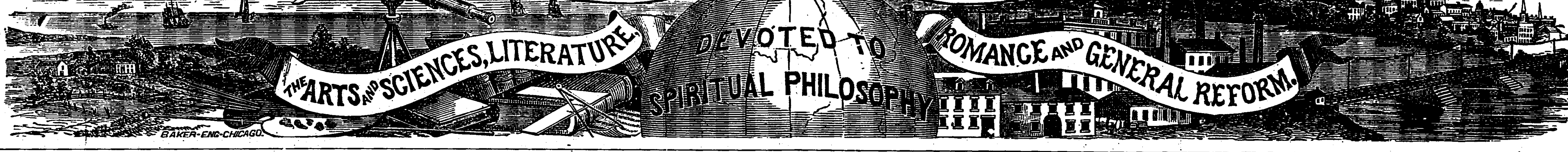


RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL



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HEAVEN REVISED.

AND A VOICE SAID UNTO ME, "WRITE."

"It Shall be Given You in That Same Hour—What Ye Shall Speak."

MRS. E. B. DUFFEX.
CHAPTER VIII.
TO A GREAT MULTITUDE.

The tide of immigration sets steadily from your land to ours. There is no emigration back to earth. All faces are turned toward the Spirit-world; all feet are hastening hitherward; and all must come at last face to face with death, and, standing on the shores of the mystic river, must bid an eternal farewell to earthly life, and venture with hesitation and fear, or with courage and faith, into the unknown and mysterious realm beyond.

These pilgrims are coming, coming, coming, leaving behind them all that possessed material value on earth, and bringing only themselves. If they have cultivated their spiritual natures, and held themselves above the level of materiality, then they are rich indeed. But if earth and its cares engrossed all their attention, and they had neither time nor thought for that "better part" for which Mary was commended, then no beggar on earth could be poorer or more destitute than these souls when they enter the life immortal. Nor do intellectual enlightenment, moral regeneration and spiritual illumination wait upon them to be put on like an outward garment as soon as they have reached the spirit sphere. They are the true riches which must be acquired by laborious effort. As I stand upon earth, so does he find himself when he first enters here. He who is ignorant, is ignorant still; he who is filthy, is filthy still; superstition still holds those spirits in its thrall who were its victims upon earth.

It would seem to you that all must become Spiritualists when they reach here, and the avenue of knowledge are thrown open to them. And I will surprise you when I say that there are here Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians and Quakers, and all the different sects of religious beliefs, just as among you. There are those who bow to the supremacy of a spiritual pope, and who yet find arduous confession, and the observance of rites and ceremonies, necessities to their religious life. True, they encounter much to surprise them when they enter here. Heaven is altogether different from what they pictured it; but their beliefs and prejudices are stronger than the facts which come under their observation (is not this also the rule in the earth life?), and so they merely readjust themselves, still clinging as far as possible to their old tenets. But the time comes, sooner or later, when they grow out of these superstitions, and, getting at first faint glimpses of the truth, these glimpses become brighter and clearer as they seek for them.

There is no more interesting study than to watch the arrival of these immigrants—these pilgrims, and to note their first impressions, experiences, surprises and disappointments. It is also sad to stand beside the bed of death, as it is often our privilege and our duty to do, and witness the terror with which theology has invested the passing from death to life. Is it true that the Christian knows how to die? He may meet death serenely if he be a man of strong character, hopeful disposition, and with nerves not easily shaken. But with such a character, he would

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"Jesus, oh! my Saviour, help me!" she exclaimed. Then as her newly acquired spiritual vision discerned the forms standing around her, she reached out her arms imploringly, crying: "Who are you? Are you angels? And which one of you is Jesus? Surely my Saviour will be here to welcome and receive me!"

"Jesus is not here," was the reply given her; "but we have come to welcome you."

"Then take me to him! Let me behold him and be assured of his love and forgiveness!" At that moment her eyes fell upon me, and with a start of terror she added:

"You here! Then where am I? In mercy tell me where I am! If you are here, then I must be—"

She stopped short, the horror of the situation paralyzing speech. If she, a professing Christian who had cast all her sins upon Jesus, and believed she had received his forgiveness and assurance of eternal happiness, found herself, after all, on the threshold of the future life, face to face with one doomed to perdition, then her conversion must have been a delusion, her hopes a snare; and no wonder she could not voice her apprehensions.

"Oh, take me to Jesus! Will not some one show me the way to my Saviour?" was her agonized entreaty. But when I stepped forward, wishing to reassure her, she recoiled, and covering her face with her hands, endured the agony of a despair which has no parallel on earth.

But those whom she recognized as friends gathered around and encircled her, and took her in their arms and bore her away from earth, while the rest, myself among them, followed at a little distance, eager to see the first awakening of this soul to a comprehension of the realities of spirit-life. They laid her tenderly down in a bower where immortal flowers gladdened the vision, and lent a sweet perfume to the air, where the melody of murmuring brooks fell restfully on the wearied ear, and of all that would delight, and charm, and soothe, nothing seemed lacking. But her eyes were blind, her ears deaf to the sights and sounds of heaven. She was disappointed beyond measure that she had not entered the celestial city of the apocalypse, with golden streets bordering a sea of Jasper. She felt that this city must exist somewhere, and that she had been excluded because somehow the vicarious atonement had proved a failure in her case.

"Where is the great white throne?" I heard her ask. "Shall I not see that? Shall I not stand before that and adore God forever?"

And again the negative answer troubled and perplexed her beyond measure.

Once more she asked:

"Am I to have no golden harp?"

A golden harp was placed in her hand.

"Why, I cannot play!" she exclaimed in surprise, after a futile attempt to make music upon what was to her a new instrument.

"No," was the response; "not until you have learned."

"Do we then have to learn here? I thought we were done with that when we were done with earth, and that I should play the harp as readily as I should sing."

A smile and a shake of the head gave answer.

"Where is my crown? Surely I was promised a crown if I bore the cross faithfully on earth."

Some one wove a wreath of golden flowers and placed it upon her head—a coronet of whose beauty angels might be proud. But

she removed it disdainfully; and then, glancing around her, she seemed to notice for the first time that her friends were crownless and harpless.

"Am I in heaven?" she asked as if completely bewildered. "Where am I? Where are your crowns and harps?"

"You are in the land of spirits," they assured her, "and we neither wear crowns nor carry harps, because we have no need of them."

"Oh, I can not understand it. If my pastor was only here to explain it to me! Oh, if I could only find Jesus! Jesus promised to be my friend, but he has forsaken me!" And she bowed her head and wept in utter hopelessness.

Then those whom she had loved before death divided them, gathered around her, and stretching her in her own personal affairs, caused her to temporarily forget her theological error and doubt in the delight which this reunion afforded her—delight which had been at first entirely overlooked in the over-ruling feeling of the hour.

After a time I again ventured to draw near her, and found that she received me, not cordially, but without her first manifestation of dismay. I tried to tell her something of the new life into which she had entered, but she shook her head, saying:

"I can not understand it, that you and I should both be in the same place, when I thought my sins were forgiven and heaven secured to me by the blood of Jesus, while you—you were a Spiritualist!" This in a tone as though that word necessarily embodied the worst that could be said of any one.

"But if my pastor were only here to explain it to me, or if I could find my Saviour!"

Poor, halt and blind soul, that can not walk save as it leans upon another, and can not see save through the perceptions or understanding of another! It has a weary way before it ere it comes in! The full light of spiritual truth.

Another death-bed made a strong impression upon me. It was that of a little child who closed its eyes peacefully and unconsciously upon the pain of earth life, and awoke to the painlessness and perfect joy of life immortal. It knew not that it had passed through any change, for loving faces still surrounded it, and loving tones fell upon its ears, and when the mother's arms were stretched out in the agony of sudden blindness, her babe was laid tenderly in them, but she knew it not. In the night time when she awoke, and with scalding tears and aching heart called for her little one, it was placed in her bosom, and nestled its head where it had so often done of old, and its presence brought peace and comfort of which she was conscious, though she knew not their source. How little one is with earthly life, its being still intertwined with hers, and dependent on mother love. Oh, bereaved mothers, believe this; your babes are not lost, they are with you, learning the lesson of life from you. Then walk—justly and purely, that you offend not these little ones.

In the great multitude which was perpetually passing from death unto life, I specially noted two men. They were equally aged, having reached nearly the extreme limit of human life, and bowed and tottering they came to the end of their journey, and their feeble frames and whitened hairs were laid away in the bosom of mother earth, dust to return to dust, while their spirits passed to the new life beyond; and yet how different were the experiences of these two men in their first entrance into this life. One found himself with the infirmities of age still clinging to him, his mental powers still weakened, and his spirit came to a halt as it were in its progress. He seemed still to belong to the past in the quality and method of his thoughts; his mind turned backwards rather than forwards; and even the Spirit-world was not altogether satisfactory to him, because it differed so materially from that future life which had taken form through early religious teachings, and became crystallized in his imagination. This could not be heaven, because this was not as he had pictured heaven to be; and so, blind to the beauties which surrounded him, disregarding the advantages which were presented to him, and through force of long mental habit opposed to that progress which he found to be the law of immortality, he was querulous and discontented, and his thoughts sometimes even turned back regretfully to the earth-life. There at least he was at home; there he had become fixed in his habits, and there was nothing to molest or upset him. Here there were continually disturbing elements, which forced him out of old grooves whether he would or would not, and fairly shook him out of himself.

The other old man, equally feeble physically when he passed from earth, quickly lost the traces of age upon his entrance into spirit-land. His form speedily appeared erect, his step became buoyant, and a new light was kindled in his eyes. His age he had left behind him upon the earth, and it was buried in the grave with the mortal body. Only the shadow had fallen upon his spirit, but that was speedily dispelled, and in a short time he became as one in the prime of life.

I could not understand the reason of the different experiences of these two men, and, as usual, I turned to my guide for enlightenment.

"The reason is a very simple one," she replied, "and needs no explanation; to those who have watched these men in their earthly existence." And then she proceeded to explain that one of them had lived for time only, the other for eternity. The one allow-

ed his spirit to be subordinated to the body, and to share and be subject to its afflictions. As his physical frame grew old, he allowed its weaknesses and deficiencies to leave their mark upon the spirit; and fettered and burdened as it thus was, it soon came to share that body's inertness and its waning powers. Therefore he has entered this world old in spirit, and can only grow young again slowly and painfully. His youth will come back to him some day, but only through conscious effort on his part—greater effort than he would have been compelled to make in order to resist the encroachments of the material upon the spiritual, to which he so weakly succumbed.

"The other kept his soul young, regarding time as only the first division of eternity. Thus the body's senses became duller, the spiritual vision remained clear; though the period of bodily activity passed away, and he was compelled to step aside in the affairs of life, and let other and younger men take his place, he did not sit with his face turned towards the past regretting the long ago, but by strenuous effort preserved his mental vigor, kept pace with the times in his observations and opinions, and lived in an active enjoyment of the present, and a lively hope for and belief in the future. He kept his heart young to the last, and cultivated his affections and emotions as a religious duty, as something which not only bound him to his fellow creatures, but which should uplift him spiritually. Old age was but the husk which wrapped around but only partially obscured the soul within; and that soul when the worn-out frame fell away from it, and it entered its true home, rejoiced at its new-found freedom. The shadow which time and its happenings had cast upon it passed away forever, and he regained full possession of the youth which he had never wholly lost, but had treasured up all the more carefully within himself, as the outward and physical manifestations passed away one by one.

"There are many sad scenes connected with death which we are called upon to witness. Understanding as we do how few realize or even know of the intimate relations existing between the earth and the spirit-life, the agonized parting of friends is most painful to witness. There is such bitter grief, such depth of hopelessness in the hearts of the living, as they look for the last time into the mortal eyes of those who are called away to a higher life, and feel that the parting is a final one. It is our mission to comfort as well as we may these sorrow-stricken ones, and bring them that hope and consolation which can only come through a belief and knowledge that the dear departed are ever near, and that death brings them into closer spirit communion. You should all work with us unceasingly to hasten the day when this knowledge will become the possession of all mankind, and when death will thus be robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory.

But aside from the natural and common causes of sadness at these final hours on earth, there are often special circumstances which invest death beds with peculiar interest, solemnity or horror. Sometimes an innocent creature who has lived a blameless life, as we judge of human lives, harming no one, and doing good to many, but who has neglected until too late to provide itself with a church passport to heaven, finds itself suddenly called upon to render up its account. Then are the conditions of the parting terrible, as the dying one enough to move a heart of stone. Even we, who stand upon the other side and know how groundless they are, are compelled to bestow our deepest sympathies. So we press closely around, and take the released spirit in loving arms, and speak to it gentle words. We laid it in green pastures and beside still waters, and our reward is to behold the wonder that gratitude and joy which suddenly take the place of fear and despair. Surely love is greater than retribution, and has a stronger hold upon the human heart.

At another time perhaps a poor lost soul, weighed down by the terrible denunciations of a false theology, and possibly having a premonition of its real impending doom, curls itself through the gateway of death with curses upon its lips, and fierce rebellion in its heart, defying the power which it can not resist. Then how solemn and how sad the awakening to the actualities of spirit-life. Darkness is to be its portion until it seeks for the light; but even in this outer gloom, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, there is not that sense of utter abandonment of protecting care, that giving over to divine vengeance, that pitiless delight in the torments of suffering souls, which are the crowning honors of the orthodox hell. No; the spirit feels and knows that the hell in which it must exist is of its own making; that it is not the creation of a deity who saith "Vengeance is mine; and that divine love and divine pity brood over all, and still hold all in their keeping, ready to help and to lead from darkness into light, when the wickedness and the waywardness have worn themselves out, and the prodigal humbly says: "I will arise and go to my father."

Let the churches write upon the portals of their infernal regions: "Who enters here leaves hope behind," but though light, and love and truth, and all else which bless and uplift the human soul may be excluded wholly or in part from the lower spiritual spheres, one star beams steadily above them all; with a pure and perpetual flame—the star of Hope.

SENSITIVENESS

As Illustrated and Proved by Psychometry.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

[This article is a chapter in an extended work written by spirit dictation, dealing with the spiritual forces of the universe.]

Light emanating from suns and worlds, as it wings its swift way across the regions of space, bears on its rays the pictures of every object from which it is emitted or reflected, and hence the universe, from center to remotest bounds, is filled with pictures; is a vast storehouse of photographs of all events from the fading of a leaf to the revolution of a world since time began. Thus a ray of light leaving the earth during the coal age bears a picture of the then existing gigantic forests and inky seas, and is yet somewhere passing the remote coastlines of unknown systems, and could some swifter messenger overtake it, he would have a view of the world as it was when that ray was reflected from the carboniferous land-and-sea-escape. The messenger is not needed to overtake the fugitive ray, for the light which reflected, struck against rock and tree, has photographed the images of every moment since the stars first sang together. Every atom still vibrates the moulding hand of life under which it has at sometime passed, and the sensitive mind is able to catch these vibrations and interpret their meaning in forms of thought. The discovery of this wonderful faculty of the mind was made.

Almost fifty years ago an Episcopal bishop remarked to Dr. Buchanan that when he touched brass, even in the night, when he could not know with what substance he came in contact, he at once felt a disagreeable influence and recognized an offensive metallic taste. Such experiences had been common to a great number of persons, and been frequently remarked; but this time it called the attention of the right man. All the world for ages had seen bodies fall to the ground, but countless millions of eyes had seen the phenomenon with no more thought than the brute, until a falling apple drew the attention of Newton. Dr. Buchanan at once saw that there was profound philosophy in the fact which transcended the senses. He began a lengthy series of experiments, by which he found that it was by no means rare for persons to be affected by metallic and other substances. In a class of one hundred and thirty students at the Eclectic Medical College, forty-three were sensitive in greater or less degree. Medicines held in the hand without any knowledge of their properties, produced the same effect, varying only in degree as when taken into the stomach. By placing the hand, or merely coming into the atmosphere of a deceased person, the sensitive was at once able to locate and describe the disease. In this field Dr. Buchanan has stood almost alone, until recently Mr. Bourry and Burot of the Havana Medical School at Rochester, have made extensive experiments on the "action of medicines at a distance," which is really another way of stating the facts observed by him a generation ago. They held the metals and drugs six inches or so from the back of the head of the patients and affirmed all that Dr. Buchanan claimed for his great discovery.

But the discovery did not rest here; he went a step further and found that a letter or any article having been brought in contact with the person, when taken in the hand or placed on the forehead of another, gave the character of the writer or owner. Repeated experiments, such as any one may repeat, prove beyond question that the sensitive can in this manner read the character of the writer from his writings, his state of health, far better than the most experienced friend, or even the writer himself. It is a marvelous statement, but only marvelous in our not understanding the cause. When this is revealed, and mystery removed, the subject allies itself with other phenomena of mind, having their origin in impressibility.

Prof. Denton carried the results of psychometry far beyond the boundaries reached by Dr. Buchanan. If the world is one vast picture gallery of every age and thought since the beginning of time, the fossil shell, the rock fragment, the broken arrow head, the shred of mummy, and the rush leaf from the banks of the Nile should reproduce in the sensitive the story of their origin and age. By a great number of experiments, the details of which fill three volumes, Prof. Denton sought to establish this generalization and write the geological and pre-historic history of the earth. That he found a kernel of truth cannot be denied, but he allowed sources of error to creep in and vitiate his wonderfully suggestive and patient research. A person, sensitive to that degree as to be able to feel the influences from a fragment of stone given it thousands of years ago, would be more strongly impressed with the influence imparted by the one who sensed it, and held it in his hands before the experiment. It was from this cause that uncertainty rests on his otherwise well-planned series of experiments. Yet he has proved that such sensitiveness exists and that by it the story of history from fragments of ruined architecture may be read, and scenes in geological ages by fossil bone or shell be described.

How? Really psychometry, depending on the sensitiveness of the brain, is a lower degree of clairvoyance, and is merged, in its clearest forms, therein. Sensitiveness means

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"Jesus is not here," was the reply given her; "but we have come to welcome you." "Then take me to him! Let me behold him and be assured of his love and forgiveness!" At that moment her eyes fell upon me, and with a start of terror she added:

"You here! Then where am I? In mercy tell me where I am! If you are here, then I must be—"

She stopped short, the horror of the situation paralyzing speech. If she, a professing Christian, who had cast all her sins upon Jesus, and believed she had received his forgiveness and assurance of eternal happiness, found herself, after all, on the threshold of the future life, face to face with one doomed to perdition, then her conversion must have been a delusion, her hopes a snare; and no wonder she could not voice her apprehensions.

"O take me to Jesus! Will not some one show me the way to my Savior?" were her agonized entreaties. But when I stepped forward, wishing to reassure her, she recoiled, and covering her face with her hands, endured the agony of a despair which has no parallel on earth.

But those whom she recognized as friends gathered around and encircled her, and took her in their arms and bore her away from earth, while the rest of myself, standing followed at a little distance, eager to see the first awakening of this soul to a comprehension of the realities of spirit-life. They laid her tenderly down in a bower where immortal flowers gladdened the vision, and lent a sweet perfume to the air, where the melody of murmuring brooks fell restfully on the wearied ear, and of all that would delight, and charm, and soothe, nothing seemed lacking. But her eyes were blind, her ears deaf to the sights and sounds of heaven. She was disappointed beyond measure that she had not entered the celestial city of the apocalypse, with golden streets bordering a sea of jasper. She felt that this city must exist somewhere, and that she had been excluded because somehow the vicarious atonement had proved a failure in her case.

"Where is the great white throne?" I heard her ask. "Shall I not see that? Shall I not stand before that and adore God forever?"

And again the negative answer troubled and perplexed her beyond measure.

Once more she asked:

"Am I to have no golden harp?"

A golden harp was placed in her hand.

"Why, I cannot play," she exclaimed in surprise, after a futile attempt to make music upon what was to her a new instrument.

"No," was the response; "not until you have learned."

"Do we then have to learn here? I thought we were done with that when we were done with earth, and that I should play the harp as readily as I should sing."

A smile and a shake of the head gave answer.

"Where is my crown? Surely I was promised a crown if I bore the cross faithfully on earth."

Some one wove a wreath of golden flowers and placed it upon her head—a coronet of whose beauty angels might be proud. But

she removed it disdainfully; and then, glancing around her, she seemed to notice for the first time that her friends were crownless and harpless.

"Am I in heaven?" she asked as if completely bewildered. "Where am I? Where are your crowns and harps?"

"You are in the land of spirits," they assured her, "and we neither wear crowns nor carry harps, because we have no need of them."

"Oh, I can not understand it. If my pastor was only here to explain it to me! Oh, if I could only find Jesus! Jesus promised to be my friend, but he has forsaken me." And she bowed her head and wept in utter hopelessness.

Then those whom she had loved before death divided them, gathered around her, and recalling her to her own personal affairs, caused her to temporarily forget her theological terror and doubt in the delight which this reunion afforded her—delight which had been at first entirely overlooked in the overruling feeling of the hour.

After a time I again ventured to draw near her, and found that she received me, not cordially, but without her first manifestation of dismay. I tried to tell her something of the new life into which she had entered, but she shook her head, saying:

"I can not understand it, that you and I should both be in the same place, when I thought my sins were forgiven and heaven secured to me by the blood of Jesus, while you—you were a Spiritualist!" This in a tone as though that word necessarily embodied the worst that could be said of any soul.

"But if my pastor were only here to explain it to me, or if I could find my Savior!"

Poor, blind and blind soul, that can not walk save as she leans upon another, and can not see save through the perceptions or understanding of another! It has a weary way before it ere it comes into the full light of spirit truth.

Another death-bed made a strong impression on me. It was that of a little child who closed its eyes peacefully and unconsciously upon the pain of earth life, and awoke to the painlessness and perfect joy of life immortal. It knew not that it had passed through any change, for loving tones still surrounded it, and loving tones fell upon its ears, and when the mother's arms were stretched out in the agony of sudden mildness, her babe was laid tenderly in them, but she knew it not. In the night-time when she awoke, and with scalding tears and aching heart called for her little one, it was placed in her bosom, and nestled its head where it had so often done of old, and its presence brought peace and comfort of which she was conscious, though she knew not their cause. That little one is with her daily, its being still intertwined with hers, and dependent on mother love. Oh, bereaved mothers, believe this; your babes are not lost, they are with you, learning the lesson of life from you. Then walk bravely and purely, that you offend not these little ones.

In the great multitude which was perpetually passing from death unto life, I specially noticed two old men. They were equally aged, having reached nearly the extreme limit of human life, and bowed and tottering they came to the end of their journey, and their feeble frames and whitened hairs were laid away in the bosom of mother earth, dust to return to dust, while their spirits passed to the new life beyond; and yet how different were the experiences of these two men on their first entrance into this life. One found himself with the faculties of age still clinging to him, his mental powers still weakened, and his spirit come to a halt as it were in its progress. He seemed still to belong to the past in the quality and method of his thoughts; his mind turned backward rather than forward; and even the Spirit-world was not altogether satisfactory to him, because it differed so materially from that future life which had taken form through early religious teachings, and became crystallized in his imagination. This could not be heaven, because this was not as he had pictured heaven to be; and so, blind to the beauties which surrounded him, disregarding the advantages which were presented to him, and through force of long mental habit, opposed to that progress which he found to be the law of mortality, he was querulous and discontented, and his thoughts sometimes even turned back regretfully to the earth-life. There at least he was at home; there he had become fixed in his habits, and there was nothing to molest or upset him. Here there were continually disturbing elements, which forced him out of old grooves whether he would or would not, and fairly shook him out of himself.

The other old man, equally feeble physically when he passed from earth, quickly lost the traces of age upon his entrance into spirit-land. His form speedily appeared erect, his step became buoyant, and a new light was kindled in his eyes. His age had left behind him upon the earth, and it was buried in the grave with the mortal body. Only the shadow had fallen upon his spirit, but that was speedily dispelled, and in a short time he became as one in the prime of life.

I could not understand the reason of the different experiences of these two men, and, as usual, I turned to my guide for enlightenment.

"The reason is a very simple one," she replied, "and needs no explanation to those who have watched these men in their earthly existence." And then she proceeded to explain that one of them had lived for time only, the other for eternity. The one allow-

ed his spirit to be subordinated to the body, and to share and be subject to its conditions. As his physical frame grew old, he allowed its weaknesses and deficiencies to leave their mark upon the spirit; and fettered and burdened as it thus was, it soon came to share that body's inertness and its waning powers. Therefore he has entered this world old in spirit, and can only grow young again slowly and painfully. His youth will come back in time to day, but only through strenuous effort on his part—greater effort than he would have been compelled to make in order to resist the encroachments of the material upon the spiritual, to which he so weakly succumbed.

"The other kept his soul young, regarding time as only the first division of eternity. Though the bodily senses became dulled, the spiritual vision remained clear; though the period of bodily activity passed away, and he was compelled to step aside in the affairs of life, and let other and younger men take his place, he did not sit with his face turned towards the past regretting the long ago, but by strenuous effort preserved his mental vigor, kept pace with the times in his observations and opinions, and lived in an active enjoyment of the present, and a lively hope for and belief in the future. He kept his heart young to the last, and cultivated his affections and emotions as a religious duty, as something which not only bound him to his fellow creatures, but which should uplift him spiritually. Old age was but the husk which wrapped around but only partially disguised the soul within; and that soul when the worn-out frame fell away from it, and it entered its true home, rejoiced at its new-found freedom. The shadow which time and its happenings had cast upon it passed away forever, and he regained full possession of the youth which he had never wholly lost, but had treasured up all the more carefully within himself, as the outward and physical manifestations passed away one by one.

"There are many sad scenes connected with death which we are called upon to witness. Understanding as we do how few realize or even know of the intimate relations existing between the earth and the spirit-life, the agonized parting of friends is most painful to witness. There is such bitter grief, such death of hopelessness in the hearts of the living, as they look for the last time into the mortal eyes of those who are called away to a higher life, and feel that the parting is a final one. It is our mission to comfort as well as we may these sorrow-stricken ones, and bring them that hope and consolation which can only come through a belief and knowledge that the dear departed are ever near, and that death brings them into closer spirit communion. You should all work with us unceasingly to hasten the day when this knowledge will become the possession of all mankind, and when death will thus be robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory.

But aside from the natural and common causes of sadness at these final hours on earth, there are often special circumstances which invest these scenes with peculiar interest, solemnity or horror. Sometimes an innocent creature who has lived a blameless life, as we judge of human lives, harming no one, and doing good to many, but who has neglected until too late to provide itself with a church passport to heaven, finds itself suddenly called upon to render up its account. Then are the apprehensions and terrors of the living one month to move a heart of stone. Even we, who stand upon the other side and know how groundless they are, are compelled to bestow our deepest sympathies. So we press closely around, and take the released spirit in loving arms, and speak to it gentle words. We laid it in green pastures and beside still waters, and our reward is to hold the wonder, the gratitude and the joy which suddenly take the place of fear and despair. Surely love is greater than retribution, and has a stronger hold upon the human heart.

At another time perhaps a poor lost soul, weighed down by the terrible denunciations of a false theology, and possibly having a premonition of its real impending doom, hurries itself through the gateway of death with curses upon its lips, and fierce rebellion in its heart, defying the power which it can not resist. Then how solemn and how sad the awakening to the actualities of spirit-life. Darkness is to be its portion until it seeks for the light; but even in this outer gloom, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, there is not that sense of utter abandonment of protecting care, that giving over to divine vengeance, that pitiless delight in the torments of suffering souls, which are the crowning honors of the orthodox hell. No; the spirit feels and knows that the hell in which it must exist is of its own making; that it is not the creation of a deity who saith "Vengeance is mine; and thus divine love and divine pity brood over all, and still hold all in their keeping, ready to help and to lead from darkness into light, when the wickedness and the waywardness have worn themselves out, and the prodigal humbly says: "I will arise and go to my father."

Let the churches write upon the portals of their internal regions: "Who enters here leaves hope behind;" but though light and love, and truth, and all else which bless and uplift the human soul may be excluded wholly or in part from the lower spiritual spheres, one star beams steadily above them all; with a pure and perpetual flame—the star of Hope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SENSITIVENESS.

As Illustrated and Proved by Psychometry.
HUDSON TUTTLE.

[This article is a chapter in an extended work written by spirit dictation, dealing with the spiritual forces of the universe.]

Light emanating from suns and worlds, as it wings its swift way across the regions of space, bears on its rays the pictures of every object from which it is emitted or reflected, and hence the universe, from center to remotest bounds, is filled with pictures; is a vast storehouse of photographs of all events from the fading of a leaf to the revolution of a world since time began. Thus a ray of light leaving the earth during the coal age bears a picture of the then existing gigantic forests and inky seas, and is yet somewhere passing the remote coastlines of unknown systems, and could some swifter messenger overtake it, he would have a view of the world as it was when that ray was reflected from the carboniferous land-and-sea-escape. The messenger is not needed to overtake the fugitive ray, for the light which reflected, struck against rock and tree, has photographed the images of every moment since the stars first sang together. Every atom still vibrates the moulding hand of life under which it has at some time passed, and the sensitive mind is able to catch these vibrations and interpret their meaning in forms of thought. The discovery of this wonderful faculty of the mind was made.

Almost fifty years ago an Episcopal bishop remarked to Dr. Buchanan that when he touched brass, even in the night, when he could not know with what substance he came in contact, he at once felt a disagreeable influence and recognized an offensive metallic taste. Such experience had been common to a great number of persons, and been frequently remarked, but this time it called the attention of the right man. All the world for ages had seen bodies fall to the ground, but countless millions of eyes had seen the phenomenon with no more thought than the brute, until a falling apple drew the attention of Newton. Dr. Buchanan at once saw that there was a profound philosophy back of this fact which transcended the senses. He began a lengthy series of experiments, by which he found that it was by no means rare for persons to be affected by metallic and other substances. In a class of one hundred and thirty students at the Eclectic Medical College, forty-three were sensitive in greater or less degree. Medicines held in the hand without any knowledge of their properties, produced the same effect, varying only in degree as when taken into the stomach. By placing the hand, or merely coming into the atmosphere of a deceased person, the sensitive was at once able to locate and describe the disease. In this field Dr. Buchanan has stood almost alone, until recently Mm. Bourru and Burot of the Naval Medical School at Rochefort, have made extensive experiments on the "action of medicines at distance," which is really another way of stating the facts observed by him a generation ago. They held the metals and drugs six inches or so from the back of the head of the patients and affirmed all that Dr. Buchanan claimed for his great discovery.

But the discoverer did not rest here; he went a step further and found a letter or any article having been brought in contact with the person, when taken in the hand or placed on the forehead of another, gave the character of the writer or owner. Repeated experiments, such as any one may repeat, prove beyond question that the sensitive can in this manner read the character of the writer from his writings, his state of health, far better than he could from a letter, or even the writer himself. It is a marvelous statement, but only marvelous in our not understanding the cause. When this is revealed, and mystery removed, the subject allies itself with other phenomena of mind, having their origin in impressibility.

Prof. Denton carried the results of psychometry far beyond the boundaries reached by Dr. Buchanan. If the world is one vast picture gallery of every act and thought since the beginning of time, the fossil shell, the rock fragment, the broken arrow head, the shred of mummy, and the rust leaf from the banks of the Nile should reproduce in the sensitive the story of their origin and age. By a great number of experiments, the details of which fill three volumes, Prof. Denton sought to establish this generalization and write the geological and pre-historic history of the earth. That he found a kernel of truth cannot be denied, but he allowed sources of error to creep in and vitiate his wonderfully suggestive and patient research. A person, sensitive to that degree as to be able to feel the influences from a fragment of stone given it thousands of years ago, would be more strongly impressed with the influence imparted by the one who secured it, and held it in his hands before the experiment. It was from this cause that uncertainty rests on his otherwise well-planned series of experiments. Yet he has proved that such sensitiveness exists and that by it the story of history from fragments of ruined architecture may be read, and scenes in geological ages by fossil bone or shell be described.

How? Really psychometry, depending on the sensitiveness of the brain, is a lower degree of clairvoyance, and is merged, in its clearest forms, therein. Sensitiveness means

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

THE LIFE OF A SPIRIT MEDIUM.*

This astonishing narrative is a biography of the famous medium Daniel Dunglas Home, by his widow. Home was born near Edinburgh, but came when a little child to this country, and lived through his boyhood and youth with his aunt, in Greenville, Norwich, Connecticut. He was born with that gift called by the Scotch "second sight," and which seems to see, and to foresee, things beyond ordinary mortal ken. With this gift was that other, related one, of spirit mediumship, in great power in his case, and it was for a great variety of manifestations. When he was a boy he announced the death of his boy companion and close friend, a boy who had gone away a hundred miles or more, and whom Home saw standing by his bed, and telling him, smilingly, that he had left the body three days before—a fact which was verified a day or two later by a letter. Home also saw his mother, after her death at a distant place, and she gave him the hour when it occurred. Intelligence all verified at a later time. Other phases of his strange gift began to manifest themselves at his aunt's house, much to the boy's astonishment and the aunt's horror and fright. Believing it to be the work of "the devil," she called in her minister to exorcise the fiend, and finally had two clergymen there at once; but the efforts all failed; the dining table persisted in jumping about and the startling raps and thumps on the walls continued. His aunt finally turned the poor boy out of her house and sent him adrift in the world. This error she lived to lament, when in after years she heard of him as a famous medium called to the presence of crowned heads in Europe, and especially when Home himself returned to her own. She died of nervous shock, caused by one of the false reports of his sudden death, cabled from Europe—reports instigated by frauds or gumbuzes whose practices Home had denounced.

Home was twice married; first, in 1858, to the sister of the Countess Kouchouloff Beborodka, of Russia; and in 1871, some years after her death, he married the distinguished Russian lady who survives him and writes this remarkable book as a loving tribute to his memory, his refined, unselfish and kindly nature, and his peculiar gifts.

He cherished his peculiar power as a heaven-sent gift, to carry consolation to be-veiled hearts, by revealing the great truth of continued individual existence after death—and he always refused to lower it to the commercial level by accepting pay for his sittings. He did not lack offers—sometimes big ones—but money he always refused for his sittings, though accepting from friends a number of rare gems and bits of tasteful jewelry. For such things he had a fondness, and always liked to exhibit the gems given him by titled (and even imperial) personages. One notable refusal to accept money is mentioned in this biography. It was an offer, made by a club of the jeunesse dorée of Paris—wealthy and "fast" young men, "glided youth"—of the princely sum of 50,000 francs for a single sitting. It was promptly refused. His widow adds:

"Long afterwards, Mr. Home happened to meet one evening in society the son-in-law of Count Alexander de Komar, who recalled to him the offer in Paris of £2,000 for a sitting, and the surprise of the bidders when their proposal was rejected as an insult. Home at once took out a pencil and sought a sheet of paper. 'I have told that story, my dear Bodiska,' he said, 'and have had it treated as a fable—put down your attestation of the fact, on the spot. As justice is very seldom done me, and the falsehood is constantly repeated, I have paid for my sittings, it will probably be said of me, when I leave this world, that I accepted the 50,000 francs offered me for this sitting—or perhaps even double that amount.' Bodiska complied; and added other incidents concerning Home that came within his knowledge. I have the paper before me at this moment, and will give it in the English of the writer, who was the son of the Russian consul at New York."

M. BODISKA'S CERTIFICATE.

"I first met Mr. D. Dunglas Home, at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, where my father-in-law, Count Alexander Komar, resided. Home resided in the family of my father-in-law; and I myself had ample opportunity of studying his private life and character, as well as the extraordinary phenomena occurring in his presence; and I can frankly state that nothing in natural principles can explain what I and others witnessed, not only once, but surely a hundred times. There was never any mercenary motive to induce him to call attention to his wonderful gifts, for to my knowledge he refused many proposals, amongst which was one from the Union Club, that offered him francs 50,000 for a sitting. A relative of my wife even offered him adoption, and to settle a life annuity on him, which likewise he refused. B. BODISKA."

The falsehoods that were circulated about the case of Mrs. Lyon are exposed in the present volume. Home seems to have been more lied about, in the press especially, than almost any one else. His biographer evidently believes a good many of these lies emanated from the prolific head of the "Theosophist Society"—and in his condemnation of various humbugs, Home, it would seem, had not spared that woman and her "adepts." Hence (his widow believes) the numerous falsehoods palmed off upon the press and the public about Home's death, every year, and of his expulsion from the Tuileries as a fraud.

Home's friends and eager wishers at all times for a sitting were among the most eminent of the literary and scientific world of Europe—to say nothing of the crowned heads. And the phenomena were often of a startling character. Mrs. S. C. Hall, writing to Lord Dunsen in 1869, describes a séance she had attended where she was present, and the manifestations took place in a lighted room. The narration shows the power of the inner, real self—the so-called spirit—over the outer, or physical body—and it reminds one of St. Paul's experience with the fatal serpent, and of the assurances given that those who believe shall be able to overcome all such harms:

HANDLING FIRE WITHOUT INJURY.

He [Home, entranced] got up, walked about the room, went to the fire-place, half-smelt on the fender, took up the poker and stirred the fire—which was like a red-hot furnace—so as to increase the heat, held his hands over the fire for some time, and finally drew out of the fire with his hand a huge lump of live burning coal, so large that he held it in both hands as he came from the fire-place in the large room into the small room, where, seated round the table, we were watching all his movements. Mr. Hall was seated nearly opposite to where I sat, and I saw Mr. Home, standing about half a minute

* D. D. Home—His Life and Mission. By Mrs. Dunglas Home. London: Trubner & Co., Ludgate Hill, 1888. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. Large 8vo., pp. 428; price \$2.00. Gift

at the back of Mr. Hall's chair, deliberately plied the lump of burning coal on his head. He afterwards said that I was not frightened; but I was not; I had perfect faith that he would not be injured. Some one said:

"Is it not hot?"
"Mr. Home answered, 'Warm, but not hot.'"
"Mr. Home had moved a little away, but returned, still in a trance, and then proceeded to draw up Mr. Hall's white hair over the red coal. The white hair had the appearance of silver threads over the red hot coal. Mr. Home drew the hair into a sort of pyramid—the coal, still red, showing beneath the hair; then, after four or five minutes, Mr. Home pushed the hair back, and taking Mr. Hall's head, he sat it down on the peculiar low voice in which, when in a trance, he always speaks, addressing Mrs. Y., 'Will you have it?' She drew back—and I heard him murmur, 'Little faith—little faith!' Two or three attempted to touch it, but it burnt their fingers. I said, 'Daniel, bring it to me; I do not fear to take it.' It was not red all over, as when Mr. Home put it on Mr. Home's head; and he knelt by my side; I put out my right hand; but he murmured, 'No, not that; the other hand.' He then placed it in my left hand, where it remained more than a minute. I felt it, as my husband had said, 'warm'; yet, when I stooped down to examine the coal, my face felt the heat much more than I was obliged to withdraw it. After that, Mrs. Y. took it, and said she felt no inconvenience. When Mr. Hall brushed his hair at night, he found a quantity of cinder dust.

At another time Home placed his face directly against the glowing coals in the grate, and bathed his face and head in the flames—all present looking on amazed. At still another time his body was raised in the air, feet more. He took many flying trips around the ceiling, his feet a yard or two above the floor. Some of the most wonderful phenomena of any took place in Hartford and in South Manchester, more than thirty years ago. One or two are narrated in this book. Of cases of levitation, in which Home was lifted up to the ceiling, over a hundred instances are recorded in the London Quarterly Journal of Science for January, 1874. Mr. Crookes, whose eminence as a scientific authority will not be questioned, has this statement:

There are at least a hundred recorded instances of Mr. Home rising from the ground, in the presence of as many separate persons; and I have heard from the lips of the three witnesses to the most striking occurrence of this kind—the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Lindsay and Captain C. Wynne—their own most minute accounts of what took place. To reject the recorded evidence on this subject is to reject all human testimony whatever; for no fact in sacred or profane history is supported by a stronger array of proofs.

On three separate occasions have I seen Mr. Home raised completely from the floor, the room, once sitting on an easy chair, once kneeling on his chair, and once standing up. On each occasion I had full opportunity of watching the occurrence as it was taking place.

The present Earl of Crawford testifies that in full light he has seen Home rise in the air; and adds: "The more I studied these phenomena, the more satisfied was I that they could not be explained by mere mechanical trick." These occurrences took place in any parlor. The nobility in England were greatly interested in Home, who was daily invited to their houses. Other occurrences, more directly indicative of an outside, spiritual agency and intelligence, were often experienced as accompaniments of these phenomena of the moving of ponderable objects, like dining tables, bureaux, human bodies, etc., without human contact. Hands, demonstrably not belonging to any mortal arm and body, have appeared more than once to the visitors at Home's séances, and shaken hands with them—hands visibly and demonstrably ending at the wrist, and which could be perforated with the sitter's forefinger; hands which, after allowing a full examination of them, instantaneously melted into invisibility. The room, once sitting on an easy chair, once kneeling on his chair, and once standing up. On each occasion I had full opportunity of watching the occurrence as it was taking place.

During the manifestation in England in 1868—

"Lord Adare and Lord Lindsay saw Mr. Home raised in the air about four or five feet. . . . During the manifestations in the ruined abbey at Adare, Home was seen by Lord Dunsen, Lord Adare and Alexander Wynne to float above the ground for a distance of ten or twelve yards, at a height that carried him over a broken wall. He passed close by the three watchers during the aerial journey." Of another instance, Lord Lindsay says:

"Home floated round the room, pushing the pictures out of their places as he passed along the walls. They were far beyond the reach of a person standing on the floor. The light was sufficient to enable me to see clearly."

But the most striking of these cases of levitation occurred in London on December 16, 1868—as the volume here relates—in the presence of three unimpeachable witnesses—Lord Lindsay, Lord Adare and Captain Charles Wynne, a cousin of the latter. A séance was in progress, and Home, who had been in the trance state for some time, began to walk about uneasily, and finally went into the adjoining room. At that moment a startling communication was made to Lord Lindsay. "I heard," he related in his evidence before the Dialectical Society, "a voice whisper in my ear, 'He will go out of one window and in at another.' [Height, seventy feet above the pavement.] I was alarmed and shocked at the thought of so dangerous an experiment. I told the company what I had heard, and we then waited for Home's return."—[from the adjoining room.] Lord Lindsay afterward wrote out the case:

"We heard the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately afterwards saw Home floating in the air, outside our window."

The moon was shining full into the room. My back was to the light; and I saw the shadow on the wall of the window sill, and Home's feet about six inches above it. He remained in this position for a few seconds, then raised the window and glided into the room feet foremost, and sat down.

"Lord Adare then went into the next room to look at the window from which he had been carried. It was raised about eighteen inches, and he had expressed his wonder how Mr. Home had been taken through so narrow an aperture."

"Home said (still in trance) 'I will show you'; and then, with his back to the window, he leaned back and was shot out of the aperture head first, with his body rigid, and then returned quietly."

The window is about seventy feet from the ground. The distance between the windows was about seven feet six inches. Neither the window-sill nor the narrow stone moulding, would have enabled a man

to walk or stand in that hair-lifting position. The occurrence caused some excitement in London. An investigation was made—the space between the windows was measured—and the other witnesses of the "miracle" were questioned. They fully confirmed the marvel. Captain Wynne is an army officer. Lord Adare said:

"I asked Lindsay how the spirit had spoken to him. He could scarce explain; but said it did not sound like an audible human voice, but rather as if the tones were whispered or impressed inside the ear. When Home awoke, he was much agitated; he said he felt as if he had gone through some fearful peril, and that he had a most horrible desire to throw himself out of the window."

Visible human forms were sometimes seen floating about the room—ghost-like forms, but recognizable, in one case, at least, for those present recognized it as Home's first wife. In the Tuileries, an apparition of the head and face of the first Napoleon was seen above the table. A hand appeared, took up a pen and wrote "Napoleon." Flowers were taken from a mantle-piece and slowly conveyed, in sight of those present, to the Empress Eugénie. Napoleon III. said to the Duke de Morny, "I am certain of what I have seen."

Among those who testify to the reality of the occurrences, and that these, whatever they were, were not produced by fraud, are such witnesses as William Crookes, Lord Bury, Professor Bush, and others on this side the Atlantic; and in Europe, Napoleon III. and Empress Eugénie, Emperor Alexander of Russia, Dumas, Emperor Wilhelm, Brougham, Lord Lytton, Thackeray, Trollope, Ruskin, Lord Dufferin, Countess of Cathness, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, William and Mary Howitt, Lord Dunsen, Lord Lindsay, Gerald Massey, Robert Chambers; and many more. Professor Crookes, the famous scientist, after a long and careful scientific testing of the force, whatever it was, that operated through Home—even testing it by special mechanical contrivances—honestly announced the reality of an unknown outside force in these phenomena, some force new to science, a force which was governed by intelligence, and which could move weights and ponderable objects without human touch, write without mortal hands, and even produce forms like human beings, which forms would consent to be weighed—and their weight would shrink fifty and sixty and seventy per cent, in a minute or two, on the scales, and again increase quite as much, right before the eyes of the investigators; after which the foregoing figures would vanish like an inkling on the blackboard. Professor De Morgan, the world-famed mathematician, also investigated the phenomena long and thoroughly, and then gave his weighty testimony to the reality of the mysterious force. Sir David Brewster, after owning up in private, paltered and prevaricated in public. The Nichodemuses and the Peters are still a numerous race.—Hartford Times.

HASLETT PARK.

Dedicated on Sunday, July 29th, in the Presence of 2,000 People.

Address of Hon. W. L. Bancroft.

Haslett Park, says the Sunday Transcript, Port Huron, Mich., is a beautiful piece of land situated on the banks of Pine Lake, a short distance from Lansing, the State capital. The park is owned by James H. Haslett, of this city, who has spent considerable time and money to make the place a summer resort of no small dimensions. It is a place where the Spiritualists of the State of Michigan meet once a year and hold their annual camp meeting. The lake is a beautiful body of water, being one mile wide and two miles long; a small steamer takes excursion parties from the lake for a ride. Recently Mr. Haslett has had a large pavilion erected on the grounds for the accommodation of the public, and on Sunday last the park and pavilion were dedicated in the presence of 2,000 people. Some very able speakers (Mrs. Shepard Lillie and others) were on the programme to take part in the exercises. Among them was the Hon. W. L. Bancroft, of Washington, D. C. We give the address delivered by him:

"I am asked to speak of 'The Enterprise,' which I understand to mean this grand Auditorium, these noble groves and golden fields which shade and encompass us, and of their possibilities when an abiding faith and unselfish sacrifices shall have prepared them for the abode of generous charities and a broad philanthropy for the benefit of all. I am glad to see the noble groves and golden fields which shade and encompass us, and of their possibilities when an abiding faith and unselfish sacrifices shall have prepared them for the abode of generous charities and a broad philanthropy for the benefit of all. I am glad to see the noble groves and golden fields which shade and encompass us, and of their possibilities when an abiding faith and unselfish sacrifices shall have prepared them for the abode of generous charities and a broad philanthropy for the benefit of all. 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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 25, 1888.

Inspiration From Within.

"Inspiration from Within" is the title of an admirable editorial in the *Christian Union*, in which the writer transcends the limits of creed and ignores dogma, that he may speak from his soul and give us the noblest intuitive morals. Great aims, we are told, inspire great men, and an inward impulse is the best incentive to persistent and fruitful effort. "Not the praise of man which bringeth a snare," but the voice within which prompts to duty, even if the path be to a cross instead of a crown, and the howl of the mob sound along the way, but not the applause of admiring crowds, is to be heard and heeded.

"The man who would best serve his fellows must free himself largely from the tyranny of desire for contemporary approbation; must be able to sustain himself by the consciousness of the elevation and integrity of his own purpose, and from that consciousness must derive the serenity and cheerfulness which preserve one from the bitterness and discouragement of disappointed ambition. . . . Those who would work cheerfully and persistently for the good of others must perform that work out of pure love for doing it; must count it joy to give and not receive again; must win renewed energy from rebuff and defeat, and be stimulated through disappointment to that persistency of effort which never falls of its fruit in one season."

This is a gospel full of uplifting strength. That old saying: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," really meant that the victories of truth were won by those who faced fire and fog with serene joy rather than bated one jot or tittle of the truth that was in them burning for utterance.

In the martyr age of the old anti-slavery movement a young and noble Quaker girl stepped out of her path of pleasant life and took the field as an anti-slavery speaker—the most unpopular step then possible, even for a man, and far worse for a woman. For years she heard the howl of the mob, the sneer of the priesthood, the slander of the vile who vainly tried to sully the white purity of her stainless womanhood. Years after a Woman's Suffrage Convention was held at Worcester, Mass., her home, and those in attendance were treated with kindly courtesy and marked respect. She was called on to speak and her rich voice trembled as she said: "Sisters, bloody feet have walked over the ground that is now strewn with roses for you." Men and women wept, thrilled by the pathos and truth of those words of Abby Kelly Foster. She had "wrought in sad sincerity," not for herself but for her sisters and for the slave, and because she and others had so wrought, success has come largely, and is to come fully. As it has been, so it is now. As great reforms have gained, and great truths have won, so is this great truth of Spiritualism to win by like devotedness of effort and steadfastness of purpose. The inspiration of the earnest Spiritualist is from within and from above, and the higher intelligences from the Spirit-world will ever ask that truth be put above self and that duty be done, even if unappreciated and unrecognized.

Not only is life here and now the richer

for holding fearlessly to the right, and giving help to "the cause that needs assistance," but in that higher stage of our immortal life which we reach beyond the grave, the true man or woman will have higher companionship than those who have lived for self and won some poor applause. Changing a little the words of an old hymn, and it may well be said:

True life can make a dying bed
 More soft than downy pillows are.

Keep Out of Rats.

Men should not allow themselves to get into ruts. They should keep their minds open to new ideas, new methods. Intellectual rigidity is the "sin against the Holy Ghost." It destroys the ability to accept and assimilate fresh thought, and thereby closes the mind to that intellectual food which it must have in order to grow. What is more pitiable than a man with a few ideas acquired years ago, more or less crude and antiquated, in such a fixed mental condition that he has neither the capacity nor the disposition to reach out and gather new knowledge? He overrates the proportionate value of what little thought he has gained; he does not see that it needs revision to accord with the latest research; he cannot comprehend that the intellectual world is moving on and that he is standing still and hardening into a fossil, and that he is very liable to die, cynical and disappointed.

Says Lyell: "The extent to which even a considerably advanced state of civilization may become fixed and stereotyped for ages, is the wonder of Europeans who travel in the East. One of my friends declared to me that whenever the natives expressed to him a wish that he might live a thousand years, the idea struck him as by no means extravagant, seeing that, if he were doomed to sojourn forever among them, he could only hope to exchange in ten centuries as many ideas and to witness as much progress as he could do at home in half a century."

This is the condition to day of a large part of the population of the earth, and it has been so in the past. Doubtless this monotonous condition was necessary to unite men in groups and to make the formation of national character possible. "Long ages of dreary monotony are," says Bagehot, "the first facts in the history of human communities, but those ages were not lost to mankind, for it was then that was formed the comparatively gentle and guidable thing which we now call human nature."

It is the same with nations as it is with individuals. If they do not keep advancing the curse of rigidity comes over them. Spontaneity disappears. Habits, customs, institutions become fixed, and intellectual life becomes more and more automatic. The conditions become unmodifiable, and progress is impossible. For ages the people go on thinking and acting in the same way—in ruts. This tendency to invariability or immobility is more or less characteristic of men in a savage state—and it accounts for the fact that they remain often unprogressive through centuries. Arrested development in a higher stage is not uncommon.

The tribes and nations that were able to advance were those in which, with sufficient stability to insure union and homogeneity, there was sufficient flexibility to admit of change, of variation, however slight. The civilizations that did not become fixed and stationary were those that were able to change from an age of status to an age of choice; for as Sir Henry Maine says, "Old law rests not on contract but on status." In the ancient civilizations usage settled everything. It was in the republics of Greece and Rome, where there was government by discussion, that the fixed rule of life, the chain of custom was first broken. Athens arose "like a sunrise on the sea," and her liberty and learning gave an impulse to civilization the most powerful and far-reaching in its effects of any national influence that ever prevailed in the world.

Thought and discussion with individuals and nations alike, are the best guarantees against stationariness, and the surest promoters of that condition in which custom usage and authority are all subordinated to reason and common sense.

Prayer and Mosquitoes.

Some years ago Prof. Tyndall excited the ire of orthodox theologians by proposing a prayer test. The coolness, sincerity and scientific spirit with which the proposal was submitted, and the distinguished character and services of the gentleman who made it, only served to intensify the pious indignation of the clergy. They said that Tyndall was a scientist, but that he knew nothing about theology; that it was foolish, presumptuous and blasphemous to think of putting the word of the Almighty to a "scientific test." Nothing of the kind should ever be done with their consent. Infidels "seoffed" and "worldly people" generally looked on very much amazed.

It was pretty evident that the clergy preferred to have men assent to their claims about the efficacy of prayer, rather than to have their claims submitted to the test of verification. Nevertheless they have continued to preach the orthodox doctrine of prayer, albeit with some modifications and in a perceptibly subdued tone. Moody and Sam Jones have kept on much after the old fashion, but the more modernized preachers have many qualifications to make when they expound the doctrine of prayer, and they very rarely refer to objective illustrations and proofs of its efficacy drawn from the life and

world of to-day. There are exceptions occasionally, of course.

Recently the deacons at the Ocean Grove camp meeting united in prayer to God to drive the mosquitoes away from their grounds, and it is announced that there are now no mosquitoes there! The "ungodly press" does not treat this affair with entire seriousness. The impression seems to prevail that the mosquito is rather too small and insignificant a creature for Omnipotence to direct its attention to and to make the object of a miracle, at the solicitation of a few Jersey camp meeting exhorters. But some might answer that God "hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise." By "the foolish things" the JOURNAL means the deacons, and not the mosquitoes, which although small, it is true, are neither insignificant nor foolish. They know their business and they attend to it.

Perhaps a more reasonable objection to the belief that the Almighty intervened in answer to prayer, to drive mosquitoes from Ocean Grove, may be found in the fact that these creatures abound where conditions exist that are unfavorable to human health, and their presence is a warning against danger from the stagnant water of marshes, ponds and swamps. It is highly improbable that Supreme Wisdom would drive away the mosquitoes and allow to remain undisturbed the unhealthy conditions—unhealthy to man—under which these "pests" breed and thrive. Such an act would be removing danger signals and leaving the danger to lure men to destruction. If there be any truth in this story at all the mosquitoes left because of some change in the conditions and their departure was as natural and as independent of the deacons' prayers as were the breeding and growth of the mosquitoes and their lancing and sucking the blood of the worshippers at the Ocean Grove camp meeting.

Arose from the Coffin.

A special telegram from New Philadelphia, Ohio, to the *Chicago Tribune*, states that on August 11th, Miss Emma Trachsel, aged eighteen years, twin daughter of Jacob Trachsel, who resides on Crooked Run, was taken suddenly ill and soon became unconscious. She had every appearance of a dead person, and the family concluded that life had become extinct. She remained in this condition Saturday night and until Sunday afternoon. The family had given up all hopes and commenced making the necessary preparations for the burial of their child. A shroud had been made and was ready to be put on the girl. At four o'clock Sunday afternoon, those who were in the room where the supposed corpse was lying, were startled by what they thought were signs of returning life. In a few minutes the grief-stricken parents and friends were overjoyed to see the young lady open her eyes, and immediately she began to converse with those about her. When the girl was able to talk more freely, she said that she had been perfectly conscious of every thing that had taken place. She had heard people say that she was dead, and knew that preparations were being made for her burial, but was unable to open her eyes or mouth or move a hand or foot. She heard the family gather about her when the supposed last breath had been taken, and felt the burning tears drop on her face and the loving imprint of the kiss on her lips, but was unable to make the least sign indicating life. She had a twin sister who was especially affectionate, and this sister was loath to leave her, and when she was prepared for burial, made frequent visits to the side of Emma and kissed her over and over again. During Saturday night, when the watchers would visit her every half-hour to dampen the cloth on her face, her feelings were horrible in the extreme. Toward morning she seemed to become more reconciled to her horrible state, and realized the fact that she was to be buried alive. All day Sunday streams of visitors and sympathetic friends crowded the house, and she recognized every voice and the kisses of her old schoolmates. When the coffin arrived and four of the neighbors lifted her tenderly and placed her in it, she thought she would certainly break the spell, but could not. She heard distinctly the work of the undertaker in screwing down the lid of the coffin, and the minutes seemed to her like years. She could distinctly hear the clock and knew the hours as they passed by. An awful moment was when a member of the family raised her head to clip a lock of hair to keep as a lasting remembrance of poor Emma. She has now almost fully recovered her health. The only explanation that was offered for this singular occurrence is that the young lady was in a trance, and that it was only a dispensation of Providence that saved her from being buried alive.

She was Cured by a Vision.

A special dispatch to a Chicago daily from Findlay, Ohio, states that Miss Mary Seafloss of Marion township, had been ill for some time with a mysterious disease which her physicians could not understand or control. Her body became cold and green spots covered it all over. Monday, August 13th, she lost consciousness and lay in a trance for thirty-six hours, from which she awoke, and to her parents related the details of a vision which had appeared to her during this period of coma, and in the vision a man showed her a buggy wheel and told her that was the cause of her illness, as in jumping from a vehicle she had injured herself on the wheel. He then brought a bucket of water, a ghest, and three bottles which he said contained respectively wine, whisky, and alcohol. He wet the sheet in the bucket of water,

wrapped her in its folds, and gave her a portion from each of the three bottles. He told her further if she followed this treatment in three days she would be well. If she did not, then at seven o'clock the morning of the next day she would commence getting worse and at four o'clock life would begin leaving her, and at nine o'clock the following morning she would be dead. This story thoroughly alarmed the parents and the attending physician was sent for, but he laughed at the spirit treatment and advised that it be not attempted and it was not begun. The next morning shortly after seven o'clock the young woman grew rapidly worse. The green spots reappeared and death seemed near. In this emergency the remedies prescribed in the strange vision were applied, and the patient rapidly improved and continued to grow better so fast that the morning of the fourth day she was able to arise and dress herself and is now completely restored to health.

W. R. Colby's Alibi Disproven.

According to San Francisco dispatches to the Eastern press, when the JOURNAL's exposure of Colby as a robber, convict, etc., was telegraphed to that city, he declared the charges false and that he could prove an alibi; asserting that at the time the JOURNAL located him in Texas he was a keeper of the Lawrence (Mass.) house of correction. A dispatch from Lawrence dated August 11th to the Boston papers says: "Inquiry shows Colby was not employed there as claimed, but was keeper about three months in 1879. Colby is well known here, where he bore an unenviable reputation, although his family (his father's) were most reputable people."

Mgr. Thomas S. Preston says: "The idea of cremation is abhorrent to the practice and teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. The custom is an attack upon the doctrine of the resurrection. The church holds fast to the sacredness of the body, and teaches that the self-same body which is buried shall rise again. Of course the church has always taught this, but in view of the talk about cremation and the prevalence of this mode of disposing of the dead in certain quarters, the sacred congregation deemed it wise to issue a decree condemning the practice and prohibiting it among Catholics." Mgr. Preston says that no public masses could be said for the soul of any Catholic whose body should be cremated by his request. If the self-same body is to rise again, why object to cremation? If reduced to gasses and ashes by fire, cannot the atoms of the body be reunited by omnipotence? If left to natural decomposition the elements of the body are soon diffused—as effectually diffused as when the body is disposed of by the quick process of cremation. In a few centuries "the graves give up their dead" without any miracle, the matter entering other forms and combinations. If God can bring together the particles thus scattered, why should cremation be regarded as "an attack upon the doctrine of the resurrection of the body." A frivolous and puerile pretext is this for opposition to a rational reform in the manner of disposing of the perishable human body in the interest of cleanliness and health.

If there were anything to be gained by reasoning with a man who to-day believes in the literal resurrection of "the self-same body which is buried" Mgr. Preston might appropriately be asked a few questions which would show the absurdity of what "the Church has always taught." Indeed one question, the following for instance, would suffice: How is the self-same body which was buried five hundred years ago, to be raised, every atom to be returned and restored to its proper place at the resurrection, when a portion of this material has formed a part of other human bodies that have been buried later. It cannot be denied that the oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, lime, etc., composing the human body, when liberated enter the substances which serve as food to man, and that the bodies of human beings living to-day contain some of the material of which the bodies of former centuries were composed. Since an individual may die with material particles in his body which formed a portion of a dozen or a hundred other physical human structures at the time of their death and burial, the question is, how, in such a case, is the self-same body to "rise again." Bishop Berkeley said, "Few men think; but all will have opinions." If those who hold to the doctrine which the Catholic priest makes the basis of his opposition to cremation, would only think, they would be ashamed of themselves for assenting to such a childish superstition.

Mrs. Sarah Graves of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes, August 14th: "I have just returned home from the Vicksburg camp meeting of four weeks. We had a good meeting. Mr. Moulton was well liked. J. M. Allen, was with us for three weeks. W. H. Blair of Chicago, did well as presiding officer. The writer had many compliments for earnest speeches made every day on the ground. The camp was not a good place for frauds. Mrs. Bible did well; so did Sister Winch. In consequence of the appeal of our good Sister Lillie, the expenses of the meeting were made up."

A correspondent of the *Christian Register*, objecting to its position on the school question, criticised in these columns last week, quotes the *Register's* statement that "A public school is not the place in which to teach ecclesiastical history," and asks: "How is national history to be separated from ecclesiastical history? When Rome had civil as well as ecclesiastical authority, were not the events of the Church and State so linked to-

gether as to create a history from which the part taken by the Church could not be eliminated without cutting out the whole? We infer, therefore, that the *Christian Register* advocates the discontinuance of the study of history in the public schools." The *Register* fails to answer the questions.

Among the lost on the Geiser, was the wife of Martin Seebus, editor of the *Chicago Skandinavian*. She lived at 1178 Milwaukee avenue. Mr. Seebus said that they were married at Christiania, Norway, five years ago. Among the wedding presents were two return tickets to America, good for five years. The time was about to expire, and Mrs. Seebus was returning on one of these tickets for a visit with her parents. "She was twenty-five years old," said Mr. Seebus, "and she had a premonition that something would happen to her on this trip. We came over on the Geiser, and I wanted her to return on it now so as to escape the October storms. She didn't want to go, but I urged her to do so, and now I wish I hadn't. When she left me she said 'It is so sad to go. I don't want you to come to the depot to see me off.' She was apparently feeling happy when she reached New York, for I received a letter from her full of pleasant thoughts. My wife was an expert swimmer; the best in the Christiania Natatorium, but I fear she had no chance in the ocean waves. On our first voyage over in the Geiser five years ago, the vessel was commanded by an older captain. The Geiser was not a large vessel. On our voyage we had fair weather and no accidents, and the vessel seemed in every way seaworthy."

The *Herald* of this city thinks that the Jersey mosquito has as good a claim as the Jersey deacon, on Ocean Grove. It does not believe that the place was made exclusively for man. Here is what the *Herald* says: "Those who have marveled at the fitness of the Jersey mosquito may believe the claim of that insect to Ocean Grove is as good as man's, and certainly more tenable on a hot night. It will occur to a good many religious minds that the mosquitoes had as clear a right to pray for a cessation of deacons as the deacons for a hegira of mosquitoes. The hand of God, in either case, was very probably not in it at all."

Too Much Light.

The St. Louis *Republic* contains a dispatch from Bonne Terre, Mo., under date of Aug. 11, as follows:

For the past two weeks a "Prof." Peters had been holding sances and lecturing on Spiritualism at Bonne Terre, and had succeeded in working up a considerable excitement. On the night of Aug. 10th, however, four or five of the most prominent citizens determined if there was fraud, which was strongly suspected, to expose it. They accordingly arranged with the "professor" to hold a sance at the office of Dr. Keith, to which about a dozen persons were invited. Previous to the meeting an electric wire was carried into the room from an adjoining drug store, and it was arranged that when the lights had been extinguished and the performance was fairly under way the druggist should turn on the electric current and make manifest whatever trick, if any, there was in it. In the meantime the "professor" made all his arrangements, a tambourine and small bell were laid upon the table for the use of the spirits, a circle was formed, a gap being left to be filled by the "professor" in person as soon as he had extinguished the lights. The circle having been closed, each member holding with his right hand the left hand of his next neighbor, the mysterious influence began to work, the tambourine gave forth a tremulous sound and the bell tinkled distinctly over the heads of the circle. The druggist hearing the tinkling of the bell in his room concluded that the time had arrived to throw light on the subject, and accordingly turned on the electric current. In a moment the darkened chamber was flooded with light, revealing the "professor" leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, holding, and gently shaking the tambourine with his mouth, while with his right hand he manipulated the bell, holding it high above his head. He had completed the circle by dextrously joining the hands of the two persons who supposed they were sitting on either side of him and holding his hands, while in reality they were holding each other's hands. With his left hand he grasped the wrist of one of them, and with his mouth and right hand, under cover of the darkness, he played his little game of fraud. The exposure was so sudden and complete that it created quite an excitement, and threats of lynching were made. An officer being at hand, a warrant was sworn out charging Peters with obtaining money under false pretences, and he was at once placed under arrest.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. C. E. Eddy, the well known medium, left Chicago on the 22nd, to spend one week at Waukesha and Oconomowoc, Wis.

The *Harbinger of Light* for July 1st is received from Melbourne, Australia. The articles are numerous and devoted to Spiritualism, free thought and the Zoistic science.

A new department has been added to the course of instruction in the Belvidere Seminary, and \$150 will pay for a thorough course in stenography, typewriting, bookkeeping and penmanship, board and washing included. Address, Principals of Industrial Department of Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, New Jersey.

Prof. W. Paine, of Philadelphia, was in Chicago the first of the week. He went from here to Muskegon, Mich. He has now in his possession one of the finest microscopes in the world, and is making some valuable discoveries with reference to the germs of disease.

A Rockland, Me., young man got up in his sleep the other night, jumped out of a window fifteen feet from the ground, took out a screen and climbed in another window on the ground floor and was then awakened with difficulty.

MRS. WELLS'S CHAMPION.

He Attempts to Befog the Issue—Lost in the Newtonian Desert of Sophistry he Materializes a Smoke to Hide His Discomfiture—His Signal Failure—The White Light of a Brooklyn Law Office Disperses His Illusions and Drives Him Into a Hole of His Own Digging.

FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. H. J. NEWTON AND HON. A. H. DAILEY.

Readers of the JOURNAL will recall the correspondence between Mr. Henry J. Newton, acting as the champion of Mrs. Wells, on one side and Mr. Bundy and his attorney on the other, published several weeks ago. That correspondence was read with much interest, and the general verdict was that Mr. Newton had succeeded in vaulting into an unenviable position and putting himself in a ridiculous, not to say ludicrous, attitude before the public:

NEWTON TO DAILEY.

128 WEST 43D ST., NEW YORK, July 18, 1888. HON. A. H. DAILEY.—Dear Sir:—Yours of the 17th came duly to hand. You characterize my last letter to you as almost wholly irrelevant to the purpose for which you are retained by Col. Bundy and "dispose of it without comment." This, under the circumstances, is rather a peculiar way of disposing of it and easy withal, if not polite, especially when the irrelevant matter was in reply to what you had introduced in your previous letters.

I would call your attention to the one written June 17th; you will find it is made up mainly of matter foreign to the issue in controversy. On the first page of over twenty lines there is scarcely anything except eulogies of Col. Bundy and his paper and railing accusations against me, and in making these charges against me, you inadvertently reveal the animus of Col. Bundy's attack on my cabinet. I have sinned against your oracle and must be punished—that is about the size of it. Just as long as you write this kind of letters to me I shall reply to them. I have no idea of tacitly admitting by silence the truth of your statements that are not true, and now to test your faith in one of your charges, viz.: that Col. Bundy's paper has been bought up to prevent its circulation at certain meetings (or for any other purpose) at which I have presided or usually preside, or at any other Spiritualist meeting held under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists at Adelphi Hall, I dare you to put to me one hundred dollars that you can substantiate this charge. I denounce it as false, and just about as true as a large portion of the gossip on which Col. Bundy is endeavoring to erect his Temple of Fame, and which seems to be exceedingly palatable to him and his admirers. I must confess that I was greatly surprised that you should reiterate the erroneous statement that I have added some condition to my only and original proposition. An attorney in defending his client I suppose must imagine that by virtue of such position he is entitled to a certain license in dealing with facts which my miserable laymen have no right or title in. This is the only excuse or reason which suggests itself to my mind why you should make such a statement, especially when I called your particular attention, in my last letter, to the grave error you had made in a charge, and challenged you to justify you. Instead of making the slightest attempt to right the wrong you repeat it in (if possible) more offensive form without reason or sense. That there may be no excuse for a repetition of this misstatement, I append my original and only proposition to Col. Bundy: "I will enter into and execute a suitable bond that all your personal expenses shall be paid which may be incurred in defending a suit for libel brought against you by Mrs. E. A. Wells, in a court in New York City, provided you get final judgment against her."

If I have made any proposition except this, please show the fact before again stating that I have. I have so far stated no sum to be mentioned in the bond, so your offer to reduce it to five hundred dollars is of no consequence, as the question of the amount of the bond has not been raised by me. I fully agree with you that before he gets through with such an undertaking he will find it exceedingly expensive. You say my proposition no man of ordinary sense would have accepted and which you as his attorney declined; and because I declined to change my original proposition or modify it in any way, you have the assurance to stigmatize that fact as a "clean cut back down." You have wandered and floundered about so much in the fog that you have stirred up with outside and irrelevant matter, that you have evidently almost entirely lost sight of Col. Bundy's original position. Permit me to refresh your memory. On May 22nd, he wrote to me in answer to an interrogatory that I had asked him to do. These are questions I am perfectly willing should be answered by others.

Mr. Bundy talks about the interests of Spiritualism. You, in your first letter to me (June 6th) change the key-note and assure me that you shall exercise your judgment as you deem best for his interest. Without any argument it must be apparent to the most casual observer that the interests of Spiritualism and the interests of Col. Bundy are in no sense parallel, and if, at any previous time there had been any question on this subject your advice to him in this matter has settled it beyond a peradventure that the two interests are far from the same. The Colonel says that to his mind "nothing could make it more necessary." I could give him some suggestions which, if he would follow them, would increase the necessity at least a hundred fold.

I told you in my last letter that all I wanted was "Yes" or "No" to my offer. That is all I have ever wanted. In your last, as I understand it, it is declined, therefore there is no reason why this correspondence should be continued.

Permit me in closing to express the opinion that Col. Bundy will have to meet this matter sometime, and I shall content myself to wait and bide my time.

Yours Fraternally, HENRY J. NEWTON.

DAILEY TO NEWTON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., August 10th, 1888. MR. HENRY J. NEWTON: Yours of the 18th

ult. was duly received. At the commencement of our correspondence I said to you that it was not my purpose to enter into a letter-writing contest with you, and you replied that in that respect we should be agreed if in nothing else. Since that time, your letters have covered from about twice to three times the space of mine, and your efforts to draw me into a discussion of matters foreign to the legitimate subject of your correspondence, indicates a purpose to cover your retreat by shooting into the woods you are taking to, as if your man was in that direction. You know he is in the open field just where you have left him.

You are apparently offended that I made no reply to the major portion of the previous letter, except to characterize it as "almost wholly irrelevant to the purpose for which I am retained by Col. Bundy." You answer, that the irrelevant matter was in reply to what I had introduced in a previous letter, and you say just as long as I write this kind of letters to you, you shall reply to them. You refer to my letter of June 17th, which called out your reply without date, covering nearly eleven pages of closely written notes; in that letter you fully exhausted the considerations of all matters contained in that letter, and further reference thereto in your last, was wholly superfluous. I stated to you in that letter why I understood you to be working for the personal interests of Mrs. Wells; and among the reasons one was, that I understood that the copies of the JOURNAL, which commented upon Mrs. Wells, had been bought up, and not permitted to be circulated, at a meeting where you usually presided. I stated simply what I had heard and presumed that my information was correct; you denied all knowledge of such a transaction. I accepted your answer and made no reply. I did not get my information from Col. Bundy, and I was glad to learn from you that if the JOURNAL was suppressed, it was without your knowledge. The joining of your forces with the man of the Letter Way, which I had suggested, you rejected, saying you were not seeking for a partner. To this I replied, "Let the matter rest there," and I did not press that condition thereafter. In your letter of June 6th you fully discussed this same matter, and the question now arises, how many times do you wish to discuss matters already disposed of and which I leave either not pressed or have waited? You can not divert attention in that way.

I am shocked at your proposition to engage me in a wager, in a matter, too, which is not in issue. You lose your temper, brother Newton; and in your excitement challenge me to prove my assertion that the JOURNALS were bought up to prevent their circulation; and you want me to put up one hundred dollars on that issue. Perhaps you think it would be easier to win one hundred dollars from me upon that issue, than from Col. Bundy upon the issue of the virtues of Mrs. Wells as a materializer. From what you say, I really think you wish to attempt to divert attention in this way. I suppose you know that the laws of the State of New York make betting unlawful; and why do you attempt to induce a man sworn to sustain the law, to become an offender against it? I do not really think you were considerate when you made this proposal to get my money. I could not conscientiously take yours should I win it; you certainly will not win mine.

You again come at me with considerable heat, because I repeat that you have changed the condition of your original proposition to Col. Bundy, by inserting therein the words "final judgment against her before she will be liable for Col. Bundy's personal expenses. Now that I am unmistakably right in this matter, I quote from your first letter to Col. Bundy of May as follows:

JOHN C. BUNDEY.—Dear Sir:—In your JOURNAL of May 5, you say you care, if necessary, prove the merits of New York City that Mrs. Wells is a vile swindler and has been for years using trick cabinets and confederates. In view of such a statement by you so strongly put, I wish to ask you a few questions, and I hope you will frankly answer, let it be Mrs. Wells or not. 1st: If you are sure of the facts, why do you not really think above Mrs. E. A. Wells? 2d: If your expenses are paid to come to New York City, will you come and undertake to do in this direction what you say you can?

Now in this letter, you have made no condition that Col. Bundy's expenses shall be paid upon his obtaining "final judgment against her." The question is, if your personal expenses are paid to come to New York City, will you come and undertake to do in this direction what you say you can? Had the proposition—for certainly there can be no other interpretation of it—been qualified by the condition of final judgment against Mrs. Wells, it would have been a very different one indeed. A proposal made in that letter might lead an attorney to suppose you intended to pay the Colonel's personal expenses, win or lose; but as soon as you received his answer of May 22nd, wherein he makes a positive, clearly defined proposition to you, to prove the truth of all he said in the courts of New York, provided you executed a suitable bond to cover his expenses if he defeat Mrs. Wells before a jury upon a trial of that action, you found the Colonel was not frightened and was ready to meet you; then came your counter proposition, and your retreat and flourishing commenced; then you want a "final judgment against Mrs. Wells," before you will pay the Colonel's personal expenses in this proposed action. In your letter of May 24th to Col. Bundy you say to him, "You make a broad assertion of what you can establish in the courts of the city of New York and my purpose was and is to see that you undertake to do it." Then you say, "I will enter into and execute a suitable bond that all your personal expenses shall be paid, provided you get final judgment."

If your first letter was not a proposition to Col. Bundy, and was not so intended, then Col. Bundy's reply and square proposition to you is the first one made, and you are the party first challenged, not he; and what has your answer been; have you accepted or declined it? Again, you say of yourself, in that letter, "I have sinned against your oracle and must be punished; that is about the size of it." You also criticize a former letter of mine to you, and say that "on the first page of over twenty lines, there is scarcely anything except eulogies of Col. Bundy and his paper, and railing accusations against me." You then proceed to say: "I told you in my last letter that all I wanted was yes or no to my answer; that is all I have ever wanted; in your last letter, as I understand it, it is declined; therefore there is no reason why this correspondence should be continued. Permit me in closing to express the opinion that Col. Bundy will have to meet this matter sometime, and I shall content myself to wait and bide my time."

Now, Mr. Newton, I would not have taken all this trouble to answer your letter, did I not think I could clearly discern its ulterior purpose. If it serves that purpose, I shall heartily congratulate you. Your arraignment of my conduct as an attorney, has involved my personal participation in the com-

position of this letter; and I do not know that I can do the cause of spiritual truth any greater service than to accept the occasion and say a few words upon this matter. Whatever may be your information of the custom of attorneys under professional license, to misstate the facts in any case, I know of no such liberty being accorded them, and I shall not plead my professional character in extenuation or in protection for anything I have written or have written. Nothing in malice and have nothing but regrets that Col. Bundy and yourself are at variance upon the issue made. I have offended you in my estimate of Col. Bundy and his great work; and you most unkindly charge me with making railing accusations against you. This is simply a grave error, Mr. Newton, for I have made no accusations against you, unless to charge you with having espoused the cause of Mrs. Wells can be so considered; and the truth can hardly be regarded as an accusation in the light in which it is here construed. As we have had frequent occasion to know, men who pride themselves upon being keen, sharp and scientific are sometimes most easily misled, and are often readily duped, I have felt that it would be charitable to class you among them, rather than to say that you are perverse in error.

Your complimentary allusion to Col. Bundy as my oracle, does not hurt me. To my knowledge, he has never set himself up as an instrument for any of the phenomenal manifestations attending the development and progression of the Spiritualist movement. His work has been to conduct a journal for the transmission of general intelligence in that line, and it has been his duty to sift and thoroughly winnow the chaff and tare from every grain of truth he published to the world. Time and again he has, at immense cost of labor and money, traced crawling, slimy, hissing vipers into sacred places, and dragged them into the light as Satanas in the Garden of Divine Truth; and all to what purpose? To be abused, maligned and threatened by unbalanced mysticisms, gone wild over some doubtful mystifications, and who will not believe, even when the evidence of fraud comes in overwhelming volume from persons of unquestioned integrity; even when corroborated from the lips of the creatures who perpetrate these offences against humanity and the angel world. I have striven hitherto to avoid conspicuous participation in the controversies among Spiritualists, originating in that fruitful field of dispute, materialization. I know that materialization is possible, and I have had painful evidence of its simulation in various ways; and fraud once proved, justly taints all that follows from the same source.

Had you any disposition to put to the test at your own expense, the issue of the genuineness of the presentation through Mrs. Wells, you would have had to accept Col. Bundy's offer. That you are not willing to hazard your money on that issue, is apparent from the closing words of your letter, wherein you give your opinion, in the form of a covert threat, "that Col. Bundy will have to meet this matter sometime, and that you shall content yourself to wait and bide your time." All of this means simply, that you will be upon the lookout for Col. Bundy's presence within the jurisdiction of the courts of New York, when you will put forward Mrs. Wells as a plaintiff in an action which shall put the Colonel to the cost of proving the truth of what he has said, without the hazard of your coffers. You are deceiving no one but yourself; and when that issue is tried, you will find yourself in the humiliating position that others have found themselves when taking similar paths.

That you shall have no possible pretext to get out of your position, I am instructed by Col. Bundy to accept your terms and waive the subject of final judgment. Therefore prepare your papers, bond, etc. in accordance with your own understanding, and send them to me, and I will, with their delivery, accept service of the summons and complaint for Col. Bundy, and do all that can be required, to afford you and Mrs. Wells all the satisfaction any court will give you.

Yours fraternally, A. H. DAILEY.

NEWTON'S LAST.

NYACK, August 15th, 1888.

A. H. DAILEY, ESQ.—Dear Sir:—Yours of the 10th came to hand after some extra travel. I have instructed Erastus H. Benn, one of Mrs. Wells's attorneys, to prepare the necessary papers and communicate with you. I saw by one of the papers that Mrs. Wells was away from the city at the present time. Mr. Benn will know when she will be back. I am inclined to the opinion that the papers were made out before Mrs. Wells left the city. As I leave here to-morrow for Northern New York to be away until some time next week, I will defer answering your many charges against me until my return.

Yours, etc. H. J. NEWTON.

If Mrs. Wells's lawyer now obeys the instructions which her next friend and champion has given; the public may look for some interesting developments when the case comes to trial. As before stated we do not make editorial assertions involving the character and acts of mediums until we are satisfied from evidence laid before us that they are true. Mr. Newton is willing to deplete his million, more or less, to defend his friend and co-worker of the 1st Society, apparently. Frands and fanatics will thank him for his gallantry and pray that in spending money he will prove a greater success than he has as a letter writer.

Against the earnest protest of his attorney, Mr. Bundy insisted upon an acceptance of Mr. Newton's terms, unfair as they were, in order that if by any possibility he should have been misled by the testimony on which he made the editorial assertions of last May concerning Mrs. Wells, that she should have the opportunity for vindication and redress.

General News.

A natural oyster bed has been discovered in the New Haven (Conn.) harbor.—Four men met in Baxley, Ga., the other day who weighed altogether 1,017 pounds.—Orange trees about Clearwater, Fla., are now in full bloom, the third time this year.—Col. Tuitt, of Georgia, has not seen the bottom of his corn-crisp for more than twenty years, and is now selling sound grain grown in 1876.—A twenty-pound West Virginia wildcat was caught in a mowing machine. He was badly cut up and so saved two hay harvesters a nasty fight.—A radish weighing three and one-half pounds and measuring twenty inches in circumference is on exhibition in Dublin. It was grown by Dr. Buchan, of Reedy Springs, Ga.—Sculptor's clay is some-

thing that does not "grow wild" everywhere, and it is said that the best now in use by American artists comes from Federal Hill, near Baltimore.—In Macon, Ga., a young man, while practising on the horizontal bar in the army there, fell, was taken up insensible, and carried home. Next morning he was all right again; but the strange part of it is that he has lost all memory of what occurred for twelve hours before, and after his fall.—Boss, the Italian tragedian, is said to be about to retire permanently from the stage.—Walter Besant says the time is not far distant when writers will be able to make as large fortunes as bankers.—Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria has for some time practiced successfully as an oculist, giving advice and treatment gratis.—Major McKinley allows that Thomas Buchanan Read was a fine poet, but he says there isn't a bit of imagination in his verses on Sheridan's ride to Winchester.—After a recent performance of "Carmen" at Covent Garden, London, Minnie Hauk was presented with a wreath of laurels and oak leaves in solid gold in honor of the tenth anniversary of the first production of that opera in England.—Mrs. Patti Nicolini wants to sell her Craig-y-nos Castle, Wales. The estate covers 350 acres, surrounded by picturesque mountains.—Mr. Whitbread, one of the Gladstone's thick-and-thin followers in the House of Commons, is the owner of a brewery which is said to pay him \$1,500,000 a year.—Queen Victoria has won quite a reputation among English agriculturists as what may be called a royal farmer of the gentler sex. At 83 she shows the taste of Wight Agricultural Society recently she took three prizes for farm horses, one for Jersey cattle and four for Down sheep, winning the champion prize for the best ram and the award for the best pair of ewes.

Mr. George W. Cable will start for California this month on a reading tour.—Herbert Spencer is working on his autobiography, but his poor health prevents his making much progress.—Baron Reuter, the telegraph king of Europe, keeps a secretary whose sole business it is to investigate and relieve cases of distress.—Senator Ransom and his son resemble each other in appearance so closely that it is not easy to distinguish one from the other at a distance.—It is said Mark Twain proposes to bring out all the funny stories and anecdotes originally written for him, finally not published in "Gen. Grant's Memoirs."—Dr. Robert Morris, who recently died at La Grange, Ky., was one of the only two poets laureate the Free Masons have ever had. Robert Burns was the first.—Gen. Alfred H. Terry is rapidly regaining his health at his home in New Haven, Conn. He has an old army tent of his lawn, in which he spends most of his time.—Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria has passed his final medical examination, qualifying him to practice as a physician. This is the second member of the Bavarian royal family who has joined the medical profession.—Admiral David B. Porter is writing a sea romance in which the American navy, instead of being run down by coal barges, is made to contribute to the glory of the American republic.

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Proutie Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon). A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a series of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes. Price, 15 cents.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tidemann, M. D. These essays embodying the four essays are, What is Spirit? What is the organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents.

The Wateika Wonder. A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum. Also a case of Double Consciousness. These cases are wonderful psychic and physiological studies and have attracted world-wide attention by their authenticity and startling phenomena. Price, 15 cents.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuud, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic sources. It is most valuable collection and is a work that has received encomiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.00 postpaid.

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Camp Meeting Notice. The Annual Camp Meeting of the First Society of Spiritualists of Delphos Kansas, will be held at Delphos, commencing September 7th and holding ten days, or longer if thought best at time of meeting. All are invited. A. D. BALL, Sec'y.

The Higher Teachings OF SPIRITUALISM

As given by Rev. Theodore Parker, Rev. William E. Channing, Rev. Thomas Starr King, Thomas Fuller, Prof. Robert Hale and other eminent spirits. Carefully selected and compiled. Price, 20 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION

The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will meet in convention at Westfield's Hall, Anderson, Ind., September 18, 1888, at 10 A. M. A course of good mediums will be in attendance during the week and a grand time is expected. All Spiritualists and friends of investigation invited. Hotel rates \$1. per day. GEO. W. HUNTER, Sec., Indianapolis, Ind. DR. BECK, Pres., Delphi, Ind.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. THE TWO CLOCKS.

MRS. A. M. MUNGER.

A little clock hung on the sitting-room wall. And it sang all day, "Be quick, be quick! This life is so short to be drowsing about, Be up and at work—tick, tick—tick, tick!"

In a queer old house on a high kitchen shelf, There stood an old fashioned wooden clock; It ticked off the time in its own quiet way, Saying so plainly, "Go slow—tick, tick!"

Carefully marking the day and the year, Of each little soul who came to bless, The bright wedding days and the drear sadder-of-hour, When those were called that we sadly miss;

Of the boys in blue that went out to their doom, Of the news that came back all too soon; For one was furloughed to a home in the sky, And never came back to say good-by.

Two quiet old souls with their life's work all done, Passed into their rest at life's even; Almost hand in hand, as they journeyed they found "Gates ajar" at the portals of Heaven.

In another home we find the old clock, Quietly ticking, "Go slow—tick, tick." And side by side on the sitting-room wall, Stands the wee clock and the big one tall.

One seems to say with his hasty tick, tick, From morning to night, "Be quick—be quick!" The other so slow, "Take time as you go, Be not in a hurry—tick, tick—go slow!"

I feel it is speaking to me and to thee, Voices long hushed, that loved the old clock: "To live a long life, be old-fashioned like me, And take life easy, tick, tick—tick, tick!"

"Tis restless and weird, That chime of the clock, That brings to my ears Old memories—tick, tick.

Sweet voices come over the "River of Rest" In the glow of twilight, The crimson and gold through the trees in the west, Bringing angel forms close unto me.

And radiant in beauty that never grows old, Those have gone hence that we hourly miss, Too many, alas! in their life's early morn Have been called to angel realms of bliss.

The little clock hangs on the sitting-room wall; But it sings no more, "Be quick—be quick." With its life all run down with worry and fret, It has worn itself out with its tick.

While the old clock sings blithely, "I shall live on, Tick, tick—tick, tick—for a hundred years; Then the old folks will come with the words, "Well done, And a sheaf I shall have in the spheres.

"For I try to be naught, But a happy clock, As I sing all day, Tick, tick—tick, tick!"

In Love's Harness. Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind that a fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well-developed form, are the best passports to a happy marriage.

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The phenomena witnessed through the mediumship of Home were truly remarkable both for their nature and variety and also beyond all because of their certitude. No question of deception, delusion or trickery is admissible or will be suggested by any candid reader. A concise history is given of the results of experiments made with Home by Prof. Crookes. The scientific tests applied by Prof. Crookes are lucidly detailed. The testimony of "seigneur Cox is given; reference is made to the electric senses held by Viscount Adelaide, including the medium's transit through the air at a height of several feet from the ground, a phenomenon witnessed and vouched for by Lord Lindsay, Lord Adair and Capt. Wynne.

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Within the compass of an advertisement no adequate description of the interesting contents of this book can be realized; it must be read before its importance can be realized. The work is a large 8vo of 428 pages, printed from large type on fine heavy, super-calendered paper and strongly bound in cloth. The price put on it is less than value, but Mrs. Home is desirous that this work should have an extended reading in America hence the book will be sold at a low price.

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CONTENTS. I. The Essential Elements of a Liberal Education. II. Moral Education. III. Evolution of Genus. IV. Ethical Culture. V. Ethical Principles and Training. VI. Relation of Ethical to Religious Education. VII. Relations of Ethical to Practical Education. VIII. Spheres and Zones. IX. Moral Education. I. See XII. The Ethical Supreme. XII. The Ethical Supreme. XIII. The Ethical Supreme.

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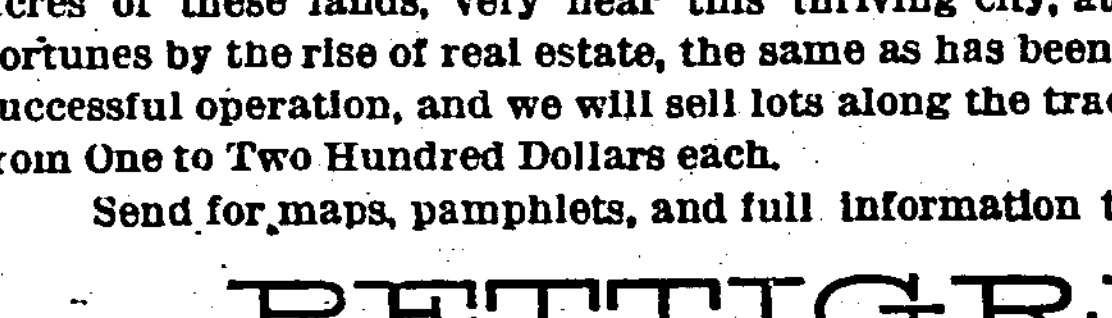
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THE ABSENCE OF DESIGN IN NATURE.

BY PROF. E. D. GARRISON. In this Lecture, which was delivered before the Chicago Philosophical Society, the Author shows that the existence of an "over-ruling Providence" cannot be proven from Nature.

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Sensitiveness.
(Continued from First Page.)
the capability of receiving the psycho-ether waves as they pulsate from some center, and as everything touched by life is in a state of such vibration, the recognition is only a question of the delicacy of the receiving organization.

There is a vast accumulation of narratives of ghosts, witches, apparitions, hallucinations, illusions, dreams, etc., which it is the present fashion to relegate to the sphere of superstition and ignorance. Many of these, however anomalous, have a foundation in fact, and can be found, when stripped of the portions of superstition, as added, readily explainable, either as subjective, arising from impressions on the sensitive, or as objective and manifesting by the same principles. As sensitiveness to these subtle influences greatly varies in different individuals and at different times in the same individual, and at times becomes clairvoyance, scarcely an illustration can be given of one without introducing the other. We must constantly bear in mind that there is one fundamental cause back of all these so-called occult phenomena, varying in the degree of its manifestation in accord with the channel through which it flows.

SUBJECTIVE SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.
Dr. Abercrombie is authority for the following illustration of subjective spectral illusions: "A gentleman of high mental endowments, now upwards of eighty years of age, of spare habits and enjoying unimpaired health, has been for eleven years, subject to the daily visits of spectral figures. They in general present the form of a woman; the head and body are distinctly defined, the lower parts are for the most part, lost in a kind of cloud. The figures are various, but he recognizes the same countenances repeated from time to time, especially of late years, that of an elderly woman, with a peculiarly arch and playful expression, and a dazzling brilliancy of eye, who seems just ready to speak with him. This female is dressed in an old-fashioned Scottish plaid of Tartan, drawn up and brought forward over the head, and then crossed below the chin, as the plaid was worn by aged women in his younger days. He can seldom recognize among the spectres any figure or countenance which he remembers to have seen, but his own face has been presented to him, gradually undergoing the change from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age."

It is not necessary to call in the aid of an invisible being to explain such appearances. The house had been occupied by Scotch who dressed as described, and the influence they left impressed itself on the gentleman's mind.

"All houses where men have lived and died are haunted houses, not by actual ghosts, but by the subtle force which persons impart to everything with which they come in contact. That which was subject to some influence outside of himself is shown by the appearances always being some one that he had never seen, and hence they could not have been revived pictures from his own brain. After he had been in the house for a long time he began to see his own face; that is, after he had imparted his own influence to the surroundings, he received them back as from a mirror.

Dandy in his "Philosophy of Mystery" mentions "M. Andral, who in his youth, saw in La Pitie, the putrid body of a child covered with larvae, and during the next morning the spectre of this corpse lying on his table as perfect as reality." He could not see it by a mental effort, nor any where else than on his table, and whenever he looked at that, the appearance at once came. It may be said in explanation that the sight of the disgusting object produced a strong impression on the optic nerves and mind, and a suggestive object as the table reproduced the same state. We have no evidence that one object, under the same light, affects the optic nerves more than any other would under the same circumstances. Vivid mental impressions are more readily reproduced than those that scarcely rattle the surface of thought, but this does not account for the student not seeing the appearance at any other time or place than on the table where it had laid, and which we would say retained the influence imparted to it by the body having lain there.

Professor Hitchcock says that during a severe sickness, "day after day visions of strange landscapes spread out before him,—mountain, lake and forest—vast rocks, strata upon strata piled to the clouds,—the panorama of a world shattered and upheaved, disclosing the trim secrets of creation, the unshapely and monstrous rudiments of organic being." His son, Prof. Charles Hitchcock, adds that his father saw the sand-stone beds of the Connecticut valley spread out before him, covered with tracks, and by the superior insight wrought by sickness, cleared up some doubtful points to which he had vainly given his attention. Professor Hitchcock became, his consequent of his sickness, exceedingly sensitive, and the geological specimens near him, or that he had handled, brought up in his mind the pictures of their primeval age.

HALLUCINATIONS.
The received definition of an hallucination is a false perception without any material basis, being formed entirely in the mind. An individual who sees pictures on a blank wall, or who hears voices when no sound reaches his ears, is hallucinated. "The reason for this being that the erroneous perception constituting the hallucination is found in that part of the brain which ordinarily requires the excitation of sensory impressions for its functions." In this view hallucination is evidence of mental derangement and incipient insanity. This arrogant explanation is remarkable only for its assertion and deficiency of evidence, and by no means is sufficient for this great class of facts. That a certain tract of brain can of itself give the mind complicated representations, never before seen or imaged in the mind, is not established, nor more than an assertion. The reappearance of objects that have been seen is better explained, and still more satisfactorily, by causes which unite them all together and with all like phenomena. George Comb says of a painter who inherited much of the patronage of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and believed himself to possess a talent superior to his, was so fully engaged that he told me he had painted three hundred large and small portraits in one year. The fact appeared physically impossible, but the secret of his rapidity and astonishing success was this: He required but one sitting of his model. His method was as follows, as given by himself: "When a sitter came I looked attentively on him for half an hour, sketching from time to time on the canvas. I did not require a longer sitting. I removed the canvas, and passed to another person. When I wished to continue the first portrait, I recalled the man to my mind. I placed him on the chair where I perceived him as distinctly as though really there, and I may add in form and color more decidedly brilliant. I looked

from time to time at the imaginary figure and went on painting, occasionally stopping to examine the picture exactly as though the original was before me; whenever I looked towards the chair I saw the man. This method made me very popular, and as I always caught the resemblance, the sitters were delighted that I spared them the annoying sittings of other painters."

This painter was far from incipient insanity. He was sensitive to impressions and able by that organization to recall the image of the sitter, but not that of one who had not occupied the chair.

The Rev. T. L. Williams, Vicar of Perth-leven, in the Journal of the Society for Psychical Research, July, 1885, gives his personal experience: "On an occasion when I was absent from home, my wife awoke one morning, and to her surprise and alarm saw me standing by the bedside looking at her. In her fright she covered her face with the bed clothes, and when she ventured to look again the appearance was gone. On another occasion, when I was not absent from home, my wife saw me as she supposed, coming from church in surplice and stole. I came a little way, she says, and turned round the corner of the building where she lost sight of me. I was at the time in the church in my place in the choir, where she was, much surprised to see me on entering the building."

My daughter has often told me, and now repeats the story, that she was passing my study door which was ajar, and looked in to see if I was there. She saw me in my chair, and as she caught sight of me, I stretched out my arms, and drew my hands across my eyes, a familiar gesture of mine, it appears. I was in the village at the time. Now nothing whatever occurred at or about the time of these appearances to give any meaning to them." He adds: "A good many years ago there was a devout young woman living in my parish, who used to spend much of her spare time in church in meditation and prayer. She used to assert that she frequently saw me standing at the altar when I certainly was not there in the body." Mr. Williams must have been peculiarly endowed with psychic force to thus impress himself.

The following is from the pen of the gifted Mary Howitt, and not only gives a remarkable fact, but her explanation of the same: "I conducted Mrs. Nenner through a room which contained some ancient furniture and a quantity of valuable old china. This china had been left in our care by a friend during his lengthened absence abroad. His thoughts from his place of sojourn in the Antipodes constantly reverted to these heirlooms."

"Who are these six gentlemen, evidently brothers, sitting where the old china is?" asked Mrs. Nenner, when we had passed through the room.

"There was no one there at all," I said, much surprised. "Then," said she, "I must have seen six brother spirits. There they were sitting; tall, fair men, light haired, all strikingly alike. All the same age, and must be brothers!" I recognized in her description the owner of the china. Before Mrs. Nenner left, we showed her a portrait of the owner of the china, our friend on the other side of the world. She at once said, "Oh, that is one of the six brothers!" In some mysterious manner the intensity of thought fixed by the possessor of the china upon his possessions—he knew that his thoughts constantly reverted to them—had been able to manifest itself to the sight in the form of the man himself—but multiplied into six forms. It should be observed that this gentleman was of what now we should term a "mediumistic" temperament. It is possible, that being at the Antipodes, he might be, at the time his multiplied form was beheld, "It being night when it is day with us—and that his thoughts might have in a dream revisited England."

Since civilization began mankind have held certain stones and metals as precious, and attributed rare qualities to charms, relics and amulets. We may indulge our mirth over the miraculous qualities ascribed to the bones of martyrs and the teeth of saints, a bit of wood of the true cross, but casting aside the rubbish gathered by the posture and credulity, we find the presence of a great and satisfactory truth. Precious stones and metals have become so because of the subtle power of their emanations. In a true relic the sensitive receives the full expression of the original owner's life, and feels it reproduced in him. As the phonograph treasures up the tone, the accent, the quality of the voice, and the thought of the speaker, so the relic preserves and constantly gives forth the character of the one it represents.

Shrines and holy places have reason for their being in this cause, and their preservation in purity for the one and only purpose is correct in science. The church devoted to worship of Jehovah, holds its devotees with the invisible bonds reaching out from the walls forged from the psycho-aura of all preceding worshippers. That the members hold their house exclusively for their uses is the result of superstition, but they are correct in science. A church building given over during the week to shows and entertainments, and nightly filled with the class such would draw, would become so saturated with the worldly influences, as to be unfit for the promulgation of the highest religion and thought on Sunday. Both audience and minister would feel the depressing effect, and religious zeal would reach zero.

How strong and enduring the impress stamped on a relic or jewel may be, is shown in the following story told of Robert Browning by Mr. Knowles (Spectator, Jan. 30, 1869): "Mr. Robert Browning tells me that when he was in Florence some years since an Italian nobleman (Count Ginesse), was brought to his house. The Count professed to have great mesmeric powers, and declared in reply to Mr. Browning's avowed skepticism, he would convince him of his powers. He then asked Mr. Browning whether he had anything about him then and there, which he could hand him, and which was in any way a memento or relic. It so happened by curious accident that Mr. Browning was wearing under his coat a piece of gold wire, which he had taken into wear in absence of his ordinary wrist-button. He had never before worn them in Florence, or elsewhere, and found them in an old drawer where they had lain forgotten for years. One of these he took out and handed to the Count, who held it in his hand awhile and then said as if much impressed, 'There is something here, which cries out in my ear, Murder, murder!'"

"And truly," said Mr. Browning, "these stanzas were taken from the dead body of a great uncle of mine, who was violently killed on his estate in St. Kitts nearly 80 years ago. They were produced in court as proofs that robbery had not been the object of the stranger, which was effected by his own slaves. They were taken out of the night-gown in which he died and given to me."

It is estimated that 1,200,000 dozen cans of sweet corn will be packed this year in Maine.

CASSADAGA CAMP MEETING.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The season at Cassadaga is now at its height, and the woods are full of people. The hotel is crowded to its utmost capacity, and newcomers are obliged to seek rooms at cottages. The present season is thus far the most prosperous the camp has ever experienced, and the future is bright with promise of large success. We have had some highly interesting lectures since my last letter, large audiences having been addressed by J. Frank Baxter, W. F. Peck, Mrs. Colby Luther, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, and the venerable Samuel Watson. These speakers represent various phases of thought from radical to conservative, some of them being religious in their expression and others extremely iconoclastic. But as a Spiritualist audience is made up of many different kinds of people, each speaker finds a greater or less number in sympathy with the views presented. We can not but observe, however, that a tone of sympathy and a method of charity, love and tolerance wins more souls to truth and right than a method of harsh criticism and condemnation. The Spiritualist movement can afford to treat its opponents with kindness, since it possesses the omnipotent power of truth. A scientific question, followed by words fitly spoken in the spirit, has touched the hearts of many who came full of prejudice; while ridicule and abuse only pain the ear of the believer and send the skeptic away full of anger, perhaps never to return. Of course there is much provocation to harsh language in the manner and attitude of many who do not accept the teachings of Spiritualism; but those who hold a higher truth should teach the truth in a better way.

There has never been a season so marked by marvelous phenomena as the present one at Cassadaga. Slate writing has been the most popular, and some of the most remarkable tests have been given through this phase. Your correspondent has seen slates bearing messages in German, in Latin, in short-hand and in telegraphic characters; some of the messages having been contained under absolute test conditions, the slates being either locked or screwed together. Library hall is a highly valuable adjunct to the grounds. It is in constant use, the small rooms being utilized for sances and the lower hall for lectures on special subjects, and for classes in various branches of instruction.

The Children's Lyceum is getting along nicely and has given some very creditable entertainment.

W. J. Colville is conducting a class in Practical Metaphysics.

E. W. Emerson is here and is giving complete satisfaction with his platform tests. The tests of J. Frank Baxter were also of remarkable excellence.

The kindly face of Mrs. Skidmore is seen everywhere, as she goes about on her errands of charity.

The familiar form of Dr. Carter is always seen at his post of duty, the gate of entrance. "Jack" Lillie is as happy as ever, and doesn't seem to lose flesh by his travels.

Mr. A. Gaston, the active President of the Association, is here and there and everywhere, looking out for the interests of the camp.

The office of Miss Turner is better patronized than any other place on the grounds. She handles a great many letters and papers in the course of a day.

As evidence of the growing public interest in Spiritualism and the kindly attitude of many of the editorial fraternity, the writer will state that his reports and camp correspondence are being published in fifteen different newspapers, including such important and widely circulated organs as the Buffalo News, Cleveland Plain-Dealer, Buffalo Courier, Pittsburg Dispatch, Elmira Telegraph, and other local papers covering the territory within a hundred miles of Cassadaga. A low estimate would put the aggregate circulation of the papers publishing these reports at one hundred and fifty thousand, thus showing the value of the press as a casting aside the rubbish gathered by the posture and credulity, we find the presence of a great and satisfactory truth. Precious stones and metals have become so because of the subtle power of their emanations. In a true relic the sensitive receives the full expression of the original owner's life, and feels it reproduced in him. As the phonograph treasures up the tone, the accent, the quality of the voice, and the thought of the speaker, so the relic preserves and constantly gives forth the character of the one it represents.

GRAPPO.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

One Medium Demands Test Conditions.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Sunday evening, Aug. 13th, M. W. S. Rowley and Dr. Whitney of Cleveland, Ohio, gave a test sance in the Temple, affording every possible opportunity to the management of the O. B. G. Association and the people present upon that occasion, to investigate the special mediumship of Mr. Rowley's spirit telegraphy. To the honor of Mr. Rowley be it said that no one could place himself more completely in the hands of an investigating committee than did he on that evening. Two expert telegraph operators were present to note the communications and report facts as they found them.—Mr. Gridley, the operator at the Buzzard's Bay Station, on the Old Colony Road, and a lady, an equal expert, whose place of business I did not learn. Their reports, taken from sound, agreed in every word. Two and a half hours were consumed in the most interesting, receiving communications, asking questions, examining the box and the machine, Mr. Rowley giving the operation and the results as best he could, and Dr. Whitney making a statement of Dr. Wells's power to discern and diagnose disease. In answer to questions, the expert from Buzzard's Bay said that the communications were perfect, but how they could be produced with the machine inclosed in that box, was certainly beyond his power to explain. He was not a Spiritualist; had never attended a sance for the phenomena before, and was pleased to be present. The statement of the lady expert was in accord with his.

The fact was patent to the committee that there was some power outside of, and beyond the physical touch of Mr. Rowley that caused the machine to communicate.

On Friday evening, August 10, Charles W. Sullivan gave his annual entertainment in the Temple, assisted by a corps of able assistants. The closing number on the programme, entitled "Aunt Hannah's Reception," in which Mr. Sullivan assumed the character of an old lady in her ninety-fourth year, was well worth the price of the admission. The old lady, if possessed at every turn and of every herself throughout the whole of Mrs. J. Hagan's conjurer were apropos, at Hannah's 94th birth first water in poetic

The Saturday evening hop in the Temple was attended by nearly 800 people.

ANNUAL MEETING.
The annual meeting of the Onset Street Railway Company was held at Onset Saturday, August 11, when the following were elected directors for the ensuing year: E. Gerry Brown and Wm. D. Crockett, Boston, Mass.; Alfred Nash and Simon Butterfield, Chelsea, Mass.; E. Johnson and Cyrus Peck, Warren, R. I.; W. W. Currier, Haverhill, Mass.; Charles H. Young, Lowell, Mass.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, E. Gerry Brown was elected President, and W. W. Currier, Clerk and Treasurer.

The speaking for the 4th Sunday of the camp meeting at Onset was by E. B. Fairchild, and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes; both did noble and effective work. In the afternoon, Mrs. Byrnes took for her subject, "Is Life Worth Living?" She occupied a full hour in depicting the joys and sorrows, the ends and aims, and the possibilities of life, during which time she recalled to the notice of her audience the names of many of those noble men and women of both hemispheres of the past and present, who have immortalized themselves in the cause of human progress, holding her audience in wrapt attention until the close of the lecture.

Joseph D. Stiles followed both lectures with his usual success in platform sances, reporting scores of names and relating incidents whereby recognitions were made complete.

The last Sunday of the regular meetings, August 12th, was beautiful and much enjoyed by every person who visited this home by the sea. The speakers were A. E. Tisdale, J. D. Stiles, and Onset's adopted daughter, Miss Jennie B. Hagan; and right here let me say that I believe the management at Onset have reason to feel proud of this young, noble, growing, defender of modern Spiritualism. May her days be many.

Miss Hagan has always been one of the ready workers who can be called upon at any moment for an improvisation or a word in favor of the cause. She is an educator of the people, always ready to answer their questions. As usual on the morning of Sunday, the 12th, Miss Hagan called for a subject from the audience, either written or verbal, as they might be prepared, saying that she should positively refuse all personal subjects.

Among the dozen or more subjects presented was one on "What is Pure Religion?" Another from one of the legal profession, "What Proof can you Give me that I Man Shall Live Again After he is Dead?" When the time came to answer this last question, Miss Hagan elicited smiles from the audience by asking the legal gentleman to please tell her at what particular time a man was dead. The question was scientifically dealt with, completely annihilating the death of man.

"What is Pure Religion?" was the main subject of the morning lecture, and brought out a discussion on the evolution of religious ideas, showing that, step by step, had we climbed from the days of total depravity and its attendant vagaries, to the mountain peak of free thought and eternal progression.

Miss Hagan's improvisations at the close of her lectures were her marked feature in her platform work, and brought forth marks of applause.

A. E. Tisdale spoke at the afternoon service, hammering away at the old ghost of theology and the bible, as though he had a special work to do in that line. Well, friend Tisdale, if that is all you can find to talk about, pound away at it just as long as you think it will pay.

J. D. Stiles followed both lectures with his platform sances, reporting 180 full names at the last sance, nearly every one of them being fully recognized. W. W. CURRIER. Onset, Mass., Aug. 13, 1888.

The tortures of dyspepsia and sick headache, the sufferings of scrofulous, agonizing itch and pain of salt rheum, the disagreeable symptoms of catarrh, are removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

PROF. LOISETTE WINS IN COURT.

Literary Piracy Condemned.
(From New York Sun.)

"Chief Justice Van Brunt, holding the Special Term of the Supreme Court on the application of Nelson Smith and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, made the injunction in favor of Prof. Loiset, restraining George S. Fowler from publishing his Memory System perpetual.

"Dr. William A. Hammond, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, author of a work on psychology, and several other professors testified that Prof. Loiset's system was original, and a new departure in the education of the memory. The Court ordered the following to deliver up to Prof. Loiset the stereotypic plates and all the books in his control. Over nine thousand copies of the pirated edition were delivered up yesterday."

We are informed that full details will be furnished in the prospectus sent post free by Prof. A. Loiset, 237 Fifth Avenue, New York.

For the first time in its history the Century will devote a single issue—the forthcoming September number—largely to educational themes. The contributions will include "The University and the Bible" by T. T. Munger, a plea for the study of Christian as well as heathen classics; "Women who go to College," by Arthur Gilman, and "The Industrial Idea in Education," by Charles M. Carter. One illustrated paper is on "College Fraternities," with pictures of twenty-eight chapter-houses and society halls at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and other colleges, and another is on "Uppingham; an Ancient School Worked on Modern Ideas," with a number of illustrations by Joseph Pennell, and a portrait of the late headmaster, Edward Thring, who is said to be, since Arnold of Rugby, the most highly esteemed educator of England. There will also be several important articles and "open letters" on different branches of the same subject. Other distinctive features of the magazine, the Lincoln history, Siberian papers, fiction, etc., will, however, be retained.

How often we hear an overworked mother exclaim, "I am too tired to sleep!" A cupful of Mellin's Food taken twenty minutes before going to bed will relieve the intense weariness and give a refreshing night's sleep, while the next day's work will not look half so formidable if another cupful of the Food is taken soon after rising.

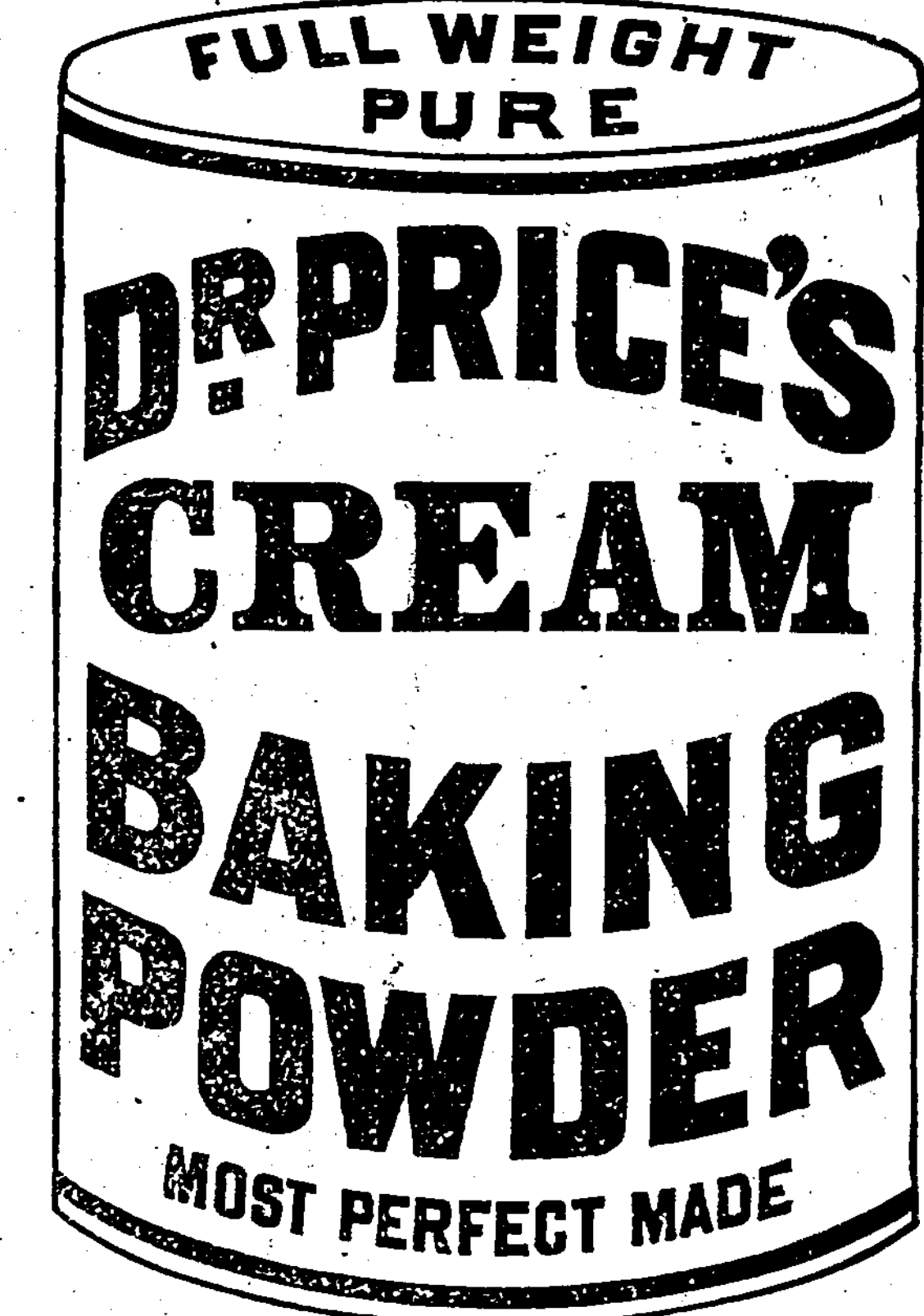
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The Voices.

The twelfth edition of The Voices by Warren Sumner Barlow is just from the press. This book of poems has had a wonderful sale and the demand is now greater than ever before. The price has been reduced to \$1.00 and is cheap at that. A new edition of "The Voices" has been issued, and with this popular author's well known poem, "If Then and When" is being called for by all readers that have not now got a copy. These pamphlets are 10 cents each and well worth the time spent in perusal. For sale at this office.

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