

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. Spinney, of Detroit.

MASON, Mich., Aug. 29, 1883.

DR. A. B. SPINNEY,—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 discussion, we managed to defer the organizing until the 11th, 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 your counsel and labor make this Nemoka enterprise a success. If 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 that I make.

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.

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 indecision, 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. SPINNEY.

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 benedictions 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 Shelburne 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 and 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 Ticonderoga; thence to Lake George, Saratoga, and then home via Troy, Albany or New York City; all this is open to those who have means and desire, and *ad 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. Slade 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 benediction 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 upward; cottages may be built for \$100 upward. Many prefer to tent. 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 a 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' sances 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 would be 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 5th, 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 when I 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 had arrested for assault and battery, and he has been bailed for trial August 29th. 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-prodler to claim that Mrs. R. is an innocent woman; that Jesuit spirits influenced her to buy masks and netting and impersonate spirits; that evil spirits influenced her to walk on her knees and impersonate the child "Effie"; 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 nightly speak through it as a spirit voice. Of course all this is the work of Jesuit spirits, influencing those innocent and unconscious models of purity, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds.

San Francisco, Cal. W. E. COLEMAN.

For 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, even being allotted the particular tasks, gifts and qualifications qualify him for. Then whatever one cannot accomplish alone, two, two 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 schools, 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."

But we 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 sings:

"But we find where their talents lie; A bear will not attempt to fly; A foundered horse will long debate, Before he tries a five bar'd 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 foundering 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-heady, 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 "stewens 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 combed 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 price, 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-light 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 men and angels, constitute a spiritual organization, without which no mote 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 wall of "creed," "man-made churches," etc. No one can form a conception of the law of the Infinite Father, of the supremacy 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 enunciate 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 around 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 Williamstown, was there and gave an excellent address, also a short address dedicating the Bronzo 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, startling 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 all were busy 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. CAUKIN.

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W. L. FARR, of W. L. FARR & BRO. FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, Feb. 20, 1882.

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith.

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

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

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 peripatetic, 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, ill 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; a field which should attract the best talent, the profoundest learning, the most brilliant genius. Wide-spread intellectual demoralization exists in all quarters; men are completely at sea, old ideas have been discarded and new ones have as yet hardly taken firm hold.

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.” To “lie like a bulletin” came to be a proverb in the time of Napoleon, and the practice he began, continues with increasing vigor to this day.

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. The noise of a fight in the street below his study-window, drew him forth, and he endeavored to find out how the fight began.

How shall I get at the truth of what happened hundreds of years ago, when I cannot get true report of what happened five minutes ago? It is probable none of these spectators of the fight lied, though just as probable none of them spoke the truth. A little unconscious exaggeration in some cases, an equally unconscious suppression in another, and limited perception in most, will account for the divergences of statement without assuming moral delinquency. How often do Spiritualists hear reports of séances directly contradictory of each other; one asserting a splendid success, another a lamentable failure on the same occasion? The same séance will be described by different persons, as convincingly genuine, and undoubtedly fraudulent. Here is a point Spiritualists should watch. If they expect fraud, some say their presence will produce fraud. This is more than doubtful; but that they might see appearances of fraud where there were none, is possible.

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. As a prominent lecturer once said, “If Spiritualism is to rest on its fact, in God's name let us be sure of our facts.” If the watchfulness recommended were used and we were careful to keep ourselves free from disturbing conditions, there would be fewer false reports of phenomena, fewer false judgments based on these reports. But for fraud deliberate, conscious fraud, this once established, in all future performances by the same person, we have a right to expect fraud and it is our duty to expose and denounce it; to give no countenance to it in any way. But in all cases, it is no small part of the duty of the investigator to take into account his own condition, as a necessary factor to a true perception.

Lima, Peru, has a fresh one. 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. Exhumations and reburials in churches have followed so rapidly as to endanger the public health, and the Minister of the Interior has interdicted further proceedings until certain proper precautions can be taken.

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 sahetum. 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. Two days stay in Saratoga, a delightful steamboat ride down the Hudson by daylight, a few calls on friends in New York and Brooklyn, a sail down the harbor, a good-by to wife and friends, and thirty-six hours railroad ride covers the history of last week.

A huge pile of letters requiring personal attention, and a host 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. The JOURNAL is the representative of the best thought of the best writers and mediums in the country; it is progressive and fully in sympathy with the enlightened spirit of the age. Give it your earnest co-operation and thus help to place the Spiritualist movement in that honored and commanding position before the world which the merits of Spiritualism demand for it.

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 he had dictated 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-painful. The spirit is not discernable. 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 and 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 Mina street, San Francisco, Cal.

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

Lyman C. Howe speaks at Eddyville, Cataraugus 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 Nunela, 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 429 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 28th, 29th 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.

Andre Jackson Davis's morning discourses on the Harmonial Philosophy, will be resumed on the first Sunday in October, at Steek 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. Alden, Alden'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 for 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 Quincy 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 on 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 son,” 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 Toyaboy range south west 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 Wagoner 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. Hippley 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, Shanai, Shensi, 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 H. C. MURRAY.

Here she was buried when nature unfeeling... Showed only the thistle rustling and the dew...

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

With its rapid inscription the eyes to engage... Is a fraud and lie to one such as I...

How great was the beauty this prison allowed... Her bow gleamed in triumph the lilies above...

See the mockery here of the columbine blooming... And the haughty thrush singing in ecstasy shrill...

Why should blossoms so choice, or the bird with its voice... Flaunt here their proud colors, or by singing rejoice?

Ah! now she is buried, the great world will moult... Taste but the anguish, no more to behold her...

Voice from the Pulpit.

Not long ago the Rev. H. R. Hawley, a famous London Curate, 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 of force of some kind, and surely such modifications concern science."

"Such evidence, if it exists, strikes away the physiological argument against the survival of the soul."

"This argument is that there is no such thing as soul; that intelligence is the product of brain and force."

"If you have evidence of any intelligence whatever acting apart from a brain and a nervous system? It may not be human intelligence, but that does not matter."

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Chinese Heaven.

"In this country," said Mr. Wong Foo, editor of The Chinese American, to a New York World reporter...

"Are all the Chinamen who die among barbarians ultimately taken home?"

"Most of them; not quite all," replied the editor, glancing over the proof of a slashing leader on the spiritual effect of amputating queues.

"If anyone going back to the old country has dead friends here he takes them along. I do not believe that more than 5 per cent. of the Chinamen who die in the United States are permanently buried here."

"Can not one of your race get into paradise unless his bones rest in Chinese soil?"

"No, sir; Chinamen believe that the only road to heaven is through their country."

"But if a good, virtuous Chinaman who has kept his piety and his conscience intact, dies in a strange land, will he be excluded from heaven because he is poor and friendless?"

"That's the doctrine," said Mr. Wong. "According to Christians, no man can be saved except through a certain belief, no matter how good he is; according to Chinamen there is no salvation outside of China."

"When you dig up the remains of your countrymen, do you give any service at the grave?"

"We burn a little incense paper, maybe, and take a drink, just as Americans do in all occasions."

"How are the bodies prepared for shipment?"

"They are embalmed if they are fresh enough. If not, the meat is chopped off and the bones only are carried away."

"Then it suffices for a Chinaman's salvation if only his skeleton is buried in the home of his fathers?"

Spiritualism and Its Literature.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. That Spiritualism proper rests upon a foundation of demonstrated facts, "gone without saying" to all who have thoroughly investigated its phenomena.

There is no scientific fact better or more inmutably established than that, during the past thirty-five years and to-day, phenomena have been seen and are occurring throughout the world, utterly unexplainable upon any other than a spiritual hypothesis.

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 consideration, 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 is not downright fraud, at least it is not known spiritual 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, together with accounts of their inhabitants. Then again we have the voluminous revelations concerning "our Heavenly Home," "the Summer Land," "the Beautiful Beyond," "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.

Revelations so-called have been coming 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; contradictory to known facts of history and a disgrace to the literature of Spiritualism, revealing nothing but the gross ignorance of the revelators. Last, if not least of all, we have the revelations under the head of psychometry, purporting to give an authentic account by simply holding in the hand a bit of meteoric stone, of the nature of the planet from which it fell, and a description of the people living, state of civilization, etc., albeit omitting to state whether such inhabitant has an eye in the middle of the forehead as well as one on each side of the nose. I do not wonder that Robt. Taylor once said the very word revelation had come with him to have a cranky sound in view of the clearly apparent fact that so little is really made known by it. But the melancholy feature of the subject under discussion, is that so many Spiritualists utter defiance of the genuine of true Spiritualism, ignore their reason, bid cheerful goodbye to common-sense, shut their eyes, open their mouths and swallow without even attempting to masticate, the most preposterous superstitions and egregiously absurdities, such as no Roman Catholic, although born and reared in popish nunnery and nonsense, would ever think of unhesitatingly accepting, and when the rational Spiritualist protests against the prevailing superstition among Spiritualists, he is at once set upon and the attempt is made to land him down by so-called Spiritualists who are possessed of a bigoted intolerance and fanatical frenzy such as Torquemada himself would have been ashamed of. To reveal, means to make known; but just how much has been added to the stock of knowledge of any Spiritualist concerning the nature of spirit life, the inhabitation of the planets, or the origin of Christianity by the professed revelations upon these subjects? Additions have unquestionably been made to many a Spiritualist's stock of credulous vagaries, conjectures, but how much more is really and positively known concerning the subjects treated in these revelations than heretofore? Nothing; absolutely nothing. One other thing I wish to speak of and then close. Is it not passing strange that so much nambly-nambo, bifalutin and sentimental nonsense, should exist, as does to-day, a bit upon our spiritual literature, and more especially our song and hymn-books? "What shall be my angel name?" "Oh, though I might be or was as angel named, I would be named the one green apple too many that sent little Willie skipping up the golden stair," etc.

Believe Rev. Geo. Quincy told his Western congregation that the best use they could make of their hymn books, would be to put them in a waste-paper basket. A great deal of our own psalmody and hymnology should be sent in the same direction. I shall assuredly meet the usual amount of abuse and vilification for what I have here taken the liberty to write, but for all such abuse the writer cares just nothing at all, and clearly perceives the necessity of an urgent protest on the part of all true Spiritualists against the crudities, folly and unbridled fanaticism still so largely prevalent among Spiritualists. The recent magnificent victory of right over wrong at Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, is significant, however, of the cheering fact that the leaven of spiritual reform is beginning effectually to work, and that it may continue to work until the "whole lump is leavened," says to be the most heart-felt desire and earnest wish of every Spiritualist worthy of the name.

Brooklyn, N. Y. W. C. BOWEN.

Tests of Spirit Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. During my summer's sojourn among the beautiful green hills of Maryland, surrounded by the seekers after pleasure and health, I have not been without interesting experiences in spiritual unfoldment.

Being personally known to most of the visitors, and my religious sentiments being well understood, many, perhaps, have laid the ground-work for what seemed to have been a general or accidental query put to me by two ladies: "What do you think of Spiritualism?"

I assured them that I based my hopes of eternal life upon its teachings, etc., and after a short conversation upon the subject, it was concluded that we should meet on the morrow and hold a private circle. I had announced to the ladies that I had no mediæstic gift whatever; and if we received anything, they would be entitled to the credit of it.

True to our appointment, we met the next morning. After sitting at the table a few minutes, the hand of one of the ladies was violently shaken, and after a short time she wrote a message. She continued to be more violently shaken at each meeting. After about the third sitting, she saw and described spirits, among them some of my own spirit friends. At each subsequent sitting her vision became clearer and her descriptions were given with greater ease and minuteness. One of her spirit friends is a priest from whom she received her first communion, who says he has obtained new light, and is learning new lessons of life. This priest was a layman's companion. We separated in our youths, he being into the priesthood and I into business life. He became distinguished for his eloquence and upright life and character, and was always known as one of the most liberal priests in Washington, D. C., where some two years since, his spirit commenced its journeying through the fields of knowledge, untrammelled by the weight of the dull humanity it had hitherto borne.

The lady has returned to her home in Washington, D. C., determined to devote herself to the unfoldment of her gifts, and the time will surely come when she will make her mark in the Spiritualist circles of the Capital.

The second lady after a few sittings, was also controlled and spoke, but like many others her surroundings are not favorable, and thus, for the want of appropriate and sustaining elements, the God-imparted gift of mediæstic vision in her mind, recedes like the seed sown by the wayside, wither and die.

W. C. Kingsbury writes: Without the JOURNAL our home would be like one deprived of the companionship of a dear and dear friend. I feel deeply interested in the efforts at organization, as I think the flood tide that was let loose upon the world over thirty years ago, has been running through the driftwood and debris long enough to locate some channel into which to concentrate the scattered streams and rivulets, which united will be a power in the land. I approve of the effort being a national one at the start. Instead of from local societies through delegates, as each society might have its own pet theory to be imbedded in the National platform, and might prove similar to the councils that gave us the Bible.

M. L. Ends writes: I would like the JOURNAL if for nothing more, to get the reading of W. E. Coleman's effusions. He is doing the Lord's will, though he may not know it. He seems to knock down all the towers of Babel as fast as they are erected. Spiritualists as well as sectarians and infidels would do well to read, digest and be benefited by his inspirations.

Mary Emrich writes: I can't think of doing without the JOURNAL.

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

Some Strange Stories of Dreams as Prophetic Symbols, Etc.

At the French lottery offices, says London Spectator, 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. Never did a day pass without adding to the wonderful record, 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, continuing the occupation of the day, have composed through the night while asleep. In this way Voltaire composed his verses to Monsieur Tournon. 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 is demonstrated. Anciently they were broadly divided into good and evil dreams, and means for securing the one or avoiding the other were solemnly adopted. Pliny said unexpressed placed on the pillow, so that the sleeper smelled it, would prevent dreams from being disagreeable, while the seed of incense, taken in doses of one drachm in wine, produced nightmare. Both Pliny and Aristotle regarded dreams as most frequent in the Spring and Autumn, among the ancients dream interpreting was a regular trade, and Antemiorus 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 Dreamer's Bible."

Galen told us of a man who dreamed that his left thigh had become stone, and who soon after lost the use of it by a dead fall 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 be bled, by which means a serious disease under which he labored was cured.

Cicero is the authority for a remarkable dream, related by Valerius Maximus of two travelers who put up in 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 host was attempting to murder him, and imploring his aid. This made a deep impression, and awoke him, but treating it as "only a dream," he again went to sleep. His friend once more appeared, saying the crime was committed, and his host 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 removing a load of dung, which he insisted upon examining.

The body of his murdered friend was found in it, the crime was exposed, and the murderer executed. A remarkable dream, as we heard of Cicero's visiting Megara—and it is most improbable that he ever did so—he may have merely repeated this old Greek story from hearsay, although there is nothing in it more astonishing than what 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 to the slaves' sleeping place, shaved their (the slaves') heads, and escaped as they were. In the morning he found the dream repeated.

One dreamer—an old woman of Marseilles, who visited church every day and passed almost her entire time before a certain altar, dreamed that she had been transformed into a lamp eternally hanging before it, and herself made as sure of its realization as she could by leaving in her will the money for suspending there a silver lamp; but this was hardly a fair case of prophetic dreaming.

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"The Forgiveness of Sin—The Resurrection of the Spirit and the Life Everlasting."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Nature has made a provision by which the consequences of wrong doing may be averted 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 ministrations 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 forever, may be found in the following statement of a physician, who informed me that he had never told it to one other individual, and should he read 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 understood, makes on every human being. There is no system of religion that holds out as good a hope for the true woman or true man, and none which condemns the wrong-doer and depicts the terrible consequences of "sin" in more vivid coloring. Spiritualism is not a hear-say religion, but it actually demonstrates the truth of its teachings.

The Doctor was called upon by a fashionable lady in one of our large cities, and after a good deal of conversation she formed him of the efficacy of her situation and requested the unlawful exercise of his professional ability. She informed him that she was unmarried, and that unfortunately she had become too intimate with the minister of her church, who was a married man; that she was a member of the church choir and that should the circumstance 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 lady appeared with his own in the picture, and in its forehead 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 photograph and showed it to me; it was, I think, the first 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 "brought forth works meet for repentance," may God forgive them, and may the good and the true follow each one of the culpable parties with such instruction and assistance, (whether in this life or the future) as will direct them toward peace of mind in the "life everlasting."

THOS. HARRISON, Sturgis, Mich.

A Few Thoughts.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. While one of my spirit friends gives me inconceivable proof that it is himself by never varying in certain manifestations, others are very unreliable. Some time ago a spirit informed me that she had passed from earth at the age of ninety. I wrote to a friend to ascertain if that was a fact and received word in reply, that her mother was still living at the age of eighty-seven. These things puzzle me, for I never go to mediums, preferring to let my friends come, if they will, to me on earth-stone. Others have informed me that they have passed over, but I have no means of knowing.

Not long ago a neighbor of mine found a good-sized looking glass shattered upon the floor. Every body cried out that something was going to happen. A week passed, and the senior member of the family was brought home terribly wounded from a fall, of course the prediction was made that he would die, but he did not. He was very sick for several weeks, but at the present writing seems as hale and hearty as ever.

How are we to account for such curious happenings as the following, which I know to be true: A lady seated at the piano, her son one side, her nephew on the other; the front door opens and a voice says, "Molly!"

"There's mamma!" said the nephew. "There's aunt Nan!" said the son.

Meanwhile the presence went up stairs, distinctly heard, into the room of her father who was ill. Then it came back to the head of the stairs and called, "Molly, come up here!"

"In a minute," was the reply, all the three hearing the call, which was twice repeated after that. Then Molly left the piano and ran up stairs. Not a soul was there, but the sick man, and he had heard and seen nobody. Nan, her sister, the supposed visitor, had not left her home that day, yet here were three people who identified her coming in, going up stairs and calling her sister three times. Since then the invalid has recovered, and all goes well. What do you make of that?

A CONSTANT READER, Washington, D. C.

Election of Officers.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The State Association of Spiritualists held their annual election of officers, at their hall, Sept. 2nd, resulting as follows:

President, Miss Susie M. Johnson; Vice-President, Lewis Kirtland; Secretary, A. J. Manley; Treasurer, J. S. Walker; Trustees, Mrs. E. Walker, Mrs. A. J. Manley, Mrs. C. G. Hillman, Mr. Peter Martin and Mr. J. C. Price.

The annual convention which was to have been held at this time, has been postponed till later in the season.

Since Miss Johnson's return from her vacation, her lectures have seemed to increase in depth and strength. Much interest is manifested at the meetings.

The friends of the cause in this vicinity begin to look forward to a grand spiritual camp meeting about June next. A gentleman has kindly offered to donate ten acres of land near White Bear Lake, already quite a noted summer-resort, for the purpose of holding camp meetings, and Miss Johnson is now holding correspondence with him in reference to the same.

A. J. MANLEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Milwaukee Daily Journal says of the meeting in that city, concerning which an associated press dispatch was sent over the country, that "about fifteen persons were present."

It was a meeting of the Milwaukee Liberal League. One of the prominent members stated "that the coming congress had for its object, not only uniting the members of the League hitherto divided into two factions, but to include in their organization other societies, such as the Erie Gemeinde, Knights of Labor, Turners, and self-organized." How is this union to be effected? We have not quite forgotten the promises of conciliation and compromise made by the leaders of the League at Horsholme, N. Y., three years ago, by which they secured the New York Free Thinkers' Association as an auxiliary, nor the action of the League at Chicago at its very next annual meeting, unequivocally committing it to the policy of demanding and working for the total repeal of all postal laws against the transmission of obscene literature through the mails—the action which drove Ingersoll from the organization, when he had already remained in it too long. The only possible way to "unite the members of the League hitherto divided," and to gain the confidence and support of the liberal public, is for the National Liberal League at its next annual congress to rescind its Chicago resolution, turn out of office those who have been managing the League in support of their hobbies, and determine that henceforth its entire strength shall be devoted to the cause of State secularization, the work for which the League was formed. But it is not likely that this will be done.—Index.

Mrs. Susie Goodhue Wagner, of Fort Seneca, Ohio, writes: No one is perfect; each one is more or less dependent upon others. We are all investigators and pupils in the great school of nature. We have not solved all the problems yet, nor grasped all the truth, but we must submit to the powers that be, and may eventually win.

T. J. Morgan writes: The JOURNAL grows better as it grows older, thus fulfilling the law of eternal progression.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. F. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother to the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882. My dear Dr. Ayer: I was troubled with most uncomfortable itching humor, affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intensely at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear my clothing over them. I was also suffering from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was 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 disorder. My appetite improved almost 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 I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA. I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA. I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA.

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Tear and Smile.

"What are you at," said a Tear To a Smile playing near, "With a flickering glimmer You transiently glimmer On the meaningless features of mirth, But you nothing express Of the anguish and stress That make up man's portion on Earth."

"You are rather severe," Said the Smile to the Tear; "For as day to shine bright, Needs a background of night, No grief must be bordered with gladness; And the light of a Smile, More than once in a while, Helps a Tear to unloosen his lid."

A. T. Stewart's body. A. T. Stewart's bones are popularly supposed to be beyond the reach of grave-robbers in the crypt of the new Cathedral of the Incarnation, and no one is admitted to the little room directly beneath the chancel in the basement.

Pharaoh. After much disappointment and many delays the Abbe Molgout has succeeded in raising the large sum of money he asked for where-with to dredge the bottom of the Red Sea. He is after Pharaoh's chariots and the costly trappings of the Egyptian army.

Somnambulism. Michael Conley, yardmaster of the Oregon & California Railroad, in Portland, while asleep walked from the window of his room in the St. Lawrence Hotel, on Second street, upon the main and thence fell to the pavement below, sustaining injuries that will probably result fatally.

Expunging in Earnest. An illustration of the absurd changes introduced in French school books, in obedience to the law requiring all religious references to be expunged, is furnished by the letter of a father recently published in the Journal of Athens.

Another Curative Agent. A plant of remarkable curative powers is said to have been discovered recently in Tonquin. A French paper says: "The bark of this plant, it appears, is even more medicinal than that which Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave."

Very True. One of the latest as well as one of the best things from Spurgeon is his reply to the question, Whether a man could be a Christian and belong to a brass band. "Yes; I think he might, but it would be a very difficult matter for his next door neighbor to be a Christian."

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An Inspired Colored Woman.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILDS.

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, with additional fun in a face always rugged, said: "Your servant, sir; I am Zeek!" The roughness 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 beating 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 her venerable host; of whom she said, "that good old man, whom thou, O Lord, hast raised up to do such a blessed work for my down-trodden people."

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's the matter now? 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 walling 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 walling. 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, or unbelief; but with a friendly wish to discover everywhere the great central ideas common to all religions, though often re-appearing in the strangest disguises, and slipping 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 saw 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 recollect the words, I should have broke forth: "The gospel ship is sailing! The ark of safety now is nigh; Come, sinners, unto Jesus Christ, Improve the day of grace, 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 sprang 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-dove fowl reproved Peter, why shouldn't a woman reprove sin?" This classification with 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, trance 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 from the platform, 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. Mullen, 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 juror 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 confidence 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 séances 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 séances at his hall with Mr. Theodore H. Loring, of Bridgewater, 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 séance 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. 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 out one of the cords and gathered it up into a bunch and handed it to Mrs. Griffith, and then putting 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 séance. 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 séance. 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 séance, 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 city 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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