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

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

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SUPERSTITION.

Rev. C. E. Gordon's Sunday Sermon at the Unitarian Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

God's Pity for the Sinning Ones of this World.—The Temptation Weighed Together with the Sin.—Superstition of People who are afraid of Innocent Amusements.

"Superstition," says Ruskin, "is the fear of a spirit whose passions are those of a man and whose acts are the acts of a man." The effort to reach a God-idea has been, of course, consonant with the development of those by whom the idea is conceived. But this defective character of forming an idea does not necessarily produce superstition. It produces only as good or bad an idea of Deity as is possible under the circumstances. Superstition proper is the retaining of an imperfect idea of God to a period at which moral development has outgrown it. There is nothing properly superstitious in ancient Israel's idea of a God as a tribal Deity with all the parts and passions of a man. It was perhaps the best they could attain. It was perhaps better than the average morality of the people themselves. For from what we know of early Hebrew times, we cannot help thinking that the people were then very bloodthirsty, very cruel, very unforgiving. Yet we find certain characteristics of their idea of God far in advance of their moral standard, so that God was a constant rebuke to their selfishness, their greed and their bloody practices. And this is what seems to be overlooked in many of the modern criticisms of the Old Testament. Somehow or other the God of the Old Testament was better than the people of the Old Testament. They were religious then rather than superstitious.

But the case is far different in modern days. The masses of people of these times are better—vastly better than their God. They would shrink from doing the things they attribute to the Almighty. So that in these days, any people who represent God as a being having the passions of a man; a being laid under the obligation of fate; a creature of circumstance, are deeply superstitious. To think of God as angry, as preparing vengeance, as meeting duplicity by duplicity, and neglect by unkindness, is to think of God as unworthy of veneration and regard. For when you think below the surface at all you will see that human passions, the springs of vivid emotions are related to the impulses of animal life, and spring from a low organization. There are no natural passions which do not have their seat in natural or carnal desires. Even the enlightened or supreme man is above such things, far above being governed or restrained by personal or private considerations. What we are learning to honor in a man, in Christ for example, is that quality of mind which raises him above the disturbances of the events that discompose the mass of persons. When he was reviled he reviled not again, when he was smitten he was silent, when he was scorned and neglected, he called out only a wider love. How can we then think of God as taking vengeance, or as feeling neglect, or as suffering injury, when we cannot regard these as the attributes of a man? Yet, what does the Christian world charge God with when it assumes that the ancient views of him are true? God is made not only in the image of a man, but of a passionate, vindictive man.

THIS IS RANK SUPERSTITION, because the world has even outgrown such a human ideal character. The King of Bur-

mah, the King of Dahomey represent the ideal of such superstition, while tender and firm characters, like our Whittier, our cousin John Bright, are more noble and more venerable than the deity of superstition. The world is slowly outgrowing such superstitions, yet they linger in dark places of thought—in Pan-Presbyterian councils and in dark lecture rooms, for example—just as the kings of Dahomey and of Burmah linger among our modern races of mankind, and in both, to the scandal of morality.

Superstition is that spirit that credits God with mean human acts as well as passions. Can you think of any father doing to any child the things that the church says God shall do to children when they are dead. So deep a hold has this superstition laid upon the human mind that vast numbers of persons receive the inconceivable idea that the nature of the tender-hearted Jesus is to change toward the majority of men when they are dead. Now he loves them, he died for them, he ransomed them, he yearns for them, he mediates for them, he gives himself anew for them. Then, when death seals them, he punishes them, hates them, turns his back upon them, and leaves them to the horrors of unmentionable agonies. What is there in death that should so change a saint into an angry avenger? When our dead are taken away, we do not rake up the ashes of their faults, nor do we wrong their names with the reflection of their bad deeds. With us, does not the green grass cover up forever a thousand sins? When death touches even one of our enemies, do not we too drink of Lethe and let its waters quench our memories of passed failings and wrongs? Yet, we have God represented as less kind, less forgiving, less humane than we poor mortals are, of whom never too much should ever be expected. With us, death ends our animosities. We drop the point of our sword when the head falls helpless. Yet God is represented as whetting his sword, and standing at the threshold of the after-life to spring upon the helpless incomer to that mysterious realm. What deadly superstition is this? How it should be expunged from our thoughts. How it should be purged from our creeds and our catechisms. This then is superstition. To picture God as having the passions and doing the acts of men—and of men taken not at their best, but at their worst. Yet this is common enough in our day, the commonest God-idea with which we are brought into contact.

On the other hand, religion is to picture God as a being whose mercies are over all his works; who is kind. A being who may chide, who may chastise, but only under the wise management of equal and impersonal laws; whose regulative providence is tender of such frail dust as we are made of; "who knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust." A being whose love cannot be excelled by a mother, who loves the sinning and suffering child most of all; whose justice cannot be outdone by a father;

WHO WEIGHS THE TEMPTATION as well as the sin. A being to whom death means nothing. I know that there are those who affirm that eternal love is illogical, that God himself cannot save men from hell if they refuse to be saved. I can only say, lie on such logic, for does it not pre-suppose a being capable of making men, and also of making hell, and also doing so with full knowledge of the consequences. I know that people indulge in such puerilities as to say that sin against an infinite being demands an infinite punishment. But I can only say, lie on such an argument. I would as soon think of consigning a man to an infinite headache for getting drunk as to an infinite hell for common moral transgressions.

A free thinker visiting Paris saw the prisoner where the Girondists held their last supper; whence Danton passed to his execution; where Robespierre, the night before his execution, lay wailing in his blood; where Maria Antonette poured out her soul in the last hours of her life. And he saw on the wall an ivory crucifix shining down on all these horrors. He adds to his narrative: "Human nature asserts its pre-eminence, and claims the whole field of thought for pity. The whole soul revolts against judicial terrorism, by whatsoever tyrant committed." He speaks of earthly tyrants, but shall not the judge of all the earth do right? I tell you, brethren, human nature, in thinking of God, claims the whole Divine domain for pity too. The eternal state may be and may remain a mystery, the demands of law will be doubtlessly vindicated, but God must be purged of vengeance and clothed in a matchless pity to save the world from atheism.

"Not mine to look where cherubim
And scraps may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me."

Again: Superstition is the idea of a being that is in some places and not in others; who makes some places holy and not others; who speaks in one way and not in all ways. There are people living who cover the heads of their idols for fear they should see them do wrong. There are people who believe that God can be shut up in a morsel of bread; who think that altars hold God and fumes monopolize his presence. We need not go to China or India for a paganism concerning the Deity, as dense as midnight. Those who think that God has spoken only in words contained in a certain book; or can be prayed to or addressed only by those who have been specially ordained and set apart; or those who shut off secular things from God and confine him to conventicles and prayer meetings, are as deeply imbued with superstition

as the vilest pagan idolater who travels weary miles to find a God whom he foolishly thinks never comes to man in his heart or in his home.

In fact I can conceive of no superstition darker than that which limits God to the Hebrew tongue or to the Greek, and that asks all the world to put their ear

TO A SINGLE SLIT in the firmament of heaven if they would know his will or his ways. Religion, on the other hand, thinks of God as in no place to be wholly sought, and no place to be wholly evaded. Religion values books, bibles, churches, services, prayers, and even perhaps altars and priesthoods. But these are only ways not ends. They manifest God, but do not contain him. When Emerson says a true thing, whose is it? God's? Ay, as much as though "The Conduct of Life" were bound with the Epistles. When man distressed turns for help in temptation, and arises strengthened and braced for duty, whose temple does he stand in? God's; though there be neither altars nor priests within a league. When two are met together with love and labor for their priests and elders, there is the overflowing peace of God, though they be gathered in the factory or the home. Religion teaches that

"In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, God lives to-day."

Again, superstition is the fear of a spirit who is pleased with the degree of attention you can pay him, or is displeased when you refuse to praise. Superstition claims special attitudes as pleasing to God, and special work as grateful to his ear. Hell is threatened to those who neglect ordinances and ceremonies. Terrors are held out to those who omit to go to meeting. The attitude of mind is one of subjection to power, of slavish fear, of meek subservience. All the lip service of such paganism is that of courtiers to kings. How much difference can there be between one who notes the number of times he spins himself around on his own center in honor of his idol, and one who counts the number of his prayers, or the number of times he has read the Bible through from end to end? We think the difference is in favor of the spinning dervish because he takes more trouble to appease his deity. What difference can there be between a church that refuses to allow an extemporaneous prayer, but makes all pray by rule and note, and the poor Indian who lays up stones to the Great Spirit and reckons his religion by the height of his pile? Little indeed, and that little in favor of the Indian whose cairn is a matter of sweat and labor.

Religion, on the other hand, chiefly values praise and prayer for their effect on man rather than for their effect on God. Man pleases God by being obedient to law. He is obedient when he is righteous, and prayer and praise call him from trivialities to contemplation and seriousness. The soul shows its religion when it stands awe-struck before the majesty of God, not when it cringes before him.

When a man does God's work in the world he will be certain to acknowledge his being and no need exists for the flatteries of a fawning sycophant. Without being presumptuous we may suppose God delights in his children as fathers and mothers delight in theirs. Love and obedience then are the marks of religious life, just as love and obedience are the marks of filial affection. In so far as

RITUAL AND WORSHIP

soften the heart and incline the mind to serious contemplation, and withdraw the heart from low desires by fixing it on the noblest, they are free from the taint of superstition. But otherwise they refer worship to paganism and the sanctities of the Sabbath to groveling superstition. Again, superstition is the fear of a spirit "who is hostile to pleasure, but may be bribed by sacrifice of a part of that pleasure into permitting the rest." (Ruskin.) Superstition of this kind is very common. It was the failure of the Puritans that they sought to mortify the affections and pleasures of life, because they gave pleasure. And this sort of superstition is common enough under various forms in all the churches. Pleasures simple enough in themselves are forbidden, simply because they give great enjoyment; not because they are intrinsically wrong; while other pleasures are indulged in as a set off for the ones given up. And God is regarded as a being, who is, as a whole, averse to seeing his creatures' happiness and joy. This world is spoken of as a "vale of tears" and tears are the meat and drink of the true servants of God. These devotees to uncomformableness, who fore-swear innocent enjoyments for the sake of religion, are not far removed from such paganism as think that God is served by the tearing of the flesh by hooks or by the mutilation of the body. All austerities are varieties of a superstition which rests upon the idea of God as a tribal ruler who demands sacrifices and payments in equivalent for all privileges granted. Religion, on the contrary, should be the first to chaperone all those. She should be the handmaid of enjoyments. She should be the handmaid of all those recreations by which the ills of life are unburdened and the yoke released. But the service of God has been so long regarded as the same as doing penance, and the temples have so long been made to do duty for the bench and the prison, that it will be ages before religion puts off its sepulchral air and its austere mien.

Enough has been said to mark off superstition from religion, and it has been said not to lessen the quantity of pure and unde-

filed religion, but to purge it of its contempt for the demands of modern thought and modern life. When all is done we shall not get away from Jesus. He feared nothing but wrong. He lived with God as friend and child. He saw him as spirit and worshiped him without stereotyped forms or hollow ceremonies. He used Bible and temple without being enslaved by either. He enjoyed all life offered, and gave nothing in exchange for happiness save his own burning desire to carry out his own cherished plans. He knew nothing of the sacrifices of blood, and gave only the pure offerings of a generous nature. He was incapable of hatred, but irradiated an atmosphere of love whose rays have touched all ages and all shores.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Letter from Mexico.

Chihuahua, Mexico, August 16th, 1883.

A HOME AMONG THE LOWER CLASS.

To those unfamiliar with Spanish countries it will be very difficult to describe the place, which on account of the use to which it is put, must be dignified by the name of "home"; it can hardly be said to have an outfit, while the entire absence of comforts is no less marked. Having occasion to go upon the roof of a high building recently, my eye fell upon one of these homes, just over the wall. The dwelling proper was one story, and about sixteen feet square, comprising but one room; there was no floor but the earth, and in one corner was built up of solid adobe to the height of about two feet, width four feet, and length six feet, a place on which the occupants might sleep. On this was thrown a bullock's hide, tanned by a domestic process, without removing the hair, which completed the bed. In case of more occupants than could find accommodation there, a second bullock's hide was lying in another corner, which could be spread out upon the ground—the "spare bed"—with dead scorpions, lizards, etc., companions relieving the monotony of the noise of the bats flitting from wall to wall in quest of their daily meal from flies resting in the darkness. A door to the street and another opposite to the backyard, are the only means for the ingress of light or for ventilation, and even with the doors closed, so exceedingly bad was the workmanship, that any thing smaller than a good sized rat, might enter and depart at pleasure.

The rear yard was about 16x30 ft., and surrounded by other dwellings of a similar character, giving a solid wall about it, and as I looked down into this hole, very muddy from a recent shower, there came up a stench most unbearable. Across the centre of that little yard was erected an adobe wall about four feet high. In the rear portion a half dozen or more hogs were wallowing in the filthy mire, and the part next the house was occupied as the family wash room, kitchen, chicken house, goat shed, and what else I do not know. Without a drain, and hemmed in by those high, tight walls, not a movement of fresh air to assist in removing the foul odors except as by a draught, which could be produced through the house by opening both doors. Here the family live year after year, the adults even appearing to enjoy the best of health.

Truly this is a wonderful climate, or these cities would be swept by cholera like a scourge. The mortality statistics, however, show a death rate among the very young, which to a person accustomed to Northern statistics, would seem incredible, though there are many other reasons assisting to produce these effects, such as hereditary syphilis, lack of nourishing food; bodily uncleanness, and utter absence of care of the quite young and of mothers after confinement.

Upon these points volumes of just criticism might be written, but of what use? Let us leave so distasteful a subject for one possibly not less so, yet more pathetic, the mother, worn and jaded with care, labor and child bearing, with two little hollow-eyed, foul-skinned, naked excuses for children, clinging to her single garment, a dilapidated dress; nursing another which must very soon give place to the prospective one—what a picture she presents, sitting there upon the door sill staring as into vacancy—not a chair or a table in the house—in fact aside from the two bullock skins, a single dollar would in your country furnish the house far more comfortably than we find it.

It is to be supposed that these children and the mother have souls, whether it be conceded that the father or fathers have or not, and while it is sad enough to contemplate their condition in this life, what thoughts crowd themselves upon the mind when we think of the entrance of such to the future life! What matters it to them whether they be Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, Orthodox or Liberal?

In spite of the seriousness of the subject, how I would love to hear the genial, ever thoroughly practical Col. Robert G. Ingersoll describe the entrance of such a family into the orthodox paradise, and file up before the throne to receive their supply of harps, etc. This thought to me, is convincing argument that the orthodox religion will not do; that Jesus never expected to meet such people as these in heaven with you, reader, and me, unless we must lie for ages in a comatose condition, while such are being educated and developed.

Yet amid all this poverty and these barbaric surroundings, the natural instinct peers through the darkened intellect and

there may be seen upon the wall the most expensive and treasured of all articles of the household, a rude wooden cross, and this not infrequently bedecked with flowers in various stages of decay, such as may from time to time be gathered by the roadside, or purchased nipped on, returning from the fountain in the Plaza, while the eye of the policeman is diverted in another direction, by a fellow water bearer. With the consoling thought that any change for them cannot be worse on leaving this life, may we not reasonably carry that thought farther, and conclude that there are those so much more advanced than are we, who may justly apply the same rule to our condition? If this be so, what fear of the change, and what need to worry, beyond giving the world in which we now live, the best efforts of which we are capable, under the circumstances with which fate surrounds us?

The question is sometimes asked, "Is life worth the living?" When we compare ourselves with those below us, the question answers itself, and each may see his or her duty to live for others as well as for his or her own improvement, that there may be no disappointment in meeting the "ideal" in the great future life, for which we are now consciously or unconsciously preparing.

WATER BEARERS.

The upper class procure their water brought from the public fountain in one of the Plazas, by the barrel. This is done by two men who have two strong iron cars fastened upon the top of a barrel, through which cars they pass a pole of about 2 1/2 or 3 inches in diameter and about 5 ft. long. The barrel is filled with water, and each raises his end of the pole to his shoulder and thus transport it to the dwelling, where two "thugs" (a little less than three cents) is collected for the service, whether the distance be long or short. The class who are unable to pay for bringing the water they require, have it brought by the mother or children, when sufficiently large, say six or eight years of age. They use the cartons "ollas" (pronounced oyer) of such size as each is able to carry on the head; this filled with water and placed on the head they start for home, walking as erect as one can be, and very seldom is there an accident. Two little girls pass near my office daily, who appear to be sisters about ten and twelve years of age, each carrying an olla almost full, containing about as many gallons of water as they have years respectively; it seems cruel, yet they appear happy, though it may be sad seeing.

SCAVENGERS.

In the same manner as the water is brought by the men, and for the same price per barrel, is the refuse and dirty water from the kitchen disposed of, by pouring it out on the bank of the "river" which runs along one edge of the city, and here is another instance of the peculiarity of ideas and customs. Not long since an enterprising American seeing the great waste of food for hogs, and the violence being done to all sanitary rules, conceived the idea of benefiting the city and at the same time turning an honest penny, by purchasing a large number of hogs which he placed on a ranch outside the city; sent to the "States" and procured a tight box wagon for the purpose, and commenced business, but he was soon informed, that the delicate nostrils of these people who have all their lives lived in a fifth and stench that in any other climate would have depopulated the country each year, were offended by his transportation of the kitchen offal in that manner through the city, and he was compelled to give it up.

The city market is within a block of the Cathedral, which is but two blocks from the city slaughter house. There must be a God, and he knew just where to put these people to keep them any time on the face of the earth.

RINGING THE BELLS FOR RAIN.

The rainy season should have commenced in June, but to this time there has been very little rain; now and then a shower only, consequently the country is very dry, and in order to bring rain the priests have directed the Cathedral bells to be rung each evening as an indication to the Roman Catholic God that he has overlooked this part of his vineyard in the distribution of aqueous favors. Perhaps it is just as good as any form of prayer, and has at least the merit of sincerity, still as yet it doesn't rain. Prayers that we and those in whom we are interested far more than in ourselves, may be visited with all that is for their highest ultimate good, and seem much more reasonable and likely to be answered, than those requests made for a specific performance. "CAROL."

The citizens of Geneva intend to utilize the flow of the Rhone to furnish power enough to give electric light to all of the city. The Council of State is to determine the matter at an early date. Much natural energy now being dissipated might thus be turned to profitable account in and near many other cities.

The Methodist ministers of New England receive an average salary of \$560 a year, the Baptists a trifle more, the Presbyterians \$740, and the Episcopalians \$900. These facts, it is suggested, may possibly have something to do with the dearth of young men entering the ministry.

Dr. Venukoff, during his late journey in Central Asia, discovered the horse, the camel and the goose in their wild state. No alarm was shown by some of their number after others of their associates had been shot.

NEMOKA AND ITS OUTLOOK.

Shall it be a Spiritual Camp Ground, Endorsing the American Association of Spiritualists, or a Rendezvous for Every Shade of Spiritualism and Liberalism?—A Letter from the Secretary, Mrs. M. J. Mead, of Mason, and a Reply from Dr. A. B. Spinkney, of Detroit.

MASON, Mich., Aug. 20, 1883. DR. A. B. SPINKNEY.—DEAR SIR: I presume you will be surprised to get this letter from me, but I am considerably exercised over the subject of the Nemoka enterprise. Probably you understand Mr. Mead gave Mr. Shaw timely aid in the way of finances, to enable him to buy the land for a permanent camp ground for the Spiritualists and Liberalists of Michigan. Well, the enterprise has proved to be a success in every way. Many lots have been sold and quite a number of cottages have been built and the prospect now is a large number will be built before the next meeting.

We have had every thing to contend with, but have come off victorious in every struggle, and to-day our banner waves above Nemoka with this inscription, "We stand for the right, with justice for all."

We have elected no officers yet; in fact have not organized. We expected to have had our business meeting last Saturday, but there did not seem to me to be the right material in attendance, so with a good amount of perseverance and discussing, we managed to defer the organizing until the 14th, 15th and 16th of September, when there will be a three days' meeting, commencing on Friday and closing on Sunday.

You will see the report of our meeting, for it will be published as soon as I can get it ready. While our meeting was in session we received a telegram from Flint, sending fraternal greetings, to which we responded. I wrote an inspirational poem and sent it to them, which seemed to produce harmony and good feeling all around. Now, I have taken this upon me to write to you, being one of the officers (Secretary), and ask you to come over and help us. There is a chance for us all to work together, and I for one wish to let the past bury its dead, and let bygones be bygones, and as brothers and sisters work for this grand, good cause, and help by our counsels and labor make this Nemoka enterprise a success. It must and will be, if, as nothing else, a private enterprise, but that is not what we want. I only wish I could see you and talk this over before the meeting, but at all events we want you to come and show by your presence that you are with us heart and hand. Please let me hear from you at once. Yours for the truth, M. J. MEAD, Mason, Mich., Box 41.

DETROIT, Aug. 31st, 1883.

Mrs. M. J. MEAD, DEAR SISTER: Your letter came to hand this day. I fully appreciate your interest as well as that of your good husband in the Nemoka matter. I fully believe that both of you are interested and acting unselfishly for what you think is the good of the cause. I should like to be with you at the time you speak of, if I could do any good; but cannot as my time is all engaged many weeks ahead. Let me make a few suggestions in kindness and from my best judgment; these you may read at your meeting, if you wish. I have full proof for each statement I make.

1. I think Nemoka could have been a success at the Lansing meeting one year ago, if the managers had decidedly and unflinchingly come forward and stated that it was designed to make it a spiritual camp ground (which they had encouraged Spiritualists to believe was the object) and carried out the project when they had a chance, but when the issue was brought forward and the matter discussed in perfect keeping with what was supposed to be their ideas, for they had endorsed and aided the call for a National Conference of Spiritualists, then it was plainly revealed that they were blowing hot and cold, trying to carry forward a great work for humanity and progress by means of policy. Five years of the most sacrificing devoted labors of my life, have convinced me that you could not harmonize incompatible elements; Spiritualism and Materialism are such, and are directly opposite in their philosophy, objects and purposes. Careful, patient experience has convinced me that both are retarded in their work by even an attempt at calling it a union.

2. No great progress or good to humanity ever has or can be done without organization, including definite principles—something to work for. The failures and want of united efforts among Spiritualists have been the result of a fear of creeds or any methods of organization. They as well as the Materialists have been content with a work of negation—ridicule and fault-finding with what the churches and their neighbors do not do, has been too much their stock in trade. The time has come for a work of affirmation, for building our own house first.

3. Then before you elect your officers, declare to the world your belief; have a platform and a flag with no uncertain motto. In consequence of the want of such action you did not have the right material in attendance at your meeting. It is just this indefiniteness, with no fixed point or purpose, that has hung around the Nemoka matter for one year. This is what has caused you to have every thing to contend with.

You talk about victory. You will have no certain, established, spiritual victory until you are freed from all mystery, with definite objects and a careful business basis. If you want it to be a spiritual camp ground and to have the support of the Spiritualists of Michigan and the United States, endorse the American Association of Spiritualists, and appoint a committee to meet with that body at its next annual meeting. Then when the State Association of Spiritualists meets next January to become a legal body and elect officers, your corporation and theirs can be merged into one, if you wish; but if you wish to endorse the society of Spiritualists and Liberalists, resurrected last winter at Flint, so continue your action as your letter indicates you have begun.

I shall wait patiently and toil earnestly, hoping that those who have the control of Nemoka, will before it is too late cease their methods of preaching, "Good Lord and good devil," and dedicate the same to Spiritualism and organization, or else to Spiritualism and Materialism, which means chaos—not cosmos. When the mystery shall have been cleared away and I know what you are working for, then I can tell you whether there is a chance for us to all work together, and whether I am with you in heart and hand. Yours for the truth and the sustaining of a spiritual life and philosophy. A. B. SPINKNEY.

Queen City Park (Vt.) Camp.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I have been for a week in this beautiful spot, and as there is no other to report for the JOURNAL, I will as briefly as possible give my impressions and an account of proceedings. I was present last year and became deeply interested in this—then youngest of camps. The year has only deepened that interest and now upon returning I find my dreams of enjoyment more than realized. It is certainly for me as to scenery and location, the finest of our camps. I never tire of the beautiful lake views that greet me from every point of the compass, and beyond, towering peak above peak, are the beautiful Adirondacks, while away to the east the Green Mountains tower, and Mt. Mansfield and Camel's Hump shower down their beneficent blessings of mountain breeze full of relief for tired bodies. The lake winds come, cool and bracing, and we bless old Champlain for the breezes over Shelburn Bay as we in easy indolence stroll or lounge along its shores.

I want to tell all your Western readers that this Vermont camp is a success in every respect, and if they would see beautiful scenery, breathe mountain air, and get among good solid fraternal people, they should come to Queen City Park. There are some Western people here; they are from the shores of the great lakes, from the province of Illinois and the banks of the Mississippi, and I only echo their sentiments.

Think what a glorious trip from here down the lake to Fort Tiendonger; thence to Lake George, Saratoga, and then home via Troy, Albany or New York City; but this is open to those who have means and desire, and *sub rosa*, I envy ye editor of the JOURNAL, for he, thinking to make a ripple on the serenity of my life here, told me he was going to take that trip.

During the past year much work has been done, and many very fine cottages have been built; commodious restaurant, pavilion, auditorium, etc., are prepared. And best of all there are plenty of the Green Mountain people here to make it a home for strangers; for they always have the latch string out; in their hospitality resembling the Western settlers more than any other people of the East.

Of course the speaking is good. It is of the best. Vermont won't have any other. I need not specialize any of them. Suffice it to say that there are nine lectures from our best speakers per week, besides the extras that will somehow get thrown in. The mediums are plenty, Mrs. Maud Lord and Dr. Stude leading the list. This mountain air is peculiarly fitted for all psychical manifestations.

The spirit of the camp is exceptionally fraternal. The officials all work harmoniously together and everybody seems to have learned the secret of having a good camp. The best rhetoric would cause me to say, "Respectfulness and fraternity," but all will understand me better if I say, "To be lazy and good natured."

There was a social dance one evening this week for campers alone, and I was never prouder of being a Spiritualist than when I moved among that pavilion full of happy people. They were all so intelligent and the young people were so full of promise, that I felt we certainly had the cream of the State, but then I know there are those just as good in church and other societies, but somehow freedom from dogma seems to me to give such a serenity and joy to the face, that it becomes in our camps a beneficent everywhere. It is with pride that I can point to so many noble boys and girls at our meetings and, without finding fault I do say that I want to see more done by the management of the different camps for the culture and entertainment of young people. There is one sure standard for a person or a place, and that is: Do noble boys and girls, those with high ideals, love them? If so, persons and places are to be sought; and there is no camp that contains a larger proportion of young people, and from an intimate association with them I know their hearts are with Queen City Park.

I do not feel like entering into specialities in any particular. All the usual attractions of camps are here with the additions mentioned above. The grounds are owned by the Association and lots are sold to those who desire, providing there is no reason why the person applying is not wanted as a resident, which can very seldom be the case. The affairs are managed by a Board of Directors appointed by the fifty stockholders; only stockholders having any voice in annual meetings and elections. Lots sell from \$50 upwards; cottages may be built for \$100 upward. Many prefer to rent. Lots are rented to those who desire. Those who wish to inquire concerning lots, etc., can write to the Secretary, O. G. Bugbee, East Barnard, Vt.

A restaurant will be opened on the ground early next summer and many will come to their cottages in June and July and remain till late fall, and lodging will be provided for transients and boarders, and I can think of no better locality for a summer rest than on the shores of Lake Champlain, two miles from the city of Burlington, at Queen City Park.

Could your humble servant ever hope to have his cottage here, he would make it headquarters for his medium friends, and he will practice the most rigid economy the next year so that he may have one commanding view of the bay, Dugan Rock, the islands and the lake, where he can receive his many Western friends and talk over old times and new; but as he may fail in realizing his dream, he hopes many of those friends—JOURNAL readers—will come here, build their cottages, where he will be pleased to meet and greet them, and as he has a reputation of being pretty "numerous" about camp, they may calculate upon frequent visits.

I perceive that I have put some of the freedom and fraternity of the camp into this letter. I couldn't keep it out.

H. H. BROWN.

Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds again Brought to Grief.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Wednesday evening, August 8th, Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds was again caught in her tricks, similar to the exposure in Brooklyn. A Spiritualist who has been attending Mrs. Reynolds' séances for some time, at first as a believer in their genuineness, but latterly as a skeptic to obtain convincing proof of her frauds, determined on that evening to bring matters to a crisis. For some months past Mrs. Reynolds has been mystifying her visitors with some new varieties of imposture; so much so, that, to my regret, some valued friends of mine, formerly convinced of her frauds, have been so far misled as to accept her tricks as genuine phenomena. Among these tricks was the seeming voice in the circle room of an invisible speaker, or the double voice trick. A horn was laid on the

floor away from the cabinet, with no tube or aught else attached to it leading into the cabinet or elsewhere. Mrs. Reynolds would then come from the cabinet disguised as a spirit, and while she was speaking a second voice would be heard speaking apparently from the trumpet on the floor. I was convinced it was an imposture, and it has been discovered how it was done. Her husband, Mr. Reynolds, has been seen to stand outside the house, place a trumpet in a hole in the wall and speak through it. A tube leading from the trumpet underneath the floor of the circle-room led to the impression that the voice came from the trumpet on the floor. Mrs. Reynolds having moved from the residence where this trick was enacted, a new system of double voice had to be inaugurated; and of late it has been performed a little differently.

Mr. Reynolds now always sits very close to the cabinet, to give strength to the medium, it is claimed. He has a tube concealed in his breast connecting with the horn in the cabinet. This tube runs down his trousers leg, and he sits so as to be partially concealed by the table in front of the curtain, so the connection between the end of the tube and the horn may not be seen. While Mrs. Reynolds is outside speaking, Mr. Reynolds speaks through the tube leading to the cabinet, thus making the two voices. Not long since the Spiritualist who made the exposure Wednesday evening, August 8th, while sitting near Mr. Reynolds, saw him take the tube from his breast and put it to his mouth and speak as the second voice. On Wednesday evening what claimed to be two spirit forms emerged from the cabinet—Mrs. Reynolds being one and the other simply some mosquito netting draped to look like a form, with a mask held up by Mrs. Reynolds to represent the face. Our spiritualistic friend made a grab for the second form and clutched it by the throat. Mrs. Reynolds tried to pull it from him, but failing she darted back into the cabinet. A half-dozen or more of Mrs. Reynolds' backers piled on him, beating him black and blue, and nearly choking him to death. They tried to get the materialized form from him—that is the mosquito netting—and it became torn in the struggle; but he held on like grim death to a deceased African, and brought away with him a portion of the drapery. Among the most prominent of his assailants was one S. H. Lewis, a fellow with a countenance indicative of his low, brutal mentality. This Lewis our friend has had arrested for assault and battery, and he has been bailed for trial August 20th. As soon as he can collect sufficient evidence to warrant prosecution, Mrs. Reynolds will also be arrested for obtaining money under false pretences. My friend tells me he intends to proceed with it to the end, will fight her to the last extremity. I wish him every success.

It is now in order for Henry Kiddie, A. E. Newton, and the other fraud-promoters to claim that Mrs. R. is an innocent woman; that Jesuit spirits influenced her to buy masks and netting and impregnate spirits; that evil spirits influenced her to walk on her knees and impersonate the child "Ellie"; that evil spirits induced her guileless husband to purchase tubes, to speak through a horn outside through the wall, and to conceal a tube in his breast and mightily speak through it as a spirit voice. Of course all this is the work of Jesuit spirits, influencing these innocent and unconscious models of purity, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds.

San Francisco, Cal. W. E. COLEMAN.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Organization.

BY DR. C. D. GRIMES.

Principles and forces exist, and their existence is commensurate with the existence of the universe. Societies and organizations are made up, as atoms group and combine and as trees grow, through the agency of elective affinity. This universe is an organized unit, made up of countless dissimilar units. In organization, heterogeneity is universal and of a necessity, while homogeneity is limited and attainable. From heterogeneity comes action and reaction; from homogeneity comes harmony and rest. These are the polar elements of being—of life—of societies and universes. Forces can be classified and utilized in accordance with certain principles, while principles are fixed and eternal.

Organization to me means an arrangement or agreement to utilize each for some particular department, according as its varied gifts shall indicate. It is an attempt to conserve, regulate and utilize human energies, and (to use a Western phrase) to double, triple and quadruple teams to the extent of their ability; for a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together!

Such are the methods of organization in the spheres above man, and in the kingdoms below. Angels group and combine for an object—a herculean task (see Daniel, 10th ch.), and in all spheres from which information has reached us, they accomplish whatever they seek to, by organized action, each being allotted the particular task his gifts and qualifications qualify him for. Then whatever one cannot accomplish alone, two or a hundred or many millions unite to accomplish. Organization on earth is as every thing else is—simply rudimentary of what it is in the spheres. The grouping and combining of atoms into planets, men and angels into societies and organizations, the winged tribes into flocks, and fishes into sea oaks, are all rudimentary of the societies and organizations of men, angels and gods. This universe is an organization, with an Infinite mind as a central figure—the key-note around which being groups; and then from Infinite to finite, from man to man, it is organization within organization, "and their appearance and their work was, as it were, a wheel within a wheel, and the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels."

Brutes know their talents and utilize them, not only by doubling teams for an object, but by recognizing a talent or gift for a particular purpose, as bees in swarms by producing a queen, and flocks in choosing a leader in migration, and if the poet is to be credited they sometimes excel man in measuring their talent. Swift says:

"Brutes find where their talents lie; A bear will not attempt to fly; A foundered horse will long debate, Before he tries a new way of gate; A dog by instinct will turn aside, When he sees a ditch too wide."

Many humans will undertake to leap a chasm and find themselves floundering in its slime in the end. Doubtless most people can recall a case or two of this kind, but a few if any in the dog-kingdom, but when one gets mutton-hungry, it will hunt up a dog or two to accompany.

What has organization not done in every department of labor, in beautifying and cheapening the various necessities of life, multiplying our luxuries as well as promoting ease, by diminishing the number of hours

of labor; all by dividing and classifying labor, and then increasing and utilizing talents; at the same time awakening genius to invent, and making experts of each in his department. It will call out, not only latent energies of muscle and mind, but money—"the sinews of war," as soon as a demand appears. If we are harnessed for the work and the channels are opened, unemployed capital will flow in.

Were one man to make a sewing-machine, a comrade or bedstead alone, by first cutting the tree and sawing the lumber, then planing, moulding, mortising, tenoning, gluing, polishing, staining, graining, trimming and varnishing; and then make out his bill and compare with organization prices, he would see the position of the one opposing organization. Suppose in our civil war every soldier had gone in on his own plan, and cut and slashed in his own way, what the result? Why, this is just what Spiritualists have done for the last thirty-five years, and still not all have discovered the kind of Kilkenny cat-fight they have been in. Yet I am in surprise asked, "You going to attempt to organize Spiritualism?" My answer is, neither men nor angels can organize Spiritualism, for Spiritualism is founded upon principles as old as time—the acting, living principles of life and being—the chemistry of all existence; organized before the morning stars sang together; for without organizing the principles of life, there could be no song sung or stars to sing it. The organization of lives and planets, from atoms, and a universe from planets, is one where all, from mote to man, and angel, constitute a spiritual organization, without which no one could dance or angel play a golden harp; and man's task here, is in effort and trial to imitate some of the beautiful—"heavenly" organic processes that perpetuate our spiritual and material cosmic mechanism. "See that thou make all things after the pattern shown thee in the Mount," (i. e.) Mount of spiritual exaltation (trance) where Moses' and David were shown how to pattern the earthly after the "heavenly" (organization).

Man is constantly trying to imitate Nature, who has furnished him patterns of all in beauty, use and utility, and his success is commensurate with his success in imitation, materially or spiritually; and in proportion to his advance, organization is complicated and effectual.

Not a railroad, telegraph line or manufacturing establishment, with which our Eden is dotted, our oceans are spanned, our earth girdled, science and art promoted, commerce extended and industries quickened, but what is due to organized effort and classified talent.

But there's the wail of "creed," "man-made churches," etc. No one can form a conception of the Infinite Father, of the supremacy of law, of our relations to all, without formulating a creed, expressed or unexpressed. We cannot think without thinking a creed. This is all innocent, and of a necessity; and evil only comes in being bound to, and hampered by, creeds so as to clog our onward progress. When we unclutter certain cardinal principles around which to rally (group) or work to—conceptions and ideals to materialize into action, we simply do what the Creator of the universe was necessitated to do. That is, there is first one consideration that is paramount to all other considerations—one highest or central idea—one key-note around which all others must group—one omnipotent over all! If it be in the formation of societies, parties, or churches, some one will be gathered in its radius, with the capabilities and possibilities of becoming its central figure, and he or she will be its guiding star, whether any others knew it and worked for it or not. Be it the building of a home for ourselves—the central figure here, the qualifying and governing consideration (that is, with a prudent man), is the amount of funds available. To this controlling consideration the mind will outline the form—height, breadth, width, etc., then the size and shape of the apartments and quality of materials and finish must all take form and quality from the governing considerations—the key-note around which everything must group, from garret to cellar; lesser amount lesser, thus forming the basis of not only societies, churches and parties, but a universe and universes, where there must be time, tune and mathematical precision—a harmonious universe, rounded up for beauty, graded for utility, and united for strength.

Nemoka Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Nemoka Camp Meeting was held from the 9th to the 27th of August. There was a fair attendance, considering the short preparation. On the second and third Sundays there was between 1,000 and 2,000 present. There was a great inquiry for mediums, some days more than could be supplied. Mrs. Walton, of Williamston, was there and gave an excellent address, also a short address dedicating the Bronson cottage, both in the trance state. Mrs. M. Gordon of Greenville also made an excellent plea for the children and children's lyceums. She also gave many excellent tests to anxious inquirers and to skeptics.

Mrs. H. Dunham, of Ionia, could only be there three days, but during that time gave many good tests, starting the skeptics out of their shells and consoling grief-stricken souls. She gave free opportunity to her guides to discourse on the grounds, drawing crowds around her. The management remonstrated against this, keeping people away from the speaker's stand. This was promptly resented by mediums and other Spiritualists, as leaning toward priestly control and saying to the people, "That is not the food you want; come here to the speaker's stand and find the food you need." When will all Spiritualists learn to concede the freedom to others they claim for themselves?

Mrs. M. E. Curtis, of Greenville, had many calls for sittings and universally gave satisfaction, many coming out of her tent with wet eyes, testifying to the reality of the messages they had received. There were many other mediums present, who are not professional, and a very busy day discussing the truths of the new light which was just dawning on hundreds who gladly received them.

On Saturday, Aug. 25th, a business meeting was held to perfect a permanent Nemoka Camp Meeting Association, which was adjourned till Sept. 15th. It was also decided to hold a three days' grove meeting on the 14th, 15th and 16th of September. During the meeting fraternal greetings were exchanged with the Spiritualist and Liberalist Association holding their meeting at Flint. The prospect is good for the success of a permanent Association with headquarters at Nemoka. H. M. CAULKIN.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 15, 1883.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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Weakness of the Spiritualist Rostrum—Remedy.

Complaint abounds in all quarters of the Spiritualist field, of the paucity of new thought, of hard thinking, of superficial, well digested discourses on the part of lecturers. While it cannot be denied that these defects exist, those uttering them do not seem to understand the cause. They fail to see that the lack of compensation is one of the prime causes for the lack of educated teachers.

Spiritualism, in its present unorganized, illly defined, chaotic state, offers no inducement to educated teachers, and no person of average business capacity, with a dependent family, can afford to enter the lecture field. As a consequence, with rare exceptions, the Spiritualist rostrum gets its recruits from mediocrity, and this in the face of the fact that Spiritualism offers a solid foundation of incontrovertible facts on which to build the grandest spiritual philosophy the world has ever known.

Lima, Peru, has a fresh woe. A cemetery law has been passed and is about to go into effect which will allow the interment of all kinds of believers in the general cemeteries. The priests have given notice that they will proceed to curse the whole graveyard as soon as the law shall take effect, and a panic has ensued among the faithful, each being anxious to save the souls of his dead relatives from perdition.

False Reports.

"Lord, how this world's given to lying," says the old song, and it does not need very close investigation to establish the truth of the saying. The old Scotch dominie quoted David's utterance, "I said in my haste all men are liars," and added, "and if ye'd lived till to-day, David, ye might have said it without haste, as your deliberate judgment."

But does lying account for all the false reports? A report may be false, and yet not a lie. Is it not possible that there may be much of false perception, truly reported? It is said that a historian pledged himself in advance, that his history to be written should be accurate, whatever else might be wanting.

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If Spiritualists attend a séance in search of facts, they should examine as they would in all other cases. Movements of matter must be judged, as to the fact, by the senses; as to the law, by the reason—comparison of facts. Usually it is not safe to declare a judgment in the séance room; wait, judge carefully and coolly. But during the séance let every faculty be on the alert, to see and hear all that can be seen and heard. It is dangerous to be prepossessed either way, for one will make the spectator see what is not there, and the other prevent his seeing what is there.

Previous to his departure for America, Gerald Massey delivers a course of four lectures—archaic, evolutionary and theosophic—in St. George's Hall, Langham Place, Regent street, London, Eng., on Sunday afternoons, Sept. 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th.

Home Again.

Here we are once more in our sanctum. The summer campaign is over and we are ready for the fall and winter. Though absent seven weeks, we have had but six days rest in that time; nevertheless we come home stronger in body and soul than ever before, after so long an absence. If any one thinks we have been on a junketing trip he is mistaken, unless he considers that writing a dozen letters a day, supervising an office a thousand miles away by the aid of the mail and telegraph, shaking hands and talking with from fifty to five hundred people daily, besides plenty of other work of which our readers are already informed, is fun.

A huge pile of letters requiring personal attention, and no end of office details demanding supervision, prevent timely reference to many incidents of general interest. We will only add that we return to routine duties with fresh zeal, renewed energy and greater confidence in the spiritual outlook. There is plenty of hard work yet to do, but every day brings new helpers. The future of the JOURNAL and the success of its mission never seemed brighter. Let every reader who feels that the JOURNAL is doing a good work, at once resolve to give active aid by canvassing for new subscribers; let the subscription list be doubled before a new year is ushered in.

Reception to A. J. Davis.

"A very delightful entertainment was lately given by Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Giles of Fairmount Avenue," says the Gazette of Hyde Park, Mass. "in honor of their guest, Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the seer and writer. In the few remarks he made, he spoke of the pleased interest with which he heard the scientific terms while attending medical lectures which he had used all unconsciously years before while dictating his revelations. The word within and the life within did not become associated until after. One day he realized a vision that was never felt by him before—that another life gradually broke over his horizon and he realized that he was seeing and hearing by spiritual sensation instead of the optic nerve and ordinary processes of nature. He had learned that we are evolved out of the ordinary life into the spiritual atmosphere. To enter this state is to enter a condition like dying, but if we look at it on the inside we see that the being is getting ready to be born into the spiritual forces combined to make a body, which is evolved not without parturition pains. The spirit is not discernible. Not a few here in the earth-life are suffering from the discords occasioned by the feeling in the departed that their earth-life had not been what it ought to have been. The distress and annoyance at the house of Dr. Phelps which he visited, was all relieved when the message which the departed spirit wished to give with regard to some property business was obtained and obeyed."

Kersey Graves.

Speaking of the death of Kersey Graves, the Richmond Palladium says: "Kersey Graves is dead. This announcement will be received with sorrow by many thousands who never looked upon the face of the old man now slumbering in the coffin. His writings have made him known to a host of thinkers, investigators, and while they alienated many friends, his life was so pure and his conduct so unpretentious that his bitterest foe found little to say against his personal character. He was always reading, always thinking and searching. At last the machinery wore out, and he sank peacefully into the grave. He was a firm believer in the philosophy of Spiritualism, while he repudiated some of its alleged facts and was inclined to be doubtful about physical phenomena, professedly arising from a spiritual source. No man ever possessed a stronger dislike to fraud and humbuggery than Kersey Graves, or strove harder to expose them. Indeed it was his scorn of hypocrisy and cant that first drove him to be a free thinking investigator. Yet he was not cynical and cold, but a lover of humanity and prizer of human friendships. Right or wrong, and amid evil or good report, he lived up to his highest conception of duty. He is dead. If there is a beyond he has found it, and rejoices in the verification of his hope. If there is none, he enjoyed a pleasing delusion, and sleeps peacefully with no knowledge of a mistake, and in either case it is well."

The JOURNAL's warm friends, Major George E. and Mrs. Warner of Onawa City, Iowa, celebrated their crystal wedding a few days ago. Owing to our absence in the East we were obliged to send regrets, and now we regret still more, for we learn from the Sioux City Journal that the occasion was one of the most brilliant social affairs that ever occurred in Onawa. A hundred and fifty guests from different States sat down to the banquet, and crystal ware shone on all sides. May the worthy couple live to celebrate their golden wedding and may the editor of the JOURNAL and his good wife be present.

The Exposition in this city is now in full operation and is attracting great attention.

Wheeling into Line.

The Michigan State Association of Spiritualists at its late meeting at Orion, accepted and adopted as its own platform, the Declaration of Principles formulated at Sturgis by the American Spiritualist Association. Before another year has past, those who now feel that the time has not yet come to set up a platform and engage in co-operative effort, will see their mistake, and will in many cases heartily and gladly acknowledge it, and join in the work.

GENERAL NOTES.

Notices of Meetings, movements of Lecturers and Mediums, and other items of interest, for this column are solicited, but as the paper goes to press Tuesday A. M., such notices must reach this office on Monday.

Mrs. F. A. Logan's address is now 111 Minna street, San Francisco, Cal.

Prof. W. W. Clayton can be addressed at 18 East Chester Park, Boston, Mass.

Lyman C. Howe speaks at Eddyville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., Sunday, Sept. 16th.

J. K. Bailey spoke at Balston Spa, N. Y., Monday, Sept. 3rd, and at Saratoga N. Y., Sept. 10th.

Mrs. Sarah Graves has been lecturing at Bath, Nemoka and Nuneia, Mich. She is also to lecture at Sparta Centre.

Fourteen Mormon priests are holding meetings in Minneapolis. They have secured ten converts in Minnesota after three months' labor.

Mr. Milton Allen of Philadelphia, Pa., has removed from Mt. Vernon St., to 1729 Girard Avenue, where he will be pleased to meet his friends.

A Spiritualist Convention will be held at the Universalist Church, West Burke, Vt., Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 25th, 26th and 30th.

Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham speaks in Brooklyn, N. Y. the last three Sundays in September; in Plymouth, Mass., the first two Sundays in October, and on the third Sunday she lectures in Boston.

The tabernacle of the Pilgrim Band at Erwin, Illinois, which had just been completed, was set on fire and consumed a few nights ago. People in that section did not appreciate the new sect.

Andrew Jackson Davis's morning discourses on the Harmonial Philosophy, will be resumed on the first Sunday in October, at Steck Hall, No. 11 East 14th Street, New York City. At his request the Association extended the time of his vacation to the date above given.

Our valued Mexican correspondent, "Carol," discloses in his letter of this week a splendid field for missionary work. Those whose patriotism inspires them to desire Mexico annexed had best repress their anxiety for the present. Fifty years hence may possibly be the time to agitate annexation.

L. Albert Edminister proposes traveling toward the Pacific slope at an early day. He can be addressed by those desiring his medical services, in care of Theo. C. Aiden, Aiden's Hotel, Cassadaga, N. Y. The JOURNAL has no knowledge of his standing as a medium.

Mrs. Adaline M. Smith, of Oak Park, Ill., has proposed to give \$10,000 to found the Smith Medical Mission at Nanking, China. Mrs. Smith designs this as a memorial of her deceased husband. She specially charges that the work be made earnestly evangelistic, and proposes to enlarge the gift as God may direct.

Capt. H. H. Brown will be at Morrisville, Vt., Sept. 17th. He will attend the annual convention of the State Association at Montpelier, Vt., Sept. 21st, 22nd and 23rd. He can arrange for dates from Sept. 23rd to Oct. 1st. Oct. 7th he will be at Freeville, N. Y. Address him at his appointments, or at 512 Quinny St., Brooklyn, New York.

The Rev. Hagan (Catholic) in a lecture here on temperance gave figures showing that during the last month more money had been expended for strong drink than was invested in church property of all kinds. There is one saloon in Chicago for every 130 inhabitants, and one for every twenty-five probable consumers, and the traffic seemed to be on the increase.

Hon. Giles B. Stebbins has gone to Iowa, having been engaged to deliver twenty campaign speeches in that State before election. Plenty of men have more lung power and greater animal magnetism than Brother Stebbins, but no speaker in the Iowa contest will prove more effective in appealing to the good sense of intelligent people; and the voters of Iowa are noted for their intelligence.

It is said that a raving maniac, armed with a club, entered a school-room at Williamson, Va., lately and attempted to kill all the girls in the room. His hallucination had taken the form of a belief that, in order to escape eternal torment, he must sacrifice two hundred female children. He hurt a number of the pupils, and was himself knocked senseless before his capture.

A curious side light on the construction of our society is afforded by the account of the funeral of the Rev. Howell Gardner, in New York. Jack Conroy, who is described as "Billy McGlory's slinger," was a chief mourner, while from the wickedest man in New York came an anchor of white roses, with "Not forgotten" on it. A cross and a crown of flowers surmounted the coffin, from a brother of the dead man. All this is odd, but it becomes odder when it is known that a dozen years ago there were two prize fighters who were the terror of New York. One was known as "Awful" and the other as "Horrid" Gardner. "Awful" is the man who sent the cross and crown; "Horrid" is the man who won them.

Shapira, the fraudulent discoverer of a fraudulent Deuteronomy, is said to have threatened suicide. Judas was more prompt. Without indulging in any threats or waiting to be interviewed by the cableman, he went out and hanged himself. Ananias fell down and died and his bowels gushed out. Mr. Shapira seems to lack directness of purpose, except when there is £1,000,000 in sight.

Kersey Graves, author of "Sixteen Crucified Saviors," "The Bible of Bibles," "The Biography of Satan," died at his home north of Richmond, Indiana, September 4th. Mr. Graves was devoted to the truths of Spiritualism; was an indefatigable worker and was generally esteemed for his many estimable qualities. He leaves behind him a host of warm friends who, while they mourn his loss, know that he is realizing the transcendent grandeur of the spiritual realms.

A dog of the shepherd breed, owned by Aaron Hutchinson of Mansfield, Conn., not only possesses the usual accomplishments common to the educated canine, such as shaking hands, awaiting the signal three to snap the piece of bread, speaking, etc., but he also sings. "Sit up, hold out your paw and sing," says his mistress, and Pedro will pose in the most knowing attitude, and to musical accompaniment will join his voice, varying his song as the tune is high or low, fast or slow, and stop when the instrument ceases.

D. F. Trefrey writes: "The Spiritual Light Seekers held their regular weekly meeting on Sunday, Sept. 9th, 3 P. M., at 619 W. Lake St. A larger audience than usual, of earnest seekers for light and truth, was present. Mrs. S. F. DeWolf presided. Opening hymn by the choir, 'The Morning Light is Breaking.' Mr. DeLos Allen gave a brief address, also a number of tests. Judge Holbrook gave us words of wisdom, 'God and Prayer,' also a beautiful poem, entitled, 'Life and Love.' Mrs. Harrison made some remarks, and Mrs. Wilson-Porter and other mediums gave tests."

The Illinois State Fair to be held on the grounds of the Driving Park, adjoining the Garfield Park on West Madison Street, promises to be an attractive exhibition. The halls and apartments for horses and stock have been enlarged. The premiums, as compared with past years, have been increased in all departments, and leading American studs, herds and flocks are already entered for competition. A number of fast horses have been entered in the running and trotting races. The various railroads have reduced fares to one and one-third, or one fare. The Burlington people will run trains between the depot and the grounds, and the Chicago & Northwestern will stop trains in the vicinity of the exhibition.

The trustees of Plymouth Congregational church, San Francisco, Cal., agreed to pay Henry Ward Beecher \$2,400 for his four lectures in that city. Judging by the thin audiences the probabilities are the trustees, who engaged him, will lose money. Beecher is not popular there. His former utterances on the Chinese question alienated the sympathies of the people on the Pacific coast, and in a published interview during this visit on the same subject he expressed opinions which will tend to increase his unpopularity. He says: "The treatment the Chinese have received on the coast is shameful and ridiculous. While all the rest of the world is adopting the most liberal and advanced course in the matter of freedom, here is a little strip of western country insisting upon the narrow, selfish policy of exclusion, which policy China itself long since abandoned."

The Helena, Montana, Herald says that Robert A. Marr, a member of the Government Geologic Survey, in a recent letter gives an interesting account of an atmospheric phenomenon which he lately witnessed in the Toyabe range southwest of Montana. Mr. Marr says: "Suddenly, as I stood looking over the vast expanse beneath, I saw myself confronted by a monster figure of a man standing in mid-air before me upon the top of a clearly defined mountain peak, which had but the thin air of the valley below for a resting place. The figure was only a short distance from me. Around it were two circles of rain-bow light and color, the outer one faintly defined as compared with the inner one, which was bright and clear and distinctly iridescent. Around the head of the figure was a beautiful halo of light, and from the figure itself shot rays of color normal to the body. The sight startled me more than I can now tell. I threw up my hands in astonishment and perhaps some little fear, and at this moment the spectre seemed to move toward me. In a few minutes I got over my fright, and then, after the figure had faded away, I recognized the fact that I had enjoyed one of the most wonderful phenomena of Nature. Since then I have seen it once or twice from Jeff Davis Peak, but it never created such an impression upon me as it did that evening when I was doing service as a heliographer all along the top of Arc Dome."

European statisticians are gradually reducing their estimates of the population of China. It used to be put at over 400,000,000. Behm and Wagner reduce their estimate for China and Corea from 434,500,000 to 379,500,000. Peterson reduces his estimate by 75,000,000, making the present total 350,000,000. Dr. Happer, missionary, believes this can safely be reduced another 50,000,000. Mr. Hippisley acting Commissioner of Customs, thinks 250,000,000 more nearly correct than 350,000,000. The losses by the Taeping and Mohammedan rebellions, and by the famine and pestilence which swept the Provinces of Chili, Shantung, Shansi, Szechuan, and Honan are variously estimated from 61,000,000 to 81,000,000.

Voices from the People,

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

By Her Grave in June.

By C. H. MURRAY.

Here she was buried when nature unfeeling
Showed only the thistle root, rattling and clear.

Who she was buried, how well I remember
The head of the rocky and the child of December.

What is the pang that will weaken with weeping?
How shallow the mourning that tears can assuage!

How great was the beauty that prison enclosed;
Her glow glowed in triumph the lilies above;

And the heavenly thrush singing in ecstasy shrill;
When the dearest of earth this marble entombing,

Why should blossoms so choice, or the bird with
Its voice, flourish her proud colors, or by singing rejoice?

Ah! now she is buried, the great world will wonder,
The earth is so empty and gone to decay;

Voice from the Pulpit.

No long ago the Rev. H. H. Havels, a famous
London Cleric, in the course of one of his sermons

"If a sensitive can put his hand upon the face of
a compass and affect the needle, that means a modification

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Spiritualism and Its Literature.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

That Spiritualism proper rests upon a foundation
of demonstrated facts, "goes without saying" to all

There is no scientific fact better or more immutable
established than that, during the past thirty-five

years and to-day, phenomena have been and are occu-
ring throughout the entire civilized world, utterly

unexplainable upon any other than a spiritual hypo-
thesis. It is well known that thousands of men and

women, including some of the brightest and keenest
intellects, have conceded this much, after a careful

investigation, and have become Spiritualists; but,
there is another aspect of the subject under consider-

ation, which it urgently behooves Spiritualists to
consider and to be fearless in the expression of their

opinion thereon. There is a great deal of alleged
spiritual phenomena at the present time, the friends

of which deem "too sacred" for investigation. It is
quite safe to say of all such phenomena, that, if it be

not downright fraud, at least it is not known spiritu-
ally truth. There are also a large quantity of spiritual

revelations, so-called, which reveal nothing. Such
for instance, as the revelations (?) concerning the

inhabitation of Mars, Jupiter, and perhaps other
planets in our solar system, for instance, revealed

to their inhabitants. There, again, we have the volu-
minous revelations concerning "Our Heavenly Home,"

"The Spirit-World," "Life in the Spheres;" with their
accounts upon the subject treated, more contradictory

in their nature, if such a thing were possible, than
contradiction itself. In fact, the revelations of this

kind during the last few years, through media
said to have been chosen for the purpose, purporting

to give a reliable and exact account of the origin and
early history of Christianity; revelations that are

simply an insult to the intelligence of the age; con-
tradictory to known facts of history and a disgrace to

the literature of the age. In fact, the revelations of
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REMARKABLE DREAMS.

Some Strange Stories of Dreams as

Prophetic Symbols, Etc.

At the French lottery offices, says London Society,
it used to be a custom to keep a separate register of

the lucky numbers which had been suggested by
dreams. They were so numerous, and so remarkable,

every day, that they were added to the wonderful
and, and faith in dreams grew, in consequence,

even more rapidly than the list did in the register.
It was so in England while the lotteries existed, and is

so abroad, where they still exist. Many strange
stories of this kind are told.

Among remarkable dreamers we have authors who,
containing the occupation of the day, have composed

through the night while asleep. In this way
Voltaire composed his verses to Monsieur Tonnou.

From the most ancient times dreams have been
regarded as prophetic symbols, capable of useful

and important interpretations, and many astonishing
strange stories are told in which their significance

was apparently demonstrated. Anciently they were
held in great esteem, and in some cases, in consequence

of their being so, the one or avoiding the other
were solemnly adopted. Pity said unsexed placed

on the pillow, so that the sleeper smelt it, would
prevent dreams from being disagreeable, while the

seed of procreancy, taken in doses of one drachm
in a prophetic nightmare. Both Pity and Aris-

topos regarded dreams as means of grace. In the Spring
and Autumn. Among the ancients dream interpreting

was a regular trade, and Antemioris is credited
with exalting it into a science, by the publication of

his five books of "Onirocritica," first printed in
Greek at Venice in the year 1518, and some times

called the "Interpreter's Bible."

Galen told the author that he dreamed that his left
thigh had become stone, and who soon after lost the

use of it by a dead palsy; of another, one of his patients,
who dreamed that he was in a vessel full of blood,

which he accepted as a sign that the man ought to
bleed, by which means a serious disease under

which he labored was cured.

There is the author of a remarkable dream, related
by Valerius Maximus of two travelers who put up

at Megara, one at an inn, the other at the house
of a friend. At night one dreamed that the other

came to him in a state of awful agitation, saying his
husband was attempting to murder him, and imploring

him to save him. This made a deep impression, and
awoke him, but finding that he was alone, he again

went to sleep. His friend once more appeared, saying
the crime was committed, and his body had been

concealed under a dung-heap, from which he desired
him to remove it. In the morning early he went to

arouse his companion and resume their journey,
and as he entered the courtyard met a cart

carrying a load of dung, which he insisted upon exam-
ining.

The body of his murdered friend was found in it,
the crime was exposed, and the murderer executed.

We may add that as no record exists of Cleopatra's
visiting Megara—and it is most improbable that she

ever did so—she may have merely repeated this old
Greek story from hearsay, although there is nothing

in it more astonishing than we have in the preceding
records.

Pliny, on better authority, tells a strange story of
one of his own slaves, who, while sleeping among his

fellows, dreamed that two men in white came
into the slaves' sleeping place, shaved their (the

slaves) heads, and escaped as they had come. In
the morning he found the slaves shaved, and in the

evening he found the slaves shaved, and in the

The Forgiveness of Sin—The Resur-

rection of the 'Spirit'—The Life

Everlasting, Etc.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Nature has made a provision by which the conse-
quences of wrong doing may be over-ruled by the

repentance and better aspirations of the sinner; not
immediately, of course, but after he has perseveringly

striven for it and thankfully accepted the ministra-
tions of the wise and good.

One of the most awful evidences of the power of
spirits to see our every act and read our thoughts, as

well as that of occult nature to preserve them fore-
ever, may be found in the following statement of a

physician, who informed me that he had never told
it but to one other individual, and should he object

to these lines, I would say to him that my only object
in making the circumstance public is to show the

demand for a pure life which Spiritualism, when un-
derstood, makes on every human being. There is no

safety and no one on earth who is good, a hope for
the true woman or true man, and none which con-
demns the wrong-doer and depicts the terrible con-

sequences of "sin" in more vivid coloring. Spiritual-
ism is not a hearsay religion, but it actually demon-

strates the truth of its teachings.

The Doctor was called upon by a fashionable lady
of one of the cities that holds out as good a hope for

circumstances she informed him of the delicacy of
her situation and requested the unlawful exercise of

his professional ability. She informed him that she
was unmarried, and that unfortunately she had be-

come too intimate with the minister of her church,
who was a married man; that she was a member of

the church choir at that church, and in consequence
leak out, it would be ruinous to the reputation of

both as well as bring the church into disgrace; and
she begged with tears in her eyes that the Doctor

would do something for her even if she died under
the operation. After refusing for some days he at

length consented, and the entire matter passed off
safely and no one on earth was the wiser.

Many years after that, when the circumstance was
forgotten, the Doctor went to a photographer to get

his picture taken—the photograph gallery was in a
distant State and hundreds of miles from where the

above circumstance occurred, when to his surprise
and horror, the distinct likeness of an immature baby

appeared in his own in the picture, and in its form
head were represented two holes, where the infant

had been punctured by the surgical instrument. The
Doctor, under much nervous excitement, explained

to me, when telling of it, that the infant was tenacious
of life, and that it survived the first thrust, so that

he had to penetrate the forehead a second time
before life became extinct. He brought out the pho-

tograph and showed it to me; it was, I think, the
most horrible thing I ever looked at; so much so in

fact, that I could not close my eyes in sleep, scarcely
at all that night; it seemed to stare at me even in

the darkness of midnight. All the parties are now
old or deceased and it is to be hoped that they have

been "let forth upon their repentance" may God
forgive them and may the good and the true follow

each one of the culpable parties with such in-
struction and assistance, (whether in this life or the

future) as will direct them toward peace of mind in
"the life everlasting." THOS. HARRIS,

Sturgis, Mich.

A Few Thoughts.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

While one of my spirit friends gives me incontest-
ible proof that it is himself by never varying in

Rev. Father Wilds'

EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New

York, and brother to the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the

Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

Messrs. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen:

East Winter I was troubled with a most unaccountable

itching humor, affecting more especially my hands, which

scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer

from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough, my appetite

poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the

value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other

cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking

it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved

most from the first dose. After a short time the fever and

itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin

disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the

same means, and my general health greatly improved, until

it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent. stronger, and

I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA,

which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood

medicinal ever devised. It took me small doses three or

four times a day, and in all, less than two bottles. I place these

facts at your service, hoping that your publication may do good.

Yours respectfully,

Z. P. WILDS.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

Cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the

action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the

system to assimilate and utilize the most nourishing and

digestible, and all disorders resulting from poor or

contaminated blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; price \$1, six bottles for \$5.

Medicine when taken into the stomach must be absorbed

into our food before it can do any good. When medicine is

taken into the lungs by inhalation it is taken up by the blood

and goes at once to the seat of the disease. Electric Oxygen

carries with it Electric Energy, the most healing charac-

ter. It is mild and gentle in its action, soothing and quieting

the nerves, and a wonderful stimulant to the lungs, stom-

ach and digestive organs.

It is the most natural method of using medicine and for all

disorders of the lungs, throat and air passages it affords

the best relief and makes a cure. It is a new and powerful

remedy. The disease has not progressed beyond the reach of

remedies. Try a bottle and be convinced. Send for the

"Electric Age" for a full description.

LYMAN C. HOWE,

Fredonia, N. Y.

SPORE-KILLER.

A new medicine that destroys the germs of disease, thereby

preventing Cholera, Typhoid, Diphtheria, and all

kindred diseases. Smutty invalids out of a hundred will re-

cover and gain strength. It is a powerful disinfectant, and

Electric Oxygen carries with it Electric Energy, the most healing charac-

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An Inspired Colored Woman.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

New York, December 9, 1841. A friend passing by the Methodist church in Elizabeth street, heard such loud and earnest noises issuing therefrom, that he stepped in to ascertain the cause. A colored woman was preaching to a full audience, and in a manner so remarkable that his attention was at once riveted. The account he gave excited my curiosity, and I sought an interview with the woman, whom I ascertained to be Julia Pell, of Philadelphia. I learned from her that her father was one of the innumerable tribe of fugitives from slavery, assisted by that indefatigable friend of the oppressed, Isaac T. Hopper. This was quite a pleasant surprise to the benevolent old gentleman, for he was not aware that any of Zeek's descendants were living; and it was highly interesting to him to find one of them in the person of this female Whitfield. Julia never knew her father by the name of Zeek; for that was his appellation in slavery, and she had known him only as a freeman. Zeek, it seems, had been "sold running," as the term is; that is, a purchaser had given a very small part of his original value, taking the risk of not catching him. In Philadelphia a colored man, named Samuel Johnson, heard a gentleman making inquiries concerning a slave called Zeek, whom he had "bought running." "I know him very well," said Samuel; "as well as I do myself; he's a good-for-nothing chap; and you'll be better without him than with him." "Do you think so?" "Yes; if you gave what you say for him; it was a bite—that's all. He's a lazy, good-for-nothing dog; and you'd better sell your right in him the first chance you get." After some further talk, Samuel acknowledged that Zeek was his brother. The gentleman advised him to buy him; but Samuel protested that he was such a lazy, vicious dog, that he wanted nothing to do with him. The gentleman began to have so bad an opinion of his bargain, that he offered to sell the fugitive for sixty dollars. Samuel, with great apparent indifference, accepted the terms, and the necessary papers were drawn. Isaac T. Hopper was in the room during the whole transaction; and the colored man requested him to examine the papers to see that all was right. Being assured that every thing was in due form, he inquired, "And is Zeek now free?" "Yes, entirely free." "Suppose I was Zeek, and that was the man that bought me; couldn't he take me?" "Not any more than he could take me," said Isaac. As soon as Samuel received this assurance, he made a low bow to the gentleman, and, with additional fun in a face always roguish, said: "Your servant, sir; I am Zeek!" The roguishness characteristic of her father is reflected in some degree in Julia's intelligent face; but imagination, uncultivated, yet highly poetic, is her leading characteristic.

Some have the idea that our destiny is prophesied in early presentiments; thus, Hannah More, when a little child, used to play, "Go up to London and see the bishops"—an object for which she afterwards sacrificed a large portion of her own moral independence and freedom of thought. In Julia Pell's case, "coming events cast their shadows before." I asked her when she thought she first "experienced religion." She replied, "When I was a little girl, father and mother used to go away to meetings on Sundays, and leave me and my brothers at home all day. So, I thought I'd hold class-meetings as the Methodists did. The children all round in the neighborhood used to come and hear me preach. The neighbors complained that we made such a noise, shouting and singing; and every Monday father gave us a whipping. At last, he said to mother, 'I'm tired of hearing these poor children every week to satisfy our neighbors. I'll send for my sister to come and she will stay at home on Sundays, and keep them out of mischief.' So my aunt was brought to take care of us; and the next Sunday, when the children came thronging to hear me preach, they were greatly disappointed indeed to hear me say, in a mournful way, 'We can't have any more meetings now; because aunt's come, and she won't let us.' When my aunt heard this, she seemed to pity me and the children; and she said if we would get through before the folks came home, we might hold a meeting; for she should like to see for herself what it was we did, that made such a fuss among the neighbors. Then we had a grand meeting. My aunt's heart was taken hold of that very day; and when we all began to sing, 'Come to the Saviour, poor sinner, come,' she cried, and I cried; and when we had done crying, the whole of us broke out singing 'Come to the Saviour.' That very instant I felt my heart leap up, as if a great load had been taken right off of it! That was the beginning of my getting religion; and for many years after that, I saw all the time a blue smoke rising before my eyes—the whole time a blue smoke rising, rising. As she spoke, she imitated the ascent of smoke, by a graceful, undulating motion of her hand.

"What do you suppose was the meaning of the blue smoke?" said I. "I don't know, indeed, ma'am; but I always supposed it was my sins rising before me, from the bottomless pit." She told me that when her mother died, some years after, she called her to her bedside, and said, "Julia, the work of grace is only begun in you. You haven't got religion yet. When you can freely forgive all your enemies, and love to do them good, then you may know that the true work is completed within you." I thought the wisest schools of theology could not have established a better test. I asked Julia, if she had ever tried to learn to read. She replied, "Yes, ma'am, I tried once; because I thought it would be such a convenience, if I could read the Bible for myself. I made good progress, and in a short time could spell B-a-k-e-r, as well as anybody. But it dragged my mind down. It dragged it down. When I tried to think, every thing scattered away like smoke, and I could do nothing but spell. Once I got up in an evening meeting to speak; and when I wanted to say, 'Behold the days come,' I began 'B-a-' I was dreadfully ashamed, and concluded I'd give up trying to learn to read."

These, and several other particulars I learned of Julia, at the house of Isaac T. Hopper. When about to leave us, she said she felt moved to pray. Accordingly, we all remained in silence, while she poured forth a brief, but very impressive prayer for that venerable host; of whom she spoke as "her good old man, whom thou, O Lord, hast raised up to do such a blessed work for my down-trodden people."

Julia's quiet, dignified, and even lady-like deportment in the parlor, did not seem at all in keeping with what I had been told of her in the pulpit, with a voice like a sailor at mast-head, and muscular action like Garrick in Mad Tom. On the Sunday following, I went to hear her for myself; and in good truth, I consider the event as an era in my life never to be forgotten. Such an odd jumble

ling together of all sorts of things in Scripture, such wild fancies, beautiful, sublime, or grotesque, such vehemence of gesture, such dramatic attitudes, I never before heard and witnessed. I verily thought she would have leaped over the pulpit; and if she had, I was almost prepared to have seen her poise herself on unseen wings, above the wondering congregation.

I know not whether her dress was of her own choosing; but it was tastefully appropriate. A black silk gown, with plain, white cuffs; a white kerchief, folded neatly over the breast, and crossed by a broad black scarf, like that which bishops wear over the surplice.

She began with great moderation, gradually rising in her tones, until she arrived at the shouting pitch, common with Methodists. This she sustained for an incredible time, without taking breath, and with a huskiness of effort that produced a painful sympathy in my own lungs. Imagine the following, thus uttered; that is, spoken without punctuation: "Silence in Heaven! The Lord said to Gabriel bid all the angels keep silence. Go up into the third heavens, and tell the archangels to hush their golden harps. Let the mountains be filled with silence. Let the sea stop its roaring, and the earth be still. What shall we do? Why, man has sinned, and who shall save him? Let there be silence, while God makes search for a Messiah. Go down to the earth; make haste, Gabriel, and inquire if any there are worthy; and Gabriel returned and said, No, not one. Go search among the angels, Gabriel, and inquire if any there are worthy; make haste, Gabriel; and Gabriel returned and said, No, not one. But don't be discouraged. Don't be discouraged, fellow-sinners. God arose in his majesty, and he pointed to his own right hand, and said to Gabriel, Behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah; he alone is worthy. He shall redeem my people."

You will observe it was purely her own idea, that silence reigned on earth and in heaven, while search was made for a Messiah. It was a beautifully poetic conception not unworthy of Milton.

Her description of the resurrection and the day of judgment, must have been terrific to most of her audience, and was highly exciting even to me, whose religious sympathies could never be roused by fear. Her figure looked strangely fantastic, and even supernatural, as she loomed up above the pulpit, to represent the spirits rising from their graves. So powerful was her rude eloquence that it continually impressed me with grandeur, and once only excited a smile; that was when she described a saint striving to rise, "buried perhaps twenty feet deep, with three or four sinners a top of him."

This reminded me of a verse in Dr. Nettleton's Village Hymns:

"Oh, how the resurrection light Will clarify believers' sight How joyful will the saints arise, And rub the dust from off their eyes."

With a power of imagination singularly strong and vivid, she described the resurrection of a young girl, who had died a sinner. Her body came from the grave, and her soul from the pit, where it had been tormented for many years. "The guilty spirit came up with the flames all around it—rolling—rolling—rolling." She suited the action to the word, as Siddons herself might have done. Then she described the body wailing and shrieking, "O Lord! must I take that ghost again? Must I be tormented with that burning ghost for ever?" Luckily for the excited feelings of her audience, she changed the scene, and brought before us the gospel ship, laden with saints, and bound for the heavenly shore. The majestic motion of a vessel on the heaving sea, and the fluttering of its pennon in the breeze, was imitated with wild gracefulness by the motion of her hands. "It touched the strand. Oh! it was a pretty morning! and at the first tap of Heaven's bell, the angels came crowding round to bid them welcome. There you and I shall meet, my beloved fellow-travelers. Farewell—farewell—I have it in my temporal feelings that I shall never set foot in this New York again. Farewell on earth, but I shall meet you there," pointing reverently upward. "May we all be aboard that blessed ship!" Shouts throughout the audience, "We will! We will!" Stirred by such responses, Julia broke out with redoubled fervor. "Farewell—farewell. Let the world say what they will of me, I shall surely meet you in Heaven's broad bay. Hell clutched me but it hadn't energy enough to hold me. Farewell on earth. I shall meet you in the morning." Again and again she tossed her arms abroad, and uttered her wild "farewell," responded to by the loud farewell of a whole congregation, like the shouts of an excited populace. Her last words were the poetic phrase, "I shall meet you in the morning."

Her audience were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm I ever witnessed. "That's God's truth!" "Glory!" "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" resounded throughout the crowded house. Emotion vented itself in murmuring, stamping, shouting, singing and wailing. It was like the uproar of a sea lashed by the winds.

You know that religion has always come to me in stillness; and that the machinery of theological excitement has ever been as powerless over my soul, as would be the exorcisms of a wizard. You are likewise aware of my tendency to generalize; to look at truth as universal, not merely in its particular relations; to observe human nature as a whole, and not in fragments. This propensity, greatly strengthened by the education of circumstances, has taught me to look calmly on all forms of religious opinion—not with the indifference, or the scorn, of unbelief; but with a friendly wish to discover everywhere the great central ideas common to all religious souls, though often re-appearing in the strangest disguises, and hisping or jabbering in the most untranslatable tones.

Yet combined as my religious character is, of quiet mysticism, and the coolest rationality, will you believe me, I could scarcely refrain from shouting hurrah for that heaven-bound ship! and the tears rolled down my cheeks, as that dusky priestess of eloquence reiterated her wild and solemn farewell.

If she gained such power over my spirit, there is no cause to marvel at the tremendous excitement throughout an audience so ignorant, and so keenly susceptible to outward impressions. I knew not how the high-wrought enthusiasm would be let down in safety. The shouts died away, and returned in shrill fragments of echoes, like the trembling vibrations of a harp, swept with a strong hand, to the powerful music of a war-song. Had I remembered a lively Methodist tune, as well as I recollected the words, I should have broke forth:

"The gospel ship is sailing by! The Ark of safety now is nigh; Come, sinners, unto Jesus fly, Improve the time, or you are lost, Oh, there'll be glory, hallelujah, When we all arrive at home!"

The same instinct that guided me, impelled the audience to seek rest in music, for their panting spirits and quivering nerves. All joined spontaneously in singing an old

familiar tune, more quiet than the bounding, billowy tones of my favorite Gospel Ship. Blessings on music! Like a gurgling brook to feverish lips are sweet sounds to the heated and weary soul.

Everybody round me could sing; and the tones were soft and melodious. The gift of song is universal with Africans; and the fact is a prophetic one. Sculpture blossomed into its fullest perfection in a physical age, on which dawned the intellectual; painting blossomed in an intellectual age, warmed by the rising sun of moral sentiment; and now music goes forward to its culmination in the coming spiritual age. Now is the time that Ethiopia begins "to stretch forth her hands." Her soul, so long silenced, will yet utter itself in music's highest harmony.

When the audience paused, Mr. Matthews, their pastor, rose to address them. He is a religious-minded man, to whose good influence Julia owes, under God, her present state of mind. She always calls him "father," and speaks of him with the most affectionate and grateful reverence. At one period of her life, it seems that she was led astray by temptations, which peculiarly infest the path of colored women in large cities; but ever since her "conversion to God," she has been strictly exemplary in her walk and conversation. In her own expressive language, "Hell clutched her, but hadn't energy enough to hold her." The missteps of her youth are now eagerly recalled by those who love to stir polluted waters; and they are brought forward as reasons why she ought not to be allowed to preach. I was surprised to learn that to this prejudice was added another, against women's preaching. This seemed a strange idea for Methodists, some of whose brightest ornaments have been women preachers. As far back as Adam Clarke's time, his objections were met by the answer, "If an ass reproved Balaam, and a barn-door fowl reproved Peter, why shouldn't a woman reprove sin?"

This classification of donkeys and fowls is certainly not very complimentary. The first comparison I heard most wittily replied to, by a colored woman who had once been a slave. "Maybe a speaking woman is like an ass," said she; "but I can tell you one thing—the ass saw the angel, when Balaam didn't."

Father Matthews, after apologizing for various misquotations of Scripture, on the ground of Julia's inability to read, added: "But the Lord has evidently called this woman to a great work. He has made her mighty to the salvation of many souls, as a cloud of witnesses can testify. Some say she ought not to preach, because she is a woman. But I say, 'Let the Lord send by whom he will send.' Let everybody that has a message, deliver it—whether man or woman, white or colored! Some say women mustn't preach, because they were first in the transgression; but it seems to me hard that if they helped us into sin, they shouldn't be suffered to help us out. I say, 'Let the Lord send by whom he will send;' and my pulpit shall be always open."

Thus did the good man instill a free principle into those uneducated minds, like gleams of light through chinks in a prison-wall. Who can foretell its manifold and ever-increasing results in the history of that long-crippled race? Verily great is the advent of a true idea, made manifest to men; and great are the miracles of works—making the blind to see, and the lame to walk.

An Appeal for Geo. P. Colby.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: It becomes our duty, unpleasant as it may be, to chronicle another brutal assault on a spiritual medium, while engaged in the discharge of his labor as a speaker. Last April, Geo. P. Colby, France and test medium and speaker, was engaged to give a course of lectures in Michigan City, Indiana. His usual custom is, after speaking, to give tests to the audience, which invariably prove tests indeed.

In this instance, after the close of a lecture and while unconscious, he described and gave the name of a young lady who had died in the place some time previously, and said, "The spirit says she died a victim of medical ignorance." It is unnecessary to state that the medium knew nothing whatever of the circumstances. The lecture was given on Tuesday evening. Mr. Colby remained in town until Saturday evening, when he went home with a friend living about two miles or two and a half from the city.

The physician who had attended the young lady in her last illness, a Dr. Mullin, although not present at the lecture, had in the meantime heard of the communication. He was a resident of the place and might have met Mr. Colby at any time during the week; but waited until the Saturday night in question, when having provided himself with a cane or cudgel, and taking as companion and assistant in the base act he was about to perform, a negro of desperate character, a State-prison convict, proceeded to the house where Mr. Colby was stopping for the night, although the rain was pouring in torrents.

Arriving at the house, he remained in his carriage and sent the negro to the door to call Mr. Colby out, saying there was a gentleman out in the carriage who wished to see him, representing the gentleman in waiting as an invalid.

But Mr. Colby's guides warned him not to go, and when he refused, the M. D. himself went to the house, called for Mr. Colby who met him at the door. He gave his name as Mr. De Loos of Chicago, who was connected with some paper in that city. Mr. Colby's warning had prepared him for the man and his object in coming, and he was in a measure prepared for what followed. The Doctor pretended to inquire after some friends in spirit-life, as if he were really sincere, when he suddenly sprang upon Mr. Colby and seizing him by the collar, exclaimed, "My business out here is to waylay you, and by God, I mean to kill you!" aiming a blow at him with all his strength with his cudgel; but at the instant Mr. Colby's collar gave way, and he escaped the blow, which fell with such force on the door casing where he stood, as to leave a deep indentation. Had he received the full force of it, the aim of the villain would probably have been accomplished and the crime of murder committed.

Mr. Colby had, him arrested, and tried to have him indicted before the Grand Jury, but failed probably from the sympathy of the Prosecuting Attorney, politically, with the defendant; and the jurors doubly sympathizing with him, many of them being members of the same church, Catholic, and belonging to the same political party as the defendant. He is now prosecuting him in a civil suit at his own expense, and needs the financial assistance of friends and supporters of Spiritualism everywhere.

We have known Mr. Colby, personally, for about ten years, and a part of that time, he was an inmate of our house, and we know what we affirm when we state that the most

startling spirit phenomena have occurred in his presence, besides his clairvoyant power of giving tests while deeply entranced and wholly unconscious cannot be excelled. We know these things to be true and genuine in his case, as they were investigated under conditions where fraud was impossible.

We call upon you, Spiritualists, everywhere to come to the assistance of this persecuted medium. Let us by preserving and protecting these gifted workers for the Spirit-world, keep the "golden gates ajar." Let bullying, murderous villains be warned in time, to keep hands off. This appeal is not made for a selfish purpose. This fight is not Mr. Colby's alone; every medium and every Spiritualist in the country is interested in the issue of the trial which is set to take place the first or second week in September in Michigan City, Ind. Mr. Colby's diffidence prevents him from making this appeal himself to the friends of the cause he represents, so we, his personal friends and vouchers for the genuineness of his mediumship, make it for him. All favors, however small, will be gratefully received and strictly appropriated to defray the expenses of the trial. We hope the response will be generous and prompt as there is no time to lose.

Send money order or registered letter direct to Geo. P. Colby, care S. Eddy, President of the Spiritual Society of Michigan City, Ind. MR. AND MRS. T. D. GIDDINGS. Orange City, Florida, Aug. 27, 1883.

Experiment with the Endless Cord.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Knowing that the columns of the JOURNAL are always open for attested phenomena of a spiritual nature, I forward with pleasure the result of a séance at Griffith's Hall, Onset Bay Grove, Sunday evening, Aug. 26th, 1883. Major T. B. Griffith, a gentleman well known in mercantile business and one of the firm of the Murdock Parlor Grate Company, Boston, Mass., has been a very successful investigator of spiritual phenomena for at least ten or fifteen years. The late Mrs. Susie Nickerson White, of Boston, was one of the mediums with whom he has held regular sances for a number of years. Mr. Griffith built the Medium's Home, also a hall at Onset, the former being maintained for the free use of worthy mediums, and the latter for the free use of the cause of Spiritualism.

He instituted a series of sances at his hall with Mr. Theodore H. Loring, of Bridge-water, Mass., as the medium. The manifestations have partaken largely of the physical form, and have been very satisfactory. At the present time I shall only describe the sance held on the evening of the 26th of August, as expressed by Mr. Griffith himself. It was composed of the following ladies and gentlemen: Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Griffith; Hon. George Robbins and wife, Fitchburg, Mass.; Hon. John Low, Chelsea, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Southworth Loring, Fitchburg, Mass.; Mr. Benj. Bumpus, Middleboro, Mass.; Mr. Benj. H. Bourne, Wareham, Mass.; Capt. Jas. B. Gibbs, Wareham, Mass.; Mr. Theodore H. Loring (medium) and wife, Bridgewater, Mass.

The cords furnished were about 40 inches long (and their diameter was about the size of number 12 B Flax Twine), and made into an endless cord by tying together in a square knot, leaving short ends that were sewed to the main cord with fine white cotton.

When the medium became fully entranced he requested a basin of water to be placed in the cabinet. This being complied with, he passed the endless cords to each member in the circle so that all might know for a certainty that there were no knots there except the ones that were put there to make an endless cord. He then passed the basin of water for each member of the circle to dip his or her fingers in; he then placed both cords in the water; next he took one of the cords and gathered it up into a bunch and handed it to Mrs. Griffith, and then patting it in her hand, he requested her to put it in her pocket. He then passed to Mr. Low, and taking the other cord from the basin of water, gathered it up as he had the first, and putting it in Mr. Low's hand, he manipulated it as he did the first one, requesting Mr. Low to also put the cord in his pocket. This being so far accomplished the medium retired to the cabinet, and the regular manifestations of the evening were commenced and duly performed. Among the instruments used were bells, a toy gun, a trumpet, a harmonica, a metallophone, two drums, a fan and a toy sword—all manipulated and played upon separately and together during the sance. The gun was fired and the trumpet blown at the same time at the request of a member of the circle, to the satisfaction of all present. The result of the endless cord test or experiment was perfectly satisfactory to the circle. The cords had been retained by Mr. Low and Mrs. Griffith during the entire sance. Upon investigation the cord retained by Mrs. Griffith contained eight knots, and the one by Mr. Low four knots.

While it was not the privilege of the writer to be present at the above sance, I take pleasure in saying that the ladies and gentlemen composing it are persons of honor, and the statement as made by Maj. T. B. Griffith can be regarded as his sincere conclusion in the matter and worthy of public confidence. W. W. CURRIER. Old Pan Cottage, Sept. 4, 1883.

Farmers in New Jersey use goats to protect their sheep from dogs. Two goats can drive away a dozen dogs, and two are about all each farmer puts with his sheep. As soon as a dog enters a field at night the goats attack him, and their butting propensities are too much for the canine, who finds himself rolling over and over. A few repetitions of this treatment causes the dog to leave the field, limping and yelling. Formerly, when a dog entered a sheep-field at night, the sheep would run wildly around and cry piteously. Since the goats have been used to guard them they form in line behind the goat and seem to enjoy the fun.

Several kinds of hardwood lumber are gradually coming into use, which, a few years ago, were unnoticed. Beech is one of them. It is cheap and abundant, while the more popular hardwoods are becoming comparatively scarce, and consequently high-priced. Beech has a fine grain, is quite durable, and is used in the manufacture of school and church furniture, chairs, and to a certain extent in furniture. The red variety has a handsome appearance, and can be made to imitate cherry.

In none of the accounts of Wagner's funeral was mention made of the fact that the mausoleum at Wahnfried had been used already. When the composer's dog Russ was poisoned by some miscreant, a few years since his remains were placed in the tomb destined to receive the body of his master. Wagner had carved by the entrance to the mausoleum the effigy of his favorite in an attitude of repose, and underneath the legend, "Here Russ rests and waits."

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