

Mind



Matter.

Physical Life—The Primary Department in the School of Human Progress.

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[FOR MIND AND MATTER.]

INVOCATION.

—
BY T. P. NORTON.

(Written Amid the Mountains of Sullivan County, Pa.)

Beneath the glittering canopy of heaven,
We stand absorbed, in meditative mood,
An atom of the boundless universe,
Lost in the depths of its infinitude.

Ye shining worlds! which sweep yon awful space,
Illuminate his darkest depths for me,
That these dim eyes, suffused with melting tears,
May flood my soul with its immensity.

Ye dread and silent mountains! bathing in
The dark and chilly ether of the night,
Within your solemn presence I would gaze
In solitude, with wonder and delight.

Ye purling streams! and rushing cataracts,
Rushing to join the anthorn's endless roll—
Come blend your all-inspiring music with
The eternal undertone of the soul.

Ye night winds! murmuring thro' the lofty pines,
Which from your sombre corridors arise,
Descend, and gently breathe upon the chords
Which link us with the upper skies.

Ye spirits of the dear departed, come,
Laden with love-fruits from the spheres above,
That while the selfish world rives in its sleep,
We here may feast in quietude and love.

Ye ancient bards, philosophers, and sages—
Hour with the lessons of immortal strife—
Upon me let your mouths full, that I
May solve the problem of eternal life.

Come all ye ministers of love and truth,
Anoint us with an unction from on high,
That wisdom from her ever radiant throne,
May bathe our souls in sweet humility.

In Nature's temple we would invoke,
With joy, responsive to a parent's call,
In filial worship, offering our hearts!
Pure incense to the loving Source of all.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

MRS. J. M. F., MEDIUM.

September 7th, M. S. 36.

S. B. BRITTAN.

(Son of Dr. S. B. Brittan).

GOOD AFTERNOON.—It is not for the lack of words that I do not speak, but I am held with astonishment by the wonderful arrangements made by nature [This was said because there was considerable delay in commencing the communication after the spirit took control of the medium.] for the convenience of mankind. We may live a life in the physical form that seems to be of very little use to ourselves and others; but after living out our time in the physical form, disatisfied with ourselves and others, we have time to study out the causes of the failures of our physical lives, and see why it was that we never obtained our soul's desires in the direction of material things. For life being eternal and progressive, there would be little done if we never made any mistakes. I have never met with a spirit, however exalted, but who acknowledged having erred some time in using or controlling the physical form; and they have learned wisdom from the persecution they received on account of their errors. The highest developed spirits acknowledge that the human family receives more misery from the laws made by men than they do benefits; and they are working to make humanity self-reliant, so that they may do away with the necessity of arbitrary rules. By studying themselves, mankind will learn what brings the most happiness to them. As happiness cannot dwell in the heart of an unjust person, each one will learn to become just, and this will obviate the necessity of churches, insane asylums, and abodes for paupers, and institutions to confine criminals; and then the means that are used to build and support these institutions, according to the present popular views, will be used to disseminate knowledge among humanity at large. No philanthropist can aspire to any higher work than to help bring about such a condition of things. There may be worthier individuals and those more experienced, to give communications than myself; but none who have the true interests of humanity at heart more than myself. My name is S. B. Brittan, I am the son of S. B. Brittan, the editor. I am losing the power of control and cannot speak more at present.

SUSAN RATHBORNE.
(Louisville, Ky.)

How Do You Do?—[How do you do?]—That is more than I can tell. In reality I thought I was dead; but I find that I am not, and I don't know what is going to be done about it. Ques. Do you desire to be dead? Ans. No; not particularly. But I want you to know that its awful confusing, and my presence here is evidence that a great deal of the labor that has been done will have to be undone; and you might just as well take a person who never learned anything about household affairs, and expect them to do right, as to expect a professing Christian to enter the spirit life and move on in a correct manner. In the one case you would say a person was a fool to expect a person to fulfill the duties of a position without some knowledge of what those duties were. My knowledge of theology teaches me that it is composed of profession and supposition as to the spirit life,

or what comes after the change that men and women call death. That life is a practical life, and filled with stern realities that professors and supersizers are not fitted to meet and to take up a proper line of life for a long time after the spirit leaves the body. These persons clothe themselves in artificial garments, and it is a long time before they can understand that the real and not the artificial, is the sure road to happiness. But at last I have found out the difference, and I really enjoy my experience here, and desire to work in what I consider a good cause. I ask every one to disabuse their minds of the idea that spirit manifestations are the result of some unseen force that is impalpable. That is not the way scientists treat other subjects, and this the most worthy of all needs careful studying. Not that it makes man happier or different from what he is, but it shows in the future of his experiences; and such events as he can control, he will desire to control for his best interest for the present and the future. Man cannot control all circumstances, but there are many he can control if he so wills. This is not the case at the present time, owing to wrong education and the misunderstanding of life. My name was Susan Rathborne, of Louisville, Kentucky.

JOSEPH HARTLEY.
(Kansas City, Mo.)

What do people do, when they come in here? [They generally talk to us.] Well, if they don't know what to talk about, then what? [You will soon know what you desire to say.] Well, I never was used to much comfort, for it was nothing but work when I could get it to do, and a good many people thought that I was ignorant; but I think if they had been compelled to do as I did, they would not know as much as I do. For it makes a mighty sight of difference whether you have some one else to work for your bread, or whether you have to work for it yourself. As I didn't know whether I ever had any parents or not, I had to shift for myself before I ought to; and that is the reason I didn't get no book learning, and couldn't get a place to work steady; for I didn't have any chance to know, how to do anything right. But when I came into spirit life, I didn't find I was abused because I didn't know anything; and some of 'em said there was a great deal in me that they'd like to possess if they could; and that it was not always the most neglected that fared the worst, but that it was the motive or object of the individual that reached out and done the most for everyone. And now I've been studying for a good while trying to learn everything I can; and they said if I'd come here, it would help me very much to gain an idea how to make the best use of my abilities. And it seems as if there was a wide field opening before me, full of what, at one time, would have been mysterious to me; but with a strong desire and determined will, all mysteries will disappear, and knowledge will lighten my spirit to a true sense of happiness and of usefulness to others. I will bid you good afternoon. My name was Joseph Hartley, of Kansas City, Mo. I went from Jersey City to Kansas City, and I tramped a good deal of the way as I went there, working my way as I went, None of you can imagine what I had to undergo.

MARIA ANN FENTON.
(Called Gipsy Fenton, of Omaha.)

Well this is really nice isn't it? I've been wanting to come and see what kind of place this was for a long time; but they said it was not good manners to crowd myself in where there were so many that would be benefited by coming, and that I would have to wait. I never was troubled about anything in getting along at all. I made out to have a pretty good time of it. I didn't have any trouble only when I couldn't have things just as I wanted them, and wasn't often because I knew how to manage folks. I had to wait to get in here, though, but I don't know whether I managed anybody to do it or not; but I am here, a little older and have more sense. I think I've staid here long enough to get it. My name is Gipsy Fenton, from Omaha, Ques. What was your real name? Ans. Well, it was an ugly name and I didn't like it. It was Maria Ann. I was only a little one thirteen years old. I had a sore leg which they said was white swelling. I expect that had something to do with my death, but I didn't suffer much.

JULIA BETH.
(Ancora, New Jersey.)

It is this way; if people don't look for the light it will be brought to them. [This was said, as if in reply to the remark that we had just before made, that the spirit world seemed determined to force this world to investigate the subject of Spiritualism.] We have asked people to investigate, and we have done everything that was in our power to awaken an interest, on the part of mortals, in Spiritualism; and if fair means don't do it, I expect foul means will bring them to know that there is something outside of themselves and their personal interests that demands a hearing. Those in spirit life are becoming so full of the desire to be recognized and understood, that every effort is put forth to awaken the human family to a perfect consciousness of an invisible force conveying intelligence through its operations; and the more opposition that we meet the more determined our purpose. There is a good time coming in the very near future; for every ele-

ment is operating to make an atmosphere adequate for wonderful manifestations of spirit power. We are not in a hurry and yet we are hurrying. A perfect system operates perfectly under all conditions, and we systemize as we go forward; so that no shadows can possibly obliterate the light. We are not dreamers, but workers, contending with the superstitions of men and the bigotry of many spirits. But victory is sure to be ours, even if the difficulties are great. My name is Julia Beth, of Ancora, N. J.

JONATHAN ROE.
(Boston, Mass.)

My object in coming here is to try to give some knowledge to the world, though it may not be anything of wonderful import. I have, however, learned enough to know that some of the simplest things change the whole current of an individual's life and action; and as I am one who never takes anything for granted without possessing some knowledge of it, I feel to mankind at large, not to believe that departed spirits control human organizations, and express their thoughts and carry out their designs; but I do ask them to thoroughly investigate and test the truthfulness of our evidence. Sometimes people fear to take hold of an organization that seems to hold such an unlimited power, fearing in some way to lose the respect and love of friends whom they feel that they could not live without. This is not seeking truth in the direction that it may be found, but it is making the individual a slave, fearing to lose something they possess or do not possess; for if an individual loses their love, it is very good evidence that they never possessed it. If you possess the friendship of a person, you will continue to possess it, and all the knowledge you acquire will not debar each one from retaining the same love and friendship. For it is something created and must continue to exist. As long as men fear, they will have reason to fear; because the minds of men seem to adapt themselves to the conditions that exist. There is nothing meritorious in a person professing to believe anything and know that it is false, only for the sake of the good opinion of their friends. If they desire appreciation, the best way for them to do is to lay aside all sham and be earnest and true. Their friends may not exactly admire the course they take, and may think they possess some eccentricities, but their sincerity and earnestness will bind the bonds of love and friendship stronger than they ever were before. Nothing is to be so much admired as an honorable, truthful life. I am not here to call men and women to the throne of God, but I am here to ask every human soul to reverence the beautiful, the good, and the true, and this is not an unnatural request. For every soul, it matters not how undeveloped it may be, and unable to live that true life, sees its beauty and reverences the effect it produces. I have changed in many things; but I feel that in one direction it is impossible for me to change, and that is in desiring universal happiness. When I see poor misguided creatures bowing down to some unseen power, to induce it to lift their sins from their lives and make them white as snow though they may be as scarlet, I feel something stir within me that will not allow me to remain silent. Therefore, I must speak and say to them: no sin is wiped out by any other hand than their own; and no soul will be relieved of the burdens of its transgression, but through its own efforts to live a life that is bright and beautiful. This cannot be done by one individual wronging another—this cannot be reached but by actual practice; and the sooner poor benighted humanity finds this out, the sooner the world will team with good deeds, and the bad will be lost sight of in the good that will be done. It is not wealth—it is not position—and it is not fame, but the purpose of the human soul that brings the possibility of unhappiness or happiness. But I am not here to condemn any living soul. I am, however, desirous of awakening in earnest breasts a sense of what their lives really are. If I accomplish this to any extent, I will feel my labors well performed. And now I suppose you would like to know my name, and it is Jonathan Roe, of Boston, Mass. In my mortal life I believed in universal salvation, and I do not now think that I believed wrong upon that point; but nevertheless all suitable conditions are necessary to happiness.

LUDWIG RICKERT.
(Trenton, N. J.)

I cannot but think that some people think that they are doing a good deal of good, or they feel that way; and it makes a body a kind of serious to hear them talk; but if that is all right for them, it wouldn't be right for me to talk that way. I don't see what God Almighty created us for, if we've got to work for everything we get. I think happiness would be a good deal nicer if you didn't have to work for it; and if I'd made the world I'd have made everything grow without work, and I would have clothed people in purple and fine linen without them having to work to do it. But you see I didn't make the world. Well, I get awfully provoked when I see people come into the world tolerably fair, and then having the marrow worked out of 'em, so that they get helpless. You see, if I'd have had the doing, it wouldn't have been so—that is, if I'd known how to've done different. But I've come to believe that there is no God, and we sail about just as we can. But I think I've struck a place now that'll amount to something, and if I get out of here all right I'll

be awful glad. Well, I'd like to know now whether I've said anything or not? Because I'm not used to this. My name was Ludwig Rickert, of Trenton, N. J.

MARY ANN MOSS.
(Dublin, Bucks Co., Pa.)

GOOD AFTERNOON.—Do you think it is possible for me ever to learn how to be strong and independent? [Certainly we believe so.] For my main fault was in allowing other people to tell me what to do. I didn't have strength enough to feel sure that my judgment was good; and I've been taught to believe that women should be governed by their companions. But now I'm beginning to learn that I am an individual and have individual responsibilities; and that if I am not true to my own ideas of justice, I can never really be called an individual or have an independent individuality. I am anxious to act rightly, and my friends advised me to come here and see whether I could not gain strength enough to live upon my own powers of thought and action. They say that my very negative condition caused my friends to tyrannize over me, and made them unjust to me and themselves. Now, I will leave, and if I have strength enough to work for myself in the future I'll be very thankful. I begin to think while I am here, that it was my physical condition that made me so inert; and if I can only take some of the vigor that I see exists in this organism I will be all right. I bid you good afternoon, and thank you for your kindness. My name is Mary Ann Moss, of Dublin, Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

CAPTAIN PATRICK MURPHY.
(Chicago, Illinois.)

This is a pleasant afternoon! But of all bewildering things, this is the most bewildering, or else I'm the dumbest of the dumb—one of those two things. I am myself and not myself. But while I'm here I'll try to give you some little information in regard to why I ventured to come in direct communication with you. I find a great many people make arrangements to come here, and when they leave they seem to be so lifted up you would scarce recognize them as those who came; and I think that what affected others so wonderfully might add something to my enjoyment. I did not lack physical strength, but I've been held back since I have been in spirit from exercising my powers to do, on account of not being willing to move in a direction that really did not seem wise. And I meet very many who have been connected with the same church that I did, who think they are going through purgatory, and when they came here they found it was the gate to heaven. But it teaches me another lesson. The very power that I am exercising over this organization proves that my early education was all false, and this, if not the gate to heaven, is the gate to a little common sense. If we had had the wit of a louse, we would have known better than to have believed our instructors. And now I am going to take a new stand and work for better things. I want my friends to know that there is no such thing as death, as understood by them, but change after change, so wonderful that is beyond the conception of spirit enclosed in physical organizations. I bid you good afternoon. I was known as Captain Patrick Murphy.

[Surely we have no need to feel that we labor in vain in our feeble effort to open the way for the promulgation of philosophical thoughts such as pervade these remarkably instructive spirit communications. For this humble service to humanity, both on the mortal plane and in the spirit life, we are made the central or focal point for spirit and mortal bigotry to expend its force. No such perfect ethics and unanswerable philosophy have been promulgated in any age, coming from the most advanced minds, as fills these communications from humble and hardly known spirit sources. What may we not expect when conditions are made so perfect that the most developed spirit intelligences can commune with mortals as readily as the less developed? We shrink from trying to imagine the result.—ED.]

A New Proposition to Subscribers for "Mind and Matter."

All persons subscribing for MIND AND MATTER for six months or more will be entitled to one of the following propositions, viz.: I will inform them whether they are *obsessed* or not, in most cases, who by, giving name and description of the spirit or spirits, whether they are embodied or disembodied, and the cure and prevention of the same; or, will describe their spiritual condition, telling them what phase of mediumship they possess, if any, and the best manner to pursue for development; or will forward one "Magnetic Treatment" for the speedy relief and cure of disease; or, will give you brief delineation of character; or, answer three questions pertaining to business. Any person accepting either proposition is required to forward a lock of hair, age, sex, own handwriting, and a note from MIND AND MATTER, entitling them to the same, and five two-cent stamps.

Dr. J. BONNEY, Controlling Spirit.
Address all letters to Dr. B. F. Brown, 713 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, (MIND AND MATTER.)

NOTES OF PROGRESS—No. 2.

The Two Crises—1783 and 1883.

BY OLIVIA F. SHEPARD.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

Sailing leisurely to day up this beautiful historic Hudson river, with a merry party of excursionists, I live a two fold life. The sky is cloudless; the breezes which always sweep down here with great force from the mountains, make the heaviest winter wraps comfortable; and many a city mother who could not realize this when she left the torrid wharves, is compelled, purple and shivering, to seek refuge from them in the cabin. I, fortunately, came prepared, and enjoyed with zest their invigorating tumult. The children, happy as newly uncaged birds, are given, by the fatherly captain of the steamer, but full permission to enjoy their gambols unrestricted on the lower deck, and they run and dance and shout, in a perfect carnival of merriment. I listen with pleasure to the eager expressions of delight around me, as one after another of the surpassing lovely scenes of beauty or historic interest are passed. I feel the majestic expressed in the sun-wrapped mountains, and the square-towering palisade; I recognize the victories of science in our own smooth skimming of the water, and in the rattling of the heavily laden railroad trains which glide and thunder by us, at the water's edge, on both sides of the river; I enjoy the record art has made in the palatial residences, and perfectly kept parks; but deeper, higher, broader than all these sensations, are the glow and interest awakened in my spirit, as I read in *MIND AND MATTER* (which I have drawn from its postal wrapper since I came on deck) of the terrific contest you are having in your defense of mediums against the weak and wicked enemies of Truth!

The associations of the Revolutionary scenery, and the evident similarity of the crisis of the present revolution with that of one hundred years ago, force me into a close comparison of your situation now, with Washington at that period, and I gladly avail myself of the opportunity of a stop at Newburg, to revisit the low stone house in that city which was his residence and Headquarters for more than a year, in which he passed through some of his most trying ordeals, and from which he removed one hundred years ago this present month. I have been here twice before, but never have I felt such an overwhelming spirit power as is here with me to day. As I pass over the carefully kept grounds, which command the river, and note the piles of balls and shells, and the old clumsily mounted cannon, the struggles for freedom of that important era seem renewed before me; and as I wander from room to room of the venerable mansion, filled with relics and reminders of the heroic contest, I feel overshadowed by the presence of the patriot guardians of Liberty, and the thought is forcibly impressed upon me that our battles are still their battles, that their inspiration and energy were derived, as ours are, from spirit life, and that they wrestled as we do (though with no knowledge of the fact), with the unseen powers of darkness, acting through mortal mediums; that truth is immortal and invincible, and that if we stand firmly and closely for it, we shall conquer, though our numbers dwindle as their's did, from desecration and betrayal.

"Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite."

Most happily we recognize the fact, that—

"In all true men, like you,
Their spirits's still at home."
"Our hand is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold."

"Aye, let them rail—those knoughty ones,
They do not know how lowly thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe!"

The very walls of this room where I am standing, seem resonant with those immortal utterances of fidelity to freedom, and of prompt and grand rebuke to tyrannous ambition in his ranks, which came from the inspired lips of Washington when he was besought here, by Col. Spinola, on the 22d of May, 1782, to become *King* "for the national advantage," a proposal which history says Washington received with "surprise and astonishment," "viewed with abhorrence," and reprehended with severity."

The grand enthusiasm of his rejection of the offer, and the fervor of his adherence to the cause of Liberty he had so earnestly and thoroughly espoused, so fired the hearts of the terribly tried soldiers that they rose up en masse in his support, and around their camp-fires chanted their purpose in Billings's song, "No King but God," and from that hour a Republic became the only possible form of government for the enfranchised colonies.

This great sustaining and propulsive energy came to Washington, as it comes to you to-day, from spirit spheres, and your clearly recognized ability to detect the subtle and baleful purposes of avowed Spiritualists to cripple and subvert this sublime modern and more highly spiritualized movement for human liberty; the certainty and fearlessness with which you expose the plots and counter-plots of those who are seeking for personal aggrandizement and power, together with your tried and proved devotion to the central ideas of liberty and equality, are so inspiring the heart of many Spiritualists and mediums that, with you, we shout,

NO POPE, BUT TRUTH!

During the winter of 1782-83, inattention of Congress to the payment of the army, furnished another opportunity for traitors, and the next Spring, on the 10th of March, 1783, the famous Newburg letters were issued, anonymously urging the revolt of the army; again Washington rose to a sublimity of strength which was equal to the emergency, and summoning a meeting of officers from every regiment and company in his command made such an irresistible appeal to them, that they unanimously resolved to reject with disdain the infamous proposition contained in the anonymous appeal. The intenseness of Washington's anxiety, and the fervor of his gratitude at the result, are best expressed in the charmingly simple eloquence with which he thus acknowledged it: "Had this day been wanting, the world had never known the height to which human greatness is capable of attaining." He knew and felt, as no other did, what the rank and file had suffered from the privations of the war, and

hence could appreciate, as none other, their resolution through their officers to continue faithful through it all.

NOT ONE.

It is not many weeks since I was in a small company of mediums, when an avowed Spiritualist who was present, urged them in like manner to desert the cause and abandon mediumship, because they, as he declared, were being ingloriously martyred, torn from homes and relatives, poorly fed and ill-clad, without receiving gratitude even for their unselfish labor. Happy and proud was I to see the flashing eyes of scorn with which they met his proposition; the air of the room was tremulous with indignation. As soon as he was through, he was most gloriously answered and rebuked. Mediums, like the soldiery of Washington, do not need to have the horrors of their campaign recounted to them, by the coldly calculating; for too well we remember how often we have been cold, hungry, shelterless, traduced and persecuted, giving help and getting hate, but we also know that this has not been the fault of the divine messenger of Spiritualism, to which we have tried to induce the people of the earth to listen. No, no, a thousand times. It has on the contrary come always from the lack of Spiritualism, and the natural opposition of the tyrants of the earth to the advance. But though these tests of our fidelity to principle should be multiplied an hundred fold, we cannot be disloyal to the grandest truth it has ever been the privilege of mortals to stand steadfast for. To the would-be popes, whose efforts to reorganize an inquisition which shall label and commission only such mediums as will conform to their dictation, and combine to drive from the field of work all others—those men you are so nobly and determinedly exposing, we say, we shall speak, when, where, and in such manner as the spirits give us utterance!

Speak, tho' cannon roar around us;
Speak, tho' prisons grimly frown;
Errors minors may surround us,
But they cannot strike us down.

Truth shall reign on earth triumphant,
Slaveries of all kinds shall cease,
Virtue, honor, walk exultant,
Waving their white wands of Peace.

RALLYING SONG.

Ho! rally men of moral worth,
Ho! rally women true,
For Freedom in its latest birth,
Brings noble work to do.

The men who fought her battles grand,
Through war's most bloody strife,
Have fondly watched our noble hand
From their calm higher life.

Watched how adown the lengthening years
Young Freedom tried to grow,
And how tyrants' cringing fears
Its form would overthrow.

Watched traitors in the highest seats,
Planning their schemes most base,
For history itself repeats,
In destiny of race.

Now Church and State in baseness blend,
To strike one fatal blow—
Through Freedom's life one thrust to send,
And lay her once more low.

They call to us—gird on your arms,
And brace your muscles strong—
Quail not at any false alarms—
The battle won't be long.

Oh think of us! every stroke,
Call freely for our aid,
And when our help you shall invoke
You'll find true progress made;

And victory shall perch, at last,
Above your banners bright,
And men and women hasten fast
From superstition's night.

The church the soul's true progress mars,
And lifts its cross on high,
But Freedom's way strips and stars
Across the brightening sky.

O, how I love those honored folds
Which Liberty engraves,
And hale the tyrant power which holds
The cross—the badge of slaves!

The nations of the earth look up,
And cry O, God! how long
Must tyrants fill our bitter cup,
And right encumb to wrong?

They see our flag of Freedom wave
Over sea, and shore, and hill—
They feel it holds a power to save
From every torturing ill.

Then forward, forward, men of worth!
Move forward, women true!
Since Freedom in its latest birth
Brings such grand work to do.

Yonkers, N. Y., Aug. 21st, M. S. 36.

Grand Spirit Work at Wickett's Island—Mrs. Eugene Beste's Wonderful Mediumistic Endowments.

WICKETS ISLAND, August 24, 1883.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

I feel impressed that the many friends of this department of the work of the spirit world are anxiously waiting to hear how the cause is progressing at this beautiful little "isle in the sea." As the temple must be built before people can worship in it, so the house must be erected before it can receive the family. Last year we had a large and commodious house erected, the outside finished, but we lived last season without any of the rooms completed, temporary partitions being put up. This season most of the rooms and halls have been finished. We have had a large number of guests, several coming early in the season, long before the workmen were through, and we have had a most enjoyable season. There has been a great outpouring of spirit power, most of the difficulties of last summer have been overcome, friends have come with love and sympathy, and our hearts and hands have been strengthened.

The 15th of this month about seventy persons met in the parlors of the Home to celebrate the Third anniversary of the day on which sixteen persons, (representing seven different states,) took possession of, and dedicated the Island to the work of the spirit world.

The idea seems to prevail that only invalids are admitted to the Home. This is a mistake, the healthy ones who visit the Island far outnumber those that are diseased, but all who come are believers in, or investigators of the truth of spirit return.

We have had large delegations from the far West, among them Capt. Matt Clary and wife, who visited us last summer, accompanied by Dr. Dooley and wife, all of Kansas City, Judge Wood and wife of Chicago, Capt. Stout and wife of Brooklyn, N. Y. These friends being filled with the spirit, their songs were like the waters of a living spring flowing out, bringing joy and peace to all within the Home.

Mrs. Townsend Wood, through whose medium

powers the spirits performed a part of the dedicatory service of the Island three years ago, was with us again this year, and again through her lips the spirit, spoke words of encouragement, for what had been accomplished, and prophesied much good results to come, and that grand manifestations of spirit power were soon to be given at this spirit home.

Walter Howell of England, made the principal address of the day, in which the influences referred to the wonderful changes that had been going on in nature's great laboratory. He spoke of the ages of decaying vegetation that had to pass before the coal could be produced. He then spoke of the latent power that was in the womb of the earth, that as the ages rolled on, the demand came, and all the coal must burst its earthly bonds and come forth, and how the engine by sea and land was now being propelled by the power that had been developing in the coal for centuries. His guides explained many of the grand laws of nature and science that had developed from the smallest beginnings; he then referred to the Island work, said, "that a large number of spirits were interested in its development, that the time would come when the result of the work inaugurated on this Island would be known and felt in earth and spirit life, equal to any work that had ever been started on the earth plane."

At the close of this address remarks appropriate to the occasion were made by Dr. Dutton, Dr. Richardson, Dr. Dooley, Dr. Cutter, and others. Several songs were sung by Capt. Clary and party. The day's entertainment was truly an intellectual and spiritual feast, every one present expressing pleasure at being present said "it was good to be here."

At eight o'clock in the evening Mrs. Beste who had arrived that day from Washington, D. C., held a seance for spirit voices. The medium being exhausted from two days journey was not in best condition, yet several different and distinct voices sang, some with great power, all very satisfactory. Thus closed the third anniversary of the work inaugurated and conducted by the spirit world at this island.

We have had every encouragement to "work and wait," and are having daily evidence of the increasing strength and power of the spirit friends to assist in the most minute details of every department of the work.

Here the sick are healed without drugs, the weary find rest, the despondent are made happy, the obsessed are liberated, those having spiritual gifts are developed, the healthy get a new lease of life, and all who visit the Island are satisfied of its healthful life giving forces, and all are made conscious of the powerful spirit influences that pervade the whole Island.

At a special seance with Mrs. Beste, on the evening of the 22d inst., a party of eight selected friends retired to the seance room (which is in a cottage on the west side of the Island) for the purpose of witnessing form materializations, through Mrs. Beste's medium power. The medium had a severe cold on her lungs, could scarcely speak above a whisper. In a few moments after taking our seats, she was entranced and entered the cabinet. Very quickly a form appeared at the opening of the curtain and gave her name as Evaline Cutter. She retired behind the curtain to get more strength, then reappeared, holding a babe in her arms. This was my son's wife who passed away in child birth.

While standing there, another spirit came with a bound, so quick and strong that all in the room felt the shock. From this time till the close of the circle that lasted an hour and a half, one form after another came in rapid succession, each one giving their names.

Joan of Arc came, and said she was grateful for the privilege thus afforded of visiting the beautiful Island; said she would bring great power to the Home.

Mary Queen of Scots came fully materialized, thanking us for the work we were doing for the spirits by making such good conditions, for she and other spirits would return to earth and fulfil their mission.

Yernah, the chief of the band of old Atlantis, was recognized by all present from his picture that is in the seance room. Two others of the band of ancient spirits came and gave their names.

Dr. Warren, the leader of the band who have charge of the Island, appeared and gave his name in a clear loud voice. Wicket, his squaw and a favorite daughter, all came. Wicket gave a war-hoop so loud that the whole Island seemed to resound.

Miss Dwelley, a lady in the circle, had two sisters come out; one of them saying, "Sister Julia, I have not forgotten my promise." This sister had been in spirit life nearly thirty years; but seventeen years ago she gave a communication in which she said: "Julia, you shall not pass to spirit life until you have seen my materialized form and heard my voice." And through all these long years this sister in earth life has watched and waited for her spirit sister to fulfil her promise; and here, on this quiet, retired little island, she found conditions through which she could come and speak, and caress her sister as lovingly as she did when clothed in the form of flesh and blood.

Although many times she has been heart-sick at "hope deferred," now she is able to exclaim with one of old, "Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy glory."

A male spirit now appeared at the opening, and sang in a loud clear voice, "The cottage by the sea." At the close of the original poem he improvised an additional verse, and then gave his name as Alonzo Lewis, the bard of Lynn."

While this spirit was singing, Mrs. Merrill, one of the sitters, said mentally, "that spirit is about as tall as the medium," the spirit must have read her thought, for it began to elongate, until it reached the top of the curtain fully eight feet, still singing all the while. These spirits, twenty-seven in all, came fully materialized and illuminated, bringing their own light, the seance being dark. Two spirits dematerialized outside the cabinet in plain sight of all.

Our seance room, built as the guides directed, and never used for any other purpose, affords the best conditions for spirit manifestations of every kind, particularly full form materializations, and all present were perfectly satisfied with this seance, and know beyond the shadow of a doubt, that we stood face to face with those who had once lived on this earth, had passed the change called death, and were now able to draw a magnetic force from Mrs. Beste, that enabled them to concentrate those particles from the atmosphere, and for the time being appear and speak to those present. I say, God bless every person who is so organized that the spirit world can bring such

joy to the children of earth, and reveal to all, the positive knowledge of a continued existence beyond the grave. Mrs. Beste will remain at the Island several weeks for rest and increase of spirit power, and all here will work in union with the spirit band for a higher development of all in earth and spirit life.

ABIE E. CUTTER.

Charles F. Pidgdon's Mediumship Strongly Endorsed.

INDIANAPOLIS, August 26th, 1883.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

Having some recent experience to relate, which I would be pleased to have meet the eye of a great many people, I will relate it to yourself, and with your kindness, to your many readers. I will say that I have been investigating Spiritualism for a period covering three years, and want to confess to everybody that I am now a member of the Spiritualistic Brotherhood, in full faith and sympathy with them and their works. But to the point: I attended a sitting a few evenings since, given by Mr. Chas. F. Pidgeon, 268 North Alabama St., this city. There were present beside myself, three ladies and four gentlemen. The cabinet was situated in the northwest corner of a parlor fronting on the street. The room is 15x15 feet. The cabinet is formed by stretching a curtain of crimson Canton flannel across the corner of the room, covered with the same material. Inside this cabinet we found two chairs, a toy drum, three solid iron rings, a number of slates and a call bell. All these articles were moved about during our examination of the cabinet, and nothing unusual found under, in or about them. Nothing hung upon the walls to conceal wires, springs or batteries. The medium proposed changing clothing with any one of the gentlemen present, and as they did not care to do so, he invited any one of the company to examine his clothing. This, however, was not done. We were also given the privilege of the house and cellar, to search, as he said, for wires, dressing rooms or trap doors.

After all were seated, the medium entered the cabinet, and in the course of two or three minutes was entranced. Directly he was entranced, a lady was called into the cabinet. She went inside with the medium, and found his hands securely tied together at the wrists with a piece of white, soft cotton rope, which, by the way, was among the articles in the cabinet. She took a seat directly in front of the medium and facing him. After she had sat down, she was told to examine the medium's wrists to ascertain if they were tied. Being satisfied that they were, she was told to take hold of his (the medium's) hands, and place her feet on top of his, which she did, and stated to the audience that she was satisfied that he could not possibly move without her knowledge.

In a very few seconds a small white hand, seemingly that of a lady, appeared on the outside of the cabinet, moving and snapping her fingers. The lady inside felt hands upon her face and arms, and becoming frightened, she had a lady friend to go inside with her, when both were treated to patting and caresses from the armless hands of those gone before. Suddenly the drum was beaten rapidly and violently, while at the same time a hand and foot protruded from the cabinet. On being asked who was causing the disturbance, the ladies in the cabinet (who were skeptics) replied that "heaven alone knew, as it was not the medium." They remained in the cabinet about fifteen minutes, during which time the drum was beaten while circling about the cabinet; the bell rang and a great number of hands and feet of all sizes appeared to us outside. Each and every one of the circles was invited inside, and all had the same experience.

After all had been inside, the medium came outside, bringing his chair and sitting with his back within six inches of the curtain, while he was yet entranced. Soon the bell and drum began to exhibit signs of life, the slates were shaken about, and a shapely white small hand protruded from the cabinet, snapping the fingers and moving them about in a manner not possible to move wax fingers. Some one present threw open the curtains while yet the hand was protruding; but he was disappointed, for the corner was as blank and empty as a drum. No sooner, though, had the curtains fallen in place until a very large white hand presented itself. A message was now written on one of the slates and handed outside to a gentleman present. It was remarkable, this far. It was written six feet from any one in the room that was visible to mortal eyes, and was signed "Pauline Coe." It was the gentleman's wife, whom none of those present ever knew.

The seance now closed, and all were satisfied that something supermortal had been at work there! If not spirits, what was it?

Mr. Pidgeon answers sealed letters satisfactorily for \$1.00 and two stamps. It is said by those who know, that he gives good satisfaction. He is also blessed with independent slate writing, which I have witnessed. The sitter writes his questions on one side of the slate, then turns it over and hands it to the medium, who puts it under the table without seeing your questions, when they are answered.

Fraternally thine,

[Continued from the Eighth Page.]

Adeodatus tells us that it was Hortentianism that he was engaged in founding, and that Hortentianism was a combination of Brahmanical and Judaical philosophical tenets. If that is true, it is not difficult to understand why Augustine got into that difficulty with bishop Faustus about their respective religious tenets; and why, after becoming an avowed Roman Catholic Christian, he waged so relentless a war against Manicheanism and every other form of Universalism. The Manicheans, as we have seen, were reverers of the sun and moon as representative principles of the great universal creating and preserving Light, which in the end was to overcome and destroy all darkness. They had no creed, no liturgy, no formulated prayers, no Bible reading, no altar nor sacrifice in their places of religious assemblies, and no sumptuous temples, and only the most meager and simple diet—in word, there was hardly any thing of sacerdotalism or ecclesiasticism about them. On the other hand, if Hortentianism was a combination of Brahmanism and Judaism, it was a combination of two of the most inveterate sacerdotal and ecclesiastical despots that ever cursed humanity. A nine years' study of such a system of mental and moral enslavement might well qualify St. Augustine for the part he performed as one of the four most distinguished fathers of the Roman Catholic Christian despotism. Adeodatus tells us that his father was not only a follower and teacher of the Hortentian philosophy, but that he had founded a sect and had numerous followers, whom he carried with him into the Christian church, for they were never heard of as a sect afterwards until the spirit of Adeodatus recalls the fact of their existence as such a sect. Still more, Adeodatus tells us that St. Augustine, his father, embodied the tenets of his Hortentian system in the creed, liturgies and rites of Christianity, and that those tenets partook of all the doctrinal features of Calvinism. We have here a very clear indication from whence John Calvin derived the Christian doctrines which he so cruelly maintained. The light which this communication throws on some of the most obscure and heretofore incomprehensible anomalies of the so-called Christian religion is almost confounding, by reason of its sententious comprehensiveness.

We need not wonder why Cicero's "Hortentius" which made such a deep impression on the mind of St. Augustine, has not been permitted to come down to us. We venture to surmise that had Augustine ever imagined for one moment that his son, Adeodatus, would one day return from spirit life and disclose the use he had made of that destroyed work, that he would never have made any mention of it, even by name, in his "Confession."

Thus it appears manifest, that Calvinistic Christianity, is based upon the Hortentianism of St. Augustine, and the latter is based upon the Brahmanical follies and Judaical flumeries of the East, and not upon the Judean Jesus of Nazareth or his supposed doings.

The spirit tells us that for thirteen hundred years, he was held enthralled to these dogmatic religious doctrines fastened upon his youthful mind by his father, and that for three hundred and eighty, or more, years, he had vainly sought to inform mankind of the truth of these matters. Thus time brings forth the truth, however men may endeavor to conceal it, and prevent it from becoming available to poor outraged humanity.

JOHN BROWN.

(The learned Scotch Linguist.)

I will greet you, sir, by saying that this is the happiest moment of my life; for I expect here, to-day, by an open confession, to lay down my burden and go forward a free man. I learned by reading, and not through teachers, most of the classical and written languages of my day, and I did this by the most arduous study. But my talents were wasted, in as much as, that they all became directed to the furtherance of an erroneous religion, called Christianity. If half of my time on the mortal plain had been devoted to the finding out of truth, instead of trying to make truth out of error, by translating from different works with that view, I would now be rejoiced. If I had not been a mad enthusiast, I would have known that I was publishing what was not true. One of my principal works is a self-interpreting Bible, pronounced by many Christians to be one of the best of works, but by which, in reality, I left a snare and a delusion to posterity, that they might believe a lie and be damned. Ignorance is damnation to a spirit, and none know it better than myself. I wish also to say, that, from my reading in mortal life of ancient manuscripts, that India was the cradle of the human race. But it is impossible truthfully to deny the fact that most if not all those manuscripts refer to an earlier and more primitive civilization in the regions of the Nile, in Africa. More absolute and direct facts will be communicated to you, before long, that will settle this question as to the original seat of civilization, so that it cannot be rationally disputed. In conclusion I would say, that no warrior, however blood stained he may be, will ever suffer the damnation and hell of remorse that lying Bible makers have to endure. I will, here, have to close. I was known as John Brown of Haddington. I died in 1787.

[We take the following very brief account of John Brown of Haddington from McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia of Theological Literature:]

"John Brown of Haddington, was born at Kerpo, Perthshire, Scotland, 1722. His early education was neglected, and he taught school to support himself during his preparatory studies. In the Burgher schism in the Secession Church, he joined the moderate party; and, after studying under Ebenezer Erskine, he was licensed in 1750.

His parochial duties being limited, he adopted a plan of daily study to which he kept rigidly through life. By patient industry he became acquainted with the Oriental languages, as well as the classical and modern; but he applied all his learning to divinity and Biblical literature. In 1768, he became professor of divinity to the Associate Synod, and held the office until his death in 1787. His chief works are, 'Dictionary of the Bible,' (London, 1769, 2 vols., 8vo.; often reprinted);—'Compendious History of the British Churches,' (Edinb., 1823, new ed., 2 vol., 8vo.);—'Concordance to Scripture,' (Lond., 1816, 18mo.);—'Harmony of Prophecies,' (Lond., 1800, 12mo., new ed.); besides minor writings."

Such is the account we have of the life and labors of this undoubtedly learned man. It would seem that, owing to the misapplication of his acquirements to the support of Christianity, he loaded his spirit with a wearying burthen for nearly one hundred years; a burthen from which he only found relief when enabled to testify to his mistake through the mediumship of Mr. James. It would seem that, blinded by the prejudice of early religious training, his vast acquirement had proved a curse to him rather than a blessing, in the after life. Who will profit by the experiences of this spirit among that horde of self-righteous professors of Christian theology who are engaged in precisely the same disastrous work which for one hundred years wrecked the peace of the spirit of John Brown of Haddington? None, so long as they can receive the adulation and deference of those whose weak blindness makes them regard them as the oracles of deific will. We do not despair of the time to come when all this worse than misspent effort will be applied to blessing instead of cursing humanity. Truly does this spirit say that ignorance is the curse of the spirit; why should it not be so? The priestly doctrine which serves as the salve to the seared consciences of these misleaders of their fellow-men—

"Whore ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise!"

will yet lose its potency in the minds of those who will yet find that ignorance is never bliss to any human soul.

We are told by this learned Oriental scholar that he knew, that in all the ancient manuscripts which he read, there were references to an older civilization which had existed in the Nile region of Africa. And the fact that he anticipates, that positive proof of this will soon be given from spirit sources, leads us to hope for the consummation of this much to be desired result. We work on and wait, knowing that the whole truth will sooner or later come to earth's people.

Letter From Lois Walsbrooker.

TAMA CITY, IOWA, August 28th, 1883.

FRIEND ROBERTS:—Yesterday I left the camp grounds and came to this city, having been on the grounds since the 11th. When I get somewhat rested, I may give you my ideas of what I saw and heard, but now I only want to speak of what occurred on our way to this place.

About twenty-five miles west of Clinton, we stopped at the Methodist camp ground to take on passengers. Soon after the train started again, two men sitting a little forward of us on the opposite side of the car, (I think from their appearance they were preachers,) commenced singing about Jesus, a fountain filled with blood, etc. They sang quite loudly, and one of them had a voice like a genuine "bull of Bashan."

I bore this violation of our common rights for a time, and then, taking pencil and paper, I wrote the following:

"Gentlemen, there are several people in this car who have just come from a Spiritual camp meeting; how would you like it, should they commence singing some of their songs? Try and do as you would be done by," and passing it to Mrs. Baker of this city, she in turn passed it to the parties for whom it was intended. They paused to read it, remarked, "we don't care for that," and went on singing, but the volume of voice was considerably lessened and it soon ceased entirely. While one of the "brothers" remarked to the other that I had the cheek of a government mouse.

Our next encounter was with a good Quaker lady, Mrs. Baker, who sat in front of me, remarked that Ohio was her native State; and I asked, "In what part?" and when she replied, "Columbus County," a lady sitting right behind me said that she was from Salem in that county. Then, as I am somewhat acquainted there, there commenced quite an animated conversation, questions being asked and answered, mutual friends talked of, etc.

Presently, however, I, by an unfortunate slip of the tongue (I am always making them), mentioned that we had just come from the Spiritual camp ground. The stranger gave a start, and asked in tones that spoke volumes, "You are not Spiritualists?" "Of course we are," said I.

She settled back into her seat with a thud, while there shot from her lips the words, "I am done." Her look of horror amused me, and I made some playful reply. Mrs. Baker also said something which tended to allay her fears as to our being contiguous, till at length the desire to know more of friends, of whom Mrs. Baker could tell her, led her to ask more questions, and she again became quite sociable, still persisting, however, in saying that she must "protest" against our views.

"You are a Quaker, I believe," I remarked, to which she assented. I came very near protesting against her views, just to show her how foolish it looked, but I refrained. Don't you think I exercised considerable forbearance?

Please tell your readers that I shall probably remain here till spring, and they can govern themselves accordingly. Truly,

LOIS WALSBROOKER.

[We certainly commend Mrs. W. for her forbearance; but we are not sure we would have borne with such weak but offensive intolerance as patiently. Our contempt for such self-righteousness will have vent.—ED.]

Views of Col. Kase on Organization.

Editor Mind and Matter:

In reading your editorial article published in your last issue, upon the subject of organization, I was much impressed with your suggestions respecting the encouragement of mediums. Who, as a Spiritualist, pure and unselfish, will say anything against the facts vouchsafed to us from the spirit side of life? We would have nothing of Spiritualism to-day, if it were not for the phenomena that establish its truth. All the talk in this world would not convince me so completely of its truth, as the wonderful materialization of my spirit friends, who present themselves, and disappear at their will. Having been the recipient of many such manifestations, together with almost every other physical phenomenon, I would prove myself, indeed, to be careless and selfish to all truth, unless I raised my feeble voice in favor of every effort to further the cause by encouraging all such manifestations of spirit return through the instrumentality of mediums, as are calculated to set all inquiring minds to investigating the truth and importance of this great subject.

Yes, with one accord with you, I most sincerely wish that some method of unselfish organization can be brought about to secure the objects indicated in the article above referred to. I believe I can safely say, that in the great warfare carried on against mediums, I have been willing to await an opportunity of personal investigation of the charges brought against them, before I could find it in my heart to join in the cry of "Fraud! Fraud!" There are so many persons who have themselves lived deceitful lives, putting on the outward appearance of honesty, that they think that the rest of mankind are equally subject to such imperfections. It seems true in this, as in other things, that like attracts like. From ample facts, we have a right to conclude, that the presence of such deceptive persons in spiritual circles bring their friends, who have lived similar lives of deceit, whose atmosphere surrounds all such persons; and, who, because of their grossness overcome our true spirit friends. In this way, honest mediums are frequently controlled and used, and made to act inconsistently with truth. Fraud may be manifested in this way by ignorant or deceiving spirits through the most honest and best mediums.

This conclusion may not be accepted by many persons as correct; but from my experience of twenty-five years, I most sincerely believe it to be correct. As the animal and selfish element of spirit existence is nearest the earth, and daily influencing persons who are susceptible to their psychological power, and who act from the impulse of the moment; until some such organizations as you suggest are fully established to inform the general mind upon these points, we may expect a continuous warfare by the unthinking and prejudiced against mediums and the spirit work that is being done through them, and a pulling down of the greater truths of Spiritualism.

What right have any set of men and women to set themselves up as judges and jury to condemn and denounce their neighbors? Any organization of persons that so far disregard the rights of their neighbors as to formulate any articles of association or rules looking toward calling in question the personal character of those who exercise the right of individual convictions as to what constitutes justice and truth, shows that the persons constituting such organization have never known, or wilfully disregarded, the first lesson of Spiritualism.

The churches are all bound together upon one idea—in other words, "Through Adam's fall we sinned all." Now, if the Mosaic theory is incorrect as to the fall, then some other theory must be accepted. The Spiritualistic theory, and the teachings of our spirit friends all tend to show that man is the outcome of all the life beneath him in the scale of living beings; that he continues to ascend from one step lower to a step higher throughout eternity, after the penalty is paid for all wrongs inflicted upon our brother man.

In conclusion, I would say, let us have an organization upon some plan by which we can sustain all mediums and increase their numbers, whether physical or psychic, and by dropping (if possible) all half-way Spiritualism. Let such organizations meet the self-called "fraud hunters" wherever they may, and driving these enemies of mediums forth, institute a broad, if not universal movement of truth hunting through the manifestations of spirits by means of mediumistic societies.

Philadelphia, Aug. 22, 1883.

Warm Approval and Substantial Co-operation.

BARRE CENTER, Sept. 6th, 1883.

FRIEND ROBERTS:—Enclosed you will find \$5 (and I wish it was \$500), towards helping to sustain the grandest paper in the world, for truth and justice. Allow me, through the columns of MIND AND MATTER, to thank Mr. B. B. Hill for his appeal to the friends of progress, and I hope his appeal will not be in vain.

I attended the Free Thinkers meeting at Rochester, and came home thoroughly disgusted with the wild animal (called Materialism) which should be tamed by the soothing hand of spirit power, and fed with the sweet-bread of everlasting life, until it can satiate its appetite with something sweeter, and more palatable than the rotten carcass of old Christianity.

Near the close of the Convention, Mrs. A. H. Colby gave some of her soul-inspired food; but she was crowded into the smallest space that she could be made to occupy, (and you know she is not a small person in any respect.) Yet every word was listened to with eager sympathy by the tired and hungry audience, and her lecture elicited the greatest applause, and stirred every soul with longings for a higher life.

The next day after the close of the Convention, a reporter of the Rochester *Democrat*, interviewed the clergymen of that place, and they all express the same opinion, that the Free Thinkers were doing more good for the Church than any religious revival had ever done; because the people are hungering for soul-food, and they cannot get any satisfaction from Free Thinkers, as they now stand ready to sweep away all the old building of Christianity, and leave nothing to rebuild upon but the cold, hard stone of Materialism, while the spiritual nature needs more nourishing food after being exposed to their cyclones of destruction, than ever before. Brother and sister Spiritualists, our children are asking for help in solving the problem of human existence. Shall we give them nothing but a stone?

ELIZA C. GATES.

Contingent Fund.

For the purpose of extending the circulation of MIND AND MATTER by the distribution of sample copies:

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------|
| B. B. Hill | \$100.00 |
| H. B. Wilcox | 5.00 |
| A. Friend, Wrightsville Pa. | 5.00 |
| Eliza C. Gates | 5.00 |

Our Suggestions on Organization Approved.

FRIEND ROBERTS:—I have just received a letter from Mrs. Lucy N. Hudson, of Newton Falls, O., in which she says, "How do you like J. M. Roberts' idea of Organization. I think it is grand, and just what the times demands, and if you see it as I do, just write your approval to him and tell him to go on. Aint he a brave soul?" I am well pleased to join hands with so intelligent and cultivated a lady as Mrs. Hudson, in pronouncing your plan to be feasible, and if carried out it would be productive of glorious results, and be entirely shorn from anything which ambitious men might seize upon for notoriety. Mrs. Hudson has had about seventy-eight years experience in her earth life, a long experience in the Methodist church, and one was of the early pioneers with myself in Spiritualism. Her approbation of persons or of measures is a deserving compliment. She may not thank me, but I must make one more extract from her letter. She asks, "Has O. P. Kellogg joined the fraud hunters, or the fools brigade?" I hope not, for he has the ability to do a great deal of good for the cause of truth and justice." I shall answer her that he has not. For God and the forces of nature have bestowed upon him such qualities of mind that he could not afford to play the "fly leaf" to Bundyism. I know of a certainty that he enjoys a "circle" and is not backward in giving merited praise to mediumship, including materialization of which he speaks in round numbers and from his own experience. I do heartily believe that if your plan of organization could be universal, and be carried out in earnestness and good faith, it would meet with the very soul desires of the angel world, and give an impetus to Spiritualism that has never been experienced in our country.

I hope and pray that your glorious suggestions will encourage Spiritualists everywhere to form circles for the development of mediumship. For my part I intend this fall and coming winter to carry out a plan which has long been in my mind, and that is to get up a circle of a dozen honest and intelligent persons who have had little or no experience in Spiritualism but would be anxious learners, I think the result would be good.

I hope Bro. Roberts, that the suggestions you have published will enlist the attention of men and women in every section of our country, and that earnest and speedy action will be abundant.

URI N. MERVIN,

Vineland, N. J., Sept. 2d, 1883.

Special Notices.

MIND AND MATTER can be obtained in Chicago, at the book store of Pierce & Snyder, 122 Dearborn street.

Mrs. Lizzie S. Green, clairvoyant, trance and materializing medium, 309 Longworth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We do not keep any books on hand for sale, but we will order them at publisher's lowest prices for any parties desiring us to do so.

The Spiritualists and Mediums Meeting, (formerly at 13 Halstead St.,) now meets at Shrum's Hall, cor. of Washington and Green Sts., Chicago. Speaking, Reading and tests by Dr. Shea, Miss Mansfield and others.

MAGNETIC AND MEDICAL SANITARIUM.—Dr. J. Dooley has moved his office from 16 E. 7th st., to 1326 and 1328 Central st., Kansas City, Mo. Send for circulars for particulars, etc., to the above address.

MRS. S. E. BROMWELL, 435 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois, spiritual medium, holds seances Thursday evenings. Private sittings daily. Conducts spiritual meetings 3 P. M. Sundays, at the West End Opera House, 433 W. Madison St.

MIND AND MATTER is kept constantly on hand at Rush's news stands, Eighth and Race and Franklin and Vine streets, as well as at the post office news stand and the Central News Co.'s corner of 5th and Library streets.

DR. G. AMOS PEIRCE, 171 Pine street, Lewiston, Maine, keeps MIND AND MATTER, *Banner of Light*, and other Spiritual papers on hand. Specimen copies free; call and get one. See seventh page for his post office address and advertisement.

DR. WM. B. FAHNESTOCK, Wallalla, S. C., has on hand about 200 copies of his small work upon "Statuvolvum and Its Uses," and makes the following generous offer. Any person sending him one year's subscription to MIND AND MATTER, and one 3-cent stamp, he will send them the book postpaid, and MIND AND MATTER for one year. Address, Wm. Baker Fahnestock, Wallalla, S. C.

We have on hand a supply of the "Faraday Pamphlets," which should be read by everybody. Nos. 1, 2, and 3, ten cents each, No. 4, fifteen cents. We also have on hand a large lot of "Rules and Advice," by J. H. Young, including hymns and songs designed for circles—price, fifteen cents. We will supply circles with "Rules and Advice," songs included, for \$1.50 per dozen, post paid on receipt of the money.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES A. BLISS, the well known materializing mediums, left Boston June 5th for Onset Bay. Mrs. Bliss proposes to rest from her labors and not hold seances oftener than once a week, while Mr. Bliss proposes to hold developing circles and sit for magnetic healing and private developments all through the summer season. Their address until October 1st will be Box 112 Onset Bay, East Wareham, Mass.

DR. B. F. BROWN, of Lewiston, Maine, clairvoyant, test, trance and healing medium, has taken rooms at 454 North 5

MIND AND MATTER.

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In order to place the Spirit Communications, published in MIND AND MATTER, within the reach of every individual, we will make the following offer, to hold good for thirty days: To any person getting up a club of ten persons, we will mail the paper one month, to the ten parties comprising the club, for the sum of one dollar. We trust those who have had the reading of these valuable and instructive communications, will interest themselves and put forth some exertion in getting up clubs, so that others may share with them in the pleasure and instruction derived from their perusal. Sample copies free on application.

THE RESULT OF HIS VISIT.

There are those of our friends who say, "Don't waste so much ammunition on Bundy and the Bundy organ, they are dead and they are not worth the expenditure of any more powder." These people are generally such as are unwilling themselves to do anything to uphold Spiritualism against the assaults of its most deadly and active foes; and would like to see others pursue the same faithless, indolent, and cowardly course. We call them our friends for they claim to be such, and advise us to take a course that they believe would be for our personal interest. They do not seem to understand that it was not to advance our personal interests that we took up the work we have in hand; and cannot appreciate the necessity we feel to expose the hypocrisy that is seeking to usurp the place of sincerity in the ranks of Spiritualists. This must be done or Spiritualism will become the loathsome thing which these hypocrites are trying to make the ignorant and prejudiced world think it is, by their infernal falsehoods and slanders. If these people would oppose Spiritualism openly and fairly we would pay as little attention to them as we do to those who are thus indecently but consistently seeking to injure it. Open opposition to Spiritualism can do it no harm. It is the covert machinations of those who profess to be Spiritualists, but whose actions give the lie to their professions, to the understanding of those who look beneath the surface of things, who alone can and do seriously impede the spread of spiritual truth. It is for this reason that we give them an amount of attention which their personal influence and social standing would not otherwise warrant.

But to the matter we set out to notice. In his "Editorial Notes" in the Journal, of Sept. 8th, the "king bee" of Bundyism, says:

"Early in the summer, arrangements were made to spend a month along the line of the North Pacific Railroad. A complete change of scene seemed essential both to the editor and his wife, who, as private secretary and housekeeper, had done a hard year's work. To prepare for the work of the coming year, a fresh stock of vital force was needed, and it was thought this could only be had far away from the everyday duties of the office, and free from contact with those engaged in the public work of Spiritualism. But this was not to be; the more we tried to avoid coming to New England, the stronger grew the pressure from the unseen world, until at last our

duty was made plain, and then we resisted no more. The result has shown that our movements were influenced by a higher and wiser power, and we are content." [Happy man! Mark Tapley, where are you?] "The work that has been done in New England during the month by the Religio-Philosophical Journal type of Spiritualists marks an era in the history of Modern Spiritualism. The tide of common sense, 'aggressive righteousness,' organic action based on intellectual freedom and a high standard of character has begun to move and never can be stopped until it has spread from ocean to ocean."

The editor of the Bundyite organ seems to have forgotten, or has tried to forget his high sounding predictions of the terrible things that Spiritualists of the R.-P. Journal type have been going to do for the past six years and six months, not one of which has ever been fulfilled. If the "tide of common sense" had set either strongly or weakly in the Journal editor's noddle, he would not have repeated, in vain, his silly prediction of the triumph of Bundyism for the thousandth time. Bundyism is just as certainly doomed to go down in darkness and shame, as that Spiritualism is to advance to an universal triumph in the no distant future.

But the Bundyite editor believes us of the necessity of defining what Bundyism is, and who and what the Bundyites are. They are the Religio Philosophical Journal type of Spiritualists—in other words, a type of Spiritualists that are not Spiritualists. There is but one class of Spiritualists, and but one type of that class, and it comprises all persons who, without regard to their views and positions on other matters, are in favor of promoting the cause of Spiritualism without an if or a but. All who do not come within that standard or test of consistency are not Spiritualists, whatever else they may be. The editor of the Bundyite organ has, therefore, blundered into doing what he has so carefully sought to avoid, that is, taking the Religio Philosophical Journal type of "Spiritualis" where they properly belong, into the camp of the enemy. We feel like thanking him for this, as it makes the work that remains for us to do much lighter.

But, in the fulness of his Bundyite heart, the editor of the Journal shows what a base Spiritualists are to him and his private secretary, Mrs. Bundy, in his estimation or imagination at least. He may, however, be right in supposing, that to come anywhere near them, was to sap the much needed vital force of him and "his private secretary." This he admits when he says: "To prepare for the work of the coming year, a fresh stock of vital force was needed, and it was thought this could only be had, away from free contact with those engaged in the public work of Spiritualism." Not only did the editor of the Journal and his private secretary think this, but he tells us that the more they tried to avoid going where they might meet with Spiritualists engaged in the public work of Spiritualism, the stronger grew the necessity for doing that which they strove so hard to avoid—nothing less than to show themselves among New England Spiritualists where they well knew they would enjoy a foretaste of the Bundyite hell. There reader, what kind of Spiritualists are they whose stock of vital force is lessened by "contact with those engaged in the public work of Spiritualism?" Bundy calls them the Religio Philosophical Journal type of Spiritualists,—we call them the Bundyite enemies of those who are engaged in the public work of Spiritualism itself. Which designation is the proper one? Bundy congratulates himself that he was able to find enough of the Religio Philosophical Journal type of Spiritualists at Lake Pleasant, to save him from the necessity of coming in contact with those who, there and elsewhere, were engaged in the public work of Spiritualism in New England. He sat down in the "Heavenly Court" den at the Lake Pleasant camp ground, where the Brooklyn Bundyite contingent of Nichols, Dailey, Tice & Co., did what they could to cheer his drooping hopes and keep him free from contact with those who were there engaged in the public work of Spiritualism. In this they were seconded by Beals, Pierce, Fletcher & Co., of Lake Pleasant management notoriety, and by Maude E. Lord, Anthony Higgins, the Jesuit spy, Dr. Henry Slade, and a few other Religio Philosophical Journal type of Spiritualists. To the support of these were brought the waiter boys and girls, and the underlings of the management, together with the patrons of the dance house on the grounds: and thus the editor of the Journal, and his private secretary and housekeeper, was kept free from contact with any one who was engaged in the public work of Spiritualism. Only once, in all those four weeks' stay at the "Heavenly Court" den, was he compelled to come in contact with Spiritualists, and that was when he exhibited his black-guardism on a Sunday afternoon to the disgust of thousands of people who hissed and hooted him back to the retirement of the "Heavenly Court" den.

This was the work done by the Religio Philosophical Journal type of Spiritualists in New England. It was confined to the precincts of the "Heavenly Court" at Lake Pleasant, and would not have been tolerated any where else. There were none of the Religio Philosophical Journal type of Spiritualists at Onset Bay or Niantic, and hence the limited sphere in which Bundyism found any toleration in New England. Bundyism at Onset Bay had so disgusted the Spiritualists of that beautiful resort, that they resolved to root it out the past year, much to the prosperity of that

Leading Camp-meeting Association of the whole country. The price of lots have nearly doubled in consequence, and so great has been the demand for them, that a large increase of the territory of the camp ground has been necessary. On the other hand what Bundyism has done for the only place where it found a lodgement, is told in the following "Lake Pleasant Note," in the last Banner of Light.

"There never have been so many cottages for sale as at the present time, and as a rule the prices are lower than formerly."

Another year of Bundyism at Lake Pleasant, and nothing but the Hotel and the "Heavenly Court" will be left. A little more of the movement of that "tide of common sense, 'aggressive righteousness,' and organic action on intellectual freedom and high standard of character," will make an end of the hypocrisy of the denizens of the "Heavenly Court," which those meaningless Bundyite platitudes were intended to conceal. The attempt of the "Heavenly Court" junta to boom the Sturgis Bundyite fraud, is too absurd even to be ridiculed. It will amount to about as much as the paper on which it was recorded amounts to. The "Martial Music" fiasco, was solid business compared with it.

A SPIRITUALIST OF THE "R.-P. JOURNAL" TYPE
SEEKS TO CAPTURE THE QUEEN CITY PARK
CAMP MEETING—FAILS—AND THEN
TRIES TO SIT DOWN ON IT.

In giving an account of his few hours' visit to the Camp Meeting at Queen City Park, Burlington, Vermont, the editor of the Journal, the organ of Bundyism, says:

"On Thursday we visited the Queen City Park camp, and found Dr. Smith, the President, with an able staff, busily engaged in looking after its interests. * * * It may never vie in size or attendance with Lake Pleasant, Onset Bay, Neshaminy, or Cassadaga, and should not try. But it can be made very successful in supplying the needs of Northern Vermont and a scope of country tributary to Burlington, and also attract transient visitors from other camps. Another year we hope to spend several days at this superior summer resort, and get better acquainted with the good people to whom this camp is of special interest. * * * Henry Slade, Mrs. Maude Lord, J. D. Stiles and other mediums are on the ground. Anthony Higgins is doing his share as a lecturer, and is voted one of the most eloquent and impressive speakers. * * *

"Capt. H. H. Brown and Mrs. Paul were the speakers of the day of our visit. On returning to the city (we presume Burlington), we found that the indefatigable Cephas had put in an appearance, looking as good as new after his three days rest from the cares and labors at Lake Pleasant. He is to speak several times at the camp. We commend his lectures to the campers as among the finest and most instructive they will hear. We only wish we could speak as highly of the instruction to be had from the paper for which he acts as subscription agent. Possibly its publishers may learn that New Englanders have progressed, and that what would answer their needs thirty years ago, will not do for to day. Should this happy change of policy be inaugurated, the Journal will delight in extending the heartiest congratulations and warmest co-operation. Fossils and superstitions may be good to imprison in museums and libraries, but are of no value as active agents in this enlightened age—think of this Brother Colby!"

We venture to say Bro. Colby will think of it, and he will puff, and blow, and outwear the army in Flanders, but that he will muster courage to resent this wholly gratuitous insult, no one who knows Bro. C. will for a moment suspect. Colby is so conscious of having justly incurred the contempt and spurning of this supercilious upstart that he would not dare to speak, loud enough to be heard outside of his office by anyone, in the way of protest. To such a pass of degradation has Mr. Colby's disregard of his editorial duty brought him and his paper. We rather think that Cephas would have fared no better than Bro. Colby and the Banner had the editor of the Journal seen that exposure of the result of Bundyism at Lake Pleasant, in the way of the unprecedented number of cottages for sale at that place with none to purchase.

We truly pity Mr. J. D. Stiles that he should be mentioned by Bundy as a medium, with Henry Slade and Maude Lord. It is about as sorry a compliment as any decent person would desire. On the other hand we congratulate Capt. H. H. Brown and Mrs. Paul, that Bundy said nothing of their merits as speakers, after his puff of the Jesuit spy, and gas-bag Anthony Higgins, late the special contributing correspondent of the Banner of Light.

Dr. Smith and his able staff must be delighted with the great John's condescension in stopping even for an hour or so among them. If we mistake not, Dr. Smith received a black eye at the hands of the Lake Pleasant denizens of the "Heavenly Court," by his being kicked out of the Vice Presidency at the Lake, to give place to the blind leader of the Brooklyn Bundyite contingent. Keep it up, thou great John! a little longer, and everybody will know what a shallow, egotistical nothing you are. Remember the fate of the toad who sought to appear as big as the stolidly indifferent ox. Don't, great John! or that toad was fortunate as compared with what is before you. It will prove a more desperate exploit than riding that Kentucky thoroughbred against that mule team and smiting the Dutch driver with the flat of that all-conquering sword.

Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer's seances for full form materializations, every evening, except Sunday, at 1130 Vine St. Admission \$1.00.

MRS. CARRIE M. SAWYER IN PHILADELPHIA.

Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer the distinguished and popular medium for Spirit Materializations and other highly interesting and satisfactory phases of spirit manifestations has permanently located at No. 1130 Vine street, where she will until further notice continue to give her seances every evening except Sunday at 8 o'clock.

The marked feature of Mrs. Sawyer's seances is that her guides insist on her sitting under strictly test conditions, and such as relieve the medium from all responsibility personally or otherwise for any manifestations that take place. Under such conditions the most absolute spirit manifestations occur, and such as leave no room for reasonable doubt of the spirit production of what takes place. Those who desire to witness spirit materializations under such conditions will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity, as it is uncertain how long Mrs. Sawyer will remain amongst us. Those among Spiritualists who have complained of mediums because they neglect or refuse to give their seances under test conditions, owe it to Mrs. Sawyer and her band of guides that they show their sincerity, and their appreciation of this effort to meet an objection which has been very generally made by those Spiritualists who have done little or nothing to encourage or sustain mediumship. Mrs. Sawyer is brought to Philadelphia by her guides, and as we believe, to test the sincerity of a large class of Spiritualists, as well as to carry conviction to the minds of those who are not Spiritualists, but who desire to know the truth about a force that is producing such a widespread impression in all departments of human interests.

As evidence of what can be done through the mediumship of Mrs. Sawyer, we may mention the fact that little Maude, the child-control of Mrs. Sawyer, manifested at midday, two miles away from where the medium was, by speaking audibly and distinctly to Mr. and Mrs. Belton at their residence, who both plainly heard her speak and recognized her voice.

At the first seance given by Mrs. Sawyer at her present rooms at 1130 Vine street, the following manifestations occurred, while the medium was placed under strict test conditions:

The spirit of a sailor appeared and spoke to the audience. A man with full beard, recognized as having appeared before; a Quaker lady in plain dress and wearing a sugar-scoop hood; a lady spirit, very tall, with flowing light hair of unusual length; a young lady, recognized by Mrs. Rogers, who sent a message to her father, she delivering her message in person in the hearing of all present. A lady of large proportions, with flowing brown hair of medium length, who came to Mr. Abbott and wrote him a note in the presence of the circle and handed it to him; this form in size and complexion was entirely unlike the medium. Maude conversed with those in the circle both when in view and not in view. While in view she called several persons forward to see her, and feel of her profuse silky brown hair. A beautiful female spirit presented herself to Mr. Boush, and communicated audibly with him. She was fully recognized by Mr. B. The spirit of a lady who was not recognized, came several times and threw the curtains wide enough apart to allow of the medium being seen at the same time, by those sitting in the lines of vision to where she sat tied closely to the front of the cabinet.

These manifestations occurred after the medium's clothing and person had been carefully searched by a committee of several ladies, who reported that she had nothing about her person that was anything like the garments worn by those many appearing forms; and she was tied inexorably to the front of the cabinet, which tying was witnessed by more than a half dozen gentlemen both before and after the seance.

These were the occurrences at but one seance. We cannot relate the many interesting incidents of two other seances, where the forms were recognized and many positive tests given, but will only mention, that at one of them freshly plucked flowers were brought to, and presented by the spirits to their friends.

We regard Mrs. Sawyer as a medium of the highest merit and mediumistic gifts, and richly deserving of the encouragement and patronage of all who desire to promote the cause of Spiritualism or to witness for themselves the facts that demonstrate the truth concerning its basic principles.

Go and see for yourselves while you have the opportunity.

Notice to Iowa Spiritualists.

The annual meeting of the Iowa conference of Spiritualists, convenes in Ottumwa, Friday Sept. 21st, 1883, for election of officers for the ensuing year, President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary, and two members of the Executive Board.

[We are sorry to be informed by C. Millisack, Corresponding Secretary of the Iowa Conference of Spiritualists, that the Spiritual Offering, at Ottumwa refused to insert the above notice. Why, we would like to be informed.—Ed.]

Magnetized Water.

F. T. Stevens' spring water is adapted to spirit magnetism, for the cure of all diseases. Arrangements have been made by the spirits who have charge of the spring, to follow every case for which the water is used.

For full particulars, address with stamp, F. T. Stevens, Bryants' Pond, Maine.

"SUPERIOR SPIRITUALISM"—OAHSPĒ ETHICS.

NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

Dear Brother Roberts:

Some two weeks ago, I sent to the *Banner of Light* the following communication, which was prompted by an article published in that paper, with request to publish it, supposing that their own interest would induce the *Banner* people to do so. As they have taken no notice of it, and as the communication bears on a subject which has lately become familiar to the public, I forward it to you, asking that you will give it, in your columns, the hospitality which, for motives of their own, has not been extended to it by the *Banner*. The communication will explain itself, and will also explain why I think it should be published.

To the Editor of *Banner of Light*:

As a student of Spiritual phenomena in general, I became somewhat interested in Oahspe, the so-called New Bible, which it is claimed has been produced by spirit intelligence through the mediumship of Dr. Newbrough. I have generally noticed the different articles which have been published in your estimable paper in relation to it. In your issue of the 11th of August, I read such an article under the signature of Selig Salomon. The writer apparently possesses an extended knowledge of the above named book, and an exalted opinion of its contents, and a large experience in the practical results obtained under its influence. Wishing to be informed by the writer himself, on what grounds he bases his opinions concerning the "new truths" (?) contained in Oahspe, and by what process these truths have become "axiomatic" to his understanding; also, on what proofs he rests his assertions regarding the "powerful regenerating influence" of the so-called new Bible; I undertook to call upon Mr. Salomon at his address, as given, 222 W. 35th St., N. Y. After a careful search of the premises, and of the immediate neighborhood, I became satisfied that the said Selig Salomon either had not given his right address, or was a myth, my effort at finding him resulting only in a most complete fiasco. Not easily discouraged, however, I extended my inquiries, and discovered that a boy of about fifteen years of age, employed by Dr. Newbrough as office boy, and occasionally, as amanuensis, is named Salomon Selig. This, coupled with the mythical existence of Selig Salomon, is to say the least, a most singular coincidence. Is the boy Salomon Selig and the writer of the article, "Oahspe criticisms," Selig Salomon, one and the same person? or is the last named gentleman a *bona fide* individuality? In the last alternative I would much like to meet him concerning the purpose above mentioned, and as, through the *Banner* he has been brought to light, allow me to ask him, through the *Banner*, where his light can be discovered. Respectfully,

J. F. JEANNERET.

64 Nassau Street, N. Y. City.

[We ask what should be thought of the honesty and good faith of the proprietors of the *Banner of Light*, in view of their having made themselves guilty participants in promoting one of the most glaring literary frauds that was ever perpetrated. Spiritualism has been sorely cursed and disgraced by the vile, hypocritical, disgusting and groundless assumptions of superior purity, honesty, good faith, and "aggressive righteousness," set up on the part of the whole Bundyite crew, to curry favor with the open and avowed enemies of that cause. But it has had to endure no humiliation so wholly unjustifiable as is the joint attempt of the *Banner of Light* and *Religio Philosophical Journal*, (so called) to swindle the public by peddling the Oahspe fraud. Of the two papers, however, the *Banner's* course in publishing spurious endorsements and criticisms of that literary swindle, and then when detected in it, to seek immunity from the consequences of the outrage by silence, is simply unapproachable even by the dishonest hypocrisy of the embodiment of "aggressive righteousness" and total depravity that runs the *Journal*. For the sake of the commissions upon a book which, by such methods as those set forth by Mr. Jeanneret, is palmed upon their dupes at the enormous price of seven dollars and a half per copy, the *Banner* and *Journal* people are willing to share in the infamy of petty swindling. In rebuking these selfish and dishonest people, we do it in no spirit of "aggressive righteousness," but in the spirit of justice to the Spiritualist public, who have been so shamefully imposed upon. For poor Dr. Newbrough, there is some excuse, for he seems to have given himself over to the control of spirits who seek to use him to bring disgrace and hostility to Spiritualism, and his mental responsibility is at an end in the matter for which he has been, and is being used. Spiritualists set your faces against this prostitution of Spiritualism to such base uses, and make those who are engaged in it feel that honesty is the best policy in Spiritualism as in all things else.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

I cannot well refrain from expressing my views upon organization, more especially as they fully accord with your own. If we could only bring Spiritualists to understand that they are only required to make conditions for the spirits to carry forward the work that spirits themselves have commenced, we should then have some hope that organization would accomplish some good, and help instead of retarding the truth. And how is this to be done? All the organizations that I know anything about, or have ever heard of, are firmly planted upon a set of (so called) principles, that not more than one out of every hundred, honestly believes to be correct principles; and if their lives are not open violations of those principles they are covertly. The fact is, there can be no set of rules laid down for any two people to honestly abide by. Just think of an intelligent Spiritualist being obliged to say, "I will" at the dictum of another. There are large numbers of the most advanced Spiritualists whom I have no doubt would do all in their power toward organization, if organization means helping to develop and sustain mediums, and seeking out and getting together the best medial power, regardless of social, religious, or political differences of opinion.

But they will not join any of the present organizations, for the reason that it is apparent to the dullest mind that they are one and all based on selfishness, and conducted for selfish purposes.

Many have come out of the church as far as the steps, but have not yet got so far as the broad beaten track of humanity. These feel lost without their church associations. They compare notes and finally resolve to organize, in order to have some common place to meet, and then comes divisions. There are soon as many sects as there are churches, but what has this to do with Spiritualism. In every instance the best mediums and truest workers are shut out because of their refusal to submit to the false moral and religious ideas and meddlesomeness of the would-be leaders. We are willing to admit that there are many who lend their influence toward these organizations, who are honest in intention, but they are largely in the minority.

All that is required for Spiritualists to form an organization is, to properly provide for all expenses, for hall, light, heat, etc. A pledge of uniform attendance, and a proper deportment when present, that the conditions be made harmonious as far as is possible, then leave the rest to the spirits themselves. A Spiritual organization should be as Bethesda, truly a house of mercy, where all who will may come and be healed of mental, spiritual and physical ailments. What matter if the Jew come? Bid him welcome. He has not crucified our Saviour, for he has not crucified us. If the Christian and Mormon come, open wide the door and let them in, that they may there learn nature's laws, and that our God has created but one woman for each man.

Friends of Spiritualism, let us by all means organize; but let us get rid of this "I am better than thou" spirit first. Earth life is too short for us to spend our best days in quarreling with our neighbor, because he does not live and think as we do. If my neighbor is wrong, he will soon learn to see his error. If we believe that we are right, let us come out into the broad light of truth and prove to the world that we are so.

Let us pay ourselves the compliment of smiling at the frowns of the Madam Grundys, and the world will soon come knocking at our doors in broad daylight—seeking after truth. Would that we could prove ourselves true Spiritualists, by organizing on the only true basis, that is, to develop and sustain mediums. We would rejoice with exceeding great joy to look upon such a gathering. We wait and hope.

DR. MARY C. MARSTON.
Chattanooga, Aug. 21, M. S. 36.

Evolution.

J. M. ROBERTS:—In addition to what we have said in regard to evolution and god principle, which is god, we have but to say to the remarks gratuitously made, that bluster, arrogant assumption and ridicule, are not arguments, any more than rudeness is gentlemanly.

There are many worshippers of the God Darwin, who like him, cannot see the difference between what is called evolution, and simple progression.

If we understand the term evolution, it means a change from one distinct thing into another, or a rock into a vegetable, a vegetable into an animal, and an animal into a man.

Those who believe in evolution, give us supposed evidences in the grasses, the flowers, and the progression from the egg to the chicken, the turtle and the crocodile, etc. These facts we have long since been familiar with; but this is not evolution, or a change of one distinct thing into another, but simply a natural progression, because they do not change into anything else—or into a fish, a bird or a man. The tadpole will progress into a frog, but nothing else, and by procreation will produce its kind, and be frogs for ever.

Evolutionists say that life and form are still going on; if so, why do they not give us a simple instance where this has taken place, or a change from one thing into another. The cabbage and potato yield their kind, but never change into a tomato or a peanut, they merely progress from seeds, and become cabbages and potatoes.

Evolutionists contend that the dog was once a wolf. If so, there must have been as many kinds of wolves as dogs. The bull-dog, the pointer, setter, hound, pug, terrier, and many other kinds, could not all have sprung from the same wolf species—the idea is absurd.

The horse is also learnedly spoken of as being the result of a change from a small animal resembling a fox, with five toes, which time changed into a hoof. Even granting this to be so, (which has by no means been proved true,) it is still simply progression, and the animal is still a horse, and nothing else. We fear the evolutionists have yet to learn that assertions are not facts. They have evidently got beyond their depth, and are floundering at sea, and until they can demonstrate that one thing changes into another, the theory of evolution will fail to convince.

Matter and spirit are both indestructible, and those who would annihilate God, will destroy themselves, for God is in everything, or it could not exist.

Many believe in Spiritualism, but do not acknowledge the fact. It is a glorious truth, and demonstrable in a thousand ways, and until the "tiny rap" is explained other than by spirit influence, it must remain a truth.

But to conclude—will those who do not believe in nature or nature's God, tell us, if there be no God, why do the most advanced spirits, through our best mediums, invoke, pray to, and praise God? Have not all the spiritual papers given instances where a God has been recognized by spirits although not seen by them?

God uncombined with matter, is pure spirit, devoid of form, and therefore cannot be seen. This may be denied, but that spirit exists and have a spiritual body, we presume will not be disputed by true Spiritualists.

God cannot be seen, neither can magnetism—yet nature demonstrates the existence of a God—and magnetism is recognized by its qualities of attraction and repulsion.

The scientific world still believes that there is a positive and negative condition, as well as a current in magnets, both of which we have demonstrated to be false.

We wish it to be distinctly understood, that we do not desire any one to think as we do; all have a right to think as they please. We yield that right to all, and claim the same for ourselves, but it is the height of folly to dispute a demonstration.

Why should we think like Darwin or any one

else, when we have brains to think for ourselves, we never will truly progress, as long as we travel in the ruts made by others. One thing, Brother Roberts, in relation to evolution, has occurred to us, made us wonder, and caused a desire to know the truth, viz: whether the animal called a mule, is a demonstration of evolution?

Fraternally,

WM. BAKER FAHNESTOCK, M. D.

Reply to Charles Thompson.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

Years ago, when Spurzheim was lecturing on phrenology in Boston, when examining the heads of subjects he used calipers to get the relative size of the different organs. A wag suggested that he go to Washington and examine the heads of members of Congress; for, said he, a pair of thy good calipers will show how much of all they talk they know. Although it is years since that suggestion was made, the fact remains the same, that long-winded arguments, whether made by members of Congress or outsiders, never change a truth.

I was verdant enough to believe that interchange between the seen and unseen was the organic law on which existence is founded, and that the supremacy dogma was the deadly enemy of the human family, whether taught by those on this or the other side of life; and that the past history and present condition of mankind were pretty strong evidence in my favor. I was not even aware that there was anything marvellous in interchange, or that Jean Story had lowered her standard by endorsing it. As I am not a believer in annihilation, the threats you refer to must have originated in your own cranium. Had you not told me to the contrary, I should have still believed that heat and cold, night and day, the roots and tops of all vegetables, and even the sexes, were different conditions of the same thing, inseparable and convertible; and further, that friend Thompson and J. Tinney were outgrowths from lower grades of being, without reference to the time it took to effect those changes, or how long the human family has existed in its present condition on this planet.

The idea is new to me that the ancient belief in metamorphosis, or the modern beliefs in imitative conception, incarnation, etc., are based on interchange of sex, or of so-called spirit or force and matter. The belief that spirit is one thing and matter another—the one sovereign, the other subject—has ruled the world thus far in its history. If true, why has it not produced better fruits? You speak of lying spirits controlling mediums. Who controlled mediums when they taught the earth was flat and stationary? They were as honest in their belief as present ones. It is now conceded they were mistaken. (Perhaps I should except Elder Jasper). Is it not possible that those of the present day may be mistaken also, as the discovery that our world is a revolving sphere was made by those on this side of life? Now, suppose the two conditions in which everything exists are interchanging instead of distinct entities; if true, would not that bridge the chasm that has divided mankind into contending sects and factions? If not, why not?

J. TINNEY.

Westfield, N. Y., Sept. 10, '83.

Hair-Splitting Extraordinary by Spirits.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

The spirit, James T. Brady, a devout Catholic, in his communication to mortals, as published in *Miller's Circular* for August, says:

"Your friend, Mr. Roberts, is accurate in one respect, but decidedly in error in another. It is very true that the cause of danger lies in Roman Catholicism; but their representatives are in life, instead of in spirit land. He, forsaken, would have you believe that there is a Roman Catholic hierarchy in the land of spirits. Nothing could be more fallacious than this, as the distinctions possessed in life are disallowed on the other side."

As would seem from all the facts that come to us pertaining to, and all the sad experience with evil spirits, that this devout lawyer is looking for a case, and for lack of more honorable employment, is now a criminal lawyer in spirit life—is pleading for those guilty wretches, the Jesuit spirits, and even striving to influence the jury upon this side of life. Unfortunately for his clients, he confutes his own argument before he closes the case, by admitting that there are "good and bad spirits" over there. "Those distinctions in life disallowed on the other side," indeed!

Well, if in the land of souls the gods have enacted a moral code of laws, the fates have enacted a myriad of ignorant and evil-minded, not to say wicked spirits, who hate the name of law and thoroughly despise the administrators thereof, insomuch that every evil doer upon the mundane side of existence is simply the slave of his unseen master, James T. Brady to the contrary notwithstanding.

What if it can be shown that all evil is the result of ignorance, would that alter the case? Not one whit; hence, as an expert at hair-splitting, spirit Brady is worthy of a gold medal. His summing up of the case is false and inexplicable upon any hypothesis save that to divert our attention from the main issue, he is trying the flank movement. He even goes so far as to plead guilty to the mundane intention of catholicism and his former affiliations with it.

But, if we are wise, we will never be deceived by all the filibustering of these cohorts of darkness, but push on our main line, drive them from their intrenchments and force an unconditional surrender. So mote it be.

St. Albans, Vt. CHARLES THOMPSON.

KIND WORDS.

George W. Clark: "Accept my thanks. Truly you are doing a good work. Go on—you will be sustained."

P. H. Jackson, San Francisco, California: "I could not afford to be without MIND AND MATTER for many times its subscription price."

Mrs. Helen E. Lasselle, Portland, Oregon: "While I live I do not want to miss your good paper, that sustains our mediums so faithfully."

J. F. Kline, Grigsby's Bluff, Texas, in renewing subscription, says: "I would not do without MIND AND MATTER as long as I can raise the money to pay for it. I consider it without exception the best spiritual paper in the country, and I can safely say that you have the good will and prayers of all your subscribers. I hope and pray that you may live many years yet to fight for the truths of Spiritualism."

"I am very much pleased with the stand you are taking, and your mode of defending mediums. Yours truly, Thomas Dobson, Rockford, Ill."

Mrs. Catherine Anderson, Mauritius, N. J., writes: "Enclosed please find funds for renewal of my subscription to MIND AND MATTER. I do not want to miss one single paper, for it is all my comfort."

Chas. F. Pidgeon, in renewing subscription, says: "Of all the papers that profess to protect, and fight for the persecuted mediums, without regard as to whom they may be, providing, they are mediums, and are in need of a friend, MIND AND MATTER stands head and shoulders above any spiritual journal that I have yet come in contact with. You fire into anything or anybody deserving it. Good boy! No Spiritualist need be ashamed of the Spiritualism set forth in your columns. Show up that vile abortion, the R. P. Journal in every way that you honestly can, and do not spare the meanly mouthed *Banner* in its squeamish and cowardly ways. As a medium (physical) I am having success along with persecution. Yours for the cause.

Wicket's Island Home—East Wareham, Mass.

This institution will open on July 1st, proximo, for visitors.

Invalids and others will find this one of the most healthy places on the American continent. Situated high above the surface of the beautiful Onset Bay; surrounded on every side by beautiful scenery; the atmosphere heavily charged with ozone; sea bathing; vapor and medicated baths; electric and massage treatment; lectures on spiritual philosophy, hygiene; these are some of the many advantages which this institution affords for those needing rest or medical treatment, or who seek the most advantageous recreation. The facilities for recreation upon the water cannot be surpassed. The opportunities for sailing and fishing are all that could be desired.

Special arrangements can be made for learning the electric and metaphysical sciences. There is an extensive library of medical and liberal works, dissecting manikin, physiological models and charts, and every advantage for improving both mind and body.

Seances for spirit communion and the development of mediumship will be held, and everything done to assist the spirit world to return and manifest their powers for the good of humanity, mortal as well as spirit, that can be done, under their direction. Rooms, cottages and grounds for tents to let.

For further particulars, address with enclosed stamp,

DR. ABIE E. CUTTER,
Onset Bay, East Wareham, Mass.

Turning the Tables.

The King of Abyssinia rules over orthodox Christians, who protest that they have changed neither their creed nor their rites since the Council of Chalcedon. Yet both this king and his Christian subjects are overrun by foreign missionaries, foreign consuls, and foreign soldiers. A recent Swedish missionary in Abyssinia was asked what he wanted. "To teach the Christian religion." "But we are Christians." "Then I will convert the Jews. Are there no Jews in Sweden?" "They are provided for." "How did you get here?" "Through Egypt." "What religion did you find there?" "Islam." "Then convert the Mohammedans; we can take care of ourselves; and if we cannot, God can—better than the King of Sweden or a missionary."

A Yankee editor, observing that "the census embrates 17,000,000 women," asks: "Who wouldn't be a census?"

"I wouldn't mind it so much," said the gilded youth, "if he'd bring a different bill occasionally. But I'm bored to death with seeing the same old bill!"

A man will sit on a picket-fence all the afternoon to see a ball match, but put him in a church pew for three quarters of an hour, and he will wobble all over the seat.

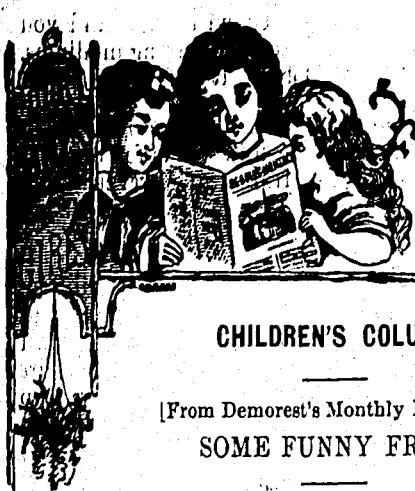
"Ma, is Long Branch an awful dirty place?" "Why, no, my child—what made you think so?" "Why, here is an advertisement that says that it is washed by the tide twice-a-day."

Out West the cellar is the place to go in time of cyclones, and when man has a barrel of hard cider in the cellar, it's surprising how many times a day he thinks there's a cyclone coming.

Not one of the clucking old hens in this country appears to know or care that a Florida turtle will lay 150 eggs in a day without making the least bit of noise. The hen fuss over one little egg is absurd.

A tramp applied to a gentleman for a few pence to buy some bread. "Can't you go into any business that is more profitable than this?" he asked. "I'd like to open a bank, if I only could get the tools," answered the tramp.

"



CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

[From Demorest's Monthly Magazine.]

SOME FUNNY FRUIT.

Way down in the orchard there stands an old tree,
As crooked an "apple" as ever you'd see;
Such buds as it puts forth in bright early spring,
And such fruit its blossoming promises bring!

Well, beneath this old apple tree one sunny day
A grandpa, with paper and briar pipe lay;
When, on looking above the smoke, what did he see,
Way up on a branch of this very old tree?

Why, a scarlet striped stocking, one little bronze boot,
And he knew very well trees ne'er bore such queer fruit;
Above them a petticoat's white ruffle gleamed;
Not at all like an apple tree all this sight seemed!

"What's this?" exclaimed grandpa—"a strange sight indeed;
I'd very much like to secure the rare seed;
Why I believe I behold a 'round pippin' up there—
It's either a pippin or golden bright hair!"

And a rosy cheek "Splinterberg" there too I see,
Or a very red flushing face too it may be.
And "Russets" beside! why what marvelous fruits
This old apple tree bears; or, are those two bronze boots?

And a scarlet streaked "Baldwin"—ah, its pardon I beg
If I make a mistake and it's but a striped leg!
Well, well," went on grandpa, "I really don't know
But this tree to the great pomological show!

Should be sent, for of all sights I ever did see!"
"Please, Drappa, don't stolt; it taint apples, it's me!"
And, like Newton's discovery, down at his feet
Dropped his answer—a little girl, rosy and sweet,

As round as an apple, and blushing and red,
Because she'd been "caught" up above "Drappa's head."
"Ha, ha!" then laughed grandpa, to see her aight;
"Ha, ha!" of this dumpling I'll now have a bite!

For a proof of the pudding's the tasting you see,
And I really must test what has grown on this tree!"
And he kissed her so hard, she was hin to refuse
His theory of thinking her some funny fruit:

[From Golden Days.]

A DIME-NOVEL HERO.

It was one o'clock in the morning, very chilly for May, and a damp mist was gathering in the air.

Policeman Packard, as he paced his beat near the freight depot, pulled his coat collar up around his neck with a shiver, and mentally observed that it was likely to rain before daylight.

Just then, coming around the corner of the building, his practiced eye discerned, through the mist and darkness, the figure of a person, who was apparently trying to force open the sliding door of a freight car.

The officer approached and laid a hand upon his shoulder; whereat the boy—for it was a boy—started, with a cry of terror, and attempted to escape. But the officer held him, and demanded: "What are you doing here, boy?"

"Nothing" faltered the lad, in a frightened voice.

"Nothing" repeated the policeman, looking him over, and comprehending his case at a glance. "You're fooling around these cars at one o'clock in the morning for nothing, are you?"

"I—I wanted to get in some place where I could sleep and—keep warm," stammered the youthful captive.

"Why don't you go home and sleep?" asked the officer.

"I haven't any home," said the boy, hanging his head and blushing guiltily, as he added, "Not now, I mean."

"Ah," said the officer, drily, "how's that?"

The boy hesitated, and shifted his feet uneasily, as if he would have tried to break away from the officer's hold, if he had dared.

He was about thirteen years old, neatly dressed, and wore one of the military caps which had just come into favor with the boys. His face had a look of innocence and youthful candor, which did not help greatly in his endeavor to invent a plausible explanation of his midnight wanderings.

Finally, he said: "I'm an orphan, sir. I lived with my relations out in the country; but they—they got tired of me and told me to leave, and—and so I came to the city. I thought I might get a chance to go out West."

"And you were going to steal a ride in the freight car?" said the officer, with a grim smile. "I thought so. What on earth do you expect to do out West, if you ever get there?"

The lad looked sulky, and made no answer. He had probably been taught by experience that he need not look to his elders for sympathy with his heroic dreams of adventure in the Great West.

"When did you leave home?" inquired the officer.

"Yesterday," was the brief reply.

The policeman asked a few more questions; but finding the boy not inclined to be very communicative, he took him to the station, and handed him over to the lieutenant in charge.

The young adventurer was dismayed to find himself inside a police station for the first time in his life; but the lieutenant spoke to him kindly, saying:

"You will be comfortable enough here for the night, my lad, and in the morning we will see what we can do for you. What is your name?"

"George Burton, sir."

"Where do you belong?"

The boy, in a confused and hesitating manner, replied by giving the name of a country place some forty miles away. The experienced officer suspected that he was not telling the truth, but, keeping this opinion to himself, remarked:

"You don't look as if you had eaten any supper, George."

"I haven't" said George, with a wistful sigh; "nor dinner, either."

"Well, I'll see if I can't find you something to eat," said the lieutenant, a kindly man, with boys of his own.

He was successful in "finding" a substantial lunch, which the hungry young wanderer devoured with avidity. When he had satisfied his appetite, the lieutenant said to him:

"You had better go to bed now, but first, if you have any little notions in your pockets, give them to me for safe keeping."

George complied with this request by pulling out of his various pockets an array of "little notions" which was certainly enough to impress the inspector with awe. There was one of the old fashioned "pepper box," revolvers of heavy calibre, a piece of wax candle, a gimlet, a pocket knife with four blades, a pair of scissors, a leather strap, three or four short lead pencils, ball of putty, a memorandum book, a novel, entitled "Cannoneer Bob; or, the Pirate's Last Shot," and another, called "Lost in the Sewers; or, the Wharf Rat's Revenge," with thrilling illustrations.

The lieutenant gazed at this collection with a look of mild amazement, which gradually subsided, as he recalled some previous discoveries with regard to the capacity of boys' pockets. He had seen just such an assortment of articles produced more than once from the pockets of his youngsters at home.

The boy was consigned to a cell, and left to his own reflections, which were certainly sorrowful, and perhaps were penitent, for he sighed, as he lay down to his lonely rest, and turned his face upon his arm with something like a sob.

If he cried, as any homesick, weary boy might do in such a situation, there was no one to behold his tears, or scoff at such weakness in a hero who was bent on "going West," and after awhile he put down his arm, and composed himself to sleep.

Perhaps, in dreams, he saw himself achieving superhuman deeds of courage and endurance on the war path, armed with his death-dealing "pepper box" and flaming candle; anon, in dire captivity, cutting himself loose from his bonds with his keen-edged scissors, boring a hole in a Yale lock with his mighty gimlet, or raising himself out of some bottomless pit by the aid of his ingenious strap. Perhaps his dreams were of this kind; perhaps they were of home.

In the meantime, the lieutenant was making an examination of the boy's property, hoping to find some clue to his history, more reliable than his own statements. He shook his head as he looked at the dog-eared and dirty novels, murmuring:

"That's what ails the boy—been reading blood-and-thunder stories till he has got his head full of nonsense, and wants to go out West and kill Indians. I must take care that Tom and Dick don't get hold of any such books."

Pushing the novels aside, he took up the little memorandum book, and turned over the leaves, which were scribbled here and there with names and dates, and bits of rhyme, written in a neat, school-boy's hand. On the first page, he found the boy's name and place of residence—not the place that he had named, but a village much nearer the city.

"George H. Burton, East Greenwich."

"Ah!" said the lieutenant, smiling, "so that's where he comes from. Well, my blood-thirsty little rover, I hope we shall have a surprise for you in the morning."

And, in preparation for this event, he sent a telegram to East Greenwich, and telephone message to the Chief of Police.

In the morning, after George had been provided with a good breakfast, he was talking with the lieutenant and the officer who had brought him in, trying to evade their questions and wondering what they meant to do with him, when he was astonished to hear an excited female voice, exclaiming:

"Where is he? Oh, please bring him here, Mr. Policeman!"

And the next moment the Chief of Police entered, ushering in a stout, old lady and a young lady, who was not old, although the was not young.

They both had sweet, home-like faces, that could only go with kind and loving hearts: and they both flew at George, the moment they caught sight of him, and began embracing him with as much delight as if he had been lost for ten years instead of two days.

"Why, grandma! Why, Aunt Polly!" gasped the boy, as soon as they gave him a chance to speak. "How in the world did you come here? Who told you where I was?"

"The policemen telegraphed to us, and we started right off as soon as we heard that you was found. We hadn't sleep a wink all night, not a soul in the house, and your grandpa's gone to Boston to look for you," said the old lady, with tears in her eyes. "Oh, Georgie, Georgie, how could you run away?"

"How could you do it, Georgie?" echoed Aunt Polly, reproachfully.

And George, whose lonely night in the cell had given him a good opportunity for reflection, evidently wondered, himself, how he could have done it. He faltered, repentantly:

"I don't know, Aunt Polly; I—I guess I didn't think. If you'll take me home, and not let grandpa whale me, I'll never do it again."

Whether his grandfather "whaled" him or not, the reporter cannot tell, though he certainly deserved it; but, as he was taken home, and has not since been found roaming the streets at nights, it may be inferred that he kept his promise.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

Owing to prior engagements, Jesse Shepard will give his usual Tuesday evening concert for September 18th, on Wednesday evening, September 19th.

WANTED—One or two furnished rooms in central portion of the city. Address Dr. B. F. Brown, MIND AND MATTER office, 713 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We invite the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Alfred James, in another column, and recommend them to try these spirit prescribed remedies.

Our old friend and co-worker in the cause, Abner Rush, has left Santa Barbara, Cal., where he has been successfully treating the sick, for Portland, Oregon, where all communications can be kept.

We will continue our offer to send the paper to clubs of ten for one month for one dollar, and we hope all those who are interested in promulgating the truth will avail themselves of this offer and send in their clubs.

A. W. S. ROTHERMEL informs us that after September 8th, he will be at home 130 Hall St., near

Myrtle, at Brooklyn, N. Y., and will hold seances every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday evenings, until further notice.

FRANK T. RIPLEY informs us that he will stay in Maine for the fall and winter, and lecture and give platform tests. Any parties desirous of engaging him for that purpose can address him at Searsport, Maine, care of W. B. Morse.

Mr. F. O. MATTHEWS holds circles every evening except Wednesday and Saturday evenings at his residence 1223 South Sixth St., Philadelphia. Admission 15 cents, Private sittings daily from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Terms \$1.00. Mr. Matthews also keeps MIND AND MATTER on sale at his house, and will also take subscriptions for the same.

We are informed that Mr. F. O. Matthews will lecture for the Second Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia at Thompson Street Church, between Frankford Road and Front street, during the month of September, morning and evening. A most interesting feature will be spiritual tests from the platform after each lecture.

DR. J. H. RHODES wishes to inform his numerous friends and patients that he has opened an office and store at 803 Buttonwood street, Philadelphia, where he will heal the sick by the laying on of hands: also, that all of his celebrated family medicines are for sale, wholesale and retail. The Doctor also keeps constantly on hand all spiritual books and papers.

J. W. KENYON's appointments are, Sunday, September 3d, Sterling, Ill.; from Sept. 15th to 23d, Tama, Iowa; for the month of October, at New Boston, Ill., and the first and second Sunday in November, at Genesee, Ill. Would like to make engagements in Tennessee and Missouri for the winter. Please correspond. Permanent address, J. W. Kenyon, Jackson, Mich.

We ask our friends everywhere to send us the names and address of any persons whom they think would take an interest in our publication, and we will send them sample copies at once. The spirit communications that are appearing in these columns from week to week, are worth more than money to those who duly understand the value of

spirit teaching concerning the varied experiences of the spirit life.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Williams, the distinguished materializing medium, has returned to her home, 462 West Thirty-fourth street, New York City, and will again resume her work. The faithful and efficient work of such instruments, cannot be too highly estimated and too much encouraged. We trust the efforts of Mrs. Williams in this direction, will not only be appreciated, but productive of much good, in demonstrating the truths of a continuity of life, and the possibility of the earnest and honest investigator meeting face to face with the loved ones who have passed over the dark river called death.

THE FIRST SPIRITUAL AND LIBERAL SOCIETY OF CHATANOOGA, TENN., WILL HOLD A GROVE MEETING NEAR THE CITY, COMMENCING ON THE 13TH AND CLOSING THE 28TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1883. THIS IS AN EPICHE IN THE SOUTH, A GRAND RALLY OF SPIRITUALISTS, THE FIRST THIS SIDE OF MASON AND DIXON'S LINE. SOME OF THE MOST NOTED SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE PRESENT, GIVING AN OPPORTUNITY FOR FULL AND THOROUGH INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUALISM. WILL YOU AFFORD US THE PLEASURE OF YOUR ATTENDANCE; ALSO INVITE YOUR APPRECIATIVE FRIENDS TO ACCOMPANY YOU AND PARTAKE OF THIS FEAST OF GOOD THINGS.

FRATELLANLY YOURS, J. W. WHITE, PRESIDENT.

J. D. HAGAMAN, COR. SEC.

JESSE SHEPARD, THE WONDERFUL AND PHENOMENAL MUSICAL MEDIUM, WILL CONTINUE HIS SELECT MUSICAL CONCERTS AT THE SEANCE ROOM OF MIND AND MATTER, PUBLISHING HOUSE, 713 SANSOM STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA., TILL FURTHER NOTICE. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DESCRIBE THEM; THEY MUST BE ATTENDED IN PERSON. TICKETS CAN BE PROCURED AT THE OFFICE OF MIND AND MATTER, AND OF MR. SHEPARD. SEANCES WILL BE HELD AT PRESENT ONLY ON TUESDAY AND FRIDAY EVENING OF EACH WEEK, AND TICKETS MUST BE PROCURED IN ADVANCE. ANY PERSON DESIROUS OF WITNESSING SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA WOULD DO WELL TO AVAIL THEMSELVES OF THIS RARE OPPORTUNITY, AS THE CHANCE MAY NEVER OCCUR TO THEM AGAIN TO ENJOY ANYTHING LIKE IT. TUESDAY AND FRIDAY EVENINGS, AT SEANCE ROOM, 713 SANSOM STREET. SECURE TICKETS IN ADVANCE—\$1.00.

Jesse Shepard's Wonderful Seances.

The seances of this young medium continue to grow in interest and power. The manifestations of the physical and artistic phases have been of the most brilliant and convincing kind. Never was heard such startling tones as those the great Lablache produced at last Friday's seance, while the trill of Sontag held the company spell-bound. Many new features of spirit power are manifested at each seance, no two being alike.

Meditines are being developed at these seances, and it is Mr. Shepard's intention to form a class for special medial development. Persons who desire to become members should communicate with Mr. Shepard at once, as the class will soon be complete, after which no new members will be received.

ONE THAT WAS PRESENT.

LETTER FROM STEPHEN YOUNG.—SITUATION OF THINGS AT MEMPHIS, MO.

FRIEND ROBERTS:—On reading the message of Rev. Shubell Carver of Pitcher, Chemung Co., N. Y., in your paper of April 7th, last, I recollect that my cousin, C. C. Young, of Liberty Center, O., a subscriber of yours, courted and married his wife in that town. But the matter had passed from my mind, when said cousin visited us a few weeks ago, who informed us that Mr. Carver performed their marriage ceremony some thirty years ago, and that they had not thought or heard of him in many years, when they were surprised by the appearance of his message in MIND AND MATTER. My cousin's wife had previously attended his church, and they both regard it as absolute proof that the message came from Mr. Carver.

I would like to say a word for Mrs. Amelia Work and her mediumship. She is an excellent medium for independent slate writing, requiring no pencil, and the independent whisper. I think she gives universal satisfaction.

She should have the sympathy of every Spiritualist. For, although a sister of J. H. Mott, the medium, and his wife are doing all they can to disparage her as a medium. Notwithstanding, they have accumulated quite a property by Harvey's mediumship, and have no children, while Mrs. Work has four small children, and little of this world's goods; yet Mr. and Mrs. Mott, as shown by their actions, would take the bread out of their mouths.

I defend Mott as a medium of the 2d. class, but denounce him and his wife as traducers of other mediums, among whom is their sister.

I would commend Mrs. Work to the confidence of all who would meet their loved ones or investigate the Spiritual phenomena.

Mrs. Work has done more for Spiritualism in Memphis, in two years, than Harvey has in twelve.

Harvey's war on his sister has often induced her to visit distant towns on being invited. She is now at Onset Bay.

STEPHEN YOUNG.

Memphis, Mo., Sept. 7

Still Screams!

The Saratoga *Eagle*, a popular and fearlessly progressive watering-place weekly; unique, didactic, intensely original, salient and sparkling, brilliancy and brevity combined, worth ten times its cost to anybody anywhere who reads and thinks, and has brains to profit by information and instruction. It is enlivened with splendid stories, edifying and enjoyable contributions on the issues and problems of the century, earnest and outspoken editorials, pungent poetry, sprightly and brilliant fashion gossip, banquet or fun, mysterious disclosures, philosophical comment and local laconics, and the novel and immensely popular feature known by the taking title of *screaming!* Best advertising medium in Saratoga; rates, one cent a word, half rates each subsequent insertion. Send one dollar and get the *Eagle* a year, 25 cents for three months, or 3 cent stamp for specimen copy. Address,

John Johnson & Co.,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

A Liberal and Important Offer.

Dr. J. W. Walker, of Franklinton, N. C., the able and well known physician, who has attained such notoriety within the last few years on account of his marvelous cures of consumption and rheumatism, in fact he has never failed to cure a case of either, will send *MIND AND MATTER*, one year, to any one sending him \$3.25 for a package of his consumptive specific. The package is worth \$5.00. Will do likewise to any one sending \$3.25 for a \$5.00 bottle of his Rheumatic Remedy. One bottle cures rheumatism in any of its forms. Address, J. W. WALKER, Franklinton, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.**MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS.**

Materializing Scences, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, at 8 o'clock, and Tuesday and Friday afternoons at 2 o'clock, 462 West 34th street, New York City. Seats can be procured in advance personally or by letter.

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One of the great discoverers of the age. We offer this Medicine to the public, knowing it will prove a friend to sufferers. Cases of Dropsy, given up to die, have been restored to health by its use. It cures Rheumatism, Chills and Fever, affections of the Liver and Spleen, and disease causing from impure blood, \$1.00 per bottle. Address, REYNOLDS & SON, Prattville, Alabama.

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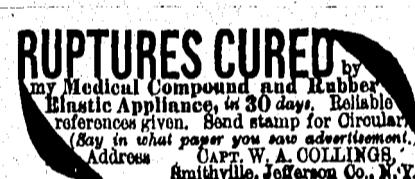
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For Ladies and Children, constructed strictly on hygienic principles, and fully endorsed by all leading physicians.

The "Equipoise" Waist

Is a perfect substitute for a corset supporting the bust equally as well without the uncomfortable injurious results of the ordinary corset. MRS. A. A. SMITH, 1029 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



V-45.

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MAGNETIC TREATMENT.

Nine cases out of ten, one package cures; if not, will send next for one dollar. State name of disease, how long standing, give sex and age. Wonders are done. 6-1 DR. J. S. LOUCKS, Maquoketa, Jackson Co., Iowa.

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ADEODATUS.

(The Son of St. Augustine).

I will say to you, I hope that the truth will overcome evil and error. I was the son of St. Augustine, and I am here to-day for the purpose of showing you that my father was originally the founder of a sect called the Hortensianists, the fundamental tenets of which seem my father derived from Cicero's *Hortensius*, a philosophical work which, for reasons I shall set forth in this communication, has not been permitted to come down to your time, although it is known to have been in existence and read by my father. The philosophy of Hortensius as set forth in that work, approached as nearly as possible to your modern Calvinism, and treated of most of the theological ideas that Calvinism contains. At Tagaste, in Africa, my father and I joined or embraced what was called at that time Christianity. My father immediately became popular, and was chosen presbyter. He wrote much, and wove the Hortensian tenets into the creed, liturgy, and rites of Christianity. The original work *Hortensius*, by Cicero, taught the philosophy of Brahmanism, combined with the theology of the original Coptic Hebrew version of the Scriptures. I am here to day to make these points clear; but, as you aptly said before I took control of the medium, that you got nothing but curses for seeking to give the truth to the world, so I expect to receive the curses of many in the spirit life for what I am testifying to at this time. I have, however, no other desire than to tell the truth, and to do that I must disclose the fact that the Hortensianists, as a sect, were, under my father, united to the Christian Church, thus carrying all the follies and flummuries of Hindoo Brahmanism into that Church. Outside of the facts of spirits controlling mediums and expressing what they know, there is, indeed, no religion existing to-day that may not be properly designated paganism. They are all either high or low idolators. It took me as a spirit from A. D. 430 to the year A. D. 1600 to get sufficiently enlightened to withdraw my obedience to the foolish laws and ceremonies that I, during all that time, conformed to. The last three hundred and eighty-three years has been occupied by me in seeking through various means to communicate with the people on the mortal plane. But never until to-day have I met with anything like moderate success; and I owe you a debt that I can never repay for this opportunity of testifying to the truth. My name was Adeodatus, of Hippo, Africa.

[We have been able to find no biographical account of Adeodatus in any of the French or English Cyclopedias, which would indicate that he was either a person of very little historical note, or that it has not been thought wise, by Christian writers to have it known too widely that the pious Augustine was the father of a son born out of lawful wedlock. We, however, find mention of Adeodatus in the biographical sketch of the life of St. Augustine in the Encyclopædia Britannica, which we will quote at some length in order to show what is known upon the subject matter contained in the communication of Adeodatus:

"Augustine (Aurelius Augustinus), one of the four great fathers of the Latin Church, and admitted the greatest of the four, more profound than Ambrose, his spiritual father; more original and systematic than Jerome, his contemporary and correspondent, and intellectually far more distinguished than Gregory the Great, the last of the series. The theological position and influence of Augustine may be said to be unrivaled. No single name has ever exercised such power over the Christian Church, and no one mind ever made such an impression upon Christian thought."

"Aurelius Augustinus was born at Tagaste (Talet), a town of Numidia, on the 13th of November, 354 A. D. His father, Patricius, was burgess of this town, and was still a pagan at the time of his son's birth. His mother, Monica, was not only a Christian, but a woman of the most elevated, tender and devoted piety, whose patient prayerfulness for both her husband and son (at length crowned with success in both cases), and whose affectionate and beautiful enthusiasm have passed into a touching type of womanly saintliness for all ages. She early instructed her son in the faith and love of Jesus Christ, and for a time her instruction seems to have impressed his youthful mind. Falling ill, he wished to be baptised; but when the danger was passed, the rite was deferred, and notwithstanding all his mother's admonitions and prayers, he grew up without any profession of Christian piety, or any devotion to Christian principles. Inheriting from his father a vehement and sensual disposition, he early gave way to the unbridled impulses of passion, and while still a mere youth, formed a connection common enough at the time, but at variance with the principles of Christian morality. As the result of the connection, he became the father of a son, whom he named Adeodatus in a fit of pious emotion, and to whom he was passionately attached.

"In the midst of all his youthful pleasures Augustine was an earnest student. His father, observing the early development of his talents, formed the ambition of training him to the brilliant and lucrative career of a rhetorician, and he seems to have spared no expense to equip him for his career. The youth studied not only at his native town, but at Madaura and Carthage, and especially devoted himself to the Latin poets—many traces of his love for which are to be found in his writings. His acquaintance with Greek literature was much more limited, and, indeed, it has been doubted whether he could use, in the original, either the Hebrew or Greek Scriptures. Apparently he was in the habit of using translations of Plato, but, on the other hand Greek words frequently occur in his writings correctly rendered and discriminated; and he speaks in one of his epistles to Marcellinus of referring to the Greek Psalter, and finding, in reference to certain difficulties that it agreed with the Vulgate. Clausen, who has particularly investigated the point, sums up the evidence to the effect that Augustine was 'fairly instructed in Greek grammar, and a subtle distinguisher of words,' but that beyond this his knowledge was insufficient for a thorough comprehension of Greek books, and especially for those in the Hellenistic dialect.

"While a student at Carthage, he was particularly attracted by the theatre, the spectacles of which were of unusual magnificence. To his enthusiastic and sensuous spirit they were irresistible, and the extent to which he seems to have yielded to the fascination, is sufficient proof of his active alienation from Christianity at this period. The Christian Church, as it has been said 'abhorred the pagan theatre. The idolatrous rites, the lascivious attitudes, the gladiatorial shows, which were its inseparable accompaniments, were equally opposed to the dogmatic monotheism, to the piety, and to the mercy of the gospel.' One of the most significant signs of a man having become a Christian, was his habitual absence from the theatre. No one was more emphatic on this point afterwards than Augustine himself, and as the result of his own experience, he seems to have doubted, apart from the gross immorality of the pagan stage, whether the indulgence in fictitious joys and woes is a warrantable excitement. (Confess. iii, 2).

"Cicero's 'Hortensius,' which he read in his nineteenth year, first awakened in Augustine's mind the spirit of speculation. He engaged restlessly in philosophical studies, and passed from one phase of thought to another, unable to find satisfaction in any. Manicheism first enthralled him. Its doctrine of two principles, one of good and one of evil, seemed to answer to the wild confusion of his own heart, and the conflict of higher and lower impulses which raged within him. It seemed to solve the mysteries which perplexed him in his own experience and in the world. He became a member of the sect, and entered into the class of *Auditors*. His ambition was to be received among the number of the *Elect*, and so get to the heart of what he believed to be their higher knowledge. But failing in with Faustus, a distinguished Manichean bishop and disputant and entering into discussion with him, he was greatly disappointed. The system lost its attraction for him; he gradually became disgusted, and abandoned it. But before this he had left Carthage, shocked with the license of the students, and had taken himself for a time to Rome in pursuit of his profession. There he also soon became dissatisfied, and accepted an invitation to proceed to Milan, where the people were in search of a teacher of rhetoric. * *

"At Milan the conflict of his mind in search of truth still continued. He was now in his thirtieth year, and for eleven years he had been seeking for mental rest, unable to find it. 'To-morrow,' he said to himself, 'I shall find it: it will appear manifestly, and I will grasp it.' But it still eluded his grasp, and he sank back again into despondency. The way, however, was being prepared for his conversion. Ambrose was bishop of Milan, and although he had a weak voice, was noted for his eloquence. Augustine was attracted by his reputation, and went to hear the famous Christian preacher, in order, as he himself relates (Confess. v, 23), 'to see whether his eloquence answered what was reported of it. I hung on his words attentively,' he adds, 'but of the matter I was an unconcerned and contemptuous hearer.' He confesses his delight so far: 'The bishop's eloquence was more full of knowledge, yet in manner less pleasurable and soothing, than that of Faustus.' He wished an opportunity of conversation with him, but this was not easily found. Ambrose had no leisure for philosophic discussion. He was accessible to all who sought him, but never for a moment free from study or the cares of duty. Augustine used to enter, as all persons might, without being announced; but after staying for a while, afraid of interrupting him, he departed again. He continued, however, to hear Ambrose preach, and gradually the gospel of divine truth and grace was received into his heart. First Plato and then St. Paul opened his mind to higher thoughts, and at length certain words of the latter were driven home with irresistible force to his conscience. He was busy with his friend Alypius in studying the Pauline epistles. His struggle of mind became intolerable; the thought of divine purity fighting in his heart with the love of the world and of the flesh. He burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears and rushed out into his garden, flinging himself under a fig tree, that he might allow his tears full vent, and pour out his heart to God. Suddenly he seemed to hear a voice calling upon him to consult the divine oracle, 'Take up and read, take up and read!' He left off weeping, rose up and sought the volume where Alypius was sitting, and opening it read in silence the following passage: 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof' (Rom. xiii, 13, 14). He adds, 'I had neither desire nor need to read farther. As I finished the sentence, as though the light of peace had been poured into my heart, all the shadows of doubt dispersed. Thus hast Thou converted me to Thee, so as no longer to seek either for wife or other hope of the world, standing fast in that rule of faith in which Thou so many years before hadst revealed me to my mother.' (Confess. viii, 30).

"After his conversion which is supposed to have occurred in the summer of A. D. 386, Augustine gave up his profession as a teacher of rhetoric, and retired to a friend's house in the country, in order to prepare himself for baptism. His religious views were still to some extent unformed, and even his habits by no means altogether such as his great change demanded. He mentions for example, that during this time that he broke off from a habit of profane swearing, and in other ways sought to discipline his character and conduct for the reception of the sacred rite. He received baptism in Easter following, in his thirty-third year; and along with him his son Adeodatus and his friend Alypius were admitted to the Christian Church. Monica, his mother, had rejoined him, and at length rejoiced in the fulfillment of her prayers. * *

"Augustine went back to Rome for a short period and then returned to his city, where he took up his abode in retirement, forming with some friends who joined him in devotion, a small religious community, which looked to him as its head. They had all things in common, as in the early church, and fasting and prayer, scripture reading and alms-giving, formed their regular occupations. Their mode of life was not formally monastic according to any special rule, but the experience of this time of seclusion was, no doubt, the basis of that monastic system which Augustine afterwards sketched, and which derived from him its name. Solitary monasticism had sprung up in the Egyptian desert before this." [And in India and the East, too, might have been added.—Ed.] "The life of St. Anthony by Athanasius had widely diffused the fervor for religious solitariness, and

greatly touched Augustine at this period of his profession. It did not remain for him, therefore, to originate the monastic idea; but the association of monks in communities under a definite order and head received a special impulse both from Ambrose and his illustrious convert. As may be imagined, the fame of such a convert in such a position soon spread, and invitations to a more active ecclesiastical life came to him from many quarters. He shrank from the responsibility, but his destiny was not to be avoided. After three years spent in retirement, he took a journey to Hippo, to see a Christian friend, who desired to converse with him as to his design of quitting the world and devoting himself to a religious life. He was the less reluctant to make this journey, because there being already a bishop at Hippo, he hoped to escape all earnest solicitation. But although the Christian community there had a bishop, they wanted a presbyter; and Augustine being present at the meeting called to choose a presbyter, the people unanimously chose him. He burst into tears and would fain have escaped, but the church could not spare his services. He was ordained to the presbyterate, and in a few years afterwards he was made coadjutor to the bishop of the see. Henceforth Augustine's life is filled up with his ecclesiastical labors, and is more marked by the series of his numerous writings and the great controversies in which they engaged him than by anything else."

It is not within the province of the work we have in hand to enumerate the large number of writings, controversial and critical, that Augustine executed; nor need we go into a detailed examination of his public teachings to find ample evidence of the substantial correctness of Adeodatus's testimony as to the real nature of the teachings of Augustine. The summary of his life up to the time of his becoming a Christian presbyter and bishop, which we have given, and which seems to have been derived mainly from his own "Confessions," clearly shows that either Augustine himself, or the Encyclopedist, has sought to conceal a most significant feature of his Christian views, and that is, that they partook more of the Brahmanical than Buddhistic element of Christosm, or of Christism, as Adeodatus tells us it was called in his time. In order to test the truth of what is said in regard to St. Augustine having been an adherent of Manicheism, we will quote from Chamber's Encyclopædia, article "Manicheans":

"Manicheans, a religious sect, founded by Mani, which, although it utterly disclaimed being denominated Christian, yet was reckoned among the heretical bodies of the church." [We are led to inquire what the Christian priesthood did not receive among the heretical bodies of the church during the first three centuries and a quarter?—Ed.] "It was intended to blend the chief dogmas of Parseism, or rather Magism, as reformed by Zoroaster, with a certain number of Buddhist views, under the outward garb of Biblical, more especially New Testament history, which, explained allegorically and symbolically, was made to represent an entire new religious system, and one entirely at variance with Christianity and its fundamental teachings. The Manicheans assumed above all, two chief principals whence had sprung all visible and invisible creation, and which—to tally antagonistic in their natures—were respectively styled the Light, the Good, or God, and the Darkness, the Bad, Matter, or Archon. They each inhabited a region akin to their natures, and excluding each other to such a degree that the region of Darkness and its leaders never knew of the existence of the Light. Twelve aeons—corresponding to the twelve signs of the zodiac and the twelve stages of the world—had sprung (emanated) from the Primeval Light; while 'Darkness' filled with the eternal fire, which burned but shone not, was peopled by 'demons,' who were constantly fighting among themselves. In one of these contests, pressing towards the outer edge, as it were, of their region, they became aware of the neighboring region, and forthwith united, attacked it and succeeded in carrying the Ray of Light, and which was the embodiment of the ideal or Primeval Man (Christ), captive. A stronger won, however, (the Holy Ghost), hurried to the rescue, and redeemed the greater and better part of the captive light (Jesus Impatibilis). The smaller and fainter portion, however, (Jesus Passibilis), remained in the hands of the powers of Darkness, and out of this they formed, after the ideal of the *The Man of Light*, mortal man. But even the small fraction of light left in him (broken in two souls) would have prevailed against them, had they not found means to further divide and subdivide it by the propagation of this man (Eve-Sin). Not yet satisfied, they still more dimmed it by burying it under dark forms of belief and faith, such as Paganism and Judaism. Once more, however, the Original Light came to save the light buried in man, in the person of Christ, descending from the sun, with which he is one. The demons succeeded, however, in cutting his career of salvation short by seducing man to crucify him. His sufferings and death were, naturally, only fictitious, since he could not in reality die; he only allowed himself to become an example of endurance and passive pain for his own, the soul of light. Since, however, even his immediate adherents, the apostles, were not strong enough to suffer as he bid them, he promised them a Paraclete, who should complete his own work. This paraclete was Mani, who surrounded himself, like Christ, with twelve apostles, and sent them into the world to teach and to preach his doctrine of salvation. The end of the 'world' will be by fire in which the region of Darkness will be consumed and utterly annihilated. To attain to the region of eternal light, it is necessary that Passion, or rather the Body, should be utterly subdued; hence rigorous abstinence from all sensual pleasures, asceticism, in fact, to the utmost degree, is to be exercised. The believers are divided into two classes—the Elect and the Auditors. The Elect have to adhere to the *Signaculum Oris Manus*, and *Sinus*, that is, they have to take the oath of abstinence from evil and profane speech (including 'religious terms such as Christians use respecting the Godhead and religion'), further, from flesh, eggs, milk, fish, wine, and all intoxicating drinks. He who makes the flesh of an animal his food * * * not a mortal exists more sinful * * * he who desires to enlarge his own flesh with the flesh of another creature, &c.; further from the possession of riches, or indeed, any property whatever; from hurting any being—an-

imal or vegetable; from heading their own family, or showing any pity to him who is not of the Manichean creed; and finally from breaking their chastity by marriage or otherwise. The Auditors were comparatively free to partake of the good things of this world, but they had to provide for the subsistence of the Elect, and their highest aim also was the attainment of the state of their superior brethren. In this Manichean worship, the Visible Representatives of the Light (sun and moon) were reversed, but only as representatives of the Ideal, of the Good or Supreme God. Neither altar nor sacrifice was to be found in their places of religious assemblies, nor did they erect sumptuous temples. Fasts, prayers, occasional readings in the supposed writings of Mani, chiefly a certain Fundamental Epistle, were all their outer worship. The Old Testament they rejected unconditionally: of the New Testament, they retained certain portions, revised and redacted by the Paraclete. Sunday, as the day on which the visible universe was to be consumed, the day consecrated to the sun, was kept as a great festival; and the most solemn day in the year was the anniversary of the death of Mani. Baptism and the Lord's Supper were celebrated as mysteries of the Elect. Of this mode of celebration, however, we know next to nothing; even Augustine, who for about nine years, belonged to the sect, and who is our chief authority on this subject, confessed his ignorance of it. As to the general morality of the Manicheans, we are left to conjecture; but their doctrine certainly appears to have had a tendency, chiefly in the case of the uneducated, to lead to a sensual fanaticism hurtful to a pure mode of life.

"The outward history of the sect is one of almost continuous persecution. Diocletian, as early as 296 A. D., issued rigorous laws against them, which were reiterated by Valentinian, Theodosius I, and successive monarchs. Notwithstanding this they gained numerous adherents; and very many medieval sects, as the Priscillians, Katharen, Josephinians, &c., were suspected of being secretly Manicheans. Italy, the south of France, Spain, and even Germany, were the successive seats of this sect, which did not disappear entirely until the time of the Reformation."

If it is true that one of the tenets of the Manicheans forbids them "from heading their own family, or showing any pity to him who is not of the Manichean creed, it is not difficult to understand how such inhuman bigots came to be outlawed by the tolerant Roman government. Such fanatics would not be tolerated among the most ignorant and savage tribes. Now, while we can very well understand how the Manicheans were heretics to the Parsee or Buddhist faiths, we cannot for the life of us see why they should be regarded as heretical Christians. For Christians to pretend that the Manicheans, whom Diocletian persecuted, were Christians, is to admit that their own religion is nothing more nor less than an heretical Parsee Buddhist faith. Such is certainly the fact whether they are willing to acknowledge it or not. The "Christ" of the Manicheans was the Buddhist Krishna, by the Greeks called Christos, spelled Xristos, meaning "the Anointed One." The Greek letter Chi (X) being made to take the place of the Greek letter Kappa (K) in the spelling of the Greek substitute for the Hindoo name Krishna. This Hindoo myth was undoubtedly the "Christ" of the Manicheans, and not Jesus of Nazareth, as Christians have claimed, either ignorantly or with a wilful intention to deceive their fellow beings.

Now, we claim that in the facts we have set forth, on the authority of St. Augustine himself, we have many reasons to insist that this distinguished father of Christianity, was never what he pretended to be, an adherent of the Manicheans. It is seen that the Manicheans did not believe in the Brahmanical doctrines of caste for human beings either in mortal or spirit life, but adopted the Buddhist democratic doctrine of human equality for all its adherents. The great fundamental tenet of Brahmanism, was what by Christians is called "the doctrine of election and reprobation. A Brahmin was always a Brahmin, and so with the other three Brahmanical castes, throughout eternity, without regard to the merits or demerits of the individuals composing either caste. On the other hand the Buddhist and Parsee doctrines, which the Manicheans adopted, held to the principle of universal salvation of all who adhered to either faith. If the Manicheans called any part of the followers of Mani *The Elect*, it was not in the sense that all might not become of the *Elect* by going through the required probation. We therefore think that in using the term *Elect*, as applicable to the perfected members of the Manichean sect, that Augustine sought to disguise the fact that he had adopted the Brahmanical views embraced in the teachings of the philosophy of Hortensius, as set forth by Cicero. It is hardly likely that Augustine, if he had been ambitious to enter the class of the *Elect* among the Manicheans, would have entered into a controversy with Faustus the Manichean bishop, and that without any adequate reason, he, Augustine, should have reasoned himself out of a faith to which he claims to have adhered for nine years. Besides, as we have shown, Augustine admits that although the Manicheans celebrated baptism and the Lord's Supper as mysteries of the elect, that of the mode of celebrating it he knew nothing.

Again, St. Augustine does not pretend during the nine years he was seeking admission to the *Elect*, as he alleges, that he practiced any of the self denial that was required to secure admission thereto. We have, therefore, a right to conclude that it was not Manicheanism to which he was attached for nine years of his life.

The question then remains, What was the philosophy or religion that engaged his attention during those nine years? The spirit of his son,

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