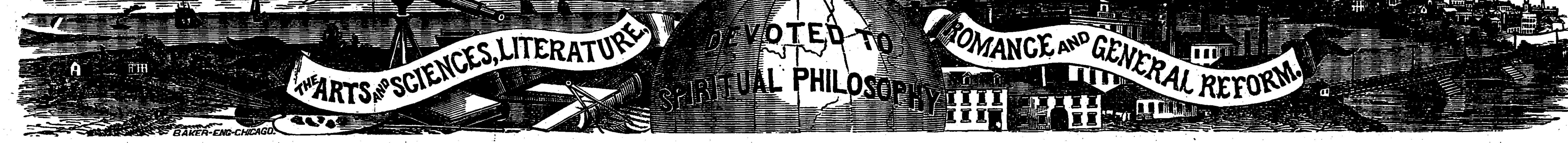


RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL



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

VOL. XLV.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 20, 1888.

No. 9

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain 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 organization 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.

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A DREAM.

A Discourse Delivered by Rev. E. P. Powell, at Utica, N. Y.

Reported in your morning paper of last Monday was a discourse on heaven and hell. It warned us against a light use of the latter word, although it seems to be entirely blameless to say hell, nor was it in this case in any subject, and not being able to understand why it was more sinful to say Auburn State's Prison than Auburn Theological Seminary, or why a place of fire and brimstone should be more sacred than a place of music and joy, I fell asleep. I do not generally fall asleep over sermons; because I do not generally read them; nor was it in this case intended as a slight, for I concluded that all such questions really belong to dream life; and articles of faith of which no man in his waking hours, knows anything, ought invariably to be considered when asleep.

I am aware that the word hell has a rough edge to it like cinders and charcoal, but if you will consider for a moment you will see that I was warranted in some unusual efforts to gain information concerning this unknown continent. I argued that to force a passage by dream was at last no more absurd than an effort to find the open Polar Sea by guess. At any rate I would make the attempt.

The result far exceeded my expectations. I dreamed that I went to hell. If you will go out on a clear night and look at the Constellation, Canis Major, or Great Dog, you will observe a fine large red star in the mouth of the Dog. This is the place so much believed in and classed by our preachers as one of the unmentionables. The word "sirius" is the Greek for "scorching hot," but I found that the only reason for supposing it to be a peculiarly hot world was this unfortunate name. It is warm enough for water melons, peaches and cucumbers which I found in great abundance everywhere; but it is cool enough to warrant wool clothing, especially for old people. I found Adam and Eve who are now quite along in years, wearing furs, partly perhaps as robes of honor. A good deal of their clothing is woven from an exquisite vegetable fibre finer than our cotton. It is gathered from a sort of fig tree, which I was informed was the origin of the story about Adam and Eve wearing fig leaves, meaning only cloth woven of fig leaves.

The most common fruit is an apple, long and tapering like the finger of a lady, red in color and most delicate in flavor. I found it, however, rather too full of seeds for convenience of use. I was told that the seeds were brought by Eve from the garden of Eden, and that it was called paradise preserved. It is a peculiarly good fruit for marmalade.

"Are you quite an idiot," he responded, somewhat warmly. "Do you not teach and believe that God is everywhere? that he is omnipresent? How then can there be a mighty world like this where he is not? I will tell you who is not here; your judging God, who is nothing more than a huge man. You, the people on the earth, following Calvin or a like sort, believe in a Being who goes about, who lives in a heaven, who visits us occasionally. You only profess to believe in an Omnipresent Soul. The real Spirit of the Universe is here at all times; and he is here more than in some places, only because we appreciate his presence and love him."

"But where is God?" I asked, "the God that cursed Adam, and made a covenant with Abraham, and educated Calvin, and that wrote the Bible, and that runs our churches?" "Oh, He," replied Servetus, "He is in heaven. It is up there, that huge star that shines with a sort of old gold look. There is so

much gold there, the world gets the color of it even in reflection.

"I question the. God has had an immense deal of trouble with his people and he rules by blood there has been a rough time. He began by getting angry with his own family 6,000 years ago, and he is angry at them yet. It is chronic difficulty. But poor fellow, we all pity him. Think of having a hundred sects from your world, pouring in their quarrelsome set on him all the time. The martyrs pull open their wounds and yell for vengeance; and the Baptists and the Presbyterians go there red hot with their quarrels, and you don't suppose they fall in love at once, do you?"

"But where is the devil?" I suddenly asked, for to be honest, this charming country had wholly abolished the notion of my being in hell. "Neither is the devil here," said Servetus. "We had a change of government some hundred years ago, and as Satan was not quite agreed we packed him off to heaven. The fact is, when Ben Franklin and Thomas Jefferson came, they began to agitate at once for a republic. They told us what was going on your globe and flatly refused to stay with us at all unless we would adopt a constitution and establish a congress. We couldn't afford to lose them, and the result was by overwhelming vote—a republic. The only difference being that our government covers the whole of our globe; but as Franklin and Count Rumford have perfected rapid transit, the assembling is easily accomplished. Our world," he said, "is a fraction over one hundred trillion of millions of miles in circumference, but it only requires three days to cover the distance."

I told him we had had several serious troubles with the working of our system, and enumerated women's suffrage, slavery, civil service and the effect of monopolies and the satans. As for slavery he said they had the institution in a modified form.

The basis of their constitution read as follows: No man is born free, nor is he equal to a free man. But every man may become a free man if he will. He only is free and naturally possessed of the rights of free citizenship, who has proved himself to be honest, intelligent, capable and desirous of the public weal. Those who fail of passing the civil examination as to these qualifications may demand another examination at the end of five years. Meanwhile such persons serve the state as unequals or serfs. Nothing is more absurd, he urged, than a republic based on the will and judgment of incompetent people as a rule. As for women's suffrage, the ladies, he said, really outnumbered the men and ruled the place. But what was more, it was a principle of hell, that every one should have a vote proportionate to his real influence. How absurd, he said, for Tom Powers here, to have the same voice and power as Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln over there, pointing to the two who were walking under a grove of lindens. The result is, that the women have on the average, about two votes each; men averaging less than one—their influence being so much greater than men. As for Civil Service, he said, very few ever came to hell who couldn't read or write, and that anticipated some of the natural difficulty. The ignorant crowd went mostly to heaven, he assured me, being candidates everywhere for that place, as I very well knew was the case on our earth. Furthermore, since the priests had baptized the murderers and all that sort, very few of them ever came there, and on the whole, the population was so select, intelligent, educated and really elite, that it had not been easy for the Government to fall into the hands of the ignorant. As for the known influence, he asked me if I had ever known a whisky peddler who was not "pious?" I told him I believed they did generally adhere pretty stoutly to some church, or at best, they believed in orthodoxy. "Very well," he said, "belief it is that settles the question at last. And so we are seldom bothered with such people. Those who do come are of a thinking sort, and are sent over to Tom's Island of Common Sense, where they are allowed to debate from morning till night, and are thus kept out of mischief."

Of course I was curious to know who was President at the time of my visit, and was somewhat startled to hear that it was one of the Popes—Gregory the Great, and that in the Cabinet were Thomas Jefferson, Pius Antiquus, Paul, Daniel O'Connell, Humboldt and Martin Luther, all men of tremendous executive power.

"But, Servetus," I finally asked, "how comes it about that you who so loved God in your life, can endure a Godless world?" "Are you quite an idiot," he responded, somewhat warmly. "Do you not teach and believe that God is everywhere? that he is omnipresent? How then can there be a mighty world like this where he is not? I will tell you who is not here; your judging God, who is nothing more than a huge man. You, the people on the earth, following Calvin or a like sort, believe in a Being who goes about, who lives in a heaven, who visits us occasionally. You only profess to believe in an Omnipresent Soul. The real Spirit of the Universe is here at all times; and he is here more than in some places, only because we appreciate his presence and love him."

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"But, Servetus," I said, "I supposed all folks that went to heaven were immediately changed and made to love each other." "I know," he said, "that's the dodge that's current in your world. Men are to fight, quarrel, beat, kill each other over their creeds; or be mean, narrow, envious, and always bad; then they are to be suddenly transformed. If folks could only be made good by force, they would be good as stones and sticks are. There is no power in the universe to make a soul good, but its own choice and practice."

"However," he added, "I understand that God is initiating some reforms lately, that will be likely to make a change for the better. (1) He has forbidden them to baptize convicts in any stream of water used for domestic purposes. (2) To ring no more church bells. (3) That no one can be converted over the times. (4) That at prayer meetings there shall be no shouting to be heard outside the building. (5) That preachers convicted of preaching ten sermons without speaking one truth, shall be forever silenced. "The fact is, that heaven had become such a bedlam of contending sects, that there was no living with them. Revivalists were plying their trade at the street corners. Baptists were going on in the River of Life, and the notices of revival meetings were placed on the white throne. At last, a Salvation Army was organized, and then the Lord put his foot down, and as I said, began a reform."

I was thunderstruck at such information, and plumply told Servetus it sounded profane. "No doubt," he replied. "Do you know, by the way, that nothing is so profane as prayer?" "But," he added, "do you not see how people going out of your world are the same people still—with the same passions and pleasures? Bible worshippers who get together to argue God down, or pray him into terms, and who consider prayer as mighty to save the soul, will give it over when they die. And when they are in the other world, and whims to be gratified, and about it they are not. In fact, heaven is a good deal like a prayer meeting, 500,000 miles square, every one begging or praising and singing."

All this while we had been traveling with remarkable speed through the air by a process utterly unexplainable to those who live on the earth, except to say that it is the result of the psychic power finally predominating over physical forces, and levitating matter. The bodies of the dead are lighter than ours, and their spirit strength is more completely organized. The tendency that way is strong in life, and on the earth. Mind is an historic product, so are morals; and they are steadily gaining proportionate mastery. Speech is purely an earthly affair, and a course mechanic in its origin as best. In the life I found on Sirius it has developed into direct spiritual communication; a sort of mind reading, and equally mind speaking. They term it phonism. You do not hear distinct articulation; but your soul is permeated with the thought your neighbor projects to you. I saw many at the same time a sensation as of many minds, or less exact, according to the nature of the soul that addresses you. The charm of intercourse with Servetus I can only compare to that ineffable prayer that flows through one who lies down by a shady brook in August, and dreams a poem, when birds and brook and insects are not quite heard by you, but all sounds float together in your senses as a cadence, and that cadence is an idea and all that does is a rhythm, and you do not conceive a poem as poor as ever, but a poem, your being is set to unheard music. Such was my intercourse with Servetus.

Then said my guide as we went over a superb island covered with palms and vineyards, "that is Jesus's island."

"What's that?" said I, fairly staggered, "what Jesus?"

"Why, Jesus of Nazareth," he said, "and one of the best fellows here. He is a little given to innovation, and is in some things of an impracticable turn; but his sympathies and practical methods are grand. He is the overseer of all those who are unable to work, and of orphans. It is a delightful sight to see him and his little dot on him. There he is now, pretty much covered with the little ones; and Lazarus, who is as poor as ever, is leaning on that gate looking at him. Buddha has the next island, and though a good deal given to dreaming, he and Jesus are a splendid pair."

"Orphans," I said. "But," I added, "I don't understand; I thought Jesus sat on a throne at the right?" "Nonsense," said Servetus, "he is the last one to sit on a throne while there is anything to do."

"But he is Judge of the world," said I, "who is going to preside at the Judgment Day?" "Bah!" said he, "not Jesus, why he couldn't kill a toad—to say nothing of damning a man. Don't you bigote, full of crude zeal, think over to make your carnival of damnation respectable by getting Jesus to preside at it."

Suddenly, by what I have described as phonism, he called out to Jesus, telling him who I was, and what I believed of him. Instantly, as if my whole being were penetrated with music, a thrill of absolute harmony went through all space. I felt rather than heard the words: "I live to save and not to destroy. I am Love and Peace; and evil and sorrow I abhor. The grace of Jesus be with you."

"The fact is," said Servetus, "that when Jesus came here, as your creed says, he did it to preach to those in prison; he became so attached to the place that he went back, converted himself, and as soon as possible made our world his home."

"Then to worship Jesus," I said, "must be a great blunder." "Not at all," said my guide; "as long as he represents to you the most lovable and noble, you should by all means adore him. You do that approximately in a friend whose manliness you admire; you cannot too much honor and worship the good."

"But," said I, "God is a jealous God, he will not permit."

"There, there, now," said Servetus, "none of your nonsense. The Infinite Good cannot be jealous of your loving the most good you can think of. Besides, if you worship a jealous God you worship jealousy, and will breed evil in your soul. It is a fact that a bad God is the worst of all mischiefs. The worship of a bad God on your little earth has been the bottom of nearly all your troubles and miseries."

"You never will be able literally to worship the Infinite; and that finite which is most good, beautiful and true is your proper object of worship. By and by your world will learn to worship the best it has produced; and Jesus is one of the best. Earth has had a great many gods, and it has made them all; the best God is the best ideal. When you find what you feel is above you and a true object of imitation, worship that; but be sure that worship is not a thing of words but of work. Men foolishly have supposed sacrificing, praying, singing and dancing to be worship. Not a bit of it; the only worship of the good is to be good yourself. To do right glorifies the right, and nothing else pleases the inherently eternal, Supreme Right."

"But, where," said I, "is the Lake of Fire of which we have heard so much on the earth?"

"Oh, that was put out long ago. It was a bad affair, and the sulphur fumes were a terrible nuisance. The place had been used by Jehovah and the Calvinists for purposes such as you have often heard of. But Satan was always doing something to ameliorate the condition of the world, and at last hit on the happy expedient of artesian wells. It was found that the centre of our globe was full of vast reservoirs of water; so we set to and pumped till we had flooded the lake entirely, and put it out. You know that your preachers have slowly given up the idea of literal fire. I assure you this preaching began to modify when we began pumping."

"You see that our globe is now a vast archipelago. We have no very large continent, but some 70,000,000 of islands. Each one is noted for some peculiar industry, economic enterprise or social experiment. When a man invents a new machine we give him one island to experiment on. When a new theory is touched we give the philosopher one island on which to try the working of his scheme. That saves an eternal dispute and quarrel about what might be. Now you have theorists like the socialists, nihilists, etc., that if you could seclude for a while, might practice on their plans among themselves and save their value. For instance, you might shut up the Mormons on some island and let them try their scheme by themselves. You would find that when they lost the pleasure of proselyting they would soon become a host of Kilkenny cats. Proselyting is an expansive force. It is like letting off steam. Close the valves and the troublesome affair will soon explode."

"But, Servetus," I said, "your world was certainly once a very different affair. How did you work the change?"

"Well," said Servetus, "we had great difficulty so long as we worked on the principles in vogue with you. You have a vast system of so-called reform institutions. The whole of them are nurseries of crime. Your prisons educate criminals. Your other public institutions are largely of the same influence. Then you run your public schools in a reckless way,—no careful moral training, and little chance for it, and your religions are none of them for the benefit of your world, only for some other. Your creed is to pronounce your world hopeless and condemned. Don't you see that makes a hell of it to start with; and it always will be a place where crime rules until science shows you that the priests and politicians instead of being the real reformers are the very ones that don't wish a reformation. Here," he added, "we began with the teachers and preachers and educated them in the fundamental principles of right. They are compelled now to teach what they know, and not what they believe."

"Then for reformation we abolished all systems of shutting criminals in prisons, and began to educate in them a moral sense. Crime is based largely on undeveloped moral capacity. Of course we have had comparatively little difficulty, as the percentage of bad men coming here is very small, but our system starts at this point; they are bad because either of heredity or of environment. We give them good environments and then educate out their inherited evils."

"Our chief difficulty," he added, "is with the lazy louts who come here expecting to spend eternity spouting infidelity. They will not study nor work. They carry around

a box of dust and fling it up in the air, till they can neither see nor can any one near them."

"What have you done with them?" I asked. "Well," said Servetus, "for a long time we did not know what to do with them. They honestly believed they knew it all; and most of them were really correct in theory, only they were purely cases of arrested development. They would go no further. Now reformers are very likely to do just that; get one mile out of town and camp out at a mile stone, and want every one else to do the same. Others act as if bitten by gad flies, and go nowhere, and simply mistake motion for progress. They catch up every new notion and load it on until their minds are like the pack on Santa Claus's back, just before Christmas."

"Nothing in the universe quite so giggly as a reformer that will not study."

"But at last we hit on a system of exchange with heaven. They were to send us man for man, of the prayer-meeting sort, the louts who believe in being saved by faith and abhor works, who spend their time at church and theology and psalm singing, and doing sundry other things for the glory of God, and we sent them our noisy infidel declaimers; it was not at all hard for us to convert the reformer or for them to convert the latter. What is wanted is generally to bring people of opposite notions together to wear off their prejudices."

"What Servetus told me and what I saw of hell vastly surprised me, and so I repeatedly told him."

"Well," he said, "and so was I surprised when I first came here. I expected to find it a great States prison like those in the United States, a place where criminals never grow better, but always worse, and where torture of some kind is eternal. Instead of that, I found the priests, the incorrigible criminals, the politicians, mainly eliminated, and as a result a steady reformatory movement in progress that will in time make a model world."

"But when an incorrigible does come to you, what then?"

"If absolutely incurable, a being in whom we can create no moral power, we seclude him in the Island of Regret, and leave nature to her work."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Why she soon puts an end to him. The Wages of sin is death. No law is more universal. Life is only the result of following in the line of truth, virtue and knowledge. Many a man on your globe has only a sense life that never reaches up to a moral will. Such perish before leaving you or soon after. To make their exit easy is the work of the State. Extinction is the worst of nature—of nature in the person himself. If he will not live, or has no power to will anything but self-destroying vices, he soon vanishes. The attempted organism ends in disorganization."

"But there is far more hope for the very bad than would seem from the notions in vogue with your people," added Servetus. "A priest who should here say that human nature is essentially bad, would receive the greatest condemnation."

"What is that?" I asked.

"He would be compelled for three hours to feel the condemnation of the college of morally virtuous. Phonism to him would be for those three hours as keenly terrible as to you it was delightful."

"That," said the guide, as we passed over a very white looking island, "is New Boston." The fact is, there was no living with those American Athenians until they were assigned to a special island. Here they had built an exact copy of the earthly Boston and had a splendid duplicate of the Bunker Hill Monument, and the Commons, and the State House, and the old South and Faneuil Hall. Landing, I found Phillips addressing a mass meeting, on the anniversary of the Boston mob. Emerson had a new volume of essays in press, and Longfellow had just written an ode in honor of Pericles who was a visitor on the island. In fact here was the seat of culture, pure and simple; here were the Adamases, Otises, Quineys, and they issued the Atlantic Monthly regularly from advanced sheets.

All agreed that the moral atmosphere of hell was preferable to that on the earth; for, said Garrison, every slaveholder and every murderer and the intolerant orthodox are in the other place.

I had just entered into negotiations for a corner lot in this industrious and democratic town when I was shaken by my wife and sharply requested not to talk. In my sleep, I told her she had lost the most precious time she would ever get, and it was a bargain that was offered.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the house, just as faithfully as if we stood in the first rank of some great battle, and we know that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill.—THEODORE PARKER.

In the depth of the sea the water is still; the heaviest grief is borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the most impressive preacher at the funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength and they are the weakest however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.—BOVEX.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 20, 1888.

The Foxonian Cataclysm.

For several weeks past the New York papers have heralded the defection of the Fox Sisters and gloated over the expected downfall of Spiritualism in consequence of the revelations made and promised by Maggie Fox and her sister, Mrs. Kate Jencken. The ravings of these poor besotted women have been eagerly published far and wide as affording choice bits of sensationalism for a depraved press to feed the vitiated taste of an ill-informed public. The New York Herald of the 24th ult., contained a column in fine type headed "God has not ordered it." A celebrated medium says the spirits never return. Captain Kane's widow, one of the Fox Sisters, promises an interesting exposure of "Fraud." The account is of an interview with Maggie Fox who claims to be the widow of the famous Arctic explorer Captain E. K. Kane. It is not worth while to reproduce the mutterings of the wreck who represents all that remains of the once innocent and modest little girl. The reporter's story of her utterances shows her to be half demented and only fit for an insane asylum. One paragraph is sufficient to show the woman's mental as well as moral condition. After alluding to the Kane episode in her life she continues:

When I recovered I was driven into Spiritualism again, and I gave exhibitions with my darling sister Katie. I know of course, then, that every effect produced by us was absolute fraud. Why, I have explored the unknown as far as human will can. I have gone to the dead so that I might get from them some little token. Nothing came of it—nothing, nothing. I have been in graveyards at dead of night, having permission to enter from those in charge. I have sat alone on a grave stone that the spirits of those who slept underneath might come to me. I have tried to obtain some sign. Not a thing! No, no, the dead shall not return, nor shall any that go down into hell. So says the Catholic Bible and so say I. The spirits will never come back. God has never ordered it.

Some months ago the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which Commodore Gerry is the head, took Mrs. Jencken's two boys away from her because her drunken habits unfitted her to perform a mother's duty. There is among Spiritualists as elsewhere, a class of maudlin sentimentalists ever on the alert for something that will pander to their diseased emotions and who are only really in earnest when assisting weak and incorrigible debauchees or criminals to escape the natural and just consequences of their acts. It was so in this instance. Maggie, between whom and Kate there has generally been an alliance as against others, but frequent quarrels between themselves, was in England at the time the children were taken from Kate. According to their own story a scheme was concocted between them by which Maggie was to forge letters in the name of Edward Jencken, the brother-in-law of Kate, to be used in getting possession of the boys. These letters and the interference of weak sentimentalists finally resulted in the boys being removed from the asylum, and Kate took them to England. It is claimed that friends rallied to Kate's assistance and raised for her \$15,000, but this is quite likely an exaggeration as to the money. It would seem from the evidence that while in England Kate and Maggie concocted a scheme for getting even with those whom they were pleased to regard as their enemies; and on their return proceeded to put it into effect with the assistance of opponents of Spiritualism and others who make money off sensationalism.

Mrs. Leah Underhill, the eldest of the three Fox Sisters, is well advanced in years and a woman thoroughly respected by respectable people. Her husband, with whom she has lived most happily for thirty years, is a well-

to-do and well known business man in New York City. She is a medium and in her presence the phenomena have been repeatedly witnessed under the most crucial test conditions by very many men and women prominent in their day as leaders in literature, art and science, and all the learned professions. Three years ago Mrs. Underhill published a book entitled *The Missing Link in Modern Spiritualism*, which was edited by a literary friend of undoubted probity and personally knowing to much therein recorded. He vouches for the accuracy of the account in so far as he is knowing and so far as he could verify it. Mrs. Underhill tells the story of her experiences, and of the Fox family; introducing many remarkable instances of spirit manifestation and giving the names of the witnesses. No fair-minded person can read this book without being impressed with its substantial truthfulness.

Early in their career while yet mere children—Kate was only seven and Maggie nine years of age when the "knockings" first began—these girls were thrown in the way of temptations of every sort. Puffed, praised and feted, their heads were turned. Pressed unceasingly to exhibit their marvelous powers, the strain upon their physical and moral natures rapidly passed the danger line and they soon became inextricably involved in careers of deceit and dissipation. Kate seems never to have sunk to the depths reached by Maggie, and was temporarily saved by marriage to a talented young English barrister whose early decease again threw her into her old paths. In that book of fact and fiction, *The Love-Life of Dr. Kane*, published by Carleton in 1866, (pp. 234-5) occurs the following passage which may be taken as published by Maggie's authority:

In August, 1858, she (Maggie) became a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Dr. Kane had often advised her to join this church, and many times had accompanied her to vespers at St. Anne's, in Eighth street, New York. The ceremony of her baptism, at St. Peter's Church, in Barclay street, New York, was new in this country and was attended by a large assemblage. The lady was attired in white, and was accompanied by her sponsors, her father and mother, and her youngest sister. The priest made the sign of the cross upon the candidate's forehead, ears, eyes, nose and mouth, breast and shoulders, repeating appropriate words in Latin. She was anointed with the holy oils, and introduced into the church by receiving the stole, a long white cloth reaching to the ground, and a burning light, emblematic of the faith. The occasion was the Feast of the Assumption, and the church and altar were decorated, the statue of the Virgin being covered with flowers.

For thirty years this woman has been under Romish influence, and during all these years she has been gradually going from bad to worse until she has sounded the lowest depths of woman's degradation. The marvelous powers of mediumship she possessed always afforded her a groundwork on which to build deception and to impose upon the credulity of many and the friendship of many others. For thirty years Kate and Maggie have been a constant source of anxiety, and most of the time of chagrin, to Mrs. Underhill who exerted every effort to redeem them, until finally she felt obliged to give up the hopeless task. Several times, aided by her husband, she has established them in comfortable quarters on their solemn pledge of reformation, only to be disappointed by their early relapse. The Spiritualists of New York have borne with these two most unfortunate women, and especially with Maggie, as they would with no one else, because of their being the Fox Sisters. Time and again have leading Spiritualists helped Maggie out of the slums and put her in comfortable condition. Patience, pity and forbearance have proved of no avail. Now Kate and Maggie actuated by a diabolical spirit born of disordered brains, malice, envy and hatred, and quite likely urged on by Romish influences and inspired by conscienceless abettors have set about the vain and fruitless attempt of discrediting their own mediumship, declaring they have led lives of deceit and that Spiritualism is all fraud.

Fortunately their evidence can be impeached by the record. Hundreds of instances of the manifestations can be adduced as occurring in their presence and that of Mrs. Underhill from which every element of doubt, deception and error have been eliminated. Hundreds, thousands even, of mediums have been developed since the "Rochester knockings," many of whom have been and are far more remarkable in many respects than the Fox Sisters. To-day, in every large city and town and in hundreds of private home circles the grand truth of spirit return and manifestation is being hourly proven. Showmen, religious bigots, Romish priests, a sensational press, and all the other powers of darkness combined cannot smother the spiritual fire burning in millions of homes. There are grave and important lessons to be read from the lives of these two poor, unfortunate women, the victims of ignorance, passion and intemperance; lessons which need to be studied and heeded, but space does not permit touching upon them at this time.

Mr. Horace Seaver has been editor of the Boston Investigator since about the time the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, or possibly a little later. He is now, therefore, somewhat advanced in years, but still attends to the work he loves so well. Mr. L. K. Washburn, as a labor of love and respect, has compiled from Mr. Seaver's writings—for the last half century only—upon a great variety of subjects, some of the best. They are about to be handsomely printed, with a fine likeness of the veteran editor. The book will, no doubt, have wide circulation among free-thinkers.

A party who ascended Mt. Lassen, Cal., recently, became electrified, the hair of their heads standing out and sparks of electricity flying from their noses.

"Better Late Than Never."

A few years ago the Protestant clergy of this country were unanimous in the conviction that prayer and Bible reading should form a part of the exercises in our public schools. It was understood, of course, that King James' Version of the Bible should be used, and that the praying and commenting on the passages read should be done by Protestant teachers. In the few poorly supported "infidel" papers, like *The Free Inquirer* and the *Investigator* only, appeared any word in favor of secularizing the public schools. A dozen years ago a movement for State secularization was inaugurated, which was strengthened by the names and the influence of many prominent men. This movement was the result of a sentiment which had been slowly growing and expanding in favor of guarding our public institutions from the evil spirit and baneful effects of sectarian teachings. Jefferson and Franklin, Judge Hertell and Judge Hurlbut of New York, and Abner Kneeland of Boston, among others had clearly expounded the principles of State secularization; but they were so far in advance of popular sentiment on this subject that their broad views and wise counsel could be appreciated by but a few, and years were required to make them the basis of a movement. The National Liberal League, organized in 1876, did much to bring them before the people, and but for the capture of that organization by a lot of cranks, fanatics, and frauds, its influence would doubtless have continued and been greatly augmented. The best men of the organization, those of real ability and influence, could see no connection between the separation of Church and State and a demand for the repeal of postal laws against the circulation of filthy books and pictures, and they withdrew from the association; yet they have continued the agitation from the platform and through the press, and it has continually gained strength.

But more than all other influences combined, the aggressions of Romanism, especially against our public school system, which have found their strongest justification in the fact that our schools have been controlled in the interests of Protestant sectarianism, have aroused the Protestant clergy to a consideration of the peril to popular education from the policy of maintaining any kind of religious teaching in schools designed for all, irrespective of religious belief. They now see that if the schools are not made entirely secular, they will in communities where the Catholic influence is in the ascendant, either become Catholic, or drive a large proportion of the children into parochial schools and soon lead to a demand for the division of the public school fund. It is not strange, therefore, that many of the Protestant clergy are now advocating on grounds of expediency what the despised "infidels" recommended and demanded, from principle, half a century ago. The article on "The Public School Discussion" by Rev. A. H. Quint, D. D., copied into the JOURNAL last week from the orthodox *Congregationalist*, is, in view of the facts here stated, a most interesting and instructive paper.

The Public Money and Sectarianism.

That the general tendency of the times in this country is to divest charitable institutions, training and industrial schools, and schools for instruction in the various branches of education, which receive aid from public funds, of all sectarian proclivities, is becoming more apparent from year to year. In Boston the struggle has been an exciting one, and the end desired by either contending party not yet fully attained. In Pittsburgh large meetings were held to protest against allowing the Catholics to use the city buildings for the purpose of holding therein parochial schools, and they were excluded therefrom. In this city the Catholics, as elsewhere, have been aggressive, and have succeeded in getting thousands of dollars from the county treasury, to assist in sustaining charitable institutions which are sectarian in character. Nor have the Protestants been entirely guiltless; they, too, have coveted the public money for the purpose of sustaining an industrial school at Evanston, which is not altogether unsectarian. While it is not in the hands of any one religious sect, "a morality is taught there," says the *Tribune*, "and the children are instructed in the way common to all the Protestant Evangelical churches. How far that is sectarian, it is for the courts to determine."

In the conflict which has been going on for some time past between the Church and the State, the Church was at first victorious here, but now the victory rests with the State. For many years the Girls' Industrial School has been receiving money from the county. These payments were finally stopped by the County Board because the school was really a part of the House of the Good Shepherd, a Catholic institution. The constitution expressly says the public money shall not be used for the support of sectarian schools. The school brought suit, and Judge Tutill gave it a verdict for \$19,000, which it was decreed the county should pay. The case was taken to the Supreme Court, which overruled Judge Tutill's decision. This decision of the Supreme Court will also affect the school for boys at Feehanville, a reform school managed entirely by Catholics, and really a Catholic institution, and a girls' reform school at Evanston run by Protestant ladies. Hereafter these schools, unless removed wholly from sectarian influence, will not receive any public money whatever.

The Stock Company.

Progress of Subscription to Stock of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House—Subscriptions and Letters from Hon. and Mrs. Jackson and Rev. M. J. Savage.

It is now four weeks since the JOURNAL published the first announcement and prospectus of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. During this time the stock subscription of \$12,500 with which the first public notice of the plan began has increased \$1,800, making the total subscription to date of going to press with this issue \$14,300, something less than one-third the sum required. We are aware that politics and local matters just now engage the attention of many who are likely to subscribe and we do not grow impatient; still it does seem that \$50,000, which is a paltry sum compared with the aggregate capital held by the JOURNAL'S readers, ought all to be subscribed in thirty days. Especially does it thus seem in view of the work done by the JOURNAL and its agencies and the crying need of the world for just such a Publishing House as is proposed—see prospectus in advertising columns.

Among the letters received the past week we select two for the representative character of the writers and the food for thought and stimulus to action which their contents afford. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were originally Quakers and left that sect some thirty years ago because they had outgrown its creed and needed a wider field for spiritual growth. Mr. Jackson is one of the best amateur astronomers in the country, besides being a public spirited and influential citizen of the beautiful little State of Delaware. Mrs. Jackson we may say in confidence is possessed of fine medial powers, which, however, are only exercised in the bosom of her family. Both these worthy friends have done and are doing much for rational religion and the better understanding of the higher aspects of Spiritualism. Here is their letter:

COL. JOHN C. BUNDY—Dear Brother:—Will you allow us to address, in a column of the JOURNAL, a few earnest words to its readers, touching the "Prospectus" lately issued in its interests, and entreating their earnest and prompt attention to it? Does not every thoughtful, well equipped student of truth, in this our day of burning light and restless activity, feel and know that the welfare and salvation of the human race, in its enlarged and enlarging powers for good or evil, depend upon the cultivation and realization of a more comprehensive, more rational and more scientific philosophy of life and duty than has yet been propagated to any general extent amongst men? The days of the worship of myths and legends, or of respect for man-invented and absurd schemes of salvation, are past and passing.

The "Religion of the future," as has been so abundantly and beautifully set forth in the JOURNAL, must needs seek a purer, more practical and better assured basis, or fail to meet the enlarged needs of the world. Should the hoped for "millennial dawn" ever open upon us it must come, or never, accompanied by such a broad, rational and practical religion as above alluded to; one main factor of which will be a demonstrated belief in continued and progressive life and in a near and equally rational, practical and progressive Spirit-world. What can we do, dear fellow Spiritualists and readers of the JOURNAL, to promote such an advent?

Besides the individual work of each and all of us on every suitable occasion of our daily lives, we know of no better move for advancing such a cause than to aid with our means and influence, to establish the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL on a stronger financial basis, with largely increased powers for work in the line of effort already so bravely and efficiently followed. Besides encouraging other publications of like tendency it is especially proper that such noble cause should have a representative, well endowed publishing house in the great Metropolis of the growing West. Join with it, friends and contribute little or much according to your ability. We wish to urge nothing we are unwilling to do ourselves. With moderate means like many of you we have nevertheless sent in our names for a few shares of the proposed stock and rather than see the enterprise fall, will strive to do more. Can you not at once join in and do likewise, well assured that your friends in the spirit-world will smile upon all such efforts? Truly Yours, J. G. AND E. JACKSON. Hoekessin, Del., Oct. 7th, 1888.

Every body who reads knows of Rev. M. J. Savage, the poet, preacher, psychical researcher and student of science. He has studiously and rapidly climbed the hill of knowledge; always maintaining the courage of his convictions, loving truth for truth's sake regardless of its effect upon preconceived theological opinions. From the Presbyterian fold to a broad and liberal Unitarian pulpit, his career has been one continuous series of earnest endeavor and brilliant successes. Here is his word and deed of encouragement, offered as soon as he had scanned the JOURNAL'S columns' after returning from the summer vacation which he so much needed to recruit the stock of vital force lavished with such unstinted generosity upon his work during the past year:

COL. J. C. BUNDY—My Dear Sir:—Just home from Europe, I am buried beneath an avalanche of work, from which I hope to crawl out in time. I can, therefore, at present send you only a brief word. But I hasten to tell you how glad I am over your proposed step in advance. I know enough, through my own personal experiences, to feel sure that this psychic field is thoroughly worth exploring, and I feel equally sure that the path marked out by your spirit and methods, is the only way. You have so identified yourself with sense and honesty, that your victory will be their victory. I cannot help believing that, more and more, all clear-visioned and honest men will be with you. I cannot think you will have any difficulty in securing fifty thousand dollars. If I lived in a world in which ministers get rich, I would take half the stock myself. I do take a good deal of stock in your general plan; but alas! it must be, for the present, spiritual in its nature, and I have not the power to make it material.

As setting a good example, however, I do hereby subscribe for one share, only regretting I cannot now take more. With all faith in you, and with all good wishes for your success, I am Most Sincerely, Boston, Oct. 8th, 1888. M. J. SAVAGE.

Friends of the JOURNAL and its work! Will you not seriously consider what these letters and those previously published teach as to the needs of the world and your duty—which should be your pleasure—in this important project? It is nearly impossible for Mr. Bundy to personally visit or write to those whom he knows to be well able to take stock in this enterprise in blocks of from five to one hundred shares each, and there are many such. His unremitting attention is unequal to the performance of the duties constantly pressing upon him in his office work. Neither should it require his personal presence or arguments to accomplish a work which belongs as much to his readers as to himself. Soberly but generously consider the subject; decide what you can do and then do it cheerfully and promptly! Rev. George Hepworth struck the core of the whole matter in the first paragraph of his letter published week before last, when he said: "In your Publishing House scheme, you are really taking the bull by the horns. Now we shall find out whether Spiritualists mean business, and whether their convictions reach down to those profounder depths at the bottom of which lies the pocketbook." That is the way Mr. Bundy always does things. He never works by indirection, nor does he believe the world can be enlightened and carried forward to higher levels without strenuous effort and active material assistance and co-operation on the part of those professing interest in this enlightenment and uplifting. After having shown what the JOURNAL can do, by years of effort, and after having equipped with all that is necessary for the work except money, he now asks for that, not as a gift but to be put with his own into an enterprise to be conducted on strict business principles. How many will respond, and how much will the stock subscription be increased during the next week? The next issue of the JOURNAL will tell!

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. S. R. Stevens is lecturing at Topeka, Kansas. The *Daily Commonwealth* of that city, whose editor is a Spiritualist, in speaking of Mrs. Stevens says: "There are few such speakers on the platform anywhere."

Light of London, says: "Hudson Tuttle has contributed to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL a chapter from a work written by spirit dictation on 'Sensitiveness,' as illustrated and Proved by Psychometry." We trust that we may expect the work before long. The specimen is characterized by his usual insight, or, we should preferably say, by the insight of those who instruct him.

A journalistic fakir, who signs himself Fales-Curtis, and purports to write from New York, has been imposing some of his pewter wares upon a newspaper syndicate. He attempts to tell something about the Dis Debars, Mrs. Wells and other exposed frauds in New York, but his only purpose seems to have been to grind out something sensational and sufficiently abusive of Spiritualism to make it sell. No Spiritualist or investigator need feel disheartened or even angry at such silly and transparent nonsense.

Cornell has this year the largest Freshman class that has ever entered an American university. It numbers four hundred. It has become a favorite seminary for graduate students, and has this year one hundred of these enrolled. That co-education of the sexes has proved successful may be inferred from the fact that the large college building for women is overcrowded and many girls-students have had to find lodgings in private families.

"If matters should come to an issue and a free fight," says the *Christian Register*, "the Methodists alone in this country outnumber the Catholics; and we can offset the Methodist vote against the Catholic vote, and leave all other religious denominations as a superfluous majority." This as a bit of pleasantry is all well enough, but the issue is not to be settled by such. To pit one religious sect against another would never settle the principle underlying the conflict, and no one knows this better than our esteemed contemporary.

A correspondent from Baltimore, Md., writes: "Our meetings were resumed last night, with a large attendance. Mrs. Walcott has not yet sufficiently recovered to admit of being entranced to lecture; but in her normal condition, made an interesting address. Mrs. Thos. Gales Forster, also in a very happy manner gave her experience at Onset camp last summer, which was very acceptable and highly gratifying to the audience. Our friends hope to hear from her again."

The JOURNAL announces with sorrow, and sympathy for the afflicted family, the serious loss in the household of Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Mills of Saratoga. The death of two lovely grand-children within twenty-four hours and that of their father a few days later, by that dread disease diphtheria, was a stroke most heartbreaking indeed. But the pain of these sudden transitions was greatly mitigated in the case of the dying father by his spiritual experiences, when during his closing hours his dear children who had only just entered spirit life came to him and were able to make him aware of their presence. Dr. Mills is a fine medium and the stricken family are sustained by their knowledge of Spiritism.

Voices from the People. INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

CHARITY.

A beggar died last night, his soul Went up to God, and he said, "I come unclean; forgive it, Lord; I died for want of bread." Then answered him the Lord of Heaven: "Son, how can this thing be? Are not my saints on earth? and they Had surely succored thee?" "Thy saints, O Lord," the beggar said, "Live holy lives of prayer; How shall they know of such as we? We perish unaware. "They strive to save our wicked souls, And fit them for the sky; Meantime, not having bread to eat, (Forgive!) our bodies die." Then the Lord God spake out of heaven In wrath and angry pain: "O men, for whom My Son hath died, My Son hath risen in vain!" -Arthur Symonds, in the Woman's World for October.

Instantaneous Versification by a Little Girl Who Lives at Kenwood.

The Chicago Tribune of Oct. 7th, says: Kenwood has a poetry prodigy. She is a girl of 12 who rattles off rhymes as fast as she can make her pencil wave. Her father and mother and grandfather reside at the corner of Forty-seventh street and Greenwood avenue, where a Tribune reporter called to get a sample of the prodigy's skill. "Come in and sit down," said Mrs. Seward, "May would rather play than do anything else, and I shall have to hunt her up, as she is out with some of her school friends." May's grandfather, Capt. Binford, came in and talked enthusiastically about the little rhymster. "I don't know just what to make of May," said Capt. Binford, rubbing his hands. "She's only a little schoolgirl, but she writes one of her relatives that can write verses or pieces, so she can't inherit it."

"Born in her, most likely. You know poets are born, not made." "Yes, to be sure. But May doesn't care much about reading nor study. She keeps up with her class, but that is all." "How long has she been at this sort of thing?" "I don't know just when she did begin it, but think when she was about 10 years old. One evening we were away, and when we returned we found that she had written a few lines that rhymed. At first I would not believe that they were hers, and I took her I said: 'May, if you can't write on that subject I will write something about the little clock up there, and she did.'"

"Without much thought?" "Yes, it only took her a few minutes, and after that she wrote several stanzas on 'Kenwood' which were published in the Hyde Park Journal. Once in a while the notion seizes her that she must write some poetry, and then nothing can stop her. She gets paper and pencil, and in a few minutes there's your poem."

"Mrs. Seward now appeared with her little daughter. May has dark brown hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion. She is rather small for her age. "And so you are the little girl who writes poetry? Do you think you can write some for me? I don't want anything long, but just a few lines." "May looked doubtful, but expressed herself as being willing to try, if a subject were given her. "Well—a—out might write about—let me see—how would flowers strike you?"

"She procured pencil and paper, and in a few moments presented her caller with the following lines written in a child's irregular hand: When the May flowers are growing all, By the old and time worn wall, When the waters are rippling in free, Then my heart will merry be. O, I long for the green leafy bowers, And I long for the finest of flowers, O, give me the peach and apple-blossom too, And all the beauty that Nature can strew. "That is well done, and what else can you write about?"

"Of course," put in her grandfather, who is exceedingly proud of May, "you know she can only write about things she has seen, and it would not be fair to ask her to write on subjects she knows nothing about." "Choose your own subject, then." "Here is something that she wrote the other morning before breakfast. She came down in a great hurry, snatched up writing materials, and would not stop until she had finished." And the proud old Captain drew from his coat pocket a manuscript:

THE BROOK. As I sat on the banks of the stream, Watching the bright rays of the sun gleam, Watching the waters as they glided along, Each singing within itself a merry song. Beautiful birds flew swiftly past, Bat stopped at the water at last. To drink of the life-giving water, And rose again, with a sweet twitter twater. They seemed to thank God for the water, In their own way, twitter, twitter, water. O, how pleasant the beautiful brook! To see its great beauty you have only to look. O, pretty brooklet, rippling along, Let nothing in life be our sweet song; Always give water to the sweet little birds, And to all the sheep and cattle herds. On the spur of the moment May also wrote the following: "BABY SLEEPS TO-NIGHT."

Near a nest and beautiful cot, Runs a clear brook, rippling through the lot, Many daisies on its banks do grow, By the brooklet as it murmurs low. The children pick them along the bowers, Little hands filled with snow-white flowers; Then tired at last, at set of sun, The day is passed and home they run. The katydid is singing its sweet farewell, The busy bee has gone to its homelike cell, Under the clear heavens and stars so bright, In this happy home baby sleeps to-night. In many little cribs blue eyes are sleeping, Shining stars their watches keeping, While the brooklet ripples along in its beauty, Ever doing its faithful duty. Peace reigns in this happy home by day, At night in little cribs the children stay, Then the young mother with heart so light, In happy— for baby sleeps to-night. In the little crib she sees the dimpled chin Of her sweet babe, so free from sin; And when she looks at her, she picks it up, Thanks God in her heart with delight, She is happy—for baby sleeps to-night.

Intelligence of Animals. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: After reading the article G. J., entitled the "Intelligence of Animals," I decided to relate an instance of my own observation occurring a little more than two years ago. A Mr. Jones of Marquette, Mich., owned a small Scotch Terrier dog. One day when several men were at work repairing a barn for him, we noticed the dog was down the lane some forty rods, barking furiously, and one of the men remarked that she had freed something. In a few moments she stopped, and looking up we saw a him coming with something in his mouth, which proved to be an old two-quart tin fruit can. He brought it up near the barn, laid it down and began to bark at it, when one of the men went to it, picked it up and shook out a gopher, which the dog caught. Did the dog think, or what caused him to bring the can up and call for help? H. L. CHAPMAN.

Mrs. Watson at the Temple.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The subject of "Death and After-Life" drew another large and intelligent audience to the Temple last night. The speaker, Mrs. E. L. Watson, the field of thought involved in its consideration, is as broad and diversified as the arcana of the universe; and although of necessity in one brief lecture, traveled over rapidly, its exploration was by no means of a superficial character as evidenced by the wonderful array of facts presented to the understanding of her hearers. The varied phenomena of the spiritual and material worlds, touched by the magic finger of inspiration, sprang into life before her auditors, and gave testimony in favor of her declaration that there was no such thing as death in the economy of nature. To say that the lecture would convey to your readers no adequate sense of its wondrous beauty; and it is very much to be regretted that no reporter was present to make record of the fund of wisdom embodied in it.

I am well aware that I shall be derided by pseudo-critics for daring to couple the name of Mrs. Watson as a popular lecturer with that of the renowned R. G. Ingersoll; but I have, nevertheless, the confidence of my friends, and do not hesitate to affirm that in all that constitutes true oratory she is the peer not only of the above-named gentleman, but of any of the other prominent lecturers who have been famous in the forum. The word death to Col. Ingersoll, has all the significance that has been attached to it through past ages; to Mrs. Watson, it simply means change, or in the vocabulary of psychological science, the synonymous word evolution; and in the domain of the infinite but continually undergoes this marvelous transmutation in the process of development. Every grade of life upon the planet, every so-called inert molecule is subject to this law, and obeys the same law, progressing to a higher condition, and takes upon itself a new and more perfect form. Up in the stellar depths new worlds spoken into being by the voice of God, emerging from the womb of time, progress with infinite speed, join the procession of the stars and take up their solemn march through the heavens. Old worlds, hoary with age, furrowed with the scars of battle, written all over with the history of former epochs, drop behind and are lost in it, no less in history, is the law, universal and eternal. The human body, worn out and powerless, steps into the welcome shelter of the tomb, to be resurrected again in some new form of beauty. The grandeur of the scheme which has basten the storms of centuries, crumbles at last to mother earth, and feeds the roots of the forest monarch whose lofty branches sweep the skies. The chrysalis, all unconscious of its position, in the narrow cell, until awakened by the thrill of a new life, it bursts forth into the world of flowers, a full fledged butterfly, beautifully-symbolical of the new birth of the human soul into the higher life through that wondrous change called death.

Matter, co-eternal with spirit, is moulded into form to give expression to the thoughts and purposes of the Infinite; and, as we cast our eyes abroad over the face of nature and see the laws of the stars, the stars, the sun, the moon, and the planets, we are lost in wonder of the beauty, the incomprehensible grandeur of the marvelous revelations. Every grade of life upon the planet, from the lowliest order of being to the exalted angels, are manifestations of God-like man; all the diversified forms of beauty that meet the eye, all the sweet sounds that greet the ear, the fragrance of the rose, the singing of the thistle, the joys and sorrows of life, the aspirations of the human soul, are but manifestations of the human soul, are but manifestations of the potentialities inherent in the Spirit of the universe, the incarnation, as it were, of the thoughts of Deity. The poet wears his crown in the Temple of the senses. The sculptor chisels the models of his soul's creation in the workshops of his busy brain, ere he reveals their beauties to the gaze of man. The architect builds the "Coliseum" and behind its grand proportions long before its cornerstone has been lifted from the quarry. So, before the birth of the sun and stars, they existed as a thought of God, but only in obedience to the omnipotent will of the Creator. The first dawns of the world of time, put forth their creative energies in the service of the Infinite. As the great wheel of evolution turned upon its axis, new conditions arose, and in the throes of a living pulsation the powers of quickening and intensifying the same emotions and attributes that controlled its destinies here, pertain and adhere to the brighter career upon which it has entered. No longer subservient to the gross needs of the physical body, the spirit, freed from its material shackles, and free to enter the domain of the higher life, with the same sympathy, though clothed in the shining robes of immortality. Infinite wisdom points the way, and into the path thus chosen, it directs its footsteps, and the mountain side of endless progression.

The above, Mr. Editor, conveys but a very imperfect idea of the line of thought followed by Mrs. Watson in her lecture. The incidents that she has done more, would be not only egotistical on my part, but do great injustice to her as well; for it is universally acknowledged by those present to have been one of the ablest efforts of her life. A. RIKER. San Francisco, Sept. 24th.

A Mother Sees Her Spirit Child.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: In looking over the pages of the much loved RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of which I have been a constant reader for many years, I often see suggestive and touching incidents of spirit presence from correspondents. I am confident none of them are more suggestive than the incident I am about to relate which was told me by a friend (I will call Mrs. M.) in whom I have the greatest confidence. Mrs. M.'s husband had been sick for several weeks, but she had no idea that he was in a dangerous condition, until one morning she was buying herself about the sick room when she suddenly felt a firm but gentle pressure upon her shoulder, and thinking some one had come into the room unannounced she quickly turned and lo! there was the perfect form of her spirit child who passed over thirteen years ago that day, with her little arms outstretched to her mother, and her eyes turned toward her father in an appealing and longing gaze. The child's form was visible but a few moments, but long enough for the mother to see that she was very much overcome, and with difficulty reached a chair unobserved by Mr. M. She had not been thinking of her baby that day nor did she think of its being the anniversary of her husband's transition, until after she recovered from the shock. She was convinced, by the peculiar and longing look her child bestowed upon his father, that she had come for him, and her convictions were realized later the same evening when the tired body gave up the ghost to a higher and better position. Mrs. M. is not a Spiritualist; she has been a church member for many years and never paid any attention to the philosophy. She is now anxious to know more, and I earnestly desire that she will take measures to seek and understand more of this truth, which is constantly giving so much comfort and assurance to those in need of sympathy. J. S. Chicago.

Mrs. Dorothea Dix has given \$500 to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to erect in Boston a drinking fountain for animals.

Grand Old Man Gladstone and Lord Wolesley have sent their autographs to Miss Mary Lee, daughter of the late Confederate General, for her album.

A Lady Sees Several Spirits.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Some fifteen years ago I had the following experience. It is one of many which came unexecuted, and involve a world of mystery, and baffles every effort to explain them. I was glad to know about the laws and conditions which produce them. I was lying awake in a happy frame of mind when I was surprised to see sitting on the foot of my bed a woman whom I knew to be alive and living in the town of Grand Rapids. Then the opposite side of the room (which was about eighteen feet square) I saw a lady friend who had been a teacher of mine and who had been dead five years. She took a chair, sat down and spoke to me, saying, "I call father—" was expecting to hear more, but another woman, my mother-in-law, who had been dead ten years, appeared by the side of my teacher friend and said, "Hurry! laying her hand on the shoulder of my friend, who arose from the chair. My mother-in-law took the chair to show herself to me, but did not say anything. At the same time appeared in the hall doorway two men, one a lawyer who had done business for me in his life time, and who was well acquainted with the woman who sat on the foot of the bed. The other man was my husband who had been dead ten years. The men bowed to me and smiled, and then all disappeared quickly, except the woman on the foot of the bed. I looked at her, and she began to go a little at a time, here and there. The whole expression changed from a real life to a sort of fixed, mechanical, artificial make-up, very strange to look at. The side of the face and the eyes were the last to disappear. I looked at her, and she began to go a little at a time, here and there. The whole expression changed from a real life to a sort of fixed, mechanical, artificial make-up, very strange to look at. The side of the face and the eyes were the last to disappear. I looked at her, and she began to go a little at a time, here and there. 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Coincidences.

Injure him. In a dream he saw a face that was unfamiliar to him, which he soon afterward recognized on meeting a postoffice official who gave him valuable advice, that enabled him to comply with the requirements of the law, without loss, and has had other singular psychic experiences.

D. B. Fonda, M. D., of Jefferson, Cook Co., Ill., reports the following.

Twice during the summer of 1887 I was prostrated with the heat, and during the last week in July, I was from Thursday until Sunday quite ill, and confined to the house. Saturday night I dreamed three times in succession that I caught a man stooping over the back of the prescription desk in my drug store; that I caught hold of him, turned his face up, but did not recognize it. My daughter who is also my bookkeeper, was away on a vacation, and I had a young man named Thomas acting in her stead. Sunday morning I went to the store to see how he was getting along, and to assist him.

During the afternoon I was consulting with a lawyer about some papers he was to draw up for me, when I suddenly felt an impulse to go down to the store, and said, "I must go down to the store; there is some thing wrong with the safe." "Oh nonsense," said he. I then told him of my dreams and he laughed at me; nevertheless I felt that I must go down to the store. On the way I met a friend who wanted to talk with me, but some how I could not delay. Arriving at the store, I found the front door locked. I opened it, and just as I entered I saw man's head over the top of the counter. I thought it was Mr. Thomas, the clerk. I spoke to him but he made no reply. Going back into the store I found a man crouching behind the counter. I turned him round, and there was the face I had seen in my dreams. I was so startled I did not know what to do, and the man broke away from me. The lawyer caught him, and he was secured.

This was reported in the Chicago papers of August 4th, 1887, with sensational headlines, and considerable embellishment. Writing to Dr. Fonda, who is a physician of repute, and Grand Medical Examiner of Grand Lodge of Illinois of I. O. M. A., to know if the report was correct. He replied under date of September 17th, 1888, as follows:

"Yours of the 10th is before me, and to your interrogatory I answer: Yes, substantially true as stated in Chicago Herald. Should you wish full particulars, I shall only be too glad to furnish them, because, in newspaper reports there always is, as in this case, some ironical interjections detracting from genuine facts always of interest to the public. Very Respectfully Yours, D. B. FONDA."

In the latter part of November, 1887, a number of reports similar to the following appeared in Chicago papers:

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., Nov. 28.—[Special.]—The sudden appearance of abundant water at various points in this region when not a drop of rain had fallen is exciting great interest here. A forty-foot well that has been dry and abandoned all summer, fifteen miles northwest of here, was last Sunday discovered to be full of water to within three feet of the surface of the ground. The Sangamon River in the same neighborhood about the same time began to run with water at a point that three days before was perfectly dry. The wonderful spring which caused the whole country about a mile since by bursting out in a field five miles from here, being dammed up, has formed a large reservoir from which water is being hauled in all directions. An old forsaken well, regarded as worthless, near Mattoon, has recently been found filled to near the surface, and the Illinois Central Company is taking large quantities of water from it.

Wishing to know if there was any foundation for the report, and if the water had continued to flow, also if any explanation had been found for the phenomena, inquiry was made of G. E. Morrow, Dean of the College of Agriculture, of the University of Illinois, at Champaign, who replied as follows:

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., Sept. 21, 1888.

J. E. WOODHEAD—Dear Sir:—Some of the reports of the appearance of water in this country during the drought of 1887 were exaggerated, but some of the facts were highly interesting. The most reasonable explanation of which I know, is that the unusual drought caused cracks or cracks in what had been impervious beds of clay, allowing the water which had heretofore been confined by this clay to rise to the surface, or in some cases to make its appearance through banks at the sides of streams. Until recently water has been comparatively plentiful in this region this season, and I have not heard the matter discussed. I recently met a gentleman residing near the stream in which occurred the most noticeable outpour of water last year of which I know. He tells me the flow has continued during the recent comparative drought; there was a supply of water at this place—with none above and none below—which flows down the stream bed some little distance. Yours hurriedly, G. E. MORROW.

The members of a church in Belfast, Me., report the following, to them, beautiful coincidence:

During the service on a recent Sunday, just as the pastor was reading the words, "I beheld the Spirit descending, as a dove out of heaven," a dove fluttered in at the open door and alighted upon the railing of the back gallery. It next flew to the pulpit, and after resting a minute, perched upon the speaker's head. Being brushed away, the dove flew down beside the Service, and finally, near the close of the services, flew out through the open door at which it had entered.

"It is recorded of Socrates, that after the defeat of the Athenian army under the praetor Laches, as he was flying in company with the Athenian general, and came to a place where several roads met, he refused to go the same road that the others took, and the reason being asked, he answered that his genius, or familiar spirit, who frequently attended him, dissuaded him from it; and the event justified the precaution, for all those who went a different way from him were killed or made prisoners by the enemy's cavalry."

Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of the disease, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body. Give a trial.

BEFORE IT IS BORN.

Some Startling Statements of General Interest.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, on being asked when the training of a child should begin, replied, "A hundred years before it is born."

Are we to infer from this that this generation is responsible for the condition of the race a hundred years from now?

Is this wonderful generation the natural result of the proper diet and medicines of a hundred years ago?

It is conceded in other lands that most of the wonderful discoveries of the world in this century have come from this country. Our ancestors were reared in log cabins, and suffered hardships and privations.

But they lived and enjoyed health to a ripe old age. The women of those days would endure hardships without apparent fatigue that would starve those of the present age.

Why was this? One of the proprietors of the popular remedy known as Warner's safe cure, has been faithfully investigating the cause, and has called to his aid scientists as well as medical men, impressing upon them the fact that there can be no effort without a cause. This investigation disclosed the fact that in the olden times simple remedies were administered, compounded of herbs and roots, which were gathered and stored in the folds of the log cabins, and when sickness came, these remedies from nature's laboratory were used with the best effects.

What were these remedies? What were they used for? After untiring and diligent search they have obtained the formulas so generally used for various disorders.

Now the question is, how will the olden time preparations affect the people of this age, who have been reared under modern medical schools and codes, with poisonous and injurious drugs. This test has been carefully pursued, until they are convinced that the preparations they now call Warner's Log Cabin remedies are what our much abused systems require.

Among them is what is known as Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla, and they frankly announce that they do not consider the sarsaparilla of so much value in itself as it is in the combination of the various ingredients which together work marvelously upon the system. They also have preparations for other diseases, such as "Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," "Warner's Log Cabin hair tonic." They have great confidence that they have a cure for the common disease of catarrh, which they give the name of "Log Cabin rose cream." Also a "Log Cabin plaster," which they are confident will supplant all others, and a liver pill, to be used separately or in connection with the other remedies.

We hope that the public will not be disappointed in these remedies, but will reap a benefit from the investigations, and that the proprietors will not be embarrassed in their introduction by dealers trying to substitute remedies that have been so fancifully shelved on our drug stores. This line of remedies will be used instead of others. Insist upon your druggist getting them for you if he hasn't them yet in stock, and we feel confident that these new remedies will receive approval at our reader's hands as the founders have used every care in their preparation.

TO AUTHORS, WRITERS AND AGENTS.

We want men and women everywhere to write for us WEEKLY and make collections. Poetry, short stories of love or adventure, readable articles on different subjects, household, farming, news, gossip, etc., are wanted. For these we pay a certain price per column or article, for all our original work. For collecting we allow a very liberal commission. Salary paid if preferred and pay increased as services will warrant, if reference and trial proves satisfactory. Address with one reference and stamp, THE HOME-STEAD, Omaha, Nebraska, for particulars and sample. No capital or deposit required. Do not forward anything for publication until you write us.

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