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

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

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MEDIUMSHIP

The Spirit Analyzed From Various Standpoints

Reminiscences of Mediums—Undeveloped Spirits—Description of a Phenomenon—Miss Achsa W. Sprague—Her Emotions and Mediumship—Mrs. F. C. Kenney—Mrs. Fannie Davis—Smith—Dr. Charles E. Kenney—Remarkable Physical Manifestations of Mediums—Spiritualist—Various Experiences

MEDIUMSHIP

Mediumship is the gate way to the Spiritual world; it has brought joy and happiness to many possessors; to a few misery and unhappiness; and to others it has been a curse. In the Spiritualist movement it is the most perplexing factor in our efforts for the world's redemption. It is little understood, even by those who have become subject to spirit-control. What can we all do to elevate the standard of mediumship? How can we learn of those unseen forces by which all psychics or sensitives are more or less influenced and governed? This matter of mediumship is varied and complex in its operation, no two persons even for the same form of phenomena are similarly affected, and no two persons, no matter how similar they may be gifted, are used precisely alike; neither are they influenced nor controlled by the same class of spirits.

We are told that every human spirit born into this life has at birth an attendant spirit who walks with it all through earth life; we are also told that this spirit, generally is not a relative or one known to the family or immediate friends. This assertion would seem to be in harmony with the belief and teachings of Socrates and some other ancient sages.

Recently a friend visiting in our home, after discussing several problems pertaining to the Spiritualist movement, said that in a public discussion which she had attended in the City of Boston but a few days before, this question came up: "Admitting that what are known as spiritual manifestations, are produced by departed spirits living in another world, are they not governed and controlled by low, evil and undeveloped spirits?" I assured the lady that in thirty-four years or more as a Spiritualist, that my experience with the Spirit world had been directly the opposite; that those who were mischievous, lying or wicked, formed but a very small proportion; and I know that this is the experience of many others. There are myriads of spirits who minister unto or control mediums and who come to the quiet home circle. These circles are often among the most sacred places on earth. When blessed with mediums, whose province it has been to give us the highest and best teachings, a halo has surrounded the circle and the effect of the teachings has been to make the saddest and most severe experiences of human life the means of unfolding the noblest and best attributes of the soul—those of patience, humility, and a trust in the divine wisdom and beneficence. These conditions can be secured and made part of the daily life of every private home, when once the home circle is endowed with such mediumship.

MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. HELEN J. T. BRIGHAM.

"But," queries the earnest inquirer, "are there no evil or mischievous spirits?" Most certainly there are countless thousands of them, with no fixed homes in spirit realms, idle, mischievous, and some of them very

wicked. In reply to this you ask, "How are we to know them when they come to us, and how can we guard and protect our mediums from such demoralizing influences?" In a recent lecture in our city by Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham, one of the questions sent up to her to be answered was, "Tell us how you became a medium?" In reply, Mrs. B. said that it was a very simple story. When she was a child of twelve summers, or so, there came to the town of Bennington, Vt., where her parents then resided, a spirit-medium to lecture, known later as Mrs. Nettie Maynard. In those early days, say 1855 or 1856, such an announcement created a good deal of stir and excitement in a country village, and every one went to hear the woman who "talked by spirits." Miss Nettie going with her parents. I presume she did not go to sleep, for after the meeting, on going to their home she exclaimed, "I would like to be a medium." That child-like expression changed the whole tenor of her life, and made her a teacher of a new faith; a circle was formed for mediumistic development, and Miss Nettie was entranced and gave a lecture that astounded her parents and the few friends present. Then and there Mrs. Brigham's public life commenced. At the celebrated Free Convention, held at Rutland, Vt., in June, 1856, where more brains and polarized individualism were gathered together than have ever been assembled in this country, before or since, among others who were to speak and represent Modern Spiritualism was Miss Nettie Temple. When the time came for her to speak she could not be found. The committee somewhat puzzled, informed her mother who was in the audience, who said she thought she could find her. She was found in the yard of a private residence near by, playing with the dolls of the little girls whose acquaintance she had made. My memory goes back thirty years to the scene in that large canvas tent filled with five thousand or more people. On the platform were veteran reformers and agitators: Lucetta Mott, Ernestine L. Rose, Parker Pillsbury, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Wm. Goodell, Stephen S. Foster, Elder Miles Grant, S. B. Brittan, A. J. and Mary F. Davis, Joel Tiffany, Achsa W. Sprague and many others. Miss Nettie with her short dress and hair rough and uncombed, was brought in from her play and placed upon the platform, and as this child-medium began an invocation to the All Father, that vast and discordant audience was hushed, and the discourse given through her organism was listened to with wrapt attention.

Many a sturdy son and daughter of Vermont can date their first wandering from the faith of their fathers to the time they listened to this child evangel in that three days' stormy convention. From that date to this Mrs. Brigham has ministered to hundreds of thousands of people. Her life has been from her child development one of faithful, unselfish and devoted work. She is imbued with a strong religious and poetical temperament; and all who know her love and honor her as a wife, mother and friend. She was told by the band of spirits who were to walk with her in her public work, that if she would be faithful to them they would be true and faithful to her; that they would surround her with a wall of protection, and that it would never be broken, unless she broke through it herself, by her own acts of indiscretion. Mrs. Brigham's mother, now a venerable mother in Israel, ably seconded the spirit band, and the world gained one of its noblest teachers and Spiritualism one of its most effective advocates.

But as I have said, no two of our public or private teachers and mediums are influenced alike; and as these reminiscences may be aids and helpers to a new generation who are to take the place of us worn-out and disabled veterans, I will briefly give incidents in the development of another of Vermont's spiritual teachers.

MISS ACHSA W. SPRAGUE.

This gifted teacher and noble woman was an invalid from early childhood, and as she lay in a darkened room confined with agonies she reached her humble home, resting under the shadow of the Green Mountains. Circles had been formed in the neighborhood, and one whom they all knew and respected had been developed as a healer, who could by the simple touch of his hand or by making passes over the body relieve many a sufferer, and he called upon her. Miss Sprague received the healer with courtesy, and while on this bed of anguish exclaimed, "If this power which this man possesses is from God, why cannot it come to me direct? No, if it is in God's love and wisdom that I can be restored to life and health, let the power come through my organization." As this long afflicted but patient sufferer lay in the darkened room she felt new and strange sensations; and her clairaudient powers developed and she heard spirit voices saying they would heal her, and that she would be restored to comparative health, but when that was effected, she must go out into the world as a teacher of the new faith. How much this implied the suffering one did not fully comprehend at the time. Without any earthly aid she was brought back to life and health again; and when able to walk, which she had not been for seven years, the news quickly spread through the hamlet, and all through the State, of the miracle which had been performed by direct spirit power. Was not the seven years of illness which this medium had to pass through a means of purification, and of developing the power of spirit over all things, animate and inanimate? While confined to her room, she thus wrote to a friend:

"Speak not of dreaded death. I wooed the stern archer as a friend, and yet he passed me by, and passing, pierced some happy hearts that loved to live. I might have borne the pain (perhaps, might), but, oh! the dreary thought of living in vain! Year after year to come and go, and yet leave no trace that I had ever been, save added wrinkles on my mother's brow! To live, and yet not live; to die, and yet not die, to feel the restless thought, the wish to do, the yearning for some active life, forever struggling in my soul, and yet to be a captive in my prison cell, no power to save, and none to roll away the stone from that dark, living tomb, and set me free."

In her volume of poems published in 1864, soon after her death, is one entitled "The Angel's Visit," descriptive of her care by the invisible power, and of her development as a speaker and a teacher of a new gospel. It contains the wail of this sufferer. As she lay in pain and anguish the cry went forth from her soul:

"And are there none to roll away
The stone, from sepulchres to-day?
No angels bright amid this gloom,
To enter now my living tomb,
And touch my form and bid me rise,
And make this earth a paradise?
From living death to set me free—
A Resurrection 'unto Thee?"

Surely and truly was the prayer of her soul answered; slowly but surely she was brought back to life and health through her own mediate powers. Cheered by loving friends and angel voices the prayer of her soul was answered, and with it came a new duty, and a new compact with the angel world. The voices told her she must go forth among strangers as a preacher of a new faith. Did she shrink from the duty thus imposed? Nay! With a heart full of faith, love and gratitude this woman gladly accepted the charge. We hear some times in the Christian pulpits men say they were called to preach the gospel; if ever mortal was divinely ordained to break the bread of life to starving souls this sister was so called,—and her authority emanated from the very throne of God himself, for verily she was "at-one-ment" with him.

Miss Sprague gave her first public discourse at South Reading, Vt., July 16th, 1854, and from that time until her death, July 6th, 1862, she spoke almost every evening, besides filling her Sunday appointments. Nearly everywhere churches were opened to her, and the people listened with rapt attention to her inspired utterances. Another has well said of her:

"In her public ministrations she was earnest yet liberal, zealous but tolerant. With a large vein of mysticism in her composition; she would have the truths of religion made clear to the understanding also. She left a name upon which detraction sought in vain to find a blot, and though much admired, she had too much good sense to be spoiled by flattery. Beginning life a victim of poverty, in youth a child of suffering, she was lastly in adult years a dispenser to grateful minds."

Never can I forget the lofty inspiration that marked her public utterances. She had a winning presence, pure, high, and holy. Men and women would listen for hours as the burning inspiration came forth from her soul to humanity. The first lecture she gave in Burlington, Vt., was on the "Atonement." She was the first woman who had ever spoken in that intensely orthodox city; and curiously brought men and woman of all faiths and no faith to hear. It was on a Sunday evening; the large hall was densely crowded, and all through the lecture one could have heard a pin drop. What an exposé of the absurdity of the Christian plan of salvation was that discourse; with what scorn did this inspired evangel denounce the dogma that by Christ's sufferings on the cross, sinful men and women could be saved. The new gospel was one of personal responsibility and of personal accountability, and no Christ, no God, could atone for the wrong committed by another; the sinner must save himself by repentance, right living, and right doing.

I have given a quite full account of Miss Sprague's development and the commencement of her life as a medium and public teacher, for the purpose of example and encouragement to those of our faith now in the field, and to follow after us. The example of her life, her earnest, faithful and loyal work for the spiritual world, should be as a beacon light to aid others to aspire to be equally as loving, earnest and worthy defenders and champions of our faith.

It has been my good fortune to know many other good mediums who were true to their calling, and to have been blessed by their friendship. Some of them are living to-day, poor, unhonored and neglected, but they have received the pearl of great price, and while the honors and emoluments of this world have been few, the blessings they have been able to dispense to ignorant, sinful and hungry souls have been priceless.

When the earth life of such mediums has ceased, and they have passed to the higher home, they do not forget those still battling for the right. Many a medium has felt the presence of the glorified spirit, Achsa W. Sprague; and many who make no claims as mediums but were honored by her friendship, feel his presence in their homes, and it comes like a divine benediction inspiring them to better lives, higher and nobler purposes, strengthening good resolutions and aiding to the highest aspiration. The purposes of such risen spirits in the eternal home are outlined in these beautiful poems, "My Spirit Home" and "I Still Live," given through the mediumship of Miss Lizzie Doten and published in the volume, "Poems of the Inner Life."

Miss Sprague sings with the same loving and earnest spirit as in earth life:

"I live! O, ye who loved me!
Your faith was not in vain!
Back through the shadowy valley
I come to you again.
"Safe in the love that guides me,
With fearless feet I tread—
My home is with the angels—
O, say not I am dead."

No, dear sister and friend! Our prayers reach out to you and all such as you in the "Home of the Hereafter," that your spirit may continue to bless our homes by its presence and teaching; leading us from sin and selfishness towards the spirit of truth, which, attained, brings us into that divine brotherhood of which poets have sung in all ages.

MRS. F. O. HYZER.

This sister and friend has been a public teacher for spiritual truth for over a quarter of a century. Sometimes she, too, is asked how she became a medium; and like that of Mrs. Brigham, it is but a simple story. Away back in the "fifties" she came from the West to the old home in a quiet country town in Vermont. She found her parents, sisters and friends had "gone crazy" on Spiritualism. She was a delicate creature, suffering from hemorrhages of the lungs, but had life and force enough to hurl anathemas at her friends who had become infatuated with this new craze. Her friends held circles in the home. She would have nothing to do with them. Finally the old dear mother made an appeal. She had through spirit sources received a prescription for this daughter who apparently was fast sinking with that dread disease, consumption. No! She "would not touch it." Again and again did the dear mother urge it as a special favor to her personally. Finally Mrs. Hyzer took the hopeful draught and became unconscious. She was entranced; and her work as a medium and public teacher dated from that hour.

How earnestly, faithfully and conscientiously she obeyed the scripture injunction to go out unto all the world and preach the gospel, some of her more intimate friends know. The world does not and never can know what trials, sorrows and sufferings this delicate, sensitive woman has had to endure. But these trials, burdens and sorrows seemed but to give the spirit more power and strength to do the will of her spirit band. When I first made Mrs. Hyzer's acquaintance in Vermont in 1857, it seemed as if a breath would send her to the other life; but that slight and frail form encased a spirit of iron will, great endurance and large spirituality, and Mrs. H. is to-day a living evidence of the power of spirit over matter. What she lives on, those who have entertained her in their homes cannot tell. She will come to the table with the rest, perhaps eat a mouthful of state bread, and possibly a little fruit, drink a little water, and go to the hall or church, and for an hour and a half to two hours a constant stream of inspiration will flow out to the listening audience. When the voice comes calling her to "come up higher," can it be possible she is to lose interest in the cause? No! her influences will be left with us. I have sometimes thought that when the change comes, that there will be no death. The worn out body will be dropped, but she will be with us still a living personality.

MRS. FANNIE DAVIS SMITH.

This lecturer has a large circle of friends throughout New England, who listen to lucid lessons given through her mediumship, pertaining to religious life and practical work to be done here and now. When in her teens and living with her mother in the City of Lowell, N. H., if I mistake not, Gen. E. J. Bullard, a veteran Spiritualist and even then in the earlier days (for it was in the "fifties") a close observer of psychic phenomena, became interested in the development of Miss Fannie Davis, who remained in a trance state for forty-five consecutive days. Her mother and General Bullard had faith that the intelligent powers would bring the young girl back to life and health. Miss Davis was conscious of what was going on about her, but could not speak or move a hand or stir of her own volition. Patiently did the friends watch by her bedside, and when her powers were restored, she was ready for her public work. She is now heard all too seldom to satisfy her friends.

I think the most casual readers can see as they read these outlines of the experience and public work of our teachers, a design and purpose. Among the mediums who have been called to the work of healing, no one has commanded the esteem and respect of his friends and patients more than

DR. CHARLES E. KENNEY.

Of the long list of men and women who have been used for healing no one has been more successful; nor has any person known to the writer had such a long list of patients among educated and conservative people, as has Dr. Kenney. Among his patients are members of all learned professions, attracted to him by his quiet, unassuming and gentlemanly ways. Dr. K. is in the prime of life, about 40 years of age. The first manifestation of this power or "control" in his case dates back to the time when he was fifteen years of age. His friends, not understanding the matter, thought he had "fits." He was married at 20 years of age, and removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., but still continued to have the "fits" at intervals. About this time he fortunately met a Mr. Merrill, an intelligent

Spiritualist, who saw at once that he was influenced by spirits and proposed a circle, which after some objections on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Kenney, was agreed to. Soon Mr. Merrill had one of his attacks, and Mr. Merrill saw there was a spirit trying to get control. In a few minutes Dr. K., under control, got up and embraced Mr. Merrill and exclaimed with manifestations of joy, "Me Indian; me come out woods." He said nothing more, and it appeared as if he had learned and committed to memory these words, using them as the means to make known his presence. Mr. Merrill's wife was at this time suffering from an internal disease, pronounced cancer by several physicians, and none of them gave her any encouragement. Mr. Kenney was controlled to approach Mrs. Merrill, who was not inclined to permit it, but upon the assurance of her husband that he would not harm her, she allowed him to place his hands upon her, while he at the same time indicated by signs that he desired to cure her. Here "Old John," the spirit-control of Dr. Kenney, commenced his first treatment of diseases by laying on of hands. The cure in this case was effected in two months, and to-day the lady is living in good health, and cheerfully testifies to the efficacy of the treatment.

The spirit claims to have been a Winnebago Indian, and in the sixteen or more years that he has controlled Dr. K., it is said he never has been known to make a statement in regard to a patient but what subsequent events have fully verified.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

I lay in a darkened room in April, 1883, almost totally blind, with the assurance from the most successful oculist in Brooklyn, after an hour's scientific examination of my eyes, he could give me no encouragement that I would ever have the use of them again. If ever a man was in a mental hell I was for five days; and then the good angels sent Dr. Eugene Crowell to me. He said he believed Dr. Kenney could help, if not entirely cure me. This was on Sunday afternoon, and Dr. Kenney had so many patients at that time that he could not reach me until the Tuesday evening following. My heart bounded with joy when he came into that darkened room. I had met Mr. and Mrs. Kenney at Dr. Crowell's home, but I knew nothing of his powers except from Dr. Crowell and others. Dr. K. had only been in the room a moment when a choking or guttural sound was heard; he became unconscious, squatted down as the Indians do and offered a prayer to the "Great Spirit" to give him power to heal the "brave." Mrs. Nichols who was present watched him carefully, for the eyes are delicate organs to touch. She said afterwards that she saw the control knew what he was about, and was content. He manipulated my eyes, and back of head where the nerves centre. "Old John," the spirit-control, as he was about to leave said, "Brave you are very bad; tell 'body" [his designation for Dr. K.] "Thursday."

Dr. K. is entirely unconscious and what may be said and done he has to learn afterwards from those present. Dr. K. came again Thursday, and when "Old John" got control he said, after his prayer to the Great Spirit: "Brave, you are better. We will help you." The spirit's diagnosis of my case was entirely different from that of the oculist who had sixteen years of extensive practice in our city. At this treatment the subtle yet powerful remedial agent was diffused from head to foot, and I felt much stronger. "Old John" said the optic nerves of the left eye was nearly destroyed, but that they could save my right eye. In eight visits I received so much benefit that I was able to go to Vermont, Mrs. Nichols accompanying me. Now after three years I can see with my left eye fairly well, but cannot read in the evening. Gaslight affects them, and if I attend a lecture I have to keep my eyes closed; but all the spirit of "Old John" through this wondrous healer, Dr. Kenney, promised, has been performed, and I shall ever be grateful to the band of spirits of which "Old John" is the mouthpiece, for the benefit received. At some of the treatments, another spirit was present whom "Old John" called "Big Bear," and they would consult together, speaking in the Indian language I presume.

Dr. Eugene Crowell's large work in two volumes, entitled, "Modern Spiritualism and Primitive Christianity Identical," a work full of interest and a very valuable contribution to the spiritual literature of our country, is a full account of Dr. Kenney's powers.

REMARKABLE PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A few years ago there was temporarily residing in Brooklyn, a lady in whose presence remarkable physical manifestations would occur. She was the daughter of a physician of ability and character, married and residing in New Jersey. The Doctor had in former years been a physician of extensive practice in Louisville, Ky. While residing in Louisville, he was bitterly opposed to Spiritualism, and in a little volume which he published at the time, had denounced it as the sum of all villainies. In her presence raps and strange sounds would be heard, tables and other objects would be tipped, and musical instruments float about the room and played upon. Independent spirit writing with short messages was given. What seemed the most remarkable feature of these scenes was that the lady appeared indifferent as to what took place, and would give no outward or visible sign that she was the medium. One evening I went to the Doctor's home with an old friend and veteran

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

From the Standpoint of the Mystics.

A Series of Papers Prepared for the Religio-Philosophical Journal from a MS. Work, Designed as an Encyclopedia of Mysticism.

Vol. 4.

BY C. N. A. BURKHEARD, OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y.

Man's handbook. Mind, whose operations are infinitely subtle, is the inseparable cause of all apparent forms.

Book of Ecclesiastes. All the works of the Most High they are two and two, one against the other.

"THE FATHER AND THE MOTHER POWER OF THE WORLD."

The present heading is only another form for the philosophical doctrine of Dualism in Nature, but we prefer the phrase chosen as more in harmony with the mystic methods of thought, and shall devote this and the next paper to an exposition of this subject. It will save much repetition later on, and is most important for a study of the Mystic's cosmogony.

The failure of all Western philosophy and theological speculation to furnish a principle sufficiently universal from which to derive all phenomena, those of matter and spirit, is patent to all students.

When we make this sweeping assertion, we, of course, exclude all the Mystics and such men as Plotinus, and Porphyry, and the first men among the Mystics in spite of their dualistic language. Plotinus found a soul in all things, or at least something "conformable to the soul." ... The truth is that the perfect soul, and yet in multiplicity, and multiplicity in unity, and recognizes that the World is an idea of the Self-existent God. The World, like a ray of light, is not and cannot be separated from the Sun of the Substances of the Mighty God, but is a beam of His emanation.

The man and the woman in co-operation make Man universal human. So much has, however, already been said on this subject and the principle of their union, that we can leave it untouched in its spiritual aspect and endeavor to show it, in what Swedenborg would call the celestial love sense. The same relationship exists between man's love nature and truth-nature, and between the woman and man, as forms the bonds between cherubic and Cherubic spirits.

The following on the Heavenly Hosts is taken from Cole's notes and commentaries on Dionysius, the Areopagite: "First after the Trinity come the Seraphic Spirits, all flaming and on fire, full of the Deity they have received, and perfect. The word Seraphin signifies fire. They are loving beings of the highest order, reposing most sweetly in the divine beauty. In the contemplation of his blessedness they love, worship and adore. Next after them, in the second place, are the Cherubic Spirits; most glorious beings of light, shining in nature, beyond thought that can be conceived; with the multitudinous wisdom of God; they may be called loving Wisdoms, as those first (the Seraphins) may be called wise Lovers. But in the first, inasmuch as they are nearer to God, the very sun of truth, this exists in a far greater degree. Therefore that which is in them is named love. In those next after them (the Cherubim) all things are in a less degree; and they, as compared with the first, appear to be only Lights. Therefore they have the appellation of knowledge. Such, then, is the difference between these Orders; namely, that in the latter is knowledge proceeding from love; in the former is love proceeding from knowledge. In the latter, love is knowledge; in the former, knowledge is love. For in the angels an intensity of knowledge is love; a less intense love is knowledge. Do not imagine either that the highest angels have not knowledge, or that the second in rank do not love; but consider that the latter have knowledge accompanied by love, the former love accompanied by knowledge. Conceive also that in this difference and personal attribute, so to speak, there is a certain compensation and equality; to the effect that, just as the first subsist by their fire of love, so the second by their light of knowledge; and the one represents the wisdom of God, as the others do his love."

The difference between Love and Knowledge, between the man and the woman is determined by their distance from the Love-Center. Identical in essence, they shine more or less brightly according to their inner fire, and the ready obedience with which they fulfill the duties of their office as messengers of the Most High.

We find this principle of duality and mutual inter-dependence in the very elements of language; the hard and sturdy consonants represent the one side, the sweet and musical vowels the other. The consonant needs the vowel in order to be expressed and an isolated vowel is hardly more than a thoughtless utterance. They need one another. Two sounds, at least, are necessary to give form to human speech. The divine name needs three sounds.

Again, if we examine into the words of language, we find them distinguished into two great groups: Nouns and Verbs. Whatever may be said grammatically about the article, adjective, pronoun, etc., as groups, philosophically they all rank with nouns or verbs. It is impossible to make a sentence without the co-operation of these two, the noun and the verb. If we look further into the philosophy of language, we find the duality of Nature represented by the Genders: Masculine and Feminine. It is true, we have in the English language, for instance, a neuter gender, but we may be allowed to leave that out of consideration, since its introduction is so recent, and on the theory that the state of primeval language knows no neuter. And this leads us naturally to the question of our concepts. All our conceptions are the result of an interaction of soul and sense, or spirit and soul, as the case may be, either the sense or the soul furnishing the impression, while the soul or the spirit gives the intelligent expression.

Let us point out a few more facts, easy of observation. If we begin with the Inorganic Substances, we find, with the exception of the fundamental substances, which the Chemists call simple, the entire material, out of which is made the crust of the earth, including the

ingredients of animals and plants, owe their existence to the co-operation of opposites, a co-operation of infinite variety and complication. And this is an important fact, not to be regarded lightly; these substances vary rarely exist isolated or in their original state, let me call it celestial condition. So rarely do gold, silver, phosphorus, sulphur, and oxygen exist in isolated condition, that separate names are used to indicate them when thus found; we say for instance virgin-gold, virgin-copper, etc.

Consider Heat. It is the result of a process of generation between two, either chemical or mechanical opposites. Let us leave out of consideration the chemical process and look upon the mechanical. The sun-beams, we think hot, yet burning, but they are not. Existing for themselves they do not warm, nor burn. Eternal snow lies upon the lofty peaks of the greatest mountains—forever unmoved by the embrace of the god of the upper air, and aeronautes report that the air gets colder as you ascend. Why? Because of the absence of atmosphere! It is only by penetration and by an interaction (i. e. co-operation) with the atmosphere that heat is produced. As it is with Heat, so it is with Light. The sun is not Light itself, but the father of light. The atmosphere is the mother and light owes its existence to the co-operation of these two, the Sun and the Atmosphere. This leads us to Color. What would life be without Heat and Light? Nothing, I dare say. Life would not be worth living, many would say. Would it be worth living without color. Yet, neither heat nor light nor color exist in a free state. They are all the result of the co-operation of two opposites; Color has light for father and the various forms of matter for mother.

Man himself is constituted on opposites, body and spirit, and it becomes his chief ethical object to harmonize these two. Upon the doctrine of man as a created spirit in vital union with a material body, depends nearly all the doctrines of Christianity, and the most interesting studies in Biblical Psychology have been made to show the laws of their co-ordination and co-operative intercourse. The "Heathens," long before the Christian doctors, have made valuable contributions to this subject. Some of them solved the problem of opposites by representing man as the form in which Nature (the anima mundi) comes to self-consciousness. Others brought harmony about by regarding man as the highest manifestation of the Universal Principle. Others, again, made man the representative of the union of the two opposites, universal reason and living energy. Whatever criticisms may be passed upon the work of Pagan or Christian, the fact remains, and is most interesting to us, that they all recognized the problem of opposites and the necessity to bring them into co-operative union.

We might easily continue our illustrations throughout the whole field of nature, but must stop here. Enough has been brought forward for our purpose, which is simply to give weight to one mystic doctrine, that of opposites against another, that of unity. Opposites exist by necessity. They are set, the moment the Deity manifests itself, or steps out of its original self-centered being. All opposites are grounded in the immutable law of creation, which requires the combination of opposites for the purpose of bringing into manifestation and fruitfulness the love and wisdom of the Great Creator. Without opposites, the life which man receives momentarily from the eternal source of being, would be transient, like that of the brute creation, and thus there would do no reaction of the part of man upwards towards the Everlasting and Supreme.

Having enlarged more than was our intention upon the general principles of duality, we feel the need of limiting the use of our space. Hence we will pass by any extensive development of the Father-power of Life. It is probably better known than Mother Isis. Our next paper will therefore treat of "The Mother of the World."

DEALING ON DREAMS.

John Sterling's Familiar Spirit.

The strange talismans and familiar of a New York Produce Broker, Winning a Fortune on speculation Debauched by Vice.

"Don't know John Sterling? Then you must know him. There he is out on the porch. Come let me present you." These words were said one week ago, and were prefatory to the beginning of one of the most interesting acquaintances imaginable. It is not often that a man of such peculiar crochets and inoffensive fancies is met in this world of commonplace people. He is now a Western merchant of prominence, of Scotch parentage, as his name indicates, and makes an annual summer tour to Europe. This year he has lingered here later than usual, because of the splendid series of races now being run at Monmouth Park. Not that he is a betting man. Far from it. He admires a fine horse, and the exhibition of good blood therein delights him. That is all. But it was not until last night that I really began to understand this man. He is a believer in omens, found his wife by one, made his fortune by others. No ancient Greek gave more heed to a premonition than does he. He confessed that he almost feared that he was becoming a Spiritualist. When I pressed him for the reasons that led him to accept the mysteries of such a belief he was silent a few moments, then he said, slowly, "I will tell you. Whether it turns out a song or a sermon I leave to you. To me it has the elements of both. It is an event that has altered my whole life. Do you care to hear it?" "I am all attention!"

"Twelve years ago I was a member of the New York Produce Exchange. I was unmarried and led a lonely life in an uptown hotel. My friends were few. I had no sources of information as to the movements of grain or stocks. One day a man, whom I knew merely as a customer, came to my office and said, 'My health has broken down. Dr. Fordyce Barker has ordered me to go away where I can't possibly speculate. Now, I have made profits amounting to over \$50,000 through you during the past year. Though I have traded at half a dozen other houses I have invariably lost. I believe you're a lucky and an honest man. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Here is my certified check for \$50,000, I place it in your hands without any conditions. Yes, I will take your receipt, of course, and leave it among my papers, but I shall indorse on its back a declaration that in the event of my death your statement of account must be accepted by my executor without dispute. I do not wish to involve you in a law suit.'"

"At first I declined," was the reply. "The proposition seemed rather strange. Had the man not been going away I wouldn't have hesitated. He insisted on leaving the check, and after he went away, promising to return later in the day for my answer, I went round to the old Beaver street Delmonico's for a bite of luncheon. I was in a brown study. More than ever impressed with the determination not to accept this trust from a comparative stranger, I seemed to feel an external influence urging me to do so. My judgment rebelled against such psychic dictation. Remember, now, I have been raised a Presbyterian, and know nothing about theosophy—do not pretend to know, for that matter. But I was at loggerheads with myself. That was the strangest meal I ever tried to eat. The place was crowded to suffocation, but at the little table I occupied near one of the windows the chair right across from mine remained unfilled. Several gentlemen came that way, as if to take it, but each apologized, and passed on. This soon began to annoy me. Suddenly it flashed upon me that the controlling influence came from the chair opposite to me. Whether you believe it or not, I had not drunk any liquor for a week, and was perfectly rational. I walked hurriedly back to my office, saying all the way, 'I will not.' But when I got there I went to the ledger and with my own hand reopened an account with my former customer. The money was placed to his credit, and when he came, about 3:30, he took my receipt, made the peculiar indorsement thereon, and shaking me warmly by the hand, merely said: 'I felt sure you would oblige me.'"

"He left without giving me any address to which I could write to him. His home had been at the New York Hotel, but when I stopped there several days afterward and asked for him the clerk replied that the guest I sought had gone abroad. This preface has proved a long story, but it is essential to understanding what has since followed. I will not tire you with an account of the three years that succeeded. I began to have a peculiar series of dreams. This mysterious customer of mine began to appear to me in my sleep—not every night, but sometimes at intervals of several nights. The market was very feverish, and I was cautious. The scene of the drama was always my office. My absent customer would enter in his grave way and say: 'Buy a thousand barrels of pork,' 'sell 5,000 bushels of wheat.' Occasionally he'd give an order for railroad stocks. This went on for two or three weeks before I began to be impressed with the fact that these suggestions in nearly every instance would have resulted in profit. So impressed was I with the dreams at last that I followed the counsel one day, and bought all the lard I could safely take. Not on my customer's account, remember, but my own. I was not dishonest in this. I said to myself, calmly, that I never

could explain a purchase by saying that I had made it at the instigation of a dream. I would have been laughed at and treated as an impostor and cheat. But, do you know, that lard showed me a profit of \$18,000 in two weeks' time! The success both surprised and vexed me. Whom did the profits belong to? After some thought I decided to divide them, and accordingly placed the half, less my regular commission, to the account of my absent customer.

"The next time I saw the man he said: 'Don't be afraid; do as I tell you.' To shorten the story—a written record of which, spread upon my books, will stand the examination of any expert—this account showed a balance to credit at the end of three years of over \$300,000. Though the successes were remarkable, I made three or four bad losses, two of them, owing to an unmistakable misunderstanding of the orders. I know you are skeptical. But I went to bed every night with a note-book on a table near at hand. I could wake directly after the dream was ended and enter the order into the book. There I'd find it next morning. Attention to this trust had already told seriously on my other business. My health was not so good, either. Sometimes I worried about myself, fearing that I was really losing my reason. Not a word in writing had I ever received from my absent customer. Finally I invested this large fund in the best bonds and mortgages I could find, inclosed them in a large envelope with a letter setting out the facts and deposited the whole with a trust company. I went to my old home in Belfast. My health rapidly recovered. I had no more dreams. But among my early associates I missed one face that I was specially anxious to see. No, not a woman's face. My school-fellow, Andrew Bruce, had, in the absence of a brother, been all that a brother could be to me. He was a physician, and at that time was a specialist at the Morningside asylum, near Edinburgh. I lost no time in running down to see him. He was a visiting physician and had a large city practice of his own. I happened to call just as he was entering his gig to make his daily visitation. He was delighted to see me and insisted that I go with him. He had many questions to ask me.

"It was my intention on reaching the institution to await his return in the office. He had agreed to that plan, when, acting on a sudden thought in his mind, he said: 'No, come along. You will not see anything disagreeable. Indeed, I am not sure that I can't make use of you. We have a patient here from the States who often asks to see Americans if any call. Of course, we never gratify him, but you are a harmless fellow, and I don't think you will excite him. I want you to talk to him.'"

"Yes, I accompanied him," said Mr. Sterling, as his face grew solemn and his voice trembled. "We ascended a stairway to a bright room on the second floor and entered. Here was a man whom I was to entertain while the doctor made the rounds of the building. He was seated, looking out of the window, when we stepped inside. 'I have found an American at last, and a New Yorker at that,' said the doctor, addressing the patient. Though I was not literally an American, he doubtless classed me as such knowing that I had assumed all the responsibilities of American citizenship. The patient rose to his feet quickly, turned, and, before I saw his face, extended his hand. My tongue refused to speak. There stood my customer—the man I had seen in dreams at least 100 times during the previous three years. He looked at me calmly, asked me to be seated, but evidently did not recognize my face. As he stepped apart from us, Dr. Bruce asked: 'Did you ever see him in New York?'"

"Yes, occasionally," I managed to stammer. "He has a strange phase of insanity," said the physician, growing confidential. "He thinks his broker in New York is trading in stocks and bonds for him, and that he is ordering what to buy and sell. Curious, isn't it? Why, he has a book in there in which he enters up all his transactions. I'll see if I can't get a look at it for you. Come over this way with me.'"

"The patient seemed strangely indifferent. He had seated himself on his cot and buried his face in his hands. Occasionally he'd partially look up, not at me, but in a vacant kind of way, as if trying to remember something. I was in a grave quandary as to what I ought to do. Would it be wise to declare myself? Might not the humiliation destroy all hopes of recovery? But the doctor had the book open, and I could at least think while I pretended to be looking at it. Great God! what did I see! There was 'our'—I always said 'our'—deal in wheat. There was the order for Lake Shore. In the note-book, in my pocket, were some of 'our' last transactions. I'd compare them. They nearly tallied. Some were different in amounts. No, I don't pretend to account for that any more than anything else in this story. You don't believe it? You're candid. But I don't complain. Seeing that I was interested, the doctor slipped away without my knowledge. When I found him gone I was covered with shame. Unconsciously, I had done a contemptible thing. My deserted and lost confident, who had trusted me implicitly, had detected me prying into his personal books and secrets. There was only one thing to do in order to regain my self-respect. I'd tell him who I was, let the consequences be what they might. I pulled a chair up to the bedside, where he still sat with his head resting in his palms, supported by the elbows on his knees. I slowly disengaged one of his hands, and, giving it a warm, affectionate grip, I called him by name. The effect was magical. He sat up straight as an arrow and we rose to our feet together, as if by the same impulse. He clasped me by both shoulders and stared into my eyes in a way that almost made me shake in my boots. I asked him if he remembered me. No answer. But gradually a look of intelligence came over his face. His arms dropped to his side and he said in a genial voice: 'Why, Sterling, when did you come? I feared we never should meet again.'"

"Then we sat down and talked for an hour over his absence. He had traveled about Europe for several months, but finding that he had irrational moments he had gone to Edinburgh and deposited a sufficient balance with a banker to maintain him under treatment for several years. He had generally been able to draw his own checks. One source of amusement, he said, had been in playfully imagining what he could have made by buying this or that stock, or taking a 'flyer' in produce. Not that he knew anything about the market or whether it was going down or up. There was the book. He offered to show it to me. Will you believe me when I assure you that I couldn't tell even this man in a madhouse that I had speculated systematically on my dreams? I merely said to him that I had more than sextupled his money, and that it was drawing good interest. But when my friend the

doctor came he found the most wonderful change in his patient. He was, apparently, more rational than I was. We had changed places. I was the dazed person of the twain. Had he taken my hand, said farewell, and left me behind, I certainly would have been mentally powerless to interpose even a protest. Dr. Bruce noticed the remarkable change. He slapped me on the back, saying: 'Come on, old fellow!'"

"I roused myself, shook off the strange mental lethargy under which I suffered, and left my old friend and his familiar spirit behind. But he was only kept under restraint for a few weeks. He rapidly regained his mental powers, cheered by my constant companionship. I cured him, the doctor said. He returned by degrees to the world, living for a week at the Cockburn Hotel, under the constant attention of Dr. Bruce, to make sure that his distemper would not return. We came across the ocean in the same steamer. He was placed in possession of his money and with it he intended to buy a quiet country place, where, with a widowed sister, he could end his days. But a hot day and a stroke of apoplexy ended all his plans. He died, and there was the usual contest over his will. I went West, married, and am doing a business that nets me \$40,000 to \$45,000 a year. It is enough, but I am a firmer believer in familiar spirits."

Summer Days at the Sea Side Camp.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The following extract from the Boston Argus was written and sent to me by a comparative stranger (the scholarly author whom I met for the first time on that memorable evening has for years been connected with several Boston papers):

A SPIRITUAL PARTY.

Last week some of the leading Spiritualists of East Boston met in the house of Mr. Weston Gray, No. 81 White street, to welcome Mrs. Susan Horn of Saratoga, who is the author of several works on Spiritualism. Mrs. Horn was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Mary K. Lovering, a noted medium, and a resident of East Boston, introduced them to the company, after which she led in sacred songs and played on the organ. She is a delightful singer and an accomplished conversationalist. After the music she read a communication received from the world of spirits, showing the interest taken in her labors for the welfare of others and the spread of Spiritualism. Next she was entranced and taken in control by White Wave, an Indian, who had something to say to most of the company. He considered himself merely an agent to voice the opinions of others, because he could control the medium more easily. Mrs. Horn was next controlled by the spirit of a French Canadian girl, who was very genial, and gave each of the company a floral designation. Mrs. Lovering sang an Italian song, which brought the spirit of an Italian lady to Mrs. Horn and spoke through her. She was very unhappy. Her husband died in Paris and left her with four small children. She taught music and Italian to support them, but grief at the loss of her husband undermined her health and she died, leaving her children to the cold charity of the world. It was their destitute condition that made her unhappy, though surrounded by scenes of matchless beauty. Her husband, too, shared her anxiety. Never having cultivated faith beyond the formal doctrines of the church, she had not yet learned to put her trust in God. She was a Roman Catholic in earth life and tried to live a good life, but was too fond of pleasure to derive much comfort from religion. She wished to live and did not want to die. Her remarks were deliberate and full of intense feeling. She made plain that the external beauties of heaven had little or no influence on a "mind diseased." Peace of mind alone constituted heaven. Mrs. Horn, the author and medium, is a lady of pleasing address, of a thoughtful turn of mind and free from all affectation. She and her mother have visited Boston for the first time and speak of it and the friends they have met in high terms. Mrs. Horn is at work upon another book, which will be ready for the press in a few months.

Our party left Boston the next day for Onset, that beautiful spiritual village by the sea, of which we had heard so much said, but never before seen. To the dweller among the mountains, the sea has a peculiar fascination, and we greeted with feelings of joy the briny odor from the lovely bay, with its many white sailed yachts floating on its bosom. Although the hotels and cottages were full, we fortunately found a comfortable room in the "Glen Cove House," an attractive looking building with picturesque tower facing the bay and Wicket Island. Here Mr. Williams, the gentlemanly proprietor, did every thing possible for our comfort, and I must say that the air of order and refinement that prevailed in the house, was quite superior to anything we had yet seen in camp hotels. The table was excellent and as well served as those of our best Saratoga hotels.

"Mediums Meeting" and "Facts Meeting" occurred during the week, and were largely attended. All the professional and materializing mediums were busy, but though public circles are interesting they cannot reach the heart as private circles do. We held some two of these private circles at Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield's Woodbine Cottage, overlooking the sea. Here we met the genial President Col. Crockett and lady. Mrs. Lovering sang sweetly some of her inspired songs, and the Italian lady visited us again, and spoke of the lovely bay of Naples, to which Onset bore a faint resemblance, but it was even more favored than that historic bay, for it attracted thousands of spirit guests, being devoted to advancing the grand cause of Spiritualism. What appropriate flower names the spirit Jeannie gave to the friends in that harmonious circle. The wisdom and simplicity of this beloved little spirit is always a new revelation to us.

So we came away from Onset Camp, feeling better Spiritualists than ever, for we had become so discouraged by reports of fraudulent mediumship that we had been looking favorably toward the cool aisles of mother church, and had felt like crawling back to her altar of repose; but now after a short season among earnest workers, we are ready to again take up reform's unsweetened cup.

SUSAN G. HORN.

27 Park Place, Saratoga, N. Y.

A carbuncle caused the death of Jeremiah P. Robinson of New York, whose wealth is estimated as high as \$15,000,000.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

FOR WAKEFULNESS.

Dr. Wm. P. Clothier, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I prescribed it for a Catholic priest, who was a hard student, for wakefulness, extreme nervousness, etc. He reports great benefit."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [108 West 29th Street, New York.]

THE LAW.

Life is a Shylock: always it demands The fullest user's interest for each treasure. Gifts are not freely scattered from its hands; We make returns for every borrowed treasure.

—Eliza Wheeler Wilcox.

Princess Helena of England, has written a memoir of her brother, the Duke of Albany.

Mrs. Catharine V. Waite was on Tuesday of this week admitted to the Illinois Bar by the Supreme Court at Springfield.

Mrs. Senator Stanford has just given \$16,400 to the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association of San Francisco.

Last year there were one hundred and ninety-six women in attendance at the University of Michigan.

Dr. Sarah M. Wilbur, grand-niece of the Hon. Horace Mann, has been appointed Resident Physician to the State Primary School at Monson, Mass.

Mrs. Caroline Nolan of Boston, is the first woman who ever fired a kiln for the baking of China.

A contemporary says that Miss Abbie E. Hufstader of Yorkshire Centre, Cattaraugus Co., N.Y., is a business woman.

The Free Kindergarten department of the National W. C. T. U. is making rapid advancement.

Over sixty thousand people attended the fête recently held in Crystal Palace, London.

The American Kindergarten and Primary Teacher, (Fowler & Wells Co., New York.) Volume one number one.

CASSILL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. (Cassell & Co., New York.) An important article on the Extension of University Education.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. (E. R. Pelton, New York.) Contents: Taine; A Literary Portrait; The Descent of Proserpine; Poetry compared with the other fine Arts.

THE JOURNAL OF HEREDITARY. (Mary Weeks Burnett, M. D., Chicago.) This popular scientific quarterly, has the usual amount of suggestive and timely articles.

CHAUTAQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) The usual amount of good reading fills the pages of this journal for reading clubs, schools and homes.

THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE. (John B. Alden, New York.) A variety of reading is found in this issue.

BABYLAND. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) The little ones will find much to amuse them in this issue.

"Children, it seems to me, are practically more grateful for money given freely for their own use, as a regular allowance, than they are for the separate articles purchased for them.

Early September Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) The September number of the Atlantic has enough of the various kinds of literature to make it attractive to every one.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) In The Popular Science Monthly for September, Mr. W. D. Le Sueur offers a reply to ex-President Noah Porter's attack on evolution.

ST. NICHOLAS. (The Century Co., New York.) The September St. Nicholas is crowded with bright and interesting matter for girls and boys.

THE AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY TEACHER. (Fowler & Wells Co., New York.) Volume one number one.

CASSILL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. (Cassell & Co., New York.) An important article on the Extension of University Education.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

THE RECORD. A Poem Illustrating the Philosophy of Life. New York: John W. Lovell Company. Price, \$1.25.

It is a work full of thought, illustrating the influence of heredity upon individuals, and presents the ideas which naturally flow out of theological dogmas and the manner in which they are modified and purified by the subtle touch of spirit fingers and inspirations.

By it one is led through the changing influences of youth, maturity and age; the effects of wrongdoing plainly pointed out, and the redemption of a life from the downward penalties of vice by turning to account the lessons of experience thus gained in saving others—the young and inexperienced—from a like downward course, are beautifully presented.

The work is something in style like Holland's "Bitter Sweet," but points, if possible, a higher moral, and will prove both profitable and interesting reading.

THE HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. Vol. I. By William H. Prescott. New York: John B. Alden. Price, 2 vols., \$2.25.

This history possesses variety and interest in its series of facts and the extent of the research which it displays; and to the thoroughness with which its investigations have been conducted. We can confidently predict for it an extensive and permanent sale.

New Books Received.

A MEMORIAL OF MARY CLEMMER. An American Woman's Life and Work. By Edmund Hudson. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Price, \$1.50.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES OF ALCEBIADES AND CORIOLANUS. Aristides and Cato the Censor. Cassell & Co., New York. Price, 10 cents.

GOD AND HIS BOOK. By Saladin. London, Eng.: W. Stewart & Co., Part I. and II.

Genius.

People think genius a fine thing if it enables a man to write an excellent poem, or paint a picture; but, in its true sense, that of originality in thought and action, they think they can do very well without it.

A queer phase of railway industry is a railway tie nursery, near the little town of Farlington, Kan., in the southern part of the State.

A cable dispatch to the New York Evening Post announces that a contract has been signed between The Century Co. and T. Fisher Unwin, by which The Century Magazine in the future will be published by the latter.

A sixteen-year-old mother has petitioned the Probate Court of Saginaw to allow another family to adopt her child, now two years and three months old.

"I was all run down, and Hood's Sarsaparilla proved just the medicine I needed," write hundreds of people. Take it now.

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WIFE AND MOTHER. Introduction 6c, INFORMATION FOR EVERY WOMAN. By Sarah Hackett Stevenson, M. D.

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WORLD'S WITHIN WORLDS. WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES IN ASTRONOMY. THE SUN AND STARS INHABITED.

AND HIS DISEASES. BY DR. J. B. KENDALL. This book contains an Index of Diseases which give the symptoms, cause and the best treatment of each; a Table giving all the principal drugs used for a horse with the ordinary doses, effects and antidotes when a poison; a Table with an Engraving of the Horse's Teeth at different ages with rules for getting the age of a horse, a valuable collection of receipts, and much other information.

ALBANY BOATS--People's Line. Leave Albany 11 N. R. foot of Canal St., daily (Sundays excepted), 10 a. m., connecting at Albany for all points North and West.

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Mental Gymnastics; OR, MEMORY CULTURE. BY ADAM MILLER, M. D.

THE CLERGY, Their Sermons; THE STUDENT, His Lessons; THE BUSINESS MAN, Items of Business.

The author of this work was put to the severest public test, a few days ago, by reporters of all the Chicago daily papers.

We cordially commend it to all persons of falling memory as the best book obtainable on that subject—Interior.

The author's method aids us in getting control at will of the organs unconsciously employed in acts of what may be called spontaneous recollection.

This work, with written instructions by the author, will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price, \$1.00.

A TREATISE ON THE HORSE.



AND HIS DISEASES. BY DR. J. B. KENDALL.

This book contains an Index of Diseases which give the symptoms, cause and the best treatment of each; a Table giving all the principal drugs used for a horse with the ordinary doses, effects and antidotes when a poison; a Table with an Engraving of the Horse's Teeth at different ages with rules for getting the age of a horse, a valuable collection of receipts, and much other information.

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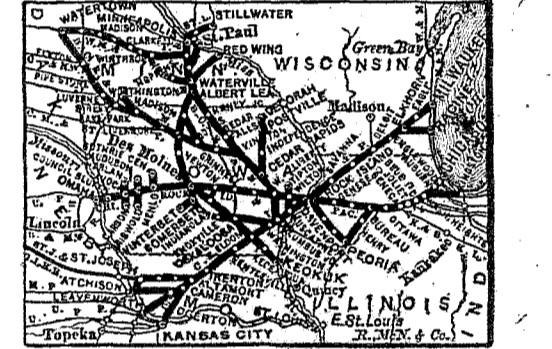
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Religio-Philosophical Journal

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 4, 1886.

Going From One Sect to Another Does not Change the Character of the Universe.

During the past dozen or more of years Chicago has been the scene of many church changes. The inter-ecclésiastical relations have become more cordial, the interchange of pulpits has been marked by a spirit of amicable fraternity, the people have caught this splendid Christian contagion, and, as suggested by the Old Testament fiddle, out of the very strength of denominational differences has been developed the sweetness of the brotherhood of the race.

When Robert Collyer came to Chicago, somewhere about 30 years ago, he had just left the ranks of the Evangelical church, in which he had labored in the Keystone State in all his long ministry in Unity church he never ceased to look back with veneration upon the Methodist church and to express for it a tender regard.

The departure of Professor Spring from the Presbyterian Church and the movement resulting in the organization of Central Church are too well remembered to require more than mere mention. Another case affecting local Presbyterianism was that of the Rev. Dr. McKaig, who preached in the neighborhood of the present Sixth Presbyterian Church, some of whose present members will vividly recall him and his sermon on "Let." He remained here for some little time and then returned to the Pacific coast, where he preached for a Unitarian society.

Mr. Ball is unfortunate in not having witnessed what he calls "one real case of ghost," that is, one real proof of the presence of those we call dead. It is his undoubted right to be skeptical, yet it is hardly reasonable to ignore, with cool assurance, the testimony of a host of living witnesses.

These are not all, but simply some of the better known instances in Chicago of ministers leaving one denomination to enter another. It may be added as something of coincidence that Bishop McLaren, to whom the Rev. T. E. Green applied for admission into

the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, himself came from Presbyterian stock, his father having been for nearly half a century a clergyman in that church, and dying in its faith and fold.

The above statement from the *Inter Ocean*, would have been complete if the writer—no doubt a philosophical one—had given from his standpoint the exact status of heaven, hell, and the providence of God, before and after the remarkable changes on the part of prominent ministers of the Gospel. The inquiring mind desires to know with absolute certainty whether a minister when he changes from one religious fold to another, subscribing to an entirely different code of belief, changes in the least the character of God's universe? Some ministers think that when they calmly walk out of one church into another, the whole heavens undergo a change. The Methodists have a fiery burning, camp-meeting hell for sinners; while the Unitarians have a respectable and genial summer resort where they are placed for future improvement.

Each Methodist minister has a hell; Tom Paine, it is said, is confined there. If, when one changes to Unitarianism or Universalism, does he haul Paine out of hell and put him into an agreeable summer resort of the celestial regions? Or does he thereby open the door of the infernal regions, and tell all the sinners to emigrate to a more favorable climate? The probability is, however, that the only change inaugurated when a minister abandons his religion, steps out of one denomination into another, is wholly within himself, simply placing his conscience in a more agreeable position.

Pitiful Ignoring.

In the *Index* R. W. Ball says: The Spiritualists claim not only that there is a land of souls beyond the sable shore of death, but that they have communication with it, and that travellers are constantly returning from its shores to the scenes and friends of their mortal lives. One real case of ghost would put the doctrine of immortality on a firm foundation, such as it does not rest on at present.

As familiar as the words heaven, hell, and immortality have become, through their constant reiteration for ages in all the creeds of Christendom and heathendom, it goes without saying, to every reasonable person, that the whole subject of our alleged hereafter is a matter of the purest speculative opinion and conjecture.

Mr. Ball is unfortunate in not having witnessed what he calls "one real case of ghost," that is, one real proof of the presence of those we call dead. It is his undoubted right to be skeptical, yet it is hardly reasonable to ignore, with cool assurance, the testimony of a host of living witnesses.

Millions of Spiritualists have what, to them, is not conjecture but proof positive of "a continuance of conscious existence," and

are constantly asking the people "to add to their faith knowledge" on this great question, but their methods and aims are too weak or puny to be recognized by this high-minded writer!

The honest opinion, fairly upheld, of Materialist or Spiritualist, is alike worthy of respect and recognition, but this pitiful ignoring of plain facts reveals a shallow conceit which harms and belittles only those possessed by it.

There is another view of this matter not to be overlooked. We are told of immortality as a familiar word, constantly reiterated in heathendom and Christendom, yet the unconsoling conclusion is reached, and announced with dogmatic assurance, that belief in the immortal life is a baseless illusion.

Have mankind, in all ages and under varied forms of religion, cherished an illusion still held inexpressibly dear and sacred by many of the greatest and noblest souls? Then are we "given over to believe a lie," the world is a cheat, the deepest and most lasting hope and desire of man is a falsehood, and that which to permanent is not excellent but delusive.

A Savior Who Can't Turn Off the Gas.

A bright little girl, not long since, was urging her mother to go up-stairs and hear her say her prayers before retiring. Her mother, not finding it convenient, told her that Jesus could hear them just as well. "But mother," replied the little doubter, "Jesus can't turn off the gas." What Jesus, one of many reputed saviors, can actually accomplish in aiding humanity while contending with the vicissitudes of earth life, can not be determined with absolute certainty. If he can't turn off the gas, in obedience to the earnest wishes and prayers of a little girl, or anybody else, what is he capable of doing that can be so demonstrated that no one can doubt the truth thereof?

It is not necessary to traverse the pages of any of the numerous and conflicting bibles, histories and manuscripts to find a savior distinguished for his piety, his transcendent virtues, his devotion to all that is pure, exalting and noble. In fact, saviors were exceedingly common in the past; there are thousands of them in existence to-day, exerting an influence that elevates humanity in the scale of existence.

Of course, the minister is disturbed. He has a pleasant home and is doing good. He has the confidence of his people and has made by years of continuous labor a place for himself in their homes and their hearts. They are shocked to think of their pastor's leaving. But the Chicago church begins to work and wire-pull; to have influential friends send favorable letters.

An Element of Goodness.

That there is an element of goodness in each one is illustrated by the account given by the *Bismarck Tribune*, of Charles Woods, a young man sentenced to be hanged and now incarcerated in the jail in that city. He is somewhat of a musician, and Sunday evening as the visitors entered the jail, he was playing a lively jig on a harmonica while two of his fellow-prisoners were shortening the weary hours by dancing.

It is true beyond a shadow of doubt, that each one is a savior in just that proportion that he saves some one or makes sacrifices to promote the happiness of others, and sows seeds of harmony and pleasantness wherever he goes.

plets who have accumulated great wealth by speculation and sharp practices, and then use the same to found a college or observatory. Garrison and Phillips, and Giles B. Stebbins and others who marched side by side with them in their efforts to emancipate the slave, were as grand saviors as any of those enumerated by the historians. The engineer who sacrificed his life that others might live, was a savior in the highest and grandest sense of that term.

The religious world should commence dealing with live saviors. The dead ones can not light the gas; they are comparatively useless to humanity. Those who continue to cling to dead saviors—those who lived eighteen hundred years, or more, ago, expecting to gain salvation thereby, will eventually realize their great mistake.

Christ died, it is said, that others might live; that is what the modern saviors are constantly doing also. If no one died, there would soon be no place for coming generations to occupy. The present is the great desideratum with mortals. It builds for the future, it prepares the way for the advancing hosts; and each one is a savior in just that proportion that he saves some one from hunger, sickness or error.

The Little Innocents.

The *Chicago Herald* gives an account of how "The Little Innocents" proceed in order to get in full readiness to "call a pastor." It sets forth that several prominent churches of the city have of late been left shepherdless, and been forged to look about for suitable material with which to fill their pulpits. Committees have thereupon been appointed, largely with plenary powers, who have taken their journey to other cities in search of a pastor. They generally have gone incognito, so far as their official business is concerned, and, registering separately or at different hotels, have by mere accident gone to the same church on Sunday.

Of course, the minister is disturbed. He has a pleasant home and is doing good. He has the confidence of his people and has made by years of continuous labor a place for himself in their homes and their hearts. They are shocked to think of their pastor's leaving. But the Chicago church begins to work and wire-pull; to have influential friends send favorable letters.

That there is an element of goodness in each one is illustrated by the account given by the *Bismarck Tribune*, of Charles Woods, a young man sentenced to be hanged and now incarcerated in the jail in that city.

Dr. Hunt, Weller, Haight and Skeer, the first three personal friends and professional associates of the deceased, stood about the body of Dr. Frank L. Trowbridge at the morgue one day lately, says the *Tribune*, while the county physician was making the post-mortem examination. As the dead man's viscera passed under the hands and scalpel of Dr. Korst, his history and character were coolly discussed. He had been in bad health for a long time, and one of his friends had been treating him. There could be no denying the fact that he had used cocaine and morphine, first to relieve pain and then regularly. To his physician the dead man frequently spoke of having a painful premonition that he would be knocked down and killed, and told him that he was constantly annoyed by a frightfully realistic dream, in which he saw his own body upon the perforated operating-table, and his friends pondering over him in a post-mortem examination.

In our issue of August 7th a discourse was given by Rev. J. S. Jones: "What is it to be a Christian?" which is well worth thoughtful reading. A singular omission, however, is noteworthy. But a single direct allusion is made to the life beyond, and that only as condemning certain irrational opinions and not as expressing belief or disbelief. Once "a measureless faith in the future" is commended, yet we fail to learn that this future reaches beyond this earthly existence. With these slight exceptions no mention is made of the idea of a future life, no suggestion that it has ever been an element in human thought. God, Christ, Catholicism and Protestantism are spoken of plainly and repeatedly. We are told: "I believe so much in God that I scarcely believe in anything else," but silence reigns on the great theme of immortality; no thought is given to the larger and higher views of our daily duty which it gives; no word glows with the golden radiance of a faith which has brought light and strength to millions in all lands and in all ages; the historic fact that the idea of the immortal life has been more lasting than the granite hills, and lies at the root of all great religions, is silently passed by in a discursive dealing especially with religious ideas.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Joseph S. Dean, the magnetic healer, has returned to the city, and is now located at No. 323 W. Van Buren street.

Mr. Alfred Smedley, of England, a most worthy gentleman and one who has done much for the cause of Spiritualism in England, called at our office this week. Mr. Smedley is traveling through America for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. F. E. Odell, Secretary, writes as follows from Metamora, Mich.: "The First District Association of Spiritualists of Michigan will hold its first quarterly meeting of the fourth annual, at Capac, Mich., Sept. 4th and 5th, in the Baptist Church. Good speakers in attendance and all visitors entertained by the friends."

During the last thirty years the aggregate of the personal estates sworn to as belonging to deceased Bishops of the English Church was \$11,075,000. As forty have died during this period, the average wealth was \$276,875. At the same time there are thousands of brilliant and devoted men serving as curates whose salaries are smaller than those of a lackey.

The *Hartford Times* says: "American scholarship loses one of its brightest examples, and Hartford one of its best citizens, in the death of the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe. He died— not unexpectedly—before daylight on Sunday morning, August 22nd, at the advanced age of eighty-four. Mrs. Stowe, and their children, will have the kindly sympathy of the whole community, and of many in other places, in their bereavement."

J. M. Allen of Waterford, Pa., writes: "It has been suggested that my name has been in some way confounded in your mind with that of a certain Dr. Allen residing in Vineland, N. J. I am not in any way responsible for his opinions, and in no manner or degree in sympathy with any theory or practice other than the pure monogamic relation of one man with one woman, and that relation entered upon only in the expectation and belief that it shall be perpetual."

Judge E. S. Holbrook of Chicago, Ill., made us a friendly call last week. He has been on a tour recently through the Southern States to California, and is now on his return home by way of New England. He has visited with much pleasure several of the Spiritualist camp meetings, including Onset and Lake Pleasant, at which latter place he will remain until his return West. Judge Holbrook is looking hale and hearty, despite the years that are gathering around him. He has from earliest years been a friend to liberal thought, and began his practical acquaintance with psychological themes as a "magnetist," while a student at Amherst College, Mass., in 1838; when modern Spiritualism came he welcomed it earnestly, and has ever since been outspoken in its defense.—*Banner of Light*.

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scars left by the point of a hypodermic syringe. In his report of the post-mortem, Dr. Bluthardt told of the dead man's diseased and weakened condition, and expressed the opinion that he came to his death from the shock of a blow or fall, which would not have caused death to any one in reasonable health, and in this all the doctors joined.

Dr. J. H. Randall, beside being engaged in lecturing on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, is practicing and teaching the science of Metaphysical healing, and can be addressed at 78 Seeley Avenue.

The Society of United Spiritualists hold meetings regularly every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M., in a pleasant parlor-furnished hall on the second floor of 116 Fifth Avenue. The services consist of a short lecture, conference, and the exercise of the gifts of mediumship.

To the scientific Spiritualist, death loses all its odd significance; it always has, always will follow birth, and like birth, is always the result of natural causes. The only new thing ushered into the world by birth is individuality; the only thing that leaves the world at death is individuality; as to whether individuality ceases to exist when it separates from the body, is an open question to all but the Spiritualist, so far as any reasonable theory goes.—*Light*.

A writer in the Chicago Tribune says: "A telegram from Elmira, N. Y., in yesterday's Tribune announced the suicide of the Rev. James C. Beecher, the youngest brother of the noted Brooklyn preacher. The dispatch assigned 'severe mental troubles for a number of years' as the cause of the act, but did not state how those troubles—resulting in dementia—originated. Mr. James Beecher, it is reported on credible authority, believed—with his sister, Mrs. Isabella Hooker—that Henry Ward Beecher was guilty of the offense the alleged commission of which eventuated in the celebrated Brooklyn trial of eleven or twelve years ago. This belief so preyed upon James' mind that his reason became profoundly unsettled, and his mania finally assumed the form of conviction that he himself was the guilty party in the Tilton case, and was in danger of receiving severe punishment for his vicariously-assumed transgression."

"Corra Cooley, aged thirteen, eldest daughter of Simon Cooley of Knox county, Iowa, complained of not feeling well on one Friday morning lately, and for that reason did not arise as usual. Nothing serious was thought of the matter, however, and not until Saturday noon did the family feel the least alarmed. At noon Saturday she told her father she wanted to see her grandmother, her own mother being dead; that she had been visited by an angel and was going to die. She then bade the family good bye one by one, and remarked to her father that she would be with him in spirit after death, and that if he was a good Christian man he would willingly give her up. Her grandmother was sent for and came. Soon after she folded her hands across her breast and in that condition passed away, apparently without a struggle. A physician had been sent for but did not arrive until her eyes had closed forever. The shock upon her father was such as to prostrate him, and for a time his life was despaired of. The funeral of the young lady was largely attended."

The Buffalo Commercial has an article in which it is set forth that the human family living to-day on earth consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals; not less, probably more. These are distributed over the earth's surface, so that now there is no considerable part where man is not found. In Asia, where he was first planted, there are now approximately about 800,000,000 densely crowded; on an average 120 to the square mile. In Europe, there are 320,000,000; averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded, but everywhere dense, and at points overpopulated. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000, relatively thinly scattered and recent. In the islands, large and small, probably 10,000,000. The extremes of the white and black are five to three; the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate brown and tawny. Of the race, 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, wear garments of some kind to cover their nakedness; 700,000,000 semi-clothed, covering inferior parts of the body; 250,000,000 are practically naked. Of the race, 500,000,000 live in houses partly furnished with the appointments of civilization; 700,000,000 in huts or caves with no furnishing; 200,000,000 have nothing that can be called a house, are barbarous and savage. The range is from the topmost round—the Anglo-Saxon civilization, which is the highest known—down to naked savagery. The portion of the race lying below the line of human condition is at the very least three-fifths of the whole or 900,000,000.

Publisher's Notice.

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Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

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NOTES FROM LAKE PLEASANT.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

The weather still continues fine for the camp; the air, especially nights, a little cool, but bracing. The crowd increases in size day by day, and the interest in conference and at the lectures steadily grows.

On Thursday the 19th, J. Clegg Wright gave a magnificent discourse on "Human Culture." Beginning with the primitive savage, he followed the lines of history through Indo and Egyptian civilizations, the Hellenic period, the birth of Christ, the Reformation and the Mediaeval era to the present age, and defined the ruling thought of each period. Spiritualism, the culminating light of this century, brought mental and spiritual liberty, while it became prophetic of the art, science and religion of the future.

Mr. Wright is engaged to speak in Newton, Kansas, during six months, beginning Dec. 1st. It is well to have such speakers migrate toward the setting sun. The mental and physical correspond with the natural world, and there are broad and fertile prairies of thought and feeling to be plowed and seeded there, and thither the laborers are attracted. At the east the grain is already springing, mixed with tares and weeds too often, but growing still. The greatest work is needed there, where lie the great possibilities of the nation.

On Friday, Mrs. Emma S. Paul gave her second lecture, and on Saturday we heard for the first time here, Mr. J. J. Morse, of England. His topic, "Modern Spiritualism in relation to the Religious Thought of the 19th Century," it was eloquent and profound, the central thought being that religion and immortality were demonstrated through and by what are known as spiritual manifestations. After this lecture, as after all the others, the usual most remarkable tests were given from the platform by Mr. Slater.

The afternoon brought a tremendous crowd to see the fireworks advertised for the evening. They were the usual pyrotechnic display, roman candles, rockets, etc., and were exhibited from a float anchored a few hundred feet from the shore. The reflections in the water made them very beautiful, and everything went "merry as a marriage bell."

Sunday morning, 22nd, ushered in a day which will be remembered as that when the largest number of people assembled who have ever visited these grounds at any one time. Several old campers estimated there were fourteen or fifteen thousand present. Mrs. Amanda A. Spence of N. Y., was introduced by President Beals as the first trance speaker of this country. Mrs. Spence began by saying that away back in the fifties when she mounted the rostrum, the only women speakers were either in theaters or Quaker meetings. She said that previous religions had consisted of the formulae of leaders and priests. In this country the religion of Free thought is protected by the constitution. Even Spiritualism has had its leaders; among the earliest was T. L. Harris, whose movement came to naught; the latest was that of A. J. Davis, which had the same ending. Spiritualism is progressive, without leaders or priests it is evolving the religion of the future.

The excellent afternoon lecture by Mr. J. J. Morse was kindly reported by S. B. Nichols, which report I mail to you separately from these informal notes. So also you will receive a report from the same hand on Mrs. Spence's lecture given on Tuesday afternoon, on "The first chapter of the Genesis of Human Development."

I must confess here that, needing rest of body and brain, your correspondent ran away to Elm Grove to spend Sunday with Mrs. Nellie Brigham. It was reposeful and pleasant beyond measure, to spend a little while in that home whose gracious and graceful presiding deity is so generally and favorably known. To know a person well, we must be acquainted with him or her in private life. This home is one where spiritual culture has had its work of "sweetness and light," and to visit it is a blessing. Mrs. Temple, the mother of Mrs. Brigham, is indeed a "mother in Israel." Over eighty years of age, she is waiting patiently and peacefully for that summons which shall lead her to her heavenly home. I have rarely seen such interior light, illumining an earthly pathway,—such intuitive comprehension of spiritual laws, or such sweet and child-like faith in Divine order and goodness. "When I go to sleep it is with perfect joy, when I awake it is still joy and trust and serene peace!" What an example to others who have had so much more to be thankful for, and yet who grope and grovel along life's pathway, looking down, not up!

On Sunday night Mrs. Brigham gave a discourse, just at sunset, to seventy or eighty friends and neighbors, who assembled on the lawn, while she stood on the piazza. She drew her text from the scenes before us, and as these bright and hardy country people hung upon her words, and I learned that she drew near and far to attend funerals and speak at gatherings, I realized how great a power for good one frail little woman can be.

To return to the camp. Monday, the 23rd, was Children's day. Eighty-five were gathered in the auditorium, where a large number of grown-up children listened to their juniors, who gave very clever recitations and songs. They were then taken around the lake in rowboats and afterward regaled with a delicious lunch. The children's movement was begun by Mrs. M. B. Dillingham two years ago. She established here a Lyceum two years ago, with two bright boys as her first pupils.

On Wednesday, August 25th, the speaker of the afternoon was Albert E. Tisdale, the blind medium, who has only appeared upon the rostrum within the last two years. He speaks in an unconscious trance, without gestures but with what pietists call "unction" and fervor, and his brain is used with remarkable power and vigor. As he is yet young, there is a career of usefulness before him. His topic, "The Secret of Power," showed that he had found the secret, though we have no room for the points taken. Just before he began to speak Mrs. Emma Nickerson, lately of Detroit, was introduced to the audience. Several subjects were given her and she proceeded to improvise the words and music of a song from these themes, weaving them together with great dexterity and poetic and musical ability. Mrs. Nickerson has a physical and mental organization of combined sensitiveness and strength, well cultivated and developed, and we shall soon hear of her entrance upon some large field of work.

Among the mediums there is more than usual harmony, and a sense of mutual helpfulness. Of those giving tests from the platform, after conferences or lectures either by descriptions of departed friends or psychometric readings, are a number more or less widely known. Beatie Mand Lord, Mr. Slater and Frank Baxter, who are employed by the Association, there are Mrs. S. E. Fales; Dr. Mills from Saratoga, the well-known one who has exercised his gifts during thirty years; Arthur Hodges, who has made his second

appearance on the platform in his mediumship of nineteen years; James Copeland of Philadelphia, Mrs. M. B. Dillingham and Mrs. J. J. Clark. There are other excellent mediums and healers, including Dr. J. V. Mansfield; Charles T. Buffum; Mary E. Leathers, whose kindness and efficiency as a medical clairvoyant I have tested with happy results; Dr. Towne and Miss Jennie Rhind, the typical medium, beside many others whom I do not personally know. We have attended two circles at Arthur Hodges' tent, and are satisfied that in his powers of personating, describing and giving names, there are no superiors. He is a young man who can be implicitly relied upon. The transparency of his mediumship is in great degree owing to his freedom from mercenary motives, his gentleness and modesty. Mrs. Fales is a wonderful psychometrist and seer, and Mrs. Dillingham has very pure and beautiful influences. Mrs. Sweet, from Vermont, has been actively engaged in the field for thirty-seven years, and says she expects to be till she is translated. Carrie S. Thwing's remarkable gifts keep her fully occupied, but last, though not least, is Mrs. Flavia Thrall, of Poquonnot, Ct. It is worth while to visit the camp if only to meet this noble woman, who has exercised her gifts of medical clairvoyance ever since she was fifteen years of age. A rounded, sympathetic nature, her very presence carries balm and blessing to many an afflicted family in the valley of the Connecticut.

Many entertainments for the benefit of the Association or individuals have been held, and there have been numerous receptions, all of which are of local, rather than general interest. The first was tendered to Dr. Mansfield, who, by answering written questions at a dollar each, has raised over \$30 for the association. It was presided over by Judge Dailey, and the heart of the Doctor was cheered by music by the band, speeches and toasts. Mrs. Maud Lord has also given a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe and another was tendered to Carrie Thwing. After brief speeches by her friends, the piquant "Ikabod" took the floor and well illustrated his wit and wisdom through Mrs. Thwing. Ikabod's prayer is "one of the best things ever addressed to" a Lake Pleasant audience to quote from an orthodox saying.

On Thursday afternoon another immense crowd in front of C. T. Buffum's cottage, showed the popularity of this young man in an afternoon reception. I am reminded that a correction is to be made concerning the first spiritual paper ever published in this country. The paper mentioned in my second notes, called the "Messenger of Light," was changed to the "Christian Spiritualist," by Horace Day of New York, who purchased the paper soon after its issue.

But to Mr. James Wilson of Bridgeport, Ct., belongs the credit of a still earlier journal. Mr. Wilson, who is one of the earliest and strongest converts to this belief, has just brought me a bound volume of the "Spirit Messenger," printed in 1850, with Apollis Mann and R. P. Ambler as editors. And now I am also reminded of the small picnic which on Tuesday went from these grounds to meet a party at Shelburne Falls, or rather, a spot on the hillside, over two miles distance from that village. There is an "Indian rock" on the grounds of Mr. Maxam, which various media have testified was the rallying spot of many Indian tribes, generations ago. There are various corroborative evidences obtained by digging according to directions, and the place is so magnetized that every medium susceptible to Indian influence, gives strong token of that fact when standing on this rock.

This was witnessed on our arrival, when after greeting Nellie Brigham and other friends, and disposing of a beautiful lunch, we had short speeches from Dr. Buffum, Mrs. H. M. Rathbun of N. Y., to whom and to her good husband, Milton Rathbun, we are indebted for the picnic; Mr. Slater, who gave several remarkable tests to strangers present; from Mrs. W. A. Dunklee of the Boston Spiritual (Horticultural) Society; Mrs. Reynolds of Troy; from Mr. Maxam, Mrs. King and Mrs. Brigham. The music by Mrs. Mary B. Loveling of East Boston, Mr. Buffum and Mr. Slater, was greatly appreciated. Several Indian influences unmistakably manifested themselves. The occasion was so delightful that the party resolved itself into a "Maxam Indian-Rock Club," with an annual meeting in August at the same place and as near the same date as possible.

The genial face of the editor of the Banner, Mr. Luther Colby, has become a pleasantly familiar feature at the camp. He seems to be enjoying his first visit at Lake Pleasant. He thinks the movement is in a healthier and better condition than ever before. My letter is so long that comments must be deferred till next week.

NOTES OF A LECTURE GIVEN AUGUST 22nd BY J. J. MORSE AT LAKE PLEASANT.

We find a great variety of opinions in this vast audience on Modern Spiritualism. These are based upon certain facts which we may designate as the foundation stones of the superstructure. In the brief space allowed to us we can but touch upon these alone. Spiritualism has claimed a wide range of theories, but it seems to us that a just conclusion could be reached by statements of what you know, and not what you believe. It has been said that it can never be an exact statement of thought; that it is a constantly growing faith, but so far as you have gone, there should be an exact statement, and you should be able to say, "On these things I stand." If these things are not clear to your own judgment there must be certain principles and fundamental facts, and if we have not these in all their spiritual beauty, it is but a rope of sand. We know, however, that it is a strong and everlasting cable of truth, based upon inspiration from an Infinite Deity, that can touch and bind every human soul to the All-Father's love; but these must come down to absolute facts.

We invite you to the consideration of three cardinal points upon which modern Spiritualism must stand. We do not expect to carry conviction to the judgment of this vast concourse. All of you have your peculiar experiences, and if we speak the truth we may offend some by our plainness of speech.

What is the first foundation stone of modern Spiritualism? It is mediumship, and every spirit who would communicate with mortals is conscious of this. Modern Spiritualism did not originate mediumship at large. It is as old as humanity; the property of the savage as well as the cultured. It is the same in India, China and Judea, and the older nations of this earth have their historic facts dotted along the ages. We would place it as a function of human nature, a part and parcel of humanity. You must lift it out of the realm of ignorance and superstition, and from the domain of sentimentalism, and bring it down to a practical and a common understanding. There are plenty who say that it is a curse—a cup of sorrow; but mediumship means a great deal more than the gate-way between the two worlds.

What does mediumship rest upon? Does it rest on nervous disarrangement? If this were true we would say, have it cease. If aching hearts and souls cry out for relief, what does it matter if they are comforted by the exercise of mediumship? Its use, if properly guided, can be of great benefit. Study and bring it down to a square scientific fact.

Mediumship is the corner stone of spirit return, it must be intelligently used. If it injures, if it is demoralizing to the medium, cease to exercise the function. As honest men and women this is your first duty to cry halt. Bear in mind that mediumship when properly understood can bring to its aid the wisest and best souls in the spirit life, and if you are able to do this, you elevate your mediums. If by their lives and a want of a proper study of the laws and forces of mediumship they attract to you and them the low and the vile, sorrow and misery are brought to them.

You may think that you have in your presence a Plato or Socrates, but you have not the means of correctly judging. You may think we are harsh, and are not giving the medium any sympathy. Are they different from the rest of humanity? Would you establish a hierarchy in mediumship? Nay.

Mediums should strive to be pure, true and honest and live up to their highest aspirations and intuitions. It should be a psychological, physiological and scientific study. When the great army of mediums take up the cross of mediumship with the single eye to the truth, they will make a record that will shine in the future with a halo of living light, in harmony with nature, wisdom and truth. We give to all such as these due appreciation. Take your cloudiness out of Spiritualism, and its facts will remain. You take Spiritualism out of the religions of all the ages, and you have nothing left but the shell. See to it that all your best capabilities are used wisely in the exercise of your mediumship.

The next stone, the second stone of Modern Spiritualism, is spirit communion, and this must be utilized—and how? You are to understand that you are dealing with human beings who, while they have taken a step into another world and are clothed with Spiritual bodies, are possessed with the same traits of character and of moral responsibility and accountability as when here. Then, again, you must consider that the most intelligent of spirits are not a very little wiser than the same class of beings who are living here and now. You must realize that there are no dead, but men and women with loves and hates; with selfishness and deceit with those also who aspire to be noble, good and true. Many who have realized this fact of spirit communion think that they have got hold of the coat tails of God; disabuse your minds of this thought. Rascals who have gone to the spirit life would naturally play into the hands of rascals here. But you ask, are they all rascals and deceivers? No! but we would guard you against the pitfalls. This spirit communion brings you in rapport with the spiritual hosts, with your own spiritual friends, and it shows to you clearly and conclusively that they are not dead, and you are to deal with them precisely as if they were with you here and now, no better nor worse. The great majority who come are like the average of humanity; and when you have settled this second fact and laid down this stone of spirit communion, you ask, "what next?" The third stone is a demonstrated, individual immortality. The angel who comes to you, although she may claim all the wisdom of Socrates or Plato, may be a spiritual tramp. You must guard with great care and sacredness those whom you invite to your spiritual feast. You have much to do in that direction. No matter what the controls have to say, that they are ancient spirits, they cannot possibly know as much of the nineteenth century civilization as those who have lived with you in your age and time.

Your Spirit-world is a real substantive world, very much like this. Its people are not myths or shadows, but real people with real homes. If you have been interested in moral and social reforms here, in the industrial or political world, you will still be interested.

LOVE AND CHARITY.

W. E. EVANS IN MENTAL CURE.

The life of God is Love. His love is an infinite desire to impart his own good to others. The life of angels is a stream from this only fountain, and partakes of the properties of its source. If we open our hearts to receive the influx of the divine and heavenly life, it will be in us a desire and duty to impart the good, with which we are blessed, to all who are willing to receive it, and are amissive to it. Such is the true order of life, the normal state of every soul. It is evident we can never attain to the highest well-being of either soul or body, until we come into the divine order of our existence, and employ the activity with which we are endowed. According to the laws of the celestial life, we were made to impart, to be the media through which God's gifts could be transmitted to others. We are finite receptacles of the divine good and truth. We are not designed to absorb the divine rays, but to reflect them as well—to be each a center of radiation.

One of the most prominent organs of the brain is benevolence. The mental feeling, of which it is the outer instrument, is a desire to impart, to share our good with others. When this divine impulse is perverted in its action, our love terminates in itself, and we become the center of our universe. Selfishness is the fruitful root of more moral and physical evil and unhappiness, than any other cause. It is the perversion of the divinest instinct of human nature, a cessation of the pulsation of the central life within us. The only true and happy life on earth is that of love. Wisdom is divine. Truth is a ray from God. Science and philosophy are a spiritual treasure, and desirable possessions. Wealth, official station and power are good in themselves. But the divinest thing in the universe is love, an all-absorbing charity. Blessed is the man in whose inner nature it is the supreme and governing principle, and who has consecrated himself to the good of universal being.

Disease is often only a taste of supreme selfishness. It is a law, universal and immutable, that by imparting we receive, and when we cease to impart we cease to receive, and the stream of our life begins to dry up at the fountain. The candle under a bushel soon becomes only a smoking wick. To communicate truth to another quickens our own intellectual life, and renders us receptive of more than we give. Make the heart of something outside your own being to leap for joy. Attune your soul in harmony with the love Divine. Live to love, and then you will delight to live, and health will glow and thrill in every organic structure. Find some one whose condition is unhappy like your own. Lift up your hand and your

heart, and pull down a blessing upon his head. The best prescription that man or angel can give to relieve your soul-misery, and the correspondent abnormal, physiological state is, Be like Jesus, and every one's best friend. Seek to make everybody and everything happy. The good you intend to others will come to you in divine measure, more than you give.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass., who have a thorough knowledge of pharmacy, and many years practical experience in the business. It is prepared with the greatest skill and care, under the direction of the men who originated it. Hence Hood's Sarsaparilla may be depended upon as a thoroughly pure, honest, and reliable medicine.

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We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co. in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—*St. Louis Presbyterian, June 10, 1885.*

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The Poet's Death Song.

The recent death of Paul Hamilton Hayne, the noblest poet that the South has produced, lends peculiar interest to his lofty strain of final triumph which he has left to posterity.

RACE TO RACE.

Sad mortal coil! thou but know what truth it means to die. The wings of thy soul would glow.

I tell you his face is fair. As the moon-bow's amber rings, and the gleam in his upland hair.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells. But they hold few mysteries now. And his pity for earth's farewells.

Through the splendor of stars imperaled. In the glow of their far-off grace, Ho is soaring world by world.

But beyond the stars and the sun I can follow him still on his way, Till the pearl-white gates are won.

People Who Are Always Resting.

Rev. Leonard Bacon has taken occasion to remark that on the trout streams the most industrious fishermen, at the mountain resorts the most conspicuous dawdlers, and at the seashore the most numerous class of loungers are clergymen.

Looking at the whole summer vacation business, however, it will be seen that the preacher does not vary much from the men and women who need rest.

A scheme to drive the rich and lazy clergymen home and to give their poor and hard-worked brethren an opportunity for rest and recreation would be incomplete if it did not also include all their associate idlers.

It is the same in every other walk of life. Every visitor at a summer resort must have remarked the entire absence therefrom of people who appear to need rest.

Edmund Spencer (1553), speaking of angel minstrelsy, says: "How oft do they their elver bowens leave, To come to succor us, that succor want;

How oft do they with golden plinious cleave The flitting skies, like flying pursuivants."

Shakespeare (1564) says: "Ye woods and wilds whose melancholy gloom accords with the soul's sadness, and draws forth the voice of sorrow from my burning heart; farewell awhile, I will not leave you long; for in your shades I deem some spirit dwell, which from the chilling streams or grottoes call, still hears and answers to Mattilda's moan."

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The Church a Club?

By Duos Harding.

IN ENGLAND.

And onward o'er its verdant bed, Yet harmless—she might steal, Now 'hind its diminished head?

There is scarcely a noble house or family of distinction in England or Scotland which has not its mysterious traditions and strange, eventful history; and wonderful stories are related of facts which occurred, many of them, hundreds of years ago; all pointing in the same direction and verifying the statement that spirits do now, and always did, manifest, protect, warn and advise. It is not improbable that some of these legends are the immemorial records of a future life and of the immortality of the soul, which would long since have been lost to the better class of the English people but for spiritual phenomena, as the mummery of priests had always been objectionable to thoughtful Englishmen.

But the announcement of agnosticism, if not hopeless materialism, from high places, literary and scientific, during the 18th (and part of the 19th) century, was the disagreeable tonic which gave England a healthy appetite for spiritual truth. It was the voice crying in the wilderness, "Clear away the paths that retrogression was only temporary; the darkest hour was that before day, and those who vehemently denied the existence of spirit one hundred years ago, were unwittingly casting up a highway for the knowledge of immortality to pass over. Now sickly belief, resting on myth, is being exchanged for demonstrated fact resting on reason and intelligence. And the same may be said of every other civilized country.

When we glance at the history of Spiritualism, we see the history of the human mind, and take into account the many almost insurmountable difficulties it had to meet, we become astonished that it was not killed off long since; and yet, it may not be too much to say that the manifestations of spirit presence, in bygone days, must have been, many times more frequent than we had supposed, so many were the influences tending to silence tongue and pen on the subject. The Roman Catholic Church regarded every thing of the kind as diabolical, which did not transpire in the presence of a priest, monk or nun, or which were not related for their praise, not glory.

When these things occurred within prescribed limits, they were to be regarded as the work of God, the blessed Virgin or some holy saint; but when they happened in a private family, its members, fearing that the devil was trying to entrap them, would sprinkle themselves with holy water and make the sign of the cross to exorcise the evil one, and then hush the matter up as speedily as possible. It was very rarely that such matters would leak out and be the subject of comment; never, in fact, unless the family were noble and illustrious, or rich and powerful to that degree that its members did not fear the priesthood.

On the other hand the reformed church taught that the day of miracles had ended with the apostles, and laughed to scorn every belief in spiritual phenomena. She was called "protestant" because she protested against the "errors of popery," but she also protested against much truth; she regarded every one as an idiot or imbecile who even believed such occurrences possible; and when they did occur among protestants a deaf ear was turned to them, and if she knew of them, it was only to sneer. Neither of these things did get out, sometimes, but, it is remembered, when they did, there were no newspapers to chronicle the fact, no penny postal service, no telegraph, no telephone, or railroads to convey the news to distant places or persons, and unrecorded, many of them were soon forgotten. For every newspaper our fathers had, we have one hundred; and the few then existing dared not record a fact of that character, lest they should lose prestige or patronage.

When, therefore, we compare our day with that of our fathers, I think we must conclude that, for every circumstance of a spirit character which has been handed down to us, a thousand had occurred, and that after all Spiritualism in our generation is not so many degrees ahead of what it had been, in old times, as we had supposed.

But, before I proceed to give quotations, I shall refer to another retarding cause, which was greater, perhaps, than any of those mentioned, which is to be found in the conservative character of the English people. Reforms were of slow growth in England. The Anglo-Saxons hated innovation, and the aristocracy, chiefly of Norman extraction, were in power and felt no need of change, political or religious. Thus while other nations have, from time to time, altered their forms of government and modified their religious beliefs, England has remained unchanged. The Anglo-Saxons are a practical people, they are lovers of liberty, as they understand it, and always entertained the highest opinions of their own institutions; what they don't know, they think, is not worth knowing. At the Norman conquest the elements of pride and rank and love of rule were added to the national character, but for centuries these two elements could hardly be reconciled; and the matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon remained distinct from the proud and cultured Norman.

After the Reformation the English prelates found it necessary to conciliate and attract both classes, and in the preparation of the Church of England ritual they introduced a recognition of the language spoken by each (the plain Anglo-Saxon word following the polished Norman), in order to secure the acceptance of both classes. Thus, for example, we read in the Episcopal service book, "We acknowledge and confess our sins; he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins; etc. Here is a justifiable repetition; "acknowledge" is the polished Norman word, and "confess" is the plain Saxon; also "faithful" and "just." Again: "That we might not seemble nor cloak them before almighty God, but confess them with an humble, lowly, penitent and obedient heart," etc. "Dissemble" and "cloak" mean the same, but the first was intended to mollify Norman pride, being a Norman word; and the second to conciliate the Anglo-Saxon, being an Anglo-Saxon word.

The New Illustrations show unrecognizable the soil of ancient England for the great soil plow which we distinguish by the name of Spiritualism. And yet we find it even there. The point I desire to make is this: If Spiritualism had been recognized in Old England (the people possessing such elements of character as I have described) the evidences must have been palpable to force such recognition.

Now, not to be tedious, I shall refer to a few of the old English poets, and only a few, whose desire to search of spirits can find an abundance of references to spirits and Spiritualism in that field.

Geoffrey Chaucer (1375) is called the father of English poetry; he was much opposed to priests and priestcraft, or what in these days we call "sectarianism." He is supposed to have been the first Englishman who deserved the name of poet. He says: "Look up on high and thank God of all, Waite thy lust, and let thy ghost thee lead, And truth shall deliver it, it is no drede."

The lines he conveys, when rendered into modern English prose, you need not submit yourselves to priests; for if you permit your ghost, your guardian spirit to lead, there is no danger but truth will deliver you. A truly spiritual sentiment written some 550 years ago.

Edmund Spenser (1553), speaking of angel minstrelsy, says: "How oft do they their elver bowens leave, To come to succor us, that succor want; How oft do they with golden plinious cleave The flitting skies, like flying pursuivants."

This, though written between three and four centuries ago, is as good Spiritualism as we can write to-day.

Sir Walter Raleigh (behind 1618) says: "Of death and judgment, heaven and hell, Who oft doth this, must needs die well."

This is the sentiment uttered by an ancient philosopher, although Sir Walter was obliged to use the familiar style of expression in his day. "Contemplation allies us with the gods." They are expressions of the same thought and good Spiritualism.

Shakespeare (1564) says: "Ye woods and wilds whose melancholy gloom accords with the soul's sadness, and draws forth the voice of sorrow from my burning heart; farewell awhile, I will not leave you long; for in your shades I deem some spirit dwell, which from the chilling streams or grottoes call, still hears and answers to Mattilda's moan."

The Bible Hell.

Rev. W. A. Pratt, an Iowa Universalist, recently gave his hearers a sermon on "The Hell of Legend and Tradition, in which he took the position that the Bible Hell was not a place of outward suffering, where sinners would forever be tormented for satisfaction of divine justice—but a state of moral discipline, having for its object the good of the individual who suffers. "Christ nowhere asserts the endlessness of punishment," said the reverend gentleman, "and such a doctrine is directly contrary to all the spirit of his teaching."

Continuing he maintained that the punishments of God had for their aim the well-being of the human race, and said: "New talk about accepting the atonement and escaping them. The blood of Christ is not being used as a shield for iniquity, and sinners are urged to get behind it that they may not be obliged to endure the suffering consequent upon their evil actions. In these days, when the commercial spirit rules everything, and when defalcation and fraud are of such frequent occurrence in the business world; when children are compelled to see the father whom they loved taken to the gloomy prison-cell, and, heart-broken, the poor wife realizes that the companion who for years has been the strong oak upon which she leans has yielded to the tempter, and walked in ways of iniquity; when suicide is so frequently resorted to through fear of the shame that follows the exposure of wrong-doing, the opposite doctrine—that if a man sin he must suffer—can not be too strongly emphasized. If there is one truth that needs above all others to be impressed upon the public conscience to-day it is this: If a man sin he must suffer—the harvest of sorrow and shame will surely ripen in that field where the seeds of iniquity are sown."

In conclusion, the speaker urged that we were accustomed to hear that God's kingdom might come and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven, and that if we were sincere in our petition we would not seek to escape the discipline of that holy will so essential to our well-being. "I reject the doctrine, therefore," he continues, "because it is impossible to conceive of such a terrible outcome to human life. And, rejecting the vindictive hell of theology, we affirm this inevitable hell of consequence, because it is in harmony with that law which is at the basis of all life. The law of cause and effect, which we believe will continue beyond the grave, we do not think it will last forever, for we have faith to believe that in the great struggle of the moral world final victory awaits the good, and the promise is given that at the last in willing obedience every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. An endless, hopeless hell for the majority of men! Thanks be to God that this terrible nightmare of theology is passing away!"

Woodbury has always been noted for antiquities. Among them is an old book published in 1676 in the possession of Judge Huntington, the title page of which reads as follows: "The Displaying of Supposed Witchcraft, wherein is affirmed that there are many Sorts of Devils, and Impostors and Divan Persons under a Passive Delusion of Melancholy and Fancy; But that there is a Corporeal League made betwixt the Devil and the Witch, or that He Sucks on the Witches Body, or that Witches are turned into Cats, Dogs, Ravens, or like the like. Is utterly denied and disproved, wherein also is Handled the Existence of Angels and Spirits, the Truth of Apparitions, the Nature of Astral and Sideral Spirits, the Force of Charms and Philitures; with other Abstruse Matters." By John Webster, practitioner in Physic. By John Moore, Sec. *regiæ medicæ præses*, July 25, 1676.

The book is large and wonderfully well preserved. Mrs. Col. Smith has a large number of such quaint things, but many of the most valuable were destroyed at the burning of her residence a short time since. Miss Julia... possesses a very peculiar book full of instruction, founded on Bible teachings, as useful in this year of 1886 as it was in the year of its publication, 1678. The title of this book is this: "A Christian Directory, or a Sum of Practical Theologie and Cases of Conscience, Directing Christians How to Use Their Knowledge and Faith; How to Improve All Helps and Means, and to Perform All Duties: How to Overcome Temptation and Escape or Morify Every Sin." It was written by Richard Baxter and printed in London, by Robert White for Nevil Simmons, "at the sign of the Princess Arms, in St. Paul's church yard, 1678."—*Waterbury American*.

The Scriptures are filled with overflowing with accounts of spirit apparitions, and spirit communications to man; showing, that under proper conditions intercourse could always be had, even when it was supposed that man was much less intelligent than now. But while the Christians themselves believe and attest to the fact, the time when Spiritualism began to claim the attention of the general public for intercourse now, as then, they fly into a fit of derision; they deny everything of the kind, and say that "the door is closed," that "we have all the inspiration we will ever have, and all we need."—*Light in the West*.

Two large sharks have been seen within a day or two in the Hudson, off Sing Sing, which is having a detestant effect on the "small boys," who has been having great enjoyment thus far this summer in frequent plunges into the river. A couple of years ago two large sharks were captured in the Hudson, off the Randolth works.

Volney P. Sloucum, M. D. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Another old veteran Spiritualist, after many years of earnest and faithful work, has been relieved from pain, sickness, and sorrow, and joined wife and children in their spirit home.

Dr. Sloucum was in the broadest sense a "Free Thinker," and some 40 years ago when mesmerism and kindred subjects claimed the attention of the student and investigator, Dr. Sloucum was among the first to give the subject careful thought and study. He was a medium from birth, and like all genuine mediums, he was very nervous and eccentric. It was while he was living in Granville, Washington Co., N. Y. that he became interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism, and he determined that he would know the bottom facts. Circles were formed in his home, and he and his wife, Mrs. Helen N., both developed mediumistic powers. Mr. Sloucum developed as a psychometrist of rare power, and if I am not mistaken, he always claimed that psychometry was a gift of the soul of man in this life, and could be developed by study and a clear knowledge of laws and forces that governed its manifestation, independent of spirit aid.

For many years he and his family resided in the home of Dr. H. T. Hallock of New York City, and he and Mrs. Sloucum were ever ready with open hands and heart to welcome mediums and lecturers of our faith. Mrs. Sloucum was an earnest and able advocate of the equality of woman and devoted much of her time in the later years of her life to the advocacy of this cause in which she had the hearty co-operation of Dr. S. During these years they were members of the First Society of Spiritualists of N. Y. City.

When Dr. and Mrs. Sloucum became Spiritualists, it meant a good deal in those days to openly advocate this cause. It meant social, business and religious persecution. With Dr. S. the thought never entered his mind to quit. "Small I am, but I am benefited or injured by its acceptance?" Nay! "But is it the truth?" When conviction came to the souls of these pioneers, their home was a rallying place to the itinerant lecturer or medium, and Dr. Sloucum did not stop here in his zeal and efforts in the cause. He with a few others built a hall or church in Granville, invited discussion on the subject by clergymen, agnostics, materialists, and what not! Dr. Sloucum held no mean argument himself in defence of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, and Mrs. Sloucum was an exceptionally able advocate of the cause.

Among many of the persons who were healed by his wonderful powers, was Mr. W. C. Bowen, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Bowen came back from the war of the rebellion with his left arm shattered and useless from a rebel bullet. Dr. Sloucum restored it to use again, and has had no firmer or more grateful friend than Bro. Bowen.

Dr. Sloucum was a man of nervous and positive temperament, and at times, from this trait in his character, he was misunderstood. He was devoted to his wife and children, and manly temper to habits of strict morality, and he could not countenance "free love," no matter how wild. Such a spirit, when it enters its eternal home, will not lose sight of the weary workers who are still left here to fight the battle, although he can exclaim in very truth, "I have kept the faith!" May his presence still remain to encourage and strengthen all who love the truth. He had been a sufferer for ten months from a complication of diseases, finally resulting in pulmonary consumption. His spirit was freed from his earthly tabernacle on Tuesday morning, August 17th, from his home, 73 Mason street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hon. A. H. Daley conducted the funeral services, and paid a just and fitting tribute to this brother's work here, for the angel of death called to him to "Come up higher." S. B. NICHOLS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Parochial vs. Public Schools. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The Chicago Tribune has an excellent article on the above subject setting forth that the project of the Rev. Thomas E. Green of St. Andrew's for the establishment of a parochial school as an auxiliary to his church is an experiment which may prove successful in this particular case so long as the interest of St. Andrew's parish continues to be maintained, but the expressed motives leading to the enterprise are not likely to find many sympathizers in the community.

Mr. Green argues against the public schools from the churchman's view point of anti-secularism, and goes to the extent of saying that the prevalence of the secular teaching will result in the propagation of atheism and infidelity, which, in their turns, will inevitably be followed by Communism and anarchy. This is the view either of an alarmist or of one who lacks faith in the efficacy of the work of the churches in their proper sphere. Education itself is a safeguard in America against Communism and anarchy. Mr. Green's statement, a little amplified, would be hardly less than an argument for a union of Church and State—a conclusion obviously impossible in a land of religious freedom. But the agitation of the question of religion in the schools to any extent must be fruitless, for it is a question between the Church and the State, not the people and the State. The popularization of secular education is complete in the United States so far as non-Catholics are concerned. The conservatism of Rome alone, following the policy and tradition of centuries, has succeeded in the establishment of a certain number of parochial schools and other religious institutions of learning in this country. Does the Protestant Church, divided and subdivided into innumerable sects, expect to follow in the wake of the united and conservative Catholics?

The withdrawal of children from the public schools with the purpose of placing them in parochial schools is but a version to an exploded method—it is retrogression in education. Can it be contended that a system of mental training in parochial schools, with religious lessons, will be productive of as high an order of mental development as our public-school system now is without religion? Religious faith is properly regarded by our Constitution as a matter of individual preference, and the founders of our Government were neither atheists nor infidels, but Christians. Our secular-school system is the natural outgrowth of that charter. Mental and legal training is the province of the State, religious and moral development that of the Church. Both work for good. The activity of a wholesomely educated mind tends no more to anarchy than the activity of a wholly undeveloped one. Religious faith tends to patriotism, State and Church together make the best citizen. They are not enemies, but allies, each acting in its own sphere. And yet, any one reading President Seelye's article in the July Forum, or the Rev. Mr. Wyman's in the September Catholic World, or listening to Mr. Green's sermon last Sunday—all on the same subject—would be led to infer that those ministers almost believed that the different States of the Union had conspired to discredit the life of Jesus Christ—to fight the Christian religion in the public schools.

The popular side is not anti-religious, but anti-secularism; the laws which prohibit sectarian religion in the schools are not anti-religious, but are designed to make the path to learning smoother by the exclusion of religious controversies from the schools.

Words and Things.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: In notice in your issue of August 14th, a discourse by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, on "What is to be a Christian?" This reminded me of the time when as school-fellows we had a short combat over this subject. I said, if a good man is a Christian, and are also good men who are Mohammedans, and since things equal to the same things are equal to each other, then a Christian is a Mohammedan. If the word Christian denotes religious life and not a stamp designating his character, there was religious life in the world long before Christianity was ever heard of. To attribute Christian nomenclature to what always existed would be to say that Christianity existed before it ever did exist as a historical fact. A Christian, we defined to be one who believes in the Christ, in the exceptional, exclusive, Messianic character of the Savior. A person who did not believe in this might be a man, but not a Christian.

Mr. Jones declared he then had no desire for controversy. Toward the close of his discourse he stated: "I have no right and no desire to close the debate as to what constitutes a Christian." We most certainly have no desire to open it, having long since considered investigations in social science far more profitable than theological discussions. I only wish to say that the proper use of words has some influence on our attitude to things themselves, whether we call a steamboat a balloon and vice versa. It also militates against the working methods of church machinery whether or not we continue to "Smuggle new meanings into ancient names The conscious perverts of the Jesuit Time." CHAS. T. FOWLER.

Cassadaga Camp.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The steady increase of attendance and interest here exceeds the expectations of Cassadaga's most sanguine friends. Sunday was a red letter day all around; such a throng, such quiet and order, and speakers and such hearers. There was no one on the grounds because they had to be, and all because they had rather be here than anywhere else. A. B. French spoke Saturday and Sunday, also B. R. S. Lillie. Mr. French invented the text: "Diesed he cranks, for they turn the wheels of progress." He spoke therefrom Sunday, A. M. He says there are sensible and senseless cranks. We need not go off the camp ground for examples of cranks. Spiritualists were the cranks of the world, but in twenty-five years Spiritualism would be preached in all the pulpits of the land. We would have Methodist Spiritualism, Baptist, and all sorts of evangelical Spiritualism, warranted to be harmless if taken according to directions.

In a few years the picture of Dewitt Talmage will be preserved in the national museum as the last vestige of old fogeyism. Socrates was a crank in morals and Jesus in religion. If a man should go into Chautauque with yellow hair and clothed in a seamless garment riding on a donkey and proclaiming himself king, he would be hustled and cranks are needed to discover them.

The new reading-room, started by Mrs. T. J. Skidmore in her tent, is proving a success. Mr. Horace Grover, of Byron, New York, has presented it with books. Cinderella, an operetta, was given last Friday evening to a crowded pavilion. It will be repeated next Friday. There are fewer mediums on the grounds than last year, but the quality is better. The word is progress, and in time Spiritualists will define themselves to themselves and to the world. E. W. T.

Mistakes About Boston. Let it be said, once for all, that any one, with or without a license, who has a new philosophy to preach, or who wishes to convince us of the vaines of the West, or the "honal, sin" of the South, or who wishes to do any one of a thousand cranky things, will be welcomed to Boston. But let not this invitation be held to include a belief that brown bread is here consumed by the acre; that a lexicon is given with one fishball; that the bill of fare for a 25-cent dinner is adorned with quotations from the classics; that the city is full of signs, "This way to the Concord School of Philosophy"; that the heads are all level, the tongues all eloquent, the pens all fountains of wit and wisdom. Like her own predecessors, the real Boston is reasonably steady, orderly, somewhat coming, with a large stamp of language. But this is not the newspaper Boston.—*Boston Advertiser*.

M. H. Ashcraft writes: I have received so much comfort and consolation from your paper that I do not like to be without it.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects. One farmer near Dakota City, Neb., killed thirty-two skunks in one day. About twenty-five thousand patents are issued each year in this country. The consumption of lead pencils in the United States is placed at 250,000 a day. A dozen defaulters have stolen \$5,000,000 from Philadelphia during the past five years. The mall carrier between Highmore and Harrington, D. T., rides fifty-two miles a day the year around. The suburbs of Reading boast a man who counteracts the effects of the worst cases of poison from snake bites. An effort is being made in Portland, Ore., to have the music legally stopped in the beer saloons after 10 P. M. A blue racer was killed near Michigan City, Ind., last week, which had swallowed a rattlesnake half its own size. A sunflower measuring 45 inches in circumference, with a stalk over ten inches thick at the base, has been grown on a farm near Winsum, Ind. Mrs. Sherwood writes to the Boston Traveller that "we find Paris dull and dirty. No city has changed so much in two years; that wonderful cleanliness has departed, and disorder reigns."

A new and plausible explanation of the destructive fires occurring in pine forests is offered. The pine resin exuding from the trees is often of lens shape, and before it thoroughly hardens frequently of crystalline clearness. It is surmised that while in that condition a resin lens may focus the sun's rays upon some light twig or resinous point and so start a blaze that quickly eats up a forest.

Figures, which proverbially cannot lie, show that the cornfields of the United States cover a territory as large as the kingdoms of Sweden and Belgium united, while the grain fields surpass Spain in territorial extent. The acreage of our farm lands under cultivation is equal in extent to all of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Portugal, Germany, and Austro-Hungary.

Another smart American woman lives in Washington Territory, and her name is Mrs. Annetta Wynne. This lady is the proprietress of a fine farm, which contains 420 acres, much of it a state of cultivation. Here she conducts a stock and dairy business, all the work being done under her supervision. She is also owner of a large number of town lots in Tacoma, the business connected with which she personally attends to.

There was a fine thing in the matter of color at the Lake of Lucerne a few days ago. First a hot spell followed by a tremendous storm. Then a magnificent, brightly presented field. Against the background of storm and cloud there arose, spanning the whole breadth of the lake, a perfect double rainbow, with one base of its arch resting upon Gersau, the other upon the Seelberg. The space between the two bows was a deep purple.

The etiquette classes are an important part of the institution in girls' schools in Japan. In the course of a generation a code of etiquette has been worked out which regulates the smallest details of life, and there are proper phrases to be used in meeting people. There is a proper way of making tea, serving it and receiving it. There are prescribed attitudes to be adopted by young persons in the presence of their elders. All these details are taught to the little maidens.

The interesting story now going the rounds of the press about the finding of a petrified lion-constructor of immense size near Piedmont, W. Va., is a hoax. It is true that a wonderful discovery has recently occurred near that place, but instead of its being a large snake it is a gigantic fern fossil of the carboniferous age—a sigillaria easily recognized by the seal-like impressions and unjointed stem. The seal impressions are probably what was taken for the scales of the snake. The fossil is slightly flattened, and is eighteen feet long and six inches in diameter.

Ignorance, violation of all sanitary principles, noticeable poverty, the extreme rigor of winter, an neglect by drunken parents are said to be some of the principal reasons why out of 1,000 children born in the State of New York in 1885, only 912 survive. Statistics show that 45 out of each 100 die in the first five years. The Russian Government is seeking means to diminish this frightful infant mortality, but with little hope of speedy success, since the main cause can only be annihilated by the progressive education and reformation of successive generations of the people.

Zanis at the Sea Shore.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
The Boston Herald gives an account of these curious people. It appears that Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing, who has been spending several months in Boston and its neighborhood, has made a skillful medical treatment so far recovered from the severe illness brought on by the hardships of his Zuni investigations...

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(Continued from First Page.)

Spiritualist, Mr. Newman Weeks, of Rutland, Vt. We found there, Messrs. Wm. R. and Thomas S. Rice, of our city. They had been having a few circles to see if they could get paraffine casts of spirit hands, and on that evening the hot paraffine was on the range in the basement. After the usual manifestations had occurred, the long dining table was extended, a leaf in its centre was taken out, and a pall of cold water and the pall of hot paraffine brought up and put on the floor in the centre, and we sat around the table. I had been directed to change my seat in the circle and to sit at the left of the medium, my right hand resting on her left hand. Mr. Wm. R. Rice sat at my left. If I remember rightly, there were five persons present besides the family, making in all nine persons. As soon as the light was extinguished spirit hands seemed to be all over me, and the touches were not gentle by any means. The hands would clasp my legs and arms, touch me on head and back. I felt them unbuttoning my shoes. My stockings were the ordinary half-hose, and were fastened in front; the pins were taken out by these spirit hands and placed between the fingers of my right hand, with heads down. They began to wash or bathe my right foot with cold water. As they were doing this I remarked that "my feet did not need washing, as I had taken a bath the night before."

The next thing for them to do was to take a cast of my foot, giving it several coatings of the stuff. When the séance was over it took the mother of the medium nearly half an hour to scrape the stuff off with a knife. Had it not been for the natural warmth of the body, I should have had a perfect cast of my foot made by invisible hands. In the pall of water was some filthy or more fingers; some almost perfect, others crude and jagged. I brought some home with me, and kept them until, after many months, they crumbled to pieces.

While I sat by the medium her hands did not move or shake in the least; she seemed as deeply interested as any of the rest. One of my socks was found on the top of a picture frame, high above the reach of any one present; my shoes in different parts of the room. It is nearly two years since I have had an opportunity to sit with this medium, but I believe that she gave some sittings last winter at Judge Dalley's home, which were even more remarkable than what I had witnessed.

Of course it is impossible to note my experiences with the very many mediums that I have known, in a newspaper article, or to give an account of their powers. I think I have already written enough to show that all mediums who are honest and sincere will be cared for, guided and protected. I know many have learned to love their controls or guides very much.

"All this is fair and rosy as you tell it," says the inquirer, "but can you not also tell us what you know of

EVIL, MALIGNANT AND MISCHIEVOUS SPIRITS?

Certainly, I know there are some who delight to come back to earth to mislead; who come with high-sounding names and are always making great promises that are never fulfilled. I think mediums themselves are largely to blame for this deception. Many of them, and this was specially so in the earlier days, desired to have some name for a control who had figured in history, and there are always spirits mischievous enough to assume the name of Pontius Pilate, Julius Cæsar, George Washington, or Tom, Dick and Harry, even if they generally give truthful and valuable communications. In the earlier days we had such an experience in the home of a family by the name of Comstock living at the time, 1852 or 1853, at Shelburn Point, Vt. The daughter had been brought to our home bolstered up in a carriage by her mother, a few days after Mrs. Nichols became a medium. Through her medium powers the young woman was restored to health, after she had been given up to die by the ablest physicians at home and abroad. After her restoration to health we would occasionally drive down to their home, some eight miles, and stay over night, and when we did we usually held a circle. The young lady had a brother who died in California a short time before. What purported to be his spirit came to warn the young lady of the habits of a young man with whom she was engaged to be married; and to whom she was married later on. The information was valuable and of much benefit to the recipient, but things were given which led some present to doubt if it were the spirit of "Orville Comstock," her brother. So I said to him one evening, "I am convinced that you are not the spirit of Orville Comstock. We wish to have you inform us if you are taught to deceive in the Spirit-world; if so, we do not wish to have any more to do with Spiritualism." After considerable pressing he said he came for a good purpose; that he could get on rapport with the young man to whom the lady was engaged, and that the information and the warning he had been able to give were of much importance to her. He gave his name as a young man who had formerly worked on the farm and knew the brother and sister well; as also the young man whom she was to marry, and said they would accept as the truth what he gave them if they thought it came from brother Orville, but not from him. He promised that in all future communications, he would use his own name, which he did. Immediately another spirit controlled the medium and expressed great joy and thankfulness that the promise had been made by the previous spirit control, asserting that she was the mother of the young man who had assumed the name of Orville Comstock; and that he could date his first step of advancement in the Spirit-world from his making the promise to us. It certainly was a valuable lesson, and has saved me from many a mistake in dealing with spirits through mediums.

A MALIGNANT SPIRIT REFORMED.

"But," says an inquirer, "in your experiences have you ever known an evil or malignant spirit to use a medium?" Certainly, and the following experience has been of great value to me. One evening at least thirty years ago, our door bell rang. On opening it I found a lady and a little girl of six to eight summers. The lady seemed very much embarrassed. I invited her in and waited for explanations. She said she resided at Northfield, Vt., some 50 miles from Burlington, where we then resided; that her little girl was bewitched or possessed of a devil, and at times would swear like a pirate, would use the most obscene language, and this venom was all directed to the lady's father on whose farm they lived. The child was wasting away and apparently would soon die if relief did not come. They were not Spiritualists, but as a last resort went to a spirit circle and were told to go to Burlington, Vt., to the residence of S. B. Nichols, whose wife was a medium, and the devil would be cast out. She said, "How will I know where to find them?" They told her that when she got to the depot a carriage would be in waiting. She should tell the driver to take her to the residence of S. B. Nichols. On arriving at

the depot in the early evening she found the carriage, and we know the rest. We invited her to remain over night, and said that after tea we would have a circle and see what we could learn about the matter. As soon as our circle was formed the same evil influence took possession of Mrs. Nichols, and for an hour a stream of oaths and blasphemy rolled from her lips directed to me. The control said I was interfering with his business, and "Damn her, I will kill her." I said "No, you are not to do any such thing. This little girl never could have wronged you or any one else."

"No," said he, "but I want to get even with the old man." The spirit declared that it was none of my business; that I was not his judge.

"No," I replied, "but you are certainly not benefiting yourself in the least; on the contrary the very course you are pursuing will prevent your advancement, and you do not hurt the old man at all. Tell me why you have such feelings."

He answered that he had worked on the farm, giving his name, which the lady recalled, and said that the old man had cheated him, and he would get even with him even if he had to kill the child.

I said, "No, you are going to promise me here and now that you will leave the child and not trouble her any more. We shall be glad to have you come and use this medium, and if you wish to write any communications to your friends, you can do so, and we will gladly forward them."

It was a long while before he would make the promise, but by kindness, gentle words and firmness the promise was finally obtained. Immediately the guides of the medium resumed their control, made passes over the child, wrote a simple prescription, and our circle broke up. With thankful hearts for this new life lesson in mediumship we retired for the night. In the morning the child seemed quite bright and much better. The mother went home with a grateful heart and in about a month wrote us that the child was restored to complete health, and had no more trouble with the evil spirit. This spirit for quite a while came and used the medium's hand, and I venture to say that on her entrance to spirit life, no spirit gave her a more joyous welcome than did this one whom she had by her mediumship assisted to rise from this low condition. In all Mrs. Nichols's medial experiences these two were the only instances where a deceiving spirit or an evil influence were permitted to use her organism.

"How did you avoid it?" will be asked. Never did we hold a circle or sit to give a message to a caller but a prayer went forth from her soul that whatever might be given would be for the best good of the recipient; and during the eighteen years of her mediumship, she saw and described at least three thousand spirits so that they were fully recognized by their earth friends. She passed through various forms of mediumship—writing, diagnosing disease by clairvoyance, healing by the touch, seeing and discerning spirits, seeing and describing localities in spirit life. To all seekers this was freely given, "without money and without price." An Angel of Mercy in the earth life, may God in his wisdom grant that I may be able to so live now that when my work is finished here, I may dwell in the outer court of the heavenly mansion where her spirit is basking in the glorious sunlight of God's eternal love and wisdom.

All earnest, sincere and conscientious mediums here have a sad lot at the best, constantly giving to others, but seldom, if ever, receiving messages for themselves. Much of this could be avoided and the lives of these sensitives made happier, did we better understand the laws governing mediumship. This should be a constant and serious study for us all.

THE EVIL OF HOLDING CIRCLES TOO OFTEN OR TOO LONG.

Mediums often receive serious injury by sitting too often, and holding too long sessions of their circles. This is more frequently the case in private circles, and where the medium and members are comparatively ignorant of the simple rules and regulations which can be easily understood and enforced. I found this was so at the circle of one of our best public mediums who is now doing in a quiet and unostentatious way, a great deal of good. I was invited to visit this circle by friends, and finally one evening I went to her home. I found a circle, a promiscuous one. People were allowed to come in, stay a few minutes and leave. Others would come in late. I remonstrated with the spirits for allowing such things. The medium was entranced and I gave the spirits a good scolding—much to the astonishment of the lady's husband and other persons present. The husband said that at this time they knew but little about Spiritualism; that they were members of the Methodist Church, and thanked me for the advice given to him and the spirits. A change for the better took place; the circle was limited to one hour or thereabout, and no person admitted after it was formed for the evening.

Circles should be held at regular appointed times; all members should sit in stated places and no stranger should be admitted to the regular circle until the medium is well developed, no matter what phase of mediumship. Be content to accept whatever form of mediumship seems best. If you are a rapping medium, aspire to be the very best for that phase of phenomena. If you are to write, don't ask that some great person who has figured in history shall control you. If you do you will probably be troubled with St. Paul, Lord Bacon, Sororas, Washington, Lincoln, etc. Politely inform them that you would prefer to have them stay away until those whom you knew and loved here on earth can come. It may seem rude and unkind, but there are times at spirit circles when firmness is a cardinal virtue, if it will rid you for all time of mischievous spirits who would get hold of your sensitives and control them.

Some 34 years ago, before I was a Spiritualist, I had an experience of this sort. A writing medium was invited to our house, and at the circle, among other spirits who came, was one who signed the name, "Benjamin Franklin." The communication was directed to me, purporting to come from "Poor Richard." The signature was an exact fac simile of Franklin's autograph, as seen on revolutionary documents. It said he was to be with me and had selected me as one who will aid his work here on earth. I said in reply: "You are Old Ben. Franklin of historic fame?" "Yes."

I replied, "I don't believe it, and I wish you would not come again until I ask to hear from you. I want to know if my own relatives and friends live, and until I know this fact beyond question. I do not care to hear from any one, no matter how great."

That was a good while ago; a generation has come and gone, and he has not troubled me again, nor has any other spirit who has figured in the world's history.

Another great danger to mediums is sitting too long. To do so, is positively criminal. A friend, Capt. D., who has since passed to spirit life, had a daughter, an excellent private medium. They had held their customary circle at the usual house, and it was closed; communications had been given to one person who desired the medium to sit longer. Capt. D. had left the circle, his daughter was controlled by an evil or demoniacal spirit, and for two hours she wrestled with that unseen but malevolent spirit, for the control of the medium, exerting the whole will power and force of his nature to restore the medium; he finally succeeded, and brought her back to her normal condition. Her guides said that in her weak and exhausted state, it was a positive injury for her to be thus used; a severe lesson was this. I venture to say that at her circles the Spirit Father is now ever near to guard and protect her.

EVILS TO BE AVOIDED.

Another serious evil to be avoided in mediumship is that of asking or expecting that spirits can find you a gold mine or a fortune. While there are instances when spirits have been able to advise persons in regard to financial matters, and they may be able to impress one to follow a right path, still I firmly believe that it is not their province, nor the object for which communication between the two worlds was established. We should remember that the spirits out of mortal form have but made one step in advance of us, and within are neither all wise nor all powerful. If they can show us the way wherein we can grow better husbands and wives, sisters, sons and daughters, truer friends, better citizens, and aid us to secure the right road for development, we should be content. While wealth is desirable, the poorest man in this world is he who has money and nothing else. In all the years I have been a Spiritualist, I never have consulted spirits as to how I could make haste to be rich, and in these late years I would not ask even, if I thought this knowledge could be given to me.

CONCLUSIONS.

"On the whole," asks the inquirer, "is mediumship desirable as a means for spiritual growth and advancement? Most certainly it is! As a means for communication with the Spirit-world it has made many a home a heaven on earth. It has unfolded, rounded out, and developed the spiritual natures of thousands who but for this blessing would have borne many an anguish and sorrow in gloom and sadness. I would not advise any one to make mediumship a profession. If circumstances and development of medial power compels you, as it has many, to give up everything else, and you are compelled to follow the avocation, be honest and just to all. If you are a public medium, aspire so to live that you will be honored and respected. If any come to you for sittings and you feel an aversion or reluctance to sit for them, do not under any circumstances do so, it is right that you should have this impression, and heed it. Do not sit when you are not in good condition to give the best which your mediumship is capable, no matter how much of a disappointment to those who come. If you would keep your mediumship pure, avoid promiscuous circles.

We have at this day a vast number of sensitives in the United States, susceptible to marked spirit influences, and a large proportion can become excellent mediums if they are willing to make the effort. You inquire, "How can the object be accomplished?" If you would become a medium, find a few friends who are harmonious and congenial, and make an arrangement to sit, at first say, twice a week; have regular hours; be prompt and insist that all members of your circle be present regularly. In beginning, do not sit for development over half an hour. If among you are any who can sing, onlive your circle by music; be earnest and reverent; send out your prayers and aspirations that your own loved ones, who have passed to the shining shore, may be permitted to come, and that some one in your circle may be used as the intermediary between the two worlds. Have but little conversation until after your circle is over. Do all this and the chances are that some one of you will be influenced at the first or second circle. Whatever comes, accept it as the best that can be given under the circumstance and the material at hand will allow. If it is raps, well and good. If one of you can see or hear spirits, so much the better. If nothing comes after a month's patient effort, try if you can get one or two more persons to join with you and possibly drop out some who have sat. I sat for six months alone with my wife for her development, and during that time we had no visible or outward sign; but we had been promised that the blessing would come to her, and one morning while at breakfast, alone in our little home, her right arm began to be influenced as she was drinking her coffee. I said, "You are going to write." I got paper and pencil, and she wrote mechanically in the hand writing of several of her friends who had passed to the Spirit-world.

HOMES AND SCHOOLS FOR MEDIUMS.

There should be an effort made, and the preliminary steps inaugurated at Lake Pleasant, Onset, Cassadaga and Parkland this year, for permanent homes for mediums, who have been worn out in the cause. Subscriptions should be solicited among our people who have means in abundance, to help the matter. These homes and schools for mediums should be large and airy, and competent, loving, faithful teachers should be secured, and the work begun at once. Were the Spiritualists in America one-tenth as earnest, consistent and faithful as their orthodox brethren, there would, even now be fifty such homes established. Oh! my co-workers in this cause, we need more earnestness, more intelligent organized and co-operative work. Will it ever come? I fear not. A large proportion of those who claim to be Spiritualists, would prefer to spend a dollar or two three or four times a week to be imposed upon and humped by some charlatan or trickster with "dash and blood" materializations. They should be consigned to oblivion, and the camel swallows and the credulous be compelled to take back seats in the spiritual kingdom, and the papers that advertise and endorse such burlesques on true mediumship, should be ignored. This article has grown to much larger proportions than I intended, and will tax the good nature of the editor who is to print it; and the subject is so vast, so important, to the welfare of every investigator and to every Spiritualist, that I pray most earnestly that other and abler minds may consider the subject, and that through the discussion, mediumship may be elevated and the avenues from the world of spirits may be multiplied a thousand fold. Brooklyn, N. Y.

A young colored man of Buffalo is making money by giving most remarkable performances. He holds his mouth open, taps his skull with a bear mallet, and thus plays tunes in tones not unlike those of the xylophone. He seems not only to have a wooden head but an empty one also.

KILLING THE DEVIL. A Curious Custom Annually Observed by the Mic-Mac Indians.

What all the preachers of Christendom have yet failed to accomplish is yearly done by the Indians of the Restigouche country—at least, to their own satisfaction. St. Anne's Day every year they kill "the devil," an achievement which would be greatly to their credit were it not that the adversary seems to come to life again every twelve months. At St. Anne's mission, opposite the town, writes a Campbellton, N. B., correspondent of the Boston Herald, there gathered yesterday a most motley and curious crowd. The steamer, Admiral, came up from Dalhousie, bringing some hundreds of French and Indians from along the lower Quebec coast as far as Gaspe. All the Mic-Macs were en fete, for St. Anne's Day is one of the great days of their year.

Over muddy roads, past scores of calmly wallowing or nursing swine and piglins, the parti-colored throng poured on toward the Mission church. Smoked glass was essential to the comfortable contemplation of the squaws. They wore neither hats nor bonnets, but each dusky head was covered with the brightest of bright bandanas. Handkerchiefs of varying shades of red glowed everywhere in the sunshine, giving the effect of a poppy bed, when several squaws met or sat or squatted together upon the grass. Skirts and jackets of brilliant hues put the soberer costumes of white sisters to shame, and even the men rejoiced now in red flannel shirts, again in showy scarfs and gaudy jewelry, or hats decorated with bright salmon flies.

Presently up swaggered some young Indians, decidedly of the hoodlum type, carrying guns and pistols, weapons which would delight an antiquarian. They were flintlocks and muskets which probably dated from Queen Anne. One rusty barrel was joined to a home-made stock which had apparently been chopped out of a spruce log. All this warlike array meant the assailing and utter destruction of the adversary, or, as the Mic-Macs have it, "killing Mundou," Mundou being the evil one. In the olden time a silver ball was thought necessary for the shooting of witches or of animals protected by magic, but the Mic-Macs consider the ammunition of the shops effective against his Satanic Majesty himself.

Now and then some red-skinned youth, emerging from his cabin, discharged his gun in the air, and the scene was assuming a Fourth of July aspect, when a message came from the priest forbidding firing for the present on account of the crowd, the number of horses tied along the road, and the consequent risk of accident, so the devil was re-pressed for a time, but after the ceremonies in the church were concluded the Indians celebrated in their own fashion.

The destruction of Mundou is not a difficult matter according to the Mic-Macs. They appear to hold that the devil is hovering in the air somewhere above them. Not knowing exactly where he may be, they take pains to fire in every direction, riddling the air to every point of the compass. The favorite way for shooting him is for two or more Indians to cross the barrels of their guns, pointing upward and fire at the same time. They reason that if the devil dodges one discharge he may blunder into the way of another. The fact that the devil remains disembodied does not seem to make him proof against earthly powder and shot, and so the Mic-Macs load and fire as rapidly as possible in the laudable desire of hitting the adversary on the wing.

There is something rather fascinating in the idea of being shooting at this kind of game, and I earnestly hope that the uproarious burning of ammunition was not without a successful result. This curious custom of "killing the devil" is of course not practiced with the implicit faith of former years, but the Fourth of July uproar continues. One feature of the day has fallen completely into abeyance, that of feasting upon roasted dog. It was usual with the Mic-Macs, as with many Indian tribes, to honor this occasion and other festivals by a banquet of dog, but for many years the dog has been banished from the board. The feast is still held, or rather there were two, one for the visiting priests, another for the Indians.



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