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

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SPIRITUALISTIC STUDIES.

The Result of Some Investigations of Slade's Phenomena.—Prof. Denlow Submits his Observations in the Shape of Conundrums.

Independent Slate-Writing and So-Called Materialization of Spirit Forms.—The Apparatus Used and the Effect Produced Distinguished from the Work of the Stereopticon and of Plate-Glass Ghosts.—The Hysteria and Lunacy Theories Considered.

[Chicago Daily Times.]

Having attended in person four sittings with Mr. Slade, during his recent stay in Chicago, and having been present on two other evenings, when from sixteen to twenty estimable and observing persons sat with him, and commiserated the result in my hearing, immediately afterward, and being still in an investigating mood, I feel like putting the results of all these sittings into the form of inquiries, and in this form propounding them for the consideration of more scientific, more scrutinizing, or better informed persons, with the view of eliciting their explanation of these phenomena. A recent authoritative article in the New York Nation takes the singular view that none but scientific experts are competent to investigate these phenomena, and that even they are not ready yet to proceed with the investigation, as science is not yet sufficiently developed to deal with it on any scientific basis. It was this remarkable statement, that there were some phenomena as to which science was not yet science, and "experts" were not yet "ready" (experience and readiness being fact the same thing), that stimulated me to take part in the inquiry, as it seemed like an admission of the existence of phenomena with which existing science was not prepared to cope.

A STUDY OF THE MAN.

I first sat with Mr. Slade, in company with four or five others, at the private residence of a friend. Upon being introduced to him I found him a person of middle age, probably forty-three, of spare, good form, moderate, nervous temperament, though with a full, broad chest, rather slow of movement and speech, not acting as a medium, slightly hard of hearing, destitute of both the nervous and nervous quickness which I have always met with in men like Hermann, Blitz, Anderson, Cazeneuve, and all others who had any facility at sleight of hand. I should pronounce Slade a more than usually stiff-limbed and slow-moving person except as, when sitting in the circle, his convulsive movements, resembling those of the recipient of a galvanic or electric shock may become quick, not in a limber and supple way, but in a spasmodic and uncontrolled way. He is "loopy" rather than muscular or nervous. As he was attacked, on the first evening I saw him, with a severe fit of nervous prostration in which he immediately feared a renewal of his Berlin paralytic stroke, the interview was chiefly useful in acquainting me with his physical and nervous condition, rather than in producing below full tone, so that he is at times capable of only a partial use of his right side. The intensity of the pain he suffers at slight causes, and the intensity of his emotional excitement at witnessing, feeling, or hearing the very phenomena he sits to produce impresses one with the idea, that if it is all unfeigned, as everything about him seems to be, then his nervous condition borders now on

CHRONIC EXHAUSTION,

producing a morbid and excessive sensitiveness of all the nerves. To this, however, is to be added the fact that when he reports to be under the control of "Owaso," his favorite Indian spirit, he freely submits his flesh to be pinched and otherwise tested, and seems to have great cal-

lousness under all such tests as well as a vice-like power in the grip of his hand which indicates greater strength than one would expect from his appearance. On my first evening with him the interval between the periods at which he needed assistance to walk the floor, his hands and muscles flaccid and weak as a sick child's, and when vigorous rubbing, pounding and stimulants were applied to keep up the circulation and drive away temporarily his apprehended attack, and the period at which, in the circle, he gave each member thereof a grip that might have brought tears into their eyes, was less than half an hour. These are incidents of preliminary importance as bearing on the theory of sleight of hand. I know of few persons less fitted, apparently, for feats of manual dexterity or muscular agility than Slade. Neither his look, language, step, speech, gait, physique, or manner seem compatible with it, as he is "loopy" as a senator, slow as a person, rather unsophisticated in manner, despite his wide experience of the world, and, if I mistake not, of slightly imperfect hearing.

Owing, as he said, to his ill-health on this first evening, the manifestations were feeble, though some slate-writing appeared to be done, without the possibility of physical contact on the part of any person present with the pencil which wrote. Still, as the affair was less satisfactory than subsequent manifestations of the same kind I will not describe it.

ALONE WITH SLADE.

I next sat with Mr. Slade at his own rooms. We entered the back parlor, no other person being in the room, and the doors were closed. I examined the carpet, table, and wall, all of which were ordinary and honest. I did not search Slade's pockets, nor, as the before mentioned letter in the New York Nation recommended, did I look for concealed magnets thrust under his skin. The sequel will show that such precautions on my part would have been as futile as a means of discovering the mode in which the slate-writing was done, as the thrusting of "magnets" into or under one's skin would be as a means of writing between two slates. Nor is it material whether there was one slate or fifty slates in the room, as, in the mode in which the writing was done, the theory of substitution of slates cuts no figure. But according to my best observation the room contained but two slates at the time, both of which lay on the table, and both of which I examined on both sides at the outset and they contained no writing. Nor were there any springs about the slates by which as suggested by one imaginative "spirit-exposer" in California, a roll of muslin indistinguishable from the surface of the slate was unfurled and spread over the slate. All such complicated and impracticable devices only bring out into strong contrast the simplicity yet certainty of the occult power which was now to perform the writing. Slade first, in order, as he said, to inquire of his alleged spirit influences if they were ready, crossed a bit of pencil on one of the slates, passed it under the table with his own right hand, placed his left hand on my right, as we sat facing each other at the corner of the table and asked if they would write. Three raps came and the slate was brought out with the words written thereon,

"WE WILL TRY."

This may have afforded some information to him but it amounted to nothing to me. He then removed the writing and let me place the two slates with the same bit of pencil between them, together, which I did, holding both slates firmly in my left hand and against or within an inch or two of my left ear. He then placed his left hand on my right, on the table, and with his right hand held about as firmly as I, the two slates, his thumb coming on the outer side of the slate nearest to my ear and his fingers on the outer side of the farther slate. At no time was there anything doubtful about his grip of the two slates, his wrist and thumb being immediately before my eyes, and any attempt of his to get a finger between the two slates would not only have been promptly detected, but in that position he could not have done the writing as it was done had he got his whole hand in, since the writing would have been both out of his sight and upside down to him, and all the muscular motions of his wrist and arm essential to its performance would have been plainly before my eyes. The slates were not parted while in my hand, no attempt was made to part them, and yet while I so held them no sooner did his left hand touch my right on the table than I heard the writing, plainly audible between the two slates, at my left ear. It moved straight on at about the rate any easy penman would write, the up strokes and down strokes separately and distinctly audible, and the whole sound as

DISTINCTLY RECOGNIZABLE,

as the writing by a pencil between the slates, as the noise of a saw-filing or organ grinders would have been distinguishable from any other sound that could be made. The sense of a pressure being constantly exerted on the slate, but harder with the down stroke than the up stroke, was about equal to that I would have felt if any person had been writing on the outer of the two slates while I was holding them in this position. Suddenly Slade removed his left hand from my right on the table, and, as instantly as if the motion were one controlled by an electric current which the removal of his hand had severed, the writing

between the slates stopped, but the pencil appeared to remain stationary, though the slate surface on which the writing was done was perpendicular. When he let fall his hand upon mine again on the table, the writing resumed and continued within the slates. This cessation of the writing he performed at quick but satisfactory intervals, but each time he restored his hand to mine the writing went on within the slates. At length three raps on the slate, with the tiny bit of pencil, which was perhaps a quarter of an inch in length, were heard, and I opened the two slates with my own unaided hands, and read on what had been the inner side of one of them, substantially as follows, for I copy

THE MESSAGE

from memory, and give it only to show its tone and length:

DEAR FRIEND: We aid you in this matter because we wish you to know that we are spiritual intelligences and that we can communicate with you. To what other agency can you attribute writing done under these conditions? The knowledge of this will grow, and as it increases it will be more useful.

J. TYLER.

The only person I have ever heard of whose name resembles the above was Vice-President Tyler, of whom it is no part of my mental habit to think more than once a year. The signature, therefore, is without significance to me, and Mr. Slade professed to know as little of it as I.

Mr. Slade then asked me if I wished for any more slate-writing, and I told him that one such illustration was as good as many, as a proof that slate-writing could be done in his presence without any contact between any living person and the pencil that wrote. But I would like a communication that I could identify as that of a deceased person, if I could get it.

He requested me to write my request on the slate, and I thereupon wrote on one of the slates, carefully holding up the slate so that Mr. Slade could neither see the writing nor the motion of my hand:

"Will the spirit of my brother appear?"

I then, keeping the written side of the slate carefully out of the sight of Mr. Slade, turned the slate over, presenting the upper side of the slate for the answer, dropped on it the bit of pencil, and, holding it solely in my left hand, placed the end of the slate upon which the bit of pencil lay under the table for about two inches of its length, the remainder of the slate being full in sight and not a foot from my face. Slade sat facing me with his right hand disengaged, and on his left hand and then placed both hands on the table, one of them on my own right hand. Immediately the writing began on the little fraction of slate which lay under the table, no hand but my left touching the slate and both of Slade's hands resting on the table and the whole slate except the part written on being within from half a foot to a foot from my eye. The pressure on the slate as the writing began was such as to require some effort on my part to hold it in my left hand, and it vibrated down and up through the space of an inch or so under the force of the writing. I was holding it about two inches below the table top. In this condition of things I heard the writing as distinctly as before and the three slight taps with the pencil on the slate to indicate that the writing was finished. I then removed it with my own hand, Slade remaining without change of position, and found written upon the two inches of slate that had been under the table (and which when I placed them under the table half a minute or so before, were bare of writing), these words:

"Your brother is not present."

I then wrote in the same manner the question:

"Is the spirit of any person present who knows me?"

Reversing it and placing it under the table in the same manner, the answer written on the upper side, under like conditions was:

"Many such are present, but none who can control."

HYSSTERIA AND LUNACY.

I have read, with a sincere desire to get some light from it, Mr. Howell's careful analysis in "The Undiscovered Country," of the various stages of lunacy which induced his "Dr. Boynton" to look for spirit manifestations where they were not to be found, but I do not see that they shed any light whatever on a case where slate-writing is clearly done without the possibility of physical contact between any living person and the pencil. I have also read Dr. George M. Beard's efforts to connect the word "hysteria" with these singular phenomena, but I fail to see wherein they apply to such a case. My health was never so good and my mind never more calm than when observing these phenomena. I am as free from hysteria as Dr. Beard, and from lunacy as Mr. Howell, and so in like manner were each and all of the twenty ladies and gentlemen who at various times have witnessed these phenomena in my presence, or have described to me their nature immediately afterward. So far, I have seen as much intelligence, as much skepticism, as much calm, healthy acumen, learning and culture, as much familiarity with scientific methods and with sleight of hand as the most querulous could wish, or as either Beard or Howell possesses brought to bear to the simple problem, which it would seem a child ought to be able to solve, of detecting whether any human being was in physical

contact with the pencil when it wrote. They all say no such contact was possible. All the "hysterics" there is in the case is in Slade's degree of nerve exhaustion and morbidly sensitive nerve state, and this is not greater in his case than in that of hundreds of thousands of over-worked professional men throughout the country who can call up no such phenomena. Out of fifty thousand other hysterical or morbidly sensitive persons, not one will produce slate-writing between slates. In this instance Slade's nervous condition seems to be the effect, not the cause, of the extent to which he has been called upon to produce these phenomena.

Make a draft, Messrs. Beard and Howells, on all the asylums of the world for hysterical patients, one of the symptoms of whose condition is either the ability to produce slate-writing or to make others believe that they can produce it, and your draft would not net a single writer. Independent slate-writing has never been a characteristic of hysterics. Hysterical persons may believe they see what they do not see, but the principle of illusion has no application in this case, as fifty persons in the room at the time would all have seen the writing alike when it had been done, and all would have heard the pencil doing it. I did not see the pencil make its mark, and therefore there is no fact in the entire phenomena to which the principle of illusion can apply. The use of the word hysteria, therefore, where no illusion of the senses is alleged, is merely the impudence of ignorance. It explains nothing and designates nothing. When I examined the slates before the writing no illusion theory applies, because nothing had yet occurred. When I examined them after the writing was over, no illusion theory applies, since the writing was undoubtedly there, and any one of a million persons, if they saw the slate at all, would have seen and read it alike. The only part of the fact in relation to which the illusion theory can apply is that I suppose I held the slate surface, where physical contact with the pencil on the part of some human writer would be impossible, when, in reality, I did not. But what is so easy as to hold a slate in broad daylight where

NO HUMAN BEING

can write on it, especially in a room where there is only one other person. To suppose that I can not do that, or that I can not know decisively when I do or do not so hold it, is part of the sheer igneity of ignorant. It indicates that those who so assert have become infatuated by the intensity of the human intellect and have lost their power to remain loyal to the evidences of the senses, an assertion which involves no less than an absolute abdication of the throne of human reason. Nor does the theory of sleight-of-hand apply, because in all cases of sleight-of-hand the hand of the operator is in communication with the thing done, and a chief share of the difficulty is created by keeping this magical hand in such a state of swift and diversified motion that the observer could not follow it. In this case, however, both of Slade's hands were motionless patently in sight. A sleight-of-hand man who never uses his hands, but whose hands lie flat on a table while everything is doing, would, indeed, be a wonder, unless he had an assistant, and Slade had none. What I had thus far seen with Slade did not differ essentially from what I had already seen with Mrs. Simpson who resides permanently in this city, except that Mrs. Simpson reads easily any question her visitor may write on the slate, without having that visual access to the slate which would be necessary to enable an ordinary person to read it. This, Slade tells me, he does not. In another respect

MRS. SIMPSON'S SLATE-WRITING

is characterized by an incident that does not appear in Slade's. This is the fact that the bit of pencil is placed on the slate and a goblet filled with water is placed over it so that apparently the pencil should be confined in its writing within the hollow space left by the concave bottom of the goblet which space would be about the size of a silver dollar. But on placing the slate underneath the table, Mrs. Simpson holding one side of the slate and the observer the other, so that the top of the goblet rests steadily and firmly against the under side of the table, the pencil is heard to write in long lines across the slate as freely as if the goblet were not there and on removing slate and goblet from under the table without the possibility that either could have changed their relative positions during the operation, or could have been removed by so much as a hair's breadth from each other, the writing is found to begin on the slate at a point outside the space covered by the goblet to cross the slate again and again in half a dozen lines, none of which pay any regard to the physical obstacle afforded by the solid contact of the goblet with the slate, so that each line begins to the left of where the goblet stands, passing directly under it with unbroken writing, and reappears at the right of the goblet as if the goblet had not been there. When I saw this with Mrs. Simpson, the conditions produced deceit or

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND

as absolutely as in the case of Slade. But one other person was in the room, and he sat some twelve feet away. I had examined the carpets for trap-doors, and think I am competent to say there were none, and had there been twenty they would have been of no service, as I held the goblet and

late so firmly and steadily while under the table that I knew that neither table, slate, nor goblet moved relatively to each other while the writing was being done. Not only was the writing done without possibility of any human person being in contact with the pencil while it was doing, but it was done by some agency which disregarded solid glass as an obstacle, and wrote as easily on a surface covered with it as on a bare surface. This, of course, raises the question why it should have used the pencil at all; but I am not answering questions, but asking them. Moreover, at the end of the writing the bit of pencil was neither in the hollow space in which it had been placed underneath the goblet, nor was it anywhere on the slate; but it was at the bottom of the water on the inside of the goblet, and was worn by the writing it appeared to have done. The physically impossible fact, therefore, of passing one solid substance directly through another, were twenty times as thick, occurred seven or eight times within ten minutes. After I had been forty minutes in the room, and knew that neither when I entered, nor since, had there been any other flowers, in the room than a growing fuchsia near the door, Mrs. Simpson undertook to produce a flower. Placing the goblet of water on the slate in like manner as was done for the slate writing, but with no pencil, after, perhaps, five minutes of apparent

STRONG ELECTRO-NEUROUS EXCITEMENT

in the arm which was holding her side of the slate Mrs. Simpson told me to withdraw the goblet from under the table, and in the act of doing so, the fragrance of the fuchsia filled the room and inside the goblet was a fresh, rich, unadulterated bouquet of twenty-two petals, just plucked from the stem, and which I took home with me and kept till it withered—perhaps a week.

Prior to my third session with Slade I was present at the residence of Col. Bundy when some sixteen persons of indisputable intelligence and some of them of special critical power, including Judge Baranum and Mrs. Baranum, Dr. Jewell of Evanston, editor of the best reputed journal of nervous disease in this country and one of the foremost medical journals of the world; Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Staretz, of The Western Magazine, Mr. and Mrs. Perry, Mr. Gage, Mrs. Willard, Dr. and Mrs. Dickson and several others, all witnessed substantially the same method of slate-writing I have described and none of whom were able to detect any mode by which any living person could have communicated the moving force of the pencil which did the writing. Of course in all these slate writings there is no concealment, no turning down of lights and the slates are always in the hands of the observers, and not of Slade.

My third session with Slade was for the purpose of securing a "materialization," but as nothing appeared, I will not describe the effort further than to say that the friends who sat with me assured me that, a few evenings before, they had witnessed the materialized spectres, on one occasion of one person, whom they well knew, and on another occasion of three persons, one of whom they knew.

MATERIALIZATIONS.

The apparatus for producing these visions is as simple as could be. Its only object seems to be to produce an aperture through which you can look into a darkened space. It is as follows: A black lap-robe, perhaps four feet square, is hung across the corner of the room by "tacking" one edge of it to the wall and the other to the molding of the folding-doors. Behind this curtain there is a triangular space, whose right angle is the corner of the room, and whose broadest side or base is the lap-robe. The table at which observers are to sit is then moved up to within one foot, or slightly more, of the lap-robe, so that the side of the table is parallel with the robe. Two upright wires are then screwed or clamped to the edge of the table, and along the top of these two wires a third wire is fastened with screws, and on the horizontal wire is hung a strip of black cambric muslin, perhaps two feet square, or a few inches less, into the piece of muslin, whose sides and bottoms swing loose, a case is made in a U form, except that the bottom of the U is not curved but is square, and thus an inner curtain within the cambric curtain is formed, which may be lifted, so that observers may look through the aperture into the dark space between the cambric curtain and the lap-robe. There is no orifice in the lap-robe. This is all there is of apparatus.

AFTER ARRANGING THE APPARATUS

ourselves we retired into the parlor at the request of Slade, who said he wanted to "let them get ready." When we re-entered I did not take the pains to look again under the curtain (lap-robe) as I knew that no camera or stereopticon worked in that corner could throw an image of any kind into that aperture for many reasons, viz.: First the blaze of the camera would pass through the aperture and make itself visible as a bar of light shining directly across the room in our midst or against our faces, and the picture itself would be thrown on the wall behind us. The camera should at least have a screen to arrest the image; secondly, in the ordinary mode of conducting such a business the liability that the curtain would be drawn aside, thus exposing the assistant and the camera is so

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Sideros and Its People as Independently Described by
Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

(CONTINUED.)

It is quite evident that the condition of things seen by her in this examination was very similar to that seen by other psychometers; so much is this the case that I think the meteorite must originally have been located near to the mining locality, which she and they describe. She sees what Mrs. Foote and Mr. Cridge had seen with a specimen from the same mass; colored men mining, and sees them placing what they dig in a basket, as Mr. Cridge had seen them, carrying rock out in baskets. She describes the trees that she sees as strange and short. The people are strange, with dark complexions, the dress of the woman is short, the climate is warm and the dwellings of the miner's rough and low. People ride in rough-looking, two-wheeled vehicles, and are drawn by animals that look like mules, and yet like goats, evidently strange animals, that she knew not what to call, and the dress of these people she finds to be gray. In all these particulars and in some others, that will suggest themselves to the attentive reader, her description resembles that which I have received from others independently, and I can only account for these striking resemblances by supposing that they visited the same world—Sideros.

GREENLAND METEORITE.

Having obtained a portion of the great meteorite mass found at Oviak, on the western coast of Greenland, I gave this subsequently to Mrs. Hubbard for examination. She had not at that time, I am well satisfied, any idea of the nature of the specimen. She said:

"Strange forms come before me, but they disappear so quickly I can hardly describe them. I can see what look like human beings, but they are not like our people; they make motions to express themselves, and use no language that I can perceive; they make hideous noises. They move with great agility; they have hardly anything on. Their heads slope back. They are shorter than average persons here. They are of a brownish appearance. They subsist on what they obtain by hunting. It is rocky and mountainous where I see them.

"Now, I see a high mountain that runs up to a peak; it seems very steep. Small, inferior, stunted trees, grow upon it. I see a little hut made of brush and things picked up. It seems like a home for them; they have that feeling about it. The people here do not seem to have any human intelligence, yet they make an effort to talk, but there is no articulation. They run like deer and leap over dangerous places readily. I see a large body of water. The people eat fish and all their food uncooked. The small heads and small features; their hair is black and hangs down. I feel as if I was right there with them."

The Oviak specimen took her, I think, to the same world previously described by Mrs. Foote and Mrs. Cridge; she sees it at an early stage of human development, when the distinction between the brute and the man has just become established. She notices the agility with which the human beings move and the ease with which they leap, in consequence, as I think, of the feeble attraction of their world. She sees that they are short in stature, as all, or nearly all, the inhabitants of Sideros appear to have been. The rocky and mountainous character of the country is described and the stunted vegetation. The whole world seems to have been deficient in the conditions essential to exuberant vegetation.

As I wished particularly to see how her descriptions agreed with those I had already received, and since most of those that I had received described the human beings on Sideros at a more advanced stage of development, I said, "will yourself further this way in time and see them further advanced." She then said:

"I seem to be on the top of a mountain; there is a chasm below, that looks fearful to me; it is at an immense distance. I see a place now like a low building in which men live; it is long and low. I see no women there. The men seem to work in here, but it is not a factory. I see what look like mining implements, pick-axes and such things. They seem to work metal in some way; it seems like iron. I see an anvil. They have fire and heat the metal. It does not look like a blacksmith's shop, but they work iron here. These seem more like our own people; but they are tawny, a yellowish-brown. There is a mine here where they get the metal out. It seems mountainous all around. There is a great deal of ore here mixed with the soil. These men are miners and this place is for their utensils, for sharpening and fixing them. I see one large, strong man with his sleeves rolled up.

"The general lay of the land is like what I saw before, but the people are so different. They have conveyances of some kind. The earth seems so peculiar, so full of this metal. They have something they use instead of a wheelbarrow, to carry things on; it has four handles on and two carry it. The climate is warm. Their dress is coarse for work; the clothing looks brown; they do not seem to have a great deal. The head man is much larger than the others; he is boss of the whole.

"I see water and a very rude boat that has no sails. They seem to have learned to propel the boat by some kind of power, though in a rough way. I can hear animals growl, but do not see any. I see a woman; she is dark; there is not much color to her clothing or style. Her dress is not fitted close. It is loosely tied round the waist. It is short, a little below the knees. They don't believe in tight waists. They live more truly to nature than we. She is connected in some way with the large man. They live in a low inferior building of one story. I think they must have built it themselves; everything about it is rude. These people are not like Indians, but their color reminds me of them. This place does not seem far from water."

Are there any domestic animals?
"I see an animal, but I do not know what it is; it walks very slowly. They use it in some way. It seems as much like a camel—no, not like that either. I never saw one as small. It is a queer-looking thing. I do not know what it is. It is an inferior-looking animal, of a yellowish-brown color. It is kept for use. I see it hitched to something that it drags along the ground; it looks rough like all other things here. Whatever the people need to transport that is heavy, is done with this animal."

There are many interesting statements in the latter part of her examination. She sees a yellowish-brown people mining. Mrs. Foote saw a company of people with dark skins digging, while Mr. Cridge describes a mining people, who are dark and have black hair and eyes. She states that they had but little clothing and that looked brown. Mr. Cridge says the dark people "make cloth that is darkish-brown." She sees a rude boat propelled by power and destitute of sails and this seems strangely out of character with the development of the people in other respects; but the climate of Sideros must have been an exceedingly equable one and winds were rare, so that unless boats were propelled by oars, they must have been propelled by power; and the inventive faculty of the Sideros must have been early stimulated to discover some way of propelling boats by power. The draught animal that she saw was probably closely allied to those seen by Mrs. Foote and Mrs. Cridge.

MRS. HAZEN'S TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Dr. Eger of New Haven, a sensitive and a psychometer, tried for me the fragment of the Painesville meteorite previously examined by Mrs. Hubbard, in total ignorance of its nature. She said:

"I feel as if drawn up, and I see high, sharp peaks and a large sheet of water; overhead the sky is extremely blue, I see beings that I can hardly call human; their faces are broad and their heads long; they are short, chunky. There does not seem to be much vegetation. They eat something that grows on a tree without being cultivated. It is something round and brown like a kind of groundnut, that contains an eatable kernel."

This examination as far as it goes is in harmony with the rest. Short people with long heads and broad faces have been seen on Sideros by many observers. She notices also the sparseness of the vegetation.

MRS. FLETCHER'S VISIT TO SIDEROS.

When lecturing in Lowell last March, I discovered that Mrs. Abby Fletcher, the wife of M. H. Fletcher, a well-known manufacturer of that city, had considerable psychometric power. She tried for me a fragment of the Painesville meteorite in entire ignorance of its character and said:

"I feel as if I was in a very large city; people are coming and going, moving to and fro. It is a place where I never was before. The streets are not like ours at all."

"Now I see what looks like a mountain, but that, too, is not like any I have seen before. It is very singular, ragged, jagged, the worst imaginable. The lower part seems to have been dug out. There is nothing smooth about it; some parts are almost perpendicular. Persons go round to get up. I see no green thing connected with it. It seems as if a great amount of material had been taken out of here. Above that, it goes right up. It must be a good way round to the top. It is a queer-looking place. The main color of the rock is very dark, but I can see in the interior bodies of a different color. I never was in such a place and never saw such rock anywhere. It seems to take me a long distance from here. Persons have been at work here and a great deal has been done.

"Now it changes, expands and flattens; the space below is wider and seems almost a field. Persons are digging; a great deal is going on here. I can see deep cavities that have been made. One man has his sleeves rolled to his shoulders; the arm seems very dark. I see the face of one man that is very red and much covered with hair. He is a human being, but hardly looks like one; he is very broad across the shoulders. He has a hideous face. His whiskers are not long, but grizzly and thick. I can hardly see where the face is." At the close of the examination she said, "I seemed to go away from everything with which I am familiar. I seemed to walk about among large, dark caverns where men were mining."

Her description of the city is too short and general to enable a person to identify it, but the rest of her description harmonizes remarkably with the previous descriptions of Sideros, and its mining population. She sees persons digging, and as she subsequently discovers, mining, and notices that the arm of one, whose sleeve is rolled up, is dark, and that another one is broad across the shoulders. On the same day she made for me a second examination, of the same specimen, but with no further knowledge of its character than the previous examination had given:

"I seem to be in the same place, but changes have taken place (I can see just as well with it in my hand). It looks as if there was some valuable ore connected with that mountain; it seems to lie like a floor under it. Men are digging all around. There is something terribly hot in this specimen. I see many people, but not so clearly that I can describe them. I am moving about in those caverns. The people are not of any nation that I have ever known. They do not look familiar. I see a low forehead, flatish head and broad face. He is short in stature and has a very short neck. He has not much clothing on, a sort of loose blouse and his limbs are bare from the knees."

What is the color of the clothing?
"It is a grayish dirt color."

Here we have strange-looking people, short in stature with broad faces and bare limbs from the knee, which seem to have been fashionable with the Siderosians. The influence of the specimen was for some reason very disagreeable to Mrs. Fletcher, and I was able to obtain but little more. She never recognized the fact that she was examining another world, yet in the evening of the same day, with the same specimen, she said:

"I seem to be almost taken out of the world, disconnected from every thing here. Where the people live seem to be like hovels. Their dress is peculiar, a kind of frock and bare below the knee. The people look hard, and are of a coppery color. They have dug out an immense place here. As I front the mountain, the city lies to the left. There seems to be several kinds of metal combined here.

"This specimen has travelled, it has been all around. The mountainous part of this place is not like this specimen; it is more like ordinary rock. I see what seems to be copper ore all in layers; it comes off in scales. There is a great amount of iron with this copper. I can smell the copper. I see a kind of house near by, long and low; men go in and out. It looks barren around here. Water of a yellowish color runs out of this place; sediment settles from it like iron-rust."

THE YEAR OF SIDEROS.

I was desirous of discovering as near as possible the time required for the revolution of Sideros around the sun and requested Mr. Cridge to find a young child and follow him up to manhood. With the Painesville meteorite he said:

"Now, I see a child 3 or 4 years old, as we reckon time. His father is a representative and the child is with him in the capitol. Children are sent to school, but it is in a garden in the open air most of the time. It is spring, and the child is almost a man before the fall comes, between 19 and 23. The severe cold is not as long as I thought; grass grows all the time; it snows but a little; the grass has a yellowish hue. About the winter the child leaves his father and sits in the capitol as a senator or representative. The winter is nearly over, and he is about 30. I think the years must be between 35 and 43 of ours."

His last figures do not harmonize, however, with his previous statements. He starts with the child $3\frac{1}{2}$ in the spring and finds him between 19 and 23, say 21, before fall. This gives us for spring and summer about 23 years. When winter is nearly over he is about 30; this gives us for fall and winter only about 8 years and would make the whole year not more than about 30 of ours. It must, however, have been more than this to correspond with other portions of the examination. He continues:

"The winter is about like that of Northern Texas. Some kind of grain is raised even then. The government stores up grain and keeps it at the same price all the time. I am round now to the same time of the year as before and he is a now a man of about 40."

This would make the year of Sideros about $36\frac{1}{2}$ of ours. This is, of course, but a rough calculation, and may be erroneous to the extent of two or three years. If it was about three years less than this, then its time would correspond with that of the November meteors, which have a period of about $33\frac{1}{2}$ years. If its period was then

about 36 or 37 years, it or its fragments may have been retarded, since that time to the extent of three years, as some comets are known to be retarded, apparently by the resistance of the medium through which they pass.

(To be Continued.)

REVIVALISM IN INDIA.

Keshub Chunder Sen's Strange Religious Movement.

(Moncure D. Conway in the Cincinnati Commercial.)

It would be worth while for a student of psychology, or of abnormal religious excitement, to visit India just now. The minister of the Brahmos, Keshub Chunder Sen, seems to have had his head somewhat turned by—or at any rate since—his visit to England, and the marriage of his daughter to a Prince. He has built a splendid house in Calcutta, and atones for that worldliness by ascetic mortifications. He has announced that he is a special agent of Providence; he is not an incarnation of any deity; he is not a prophet; but he is something different from other men. His recent course and preaching have been fruitful of discord and agitations. The more educated of his followers, who have favored the Brahmo movement as at once a protest against idolatry and a refined theism, have become disgusted and left the church. A large number of the lower-class converts have been offended by the marriage of his daughter with a Prince, secured as it was by a partial surrender of the Minister's proclaimed principles against infant marriage; and they have abandoned him. And this parting with the elements of rational restraint and coolness on the one hand, and of humility on the other, appears to have been the means of revolutionizing a movement to which some had looked for great and beneficial changes in India.

Keshub Chunder Sen and his followers seem to have taken hints from the revivalists of the West, and formed something like a "Salvation Army." They are replacing their lost adherents with fanatics gathered in the highways and byways, the survivors of extinct excitement, and adopting their wild manners and customs, their pilgrimages, shrieks, dances, and superstitious, they are calling the grand totality a "new dispensation." But from the mass of evidence before me I should say that star of Bethlehem has a chance of guiding them to Bedlam, or the places in India, corresponding thereto. Sen himself has gone so far in that direction as accepting a sort of worship from disciples kneeling around him on the ground that he did not wish to stop the flow of blood—that is, devotion or enthusiasm—and holding personal interviews with Jesus, Paul and John. One consequence of this outbreak of fanaticism is the loss of many of the educated; but it has secured the results which manifested to Sen a "new dispensation." That is, he has raised public curiosity; thousands go to hear him, and by using Christian phrases in his own sense he has roused the missionaries and made a sensation. They are denouncing him on one side, while the educated theists denounce him on the other; and the result is that on a recent occasion as many as 5,000 people went to hear him. The discourses he now delivers are quite valueless for any moral or religious teaching; they are merely frantic ejaculations about God and the prophets, among which Jewish, Christian and pagan are found oddly mingled.

The last phase upon which this now wild movement has entered appear to be the dance and the pilgrimage. They lately organized a pilgrimage to "Sinai." On the 22nd of February they all bathed, put on clean clothes, and followed the minister up into the "sanctuary," here, if one is to believe reports, they passed eight days and nights, and communed with Moses reading over the Levitical and spiritualizing each verse; so that on the last day Moses is said to have spoken to them in some mysterious way; whether he spoke from a burning bush, or whether he materialized personally, cannot be gathered from the mystical narratives of the pilgrims.

The revelation made by Moses included a transcription of the Ten Commandments, and a proclamation to the modern Israel, in which he stated that Jehovah's voice was his only guide, his only book of wisdom, the only Scripture of salvation; and promised that "the Almighty shall lead Bengal out of the bondage of superstition and idolatry into a city overflowing with milk and honey of purity and joy."

"The Lord shall communicate to all his devotees, to every Moses in the land, the moral law through faith and conscience, and all India shall in time bow to the Supreme legislator."

"In trust and obedience I, Moses, fought my salvation and that of Israel; so shall every believer in the new dispensation try to prove loyal and obedient unto the moral law of Heaven."

"In essential features the law of ancient Israel and of modern Israel shall agree; but in detail they shall differ, and instead of one Moses there shall be many imbued with his spirit in the present age, and he be unto their countrymen law and conscience incarnate."

"Blessed, blessed, blessed are thou, modern Israel, for the Lord shall deliver thee and make thee a mighty nation."

This "revelation" is chiefly remarkable for the indication it gives of the extent to which the Aryan was overruled by the Semitic accent and style. It is without any trace of the Vedic style, though its biblical phraseology is oddly interlarded with modern dialectics. The ancient sculptures of India have become the possession of scholars, and the Bible has been made by British conquest and missions the mold into which the molten mind and emotion of that country are now taking new shape. But instead of taking such shape as the missionaries hoped for, one that would make them supporters of the Christian church, the form is that which makes Jesus and the Bible into buttresses of Brahmanism, or rather that of potpourri of resuscitated Aryan fanaticisms which Keshub has collected and is stirring. The most startling and uncomfortable result thus far of the new enthusiasm for Christ which animates the Brahmos is the way they hold Him up as an ascetic (or, as they say, Yaloeq), literally "void of attachment." They proclaim loudly all the texts which so represent Jesus; they dwell on His fast of forty days and nights, and His assertion that a certain kind of demon only goes out by fasting and prayer; they picture Him without a place to lay His head, and ordering men to sell all they have and give it away; to lay up no treasures on earth; and to forsake family, house, land, all. This kind of thing is precisely opposed to all the Christianity which England has exported to that region. It is also true that Keshub Chunder Sen has not yet forsaken his fine house and family, but then he has never adopted Jesus as his only model and god, as the missionaries have, and, more over, since his followers regard him as a "providential" man, he is supposed to have special reasons for carrying his asceticism into peculiar channels. (As a matter of fact he nearly died not long ago of self-starvation.) This representation of Jesus as an ascetic Hindu yogi, or hermit, and the utter disregard for dogmas not found mentioned in the Bible (Trinity, incarnation, etc.), is more bitterly resented by the Christians than was the long indifference. An old idolator is far more favored than one of those enthusiasts about Christ. Indeed, something very like persecution seems to have begun out there in some of the many cases in which Brahmos are employed as servants or agents in English houses or offices.

The "dancing" custom which has arisen under the "new dispensation" is not unlike that which marked the beginning of the Shaker movement. The Brahmos, being quite puritanical in their notions, do not countenance dancing for amusement, but only for piety. Strange to say, they especially claim Hebrew authority for it, as the dance of David before the ark, etc. Calmet says there were dancing-girls employed in the temple at Jerusalem, and some antiquarians say they survive in the processions of ritualists around the interior of a church. At any rate the Brahmos have begun ecstatic dances, and as they dance they sing a hymn which would appear to be an accretion from the past. The dervish dance of Persia is said to

have been originally an imitation of the cottillon of stars. In India there is an old legend of the Kolshna appearing among milkmaids as a charming young shepherd and dancing with them all. This last probably influenced the early chorographic ceremonies of various sects, especially perhaps that founded some four centuries ago by Chaitanya, mentioned in the second verse of the hymn. Hari is the Chaitanyaite name for God. The other names in the hymn are those of various founders of sects, and the effect is much as if Fox, Wesley, Swedenborg, Jesus, Andrew Jackson, Davis, Elijah, Elias Hicks, Calvin, Channing were supposed to be whirling together in a holy break down.

"THE SONG OF THE DISPENSATION."

Chanting the name of Hari, the saints dance.
Dances My Gouranga (Chaitanya) in the midst of devotees drunk with the nectar of emotion, with tears of love in his eyes. (Oh! how charming the sight!)

Moses dances, Jesus dances, with hands uplifted, inebriated with love; and the great rishi Narad, dances, playing on the lyre.

Dances the pious King David of old, and with him are Janak and Yudhishthir, the noble-hearted.

The great yogi Mahadeo dances with joy, with whom dances John with his disciples.

Nanak, Pralad, and Nityanand all dance; and in their midst are Paul and Mahomed.

Suka dances, Dhiruba dances, dances Haridas; and with them dance all the servants of the Lord.

Wasudeo and Sankar dance, Ram and Sakya Muni; dance the Yogi, the bhakta, the ascetic, the poet, the sage, and the devotee.

Dadu and Tukaram dance, Kabir and Tulasi; dance both Hindu and Mussulman smiling in love.

Dances the sinner, dances the saint, dance both poor and rich; ever women sing in chorus, Glory to God.

Leaving aside the pride of birth, the Brahmins dance with Chandala, embracing each other.

Behold! Hari, inebriated with his own love, dances in the company of his devotees and utters "Hari, Hari."

With the Lord Hari in the middle, the saints dance in a circle, throwing their arms round each other's necks.

Lo! the devotees of God all dance, casting aside barriers of time and space.

The fishes dance in water, the fowls in the air; the branches of trees dance fantastically, moved by the winds.

Dances the river, dances the ocean throwing up waves; and lo! there is Hari dancing in their midst.

The sun, moon, and the stars dance in the heavens; beasts and birds dance.

The breezes dance in the fire, the lightning in the clouds, dance the snow-capped Himalayas.

Hearing the glad tidings of the New Dispensation, dance both the heavens and earth, and utter "Hari, Hari."

Premdas (the servant of love), rolling at the feet of all, is bewitched by the scene, and utters the name of Hari.

Prayer.

BY J. MURRAY CASE.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Many in the spiritual ranks look upon prayer as a relic of superstition and ignorance. This comes from too much reading of materialistic teachings. They believe in a human soul from phenomenal evidences, but in all things else are materialists. The human soul is a spark of the divine essence. The aggregate of all intelligence, we may denominate God. Each human soul is a little cell; it needs food; it cannot exist unless it is fed from the divine fountain. When the body grows weak from hunger it asks for food; when the soul becomes weary it turns to the divine fountain and is filled.

No human soul can earnestly and sincerely pray without being made better thereby. It does not matter to what objective being we address our supplications. The Hindu that prays to Brahma, the Chinese to their wood and stone gods; the Arab to Mahomet; and the Christian to Christ—if they are equally sincere, will all be equally blessed. It is not the objective being to whom we appeal that wings the blessing; it is the inward "hungering and thirsting after righteousness."

A hungry soul is like a drooping lily. A scorching sun will make the lilies and the cornfields pray. They droop their foliage in humble supplication, and when a gentle shower comes, or the dew falls, how they seem to laugh and grow happy. The hot sun dries up the water in the leaves of plants and produces a partial vacuum. In a hungry soul, there is also a vacuum, and as the lily drinks in the rain drops or the dew of the night, even so the human soul in answer to prayer is filled with divine essence. "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall all be filled."

We have had too much cold, intellectual, materialistic, Spiritualism, and not enough emotional or religious. Our emotions are the intuitive thoughts of the soul. Emotional thought is never selfish, cold, exacting and critical. Intellectual thought always is. A scientific Spiritualism, which intellect alone would create, could do the soul no more good than the science of astronomy. We want a Spiritualism that is both a religion and a science. "Faith without works" could not be more lifeless, than a scientific Spiritualism without the religious or emotional.

But it may be asked to whom or what shall we pray, who have no knowledge of an individual God who will hear and answer our prayers; we know no God but Nature. Very well; then pray to Nature; for she has not made your wonderful body and more wonderful spirit, and can you be more wise than she?

Oh! Nature, of whom I am a child, hear this my humble prayer! I know that "in thee I live, move and have my being," and that from thee my body and soul are fed. I am suffering in spirit, I feel my weakness; my soul hungers, and as a babe upon its mother's breast feed me, I pray.

If this little invocation is offered in deep sincerity by a hungry soul, I say that some intelligence will respond and a blessing will follow just as certain as air and water will rush to fill a vacuum.

I hope to live to see the time when Spiritualists generally will recognize the power and influence of prayer. I hope to see our circles always opened with an invocation. It brings to our firesides bright and pure spirits. When we deny the efficiency of prayer we open wide the door to evil, mischievous and obscuring spirits, and to this cause we may trace much of the crude phenomena and silly twaddle, that has made Spiritualism odious to people of refined tastes and religious culture.

Columbus, O.

Modern Spiritualism.

Modern Spiritualism has wrought a wonderful change in all religious teachings of the Christian world. When asked what the spiritual philosophy has done or expects to do, you can point with pride to its mission. No reform which has blessed mankind has ever made such rapid strides as this. It has worked its way into the literature of the age. It is found in the poet's sweetest lines, and it is, to a degree, taught from the pulpit. Modern Spiritualism is not a fatherless child, though upon the cold charity of the world. It has godfathers and godmothers by the thousands. They are of every nationality and the spirit with which they manifest their regard for this adopted child, is sufficient proof, that come what may, the child shall be cared for and tenderly nurtured and fed.—The Ohio Branch.

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

'Tis Love That Makes Our Cares Take Wing.

BY BELLE BUSH.

"Perfect love catcheth out fear."

We dwell above earth's clouds and storms, We bow no more to creeds or forms, When love of Truth our spirit warms.

When comes to us the habitude Of thinking all things wise and good, Then is our soul with strength endued.

Then do we drop our load of fear, And rising to a higher sphere, We breathe a purer atmosphere.

There are no dark and dreary days, To those who tread love's shining ways, But all are bright with wisdom's rays,

No fading flowers or autumn rain, No wailing winds or desert plain, Can give them thought or sense of pain.

Not e'en the sun and withered leaf, As quiet winds sobbing out their grief, For summer hours that seemed too brief,

Can mar the soul's felt harmonies, That with our thoughts and feelings rise; When love reveals her cloudless skies,

The outer and the inner life Doth lay aside its ancient strife, In every soul where love is rife.

And Nature fair, in every mood, Will wake our heart's best gratitude, And give us joy when understood.

The heart that, like a trusting child, To all things here is reconciled, Hath passed thro' sorrow's tangled wild,

And gained a land whose skies are clear, With love's bright sunshine all the year, Where nothing is to harm or fear.

Thus oft I hear the angels sing, "'Tis love that makes our cares take wing, True love doth always sunshine bring."

NATURE AND EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

Read Before the Brooklyn, E. D., Conference by D. M. Cole.

I wonder how many generations of men had lived before one attempted to solve the problem of life for how many years men had eaten, before trying to understand the process of digestion; for how many centuries men looked upon the glories of creation before they conceived of God as its creator and upholder; how long had men prayed before they talked of prayer, and asked questions like that before us to-night? In the ancient time men have made this inquiry, and the disciples of the great Greek schools have held fierce debate on the question we so quietly discuss here, and doubtless came as near to settling it as we ever shall. How the name got joined to the thing would be an interesting inquiry, if there was any hope of certainty in conclusion. But no professor of the science of language has yet been able to trace the spiritual element in words—the exact correspondence between the material expression and the spiritual force, so that we could tell how words were born and grew under the spiritual and material conditions existing at their birth.

Prayer exists, and we call it prayer; our task is to define it. If we analyze it in the manner given in the dictionary, we can find none that fully express its nature, though they all point to one all-comprehensive definition. Prayer is the expression of desire. It is not, either in genesis or development, the result of a mental process; it is purely intuitive at first, and its activity even unconscious—the most universal of all states; every thing in the universe is able to trace the spiritual element in words—the exact correspondence between the material expression and the spiritual force, so that we could tell how words were born and grew under the spiritual and material conditions existing at their birth.

Prayer is a law of nature; nay, as I have shown, it is the law by virtue of which all other laws exist, for without a manifestation of this desire, there could be no growth; the universe would resolve into its original atoms, and creation would have to be begun again. In the masses of rock, all the water on earth, all the varied beauties of the land, and all the grandeur of the heavens are but results of prayer—satisfactions of desire. This satisfaction of desire proceeds always according to law; is not eccentric and variable. Flowers do not desire undecomposed animal food—there are only a few species that could use it. An animal could not desire noble thoughts—it could not receive them.

To get this paper within reasonable limits, I must condense all my points and leave out many. Passing the vast field of speculation and illustration which the universal idea of prayer presents, I turn to prayer as it affects and is affected by man. We do not often think of prayer except as a group of words, more or less artistically arranged (less rather than more, according to the designator) as "the most elegant prayer ever offered to a Boston audience," to the most disjointed shambuling utterance of a young convert, the sweetest nonsense, the most illogical argument, the most boisterous submission, the most self-assertive consecration, heresy in a profoundest theologian! The prayers of the day are full of gross absurdity and grave error beyond counting. For many do not know how to use words, least of all to express the inexpressible, and while the real prayer is all unselfish, because impossible of utterance. What is called a prayer is sometimes a lie; frequently it is force of expression, sheer hypocrisy. Trench says of the Lord's Prayer: "Men mostly lie straight through it."

This is the danger of ritualism, of forms of prayer, of all public prayer. Their unformulated teaching that our words reach beyond earth's atmosphere to a God far above us (as if in a boundless universe there could be any above or below; as if star and sun were not as often below as above us), teaching that all prayer must be in words; so the words are benumbed, and the chief thing, the real prayer grows to be an inconvenient intruder while following the ritual; or, if there be no ritual, the matter is not helped. No man can pray instead of another. It is attempted in thousands of churches, nevertheless, with the results that people either pray their own prayers, disregarding the speaker, or, infelicitously follow the speaker, so do not pray at all, only judge a spoken prayer, or assume the appearance of praying with no thought of doing so. Public prayers are fruitless sources of an hypocrisy more fatal to soul-health than the narrowest, most proscriptive theology. This I believe to be true to-day.

There is another side to this picture of the role of public prayer. If the speaker be not too pronounced in manner, or to picturesque in utterance, he may not prevent genuine and fervent aspiration, by those who have withdrawn attention from him that they may pray, while the magnetism of the assembly, the sympathy of those around helps the state; but they pray their own prayer, not the speaker's. Many prayers are the best ones never spoken. Words are only one form of manifestation of desire. The sturdy mechanic, loving his family, perhaps never says so, but through the long day, and after day, he strikes sturdy blows for them—every blow a prayer, though his words may be curses. "Actions speak louder than words" in prayer, as well as in other things. Oppressed with deep sorrow, could not tell what to ask for, but dumbly waiting before God, waiting for help—what sort of help they knew not—have found an answer to their fervent effectual prayer.

A writer tells of seeing a beggar, with torn and ragged clothes, through the rents of which his bare limbs protruded, standing in the streets, with misery written all over him, and, see-

ing him simply stand silent, said impatiently, "If you would only say yes or no! Why don't you say yes?" "And isn't every bone in my body begging?" was the reply. What need of words there.

Intelligence, words, often are a real weakening of prayer; so a dilution sometimes enables us to see the scope of our desire, otherwise we would know we should not say anything, and would be better so, but we are always impelled to bring our divinest dreams down, too, that they may be judged by the grosser elements of our material life; so written prayers arose—men believing words indispensable, and having no words, they were glad to receive forms warranted by the church to be good. As prayers, they do not amount to much; as helps to concentrating attention on spiritual things, they are useful as crutches are to the lame.

A Bishop of the M. E. Church, south, having to offer a public prayer at the opening of a railroad, wrote his prayer (a most unusual thing for one of that church to do), the only much annoying one of that colored man who declared when the MSS. was produced, "It was de factum time he ever know de Lord to be written to on de subject of railroads." Whether there was any use in "writing" to de Lord, at all, on such a subject, will be considered in second division of the subject.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER. No question has been more violently debated than this. The scientist has tried his hardest to convince men that prayer is useless, but his effort is vain. Men must pray, while they need, and they always do, when most anxious. Men must stop using words of prayer, but the thought is eternal. Has prayer any efficacy? Does it produce what is asked for? Two very different questions, often confounded in a general question. Are prayers answered? If the requirements of the law be met, yes, always. The trouble is that the law is not understood, and that the prayer, to receive what is the law of prayer, and what the true mode of answer. Many a seeming answer is only a coincidence—must be, for there may have been a thousand praying in direct opposition to the one whose desire seemed to be granted.

If the infinite in us seeks the infinite in God (Infinity is dual in manifestation); if we ask spirits to help, we get it, and without supposing any special volition of God. We are in a higher state when we desire to be; our prayer is its own answer, the declaration that the holy spirit shall be given to those who ask it, means just this. God hears; for, as Taber well says— "God is never so far off As even to be near; He is within; our spirit is The home that we adore. So even while I thought myself Homeless, forlorn and weary, Missing my joy—I walked the earth Myself God's sanctuary."

Read those most human of all compositions, the Psalms of David. Never does he begin with prayer, but he ends with praise. The very thought of God brings blessing; it, like the aeronaut, rising into an air far above the earth; there are storms, but they are below him; he is calm, serene, and peace he floats on, undisturbed—his chief danger, begin when he descends. So the man who prays for peace gets it—"the peace of God which passeth understanding," and help of a spiritual kind is always in result, peace. He has "taken hold on God"—lifting himself, saving himself for the time. God "waiting," as you say the spirits wait, longingly, till our "condition" permits their manifestation.

But men pray for other things; mean prayers, disgusting prayers, terrible prayers; prayers prompted by pride, vanity, animal passion and revenge—does God answer these? No! but they get answered according to the law controlling them. Desire for material things or material changes must be manifested according to the laws of matter. If we want bread, we must get it by material forces. True, we may use spirit forces, for life itself is the result of spirit force, but it must be manifested by material movement. If by desire our energy is aroused, our brain is cleared; nay, if our burden seems to us to be placed on God, we are stronger and bolder than we have been; when the desired bread comes, it is not because of the material form of our desire, but their spiritual essence. Divine help has been given according to the law of spiritual manifestation. God did not order you should have bread, but hindrances in you were removed by yourself, and the particular thing you prayed for got, according to the law of material aggregation, from the chief of your muscles; God provided and you appropriated.

You, or some of you, will say that this makes answer to prayer only a matter of faith, another name for delusion in your thought. Faith is not a delusion. The most irreligious know its power as well as the most devout. The only difference is what you have faith in. Playactors say that camphor has absolutely no power of destroying contagion, yet it does prevent people being infected, because they believe it prevents contagion and their vitality is not depressed by fear. There is no strength like spiritual strength, no repose so perfect as "the peace of God." Men have always known the power of the magnet of the soul, who oppose such utterances as these, knowing in your deepest consciousness to be true, knowing no demonstration: "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just, and he but naked, though locked up in steel, whose quarrel with injustice is corrupted." The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." These all tell the same story of faith arousing our powers, and making us stronger, more self-reliant and able to answer our prayers ourselves.

Rights of Children.

BY H. M. GREENBERG BUTTS.

A Society was formed some time since, in New York, to defend the "Rights of Children." I am glad that somebody is giving attention to this subject. It seems to me that if it is right to bring children into the world, they should be treated like human beings after they are born. If children are so much impotent as we are sometimes led to believe, why not establish a society for the "Prevention of Orphanage?" Should not they be treated as well as dumb beasts?

A few years ago the "Granite Mills" disaster, of Fall River, Mass. the burning of children to death, with no means of escape, was a terrible crime, and where rests the responsibility for the catastrophe, why not establish a society for the "Prevention of Orphanage?" Should not they be treated as well as dumb beasts?

But where are the parents of the overworked children themselves, or subject to the tyranny of want and hunger, can they allow their little ones to labor, like slaves, through all their childhood? Have they no rights which parents are bound to maintain? Is it right, when the child is born, from one year to another, with little prospect of release. Some of them, as they grow older, and the light fades from their eyes, supinely accept their lot as fate. Others chafe in the harness, and seek redress, while yet others may meekly toil on, trusting in God, though often thinking of the parents who have sold them into the hands of a rich man's children, and asking, "Why is it so?"

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as to sustain and build up organization. This perception and attraction which is universally manifested in the vegetable domain, is lower in the scale than that which belongs to the animal, where consciousness begins. The plant sends out its roots and gathers to itself such elements as are within its reach, and appropriates them to its organic life. In the animal the roots are represented by the stomach, the sac contained within the body, into which the food is taken to undergo the necessary changes preparatory to an entrance into the system. This perception, the beginning of consciousness, is instinctive; thus the chicken, after picking its way out of the shell, will turn aside to devour a fly, the first it has ever seen. There are certain mental conditions which belong to the higher order of animals, but these are quite limited, being more generally imitative than actual reasoning. The spirit of man while connected with the exterior body, stands on the dividing line between the material and the spiritual worlds, each of which contribute to his education, mental and spiritual unfoldment. It may be said with propriety that the spirit never leaves the Spirit-world.

Mrs. Esperance's Seances

"Resurgam," in a late number of the *Medium and Daybreak*, of London, Eng., gives a lengthy account of the medium's seances, and the manner in which she was very simple in construction. A fixed wooden canopy frame supported at a height of about six feet 9 inches above the floor, projects about 30 inches from the wall into the room, and is about 9 feet long. Its top, sides and back are covered with strong brown canvas to exclude the light; the front being composed of three separate hangings of dark red woolen curtains (or such-like materials as form ordinary window curtains), while the interior is divided into sometimes one, two or three compartments, as desired by means of one or two partitions made of gauze, finely extended over firm uprights so that no material body could pass through from the medium's compartment without destroying the gauze partition. It appears from the account given that Mrs. Esperance remains in normal condition during the whole seance, frequently making conversational and critical remarks on the various spirits, while the latter are in view of the sitters; thus, incidentally, establishing the separate individuality of herself from the spirits, as when, on May 11th, Resurgam's wife had just materialized so grandly, Mrs. Esperance immediately looked out of her compartment and asked, "Who is that lady?" to which he replied: "It is my wife, who has been dead more than four years!"

Mrs. Esperance, however, cannot always so freely speak with spirits, as she said, as much depends on the amount of "power" being used, and mode of using it, by the respective various spirits, so that it sometimes requires a great effort on her part to speak a single word; while at other times, the spirit forbids her to speak at all. At one seance the wife of Resurgam materialized, and was recognized by him and his daughter. She came forward to the cabinet, and in her hands, as if to emerge from the cabinet, but, seemingly altering her intention, she took it off, and folding it repeatedly, she folded it around her and, by a few passes, caused it to be so merged into the under garment as to be a part of it. She then turned round, and opening the tresses of her beautiful, long, black hair spread it open over her forehead, and, standing at my elbow, she reached, reaching nearly half way to the ground. Resurgam gives an account of other seances which he held with Mrs. Esperance, as follows:

"Suddenly I felt a gentle touch on my right arm, and turning to see the cause (for I well knew that no mortal was behind me, or could be in that part of the room) I was truly surprised to see my wife 'deceased' well standing at my elbow, and taking my extended hand shook it, as she laughingly smiled at my evident surprise, and instantly retreated into the cabinet, by the west-end aperture, into the compartment where the medium was sitting, and then re-appeared so quickly at the centre curtain front, as to elicit the remark 'she must have come young to be so active.'"

"Now to do all this with a materialized spirit, she had to partially dematerialize, in order to go through the substance of the dividing partition of gauze; she would then re-solidify her spirit-form, and gently, but firmly, pushing Mrs. Esperance aside so as to politely compel that mortal lady to make room to allow the spirit-materialized lady to pass into the seance room. It is worth noting, by the way, that Mrs. Esperance's cabinet, as there was very little room for a fully materialized spirit to get by. She had then opened the end curtain and emerged, much to the surprise of all. She then returned to the centre front of the cabinet in the same way, and all this in less than an hour's writing the fact. No mortal could have done this, and certainly not the cause of the seance, yet she seemed to me a solidly built substance, like a mortal body. On her appearance at another time she took a pair of small scissors, and having pulled down her tresses, cut off a lock of her hair, which she gave me in remembrance of the day—a 'materialized' token. Her color is white, and her hair was a beautiful blonde. The hair is lighter than her own hair would be if she were alive, and the difficulty of spirits having 'materializing' any exact shade of color. It is her own hair, nevertheless, and cut off by herself as before stated.

"June 13th, myself, son and daughter, attended the seance in hopes of my son seeing his mother. She came materialized in customary black dress; she was not wearing a necklace, but she wore a gold necklace, hanging on her bosom, with hair waved as usual in earth-life over the temples, and don's up behind in her own peculiar style."

FAITH. Faith is the foundational perception and acceptance of truth independent of proof, knowledge or demonstration, hence faith is not the result of knowledge as claimed by Hudson Tuttle. Mr. Tuttle erroneously confounds faith with belief, and speaks of these terms as synonymous. Belief is the result of investigation and demonstration, while faith in every phase of its manifestation, precedes belief. Paul defines faith to be the "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." When we see and comprehend a problem or question, faith then becomes knowledge or belief. Paul also declares faith to be the "gift of God." The early disciples of Christ were baptized by the Holy Spirit and received the gift of faith by which they spoke in other tongues.

Mr. Tuttle says faith is "passive," which implies, if we correctly understand the term, a state of torpid, inactive, non-resistant condition, yet we regard faith to be the most active and progressive quality or element of human nature without which humanity would lapse into a state of inactivity and moral death; it is faith chiefly, which to-day is lifting Spiritualism into its full fruition. Again we may say, that the faith of the past century, a quarter of a century, and the faith of the present century are all different; there has been quite enough of blind belief; it must now be knowledge demonstrated.

Earth-bound Spirits in a Ruined Abbey.

Henry Webster, writing to the *Medium and Daybreak*, of London, England, says—Reading in the *Medium for May 18th*, an article on the above subject, I can credit and accept the report of T. T. for not a nobler work is done in all Spiritualism than this mission. If you will allow me some space, I will give you a more complete account of what I hope will be encouraging to those who are in those who wish to form private circles, which is the means of doing more good than can be explained only by those who see and hear.

Before I was a Spiritualist, I took a great interest in reading the histories of abbays and castles, and I have been reading and collecting material on this subject, which has been carried on in these places. When I had investigated Spiritualism for two years, I set out and gathered together about twelve members, nearly all mediums; and on Saturday, the 8th of August, 1874, we made our first tour to Kirtall Abbey, known, no doubt, to many of your readers. When we had walked round the ruins and viewed its grounds and walls, we went into one of the cells and sang the 76th hymn, "Spiritual Lyra." Before the singing was done three of our mediums were under control—the male by a "Holy Father," and the two females by two "Nuns"; and, as our friends say, we were spell-bound and horrified.

After he had been seanced and inquired for thirty minutes, and the spirit showing no sign of surrendering his position, I was controlled by a powerful Indian chief, who brought him under subjection by showing him his position in the Spirit-world. Seeing that the chains of tyranny were broken, and having lost his power over his victims, he confessed his guilt, and implored of his victims to forgive him, saying, "I should like to dwell in the abbey he had under him 615 years."

We kept our visits on the three following Saturdays, and had two private meetings during the week; and we have had no communications from nine "Holy Fathers"—that being the number which were in the abbey—and ten soldiers, who fell during the time it was being blown down, and 36000 nuns. Since our visit to Kirtall we have been to several other places of ancient date. On June 13th, 1875, we visited Lincoln Cathedral, and from there to Monk's Abbey, about a mile and a half from the city; and in the same year, I with part of our circle, traveled 300 miles to help and aid those that were earth-bound in chains of materialism, and tyranny. Since our first visit we have been to four abbays, three cathedrals, three castles, and three halls; and we have records of all these places, and if our friends of T. T.'s circle will communicate with us, we shall be greatly obliged, for we intend some time in August visiting Lincoln again, and should like to meet with them.

We still carry on our meetings in the same way as we began; that is, we do not admit strangers, and by that means we maintain our conditions, suitable for this mission. Such communications as we get, the public could not accept or understand. We have three meetings during the week. Should any of your readers wish for any more information on this subject, if they will write, I shall be glad to help them all I can. Philadelphia, Gelderd Road, Gildersome, near Leeds, Yorks.

Christian Spiritualism.

BY L. B. FIELD. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: He who styles himself a Christian Spiritualist must necessarily subscribe to the teachings of Jesus Christ. He must believe that Christ had power while on earth to forgive sin and that he died in expiation for the sins of the world (Matt. 16:17; 17:18; John 20:23). He must consider some part of the human family dogs and swine (Matt. 7:6; 15:26). He must take no thought for the morrow (Matt. 6:25-34). He must form no opinion of another's character lest if it be an unfavorable one, the same estimate will attach to his own (Matt. 7:1-2). He must believe that a great majority of mankind will enter and pursue the broad road to destruction, while a small minority only enter the straight gate to life (Matt. 7:13, 14). He must show no resistance if assaulted. If sued he must confess judgment for a greater sum than the complaint calls for; must give to every one who asks and lend to him who would borrow (Matt. 5:39-49). He must believe that a part of the human race (the goats) will be sent into everlasting punishment and the rest (the sheep) into life eternal (Matt. 25:46). Rev. Thos. Scott says in his comments on this verse, "The original word is the same in both clauses and he must be blind or by Satan in no ordinary degree, who will risk his immortal soul and his eternal interests on interpreting the same word differently in one clause and eternal in another of the same verse; and if the punishment be eternal, there can be no place for annihilation or for final restitution. The contrast also between 'punishment' and 'life' is carefully to be observed."

I might pursue this much further, but a Spiritualist cannot do as well as above, can be choked by the words of Jesus Christ, as a Christian Spiritualist improves it. Christian as much as German, improves silver, and Dutch improves gold when refined to them. There may be some Spiritualists, who would emulate St. Paul in becoming all things to all men, but while I trust I am as anxious as any to help, I follow men out of the mire, I feel under no obligations to help any man, to myself and take up my abode with them, especially if they are coming convinced as I have been, of the glorious fact of immortality and eternal progression, through Spiritualism alone without any prefix or suffix. Danville, N. Y.

A Suggestion.

To the Editor Religio-Philosophical Journal. I wish to make a suggestion, which, if followed out, might seem to me, result in great good to Spiritualism. I suggest that a journal be selected, consisting of such men as Dr. Channing, Rev. Joseph Cook and others, representing the various churches, and Col. Ingersoll, Underwood and others of the materialistic school, and a few well-known Spiritualists, to hold a series of seances with such mediums as are willing to test their services for that purpose; and that the seances be continued until such a number of names may be necessary to fully test all the phenomena occurring through the different mediums; and that a report of these seances be published, first in the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*, and afterwards in book form. We have mediums like Dr. Slade, Watkins and others, who have been under every adverse condition, and upon whom we could rely implicitly. Such a series of seances under the strictest test conditions, by the best minds in the different schools of thought, would, it seems to me, be of great value to the cause. The outlay would not necessarily be much, and we could certainly find enough of ability in our own ranks to guarantee expenses. If others think favorably of this I hope they will express themselves through the *JOURNAL*. J. M. Cass. Columbus, Ohio.

The chief use of Spiritualism is to demonstrate the reality of a life beyond the grave to the multitudes of thinking people who are afflicted in the solution of the problem, and who contemplate the possibility of a future either with longing aspiration or with fear, according to the lives they lead or the natural spirituality of their characters. The "tax-list" in Edwards county, the great no-license county of Illinois, is not worth fighting for. The entire list of delinquents for the past year consisted of only 111 names, and the printer's fee, was \$18.40. A county which has an empty jail and poorhouse, and a no-license court, is a good one for taxpayers.—The Signal.

Continued from First Page.

great that a charlatan who would attempt to impose upon observers in this way would not have gone on for years without discovery; thirdly, one of the ladies who accompanied me drew aside the black lap-robe, and saw that the dreaded stereopticon with its performer was not there, both before and after the appearance of the vision. I took no trouble on that score because I felt certain that searching for instrumental means of producing an illusion within that space, and visible through that aperture was like searching for magnets concealed under the operator's skin. I was familiar with the method by which

PROF. PEPPER PRODUCED HIS GHOST SCENES

by means of reflection from plate glass, and knew that the conditions here did not admit of anything whatever being done in that way. There was no room for the plate glass or for the real persons whom the plate glass was to reflect into ghosts, and no stage to show them on. Moreover, on finally beholding the spectacle I clearly perceived that while it was not flesh and blood, nor a picture or statue of any kind, yet it just as clearly bore no resemblance to the kind of pictures produced by the stereopticon, nor to the kind of ghost produced by Prof. Pepper and others with plate glass, which I had seen frequently. Admitting that the little triangular corner in which a boy could stand was full of scientific experts with staves, pictures, solutions, lights, cameras and plate glass, they could not all combined have produced the spectacle which we all saw, and which I now proceed to describe.

Five persons sat down at the table, all facing the little opening perhaps ten inches by twelve inches in the cambric curtain. The gas lights were turned four-fifths down, probably to the obscurity of a cloudy moonlight, but so that our hands touching each other on the table, and the outlines of our faces were visible, and the time on a gold-faced watch was discernible. Several times the curtain was raised and all behind it still remained black. Slade declared that he saw between the two ladies on my right, the features and form of a blond young lady of 18 years, with light hair and blue eyes, and that numerous indistinct forms were visible to him. Of these, however, the others saw nothing. Both the cambric curtain and the lap-robe, however, moved frequently, as if touched or in contact, sometimes however, with a wavy motion, as if blown by a strong gust of wind, though all the doors of the room were closed and the actual air of the room was of stifling stillness. At such times the ladies at my right were in position to look behind both curtains, which were swayed from one to six inches, but by no visible form. Suddenly

A RATTLING METALLIC SOUND

against the wires, and table was heard, evidently caused by bringing some hard substance in contact with them, and the writer felt a pressure as of a hand on his right knee. The substance which was first made to rattle against the wires and table was first pressed upon the hands of one of the ladies upon my right, but she did not take it, and it came rattling under the table to me or rather hearing the rattling under the table I placed my hand underneath and felt for the cause. Immediately there was placed in my hand Mr. Slade's cane, which I was informed was at the further corner of the fireplace when the sitting began. I attach no importance to this freak save to mention it, and the fact that during it Slade was much agitated, falling back as if struck by an electric shock. I do not know whence the cane came from, nor do I remember to have seen it in the room until it was in my hand. At about this period flashes or nebulous white patches of darting light, not wholly unlike moonbeams, but much fainter and wonderfully evanescent, flickered around the cambric curtain. They seemed to be about half way between a disappearing of light and an act of memory. You had hardly time to say "see there," and you were in doubt whether you had yourself seen anything. Several times we raised the cambric curtain but nothing was yet visible. About this time Slade purported to be taken possession of by the spirit of "Owaso." In so doing he first announced to us that Owaso was "coming," extended his arms, which had previously been prone upon the table, and bowed his head closing his eyes in an attitude not unlike that of

A MINISTER IN PRONOUNCING A BENEDICTION

with a grating of the teeth and a jerk of the neck and start, he looked around, gave us all a chuckling Indian whoop, laugh and "How-do," shook hands with that terrific grip characteristic of Owaso that raised every one flinch, poked the chiefs in the ribs, and seemed not disposed to be very particular whether he exercised the same privilege with the squaws present or not, but in this instance the ladies of the company were on the opposite side of the table. His speech in broken Indian was something like the following:

"Me cum you tellum it's all right. We all hard work as yous, we all sweat, cause we you to see wish it all much as yous. Dey besse all here, and some you see soon will, but you will tell my mejum (medium) patient be, for he, 'toided am too much, bad and hinders us. Now how. I go. Good-by squaws. Good-by chiefs." Settling down in the same position in which the coming of Owaso had been waited for, and with another grating of the teeth and guttural twist of the neck, Slade started as if recovering himself after a fall from some great height, and in his ordinary voice asked: "Did he come to say it's all up?"

"No," we answered, "he says it's all right and we shall soon see all we want to, but that you must be less excited as your excitement is a hindrance." (This seemed to refer to the convulsive trepidation amounting to agony manifested by Slade when the cane was rattling around the wires and coming under the table.) "Oh!" said Slade, "I'm very glad we're not going to fall to-night. I will try to be more calm."

THERE NOW APPEARED

over the top of the cambric a white nearly circular disk not unlike that of the moon rising in that it light did not appear to be one derived from the dimly burning gas-jet behind us, but it seemed slightly or phosphorescently self-luminous. Its color was that of a white silvery cloud, and its outline that of the upper part of a girl's head of perhaps 12 years or that of a young woman, with hair combed smooth. In a moment it went down, having shown only a clearly formed white disk or arc for about two inches of its radius and five or six inches of its circumference. Though it had the color of white silvery cloud its outline was so clear and definite that it impressed me as a head presented side-wise. Immediately one of the observers raised the curtain and the space was filled silvery white, so uniform in its color throughout as to suggest marble, so pervaded by molecular mo-

tion or agitation of its atoms as to suggest cloud or the changing imitations of cloud produced as transformation scenes by the stereopticon, and assuming form under the eye, so as to cause one observer to remark: "That's not a face."

And another immediately added: "No that looks like drapery." Whether the cambric curtain was lowered for an instant at this moment I could not say, being so intent in wonder at the peculiar and unexpected quality of the vision, as respects its appearance of rapid molecular activity that I took little note of details in striving to grasp the general fact, that the object at which I was looking was

NOT LIKE FLESH AND BLOOD

or like a picture thrown on a screen, or like one of Pepper's ghost illusions made by the use of plate glass or like anything I had ever before seen. If we could suppose the notes in a sunbeam to be greatly finer and capable of assuming an opaque appearance, and becoming white like marble without losing their atomic or cloud-like character, and if we could then suppose them to be endowed with the faculty of struggling to form themselves into human features, with the penalty of being instantly annihilated when they had done so, so that the portrait as fast as it formed lost its material basis and had to be reformed, and yet out of these difficulties it went on forming itself before our eyes more and more plainly until that which a moment ago was white drapery, is now a womanly face, like flesh yet evidently not of flesh, pale and sad but smiling, with dark or black eyes and an expression as if it were itself trying to be seen and struggling to be seen as a swimmer struggling to keep above the waves, save that instead of the agony of one drowning, there is a faintly perceptible smile of triumph in having at last succeeded as she hopes in revealing herself to us—this and more might faintly shadow forth our vision. All this time not an atom in the vision is at rest. Its particles seem to be extinguished the instant they do their work. Yet they hold the expression of the face the same. Now clouds fold before it as if it were receding into the funnel of a vortex. In an instant it overcomes all obstacles and unweaves itself into such clearness that the eyes, eyebrows, mouth, forehead, cheeks, nose, chin, and heavy folds of chestnut hair are all visible, but painfully surrounded by a white border which never leaves it, and which remains throughout so indistinct that while one moment we liken it to a veil and the next to wreaths of flowers, such as are laid around

A FACE AT FUNERALS

its outline and details to the end elude the vision. We can not tell what the exterior white border around the face is at any time except that it is cloud-like, flower-like, and self-luminous. The other observers united in saying that the face was less distinct than those they had seen on previous sittings, and which they had recognized without an effort. The general characteristics and expression of the countenance, however, seemed to me fixed and permanent, notwithstanding the mobility of its parts. I could not resist the feeling that it represented a relative whom I had well known in my early years, though she was known to none of the others present. She was not one of the two relatives whom on such occasions, and on this occasion, I had felt a desire to meet. Indeed, I had not thought of her. Twice the curtain was lowered and raised, and each time we saw the same image. Whether there is the same appearance of constant molecular instability, mobility, and evanescence when the materialization is more perfect than when I saw it, I am not prepared to say.

Nor am I positive the face was that of any person whom I ever knew. But I have as strong an impression as would be produced on my mind by looking at an imperfectly-exposed photographic negative of the person. It is one of mere impression, not of identification.

I think I have sufficient acquaintance with the instrumentalities by which spectral and illusory effects are mechanically produced to say that the use of the means essential to the production of these effects were in this case

SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE,

and that were they possible, such other effects when produced, bear virtually no resemblance whatever to the effects which I saw. While no notice was taken by me of the curtain after we rose, the observers sitting with me assured me that on each previous occasion Slade himself had raised both curtains, remarking on one of these occasions: "I always feel like lifting them up to see if there is anything there."

This is all that I saw. I state it because I perceive in these phenomena that there are facts which, whatever their nature, whether they consist in proofs of stupendous psychological influence of one human mind over others, or whether they are a *lusus naturae*, derivable from electric influence, or whether they are a window opening from our earthly life into a spirit-world, deserve to be candidly stated by all who have seen them. Even if they are impositions on the human mind, it is the duty of scientific men to study the laws governing the production of such impositions and to prove the fact by producing the same phenomena themselves, coupled with proof that they do not produce them by spirit agency. The more cautious we are in building theories upon these phenomena, and the more patient we are in developing the phenomena themselves until they evolve their own theories irresistibly, the greater will be the value both of our facts and theories when obtained. As for theories, it will be time enough for me to state mine when I have formed one.

V. B. DENSLOW.

WHAT OF GEORGE PRICE NOW?

His Entrance Into the Spirit-World an Unwelcome One.

[The Cincinnati Gazette.]

George Price has paid the penalty of the law by hanging by the neck until the doctors and sheriff pronounced him dead.

It is no part of my purpose to be sentimental over this matter, but it is a fair question to ask what is Price's condition since he has been killed? This brings me at once to the object of my writing.

The evening before the execution of Price several friends were spending an hour or two at my house, among whom was a well-known spirit medium. The hanging was the topic of conversation. The principle of taking life was condemned. It was proposed to get the views of the spirits in regard to Price's execution, and it was done as follows:

enough to reach under this table with her right hand, in which she held a large, heavy slate that had been previously well cleaned. On this a small piece of slate pencil was placed. No part of the medium's person touched the table. In a short time writing was heard, and "rape" given as the signal of its completion. When the slate was brought from under the table, the following communication was plainly written on it:

"I do not approve this execution. It will be an unnatural death, and Price will enter the Spirit-world unwelcomed. He will have power to return to earth again and will fellowship with undeveloped spirits in life reform with whom he can escape terrible reformation on his own people. It would be better for him to remain on earth to live out his natural term of life under proper restraints than to send him here, where he will have so many opportunities for gratifying his vindictive feelings toward those who he felt had done him injury. Price himself was only an instrument of a revengeful spirit when Black was murdered. I have no more to say, friends, only that I have told you the truth. Good night.

WILBUR.

Now, Mr. Editor, you can make much or little of this communication, as your mood may be when you read it. The teaching is old, still it may be new to some of your readers, and I am sure it will interest many who have a sincere desire to do right and to know the truth.

N. B. WOLFE.

The medium here alluded to was Mrs. Mosser, a lady whom we hear most highly commended.—*Editor Journal.*

W. S. Roberts, a materializing medium from Philadelphia, called on us last week. We learn from trustworthy investigators in New York, that his mediumship is genuine and that the manifestations are very satisfactory. Mr. Roberts would do well to locate in this city where mediums who are willing to demonstrate their claims to medial power always do well.

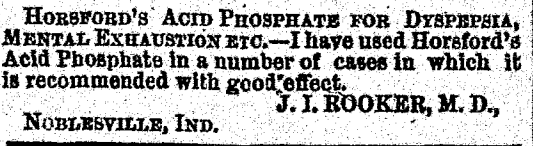
Camp Meeting in Pennsylvania.

The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia will hold their second annual camp meeting at Neshaminy Falls Grove, within the bounds of the State of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia to New York, eighteen miles from the first named city, commencing on Sunday the 18th day of July, 1880, and continuing on Monday and Tuesday, the 19th and 20th days of July. Complete arrangements have been made and the camp ground may be occupied after Thursday, July 16th.

Besides the especially well known and distinguished speakers mentioned on the above list A. B. French, Clyde, Ohio; M. R. Gifford, Nashville, Tenn.; James Gray, Ketchikan, Alaska; Mrs. M. G. Moore, Havana, Ohio; Juliette E. Wray, Northborough, Mass.; and a number of others of equal ability and worth have been secured, among whom may be named Dr. W. C. Burt, St. Louis, Mo.; and the following:

- Tuesday, July 13th.—W. J. Colville, Boston; Elizabeth L. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Tuesday, July 14th.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Wednesday, July 15th.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Thursday, July 16th.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Friday, July 17th.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Sunday, July 19th.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Tuesday, July 20th.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Wednesday, July 21st.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Thursday, July 22nd.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Friday, July 23rd.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Sunday, July 25th.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Tuesday, July 26th.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Wednesday, July 27th.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Thursday, July 28th.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Friday, July 29th.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.
- Sunday, July 31st.—Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania; Cephas B. Watson, Pennsylvania.

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