



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

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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.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

The Poet, Preacher, Farmer, Medium, and House-Wife Serves the Readers of the Religio-Philosophical Journal with Another Intellectual Feast.—Wisely and Eloquently She Discusses Many Topics.

It has not been my lot to touch the heart of man through his stomach. In this respect, alone, perhaps, I am an exceptional woman, for it is an ancient tradition with my sex that to tickle a man's palate is to delight him through and through; and the essence of all advice to women, so freely administered by all manner of men, is: "Keep quiet, look pretty and study well how to feed the lords of creation." And it is a fact that a well-appointed kitchen is a very important department of human economy, and wholesome food, properly served, absolutely necessary to the health and happiness of the average mortal.

THE NATURE OF OUR DAILY FOOD.

Upon the nature of our daily food depends, to a considerable degree, the quality of our organization, nerve-tissue and brain-power; and if the kitchen is out of gear, the loftiest "sky-parlor," the grandest drawing-room, are sure to feel the wave of disturbance.

And yet how little appreciated are our kitchen saints. What small respect we pay them, be they Irish or American! The mother of a family, working eighteen hours a day, enduring the mental and physical strain of one eternal monotony of house-work, and in addition to that birthing and training the world's workers, at least the first ten years of their lives, from the farmer to the soldier and statesman,—is expected to always wear a smiling countenance and be content to have her part in life looked upon as rather degrading.

These homely thoughts are the result of a few Irish Katy took an "outing," timidly asked for on her part, on account of my bad reputation as a cook, but willingly granted because of her six months of faithful service.

Well, I began with a brave heart, braced up considerably by the quantities of good bread and cakes thoughtfully prepared by Katy—probably partly out of sympathy for the five hungry men I was to cook for—I wrestled with pot and kettles; I stewed and baked—myself as well as the articles on my bill of fare—and in much less than a week concluded that any woman or girl, of whatsoever nationality or education, who could endure that sort of thing month in and month out for a term of years, is

DESERVING OF UNIVERSAL RESPECT in this world and an eternity of good times in the next. Why should any service that is essential to human welfare be considered undignified?

How easily the world could dispense with its jeweled drones, and yet retain all its splendors, so long as its workers do not fail. A wave of bustling activity has suddenly broken through our midsummer's dream, and now this broad valley presents a scene of wonderful business life. Hundreds of acres of fruit trays are spread to the sun; thousands of tons of golden apricots and purple

prunes lie under a cloudless sky, curing for the most distant markets of the world. And SUNNY BRAE HAS SHARED

the general stir. Nine years ago this was a bare potato-patch of twenty-five acres; to-day it is a little wilderness of trees from which about eighty tons of fruit are gathered. It is a pretty sight, the purple showers falling from the shaken trees; and magnolia and jasmine scarcely shed sweeter perfumes.

While watching the busy harvesters and directing their labors, I have often thought of the great garnerers going on in the world of thought. What a correspondence there is between the material and spiritual worlds! What pain-taking it requires to separate the dead leaves, and useless stems and blights from the fair and luscious fruit! And in the vast and infinitely productive field of mind, what keen perceptions, close analyses, what mighty siftings are necessary to preserve the good and get rid of the worthless! Just as the casual observer from the outside protests that the husbandman is at needless expense in preparing his commodities for consumption, so the shallow-minded regard our spiritual husbandman a wicked waste. But both good husbandman and wise teacher know that the assorting and analysis are indispensable if we would approximate perfection in either material or mental product.

I am in receipt of letters from Eastern friends who express themselves as immeasurably pained by my late reference to Mr. Rowley.

THE TELEGRAPHIC MEDIUM.

Inasmuch as I implied a belief in his guilt as a spiritist fraud, I am entirely unacquainted with Rowley, but through the representations of friends and relatives who have had personal experiences with him as a professed medium, and particularly from the JOURNAL's endorsement of him, I was prejudiced in his favor. His mediumship seemed a natural and rational phase, not more wonderful than the old-fashioned raps, but much the same, and I rejoiced in his success.

True, I was surprised and sorry that the spirit teacher should show so much ignorance and so little common-sense, as appeared in some of the pages of "From Here to Heaven by Telegraph," for I have always fancied that communications mechanically transmitted ought to be pretty clear of mundane muddle, and bear the stamp of superior spiritual wisdom. However, as there are wise and foolish spirits, I rested in the belief that Mr. R.—was a perfectly honest man. The disclosures of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, therefore, took me completely by surprise. I studied both sides carefully, and the evidence of Mr. Rowley's guilt seemed overwhelmingly conclusive. The JOURNAL's first editorial on the subject was dignified, judicial, temperate, and carried conviction with it. The JOURNAL had given a good deal of space to the communications; its endorsement was more to Mr. Rowley as a moral, social and financial support, in his mediumistic capacity, than everything else put together; except his actual mediumistic powers; and just in proportion to the belief in Mr. Rowley, induced by the JOURNAL, must have been the humiliation of its editor when the fraud was discovered. As I read the denunciations of the JOURNAL by some of its former friends, I had a vision. I saw the editor sitting in his sanctum with bowed head and burdened heart, face to face with the dead alternative of shielding a lie which he had unwittingly set up as a sacred truth for the admiration of tens of thousands, or, having discovered his mistake, immediately confessing his error and calling the thing by its right name. The former would keep intact a strong bond of friendship and support evolved by the JOURNAL's oft-repeated expressions of confidence—the unique phenomenon give strength to the superstructure in process of building and help to rally thousands to our standard. The latter (exposure of the fraud) would bear witness to the JOURNAL's faulty investigation, raise a storm of ridicule within the ranks of skeptics, and, above all, fire a bomb shell into the camp of cherished friends, scattering them in every direction, and in some instances converting them into active enemies. It was, indeed, a terrible alternative, and required more courage to face it than to march straight up to a blazing battle-line! But after a little time the drooping head lifts, a look of stern determination flashes from the kindling eyes, and the hero of a mighty moral warfare exclaims, "I will be true to the truth, the lie shall be unveiled!"

But some protest, "Mr. Rowley is a medium." Quite likely; and if he is to the extent his friends declare, let alone what he claims for himself, it will be a very easy matter for him to correct his present attitude, place himself right before the world in general and Messrs. Tuttle and Bundy in particular. It is very painful to be misjudged, maligned, slandered; but false accusations are scarcely ever fatal to truth or individual character. And with the degree of mediumship professed by Mr. Rowley, actually in his possession, he can defy his defamers and bring the whole civilized world to his feet.

Let every slandered soul take courage; the shadow of a lie rests lightly on him who walks in the light of truth and virtue! To be evilly spoken of, truthfully—ah, that sears and kills; but we can laugh at the wickedest lie against our life and character. Indeed, our "dearest foe" is often more useful to us than any friend, pointing out possible weaknesses, and warning us, perhaps, from the very pitfalls into which we might have fallen! So I hereupon extend to Mr. Rowley a kindly

greeting, praying he will pardon me if I have done him wrong, and at the same time I would suggest that he get rid of all suspicious and unnecessary little accessories to his spirit-telegraph and demand an immediate and thorough investigation of the whole matter. And in concluding my dissertation on this subject I would also imply all the apple-eating Adams in the universe, when caught in the act, never again to attempt to shield themselves behind poor Eve's petticoats.

It is not often that I am so uplifted and strengthened by any reading as I was by Giles B. Stebbins's article.

"THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK."

He dropped the plummet of reason into every depth and shallow of both Orthodox and Liberalism. By his flight of aspirings and thought we are caught up to serene heights of spiritual light and peace; and by his tenderness persuaded to leave all unworthiness behind. And what gives the greater weight to his writings, is the man behind the thought. I have had the honor of his kind friendship for many years, and I have always found him a perfectly consistent Spiritualist. Could I, or any one, pay a nobler compliment?

While there is, perhaps less outward manifestation of zeal among professed Spiritualists, and far fewer spirit-scribes running now than formerly, there certainly are good reasons for believing that the primal truths of Spiritualism are making rapid progress in every quarter of the globe; and these truths are penetrating all manner of dark and dingy superstitions, as sun-rays now pierce and illumine the dread dungeons, once the material strongholds of ecclesiastical tyranny. Steadily are we approaching the solution of disease-problems of both mind and body, through a better acquaintance with the psychic side of nature; and I, for one, care not what label the panacea bears, only so it is poured out freely for the benefit of all. Things have come to such a pass that one must know what pulpit the sermon is preached from, in order to determine that it was not meant

TO BE GOOD SOUND SPIRITUALISM!

And every modern work of fiction—even almost the worst like "The Quick or the Dead"—as well as the best,—Elliot's, Kingsley's, Phelps's, Russell's and King-ley's, are adorned with the jewels of our faith, and the more illustrious they are with these verities, the longer will they live, shedding light upon yet unborn generations; and, by the way, speaking of those enviable people yet to come—what great things are being done for them! Isn't it rather pleasant to remember that every good law that displaces a bad one on our statute books; every honest word spoken in favor of human-rights (including woman's); every rusty shackle of cruel superstition frought from the soul of to-day; every battle fought for the poor labor-slave; every kins of true love joined on the lips of womanhood to keep infants and pure; every low appetite mastered; every soft beam of light shed from the spiritual world upon the hardened breast of earth now, are so many guarantees of happiness, goodness, truth, love, liberty and health for our children's children? Sure enough, we are "all related." How it sweetens life now, and dignifies honest labor of every description; how near it makes earth seem to heaven, to remember that God harvests for immortal uses only the good and beautiful. Aye, and that which finite ignorance rejects, oftentimes, as waste and harmful matter, infinite wisdom conserves and transmutes into ineffable glories! Think of the whirling tempests of wind, dust and fire of primeval years, controlled in the hand of the Almighty, and caught in the dynamical energy which to-day moves our modern civilization on toward possible perfection! So out of a veritable Inferno of human passions the divine impetus communicated from the beginning, drives the soul upward until we have the white light of such characters as Socrates and Jesus, the radiance enhancing until it transfigures all mankind.

Dead forces meet in dark immensity And wildly wage the elemental wars; Love weeds Law, then peace and purity Are birthed in all the glory of the stars!

As the days of our dear one's absence (or rather invisibility) multiply, though the heart beats more calmly and the shadow of selfish sorrow lies less grim and dark upon our work day lives,

THERE ARE STILL VIBRANT CHORDS

of solemn music and soul-deep questionings that stir at the slightest touch of love and grief. How we long to know something definite of our darling dead! What relations do they sustain to our world now? Does their advanced state of consciousness perceive nature in a new aspect? Are they still subject to earthly attractions? Are they troubled when we weep? What of their welcome and possessions "over there"? What can beings so impalpable and unreal do for us or enjoy? Do they miss our welcome when they visit us and we are unaware? How many mourners in an agony of grief exclaim:

O for one brief moment with thy dead, One swift, assuring smile would be A quenched beam of glory shed On time from out eternity.

But missing the full effulgence of truth regarding these things, as the majority of mankind at present must, for want of psychic unfoldment, there are lucid intervals granted many of us, during which we feel the naturalness of the Spirit-world; and that is a long way in advance of the vague super-naturalness conceived of formerly, and I am

led to believe that death does not necessitate the soul's dismissal from the natural, material realm; rather does it signify an extension of our perception of objective realities, and that all the faculties find opportunities for complete unfoldment. We must not forget

THAT SPIRIT IS FIRST,

and that form-manifestations are determined by the divine, indwelling idea. Before there was an optic nerve or lens, there was the spiritual idea of vision; and thus of all the faculties. Every organ of the body is but the objective expression of eternal principles. If spirit can build a habitation of gross and evanescent materials, why not a finer structure of sublimated matter? We face the infinite in every direction. For the eye, boundless realms of beauty, infinitely varied. What stretches of perspective, what blending of colors, what poems in structural designs await the eye of the newly equipped spirit! For the ear, an infinite register of harmonic music; every snow-flake is birthed to sound; every leaf is the vision of a song. The dew falls in symphonies; the sunbeams flow in rhythmic measures; the atoms build to the tune of great nature's soft, gradal hymn! And then there are the attributes of justice, virtue, love; when shall these have exhausted their possibilities for expansion and the impartation of joy? Who can doubt that the stage of existence evolved through death presents illimitable fields for their exercise?

And our dear ones, when born into the higher state, are taken on trust, furnished with the food, raiment and shelter they require, as babes are here, until they are fairly ready to begin the work of building anew for themselves. Their capital is vested in their

INTRINSIC SELF-HOOD.

Their ability for useful work, for social ties and fond affections is their wealth or poverty; just as the future status of the infant is "fore-ordained" or pre-determined by its antecedent surroundings and inherited tendencies. We are spinning the threads here, often blindly, carelessly, that will there appear in distinctive patterns. Out of the chaos of finite conceptions of truth and duty, an irresistible law will bring order, beauty and joy.

I cannot close this already too lengthy letter without a word in regard to the manner in which we should receive our angel guests. Remember, if immortal identity is a fact, it is so by virtue of a universal, eternal, natural law, and means "the survival of the fittest" in the highest sense; i. e., thinking, acting, loving part of man. Thought is the world-master. It spans continents with railroads, seas with ships; girdles the world with instantaneous power; projects every creature comfort and produces every spiritual ecstasy on earth. Why, then, should it not do the same for the next stage of existence? There was a natural barrier between the continents of Europe and America. The energy of human thought overcame it. There may be obstacles in the way of spirit return; why should not intellects joined to love discover means for removing them? We know the way is clearing, and every home throughout this wide world

HIS WIFE'S ANGEL GUESTS.

Who can portray the disappointment of a beloved wife loving husband, wife, mother, son, on returning to the sweet old home circle at the quiet hour of twilight, when they look in vain for an answering thought of recognition? O, speak to them in gentle undertones to us; it will do no harm, even if you do not know that they are there to hear! Accustom yourselves to thinking of them as living, active, natural beings; it will put wholesome restraints upon evil passions; it will help your solitude even to fancy sweet eyes resting upon you approvingly; it will actualize the Spirit-world to you without diminishing your interest in this; and as one by one your treasures are taken away, it will help us to bear their loss, if we look upon death as a natural promotion, not a hideous parting; a taking of degrees in the school of endless experience, not an interminable suspension.

With smiles thy angel guests salute; They tread thy silent language well, And even though our lips are mute, Love waves for them its magic spell.

And keep thy heart in readiness, Through busy days and drearful nights, That heaven may know not one joy less For lending earth its dear delights.

And let thy heart be comforted By this: what e'er thy earthly lot,— Thy loved ones are not lost nor dead Until by thee they are forgot.

ELIZABETH L. WATSON. Sunny Brae, Santa Clara P. O., Cal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. OCCULTISM.

MABEL COLLINS.

For some little time past various friends have kindly supplied me with copies of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. I presume because my name has occasionally appeared in its columns. I have read the numbers sent to me with the greatest interest. The manner in which it is conducted excites my admiration, for I cannot but applaud an editorial system which allows so many questions, and so many sides of these questions to be discussed. The extraordinary feature, to my mind, in the surrogate of feeling which reveals itself in these discussions is the intense consciousness of personalties which shows itself on all sides. Names make the pages attractive; accusations give them a

special spiciness; and "exposures" are the trump cards in the hands of every player in this wonderful game of "Who is True and Who is False?" Courage is required to "expose" and "unmask" in such a wholesome and determined manner as is adopted by some contributors; and they are to be admired and applauded for thus entering on such a fierce duel of words.

But if the editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will kindly grant me a hearing, I would ask a question of any one or of all, its contributors and readers; and I hope I may get an answer from some. Are there any who take an interest in the mystic subjects to which the JOURNAL is devoted, who really care for those subjects only, and as abstract matters, without regard to personalities? Who pin themselves to no teacher or guide, and are without desire for a monarchy. To owe allegiance to a king, a queen or a pope, necessitates fighting the other people who do not bow to the particular ruler of your choice; at least human nature creates this necessity. I conclude it is because those persons who must be led are born with faith, which must be fixed on some one or something. My complaint with regard to these persons is just that which Herbert Spencer in his "Sociology" brings against a class of persons which make the study of sociology difficult. "Along with that love of personalities which exalts everything inconsistent in human life into a matter of interest," he says, "there goes the habit of regarding whatever is constant in human nature as a matter of no interest."

The intense love for biographical matter, common to us all, he continually points out as one of the great difficulties in the way of the study of sociology, which needs above all things the mental power of regarding accumulations of facts from an abstract point of view. The scientist must have this capacity, whatever his specialty may be; but he must have it in an extraordinary degree when his specialty is human nature itself. He has to get out of his own light to begin with, and then put every one else out of it who excites any personal feeling in him; his latent and deep-rooted prejudices and ideas will then remain and prove his greatest difficulty. Herbert Spencer's sociology should really be called "A Statement of the Reasons Why the Study of Sociology is Impossible." Human nature itself—its craving for personal gods, its credulity, its skepticism, its faith and its free-thinking, its passion for personalities, not only in the present, but even in history and in the Heaven we dream of!—this mixture called human nature is the difficulty in the way.

Now occultism is beyond sociology, and the way to it is through sociology; one must study human nature and know it before one can study the superhuman, or before we have any power to think out the possibility of its existence. We need an upheaval of human nature towards its highest development where there is keen consciousness of being face to face with the mysteries of life; a condition in which personalities have no part and are forgotten. My essay, "The Gates of Gold," was simply an appeal which I hoped would find its way among the public till at last it reached a number of persons ready for the effort. It may have done so; if it has, the results are to be seen in the future. But I doubt whether faith and credulity will not mar most attempts. In this generation persons who think, are skeptics; persons who do not think are believers in something or other. Occultism needs the fierce spirit with the lambent flame within that burns through all obstacles; the intellect in harmony with it.

"As lapped in thought I used to lie And gaze into the summer sky."

the lambent mind which makes of itself an envelope for all things; and above all a mental calibre which permits of abstract thought and of impartiality when drawn down to the consideration of facts. "Light on the Path" defines this necessary condition in the language of a special school of thought, so symbolical that Professor Ruskin calls it simply poetry. I do not know if there is any want of modesty in writing about a book which bears my name; but as I see it is being largely sold at the office of this JOURNAL, I think it must come within the limits of my present writing, which is addressed especially to those interested in occultism and who are not interested in personalities. "Light on the Path" is not a book for those who "have faith"; they do not need it. It is written for actual students, and deals with matters we all sometimes touch, and it can be read by the most pessimistic or unbelieving intellectualist with some interest if he will look for the actual meaning contained in its words. It is a description of the efforts and the condition of those who hope there is a supermundane state, and use the whole flame of life in the effort to discover it. These beings are so resplendent one dare hardly mention them. Gautama Buddha towers above all others. In the presence of these masters, these skilled ones, who become part of ourselves when we imbibe their thought and aspirations, those that are disciples or capable of instruction, must become indifferent to ordinary matters, superior to the events of the moment, stoic philosophers in fact, without tears, unmindful of common speech, incapable of injury, and entirely heart-broken. Then the man can think justly in the abstract till he has thought himself into silence. For the great facts of life elude us always. We cannot prove that either matter or spirit exists. We only know of an organism—the brain. When we

(Continued on Next Page.)

QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong...

RESPONSE BY AN OLD SPIRITUALIST. Of all the methods which you have practiced through the JOURNAL for the purpose of enabling its readers to understand what real-ism belongs to the great question of Spiritualism...

3. The answer I will give to your third question, I hold to be eminently significant and suggestive. My little grandson, who had never heard of Spiritualism...

4. In New York City I received a letter from my daughter's physician in California, telling me she would soon die...

5. The answer I will give to your third question, I hold to be eminently significant and suggestive. My little grandson, who had never heard of Spiritualism...

6. That question can be answered by a monosyllable: Truth! That word with many meanings is obsolete as Arago said "impossible" soon would be...

7. A favorite medium who is said by her partisans to have given hundreds of tests as convincing as mine with Foster, is denounced as a fraud, having no psychic power...

8. A new born hebdomadal, that surfeits credulity by claiming Lincoln and Baron Humboldt as associate editors, is assisted by a pioneer Spiritualist in tearing down a spiritual Mecca that devotes to the cause as trying to build...

9. A favorite medium who is said by her partisans to have given hundreds of tests as convincing as mine with Foster, is denounced as a fraud, having no psychic power...

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show of the startling facts which reveal to man the hitherto hidden realities of eternity...

A suspect is published far and wide as a fraud without being allowed the rights the criminal law awards to a thief, that is, of being held as innocent till proved guilty...

In conclusion, allow me to say that if we have people among us who like Pollock's hypocrite, have "stolen the lively of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in" and to subvert Commercial Spiritualism...

SUNDAY FOR MAN, NOT MAN FOR SUNDAY.

A Day of Rest and Not of Restriction.

The name of the Rev. Joseph Schindler, the learned, liberal and eloquent Jewish rabbi of Boston, is well known to our readers, his utterances having often appeared in the columns of the JOURNAL...

On the 28th of last July he was in Markneukirchen in Saxony, and it was Sunday, and there for the first time since leaving America he was reminded of the fair, graduate's declamation, by hearing the call of the church bells of that rural village...

"They imagine, perhaps, a village in which the plain and simple villagers, after a week's toil, joyfully greet the day of rest, and, clad in their best garments, flock from near and far to the church, the house of God, in which to render praise and thanks to him for the life he has bestowed upon them...

"One of the most striking differences between America and Germany—a difference which, I think, must press itself immediately and with full force upon a visitor in either country—is the celebration of the Sunday, and I think a few words in regard to this matter will not be out of place...

of labor had rested on the seventh day; the second version explains its necessity 'that thy manservant and thy maidservant shall rest'...

of labor had rested on the seventh day; the second version explains its necessity 'that thy manservant and thy maidservant shall rest'...

And still there are many who are not yet satisfied, who still would urge legislation prohibiting the sale of newspapers, the riding in cars, on boats, concerts in a room, the most innocent amusements...

"The American people are suffering from the effects of one extreme; this cannot be gainsaid. Now let us look at the other; and right here I have it before my eyes. I have occasionally mentioned in my previous letters how the religious sentiment in Germany is in a state of dissolution...

But there is one true religion, namely, a pure belief in the Supreme Being. This is an unselfish devotion to the will of God, the source of universal brotherhood, and will ennoble the mind and heart, being the living principle of all our words and actions...

There are few citizens in the town of Crawford better known than Mr. Jacob B. Shorter, who will readily, gratefully accept 'The Coming Creed of the World' as here presented—a restoration of that one commandment: 'Love God, and thy neighbor as thyself'...

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for a passage—were it ever so small—between the two evils, and how can he help asking all well-meaning people to try and find it that he and they may creep through?"

The Coming Creed of the World.

An explosive in the field of dogmatic theology, beside which "Robert Elsmere" becomes only a grain of dynamite, is found in "The Coming Creed of the World," by Frederick Gerhard, who, on these precepts: "Prove all things" (Paul); "Truth shall make you free" (Jesus); and "I have dared" (Ulrich Von Hutten), presents boldly and logically for acceptance the coming creed...

Religion and science, Mr. Gerhard holds, are not opposed to each other, but fellow workers laboring to make men better and happier. Of the Bible he says: "It is the work of men, and while containing much that is good and beautiful it also contains many errors, and not only much that is opposed to reason, but much that is unholy and unworthy to be called the 'Word of God'..."

But there is one true religion, namely, a pure belief in the Supreme Being. This is an unselfish devotion to the will of God, the source of universal brotherhood, and will ennoble the mind and heart, being the living principle of all our words and actions...

Capitol and Labor; The Sunday Laws; National Sentiment; Liberty; Crime and its Punishment; War; and other subjects are also treated in a manner that proves the learned and venerable author an able exponent, well informed, and inspired by high and lofty principles.

There are few citizens in the town of Crawford better known than Mr. Jacob B. Shorter, who will readily, gratefully accept 'The Coming Creed of the World' as here presented—a restoration of that one commandment: 'Love God, and thy neighbor as thyself'...

A SUMMER MORNING APPARITION.

A Man, a Team of White Horses and a Mowing Machine Seen Moving in a Meadow by Three Persons—Yet a Visit to the Meadow Shows No Trace of Their Visit.

There are few citizens in the town of Crawford better known than Mr. Jacob B. Shorter, who will readily, gratefully accept 'The Coming Creed of the World' as here presented—a restoration of that one commandment: 'Love God, and thy neighbor as thyself'...

the midnight hour—but of an apparition seen in the full sunlight of a summer morning, engaged in the useful occupation of mowing with a machine a field of standing grass.

On the last Friday of July, the story is, Mr. Shorter and his sister, about 10 o'clock in the morning, saw from their residence a man, with a team of white horses attached to a machine, moving in the meadow—part of a small farm, which was in plain view from their home...

At about the same time, a farmer living in the neighborhood, while driving along the road, which the meadow adjoins, saw a man with a team of white horses attached to a machine, mowing in the field, and when he came to the farm house he, neighborlike, asked the owner of the meadow who was cutting his grass for him...

The answer was, "No one," and when the traveler along the highway had told what he had seen, the owner of the meadow made haste to visit it and found, as he expected, that no grass had been cut, that there was no trace of a mowing machine having been in the meadow...

The farmer, by this time thoroughly mystified, said it was all a mistake, and thinking, no doubt, that "there were a thundering lot of fools" in the neighborhood, went with Mr. Shorter to the meadow to convince him that the grass had not been cut and that no white horses and no mowing machine had been at work there...

On the other hand there is no escape from the fact that the grass and the surface of the meadow showed that no team had been on the ground and that no machine had been at work in it.

Little Helen Keller, the Blind Deaf-Mute. Helen Keller has a wonderful memory, and seldom forgets what she has once learned; and she learns very quickly. She is a wonderfully bright child, and her teacher, instead of urging her to study, is often obliged to coax Helen away from some example in arithmetic, or other task, lest the little girl should injure her health by working too hard at her lessons...

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The following anecdote illustrates both her quickness of touch and her reasoning powers. The matron of the Perkins Institution for the Blind exhibited one day, to a number of friends, a glass lemon-squeezer of a new pattern. It had never been used, and no one present could guess for what purpose it was intended...

Arthur T. Halliday, son of Beecher's former assistant pastor, has become insane, his delusion being that he owns Long Branch and that it is to be the site of the world's fair of 1892.

Woman's Department.

JEAN INGELW'S HOME.

A correspondent of the Washington Press gives this interesting account of the home of one of the most beloved of living English poets:

"But a few moments' ride from London is the Kensington home of Jean Ingelow, whose poetry is so familiar to American readers. The house is an old one of cream-colored stone, and one scarcely knows whether it has two or three stories. Liberal grounds surround the house, and even in winter shows a gardener's care. In summer the entire lawn is bordered and dotted with flowers, for the poet is a pronounced horticulturist. During the cold weather a spacious conservatory-attached to the house shelters the flowers, and in the hot-house of palms and buds she is often found by her friends reading and writing. Flowers bloom, too, in almost every room in the house, on the center tables, mantels, and in the bay windows. Jean Ingelow's home is that of a poet, with books on every hand and always in reach wherever you may chance to sit down. There is now in middle life, but her face shows not the slightest trace of years. Her manner is most friendly, her conversation most charming, and she has a most musical voice. She enjoys a remarkably correct knowledge of American literature, the titles of the latest American books being spoken by her with wonderful fluency. Her character is eminently practical without a touch of sentimentality. All her literary writing is done in the forenoon; her pen is never put to paper by gaslight. She composes slowly and verses are often kept by her for months at a time before they are allowed to go out for publication. She shuns society and the most severe part of the winter is spent in the south of France."

"Oh, that every contributor of poetry to the newspaper press, would follow the example of Jean Ingelow. Thousands of editors would grow young again, and their families would bless the poets."

A correspondent of Washington Territory writes:

"I was pleased to read the extract from Mrs. Sara A. Underwood's letter in a late JOURNAL. The suffrage cause here, as elsewhere, has been captured and well nigh killed by the W. C. T. U. and the prohibition party. Oregon people have not much 'go' to them; the climate and the easily gotten gifts of nature here are against the necessity or incentive to exertion."

That noble woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, who, for years, while in the possession of a large fortune has lived more simply than most poor people, thus writes:

"I wish the women of the world would call on the men to give up this wild, ungovernable chase for more money, and that the women would govern themselves accordingly. Who is the happier for such extravagance in dress, furniture, useless decorations, grand equipages, etc.? Are they not, more or less, procured at the expense of moral and physical nature? ... Are not all great and good things simple? And might it not be well for more people to set the example of a simple and well ordered life, that the young might not be tempted into such extravagance as is now the bane of life?"

Wise words, and timely, for us all. What greater boon could our metropolitan city receive than an impulse to that nobles of all fashions, "plain living and high thinking."—All Souls' Monthly.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is one of the most popular women orators in England.

Mt. Union College, Ohio, has elected Miss Frances E. Willard a trustee.

Mme. Mutsumi, wife of the Japanese Minister at Washington, is translating a Japanese novel into English.

Mrs. Daniel Griswold and Mrs. N. R. Thompson were recently elected on the Board of School Trustees at Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss Helen Bradley, of Boston, has given \$10,000 as a nucleus of a fund for the erection of a hospital building at Lawrence, Mass.

The statistics of Berlin show that in 4,700 marriages, or rather more than one-fourth the number contracted in that city in 1887, the woman was older than the man.

There are 62,000 women in America interested in the cultivation of fruit, and among them are some of the most successful orchardists in California. Last year one woman made \$1,600 by raspberry culture.

Rev. J. C. Walton, of Highmore, Dak., in a recent sermon upon the moral exigencies of a social, public character that now confront us, and upon the ways to meet them, named woman suffrage as one of these, and claimed its establishment.

With regard to the protest of some English women in the Nineteenth Century, G. W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, says that all England was scoured to secure those sixty names and that the "protest" has already "fallen flat."

A West Seneca, New York, woman has for the last four years supported herself from the earnings of a seventeen-acre flower farm. Her income is at times as much as \$2,000 a year. She recommends horticulture as a business for women and the wild West as the best field to begin in.

Mrs. Emma J. Preble, of Gardiner, Me., upon the death of her husband, seven years ago, assumed the management of his business, that of marble and granite cutter, and her trade has steadily increased ever since. She now has in her employ eight men on marble and granite work. She employs no agents, but gives her personal attention to the business.

There is to be a new Maternity Hospital in Philadelphia. The ladies who have it in charge are said to be experienced hospital managers. They have made their own plans, and employ no architect. An appropriation of \$30,000 from the last Legislature for building purposes will be utilized. Their hospitals are entirely managed by the women of the association, although both men and women physicians are employed.

John Ruskin's health has become critical again, and his friends fear he will not be able to withstand the strain of his last relapse.

Maurice Sand, the son of George Sand, the novelist, died recently at the old family home in Nohant. He was the Maurice who figures so frequently in Mme. Sand's delightful bits of travel and many of her essays written while she was still young and fond of wandering about with her boy for her only companion.

"The Ladies' Society of Love and Mercy."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

This is a small Spiritualistic Society (Mrs. Tingley, president, and Mrs. Butler, secretary and treasurer) which supports a home for invalids at 12 Clark Avenue, West Bergen, Jersey City, N. J. It is mainly sustained by the very remarkable psychometric and test mediumship of Mrs. Tingley, who resides near the home at 16 Pollock Avenue. This lady is not a professional medium, but she possesses most remarkable mediumistic gifts, and her weekly sances, which have been so successful during the past twelve months are about to reopen in Adelphi Hall, New York City, on Wednesday in the second week of September, at 2:30 P. M.

The entrance charge is 25 cents and the ladies who are members of this organization, from Mrs. Tingley, the president, down, not only contribute of their personal means, but give their services gratuitously so that all that is gathered goes to the support of the home after paying the rent of the hall, and some small expenses for printing, etc. The sances are in their way unique, every one being conducted under test conditions. By the express direction of Mrs. Tingley, the committee having charge of the platform receive and place the handkerchiefs, etc., handed up from the audience, on the table before Mrs. Tingley enters the room, and it is particularly arranged that she should be kept in absolute ignorance of the owners of the articles surrendered for psychometric tests.

Each one is then taken by the medium and the psychometric reading is given, which the owner's name is revealed after which the owner stands up and testifies to the correctness of the reading or to its erroneous character as the case may be.

Mrs. Tingley seldom or never makes mistakes, and the accuracy with which she demonstrates her marvellous psychometric powers has astonished hundreds of strangers during the past year. Many converts to practical Spiritualism have been made, and the home has been supported, though its inmates, it is true, have been few.

One very remarkable case has demonstrated not only its charitable usefulness—but also its practical character as an institution that so far as this particular case is concerned was conducted and overlooked by spirit intelligence; for the home is strictly unsectarian in character.

A lady of educational attainments of no mean order, and one whose professional accomplishments had sustained herself and her family in her days of health, was received into the home with her mother and a young son. She was afflicted with an internal disorder. Her only hope of recovery rested in a surgical operation. She was and is a Spiritualist. The most distinguished and skilful operating surgeon in New York City consented to perform the operation gratuitously, though it was of so delicate and difficult a nature, and involving so much responsibility and care that thousands of dollars have been paid to him for similar services. He, however, gave his opinion that were it not for the terrible suffering which the patient so continually experienced without any prospect of relief, the chances of her surviving the operation were so very few, and her exhausted condition so low that he would not attempt to operate without gravely warning her as to the probable result. In short she was informed that the chance of her surviving was hardly more than one in a hundred.

The day before it was determined that this brave and true woman should pass this terrible ordeal, she invited the sisters of this society to gather around her suffering couch where a spiritual service was held. Through the mediumship of Mrs. Tingley and others under control, it was then most positively declared that the patient would triumphantly pass through and survive the operation, and that many friends on the spirit side of life took a deep interest in its success. The only condition made was that no anesthetic narcotic should be administered to her for at least twelve hours before the operation. The public prediction made by Mrs. Tingley's guides on this occasion was exactly fulfilled, so that the patient is now gradually regaining her strength, and is again able to sit at her piano and charm her friends with the brilliancy of her execution as she interprets those classical compositions of which she is so thorough a master.

This is an example of the power of pure practical Spiritualism to sustain one who not merely believes but knows that all the children, especially the suffering children of our Father and Mother God, are placed under the charge of an angel ministry whose business it is to fulfill to them the highest desires of divine love. C. P. MCCARTHY.

A STRANGE LEGEND.

How the Great Cathedral at Cologne was Planned by a Dominican.

Several years before the foundation stone of the famous Cathedral was laid, there lived a man who was far in advance of all his contemporaries in the cultivation of human knowledge. This was Albertus Magnus, of the Order of St. Dominic. At this period Conrad von Hochstaden occupied the archiepiscopal throne at Cologne, and had for some time been engrossed with the thought of erecting a vast and majestic cathedral. With this object in view he caused the friar he summoned before him to draw up a plan to design a plan for the erection of a building which should eclipse in splendor all then existing structures.

Albertus cogitated day and night in his lonely cell over the grand idea which had been entrusted to him; he prayed fervently and continuously that God would assist him. But, notwithstanding all his meditation and prayer, a mist seemed to enshroud his imagination; no picture that he could reduce to shape would present itself. His heart was bowed down with anxiety as in the silent watches of the night he sat immersed in thought and reflection and yet the shadowy outline of a superb temple floated before his mind and seemed to fill his thoughts. When he was tired out with the strain of mental exertion, he would cast himself upon his knees and implore the Blessed Virgin to assist him in his task which he was unable to accomplish alone. In this way weeks passed.

On one occasion, when Albertus had been sitting by the side of his flickering lamp, deeply immersed in the construction of a design, after offering a fervent prayer for help, he became overpowered with sleep. It may have been midnight when he awoke. His cell was filled with a heavenly radiance, and the door leading to the hall of the monastery was standing open. Albertus rose in terror from his seat; it seemed as if a flash of lightning had passed before his eyes, and he became aware of four men in white cassocks entering his cell, with crowns of burnished gold, glistening like fire, on their heads. The first was a grave old man, with a

long, flowing white beard covering his breast, in his hand he held a pair of compasses; the second somewhat younger in appearance, carried a mason's square; the third, a powerful man, whose chin was covered with a dark curly beard, held a rule, and the fourth, a handsome youth with auburn locks, brought a level. They walked in with grave and solemn tread, and behind them, in her celestial beauty, came Our Lady, carrying in her right hand a lily stalk with brightly gleaming flowers. She made a sign to her companions, whereupon they proceeded to sketch, with practical hands, a design in lines of fire upon the bare walls of the cell. The pillars rose on high, the arches curved to meet them, and two majestic towers soared into the blue vault of heaven. Albertus stood lost in contemplation and admiration of the glorious picture thus presented to his gaze.

As suddenly as it had appeared, the heavenly vision again vanished, and Albertus found himself alone; but the plan of the splendid edifice, which had been drawn by the four celestial architects, under the direction of the Virgin Mother, was traced upon his memory in ineffaceable lines. Very soon after this he presented a plan of the Cathedral of Cologne to Archbishop Conrad. The most high flown aspirations of the prelate had been surpassed beyond measure. The foundations of the building were soon afterward laid, and future generations carried on the erection, and completed as we now see it, a wonder of the whole world.—The New York Catholic News.

A "Noble, Philosophic and Instructive Work."

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten in the last issue editorial reference to "The Light of Egypt." Such high praise from so critical and able an authority must prove gratifying and encouraging to the author. Incidentally, her scoring of the Path man will be appreciated by many. Here is what she says:

We deeply regret that other matters of pressing moment have, of late, occupied our columns to the exclusion of those notices of books, pamphlets, and tracts, which we have received in great numbers, and which we hope yet to call attention to. This apology relates especially to the noble, philosophic, and instructive work, published by George Redway, of London, entitled "The Light of Egypt." We had hoped to have found space to give abundant quotations from this admirable treatise, one which supplies not only fine suggestive views of planetary cosmogony, but which furnishes a good corrective, founded on the basis of science, fact, and reason, to the groundless assertions of theosophy, some of which appear in quotation in this number's Leader. Ere we close this merely preliminary notice that we have been favored with a copy of "The Light of Egypt," we would call its author's attention to the fact that a certain American editor of a Theosophical Magazine, entitled The Path, after venturing on this fine work all the abuse, scorn, and display of ignorance and insolence that his malice could dictate, ends by adding that his book is "by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten." We trust it needs no open disclaimer on our part to assure the gifted author of "The Light of Egypt" that this rude and uncalculated piece of mendacity could only have been designed by the writer to add injury to insult, and compel the editor of this journal to express her regrets that she has not the smallest claim to stand in a position implying ability far beyond her capacity to attain to. It is hoped that this public disclaimer will be sufficient to atone for the intended injury to the esteemed author of "The Light of Egypt," and explain to him the animus with which his comments on the fantastic theories of the day are received by a prominent theosophical journalist.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, and can be ordered through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

SPIRITUALISM FOR THE YOUNG; by Alfred Kitson, of Bentley, Yorks, England. Keigley, England: S. Billows, High street.

This is the title of a very timely and useful addition to our juvenile literature, by an earnest worker and one fully competent to interest and instruct the rising generation in rudimentary Spiritualism. Mr. Kitson has done much in England for the cause, and his name on this side of the Atlantic is quite well known to the readers of our spiritual newspapers, especially as one long associated with Lyceum work in England, and in connection with educational matters generally; hence this little brochure should, and probably will, command more than mere passing attention; certainly we need and should encourage more of this kind of literature. The author dedicates his latest offering to the C. P. L.,—highly complimenting the founder of our children's Lyceum (A. J. Davis) and acknowledges his indebtedness to Mrs. E. H. Britten and Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer Longley, from whom he frequently quotes.

The work consists of fourteen chapters, which are subdivided into say lessons, commencing with chapter 1, A Talk about Spiritualism; 2. Spiritualism New; 3. Man Has Two Bodies; 4. Spiritual Gifts; 5. Biblical Spiritualism; 6. The Origin of the C. P. L.; 7. The Children of the Summer-land; 8. The Teachings of Spiritualism; 9. Worship, Prayer and Praise; 10. Self-Entry into the C. P. L.; 11. The Workers Win; 13. Virtues; 14. Vices—of which subjects are treated in a very clear and simple style, and within the comprehension of every scholar in the Lyceum, barring the youngest groups ("Fountain," "Stream" and "River").

The difficulties that beset one in writing books of instruction for the children of Spiritualists, have been fairly overcome by Mr. Kitson. The work is easy to read, and free from dogmas of the churches. It is difficult to avoid dogmatism when it comes to teaching Spiritualism, for it is so little we actually know, that if one steps out over so little beyond its borders, we are liable to drop into the errors we are seeking to correct.

The author dwells more than necessary, we think, on the history and creeds of the churches, its ministers, and the Bible generally. These subjects are always "bones of contention" to the adults and uninteresting to the children when introduced into the Lyceums, and we think should be postponed until the scholars attain years of riper judgment, and can themselves grapple with them understandingly (if that time ever comes).

The early history of Spiritualism is quite entertaining and is essential for our children to know. The "Physical and Spiritual Bodies" in chapter 3, and "Spiritual Gifts" in chapter 4, are difficult matters to treat, but they are explained in such a simple manner that every child over seven years should be able to grasp their meaning. The suggestions throughout the book of a personal God, is apt to be a little misleading, but is better probably than the irreverence of a total omission of the Great First Cause, a subject on which there is such a diversity of opinion, because of it we know absolutely nothing.

The good morals to which the book abounds is a panacea for all that the hypercritical might regard as questionable in it. Without saying so in exact words, the author shows that the ethics of Spiritualism is unsurpassed by any other system of religion, ancient or modern.

The concluding chapter on the virtues and vices cannot be instilled too deeply into the minds of our children, for talk and preach as we may about the beauties of the beyond and the joys of Spirit-life, we would still on earth practice the virtues and avoid the vices if we expect to share them, and enjoy the Summer-land he so beautifully describes.

The addendum, as it might be called to the valuable little book, is apparently of the Lyceum system and sets forth in a forcible way why and wherefore of the C. P. L., and the desirability of Spiritualists helping on the Lyceum work, and is especially directed to teachers in it. As Mr. Kitson seemed to know of the apostasy of "the Rev. Dr. J. M. Peebles," it would have showed a little more discretion on his part to have quoted from some other authority as to early religious impressions; that, however, is a small matter.

Magazines for September Not Before Mentioned.

The North American Review. (New York.) In the present issue three timely topics are discussed by men of authority. The first, Dr. Brown-Sequard's Elixir of Life, by Dr. Wm. A. Hammond; is followed by the Value of International Exhibitions, by Senator Hawley and Capital Punishment by Electricity, by Elbridge T. Gerry. Can the Mosquito be Exterminated? is a pertinent question asked by Dr. Henry C. McComb. The fourth chapter of an English View of the Civil War, will be of great interest. Canon Farrar writes strongly in setting forth why he is an Episcopalian. The Transformation of Paris contrasts the Paris of 1789 with the gay city of to-day.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) The Popular Science Monthly does well to give space to the following articles, dealing with economic subjects: The Ethical View of Protection; Recent Economic Changes, and Origin of the Rights of Property; Oliver Thomas Miller gives an account of the comical ways of a Lemur. A copiously illustrated description of Animal Life in the Gulf Stream follows, and The Surface Tension of Liquids explains the behavior of liquids under certain conditions. A report from Prof. Huxley, on the Value of Witness to the Miraculous, is in his best style.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) The usual good magazine is to be found in the September issue of this monthly. Homeric Imagery by W. G. Green will be read by many admirers of the Iliad. Glan Conway by Grant Allen is a realistic sketch. The serials still continue to reveal startling plots.

Ruchanan's Journal of Man. (Boston.) A strong table of contents presented this month as the following shows: Where on Evolution; The Power of Hypnotism; Carlyle's Skepticism, etc. Also: The Esoteric Boston. Phenomenology, New York. Christian Metaphysician, Chicago. Unitarian Review, Boston.

The publishers of the St. Nicholas announce that that popular children's magazine is to be enlarged, beginning with the new volume, which opens with November, 1899, and that a new and clearer type will be adopted. Four important serial stories by four well-known American authors will be given during the coming year.

During the coming volume the Century is to have an illustrated series of articles on the French Salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, including pen portraits of many of the leaders and a detailed account of the organization and composition of several historical salons. A great number of interesting portraits will be given with the series.

Many industries have been established in the South, particularly at the rapidly growing city of Florence, Ala., the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad (Evansville Route) has decided to run five periodical excursion excursions as follows: August 8th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th. All the railroads in the North-west have agreed to sell for those dates excursion tickets to points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, at one lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good returning 30 days.

Persons desiring to join these excursions can obtain full particulars by writing to J. B. Morrell, Traveling Agent C. & E. I. R. R. 501 First National Bank Building, Chicago, or to William Hill, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

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If you don't know how send for the book by Fanny Field called "Poultry for Profit and Poultry for Pleasure." She is acknowledged to be the best and most practical writer on this subject in America. It contains valuable information in regard to Incubators, Brooders, and Cansons, and tells you how to get the most eggs. If you keep chickens you can make them pay you well by following the instructions in this book. If you don't keep chickens you ought to do so if you want to make money. Fanny Field tells in this book how she clears \$1,500 a year on her 80-acre farm. Sent, postpaid, upon receipt of 25 cents. Address, DANIEL AMBROSE, 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

RATIONAL THEOLOGY.

Ethical and Theological Essays by John Milton Williams, A. M. "An unusually strong and lucid discussion of the great questions which underlie ethics and theology. The author goes over the ground and comes out substantially on the conclusion of the accepted New School—New England Theology. The opening chapter on old and new Calvinism, is a model of clear, cogent discussion, exhibiting unusual reading, and a thorough consideration of the difficulties in the case, which would do credit to any theologian, yet it is expressed in the plain non-technical style of a scientist. The book meets a want of the times and is the very best and practical and popular exposition of current theology, in its freer and most rational form, of which we have any knowledge."—The Independent. This work contains essays on the following subjects: "Old and New Calvinism," "The Conscience," "Virtue from a Scientific Standpoint," "Regeneration," "Divine Sovereignty and Free Agency," "The Atonement," "The Future of Incorrigible Man," and "The Christ of Nazareth—Who Was He?" Prof. Wright, of Oberlin, says: "I wish every clergyman and student of theology in the land would read it." The book is bound in cloth, 12mo over 300 pages and will be sent, postpaid, to your address for \$1.50. Address, DANIEL AMBROSE, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.



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Large advertisement for SAPOLIO. Text: "THERE ARE MANY USES FOR SAPOLIO." Includes illustration of a person cleaning a sink. Lists various uses: To clean tombstones, To scrub floors, To renovate paint, To brighten metals, etc.

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

FOR FIFTY CENTS this paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada TWELVE WEEKS, ON TRIAL.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 21, 1889.

Treatment for the Obsessed.

Harry Munzer, of this city, as our readers know, went before the proper tribunal and plead that he be sent to an insane asylum. He said he was perfectly sane but at times was controlled to do violence, knowing while in the act what he was doing and striving against the influence, but unsuccessfully. He felt himself dangerous and desired to be put where he could do no harm. His seemed a clear case of some external malicious influence exerted by an invisible person.

You refer again in to-day's JOURNAL to the case of Harry Munzer. When I read, in a former number, the account taken from another paper, I was tempted to write you giving a case and its cure, which came under my own observation some years ago, in order that you might, if circumstances permit, and you deem it worth while, cause the same means to be resorted to in the case of this young man.

In the first place I must explain that for many years we have employed a so-called clairvoyant physician, with whose control we frequently discuss many matters aside from physic. Well, we had a neighbor, a widow who had a fourteen-year-old son who was a sensitive. He was controlled by a person who styled himself Black Bird, an ignorant, morose savage. The lad, under influence, would leave his mother's house at night and wander off into out of the way places, dangerous ones, too very much to the annoyance of his mother and alarm of the friends of the family. I don't need to take your time to relate more of the story.

My wife conceived the idea of consulting with our doctor about it, and at the first opportunity she laid the case before him, and inquired if, from his side, an influence could not be brought to bear to prevent Black Bird from controlling the boy. He replied that he thought it could be done, and explained how, and promised to give the matter immediate attention. No one was present but myself and wife, so there was nobody to give us away, and we, of course, kept our own secret, but took occasion to learn exactly how the young sensitive conducted after that time. The result was all and more than we had expected. Black Bird never obsessed the boy again.

Many of our old subscribers will recall a case related in these columns by our lamented friend and contributor, S. B. Nichols. His first wife was a medium; and many years ago, in Vermont there came to his house one night a poor woman having in charge a daughter who was strangely obsessed. The woman lived at a distant point and had never heard of Mr. or Mrs. Nichols, but was sent to them, if we rightly remember, by a spirit message. She told the sad story of her child's affliction. The girl would be taken possession of and made to utter the most horrible oaths, and language too dreadful for repetition. She would also while in these states be wholly unmanageable. Mr. Nichols was an experienced and most enthusiastic Spiritualist even in that early day. He at once took hold of the case with his characteristic energy. Mrs. Nichols was called in and the obsessing spirit invited to an interview. He promptly came and a dramatic scene ensued. A long struggle was the result. Mr. Nichols found out his story, treated him kindly, reasoned with him, pointed out and made him realize the great injury to the innocent child, and finally wrung from him a promise to abandon his victim on condition that Mr.

Nichols would let him come to him through Mrs. Nichols for instruction and encouragement. The compact was made; and the mother went home rejoicing at the delivery of her darling from a state worse than death. The unruly spirit kept his promise and never again annoyed the child; and in time gave evidence of spiritual growth and "change of heart." This is in substance as we recall Bro. Nichols's graphic and unquestionably trustworthy account.

When alienists come to comprehend the existence of a Spirit-world and the influence its inhabitants may naturally exercise on mortals, when they admit this and act accordingly then will there be a vast step forward in the treatment of patients in abnormal mental states. Experts will learn to differentiate the symptoms of a diseased brain from those produced by external invisible intelligences.

We are well aware of a difference of opinion among Spiritualists as to the reality of obsession; and it should be confessed that we came, ourselves, very slowly and cautiously to the affirmative side of the question. But it now seems clear enough to us on purely scientific grounds that if there is a Spirit-world, and if its denizens can impinge upon the sphere of mortals, influence them and manifest in innumerable ways, then is obsession not only possible, but even probable under some conditions. Well attested cases seem to prove this beyond reasonable doubt.

ROWLEY AND HIS BOX ONCE MORE.

We had hoped no necessity would arise for further reference to W. S. Rowley in these columns; but his reluctance to forego fat pickings, and the indiscretion of his zealous advocates oblige another exposition at our hands. For the benefit of hundreds of new readers we will give a brief resumé. W. S. Rowley, a tradesman's employe by occupation and a Methodist in religion, claimed that in his presence and with the aid of a specially constructed apparatus, intelligent telegraphic messages were spelled out by the Morse alphabet, independent of any physical effort or manipulation on his part. He named the manifestation "Rowley's Occult Telegraph," and declared the telegraphic "sound" was worked by "unseen forces." From time to time we heard great stories about his achievements; and in December, 1887, we went to Cleveland and spent some days investigating the matter. The result of that investigation was such as to cause us to believe his claim true. We so stated in the JOURNAL, at the same time making known that we were neither a telegrapher nor an electrician. While in Cleveland we met Prof. H. D. G. of whom we had never before heard. We found he had been at one time a professor in an orthodox college—not of the first class—and had lately been converted to Spiritualism and was then experimenting with Rowley; having already some hundreds of pages of manuscript detailing his observations. Prof. G. assured us he was an electrician. As he was at the head of a school for telegraphy and short hand, and as he was well spoken of by those of whom we inquired, we were led to believe him competent to make a scientific investigation and report. He was engaged to prepare for the JOURNAL a series of half a dozen articles giving the history of Rowley's striking phenomenon.—The business details of that engagement will be given further along. Prof. G. began his work. We soon discovered he was a voluminous writer with a marked poetic, religious, metaphysical, and imaginative trend; exhibiting few of the characteristics distinguishing a scientific mind.

As Prof. G.'s articles grew in length and number and dreariness we became uneasy; not that we for a moment doubted the genuineness of the claim of independent telegraphy, but the purported communications from the alleged spirit "Dr. Wells" were in many cases so inane, so devoid of all evidence of, not only technical knowledge, but ordinary ability in dealing with the topics treated, and so completely in harmony with Rowley's personality that we began to surmise the mystery was more "occult" than we had counted on. However the series finally came to an end; and we continued to believe in, and defend Rowley's claim against all public and private criticism. Gradually there grew up an array of facts which weakened our faith in Rowley's claim. We had already become convinced that while Prof. G. was an amiable, kindhearted man, with a marked religious nature and competent as a pedagogue, he was not qualified to deal with problems on the physical side of psychic science; and, therefore, his report needed corroboration on the only point of interest in it, to wit: that Rowley was a medium for "Independent Spirit Telegraphy." In April last, we made arrangements for a crucial and really scientific test of Rowley's claims. The result was a sad blow to our hopes. We not only failed in corroborating our previously published assertions, but secured evidence proving conclusively that Rowley was cheating. Painful and humiliating as it was we promptly did our duty by publicly acknowledging our mistake, withdrawing our endorsement and publishing the facts of the investigation and exposé. As was to be expected, the downfall came like a thunder clap out of a clear sky to thousands; but the evidence was so overwhelmingly conclusive that but few could resist it. That Rowley should tume and bluff and falsify, and deal in cant was to be expected; but he failed to hold his ground and declined to fortify his claim for independent telegraphy by joining in further scientifically conducted experiments, as he was urged to do. He peremptorily and insultingly refused Mr. Hudson Tuttle's Proposition for a series of test experiments. To

break the scandal of this refusal he declared arrangements were already made for him to exhibit before "the professors of all the eastern colleges" during the coming summer—now past. In a circular dated May 22nd, 1889, Rowley further declared: "I have arranged to go before a convention of the most learned scientists and electricians that this country affords." In the same circular, which was scattered broadcast through the country, Rowley further says:

Upon leaving the city Mr. Bundy made arrangements with Prof. H. D. G., an eminent scientist here, to go through a series of experiments with me and report the same to his (Bundy's) paper, assuring the Professor that he would be liberally remunerated for his time and trouble. Professor G. fulfilled his contract to the letter and when he modestly suggested to Bundy that he make his promise good he indignantly declared that he was under no obligation—even though he acknowledged in my office in the presence of credible witnesses that the article written by the Professor had increased the circulation of his paper fifty per cent. The public became very much interested in the experiments, and soon clamored for more which Professor G. refused to give until Bundy had made his word good, concerning what had already been given. To protect the Professor I refused to submit to being investigated and experimented with by any one in Bundy's interest and to deter him from having the same published in his paper. Finding himself balked in that direction he conceived of another scheme. He came to Cleveland and assisted by a few telegraph operators produced a trick box and announced to the public that these operators could with this box produce telegraphy similar to mine by trickery, when the facts of the case are that the demonstrations produced are entirely different and the manner of producing the sounds are as distinct as could be derived of theirs being simply a trick. Bundy took this way hoping to terrorize me into a series of investigations whereby he might obtain matter to fill up his paper for the next three or four months, without any mental or financial effort on his part.

Rowley, through his wife, also asserted in the columns of the Cleveland Leader in substance that we had agreed to pay Prof. G. and failed to keep the promise. The summer wore away, but Rowley neither appeared before the "professors of all the eastern colleges," nor "before a convention of the most learned scientists and electricians this country affords." He seems to have exerted his energies in securing cheap newspaper buncombe from the organs of vendors of pseudo-psychic wares, such as the one edited by the Keeler brothers, and another run by Jas. A. Bliss, together with similar matter in provincial papers. He also evidently regarded Cassadaga Camp as his chief hope; there he apparently anticipated to be able to so-manipulate the wires—not telegraphic wires—as to secure the official endorsement of the organization. Rothermel and Keeler once secured the unofficial endorsement of that camp, and why shouldn't he be able to do even better, especially as the Keelers and other tricksters were heartily with him in his attempt to recoup his reputation as against the JOURNAL'S exposure? He bided his time and waited until the camp meeting was at the zenith of its season, and then appeared ready for the grand coup d'état. He was to be vindicated by giving an exhibition of his powers before a large and promiscuous audience.

The exhibition took place under Rowley's own conditions in so far as the vital point of the experiment was concerned, and of course he got telegraphic messages—that was what he was there for. He got messages for Hon. A. B. Richmond and another person, but in both instances messages from the same spirits had been at some previous time given through Rothermel and Keeler. The "experts" present did not examine Rowley's box we are credibly informed until after the séance. This vitiated the value of the experiment as a scientific test, even had all other conditions been proper—which was not the case. In the discussion which followed Mr. Richmond grew enthusiastic. An eye witness reports: "J. Clegg Wright stopped him, causing him to admit that his (R's) own argument would not be accepted by him coming from a witness in court." All know who have any experience with a crowd how easily it can be hippodromed into endorsing anything, and in this instance we are informed by various witnesses that but for the strong common sense and courage of J. Clegg Wright and Walter Howell—both mediums and lecturers—Rowley might have succeeded in accomplishing his purpose of securing a public and formal endorsement. It is a little singular, and not at all to the credit of an American Spiritualist camp that but for three Englishmen, mediums and lecturers—J. J. Morse being the third—Rowley would undoubtedly have bagged the camp.

Falling in his main purpose the next best thing Rowley could do was to give to the public the following document, which we clip from the Golden Gate:

We, the undersigned, a committee selected to examine the claims of W. S. Rowley of Cleveland, Ohio, to independent telegraphy, &c., that intelligent messages are received by means of an ordinary telegraphic instrument, using Morse alphabet with key enclosed in a box under conditions that preclude the possibility of the circuit being opened and closed by mortal hands, beg leave to report that we met in a room of the Grand Hotel of this place, Mr. W. S. Rowley with his instrument, who subjected it to many and all conditions that we asked or imposed, and intelligent messages were received under test conditions that would utterly preclude a possibility of Mr. Rowley's being the transmitter of the same, and that without going into all the details of the said experiments, we have been driven to the inevitable conclusion that independent telegraphy is fully established, and that intelligent messages are received by and through this instrument, in a way and manner wholly unknown to science.

Signed: A. B. Gaston, President of Association; E. E. Vail, J. H. Osmer, H. D. Barrett, Chairman of Association; E. W. Bond, J. M. Babcock, A. B. Richmond, M. E. Thomas.

Lilly Dale, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1889. It is in order to enquire: Who selected this committee; was it done by order of the camp management? What were the special qualifications of its members? We cannot answer the first, but can give a close guess. The second we are able to throw some light upon.

Rowley's circular for the fall trade, just issued, contains the above certificate, the first name appended thereto reads: "A. B. Gaston, Telegraph Operator, Meadville, Pa." This line is misleading, and purposely so. Years ago Mr. Gaston was agent at a small station on the N. Y. P. & O. Railway. He was obliged to learn just enough telegraphy to perform the meager duties there at that time. He has not been in the telegraphic service for many years and has probably not touched a telegraphic key since he left the business. But even if he were now an operator his only technical qualification for the investigation would be his ability to read the Morse alphabet. In such an investigation operators do not count for more. We are assured by one of the finest practical electricians known to us that "not one telegraph operator in a hundred can connect up an instrument or knows the principles of the machinery before him. He simply knows how to send and receive messages." The only other name among the signers requiring special attention is that of our esteemed correspondent, Hon. A. B. Richmond. Opposite his name in Rowley's circular may be read: "Prominent Lawyer, Author and Electrician." We are glad to agree with the statement that he is a "prominent lawyer" and we know him to be a pleasant and versatile writer, but as neither of these vocations fit a man for scientific experiments with electricity we pass them. Rowley advertises Mr. Richmond as an electrician. This announcement in connection with the report of an experiment in telegraphy is meant to imply a great deal—no less than his competency, as an electrician, to make accurate observations of and conduct scientific experiments in electrical telegraphy.

Mr. R. probably has a very good general knowledge of the crude principles of electricity, as have hundreds of educated men. He is not a practical electrician, knows nothing of detail, and is not a telegraphic operator; and is therefore not an electrician within the meaning of that word as used in connection with telegraphy. Of the other members of the committee it is hardly necessary to speak, as it is not claimed they have any technical or special qualifications for carrying on such an experiment. Mr. Bond we have known for some years, and esteem him highly as an upright man and zealous advocate of Spiritualism in its higher aspects. But we ask: Why need to have gone through the form of a séance in order to give such a certificate? At least Messrs. Richmond and Bond were prepared to speak equally as strong before as after, and presumably some others of the "committee selected" were of the same mind.

Mr. Richmond, and probably others of the "committee selected," knew in advance of Rowley's intention to visit Cassadaga, and of the opportunity it would afford for a series of experiments. They also knew of the experiments of Mr. O. A. Gurley, chief operator of the W. U. Tel. Co., at Cleveland, through whose able co-operation we were successful in exposing Rowley, and of our exposition of the whole matter in the JOURNAL. They knew, or ought to have known, that in order to render the report of the anticipated trial of the slightest value either to Spiritualism or the public, it was important that Mr. Richmond and others should acquaint themselves by personal observation with the possibilities of Rowley's instrument as exhibited by Mr. Gurley, and that working telegraphers and practical telegraphic electricians should be selected to make up a part of the committee. Furthermore they knew, or ought to have known, that no town-meeting, public caucus affair like the one which Rowley gave from the rostrum was entitled to any respect or weight as a scientific trial, and would be of no value even if pronounced successful, except to Rowley. They neither took the trouble to obtain information from Mr. Gurley or to secure competent assistants. Why? If Messrs. Richmond and Bond had such unlimited confidence in Rowley's claim of independent telegraphy, why did they shrink from taking such measures as they knew would settle the whole question forever? The gentlemen of that committee, whom we freely grant to be honorable and high-minded, have put themselves in a very unenviable position before the public; especially is this true as to Mr. Gaston, president of the camp meeting, and Mr. Richmond; particularly the latter, who has now put himself where it is all but impossible to retreat, and from whence retreat if at all must be immeasurably more disastrous and humiliating.

In this connection it occurs to us that it were well to give our readers a letter written to Mr. Richmond on the 10th inst. and before we had seen or heard of the certificate of the committee at Cassadaga, published above. This letter was dictated in the midst of constant interruptions, with no thought of publication, and the stenographer has not perfectly reported us, but we give it as sent, suppressing only matter not germane to the present topic:

OFFICE OF RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Chicago, Sept. 10, 1889.

HON. A. B. RICHMOND, Meadville, Pa. Dear Brother:—Yours of 8th before me. I thank you most heartily for advocating and explaining the position of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL on the platform at Lilly Dale. Neither the JOURNAL nor I need any defense. All that is necessary is a clear exposition of the attitude and actions of both; and this I think you understand.

I confess to great astonishment at the manner in which the alleged test experiments were conducted with Rowley at Cassadaga. Surely you do not expect that any man in the world of scientific attainments will be favorably impressed with the methods or satisfied with your verdict! The details of the experiments have been reported to me by a number of trained observers in the Spiritualist field. They all agree in essential particulars; and from the evidence I am free to say that I see no additional proof as to Rowley's claim. I know the man to be a liar; and you know as well as I that a man who will lie will deceive in other ways.

ed, by actual observation, from Gurley the possibilities of the instrument. Instead of only one experiment there should have been three or more, all conducted privately with no other witnesses than a selected committee of competent persons, allowing Rowley, of course, to be represented by friends of good character, pledged to fair treatment of both sides.

You will recollect that soon after my exposure of Rowley's trick, knowing that the Keelers, Stansbury and Rowley had designs on the summer camp, I offered \$1,000 for an intelligent message of ten words obtained by independent telegraphy under proper conditions, by either of these people. None of them dared accept the offer or make the trial. However much you and I may differ as to the fact of Rowley's mediumship, I presume there is no difference of opinion as to his desire to get money; and this venal spirit actuates the others claiming spirit telegraphy. Why did neither of these people push me to the issue? Why did all remain silent? I know what the stereotyped spiritualistic answer is; but that is not the sort of answer a man of your sense will make. I know it is unpleasant to the last degree to have to acknowledge one's self foolish; but I prefer to do that rather than persist in maintaining a mistake; and I presume you would. Pardon me, but I fear your long training in the law, has, unconsciously to yourself, developed your ability as an advocate at the expense of your natural scientific acumen; and that you do not pursue the same patient, careful methods in your scientific proofs that you do in advocating or prosecuting a case of your clients. I have come to have a very high regard for you personally and I beg that on your own account, and especially in the interest of scientific Spiritualism, you will not publish anything affirming that Rowley has demonstrated himself to be a medium for independent spirit telegraphy until you have made a series of experiments entitled to the consideration of scientists, which, unless I am incorrectly informed, you have not thus far done.

It seems to me you should go to Cleveland and there with Hudson Tuttle and Mr. Gurley, or if Rowley objects to Gurley, then some competent telegrapher and electrician who will be satisfactory to myself and Mr. Gurley be substituted, and a series of consecutive experiments be made, to be continued until a majority of the committee are satisfied one way or the other.—Rowley to have a representative present, not as a lawyer, but as a fair-minded man desiring justice to all parties and satisfactory to yourself and Mr. Tuttle. If you will do this, I will publish the report of the committee and its conclusions with the greatest pleasure; and if you wish, I will agree to pay Mr. Rowley for the time he spends in making experiments with you.

That Rowley went to Cassadaga with the expectation of getting a boom and of obtaining the endorsement of the camp is beyond all question. That he failed in this you know. Your prestige with Spiritualists as an accurate observer and trustworthy authority on physical manifestations is at stake in this matter and need to be fortified, I can assure you. When a man is observed as keen as you are and who have been on the inside of Spiritualism for from a dozen to twenty years, some of them possessing marked psychometric and psychological powers themselves, added to long training in these experiments, differ so widely from you as to Rowley at Cassadaga, it puts you to the necessity of demonstrating the declaration you make, to wit, "The telegraph key does work without any assistance from Rowley." I dislike very much to write all this to you, for at the best I cannot make myself clearly understood on paper. I am sure that in an hour's conversation with you would result in a complete understanding, and with no irritation on your part, and I hope there will be none now.

You say you are not yet fully satisfied that these phenomena are the work of "decarneate spirits." On this point I cannot well undertake to expand in a letter. I cannot see any *a priori* reason why independent spirit telegraphy should not be as easy of accomplishment as raps or table-tipping. With kind regards, I remain, as ever, Fraternally yours,

That Rowley is a willful and malicious, as well as a persistent and silly, falsifier we assert. We offer some examples and proofs, and shall be glad if he will oblige us to substantiate our assertions in court. A man who persistently falsifies will not hesitate to deceive in other ways. Rowley's assertion that he was to exhibit his powers before the professors of Eastern colleges was false and had no foundation. He had already declined to meet Prof. James of Harvard College and other professors and members of the American Society for Psychical Research. In this instance Dr. Whitney, then his partner, in a letter to us testifies thus: "Rowley begged off on the plea of the loss to him financially such an investigation would incur. A reply came back offering to pay his expenses and also to remunerate him for his time. But he sneaked out by referring them to Prof. G's and your own experiments which he said were complete enough to satisfy any reasonable man."

Dr. Wm. James, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, unintentionally corroborates Dr. Whitney's statement as to the main fact. In a letter to us dated June 2nd, 1889, and on other matters, Prof. James incidentally remarks: "Poor Rowley. His refusal to be 'investigated' by us saved us something. I am glad it was through you he was exposed after all." Rowley's later assertion as to the convention of most learned scientists and electricians was in the same line of fiction. In the Cleveland Leader over his wife's name, and later in other papers and in his circulars Rowley has persistently declared, in effect, that he hired Prof. G. to write up "From Here to Heaven by Telegraph" and then refused to pay him. The facts are these: We told Rowley and Whitney we would like to publish an account but as it would not benefit the JOURNAL a dollar we could not afford to pay Prof. G. But that if they would agree to see him paid we would publish, and they would get the benefit. It was agreed between Rowley and Whitney on the one side and Prof. G. on the other that he should have \$100; for the work. R. & W. thought they could induce wealthy Cleveland Spiritualists to subscribe the amount. We will now prove Rowley a liar out of his own mouth and also by his former partner

who was a party with him in the obligation to Prof. G.

In a letter to us from Rowley, dated December 16th, 1887, he writes: "We have not been very successful in raising much money yet for Prof. G.—and may have to pay the most of it ourselves."

These letters have been shown to one of the parties named therein and also to other Cleveland people, and are open for inspection at the JOURNAL office. Dr. Whitney promptly published a card in the Leader after Mrs. Rowley's statement, in which he said: "...Colonel Bundy not only did not agree to pay 'H. D. G.' but distinctly told us he would not arrange on that basis, and we never for a moment thought him bound, either morally or legally to do so."

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In conclusion we will say that this whole theme is distasteful and very painful to us. We are especially pained to be obliged to antagonize some of the persons who stand by Rowley; and were we alone to suffer, and were our own interests the only ones at stake we should have remained silent and borne all. But the good name of Spiritualism is involved and the dignity of psychic science has been insulted. A new foray upon bleeding hearts and crushed souls has been essayed by Rowley. He is being unwittingly helped to pluck the confiding; and aided so far as lies in their power to re-establish himself in the good, grace and confidence of the public by Mr. Richmond and his associates. Under these circumstances we can do no less than shoulder the cross again, no less than to meet the issue squarely, calmly and unflinchingly.

Electricity as a Therapeutic Agent.

When Franklin coaxed the lightning down his kite string he little dreamed of the multifarious uses to which electricity would be put before the close of the nineteenth century. The best trained imagination in its highest flight would hardly have compassed what has now become almost commonplace. In bringing the people of the globe into closer and more friendly relations, preventing wars, facilitating business, accelerating works of philanthropy and charity, and in mechanics, it has wrought wonders beside which those of the fabled gods sink into insignificance. Experiments with electricity for the cure of disease were begun many years ago, and all sorts of appliances and apparatus have been invented, tried, and in many cases lapsed into innocuous disuse after having been found imperfect or uncertain in results; and, too, after having in the hands of incompetent practitioners done untold injury. Not many years ago the popular idea was that anybody however ignorant of electricity could use a battery, and thousands of them became instruments of torture in the hands of novices. Happily, however, out of all this experience there has developed a knowledge of electricity as a therapeutic agent which renders it in the hands of a skillful operator a boon to mankind. Medical colleges now make electro-therapeutics a feature. But the general practitioner is not qualified to use this agent, for it requires an amount of continuous study and practice which in the nature of the case he cannot give to it. The medical profession now generally recognize this fact, and all reputable physicians admit it, and when a patient's symptoms indicate electricity as a curative agent, or as likely to re-enforce medication, they call in the assistance of one who is an expert.

Prominent among the diseases successful-

ly treated to which hundreds of our best citizens can bear testimony, are nervous diseases, certain forms of paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance (chorea), goitre, and certain forms of tumors, dyspepsia, torpidity of the liver and bowels, imperfect circulation, cases of general debility and nervous exhaustion, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, diseases of the kidneys and bladder, female diseases, and those arising from lead and other mineral poisons, and all diseases resulting from over mental exertion and sedentary habits.

Among the most successful in using electricity in the cure of disease is Dr. G. C. Somers who has made it a specialty for the twenty-five years he has practiced in this city. In 1886 Dr. Somers retired temporarily from practice in order to obtain much needed rest. His old patrons will be glad to know that he has again taken on the professional harness, and in full health, with finer appliances and a larger stock of accessories than ever, is now treating with even greater success than formerly. We have known Dr. and Mrs. Somers since 1872 and are well acquainted with their practice and with many of their patients, and it affords us pleasure to give them our unsolicited endorsement. Both Dr. and Mrs. Somers are regularly graduated physicians, and together devote their time exclusively to their profession, Mrs. Somers having charge of the ladies department. Their new offices and electro-thermal baths are in the magnificent Auditorium Building, corner of Wabash Avenue and Congress Streets, Entrance on Wabash Avenue. Dr. and Mrs. Somers may be consulted at rooms 34 and 35 any time of day after 9 A. M.

The Latest "Christian Science Statement."

"Christian Scientists" have furnished many astounding statements to the incredulous world, but among all these nothing has appeared so likely to paralyze the common understanding as the following, which lately appeared in the advertising columns of Boston dailies:

MASSACHUSETTS METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE.

THERE are 160 applications lying on the desk before me for the primary class in the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, and I cannot do my best work for a class that contains over one-quarter of this number. After all these were taught, another large number would be waiting for the same class, and the other three courses delayed. The work is more than one person can accomplish, but the demand is for my exclusive teaching, and dissatisfaction with any other, which leaves me no alternative but to give up the whole thing.

Colleges have been known to shut down for want of patronage, but never before in the history of the world was one closed up because of too liberal attendance.

It is possible that after all these years Mrs. Eddy has been unable to properly qualify pupils to become teachers? Or, is it not probable that her persistent demand for personal homage and her uncompromising assertion that she alone is the infallible authority in the "Science" has proven a boomerang, in that it has educated would-be scientists to doubt the fundamental principles of the "Science" and with superstitious awe trust only the utterances of a weak and aged woman? It would seem to the unregenerate as though anything deserving the name of science, and especially when fortified with the adjective Mrs. Eddy employs, should admit of being so persistently stated as to its principles that no mistake could occur; and that these principles might be correctly expounded by those who had passed through the aforesaid Metaphysical College. Again, Mrs. Eddy expresses regret at the disappointment her decision must occasion. Why should she be so unscientific as to entertain regret? Regret in this instance cannot exist, for it is but the output of "mortal mind," and cannot be recognized or entertained by "Christian Science."

To Brother Talmage.

It is some time since you have felt called upon to indulge in wholesale slander of Spiritualists. What is the reason, please? Did you find that your malicious assaults failed to please your auditors as much as you expected, or did the complete refutation of your charges by Judge Dailey and others discourage further effort in this direction? In Milwaukee a brother of yours—a brother in Jesus—was accustomed to club his aged father to make him pray; not succeeding in bringing the old gentleman into a satisfactory religious state, the son hastened to meet the Savior face to face and tell his grievance. He went by the way of Lake Michigan, and got there before a tug could reach him. That was only three weeks ago, yet since then the daily press has chronicled no less than seventy-five cases in the United States where evangelical preachers, Sunday school superintendents and church officials have committed heinous crimes; and during this time not a single instance of a crazed or criminal Spiritualist has been recorded. We don't hold the evangelical sects responsible for this state of affairs, but as you are, on your own assertion, enjoying very intimate relations with the Almighty would it not be well for you to inform to the end that you

orthodox cult may not be so continually developing such a grist of suicides and criminals?

"Old Spiritualist" furnishes some valuable experiences and clear cut-views on the second page of this issue. That a man of four score years and four can show such intellectual strength is encouraging. That he makes some mistakes is not strange. When he asserts unqualifiedly that we are sometimes misled by false information as to cause us "to confound the innocent with the guilty," he only expresses his own opinion, based on incomplete data. When he declares that the criminal law allows a thief "the right to be considered innocent till proved guilty," he handles the proposition in the usual misleading way, too common among Spiritualists when discussing tricky and dishonest mediums. On this point we shall endeavor to throw a little light soon, for it needs it badly. There is a pleasant feature about our long intercourse with "Old Spiritualist": we can criticize one another and differ ever so radically and yet continue to love and respect one another.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The Emperor of Japan has just taken possession of his new palace. It is furnished in European style and cost \$4,000,000.

Julian Hawthorne thinks there is more vice to the square mile in London than anywhere else in the world.

C. J. Barnes, test and materializing medium, has an engagement at Anderson, Ind., the 26th of this month.

Prof. B. F. Underwood will be at Oakland, Cal., Sept. 22nd. He reports that his general health is excellent.

Will not our old-time readers unite with us in the effort to secure 1,000 new subscribers a month for the remainder of the year?

Mrs. T. L. Hanson attended the Vicksburg Camp Meeting. Her mediumship was instrumental in doing a good work there. She went from there to Coldwater, Mich.

Crops are good, the country prosperous, there can be but few delinquent subscribers unable to square their accounts with the JOURNAL, renew, and send in an additional subscriber if only a little effort is made.

H. Washburn of Dayton, Ohio, speaks in high terms of the mediumship of Mrs. Seary. He says: "Her bewitching songs from the spirits are listened to with breathless raptures."

Sunset Cox died at the hour at which he had made arrangements to lecture on "Wonderland," meaning the new west, which he recently visited. It is another wonderland that has dawned upon his vision.

Specimen copies of the JOURNAL will be supplied with extra copies on request; or sample copies will be mailed direct to all addresses sent in.

Mrs. Flora H. Hawes, who has been made postmaster at Hot Springs, Ark., over a judge who based his claims upon party service and influence, was principal of a boy's grammar school. Handling the males and letters will be no new experience to her.

Rev. James De Buchanan will speak at 3 P. M. and 8 P. M. for the "Chicago Harmonical Society," at 93 Peoria Street, next Sunday; subjects: "What, Where and Who is God," and "Our Heavenly Home, Where is it?" Test mediums will also be present to give tests at the close of the lecture.

Mrs. Ada Foye, will conduct the services for the "Chicago Harmonical Society" at its hall, 93 South Peoria Street, at 3 and 7:45 P. M., every Sunday during the month of October. Mrs. Foye will at the close of each lecture give tests of spirit identity and messages. The JOURNAL is on sale in the vestibule at these meetings.

Now that the evenings are growing long and people gather around the library table instead of lolling on the door steps, it is a propitious time for the JOURNAL's friends to renew their efforts to increase its circulation. Remember that if each of you send in but a single new subscriber the aggregate will double the number of readers and treble the missionary work of the paper.

The contribution of Mabel Collins in this issue will be found provocative of thought. We welcome heartily to the JOURNAL's columns all thinkers who have learned the art of expressing their thought, notwithstanding the fact that we occasionally have a complaint from a reader that the JOURNAL obliges them to do too much hard thinking. We know of nothing valuable in this or any other sphere of existence that can be gained without effort; and the more precious, the greater the effort required.

A request comes from the Secretary of the Society for Experimental Psychology at Munich for permission to translate into German and publish in Germany, Mrs. E. B. Duffey's admirable story, "Heaven Revised." This is only one of the many evidences that in her story Mrs. Duffey has touched a responsive chord and given utterance to something which appeals to the good sense of thinking people the world around. That the story is a direct inspiration from the Spirit-world seems certain.

George Walrond lectured to good audiences at the Religio-Philosophical Temple, Montreal, Canada, Sept. 8th. Subject: "Being Dead yet Speaketh." The control at the conclusion of the address replied to many questions put forward by the audience, many of whom at the close of the service personally thanked the medium for the knowledge that had been afforded. Services every Sunday

morning at 11 A. M., and Sunday evenings at 7 P. M.; also meetings every Thursday evening at 8 P. M. Mr. Walrond's address is Box 1854, Montreal, Canada. Answers to questions mailed free on receipt of addressed envelopes and postage.

An excellent picture of Dr. N. B. Wolfe, now travelling in Europe, graces the first page of *The Medium and Daybreak* for August 16th. While resting at Giant's Causeway, a strolling photographer caught the Doctor. Bro. Burns also dishes up a most entertaining sketch of his generous American patron.

That distinguished author, lecturer and journalist, Emma Hardinge-Britten, quotes in her paper, *The Two Worlds* (Manchester, Eng.), from Mrs. Duffey's *Heaven Revised* and calls it a "Charming little work." In this opinion Mrs. Britten has the support of thousands who have been charmed and benefited by a perusal of the simple yet impressive

story. Had it been published over the name of Mrs. Oliphant, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, or some other widely known author, and issued from a house not avowedly spiritualistic, its sale would have reached a hundred thousand copies ere this.

Charles B. Watkins has been on another of his drunks. Not satisfied to go off quietly and fill up his diseased carcass, he went to Lake Pleasant and made a characteristic exhibition of himself. Boston Spiritualists must feel proud of such a medium. Several years ago "poor Charlie," while suffering from too intimate relations with poor whisky, assaulter Mr. Hudson Tuttle at Cassadaga. Isn't it about time Watkins was barred off camp grounds?

Few persons are unaware of the benefits derived from Tar Oid. When a really good article is placed before the public, its rapid growth in popularity becomes marked every day. Tar Oid is a sure cure for "Piles," Salt Rheum and all diseases of the skin. 50c. Of all Druggists or Tar Oid Co., Chicago.



PEARLINE

Is better than any soap; handier, finer, more effective, more of it, more for the money, and in the form of a powder for your convenience. Takes, as it were, the fabric in one hand, the dirt in the other, and lays them apart—comparatively speaking, washing with little work. As it saves the worst of the work, so it saves the worst of the wear. It isn't the use of clothes that makes them old before their time; it is rubbing and straining, getting the dirt out by main strength. For scrubbing, house-cleaning, washing dishes, windows and glassware, Pearline has no equal. Beware of imitations, prize packages and peddlers.

JAMES PYLE, New York.

PUEBLO

THE PITTSBURG OF THE WEST

Population 32,000—1-3 increase in one year—and continued rapid growth. In the center of Coal Mines, Iron Mines, and Mines of the Precious Metals.

GREAT MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES

Smelters, Rail Mills, Steel Works, Stone Factories, Foundries, Iron and Lead Pipe works, Nail Mills, Machine Shops, Wire Works, Copper Reduction Works and others now running. Pay roll exceeds \$250,000 per month and fast increasing.

ELEVEN RAILROADS

Eleven Railroads, and several more projected and building, give Pueblo the lowest going freight rates and an enormous Market for manufactured Products.

FARM LANDS

Pueblo is the business center and supply point for the Farmers and Stock Men; on 8,000,000 acres of fertile soil. Market Gardeners and Farmers have large opportunities here. Good Lands cheap.

GRAND BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Pueblo needs more merchants and manufacturers of every kind, with some means, and large energy. Wholesale and Retail Merchants, Coal and Iron Merchants, and Mine Operators, and Manufacturers of all kinds may write us for full information about any line.

REAL ESTATE INVESTMENTS

Real Estate is advancing in price and is very attractive to investors. In eight months we have sold over \$60,000 of property largely to non-residents. Every buyer, who has not sold, could do so at a large profit. The advance in 6 months has exceeded 150 per cent. in some cases.

MANHATTAN PARK ADDITION

We have the exclusive selling of property in Manhattan Park Addition and vicinity. This is the choicest Residence property in the fashionable direction. Prices, \$1,500 for blocks of 4 1/2 lots each; \$750—or blocks of 2 1/2 lots each. Less amounts \$40 per lot. Not less than 5 lots sold, one a corner lot. Terms 1/4 cash, balance in 4, 8 and 12 months; or 1/4 cash, balance in 6 and 12 months, 7 per cent. interest. SUZIE TO ADVANCE RAPIDLY. WILL QUICKLY DOUBLE. Write for maps and full information.

CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS

From all points, on all roads, north and west of the Ohio river to Pueblo and return within 30 days, at one fare for the round trip, on September 24th, and October 8th. Ask your station agent for them and come and see our Wonderful City.

REFERENCES

We refer to the FIRST NATIONAL BANK, and the STOCKGROWERS' NATIONAL BANK, Pueblo. We shall be happy to see you or to answer your letters.

HARD & McCLEES, Real Estate and Investment Agents, Grand Hotel Building, PUEBLO, - - - COLORADO.

CATARRH by using ELY'S CREAM BALM. THE CURE FOR CATARRH GOLD IN HEAT, HAY FEVER, BRUISES, ETC.

WANTED! A Christian gentleman or lady in every town to sell the popular subscription book "THE HOME BEYOND" or "Views of Heaven," by MRSOP FALLOVE.

IS DARWIN RIGHT? OR, THE ORIGIN OF MAN. BY WILLIAM DENTON. Author of "Our Planet," "Soul of Things," etc.

This is a cloth bound volume of two hundred pages, 12 mo handsomely illustrated. It shows that man is not of inferior origin, but of natural origin; that Darwin's theory is really defective, because it leaves out the spiritual causes which have been the most potent concerned in his productions.

\$60 SALARY, \$40 EXPENSES IN ADVANCE allowed each month. Steady employment at home or traveling. No soliciting. Duties delivering and making collections. No Postal Cards. Address with stamp, H. A. FER & CO., Piqua, O.

CATARRH HAY FEVER CATARRHAL DEAFNESS A NEW TREATMENT. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and ear-nachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (two weeks apart) by the patient at home.

Voices from the People.

BE TRUE. EMMA TRAIN.

Be true to the light that's around thee— True to the laws of thy life, Though circumstances have bound thee Even in discord and strife.

There is a dignity ever to the few Who, in whatever condition, Are to their principles true.

If you're a creed who believe, However crude it may be, Strive to be true in receiving What it is teaching to thee. There is a fact I would give thee, Precious to agony and death: Better be true to a falsehood Than to be false to a truth.

If you've a hobby be willing To ride it well when you stray, Better than spending a shilling To ride some one else's day. Though with the world you may differ In every practical view, Stand by the colors you're wearing And to your standard be true.

If some old dogma you're holding Ever to its precepts abide, Ever to you should find it molding, And cast it freely to the wind: Stand to your principles firmly, Swerve to the left nor to the right; Better be true to the darkness Than to be false to the light.

When you're outgrown a condition, Leave it forever behind, Whatever you think is your mission, Seek it not crippled or blind. Stand in the revolutions of purpose Nobly to that understood; Better be true to an evil Than to be false to a good.

If but a glimmer that faintest Lighten thy pathway below, If but the mite that is smallest Thy hand may in weakness bestow, Better is this than the splendor That would give thee a little thy soul; Better be true to a little white Than to be false to the whole.

There's a respect that all cherish Ever for the man who is true, Bravely heeds his soul's structure, Though he has built on the sand, Then strive to be true to your colors, However dull or unobscure; Better be true to a fall-out Than to be false to a truth.

A Declaration With the True King, by a Representative Spiritualist.

The talented editor of The Two Worlds (Manchester, Eng.) in the issue of that paper for August 15th, concludes an answer to a contributor with the following clear-cut declaration:

We will not allow any one, whether Spiritualist or non-believer, to say we support, oppose, write or speak against the doctrines attributed to Christ. On the contrary, we continually cite them, not because they are found in the Christian text book, but because they are found everywhere, in every good book, and because, wherever found, they are divine truth, and salvation from remorse and misery, here and hereafter.

To all the special pleading that in opposing theology opposes Christ, we again insist, Christ is neither in the Christian text, or theological dogmas, except in name, and those are false to his teachings who shrink back from the exposure of gross frauds, perpetrated in his name.

If there is one revelation made by spirits, more universal than another, is that of strict compensation and retribution for the good or evil deeds done in the body, also that every soul will rejoice, suffer, and answer for itself alone. Whilst knowing the stern and immutable truth of these revelations, therefore, we are far from sorry for the Spiritualists who seem so anxious to stand well with the private circle and the public church, than for the rebuke they administer to us when we insist that the words of "the man of sorrows that had not where to lay his head," are no more in the rituals of Christian faith than his person would find admittance to the Vatican, Lambeth Palace, Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, should he come to day a homeless wanderer, and especially if he came healing the sick without a medical diploma. We would not willingly invade any law, custom, or sanctuary, but if, in a hall, where the power has the privilege of questioning the pulpit, the Archbishop of Canterbury himself should arise and declare "there is no remission of sins, except by the shedding of blood," we would deny and repudiate his assertion, and that on the faith of millions of revelations from men who have become their own saviors and remitted their past sins, by personal atonement and subsequent good. And so, despite the plaints and pleadings of those who fear to stir the mask from theological shams, and would be quite well satisfied to erect a toy house of spiritual phenomena upon the ground already occupied by the stately cathedral dedicated to vicarious atonement or everlasting torture, we shall live in hopes yet to see the veil of mystery rent in twain; the beneficent face of "Our Father which is in Heaven, reigning in clear noonday to the faithful and helpless creatures, the truth, acknowledged as His Word, and the destiny of those who have gone before, and who must follow, made plain to every living soul by the Priesthoods of Heaven, God's angels and ministering spirits.

MRS. MOLASKY'S DREAM.

Two Visions Typifying the Birth and Death of Her Child.

A bunch of white crapes hung on the door at 18 Winter street, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 8th. Inside the house a young Polish woman, Susan Molasky, was wringing her hands and crying bitterly. Her four months' old baby had died. To the neighbors Mrs. Molasky said that a short time before the birth of the child she dreamed that she and some friends were looking at the sky when she saw a white thing in the air fly around like a charmed bird. The lights not get away from its charmer. It gradually came downward until she made it out to be a white dove. It came on down gradually making its graceful rounds shorter and shorter until it fluttered to her face and lit upon her shoulder. In a few days her child was born. About a week ago Mrs. Molasky had another remarkable dream, but this time the snowy white dove took its departure from her shoulder, and, fluttering around and around, it ascended higher and higher into the azure blue until it was lost to sight. She thought nothing more of the occurrence until Friday when the death of the child recalled the two dreams.—Chicago Herald.

Parkland Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. I write this to let the Spiritualist know through your valuable paper what has been done at our camp this summer. We have had good music, good speakers and mediums, large audiences and many conversions to our cause. On the 19th of August, Mr. E. Benner, Vice-president of the First Society of Philadelphia, brought forty-nine children from there and distributed them among the cottagers for a week's outing. On the arrival of the train they were given a warm welcome by the cottagers and their children. Everything was done by all to make the week pleasant for them. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn and your correspondent got up an entertainment for our children and the little strangers, after which ice cream and cake were served to them. They were taken on straw rides through the country, those needing shoes or clothing were furnished, them by the cottagers. The week will be remembered by the little ones with pleasure, many asking if they could come next year. Parkland is the first camp to make the poor children happy, and our vice-president was as happy as the little ones. I hope the other camps will follow in this good work, and let the outside world know that Spiritualists like to do good.

The Dream Woman.

I was the victim of the Brazilian fever and everyone had given me up. I heard the priest say at my bedside that I would not live till morning. I was sinking into a heavy stupor, when the door opened and a golden-haired woman in a white gown glided in. She caroled in her hand a curious porcelain bowl of water.

"Drink," she said in a sweet voice, holding it to my lips. "The doctor forbids it," I murmured. "Drink and fear nothing," she said. I obeyed and drained the vessel she held toward me. "Good night and sweet dreams," she added, and glided away as mysteriously as she had entered.

The next morning I awoke refreshed and invigorated. I asked to see the lady who had walked upon me in the night, but they smiled and said it was a delirious dream. In time I recovered my health and returned to Virginia. It was ten years after this illness that, in riding past a fire old country home, I saw a lady walk down the path who paused to pick a rose. Her figure was tall, her hair golden, her eyes black. Her motions were graceful. With a little exclamation of astonishment, I recognized the lady of my dream, if dream it were. She looked a little older—say, a good ten years older—but otherwise was unaltered.

I know not in what words I communicated this fact to my friend, but I know I ended by saying: "I must speak to her. She will remember." My friend uttered an imperative negative. "Perhaps we saw her in a dream," she said. "Come on. You may get yourself shot for staring at another man's wife. They do such things prompt at the south. I will find out who she is if you like." I assented eagerly. "We rode on."

"Talk to me as you like," he said, "but never expose yourself to strangers. It is possible this lady was in Brazil in 18—, and brought you something to drink when you were left alone. In that case a doubt that troubles you will be satisfied. You can, with all propriety, call on her and thank her."

But, though he spoke in this way I knew he did not imagine it could be so. That evening we smoked our cigars in Col. L—'s company, and my friend diplomatically introduced the subject. "That beautiful house with the large garden?" he said, "is quite a feature of the place. Who owns it?"

What Held the Door Shut?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. In 1887, the first year the Illinois State Fair was held at this place, there lived in a house on the opposite side of the street from my residence, a photograph artist, Mr. E. M. Phillips, his wife and a little son. She caroled in her hand a curious porcelain bowl of water.

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"A lone woman, widow of Mr. V—," said the colonel. "She was a belle in her girlhood. She might still be one if she chose."

"Perhaps we saw her in the garden," said my friend, beginning a minute description. "Exactly. It was no one else," said the colonel. My friend paused a moment and then said: "She reminded B. of someone he met in Brazil. In fact, he almost believed her the same person."

"No, no," said the old colonel. "Mrs. V. has never left Virginia. We have known the family since she was 2 years old. It is only the other day that we spoke of that, and she lamented that she had not traveled more."

I felt a pang of disappointment, but found courage to say: "I should greatly like to be introduced to her."

The old colonel instantly offered to introduce me. "But remember," said my friend as we parted, "never tell her of your fancy. It would spoil your chances with her, and I see it is a case of love at first sight."

He was right, and I was very fortunate—very happy. I won this beautiful woman's heart. Her fortune I did not want, but it was large. I had sufficient means and could not be suspected of mercenary motives. We were married after a long and ardent wooing on my part.

She loved me, but a second marriage seemed wrong to her, and it was not until she realized that she had irretrievably given me her heart that she would give me her hand.

Neither of us had ever visited Europe. We decided to cross the ocean during our honeymoon. Before we went she showed me her beautiful home and all her possessions. Among them was a store of old china.

Suddenly she turned to the shelves of her cabinet and took down a china bowl—transparent, covered with flowers and butterflies of quaint conventional form.

As she held it toward me I saw again the long, low-hung, whitewashed Brazilian room, the crowd of men playing cards at an improvised table, the figure of the woman advancing toward me. It was her attitude that my wife had assumed. I uttered a cry.

"Are you thirsty?" she asked. "You are the woman who saved my life when I lay perishing of fever in Brazil?"

"She began to tremble. Seizing the bowl aside she drew herself into my arms."

"Long ago," she panted—"ten years ago—I thought I held that bowl in my hand and asked you that. It was night. I do not know whether I dreamt or whether I was mad. In the dead of night I thought a voice called to me: 'Save the man whose destiny has set apart for you.' Then I arose and asked: 'How?'"

"There is on your plantation a spring, the water of which is magical in its power to cure fevers. I dreamt or thought that some unseen thing led me to this spring. I carried the bowl in my hand. I filled it. Then I stood in a strange room, long, low, white, and you—you—you lay on a pallet, hot with fever. And I said: 'Are you thirsty?' and gave you to drink."

The next morning I could have thought it was all a dream, but that the bowl still, wet, stood at my bedside. Now I have told you this, do you think me mad or superstitious? I have longed so often to tell you, but I dared not."

But I also had my tale to tell—the one I have told you. We ask each other often: "What was it?" "What did it mean?" How is it to be explained? But no answer comes to us.

Whatever it may have been, it brought us together, and I bless it from my soul, for we are happy as few lovers are, my darling wife and I. And whatever it was it came from heaven. Nothing uncanny had any hand in it.—Chicago Times.

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A SPIRIT PICTURE.

Wm. W. Leonard Has the Photograph of a Genuine "Spook."

A common manifestation in Spiritualism is the appearance of spirit forms in photographs, supposedly dead and departed friends of the person photographed. To non-believers in Spiritualism this would appear to be a hoax, and they would say of other figures beyond that of the subject could appear in the negative aid. In this connection the following is something of a starter:

In the first week of July Wm. W. Leonard, the buyer for Chas. D. Whitall & Co., took a short "vacation" and went on the Omaha road on a fishing trip to a station called Cable. Before starting he provided himself with a camera and also got a dozen plates. The latter he received bound together with a paper band, such as holds together a bunch of negatives.

Arriving at the hotel in Cable one evening after a long day employed in wading streams, Mr. Leonard thought that his appearance and that of his friend was picturesque enough to be photographed. They were then on a porch in the rear of the building and about two feet above the ground. The camera was placed so as to face the light, and the slide was pulled by one of the hotel employes. As a result of their having been placed with their backs to the light, the figures of Leonard and his friend appeared on the negative as silhouettes, their features being unrecognizable. But their appearance is not the remarkable thing in the picture. It is the perfectly outlined figure of a young and good looking woman who stands almost directly in front of Leonard, with her head reaching about to his shoulder.

Her face is so close to the camera that she is recognized if she were alive and known to everybody. Her figure is also very plain, especially the waist, hips and hands. From the waist down the figure gradually grows dimmer until the lower portion apparently is lost in a haze.

There is no plausible reason to assign for this phenomenon. The plate used was new, coming in the original package, and there certainly was no female on the scene at the time the picture was taken. The English papers were full of an incident which happened in the same way some time ago, in which two amateur photographers in developing a negative of a view taken of a mill wheel and a pond, discovered in the proof the figure of a dead woman floating in the pond. The police dragged the pond and found the body. The incident has been largely commented upon, and widely copied, but it seems no more phenomenal than Mr. Leonard's "spook," which is accurately produced in a picture in his possession.—Minnesota Tribune.

A Lady Reads a Letter Before it is Received.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Some five weeks ago I received a letter from a Patent Agency of Oakland, Cal., asking for the agency to sell a patent of mine. I signed and delivered to the said agency a contract for the sale of the same, either the whole, or for the Pacific Slope, naming for the Pacific Slope \$1,500. On the night of Aug. 9th, while seated at the table reading, at 8 o'clock, Mrs. X— said: "See a letter for you" (denoting the letter in question). I did not hear the writing of Mrs. X—. That day, with the 2 p. m. delivery, I received the letter with the facts as above narrated, word for word as given me on the night previous. I have the letter in my possession, and the parties sending it are in Oakland, Cal.

While Mrs. X— has repeatedly described letters, the style of envelope and directions on the same, this is the first time she has ever given me anything of their contents; neither does she go farther than to say that she sees them as plainly as we see objects around us.

She never has given any test in public, nor can she be induced to do so, but has on one or more occasions, to personal friends, shown her power of vision.—If that is the term—as it cannot be mind-reading, nor is it clairvoyance, we would know the contents of this letter. What is your version of the affair? X X X Denver, Col.

Strange Experiences.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. In the summer of 1872, on the 24th of July, while sojourning in our little cottage home in New Jersey, I was awakened by the tramp of a horse coming up the road, stopping at the gate, driving through and up to the front porch. I heard my little nephew's merry laugh at thought of my surprise, and the next moment my brother-in-law, saying: "Prey rise the child, 'Hush! Do not let them hear us.' They drove down to the barn. I jumped from my bed (our room was on the parlor floor). My husband was sleeping soundly. I did not disturb him, hoping to give him such a pleasant surprise. I passed through the dining-room into the kitchen out on the porch. I could see readily everywhere. The night was the brightest I ever remember. The awful stillness I shall never forget. Bewildered, almost frightened, disappointed, yet feeling sure of my brother's near presence, I called his name with no response, and returned to my husband telling to him my strange experience. We made a note of the date. My brother died that very day at sea, the 24th of July, 1872.

Mrs. S., a lady who had made several voyages with my brother was also forwarder. She dreamt that she was on board the ship. She had something special sent, which he used to help her settle herself in. She thought it was her own brother who was assisting her, but when she turned to thank him, she looked into the face of the captain, and she said: "You will be with her, and you will be kind to her," repeating it three times, and most faithfully did she fulfill her trust. A young woman said she saw him standing beside her that same night. Six weeks after this date his ship arrived in New York and reported Capt. M. as having died on the voyage July 24th.

Mabel Collins in Rebutter.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Will you allow me to correct one or two misstatements made by your correspondent of Aug. 10th, who has not the courage to sign his or her letter? An English person who had read anything would certainly not describe his father as a "critique," criticism being the least of his vocations; but as I really think he never even heard of Theosophy, I will say no more here. As he is dead, and my husband and I seem to be unopposed in introducing their names. My husband heard of Theosophy and read "Isis Unveiled," but was never interested and did not go into it at all. The (Dublin, not Edinburgh) University Magazine was my property, legally and entirely, my husband gave it to me as a present. The editing was not done between us, and much space was devoted to Spiritualism, in which we were both deeply interested students at the time. I learned his one great lesson (as I consider), that is, the unlikelihood of matter, and then gave up the practice and study of it. I did not leave Spiritualism for Theosophy, having given up the study of Spiritualism long before I read "Esoteric Buddhism," which led me as it has so many others to study Theosophy. I have never wavered against the church in any way whatever, and I always opposed its being attacked in Lucifer during my co-editorship. I should be exceedingly obliged if your correspondent would kindly inform me what the "humiliation" of my position is, as up to the present I am totally unaware of it.

A Medium's Views.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. In the issue of the JOURNAL for Aug. 24th, are two articles which specially attracted my attention: B. Westbrock's "Mediums and Money," also editorial comments in the same issue, and also an article from being properly adjusted, all candid minds must admit. I, as a medium, feel that I can do the responsible under which rest those to whom has been given light from the hither shore, so would heartily endorse anything tending to render them alive to this fact and thus render them more conditions and while in Dr. W.'s article many deplorable facts are stated there are also some points to criticize, which has been ably done in the editorial. The words it contained touched a tender chord in my heart, and I could not help feeling that I was an enemy to mediumism. If he or our enemy were as from our friends. Since I began attending camp meetings I appreciate even more than before the JOURNAL'S determined effort to weed out fraud from our ranks. Grand Rapids, Mich.

A genuine Stradivarius violin 168 years old in possession of Thomas Williams (colored), of Chestertown, Md. Its value is \$3,000.

Three sisters named Craveller have committed suicide at Vauxhall on account of losses in betting.

The fashion of women wearing the single eyeglass has been started in London.

The whole of the sewage of Paris will soon be used for the purpose of marketing gardening.

A public school at Delmar is partly situated in Delaware and Maryland. Each state furnishes teachers for its pupils.

A. M. Britten, of Bancroft, Mich., is the owner of a pear tree which is now ripening its second crop for this season.

Mrs. G. F. Neggesmith, wife of a Harlem, N. Y., policeman, has fourteen living children, and is but forty-two years old.

A judge down in Tennessee has instructed his grand jury "to indict all persons who publicly express infidel sentiments."

Mrs. Daniel Hill, of Sainsville, Pa., has picked 2,000 quarts of huckleberries this season and sold the most of them at 5 cents per pound.

A smuggler was caught at Philadelphia who had \$7,000 worth of diamonds and other jewelry tucked away in an old coat. The lot was confiscated.

A projected canal across the upper part of Italy, connected from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean, would take six years to build and cost \$125,000,000.

North Dakota will be the first state, as a state, to make provision for a system of manual training. Forty thousand acres of land are set apart for that purpose.

A blue heron standing four feet six inches high became stranded in some long grass along the Brandywine and was caught. It will be placed in West Chester's Zoo.

A young woman from the west who was visiting a seashore resort was told that man-eating sharks could be caught there. "Where do the sharks get the men?" she exclaimed.

Over three thousand French deserters who have been in Georgia have been benefited by the late amnesty law, and have left with their families to return to their country.

One hundred and thirty thousand persons sleep in the New York station houses during a year. The larger number of them were, in previous years, men; now the majority are women.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

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A beautiful deer, with baby-like eyes," has strayed from the property of Dr. Trainer, at Fair Station, Chester County, Pa., and is tugging away on the end of a rope, awaiting a claimant.

A funeral was announced recently in Connecticut to which relatives and friends were regularly invited, but it was also announced that the burial would be "at the convenience of the family."

British information about America receives an interesting illustration to the statement of the London Times that President Harrison went this summer to "Bärbarber Mount, on the coast of Maine."

George Buckel, a Louisville inventor, is to the fore with a mysterious vacuum bed, which will cure all pain, and a triple motor to travel with equal celerity, ease and economy on land or water or in the air.

Pretty Miss Stella Cox at twenty-two has married Norman Patterson, a Seneca Indian, whose face is as apple as the full moon. Miss Stella was a Washington girl, but the wedding was at Versailles, N. Y.

A West Virginian trained a tiny stream of water to fall drop by drop on a rock, and in five years it has worn a hole seven inches deep in solid stone. He could have made the same hole in fifteen minutes with a chisel and hammer.

According to a London society paper luncheon is the least delicate of late social functions, and fashionable people, recurring to the habits of their forefathers, will take their heart