I questioned her about it. Were many spirits condemned to remain in

"My child," she replied, "how little you know of the world you have entered! The place you visited is the border land between place you visited is the border land between the higher and the lower spheres. It is where those spirits are compelled to stay whose virtues are merely negative ones; they are, so to speak, outside the gates; whose vices are due to weakness rather than to radical wickedness of heart. There are depths below that where the light becomes dimmer and dimmer partities that not are are presented. dimmer, until at last not a ray can penetrate, and the darkened souls remain in perpetual outer darkness."

"Is it possible to visit these places?" asked hesitatingly. "It is possible to visit them," was the re-

" if your motive is to benefit those who ply. are compelled to remain in them until they have progressed to a higher spiritual condi tion. To some the work given to do is to be continual visitants and messengers of peace and hope to these benighted souls. Only high and pure spirits are entrusted with this work. Those to whom still cling the weaknesses and superstitions of earth, have neither the wisdom nor the strength to do this work well. and are themselves in perpetual danger. If your wishes lead you in that direction, it can do no harm and may possibly benefit you, to be able to judge for yourself to what depths the spirit of man may sink. I have witness-ed it but rarely, for the sight is not a pleas-ant one, and my work has lain in other direc-tions. I will summon a messenger to accompany you.'

DIn accordance with that subtile law by which spirit can communicate with spirit though at a distance, Margaret sent her mes sage, and in response to it, there presently appeared the most beautiful being I had yet beheld. Her garments were radiantly white. and a sort of luminous atmosphere seemed to

surround her like a halo. "Do then, indeed, women habitually visit these dreadful scenes?" I asked, as the messenger was approaching. "Women are better fitted for the work than

men," was Margaret's reply. "They are safer from harm and more respected by the depraved of the other sex than are men. Know you not that a pure woman with a noble purpose in her heart may walk safely though unguarded save by her own purity and nobility, anywhere, whether on earth, in heaven, or in hell?

This beautiful woman was all unknown to me. I could not enter into her thoughts or divine her nature. But she smiled sweetly, upon me, and a sense of delightful companionship stole over me, and I felt at peace and at rest in her presence. When she spoke, her voice was/rich and mellow, and sweet as the sweetest music. Its very tones seemed to convey her meaning, so that words were almost superfluous.

We at once set out upon our journey. We seemed to descend by steep and circuitous paths. As we proceeded I perceived many spirits, all intent upon their own pursuits. The way grew darker and rougher, and the forms that we saw were more forbidding in their aspects. My companion stopped now and then to exchange a kindly greeting with some one she met, and I noticed with wonder how the grim faces lighted up with a borrowed beauty while she spoke to them, as if her very presence were a benediction. She was evidently held in veneration by all.

Still we pursued our way until everything ecame so changed that it was as though we

tain to such a life. As soon as they are made to realize that there is a possibility of progress, an unwonted restlessness will seize them, and they will not long remain here. That young woman will presently find herself stifled by her present surroundings, and will be forced to seek a purer atmosphere." "What class or classes of people in earth-

life contribute to people this sphere?

"Those whose hearts are not inherently, bad, but whose spiritual natures have not been developed. Those who have lived sel-fish lives, finding in the gratification of the animal instincts and propensities their greatest, in fact their only pleasure. They are incredulous as to even the existence of a higher sphere than their own, because their spiritual perceptions have not yet been awakened."

"What is their manner of living?"

"What is their manner of living?" "Very similar to that to which they were accustomed on earth. Good and evil impul-ses alike sway them by turns. They know no pleasures beyond those of the senses, and selfishness is the dominant feeling. They have their discords and contentions, their misunderstandings and their feuds, the same as on earth. And yet they will tell you, as they have done, that they are contented and happy. It is this class of spirits that mortals have most to fear. Unscrupulous and almost conscienceless they care not what trick they im-pose upon the credulous, what the consequences of their evil impulses. There is a constant effort on their part to gain the con-trol of mediums for a gratification of propen-sities which is denied them in their present life. Oh, earthly mediums cannot be too careful to surround themselves with an atcareful to surround themselves with an at-mosphere of personal purity, in order to ren-der themselves unapproachable by the in-

fuence and control of such spirits as these." Still we descended. It became so dark that we had almost to grope our way, but here and there there seemed to be beacon fires, which lit up the scene with a lurid glare. At last we reached a plain. The path seemed to lie narrow and uncertain between morasse on either hand. Here and there ditches half-filled with slime were revealed in the fitful light of the fires. Forms as of strange, hideous creatures crouched there and there and glared at us with flaming eyes and hungry faces. I shuddered and cowered, and drew closer to my companion, who walked confidently and fearlessly along the path, her radiant atmosphere gleaming out in the semi-darkness. The path seemed to stretch far ahead through a landscape whose dreary monotony was almost unbearable. Low clouds hung over our heads, and they, too, were lit up with fiery touches by the fires. Great bats flapped their wings and circled round and round overhead, and once the melancholy call of an owl fell upon my ear. Presently other strange cries and walls reached me, causing my blood to run cold with horror.

Involuntarily I exclaimed:

"Listen to the wails of lost souls." "Listen to the wails of lost souls." "Truly yes," responded my companion: "souls to whom were given the light of truth, and the guide of conscience, and the knowledge of the spirit, but who wilfully turned their backs upon them all, and thus forfeited heaven and happiness. Their souls are lost in this morass, while the darkness which envelops them prevents their finding the bath again without great difficulty. Here the path again without great difficulty. Here they must wander and struggle and wail and despair, until they willingly open their hearts to the truth, and reach out their hands hearts to the train, and reach out their hands for that help which will surely be given them when they sincerely desire it." Here and there were rudely constructed huts which seemed to serve the purposes of

shelter for the wretched inhabitants of this sphere. In front of one of these sat a woman, with disheveled hair and distorted countenance, wringing her hands, and now and then, uttering fierce cries.

My companion paused to speak with her. "Will you tell me the cause of your dis-tress?" she asked.

At first the only reply was inarticulate raving; but presently the maniac, for so she seemed, became calmer, and with a con-

fidence inspired by the sweet, pure face of the questioner, she wailed out: "I murdered my unborn babes one after another. I had not the excuse of shame which I wished to conceal. I was a fashionable woman, and I wanted my time to devote to society and my own amusement, and children would be in the way. So I murder-ed them, poor helpless things! murdered by the one who should rather have sacrificed her life to protect them. Oh, I am a murderess!" she fairly shrieked. "Sometimes their little innocent faces look down reproachfully out of the clouds, and then I go mad-mad-And indeed she did, manifesting all the symptoms of the most violent form of insanity. "Do you not comprehend one of the causes which peoples the lunatic asylums in the earth? It is sometimes a relief for these mad spirits to control a human form, and give way to their paroxysms through that organism. As humanity is elevated and made to recognize and obey the higher laws of its being, this sphere will have fewer in-habitants, and this form of insanity among humans become more rare. When they learn the sin of forcing an unwilling motherhood upon a woman who is neither spiritually nor affectionally prepared for the responsibility and the privilege, then will the cause of sin such as this woman has committed, be re-moved. No woman should become a mother until her desires go forth to meet and to wel-come the duties and joys which belong to motherhood."

him in spite of his will. Lizards crawled over his feet, and rats and all sorts of noisome creatures ran or crept hither and thither about him; but these lesser annoy-

ances were for the instant forgotten in the greater fear which paralyzed him. After a time the serpent, as if its purpose had changed, slowly uncoiled itself and crept away, and then those inarticulate utterances which had at first attracted our attention took the form of words, and the man prayed and cursed almost in the same breath. At one moment he defied the hideous creatures which surrounded him, and bid them do their worst; at the next he begged to be delivered from them.

'This is the drunkard's hell," said my companion; "a hell which begins even upon earth. This man gave himself up to the slavery of drink; he destroyed his own pros-pects in life; begat children upon whom the curse is perpetuated; impoverished his family; seduced his friends to a like destruction; broke his wife's heart; and at last himself died of delirium tremens. He has brought himself to his present condition; and here he must remain until he feels remorse, not for the consequences of his sins, but for the sins themselves."

Presently we came to another man, sitting ilent and bent, and with his hands pressed to his breast.

to his breast. "Behold," said my companion, "a victim of remorse. It burns in his bosom night and day like a perpetual fire. And yet it does not help to lift him out of his present condi-tion, because he will not even yet admit to his heart a full sense of his guilt, but is continually justifying and finding excuses for himself."

"What was this man's sin?" I queried.

"He won the love of an innocent girl, and through that love, which was yielded entire-ly and confidingly to him, he dragged her down to her destruction, even glorying in the shame he brought upon her. She in her turn became desperate, and sank to as great a depth of degradation as he, revenging herself upon his sex by luring as many as possi-ble to their destruction. But her sins fall in great measure upon him, and he still refuses to recognize that."

With head still bowed he had not yet perceived our presence. Presently he exclaim-ed, as if the words were wrung from him by

inward agony: . 'Oh, it burns! it burns! it is burning my heart out! Will this inward fire never cease? My God! how can I endure it longer? And yet I am sure I was no worse than the rest. If they were justified, why was not I?" Then my companion spoke:

"Because to you were given greater and clearer powers of spiritual discernment, but you scorned the gifts and made no use of them.

Then something happened which filled me with wonder. The man looked up as the words fell upon his ear and a strange terror seized him, and he shrank back and cowered as if in fear.

Who are you?" he at length found voice to ask. "Mary, is it truly you, or has my pun-ishment taken on a new form, and is this strange illusion to haunt me in the future, to be a perpetual reminder of that which I would forget?"

"Robert, it is I," was the reply given in the lowest and sweetest of accents. "It is false!" he shrieked, springing to his

feet. "It is only an illusion from which I will escape. Mary is here somewhere in this valley of the shadow of death. Why should she not be where I am here? A wicked woman is worse and more degraded than a wicked man-all know that; and I once saw her here when I first came, when she came to reproach me for her misery, and to taunt me with my own.

"Robert, it is indeed I," again replied the sweet low voice. "I was here, but I am here no longer. I have found a better way, a better place. Robert, I loved you once, I love you still. Let the past be blotted out beween us, and let me lead you up to the light." She held out her arms to him, and the man

sinking to his knees, clung to her skirts and sobbed like a child. For the first time in all his earthly and spiritnal life his heart was touched and softened. And then I saw a strange thing occur. I seemed to see the

the pain. My mission for to-day is ended," she continued; "but I have one more place to show you.

Presently we came to a sort of parapet, from which we looked down into what at first seemed unknown and unfathomable depths, so impenetrable was the darkness which overshadowed it. But after a time my vision became strengthened so that I began dimly to perceive what was before or rather beneath us. I saw here and there a figure walking about with a sort of uncertain movement, as one might walk in a dream or in utter darkness. Some of them stumbled, others stretched out their hands as if to feel their way. But far more than were walking were sitting or crouching immovable, as though they were hewn of stone. There was no sound of voices, no shrieks, no wails, no curses. The silence was profound and oppressive, and was only broken by an occasional sigh or moan, as one sometimes moans in sleep, which low as it was, smote on the ear with terrible distinctness. What did it mean?

My companion divined my inward ques-

tioning, and replied: "These are in a spirit lethargy—a soul sleep, which has bound many of them for years, and which may bind them for years to come. Their spiritual natures are wholly dormant, and being taken from the material world, where alone their energies found activity, they have necessarily fallen into their present state. These souls are, so to speak yet in embryo, and have not been born into spirit-life.'

"From what classes of mortals come these inhabitants of this land of sleep and death?"

"Those who knew nothing whatever of spiritual life while on earth. Those in whose hearts were no high aspirations, no sense of purity and goodness, and who mocked at the very words. Those who by vicious lives have murdered the spirituality within them. Those who allowed their souls and their intellects to be fettered by superstitions, and followed blindly the leading of others. Those who lived wholly for self, refusing to recognize the grander meanings and purposes of life. In the sphere we have just left, the spiritual perceptions were not killed, only perverted or put aside. Here they have either never been developed, or else have been so nearly destroyed that only the germ remains. That can never perish, and will some day, per-haps in the far future, be developed into active life."

"Why do we not descend and seek to awaken them to a sense of their needs, and the methods to attain to spiritual growth and development?"

"We cannot go to them. They are shut off from all communication from those above them. As they have wholly missed the lesson which the earth-life had for them, they must go back to the earth inte had for them, they must go back to the earth to get their first glim-merings of light and knowledge. Those whom you see moving about are beginning to feel the awakening of the faint spiritual life. They will be attracted, without know-ing how or why themalyes back to earth ing how or why themselves, back to earth, and will then painfully and laboriously learn that which they failed to learn before."

"But if they were to look upward could they not see us? Could we not beckon to them, and so awaken them to a knowledge of something better than their present condition, and to a desire to attain to it?" "No; as their spiritual senses are dulled.

their eyes are blinded to all things spiritual. They cannot see us. They could not hear our voices. We can only communicate with them by the means of earthly organisms. Sometimes at the scances held on earth, one of these benighted spirits finds his way thither, and by listening to words uttered through mediums, for the first time becomes conscious of the existence of a higher spiritual life. And from that hour dates his spirthat hour dates his spir-itual progress. But oh, his way is a long and a weary one! If mortals could but realize it, how anxious they would be to avoid traveling it themselves, how zealous to help others!"

Sadly we retraced our steps to the brighter world above, the experiences of the origiter ing yet all too much for me to fully compre-hend. And again I exclaimed: "How much there is to learn!" "Yes; eternity leads us along a path of perpetual knowledge. When we have reached the original statement of the original statement.



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had entered another world. And here my companion began her mission in earnest. group of men and women were indulging in boisterous mirth and singing ribald songs. She stopped and spoke to them with a sweet seriousness which at once arrested their at-tention and commanded their respect. There was no seeming condescension in her manner. She spoke to them almost as though she might have been one with themselves; nor was her conversation anything of the sermonizing order. Its chief intent seemed to be to arouse the best and kindliest feelings of their hearts, and thus prepare the groundfor any good seed which might be sown therein. I took note that the songs and rough jests ceased, and more than one woman drew a little one side, as if ashamed of the part she had been playing.

Being a stranger among them, my com-panion was questioned regarding whence she came, and she gave an earnest and minute description of the sphere from whence she descended. Her auditors looked at one another in silence. One or two shook their heads as if doubtful whether the story were to be taken for anything more than a digite to be taken for anything more than a flight of the imagination. One rougher than the other in his appearance, but yet with a cer-tain honest look about him, at last ventured to speak his thoughts. "Well," said he, "I have been over on this side agood many years as they count time on earth out is a payor found any better block

earth, and I've never found any better place than this. I know there are a good deal worse ones over yonder, and so I think myself

fortunate to be as well off as I am." Another taking courage added his testi-mony. "I'm sure I'm happy enough here. We have pretty jolly times, don't we, boys?

All nodded in assent. One young woman who had been regarding the stranger intently from the moment of her first appearance, said in a low voice, audible only to ourselves:

"This is not the kind of heaven I used to picture to myself when I was in earth-life. I am not in hell, for that is over yonder; so this must be heaven: But it seems to me there might be a brighter, happier place, and if there is, I wish I knew the way there."

My companion put her arm about this young woman, and drawing her to one side, held a long conversation with her. I know not what they said, but when they returned, there was a look of inspiration which I had not before seen on the face of the one, and tears in the eyes of the other. As we passed on I saw that the latter had left her com-panions, and was sitting by herself apparently lost in deep thought.

"Are these people really as contented and happy as they seem?" I asked.

Yes," my companion replied; "they are as

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"Do you ever call for your injured children to come to you?" my companion asked the wretched woman.

"Call for them! How should I dare to do so? They would curse me!"

"No, they would come to leve and bless and help you

"Oh, if I only thought so! If I only dared!" and for a moment her ravings ceased in thoughtful silence.

"Learn to forget yourself and your own misery, and think of these little ones whom you might have loved and cherished. Learn te love them, and love will work wonders for

you." A gleam of hope came into the despairing eyes, and we passed on, leaving her with that new-born hope to confort her heart. "When she calls for them in love, then those little ones will be brought to her, and

will help to lead her out of this terrible place," was what my companion said to me. "You leave a word of comfort with every

one." I remarked.

"That is my mission," she returned. Then other sounds fell upon my ears, and in the weird light we saw a man apparently beside himself with terror. His hand was outstretched as if to ward away something which menaced him, and though his face was half averted, his eyes seemed held as if by a a spell, by the cause of his terror. Presently I distinguished what it was. A huge serpent lay coiled at his feet, as if about to spring happy as their natures will permit them to by. They have no perception of any higher or better life, and so feel no longings to at-

fire within his bosom, and I saw his tears de-scend and extinguish it. And encircled by the arms of the woman he had so grievous-

ly wronged, he felt peace and rest. "Will you come with me?" the white-robed ministering angel said to this man who was stained with foulness from his vile dwelling place; and though she clasped him in her arms her arments reached no in her arms, her garments received no stain.

"Not yet, oh, Mary, not yet. I am not worthy. But I will make myself worthy." I turned away and left them alone, unwil-

ling to profane the sacredness of their interviews by my presence. The kiss she imprint-ed upon his forehead when at last she found it necessary to leave him, he seemed to receive as a benediction.

"Robert, remember we belong to one an-other!" were her parting words.

I would not break the spell which seemed to be upon my companion by any words of idle questioning, as eager as was my curi-osity. After a time she herself spoke. As she turned her face towards me it seemed transfigured with a celestial light. There was a radiant smile upon her lips, though tears stood in her eyes.

"You do not understand it?"

"No; it is all a mystery." "It is true. I am the woman whom that oor wretch betrayed. I once found an abiding place in this death and terror-shadowed valley, and have progressed to my present position only by terrible and prolonged selfconflicts. You wonder why I am sent back as a messenger? A guide in such a land as this should know it well. And I do know it, alas! too well. I know the ontward terrors of these wretched people, and their inward sufferings and struggles; and I know the path which leads out of their present condition, because I myself have traveled it. It is part of the atonement I must make for the sins committed in the past. The obligation to come here will be removed only when I have helped to undo as much evil as I helped to create in the world. And, oh! no one can measure the consequences of his evil acts until he enters the Spirit-world." "My garments were once as foul and stained ,as any of these; but see, they are white now?" she exclaimed joyously. And as I looked at her, the luminous atmosphere which still sur-rounded her, seemed to dart out rays of liv-

"Does it not make you very wretched?" I asked, "to come here so continually aud wit-ness so much misery?" "It did at first," was the reply, "but now I feel that no more. The sight of it all only

calls forth my fullest sympathies, and gives me power and will to work. Now I can look beyond, and see all these lost souls redeemed

the end, we shall stand on an equality with God.'

My companion at parting said to me:

"There is yet one sphere which we have not visited. But you have surely seen enough for to-day. And I perceive that in the near future you will be conducted thither without my companionship. My work does not call me there.

"It is not a still lower sphere?" I asked in consternation.

"No; it ranges above those we have visited. It stands almost on an equality with this, only this is the summer land, and that is the domain of winter."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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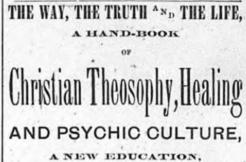
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