

# Mind



# Matter.

Physical Life—The Primary Department in the School of Human Progress.

VOL. II.

MIND AND MATTER Publishing House,  
No. 713 Sansom Street, Phila., Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 10, M. S. 32.

\$2.15 PER ANNUM, Payable in Advance;  
Single Copies Five Cents.

NO. 7.

## "GOD IS LOVE."

BY HORACE M. RICHARDS.

The records of the olden time  
Give way to truths far more sublime;  
The mists and darkness roll away,  
Before the light of dawning day.

God's mighty power o'er all the hind  
Will break old Superstition's band,  
Till not one fetter shall remain,  
Or e'er be worn by souls again.

Truth's mighty flow is ocean wide,  
Its power as great as Ocean's tide,  
Resolute as the march of Time—  
Its tidal wave so grand, sublime,

Shall sweep old errors from its path,  
And for the old-time God of wrath,  
Shall open wide the doors above,  
And show us there that "God is love."

Philadelphia, Pa.

## EXPERIENCES WITH THE SPIRIT ENEMIES OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY J. M. ROBERTS.

[Continued.]

I will here relate a train of circumstances of a most peculiar character which tends to show a power for mischief on the part of spirits which it is most difficult to realize exists. I state the facts just as they occurred leaving each reader to judge how far they are consistent with the spirit explanation which was given of them.

On the evening of February 17th, M. S. 31 (1879), after the work of the day had been completed Mr. James A. Bliss and myself were about leaving the office of MIND AND MATTER, I to go to my supper and Mr. Bliss to the Baltimore Depot to meet Mrs. Bliss, who was then on her way from Washington. Most unexpectedly to him and myself he was at that moment entranced and controlled by a priestly Catholic spirit, who, in the most imperious and insulting manner proceeded to curse and upbraid me for having entered upon the publication of MIND AND MATTER and for my efforts in endeavoring to spread a knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism among the people of the world. He held control of the medium for more than an hour during all which time I did my utmost to convince him of the great wrong he was doing in seeking to keep mankind in ignorance of truths that concerned them so much to know. The more I tried to persuade him of his error the more insolent and abusive he became, and finding I could do nothing without him I forced him to yield control of the medium, he making all the resistance he could to my efforts to relieve the medium of his enforced control.

He was succeeded by a lackey spirit, who said that I had committed an unpardonable offense in driving off his holy predecessor, who had in his earthly life been a high church dignitary of Dougal, Ireland. He said I had called down upon myself the anger, not only of the reverend Father but of the Holy Church, and that some terrible calamity would surely overtake me, for my sacrilegious course. By the time Mr. Bliss came out of the trance the hour had passed when the Washington train was due in Philadelphia. Knowing that he would not be in time to meet the train, and supposing that Mrs. Bliss would come to the office to look for him, he decided to await her coming. This was on the evening preceding the test séance which Alfred James gave in answer to Wm. R. Fice's challenge, before referred to. Finding that Mrs. Bliss did not come to the office as expected, Mr. Bliss went to their residence thinking she had gone there instead of coming to the office as was the understanding, in case Mr. Bliss could not meet her at the depot. It was not until nearly midnight that Mrs. Bliss reached her home, so sleepy and tired that she at once retired for the night, merely stating to Mr. Bliss that she had been delayed by the breaking down of the engine somewhere south of Chester. She stated to him nothing of the particulars attending the accident. Without waiting to get his breakfast Mr. Bliss returned to the office at his early hour in the morning. He informed me of Mrs. Bliss's detention and stated that it was caused by the breaking down of the engine; but in reply to my questions he could tell me nothing about the matter further than that. Some two hours after that, while busily engaged at his desk, Mr. Bliss was entranced and controlled by the negro spirit, "Jim Dufauré," who said he had controlled the medium to inform me that he had, the night before, saved the life of Mrs. Bliss, and how he had done it.

"Jim" said that he was present during the stormy interview between the Catholic priest and myself, and that the former was attended by a great number of Catholic spirits who were made terribly angry by my treatment of their spokesman or representative. He said that these spirits knew that Mrs. Bliss was on her way home from Washington, where she had for several weeks been giving her materializing seances with signal success—that they knew that Mr. Bliss was intending to meet her, and finding that they could no longer retain control of him, they had left him with the determination of causing the wrecking of the train on board of which she then was, and thereby causing her death. "Jim" said he knew their purpose, and he had gone to defeat them and save Mrs. Bliss. On reaching the train the band of malignant spirits, by some means that "Jim" did not understand, had managed to cause the breaking of some of the parts of the engine that had thrown it over on to the other track. This was just at the time when a train was due on

its down trip, and a minute's delay would have caused a great calamity. "Jim" insisted that at that moment he influenced the immediate carrying forward of a red light just in time to prevent a destructive collision. At this failure of their infernal scheme to be avenged, "Jim" said these discomfited spirits turned their power on a row of four or more houses that were erected near the point where the engine broke down, and that those houses were all burned to the ground. Supposing that such an occurrence would find its way into the daily papers, I looked in them for some account of it, but could find no reference to it whatever. Mr. Bliss remained at the office all day and did not see Mrs. Bliss again until towards evening when she called at the office. On asking her the particulars of the accident, she fully confirmed the incidents which "Jim" had related. She said it was a surprise to every one how the burning of the houses could have taken place, as the fire when first seen was bursting from all the houses at one and the same time. The circumstances struck me as so strange that I closely questioned "Jim," who seemed very indignant that I should question his word, but he could not be made to deviate a particle from his first statement, although most closely questioned. If the spirit in this instance stated the truth, then the insurance companies will find it to their interest not to incur the illwill of these powerful but malignant spirits.

Several months passed with little or no intimation of what was going on among the opposing spirits. The failure of their plans to injure MIND AND MATTER, through the attempts to discredit Mr. James, seemed to have been more than was bargained for by them, and I began to feel that I would be free from their further interference. This has not, however, proved to be entirely the case, as further events will show.

On Sunday, June 15th, while in the office of this publication, just as the clock on Independence Hall was striking the hour of twelve, Mr. Bliss, who was engaged in reading, was entranced and controlled by a spirit purporting to be Ignatius Loyola, who communicated as follows:

"The clock has struck the noonday hour. This day and this hour is the happiest of my life. You have been my friend. You have broken an influence that has been exerted over me for hundreds of years—an influence that held my better nature captive—an influence that turned whatever goodness there was in me into the blackness that encompassed me." (Here the control seemed to speak only with the greatest effort. He continued.) "I cannot speak as I would. I am in a strange condition in my spirit home. I scarcely know how to express myself, to-day, to be understood, and when you know how like a child I am learning to walk and talk, you will not wonder at my disconnected sentences. I am here to-day in your little office. I find here such a rest to my soul, that it seems like an oasis in the desert in which I have been wandering for so many, many, years, and here I rest—rest."

"You have thought strange that I have never been able to come to you with as much strength to oppose error as I had to uphold it. You would not think it strange if you considered, for a moment, that all my influence had been wrested from me and my place left open for another occupant; but oh! how base. I would liken myself to a new born infant, so weak and, apparently, so useless to itself and others—seeking repose and sleep—sleep all the time."

"I came to you at first defiant. I regarded you as an enemy, and now, as I think of it, how strangely I acted, not only when I returned to you, but for hundreds of years, heaping up sorrows for myself. I learned, yesterday, that I had been a medium, and for many, many, years, had been controlled by a class of spirits who sought to control the rights and liberties of mankind. I was controlled by them without ever dreaming of such a thing. They held me captive at their will. I yielded to them. You know the rest."

"I came to you to resist you in your work. I came to you to crush you because I thought you were the enemy of the Roman Catholic priesthood. We measured swords well. I thought to crush you and this, then to me, heresy. I saw but one person who dared to defy the power and influence of that priesthood. It was only yourself I saw and I thought I would have an easy victory; but I did not see, surrounding you, the mighty host that I can now see. I thought it was you, and you alone, that headed this mighty movement. That was where I made my great mistake."

"A few moments ago, I spoke of measuring our swords against each other. I will tell you what I have learned from your own spirit guides, and this is, that when you drew the sword of truth against me, that you could not see me, but that you could see the banded powers of Error's children, and instead of striking at me you struck at them. You struck them with terrible blows—you spared me and I feel conquered by love and kindness. I fell—I rose to know that I am as a child—a weak—weak—helpless child, seeking comfort—rest—rest. I find that rest here this hour. I am free from the taunts of those who cannot understand my position. It is rest for me to be free from this taunting, for I cannot get away from myself; and my self-pride clings to me. I cannot sweep it from me. I feel a desire in my soul. I feel as I did when wounded and lying on a bed of pain. I heard the voices say: 'Go forth and organize my church.' That same feeling comes over me now. What does it mean?"

"I have never felt before the strange feeling that comes over me now. What does it mean? I

am again in my youth—I am again a soldier. I feel my strength returning. To do battle for what? For the church? No! (Here he seemed to be addressing some invisible spirit.) "Stand aside thou tempter. I will do battle, but not for thee—I will do battle for truth and not for error. Stand thou back—my enemy—I fight for the truth, thou canst not control me again. I feel strong now—I feel strong. I feel the influence of the clear conscience within. I feel free. The taunts of my enemies will never trouble me again. I will fight with all my strength against thy terrible work. For hundreds of years you have held me captive, and made me do acts that I blush to think of. I would show thee thou foul spirit that I still exist, and will fight thee until thou yieldest control of these mediums, so that they may be controlled only by spirits of truth."

"Before I yield the control of this instrument, I want to ask his pardon for my great wrongs done to him and his. Tell him when he thinks and feels harshly towards Ignatius Loyola that he, like himself, was a medium and not responsible for the acts of those who controlled him. I know that I have your pardon freely and fully given. The sword that I held in my hand was not wielded by me but by a combination of spirits who seek to destroy the rights and liberties of mankind."

"Grant me now, on setting out on my career against the invaders of the Jerusalem of Truth, that I may return to your quiet and peaceful centre of spirit communion. Farewell."

That communication was the first word I had had from that once great and all powerful Captain General and founder of the Order of Jesus, since the 22d of the previous month of October, a period of eight months. I had frequently heard from him through other spirits, and knew he was still firm in his purpose to battle for the truth as it had come to him from the higher spirit life, and I was fully apprised of the terrible psychological pressure that he was still laboring under from the powerful spirit combination that he had been so instrumental in building up. The reader can judge something of the struggle through which he had been passing, during those wearying months, from that eloquent and frank avowal of his experiences. The coming of this great, honest, earnest, and heroic spirit, was as gratifying to myself as it was to him, and I felt as if we had always been one in our purposes and aims which was to do good and avoid evil. The reader may rest assured I gave him a brother's greeting and a pledge of never ending friendship.

Two days after that communication was received I received the following one through Mr. Bliss from his chief guide, Captain William T. Hodges:

"Foremost Romans:—The work in which you are engaged at the present moment is a most important one; I mean your exposition of the work of the spirit enemies of Spiritualism. The world at large cannot understand or appreciate that work. We desire that it shall be put in such shape that it may become a text book for the benefit of those who will, in time to come, investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. It is important that this dark side of Spiritualism should be thoroughly understood by the masses, and we can conceive of no better plan than this to accomplish that object. At the proper time it should be gotten out in book form and placed in the hands of mediums, Spiritualists and investigators that they may understand the wiles of those in spirit life who have endeavored by every means in their power to crush out the only knowledge that man has of a life beyond the grave. Lose as little time as possible in this work. Yet, we would still say, use your discretion upon this subject as well as upon all others that we introduce for your consideration."

"Mortals are likely to make many mistakes. Spirits can be a great help to their friends in the mortal form, but the great mistake lies in surrendering their own private judgment to spirits, when that judgment is given to man, by the Great Spirit, to govern him in all his actions. If this was better understood by the masses, Spiritualism would to-day not rest under such dark clouds of distrust as it now does. Press on, Friend Roberts."

I have not definitely decided to take the action suggested in that communication, but incline to adopt it. I will be, in a measure, governed by the magnitude of the undertaking and the prospective demand for the publication. I am rapidly drawing the narrative to a close, unless some new scheme of the enemy is set in motion which will necessitate resistance and demand to be chronicled.

On the evening of August 14th, M. S. 32, while in the office of MIND AND MATTER, Mr. James A. Bliss was controlled by a spirit who manifested great psychological power. The medium was against his will entranced, and the struggle for the mastery was a most protracted one. As soon as the spirit had secured the control he greeted me as "My friend." Not recognizing the spirit, I asked, "Who is the friend?" To which he replied:

"I am Ignatius Loyola, who seeks to communicate with you. I am in earnest, and it is my desire, at this time, to communicate with you." [I told him the presence of no spirit could be more welcomed by me.] "I thank you for the kindly confidence you have expressed in my honesty as a spirit. I can hardly wonder that your honest and sympathizing friends should doubt my sincerity." [He had reference to a conversation I had had with some friends that day, in which they expressed a want of confidence in Loyola's conversion to the cause of Modern Spiritualism.] "But I would say to them that while they doubt me, have patience, and judge me only by the

fruits that I shall in future bring forth. For hundreds of years my spirit was held a captive to a monstrous delusion, and you can hardly expect that that delusion could be eradicated from my spirit in a moment."

"I have played a prominent part in spiritual manifestations from the very first manifestation of Modern Spiritualism down to the present moment. I sought to discredit the phenomena that occurred at Hydeville. I was the author of what is known as the Spear delusion. I was the author of the T. L. Harris delusion. I played a prominent part in the attempt to render Spiritualism odious through Mrs. Woodhull. I was the author of Davis's Diakka. And last of all I sought to discredit the phenomena by various means through the prominent materializing mediums of your country, and not only on this side of the water but on the other side as well. I sought to crush you out of existence, but allow me to say, at this time, that I am here as an honest spirit as I hope for happiness in the great hereafter."

"I was honest in doing wrong, that right might come uppermost; in practicing evil that good might come; and up to the time I received light from your spirit friends I acted up to those convictions. You have given me the light that I have sought by every privation that man could think of to obtain it. You met me. You did not quail before my attempt to crush you out of existence. You baffled me in all my schemes, and in doing so you opened my blind eyes to the light. I realized its beauty and beneficence and I accepted the truth as it came to me."

"The question may be asked why Spiritualists during the past thirty-two years have never detected Ignatius Loyola at his intrigues? I will answer that question: It was simply because I had studied hourly the interests of the Roman Church, and with an ingenious brain I managed to conceal my identity. I threw the seekers after truth from the true scent and accomplished my work. You were the only stumbling block to my plans; and I would say here that, while I speak of myself I do it simply as the objective point of the entire Catholic power in spirit life. I led the movement while my inferiors fought. I sharply acted as the servant of the Church. It has been said that the Jesuit is artful—deceiving even the very elect of the opposition. It is true; and in view of such experience as you have had, I would call upon you to judge me by my fruits and by those alone."

"I may assert at this time my honesty as a spirit, but I realize the importance of presenting to you absolute evidence of that honesty. I can only do so by asking you to observe my movements patiently." (I told him I did not need any other proof than he had already given me of his honesty and change of views as to his duty. He continued.) "I thank you, but let me assure you that you need to be very vigilant, and I would rather have you test me thoroughly before you confide in my sincerity."

"My friend—my only friend—no one can more deeply regret the work in which I have been engaged during the past thirty or more years. Now when I seek to undo that mighty influence on the side of error that I exerted, I realize how vast it has been. Now, when I would rush to the support and help of those whom I have wronged, I find, staring me in the face, my cool, deliberate intrigues; but they cannot realize the greatness of the wrong that I have done them. They have not the mentality that a true appreciation of the magnitude of that wrong would call for. And I am answerable for all the vast consequences of that wrong. Oh, can it be that I must endure the remorse I feel for hundreds of years, to satisfy retributive justice! The thought almost overwhelms me." (I suggested to him that from the moment he could feel like beginning the battle for what he now realized was right, that he would find no time for vain repining, and he would be happy in the consciousness of the performance of his new found duties, such as he had never known in all the past. He continued.) "You are right, and I will begin at once by informing you of the movements of the spirit Jesuits."

"When I renounced my work as the head of the Jesuit power in spirit life, Francis Xavier was appointed to assume command." (As before stated in this narrative, I had been made fully aware of that fact by the efforts of that great Jesuit leader to carry on the work in which Loyola had been engaged.) "Since that time, by my earnest supplications and entreaties he" (St. Francis Xavier), "has been enabled to see his wrong position. Another assumed command. I have not been informed who it was, but I think it was one of my associates in the earth life, more brutal in his nature than Xavier or myself—a most cruel man." (I pressed him to tell me who he thought was St. Francis Xavier's successor as head of the Jesuits. He replied.) "I must not do that, as I do not certainly know, and, therefore, might do an injustice. Dissatisfaction among those who had been my former followers soon resulted in removing this successor to the command from that position. Since that time the forces of the Catholic organization in spirit life have been divided and its power has been broken. This occurred only a few months since."

"At this time the wisest leaders, so-called, of the different bands of Catholic spirits are holding a counsel with the express determination to decide whether to make one more struggle for ascendancy or else to abandon the field to the spirit power which they have been opposing. They seek to call to their assistance a band of Protestant spirits; and still further, to control the so-called liberal



element amongst you, to strangle this babe of truth—Modern Spiritualism. I assure you the conflict will not be long. I am with you.

"I am denounced by my former friends as a Judas—an apostate—as one accursed by the Church, and by the order to which I once belonged. I am with you to save those who have cursed me; and fighting on the side of truth to benefit humanity. I weigh my words, for I have learned the importance of thinking twice before speaking once. I must leave you now, as my control of the medium is becoming weakened.

"Be patient. Love your enemies. Do good to those who despitefully use and persecute you. This you have done by me. Thus you are living out the life of the true Christ—the inner Christ Spirit. I speak of that principle within that you have sought to cultivate. You won me. God bless you! Amen."

From the foregoing communications the reader can form some idea of the mighty point that has been gained in the struggle for spirit ascendancy, which the conversion of such spirits as Loyola and Xavier mark and make manifest. Surely ultimate victory is not far away when we see such accessions to our forces from among the great leaders of the opposing spirit forces.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

John C. Bundy What Have You to Say?

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1879.

Editor Mind and Matter.

For the benefit of the readers of your valuable paper, I send an account of the wonderful manifestations taking place in this city, through the mediumship of Harry Bastian. The seances were held at my house, the cabinet and arrangement of the room under my own supervision. The circle was formed as usual; the medium taking his seat in the centre—on the floor was placed a guitar, music box, bell, fans, and flowers. Soon after the light was extinguished, the guitar was lifted from the floor, and carried to the ceiling, where it remained a little time, floating about, then descending touched the heads of those in the circle, resting with each for a moment, while upon its strings, unseen hands were discoursing sweetest music. The music box weighing ten pounds was taken up in like manner, and wound while passing to and fro in the air. The bell was rung furiously and put in the hands of different persons. Flowers were brought and taken again, as requested mentally. Hands were plainly felt by all, sometimes clasping yours warmly, at other times patting and caressing, while others were kissed upon the cheek and forehead. Names were whispered, and even whole sentences. One instance I will give. The guitar was laid upon my knee. I asked who placed it there—Lizzie, was spoken distinctly. I said this is your guitar, will you play for me as you used to. She replied, "I cannot, a string is broken." So it proved when brought to the light. The spirit was a sister, who passed away about five years ago. The conversation was distinctly heard by all. "The Old Folks at home," was sung by the circle, and in the chorus we were joined by a spirit voice, so loud as to be heard above all the others; every word of the verse sung correctly, the voice strong and clear to the end. As there had been some opinion expressed that possibly Mr. Bastian was a ventriloquist, he kindly submitted to the test of holding water in his mouth, but the voices continued speaking all the same, quite unimpaired of the condition of the medium, that question was soon disposed of to the satisfaction of all present. These are not all the manifestations which occurred at these seances, but they are sufficient to show that such things do take place, and cannot be accounted for by any law or principle except spirit power.

In the light seances nearly every spirit was recognized, some only showing their faces at the aperture, others coming from the cabinet—in full view of all in the room. One lady came several times, bowing to a sister present. As she moved back into the cabinet the sister made a mental request, immediately the door opened, the form came out, and raising her hand, pointed her finger at her sister, in response to the request. Two little children came and stood in the door, one looking over the shoulder of the other, was recognized by the father. At another seance a gentleman (father of a young man from Medina) came so plainly materialized that strangers to him made the remark, "I should know that face anywhere." The son was completely overcome as the father conversed with him, sending messages to his wife and daughter—heard by all present. Two other children came and were recognized by the mother—making five different ones, beside an infant face, at the aperture that passed away before fully seen. There were many faces, young and old, male and female, gentlemen with side whiskers, some with whiskers all about the face and others with only a moustache. Remember, the cabinet and medium were thoroughly examined before each seance.

The last seance was Tuesday evening, Dec. 16th, and one long to be remembered by those present, the forms coming very plainly, indeed. My sister Lizzie came in full form to the door, then moved back, and my mother-in-law first parted the curtains at the aperture, looking at my wife, then immediately opened the door and stood as fully materialized as if in the earth form—her hair black and combed as she wore it last, her black eyes and every feature marked and distinct. Bowing to each of us she passed into the cabinet, instantly returning, bowed again and raised her hand to her head and kissed toward my wife (by mental request), then moving back to the aperture she parted the curtain again, showing her face—the whole forehead brilliantly illuminated,—dazzling, and perfectly beautiful. She remained thus one moment, bowed and was gone.

Another form came in the same way at this seance; a young lady, who passed away when quite young, and would have been seventeen years had she remained in earth life. She came two or three times, bowing to her mother—a perfect angel face, beautiful beyond expression, with the light of purity and love from the heavenly spheres illuminating her whole brow.

The face of a gentleman came next, looking at one in the circle (a prominent citizen of this city). But as he was not recognized, he was requested to come again, which he did. When asked "Is it Charlie?" he said, "Look at me." Then coming to the door he stood for an instant in full form, and moving to the aperture, said: "I did the best I could." His friend says, "Please come again, and convince me that it is you." Immediately a crash was heard like the report of arms, the door opened, and the form, raising his hand to his head, fell backward, and his labored breathing was heard by all distinctly. He was recognized as the one named—an officer who was shot at

Port Hudson, in 1863, and died in this gentleman's arms. He requires no further proof of spirit return.

Mr. Bastian has been with us five times since last May, giving seances sometimes every evening in the week, with full attendance and increasing interest. He has, by his kind and agreeable manner, made many warm friends here, and gained the respect and good will of all, as an honest, reliable medium. Yours for the cause.

WILLIAM CULL.

[This is the medium that John C. Bundy sought to discredit by the most dishonorable means—Ed.]

KIND WORDS.

S. P. Shaw, Canaan, Vt., forwarding subscription writes: "Please accept thanks for sample copy of your paper sent to me. I read it carefully and thoroughly—and to say that I am pleased with it, is to express my estimation of it very feebly. I have long felt that some one would be raised up to do battle for the right against the froth and slop of the R.-P. Journal.

Marvin Yerba, Geneva, Neb., writes: "Please find enclosed \$1.00 to renew my subscription for six months, which expires Vol. 2, No. 4. Have the renewal begin with No. 5, as I do not want to loose a single number. I admire your paper very much, especially your 'Experiences with the Spirit Enemies of Spiritualism.' I have had a glimpse of such experiences myself, but did not understand them then as now. I have distributed the extra numbers you sent me, with what result I can't say. This part of the country is absolutely priest-ridden, with the exception of a few scattered infidels. Go for the priests and give them no rest."

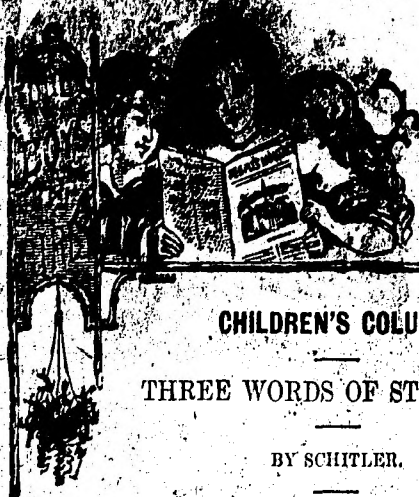
Joseph Beare, Chester, Ill., writes: "Enclosed find postoffice order for \$2.15 for the renewal of my subscription to MIND AND MATTER. And, friend Roberts, let me, as a Spiritualist and reader of your excellent paper, thank you for your noble and courageous vindication of the Terre Haute mediums. I have witnessed the manifestations there and am ready to testify to their genuineness; also, that the committee and medium are honest in their intention. I attended the seance at Terre Haute in May last, when Hutchinson was there and thought him to be a fraud at the time. I hope you will be sustained in your good work, and that all will learn the truth by and by."

Mrs. M. C. Brague, Hinsdale, Mass., writes: "I do not wish to give up your interesting paper, for it gives us information on the different developments of mediums which is, or should be, a great help to us in this life. I have for several years been satisfied that low or ignorant spirits are making much trouble with us here. I believe that mediums would be put to death for witches, as they were many years ago, if our professing Christians were not restrained by law, and they make bold to say that Spiritualism is all the works of the devil, and all of us that believe it are lost. Friend Roberts, I am glad to learn that you have courage to face the enemy and put them to flight, and only wish there was a strong champion for the right here, for Jesuit spirits control in other places beside Philadelphia. We have no society or lectures, and the people are morally and spiritually blind. Accept our best wishes for your success."

J. J. Pennington, of Henryville, Tenn., writes: "Brother Roberts, I give you my opinion: I think you ought to date your paper at the top of each page, like the *Banner of Light*; I think you ought to publish 'Experiences with the Spirit Enemies of Spiritualism' in pamphlet form for sale as soon as you get through with it. I think J. C. Bundy is like Pharaoh and the Southern Confederacy. You know Pharaoh's heart was hardened for good and the Confederacy went blind out of the Union, so the poor negro could be freed out from under the Constitution; as such I am in sympathy with Brother Bundy. As for you, I think you are the right man in the right place, with a full supply of everything necessary for you in your place, and there is no other man fitted up for your place or to do your work. I think if Brother Bundy did not furnish that kind of fuel for your engine you would have much less speed, and therefore, spiritual progress, light and knowledge would come to us poor mortals much slower. May God bless and sustain you."

Gottlieb Utz, Fulton, Ill., writes: "Please find enclosed \$3.00, with sealed letter to be sent to Dr. Mansfield, and send MIND AND MATTER to my address for one year. Please accept my thanks for upholding the truth as it is in each medium. If there is but a little spark of influence in them, nourish that germ of genuineness and you will find that the little sparks will unite into a large, bright sun, which will reflect its rays of joy and happiness into your soul. I also desire to tender my sincere thanks to each and every medium who so kindly offer their help to you in extending the circulation of MIND AND MATTER; my thanks are but a little mite, but their brotherly and sisterly kindness fills my soul with joy. Oh! how I do wish that all mankind could see things relating to the spiritual movement as you do, then there would be less tramping under feet the little sprouts of light that are trying to unfold into life's great tree. Let your banner be inscribed with the motto: 'Charity to all and light to those in darkness.' My prayer is that noble spirits will guide your barque through life's stream safely."

Levi Z. Wagner, Fort Seneca, Ohio, writes: "I have taken MIND AND MATTER ever since it was born, and was delighted to see one man in the spiritual ranks who had backbone enough to take such a bold and daring stand for truth and justice. I felt confident that that course would win in the end, if you could only hold out long enough; but I was well aware of the rebellious influences you would have to contend with, both in and out of the flesh; however, you have proved yourself equal to the emergency, and more than equal, for at the end of one year MIND AND MATTER appears as sprightly as ever, and a good deal larger. I see now their walls are tumbling down, their guns are about dismantled, and all that is wanting is a little more grape, and they will surrender unconditionally. MIND AND MATTER is determined to go onward and upward, until it reaches the zenith of its aim, there it will stand and shine as a guide to all nations—as the north star is to the mariner. Enclosed find subscription for one year, commencing with No. 1, Vol. 2. The number you sent is circulating among the neighbors, and I wish to preserve the whole of Vol. 2. Please send 'Dawning Light.' I am yours for the war."



CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

BY SCHITLER.

There are three lessons I would write—  
Three words as with a burning pen  
In tracings of eternal light,  
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,  
And Gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—  
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—  
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—  
Know this, God rules the host of Heaven,  
Th' inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,  
But man, as man thy brother call,  
And scatter, like the circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on the soul—  
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find  
Strength when life's surges roudest roll,  
Light when thou else wert blind.

Eustace Carroll's Sketch.

"Shan't go a step farther!"

"Only just a little way—we shall soon be home now, and mother's waiting."

"I don't care. I've made up my mind that I've walked too far already, and am just going to sit down and rest; they must wait, and I shall do just as I choose."

"But, father—"

"Now don't you talk to me about 'buts,' Charlie, because I won't have it. I shall sit down here, and you can go and tell your mother not to wait—not to wait," the man repeated, raising his voice, with stupid anger of intoxication.

Still, in spite of threat or refusal, the child persisted in pleading that his father should go home; but his words only seemed to strengthen the man's obstinacy, and all the boy could do was to get his father to turn aside from the high road into a field close by, where the man threw himself full length on the grass, somewhat under the shade of the hedge, and in a few minutes he was sleeping heavily, whilst the child sat down at a little distance, with a strange kind of unchildish patience on his features, to wait until his father should awake. Poor little Charlie! he knew too well how useless any attempt on his part would be to rouse his father from that kind of sleep.

Rather more than half an hour passed in this dreary waiting, and Charlie was beginning to find all his small sources of amusement fail him. Still he did not desert his post, but sat there quietly, though he was growing more tired and hungry every minute, until the sound of a whistle at a little distance attracted his attention, the sound gradually coming nearer and sounding more distinct, until a young man jumped over the stile at the end of the field, and approached the child, who then knew him to be a gentleman he had met during the last few weeks, sometimes sketching, sometimes wandering about with portfolio under his arm. Indeed, a kind of half acquaintance had sprung up between the young artist and Charlie—one attracted by the glimpse he had caught of the pictures contained in the wonderful portfolio, and the other by the child's wistful glances and his rustic beauty. Busy with his own thoughts—perhaps dreams of the time when some wonderful picture of his should hang on the walls of the academy, and by so doing help him on the road to fame and fortune.

Eustace Carroll had half crossed the field before he noticed Charlie and his father. Then his quick eye told him the true meaning of the little scene; the quiet, weary-looking child and the sleeping father, with his untidy clothes, and his face turned up to the bluesky that looked down upon nothing so debased as this man, whom God had made a little lower than the angels, and who, by his own vice, had thus degraded himself.

With the quick instinct of childhood, Charlie understood the look of disgust, with which the young artist turned to him, saying kindly as he did so:

"You are waiting to take your father home, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, while a blush of shame spread over his face.

"Well, I should think he is likely to lie there for hours yet. Can't you leave him?"

"No, sir, he might be run over or fall into the river, if I left him to come home by himself."

"Oh!" said Eustace, as he glanced toward the sleeping man, and wondered if it would be much loss to anyone if he did fall into the river; but he checked the thought, and then an idea flashed across his mind, and he determined to act upon it.

"Have you had your tea, boy?" he asked, as he unstrapped his knapsack, and took out a small parcel wrapped in white paper.

"Mother will be sure to keep it for me till I go home, sir," replied Charlie, too brave to complain to a stranger.

"That's all right," said Eustace, understanding and respecting the feeling that dictated the answer; meanwhile, I shall give you this piece of cake, just to pass the time. When I was a boy, stray pieces of cake never prevented me eating my meals when they came, so your mother's tea will not be wasted. Now you sit still, for I'm going to paint a picture, and when it is finished I will show it to you."

Very few dainties fell to Charlie's share in those days, and Eustace was highly amused at the way in which he ate his cake, nibbling it off round the edge, so as to make it last as long as possible; and he succeeded so well that the picture was finished almost at the same time as the last crumb disappeared.

"Well, was it good?" asked Eustace as he tied his portfolio.

"Yes, mother does not put currants in her cakes. Sometimes on our birthdays, when father has not been out, we have a cake, but then we have seeds in it."

"And those are not so nice?"

"Oh, no, sir! of course not!" answered Charlie, surprised that anyone should ask such a question.

"Well I am glad you like it. I am going back to London in a day or two, but I shall put another piece of cake in my knapsack in case I meet you

again before I go. Look here do you know what this is?"

Charlie glanced at the little picture Eustace held out to him, and then he gave a scream of surprise.

"Why it's me and father!"

And so it was; and even though Eustace should live to be an old man, he will never succeed in making any thing more true to nature than that hurried sketch. He had just caught the wistful, tired look on the child's face, and it was all the more striking as it was brought into contrast with the vacant countenance of the tipsy sleeper, who looked so thoroughly out of place beside the child and the pleasant green back-ground of the hedge, where the convolvulus blossoms mingled with the wild roses and blackberry flowers.

"Wait a moment," said Eustace, and then he wrote at the bottom of the sketch three lines from a poem of Burns:—

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us,  
It wad frae mony a trouble free us."

"There," he continued, putting the picture in the child's hands. "You shall have that, and if you like to show it to your father one of these days, do so; it may teach him a lesson." And before the child could make any reply, he was off and away, tramping along the high road.

Five years had passed before the young artist had the time and chance to visit the quiet village again. In those five years he had done good work—had thought, and worked, and painted, until people had begun to believe in him, and talked of him as one of the most promising painters of the day.

Still, in the midst of it all he often remembered his little sketch, and wondered—without much hope in the wonder, though—whether his idea that it might do good had come to pass; and on the day he travelled down to Morston, the memory of the scene came clearly before him, with the thought of the grand old words—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

"Such a poor little crumb of good thought it was," said Eustace to himself; "still, I wonder—I wonder—and I'll try to find it out, too."

And as it happened, Eustace did find out more quickly than he expected, for that very evening, as he was returning from a walk, in the course of which he had visited some of his old haunts, there passed him on the road a man and a handsome boy of thirteen.

"My little friend and his father," suddenly thought Eustace; whose quick artist eye seldom forgot a face or figure, and he quickened his step, in order to keep within a short distance of the boy.

So the three went on, past the corner of the field where the sketch had been taken, down the road, and across a narrow bridge, till the man and boy reached a little cottage, the small front garden of which was gay with bright colored flowers.

"That looks promising," thought Eustace; "no drunkard ever had a garden like that; and determined to ascertain the fact of the case, he went up to the door with the intention of asking the nearest way to the next village.

Through the open door he caught a glimpse of the neatly kept cottage kitchen, as Charlie came forward to answer the stranger's questions; but before half the right turns had been described a bright smile broke over the boy's face, and half turning round, he exclaimed—

"Father, it's my painter!" And to his surprise, Eustace found that in that household at least he was a hero. The young artist felt a deeper reverence for his art as he listened to the account of the good his picture had done.

For some time Charlie had kept the sketch, and had been afraid to show it to his father, but the man found it by chance one day, and—

"It was more than I could stand, sir," he said, addressing Eustace. "I didn't need anyone to tell me what it meant, but though I wandered where it came from, I was ashamed to seek. Somehow I could not get the picture out of my head. I even used to dream of it at night, until it fairly worried me, so that I gave up the drink; I had the picture framed and hung up there, that I might have no chance of forgetting what I dragged myself down to once."

So the story ended, and in his heart Eustace Carroll is prouder of the little sketch, hanging in a common black frame over the mantelpiece of the country cottage, than he would be though he should paint a picture that would make his name famous throughout life.—*Chatterbox.*

To the Spiritualists and Liberalists.

For nearly two years there has been a committee fully authorized by your society, to locate and purchase grounds for State Institutions of Camping purposes. It was the desire of the society that such ground be centrally located, and of sufficient area so that in the future we might establish a Liberal school, and a Healing Institute, or carry out any other progressive idea that might suggest itself to our people. The present object, however, is to have a desirable camping ground and summer resort. In view of all the advantages, your committee have decided that 80 acres of land at Gogue Lake, near Battle Creek, is the desirable spot, providing the sum of \$16,000 can be raised between the issuing of this circular and the annual meeting to be held at Battle Creek, in March 1880.

The site referred to is one of rare beauty; contains a beautiful grove fronting the east and overlooking the lake.

In view of what the project may grow to, it is proposed to organize a stock company, placing the capital stock at \$50,000, and making the shares \$25 each, in order that the shares may come within the reach of every member of the association. You are expected to advance the sum of ten per cent, immediately upon your subscription to stock, in order to pay the expenses that naturally grow out of the work. If the sum of \$50,000 is all subscribed within three months, you will probably not be assessed for more than one-third of your stock; but if only the \$16,000 is subscribed in that time, you will be called upon for the full amount when the purchase is made. In case of a failure to raise the sum of \$16,000, the committee desire that your subscriptions should be made so that they can apply them to the next best point. If you fully approve of the effort of the association and the committee, please respond to me at once, and designate the amount of stock you desire to take, and accompany it with a ten per cent, remittance.

JOHN M. PORTER,

Agent for Committee, Lansing, Mich.

We fully approve of the foregoing circular and guarantee that ever dollar raised and paid shall be applied for the purpose stated within this circular.

S. L. SHAW, Suranac,

HON. JAS. H. WHITE, Port Huron,

A. A. WHITNEY, Battle Creek,

Dec. 10, 1879.

Committee.



## MIND AND MATTER FREE CIRCLE.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

MONDAY, Dec. 29th, M. S. 32.

The exercises commenced by a communication from a spirit giving the name "Bolingbroke." It was as follows:

"We have made addresses to what we might term the Unknown, under all names. We now approach this universal essence of matter in a way we will not specify, because there is no expression of the undemonstrable. We ask of this power that it will overshadow us in all our undertakings in life. We have in all times, among all nations, in all ages and generations, had this idea specified as the God idea. And one of your authors makes this inquiry: 'Canst thou, by searching, find out God?' It seems all who have undertaken to do this have failed. Many say, 'Nearer my God to Thee,' but what do we know of Thee. Because man is placed upon this sphere, and, by this fact, connected with these physical surroundings, he cannot comprehend anything beyond this condition of materiality, as in his material state he cannot ascend to the comprehension of that which is purely spiritual. When he passes beyond the physical in nature he has reached the confines of speculation, and absolute knowledge lies behind and not before him. All that we can do as mortals is to grasp the physical. That which lies beyond this is just as real, but we cannot comprehend it. Therefore, as mortals, it is for us to deal with that which we can comprehend. What have we to do with supernatural results? Simply nothing. In the past ages, two many men have developed one organ of the mind or brain, and that has made them overlook all other possibilities. That organ is Ideality. Therefore grasp the realities of life, and do not be led away by the supernatural. It is my hope that Spiritualism may do away with the supernatural, and place us on the basis of practical thought."

"BOLINGBROKE."

Question. Is it possible for us finite beings ever to reach positive or absolute truth?

Answer. There are three definitions, according to Auguste Comte. First—the supernatural and fictitious; second—the speculative and metaphysical; and third—the positive, scientific, demonstrated thought. All that has been in the past goes through these three stages. When we have reached the last named—that is the positive—we reach facts. What is a fact? That which can be clearly proven or demonstrated at all times and under all conditions to be true. When you have reached this, you have reached absolute truth. Some might say, "That is abstract truth," but I deny this. Because a fact can be improved upon; it can never be eradicated in its fundamental principles, and therefore it stands as a monument for all the coming generations to build upon. That is as near to absolute truth as this generation can get. Therefore, it is useless to say what can be; for often things will take place under suitable conditions which, under other and different conditions, would not have been developed in a thousand years to come. Neither can any spirit specify what will take place in the onward progress of the human mind, unless he understands all the possibilities of all minds; and as no spirit can claim this high power, we will not enter any further into the consideration of this question.

Q. Has all animal life a continued existence beyond the period called death, or is it man alone, as many believe?

A. Man is the culminating point in the expression of matter upon the mortal plane and alone has the right to immortality. Why? Because he has a feeling that he wishes to live beyond this life, and no animal below him has, to the extent he has, the desire for immortality. But right here it is necessary for me to enter into a more definite description. There is just above this mortal plane what is known as etherized ether, and upon this is stamped all forms of matter that have ever existed on the material plane of life. An animal in its low condition of consciousness being transferred to this ether supposes for a time that it has immortality; and the reason of this is to recompense the animal for all it would or could have suffered on this plane of consciousness. As all things are destined to be ultimately adjusted by law so the animal is recompensed by this intermediate condition between an immortal and a mortal condition, but when it has fulfilled all its desires, then it has accomplished its mission and assumes a gaseous form and is reborn for a higher order of life, whatever shape that life may take and in this way, you see, that life below man has a hereafter just so long as it has a desire to hold it—no longer.

Q. Can there be a chemical analysis of the spirit body?

A. As there are, at the present time, somewhere between sixty-seven and seventy-one simple elements, who can claim among all your learned professors that they can bring their appliances of their laboratories into this room and demonstrate that all those chemical elements do exist. I think they would fail as often as succeed. Science has certainly advanced, but its assertions go further than its demonstrations. Therefore, who can tell what the unfoldment of matter will be. Who can say that, in a future age, spirits may not inhabit this planet who will be capable of chemical analysis? This question, in the abstract, rests here. As we have seen in the past and present no scientist nor scholar dare deny what may take place in the future. Even now to show you how unsubstantial is the thing called positive science—how many anatomists and surgeons have you that, after experimenting on the human form—that after dividing it into all kinds of sections, can give you anything that shows that they know anything about soul or spirit? For the soul or spirit is the outgrowth of matter. So, in the future where would be the chemist who could give any idea of the component parts even if he had a chance of analyzing a spirit. So we can leave that question to be answered by the development of matter.

Q. The essence of animal life. How far is it continued as an essence or spirit?

A. You will find that the perfume of roses, if they had been saved five hundred or a thousand years ago, and all air had been excluded from them, could be smelled as perfectly now as then. This proves what? That an animal entering this etherial state if it is necessary for the happiness of a human spirit in a higher state of spirit existence, the essence of that animal attends that human spirit. A man here forms an attachment to an animal, and if he cannot be happy without the presence of the object of his attachment, he has it with him in essence. This is because the Infinite

cause wants to satisfy all the needs of the human soul. As every want that stimulates the human breast becomes a source of pleasure when realized, so in the refined and future state of your spirit everything that gratifies or enhances your pleasure as a spirit, will be yours until you have no need for them. And this adaptation to environments will be just that for a continuation of animal life. But as soon as the high and lofty draws man upward, away from all lower gratifications and attachments, the forces that held animal life to them is extinct, and the animal essence evaporates to fill some other requirement of natural law.

Q. How is it that so many have a dread of a natural death?

A. The great point is simply this; that all mortals dread pain, and they think pain is necessary to dying. But this is a mistake. In the real hour of transition there is no pain. Another reason, because such persons have no positive knowledge of their destiny and the reason of this is, that they are wrapped up in certain ideas that are impressed upon them in youth, and it is hard to triumph over them. Another reason is, the thought of being transferred from that that they think real to that of the speculative. You are always subject to your early religious training. These impressions stamped upon the mind, become most vivid at death; and that is the reason why so many philosophers are said to have recanted their opinions. When you die, surround yourselves with the most pleasing conditions, instead of looking upon death as to be dreaded, and the fear of death will not be felt. Men and women stretched upon their dying beds look back upon their past life, and have not a gleam of sunshine to cheer them—not one single self-sacrificing act to point to. To such persons, death calls for the enforcement of the law of retribution and until they have answered their demerits, their conscious unworthiness is almost equal to the Christian's hell. And this is no more than right for all persons are forced upon the scene of life to help forward the cause of progress and benefit all humanity, and if they do not perform that duty, it is just that they, in the after life make some kind of recompense for their ill doings here.

This ended the questions and answers, and the following communications were given.

"GOOD AFTERNOON:—After the most mature reflection upon the life of man, I have come to the conclusion that he can perform nothing more than the organism given him by hereditary transmission will allow. There are two ways of looking at life. One is, circumstances that you can mould, and the other is, circumstances that can mould you. Between these two lie all the causes and effects of a mortal existence. The man who wants to be the best judge of human character is one who understands the phrenological and physiological structure of the human body. But behind this there is a strange departure out of the usual line of development in the human family. Some men, up to a certain period of life are virtuous and good citizens, but all of a sudden they fall into the lowest depths of crime, and I account for this not upon the fact of a sudden change of the mental or moral condition of the criminal, but upon the fact that although not apparent upon the surface of his actions yet the tendency to wrong existed, and when temptation presented the intellectual and moral restraints were overcome."

"In conclusion of my communication, I will say that if the law of equality was properly carried out we would need no judges. Because, if sociological science was properly understood and carried out we would have no criminals and, therefore, we would need no judges, for each person would be a judge unto himself. Know and understand the object of your projection into the matter of this universe, and fulfil this object to the best of your knowledge and belief, and you have done all a mortal life calls for. Angels could do no more."

"As for private tests or private information to those related to me, let them seek it under different circumstances than those of the present. The object of this place is to promulgate—to give you as it were an experience meeting. Those who wish to converse with me can do so through mediums, for I have will force and can manifest myself to them."

ABRAHAM B. OLIN,

Judge of the U. S. District Court,

District of Columbia.

"Well, old man, have you anything to drink? What, nothing to drink? I suppose you're a temperance crowd. Well, I went it on a high old horse when I was here. It takes all kinds to make up a world. Don't it? Well, do you know what a dye-hoss is? I was a dye-hoss out at Burton's mill in Germantown, and you see I'm come back here because I did like this here stuff (making the gesture of drinking). I've got a grip on this other life, and I've clung on to it close. Well, the old woman will be glad to hear from me. You may tell them I'm about. I want to have some fun with that Dutchman where I used to drink beer. I'm going to kick up a rumpus there. I believe this will kick up a stir in Germantown. I was fifty-one years old. I was boss of the dye-house at Burton's mills for fifteen or sixteen years. To my mother, Herman street, Germantown."

"CHARLES RHODES."

"GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR:—It is something like 11 years since I passed away, and I would not have come back only I desire to prove that that you call Modern Spiritualism is a truth; and that religious that point to the merits of any individual whatever are built on a sandy foundation and leads to nothing. I have never yet been able, in eleven years, of spirit life to find this redeemer of men. But I have found this that after passing through a state similar to what Catholics would call purgatory that all progress onwards and become happy, but you have to work your way through this condition as an atonement for the errors of your mortal existence. Beyond this all is clear, serene and happy. I left this mortal existence young, and in the height of earthly pleasures and desires, but I have been recompensed for that which I had lost on the mortal plane by seeing, as a spirit, that passing to a spirit existence has saved me from greater troubles here; and I am happy that my death occurred when it did, for it has saved me much suffering which I would have had here."

This is to Dr. C. H. Hilles, from his wife,  
DEBORAH E. HILLES,  
Of Barclay, Pa.

The presence of Warren Hastings was here announced, and in a few moments the following communication was given:

"The question has been often asked, but seldom truly answered: 'What are the duties of the

hour?' But the subject that I wish to speak upon is the unity of Spiritualism. There is a text in your sacred books that reads like this: 'Behold how great it is for brothers to dwell together in unity.' Then again there is another precept:—'United we stand, divided we fall,' and out of these three I want to make a combined discourse."

"Spiritualism has lifted up the floodgates of reason, and the rush and roar of conflicting elements is terrible; but in this elemental war Spiritualism, triumphing over its present adversaries, shall develop in the future in beauty and harmony. I suppose you have all read the old preamble of the enemy of sowing the tares among the wheat; but I want every true Spiritualist to become a watchman and to guard well the enclosure and see that the enemy does not sow tares amongst your wheat. And I want you also, when you sow seed, to examine your seed and see that it is good, and that it has no tares in it. By combining those two precautions you will present a solid front to your enemies, and in this way succeed in annihilating them. You have enemies without and enemies within—that is, you have spirit enemies and mortal enemies."

"Another thing I wish to caution you upon. It is this. Do not take every fair spoken investigator, or that claims to be such to you, into your circles for the highest and best manifestations, for in that way you kill yourselves. Be cautious—examine your investigators, and let them reach the higher branches of spirit investigations step by step. Do not introduce them to the high-t at once, for the spirit phenomena are like all other things. They need that you should begin in the A, B, C, and then you will gradually advance to the higher, and you will be able to comprehend what spirits are doing for mortals. There is not an ism or sectism from the time Modern Spiritualism started to the present day, but that has tried to foist itself upon you Spiritualists; and in spite of all this seeming division, in your own home, there is no division. It only requires you to study that which you meet day by day, the kind of circumstances in which you are environed, to be able to beat off your opponents. Then again, the curse of Modern Spiritualism is not its outspoken enemies, but those lukewarm believers that to-day lay hold of—to-morrow they lay off. Let us therefore unite in one energetic movement among ourselves to challenge all that we come in contact with and know positively where they stand. Spiritualists have allowed too much. If they had allowed less, they would be respected more. They have opened wide their doors, and allowed unholy feet to rush into their holy of holies; and how have they been repaid? By scorn and animadversion. And if every true Spiritualist who goes where the higher phases of spiritual phenomena are demonstrated, would be careful of the associations they bring with them, Spiritualism would be a great deal further advanced to-day than it is. I made this communication a general one, but I think if we set Spiritualists to thinking and acting in the direction suggested, a great work can soon be done."

## A NEW YEAR DAY WELL SPENT.

Eighteenth Annual Reception Given by P. C. Tomson & Co., to Their Employees, Jan. 1st, 1880.

In accordance with the long established custom of the great spice house of Peter C. Tomson & Co., of this city, an assemblage of two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen met in the spacious warehouses of that firm, at 248 North Third street, on the morning of the 1st inst., to celebrate the opening of the New Year. The whole building was brought into requisition to accommodate the large company, the greater proportion of whom were the employees of that widely known business firm. The whole day was devoted to the most enjoyable music, dancing and festivity. The dinner was provided in splendid style by the proprietor of the Eagle Hotel, Third street below Vine. Dinner was followed by the following proceedings:

Mr. Peter C. Tomson said: For myself, in behalf of the employees of No. 248 North Third street, I wish to thank the proprietor of this hotel and his aids and assistants for the magnificent dinner they have set forth, and to which we have done so much justice. After having said thus much I will wait to hear from some one else when perhaps I will have a few words to say relative to "Life and its Purposes."

Mr. Jonathan M. Roberts said: Mr. Master of Ceremonies and Mr. Tomson: On behalf of the employees of Peter C. Tomson & Co., it is my privilege to congratulate you upon this most auspicious and Happy New Year. You have, as a prominent merchant of this city, passed through the last six years of great business depression most successfully, and when others were obliged to bend to the storm, your house rode triumphantly through every emergency; and the large throng of persons assembled here to-day, typify the great usefulness of your efforts in the line of business in which you are engaged. It is indeed a rare sight to witness such a congeniality of feeling existing between the head of a business firm and those who have positions in connection with that business concern. I doubt whether there is to-day, anywhere in this city or in any other city in this Union, such a scene to be witnessed as this; and it is with great gratification in discharging my duties in a representative capacity, that I personally express the deep pleasure I feel in being present to participate in ceremonies that are so pleasing and so appropriate. Speaking for those that I have been charged with representing, I feel that I am but discharging my duty when I say that you have the cordial good wishes of every one present who is here partaking of the hospitality extended to them. I know that they are in the deepest sympathy with you in all that concerns you, in every relation of life."

It would probably not be in place to go into a discussion of any matter outside of the mere social purpose of this gathering, but I cannot refrain from saying, that if those who claim to represent the business interests of this country would profit by the example set by Messrs. Peter C. Tomson & Co., it would be well for all the people making up this mighty and glorious nation. We are living in a land such as has never before been the privilege of any people to enjoy. Nature has lavished her favors upon us, and we are growing in the knowledge of the higher relations of what we are living for on this earth. We do not live for mere personal gratification. We exist for the common advancement of humanity; and it is such occasions as these, that bring people together in close social intercourse, that prepares the way for such a progress as the world has never known."

I wish that it could be the privilege of all to witness this scene, and I wish it were in my power to express what I feel, in the way of gratification, in being permitted to be present and share in it. I

claim this as one of the most favored privileges of my life to be called upon as the representative of this great gathering, to tender to you the congratulation and thanks of this assemblage. It is their wish, I know, that you may live to see a green old age, and that when you have done with this life you will pass to that reward which a life well spent in all its aims entitles you. [Applause.]

Mr. Peter C. Tomson said: I do not know how to reply to your generous sympathy as expressed through Mr. Roberts to-day. Eighteen years ago a little handful of unknown, uneducated and weak artisans commenced a little business. They resolved that labor should be dignified, and whatever success might attend the enterprise should be enjoyed by all. We then instituted this festive meeting, at which we should be called together, and in a social manner have a dinner such as you have been enjoying. Many of those who started with us in life have gone to their home in the skies. Some of them have played and toiled with you, and they have passed away. We nursed them tenderly and laid them in their last resting place. By and by we propose to meet them on a fairer plane than this, and join them in a grander banquet."

You, Mr. Roberts, and I, are passing down the stream of time. And, my dear friends, if there be one thing more dear to my heart than any other, it is to feel, when I have to go, that I have left this world better than I found it, and that I have laid out a new pathway for younger men to follow."

How cold and distant have been the relations of labor and capital during all these past years! You see men possessing millions of money, who ride in their carriages and enjoy every luxury, while the blood and sinew, out of which it was earned, are starving or are in your poor-houses, while there is not a drop of sympathy or a single particle of anything in common manifested towards them. [Applause.] This, young ladies and young gentlemen, should not be so. Both labor and capital are necessary in our country. Without great amounts of capital in the hands of some men, you cannot build your great railroads and steamboats. But, when men whom you bless, by making that capital available, forget you, who are toiling and laboring to produce this abundance, let them understand that you are of just as much use in this world as they are, although they ride in carriages and wear better clothes. [Applause.]

Now, friends, those that have labored, and worked and toiled with me, allow me, on this new year, to thank you with all my heart. And when I say, I thank you with all my heart, believe me, I cannot adequately express the gratitude I owe you for that generous support which every one of you has given me during the last year."

Now, on next Monday, we propose to call every lieutenant and general to his post to commence another year; and we do it with our hearts nerved with sympathy, affection and tenderness, one towards the other, believing that "in union there is strength." And, having a firm faith in the strong arms of right, justice and sympathy, I know that, when another year comes around, we shall not only sit at as good a table, but we shall have more to enjoy it. If I should not be left to meet you again, I propose to leave some one to take my place; and that the business at No. 248 North Third street shall be carried on long after I have left you and gone to my home in the world beyond. [Great and continued applause.]

Allow me to say to these young gentlemen here, if any of you feel able and willing to take the responsibility upon yourself of a nice young woman, who knows how to take care of herself, you have an ample opportunity here to find her. [Laughter and great applause. Three cheers were given for Mr. Tomson.]

At six o'clock P. M., as the guests were about departing, Mr. Tomson said: Now, let me say, I am exceedingly glad that this day has passed off so peacefully, so quietly and pleasantly as it has. You have enjoyed yourselves and I have enjoyed myself. I have given my heart and my soul to make you all happy. Now, you young men, remember, in the journey of life, if you want happiness in this world, try to make every one happy that you come in contact with. Be kind and good to every one, and especially to these little children, (meaning the young ladies). The future generations have to stand where you are to-day. In a few years you will stand where those are who carry on the affairs of this nation. You must be the Senators, the representatives and the business men of the future."

I wish you all a long Happy New Year, and all prosperity and happiness, and that you may find some one that will make your lonely hours happy, even if it is a young lady, to whom you will give your heart and hand. [Three cheers for Mr. Tomson.]

Mr. Burchill said: When you are all about to depart for your homes, it will hardly become me to detain you with any labored remarks, but I cannot allow the opportunity to pass without paying my compliments to your genial and kind-hearted host, who has collected you together on this interesting occasion and shown you something of his hospitality and of his regards. The journey of life is a free one. We are tending, I presume, to the same great common end. We are all living for a common purpose, and the man who, in the kindness of his heart and the abundance of his good nature, collects his friends, his employees and his associates about him, and mingles with them in the festivities of such an occasion as this, is deserving of all the praise that you can bestow, and all the compliments that you can frame, and all the gratitude that you can give."

Ladies and gentlemen, I am somewhat of a stranger to your assemblage, but I recognize the good nature and the kind sentiments that are here shown, and which have a tendency to break down that barrier which divides the employer and the employee. Such a course has a tendency to make us cultivate that good feeling which binds us all together as citizens of a common country and members of a great common stock, and I recognize in our kind host one who embraces not only all of his employees, but all the human family without rank or condition, in the abundance of his good nature."

I will bring these disconnected remarks to a close by indulging in the hope that in one year from to-day you will all have the pleasure of meeting again under the same hospitable roof, under the same happy auspices, with the same benign benefactor, without one of your number missing or a bond in your friendship broken. [Applause.]

F. Wingate, Bedford Station, Michigan, writes: "Yours is a herculean task in protecting the mediums from the assaults of their enemies, and making MIND AND MATTER a rallying point for a host of friends."



## MIND AND MATTER.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, M. S. 22.

Entered at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., as second-class matter.

PUBLICATION OFFICE,  
Second Story, No. 713 Sansom Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.

J. M. ROBERTS.

PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.

## Mind and Matter Free Circle.

We will, on Monday afternoon next, at 3 o'clock, have a free public circle at this office, which will be continued weekly on Monday afternoons at the same hour until further notice, at which Alfred James will sit as the medium. A portion of the time will be given to the answering of questions by the controlling spirits.

## Our Premiums.

Steel-plate engravings of the "Birthplace of Modern Spiritualism," "Homeward," and "The Orphans' Rescue," are choice works of art. Each subscriber, old or new, has a choice of one free. Any present subscriber sending a new subscriber's name is entitled to one free. Let each subscriber favor us with a new subscriber and thus possess both pictures free.

Read description of pictures and full particulars on another page. A little effort on your part, small in comparison to our efforts, would triple our list of subscribers in sixty days.

## Dr. J. V. Mansfield's Offer.

Dear Brother Roberts:

You may say to all that will send you a new subscription, for \$3.00 they may send with it a sealed letter and I will write to it free of charge. This offer may stand open from October 4th, for four months, ending February 4th, 1880. All letters to be sent to you and forwarded to me and returned to you after written to. Each letter must be accompanied with four three-cent postage stamps to pay postage on said communications to those for whom they are written.

Respectfully,  
J. V. MANSFIELD,  
No. 61 W. Forty-second St.

Instructions to those who desire answers to sealed letters.—In writing to the departed spirit should be always addressed by full name and the relation they bear the writer, or one soliciting the response. Seal your letters properly, but not stitch them, as it defaces the writing matter. The letters, to secure attention, must be written in the English language. Persons accepting this offer are not entitled to our premiums.

## WHO SHOULD AND WHO SHOULD NOT EDIT A NEWSPAPER.

We feel called upon to express our views fully and frankly in relation to the subject which heads this article. Ever since we assumed the charge of this Spiritual publication, we have been in daily receipt of unsought advice and counsel, as to the manner in which we should conduct it, in order to satisfy the quirks and quiddities of this host of counselors. It would seem that there is a very numerous class of persons who think that because they have subscribed for a newspaper, that it should be made to square with all their notions, and reflect their individual opinions. The idea is preposterous as a moment's reflection will show. What kind of a journal would that be that would be conducted with a view to reflect the varied individual views of its thousands of patrons? Certainly a worse than useless publication, as it could reflect the views of no one, or be of any account whatever.

We do not in the least take exception to any respectful criticisms of our editorial course, come from whom it may, whether friend or foe; but we do most determinedly protest against the, "I am holier than thou," airs of many of our would-be critics and censors. We want it distinctly understood that we are publishing an independent journal, the sole aim and object of which is to propagate only that which is right, just and true, and this without regard to personal considerations of any kind whatever. When we treat any person, or persons wrongfully, unjustly, or speak of them untruthfully, we want those who are aggrieved to make use of our columns to state their grievances and ask redress. They will ever find us ready to treat them fairly, and to make every amend in our power, for our errors and mistakes. We claim no infallibility of knowledge or judgment, as does the impious head of the Roman Church; nor do we claim for our writings the infallibility which the superstitious worshippers of the, so-called, sacred writings, attribute to that conglomeration of antiquated riddle-lore. It has, however, struck us with surprise, how seldom we are called upon by those, whose public acts we have unsparingly condemned, to modify or withdraw what we have written regarding them. It was natural that we should regard their silence as evidence of the justice of our course. Not so with our would-be censors. They regard such silence as an evidence of Christian meekness that requires their officious intervention; and without knowing anything about the matters they are meddling with, they seek to shield the wrong-doers from the lash of justice.

We have borne this supercilious meddling with the discharge of our editorial duties as long as patience will permit, and, therefore, hereby notify all such correspondents that they will receive no further attention from us, as we regard their attempt to muzzle us as beneath our contempt. We say to all subscribers to MIND AND MATTER, who think us incompetent for the work we have taken in hand, and who have been led to subscribe for this paper under the mistaken idea that they would have a hand in its editorial management, that we will gladly return them their money and cross their names from our list of subscribers. To all outside meddlers we say, "Vipers, ye bite a file."

While we hold the editorial pen we will speak our mind on all questions without let or hindrance from any quarter, and we hope that this will be the last time there will be any necessity of stating our position. We are not asking the favor or patronage of any one who feels that he or she is not fully compensated for all they do to aid and assist us in our work. MIND AND MATTER has given ample evidence of what it is and what it will be; and we sincerely hope that there will be no further misunderstanding about the matter. Again, with William Lloyd Garrison, we say:

"I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard."

## THE STAR OF THE SEA.

Having promised in our last issue to throw some light on the origin of the myth or legend of a Virgin Mother of God, and of the worship paid in an enlightened community to the Queen of Heaven, we shall now try to fulfil that promise. But, reader! before we open the subject, we counsel you, if you hold to anything in the world more than to reason, truth and righteousness, if logic frightens you, if the naked truth makes you blush, if you are wounded when received errors are touched—lay down this paper, and forthwith stop your subscription to MIND AND MATTER. Otherwise listen!

That a woman should become a mother while still remaining a virgin is a contradiction in terms, a violation of the law of Him with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. And yet, when the inner meaning of the allegory is understood, the story is not only true, but surpassingly beautiful; the event not only occurred eighteen hundred years ago, but it occurs every year, and it shall continue to occur as long as the sun pursues his yearly course through the zodiac. The solution of the riddle is to be found in three astronomical facts:

First. The constellation Virgo, which was in the ascendant at midnight between the 24th and 25th of December, the moment of the birth of the Sun, the Lord of glory, remained a celestial Virgin after giving birth to the heavenly child, so that she is truly described, not only as the Queen as Heaven, but also as a gentle, chaste and spotless maid.

Second. In the yearly and unceasing progress through the zodiac of him who has not where to lay his head, the Sun, in the month of August, enters into and passes out of the constellation Virgo, but, as before, the heavenly maid remains a virgin still.

Third. This Virgin of the Zodiac was worshipped by the ancient Tsabaists, as she is to-day by the Church of Rome, under the characteristic epithet of *Virgo Puritara*—that is, the Virgin that shall bring forth; because it is really and physically the month of August which brings forth the fruits of the earth, so that she is, in one sense, the tender and nourishing mother of all animal life.

Reader, the above is really all there is as a basis for the story of a Virgin Mother as we find it in our sacred books, but we are naturally so charmed with the personification that, like children reading a fairy tale, we must needs take it literally. It is to no purpose that the Bible itself warns us that the letter killeth, that St. Paul says expressly that the story of Abraham's having two sons is an allegory, and that the very narrative itself, when scrutinized, supplies a rational and beautiful meaning to what would otherwise be an outrageous absurdity. Let us see, then, if we cannot get at its esoteric meaning.

The key to "the mystery which has been kept secret since the world began, but now is made manifest," like that to the inner meaning of her heavenly Son's career, is to be found in the Church's calendar, and in the symbolical and pictorial representations usual in Catholic countries. The name of the Blessed Virgin's Mother—who is sometimes called the Grandmother of God—is Anna, the feminine of Annus, the year; and it so happens that the 26th of July, the day devoted to St. Anna in the calendar, was the New Year's day of ancient Egypt. The Church celebrates the annual Assumption of the Virgin "into the heavenly chamber in which the King of kings sits on his starry seat" on August 15th. This is exactly the time of the disappearance of the zodiacal constellation Virgo, called by the Greeks, *Astrea*. And the period during which, "wrapt in the blaze of her Son's divine light," the constellation is so wholly absorbed in the brightness of the Sun's rays as to be invisible in the heavenly field, is seven days, or the period during which Miriam, the virgin of the Old Testament, was compelled to hide her leprous face in the camp of Israel. Three weeks pass ere the Sun has moved sufficiently to allow the entire constellation to be seen. The day on which Virgo's head emerges from his rays—September 8th—is the day appointed by the Church for the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

We read in the 20th chapter of Numbers that Miriam "died in Kadesh and was buried there." Now Kadesh is the name for glory or brightness, and Kadesh-Barnea is the brightness of corn. So that Miriam dying, and being buried in Kadesh-Barnea, is an evident enigma for the Virgin, the genius or personification of August or the harvest month, being absorbed as she is in the brightness of the Sun, which renders even the bright star or sheaf of wheat in her hand invisible. Thus, from the first, to the initiated was given, by Kabbalistic words, the key to the meaning of the riddle.

In like manner the New Testament is written in occult phraseology, so that the wise, and they alone, shall understand. For instance, St. Luke first mentions the Virgin Mary as a virgin in the sixth month, which, reckoning March as the first month, can be none other than the constellation Virgo of August, who, when the angel Gabriel visited her, was found at home—as she always will be found—in the sixth month. The Blessed Virgin is still more astronomically defined by the author of the Gospel according to Matthew as being the Virgin of Bethlehem, which means the house of bread or the house of corn, a direct definition of the pavilion or astronomical house of the Virgin of August. Thus the Church, celebrating in August the festival of the harvest moon, celebrates at the same time the feast of the Assumption and of the Sacred Heart of the Virgin. And Catholic painters, following the description in the Apocalypse, fondly depict her as clothed with the Sun and having the Moon under her feet, and both as overriding the Dragon; all of which is astronomically correct, as any one can see by consulting a celestial globe.

And she was espoused to the man Joseph, because the adjoining constellation Bootes always rises and sets with her. St. Matthew tells us that before they came together she was found with child by the Holy Ghost; and—still keeping probability in view—that he knew her not until she had brought forth her first born Son. But the Church has not so learned Christ. Inheriting the keys of the Creed, she, the pillar and ground of the truth, teaches with authority and astronomical precision that they never came together and never shall do so. For, the constellations being composed of fixed stars, always retain the same relative position. Nevertheless with Virgo Joseph—or Bootes—comes up into the hill country—the upper or visible hemisphere; and with her he goes down into Egypt—that is, he sinks below the horizon in the west.

This allegorical mystery was common to all the religions of antiquity. "In the Sanskrit Dictionary," says Sir William Jones, "compiled more than two thousand years ago, we have the whole story of the incarnate Deity born of a virgin and miraculously escaping in his infancy from the reigning tyrant of his country." "We have," says the Arabian astronomer Abulmazar, "in the first decan of the sign of the Virgin, following the most ancient traditions of the Persians, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, Hermes and Esculapius, a young woman, called in the Persic language Scelenides de Darzama, in Arabic, Adrenedeia—that is to say, a chaste, pure and immaculate Virgin, suckling an infant, which some nations call Jesus, but which in Greek is called Christ." In fact to the ideal Mary has been transferred by the people residing on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, the devotion previously paid to a Venus, a Ceres, an Astarte, an Ashteroth and an Isis. She is generally represented, like the Egyptian Isis, with her heavenly child in her arms; but sometimes as standing by the cross, as we read in the allegorical gospel according to St. John. This also is astronomically correct, for the Sun is crucified or crosses the line, not only in March but in September, and the Virgin of August stands by his side as he passes through the constellation of the Balance. The days and nights are equal, and in the astronomical or esoteric sense, the justice of God is satisfied.

Stabat mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem pendens  
Dum pendebat Filius.

Aye! and there she stands yet, and shall stand till suns shall rise and set no more.

Behold then, ye to whom it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of God, but to others in parables, behold the origin of the mystery or allegory, beautiful as such and perfectly true, of a Virgin Mother of God. But what has been the consequence of giving this milk for babes to the laity, and refusing them the strong meat of truth? A perfectly imaginary or mythical being is to-day the favorite object of worship throughout the length and breadth of the Catholic church, while in Italy the Christian religion is virtually the religion of Mary. The fancy of a female trinity, at once the mother, daughter, and spouse of God, has grown by what it fed on, until the infallible Pope Clement XII in his apostolic Bull *Dilecti filii*, does not hesitate to assure the Carmelites that "on their departure from this life, the glorious Virgin, Mother of God herself will, on the Saturday succeeding the death of the members, whether brother monks or sister nuns, visit them, and free their souls from the punishment of purgatory." With this comfortable assurance from the Vicar of Jesus Christ, a member of that blessed confraternity would seem to have only one more favor to ask, and that is to die on a Friday evening. St. Bernardine of Siena assures us that "even God himself is subject to the Empire of Mary;" and St. Alphonsus relates "that brother Leo once saw in a vision two ladders, one red, on the top of which was Jesus Christ, and the other white, at the top of which presided his blessed Mother. He observed that many, who endeavored to ascend the first ladder, after mounting a few steps, fell down. And, on trying again, were equally unsuccessful, so that they never attained the summit. But a voice having told them to make trial of the white ladder, they soon gained the top, the blessed Virgin herself having held forth her hands to help them." It is the Jesuits, however, who have carried the worship of the Virgin Mary to the greatest height, and it is their influence which is

believed to have caused the recent promulgation of the doctrine of her Immaculate Conception.

Men and brethren! Catholics and Protestants! This is the outcome of esoteric doctrines in religion. These are the bands which the angels come to break, leading mankind into the glorious liberty of the children of God. This is the niggardly "economy of truth," the teaching, at once childish and blasphemous, which suggests the persecution of mediums and Spiritualists; and which the Church instinctively feels must fade away in the light of a rational faith, a genuine revelation, a presentation attested by miracles and prophecy of the actual facts in regard to the future life.

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thy light.

## THE VILLAIN, ALF. S. HUTCHINSON'S PLEA OF GUILTY TO OUR ARRAIGNMENT OF HIM AND COL. JOHN C. BUNDY.

We willingly give space in our crowded columns for the following confession on the part of Alf. S. Hutchinson, of his vile and despicable conduct and occupation. It is such lying and deceitful creatures, as he confesses himself to be, that gives a color of probability to the Romish dogma of the total depravity of man. There may be men capable of greater crimes than he has committed, but there are none who can even approximate to the intense meanness of the acts which he confesses to have committed. We publish the whole of this unblushingly impudent admission of mendacity in order that our readers may know who and what the miserable wretch is. Here is his letter:

TERRE HAUTE, Jan. 4th, 1880.

MR. JONATHAN M. ROBERTS:—

SIR:—A perusal of the last issue of your beautifully printed and amusing little paper, reminds me that I have too long deferred the performance of a certain duty. You have several times, and in very choice language, called upon me to meet the charges of Samuel J. Talbert, and the only reason that I have not done so ere this is, that I first wished you to extract all possible comfort from the same, and had not the heart to ruthlessly dispel any of your pet illusions regarding those wicked Jesuit enemies of Spiritualism, that find in your fertile brain alone a local habitation and a name.

Once upon a time there was a gallant knight of La Mancha—Don Quixote by name—who determined to champion the cause of the oppressed in fair Castile. Mounted upon his intrepid Rosinante, and with poor Sancho Panza along by his side, one fine morning espied a most innocent looking wind-mill flinging its gigantic arms in defiance; but our hero saw in it only a bold bad giant, so, couching his trusty lance, he charged upon the oppressor. If my memory serves me aright, the bold Don was carried from the field of carnage on a shatter—his lance broken, and an incredible number of bones dislocated. History but repeats itself. Beware, therefore, of the ultimate fate of La Mancha's gallant knight.

If you had submitted the Talbert letter to some one acquainted with Rome, you would have been informed that nearly all the phrases spoken of in the letter have no objective existence—the Egyptian obelisk, the Colonial, and the Bishops' Palace, for instance; and, also, that the only open entrance required to gain admittance to the private apartments of the infallible Leo himself, is a five franc piece properly bestowed. Again, methinks, you evinced a somewhat omnivorous appetite in publishing a letter of such serious import, and so palpably fictitious, without first learning something of your unknown correspondent. You had that letter in your possession two weeks before publishing same, and in not seeking to verify the fact of Mr. Talbert's existence, at least, during that time, demonstrates your capacity for sitting evidence. You have accused me of publishing unreliable testimony, and I am pleased to thus learn just what you consider "absolute proof" for so you designated the Talbert charges.

As Mr. Talbert has not deigned to notice your call for further information, and as you have not seen his familiar hand-writing for several weeks, I enclose to you a postal card lately received from the writer of the Talbert letter. A comparison of the hand-writing will prove to you that he is my correspondent as well, and may possibly raise in your mind the awful suspicion that you have not only bit off, but have actually swallowed a hare look out to catch a gudgeon. In short, sir, the Talbert letter was written in my own room in the Palmer House, Chicago, and, for the most part, dictated by myself, and sent by me solely for the philanthropic purpose of demonstrating your inability or unwillingness to sift evidence. "That invaluable testimony of this brave and most intelligent friend of Truth," now remains only as a monument to your critical acumen and omnivorous appetite.

You have repeatedly called upon me to deny my connection with the Jesuit order and to defend myself against your mischievous charges. I have not done so principally, for the reason that you have made no charges that were the color of truth, and also because I care neither for the approval nor condemnation of any one. So long as my own conscience does not condemn my course I am content. As for my motives in seeking to relieve the cause of Truth of this Terre Haute incubus, no honest and sensible person will seriously ask. As for my personal belief I will only say that I am living too early in the forenoon of life to have formulated a creed, and even though I had, what that creed might be concerns only my God and myself.

As for my history or my antecedents regarding which you express some desire for knowledge, I have nothing to say. If, however, any of your readers have inquired your Jesuitical vagaries, and really wish to know of my antecedents, as well as myself, they may address Lord Cecil, of London, Eng.; or, if they wish to know how far my education has tended toward Jesuitism, they may obtain that information from the ex-Minister of Public Instruction, Ottawa; Sir Wm. Logan, geologist; or Dr. Dawson, the eminent scientist and Chancellor of McGill University, of Montreal.

I will now close by asking you to make public whatever evidence you may possess upon which you base the many charges against me. In short, I challenge you to produce one iota of proof even tending to confirm those charges. Accept this challenge, or thereby make a most humiliating confession of having sought to deceive your own readers, and by that deception to assist in galvanizing into new life the putrid corpse known as Ponce Hall; and in this connection permit me to inform you that the impending funeral of its loathsome carcass will not be postponed by your hereunto but ill-directed efforts in its behalf.

In haste, yours fraternally,

ALF. S. HUTCHINSON.

Accompanying that letter was the following postal-card note:

"12, 11, 79."

"My Dear Mr. Hutchinson:

Mr. Jonathan calls Mr. Talbert a brave friend of Truth and Spiritualism. How is that for high? Let me see your answer to that. Please let me hear from you and oblige Yours fraternally,

"S. D."

This note was addressed, "Alf. S. Hutchinson, Gazette office, Terre Haute, Ind." The last name that had been signed to the card was cut away. It was postmarked Chicago, Dec. 14, and stamped Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 15. It is therefore evident that Mr. Hutchinson had waited at least three weeks in the hope that we would institute a search for "Samuel J. Talbert," from whom the letter which we published sometime since, giving an account of some of the antecedents of Alf. S. Hutchinson, purported to come. Finding his Jesuitical and lying ruse to divert our attention from the work in hand had failed, and that his smart maneuver had placed him and his Jesuitical associate, Col. Bundy, in the very position they both most dreaded; Mr. Alf. S. Hutchinson found himself compelled to confess his lying dishonesty in order to escape from the net of his own setting. Before we are through with him, this professional liar and bigoted sneak will find it is easier to be caught in his own Jesuitical devices than to escape from them when once fairly caught.

Mr. Hutchinson, it is not true that we have several times called upon you to meet the charges of Samuel J. Talbert. We published the letter purporting to come from "Mr. Talbert for what it was worth, and left you, Mr. Hutchinson, to admit or deny the truthfulness or untruthfulness of that letter. You did neither; but, putting on the editorial cloak of Col. John C. Bundy, who seems to be proud to be your Jesuit lackey, you made use



of the editorial columns of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* to conceal the fraud in which, you, master and man, were mutually engaged. In order to show the relations existing between Alf. S. Hutchinson and Col. John C. Bundy, and the extent to which the *R.-P. Journal* is made subservient to the infamous efforts of the Jesuits to injure the cause of Spiritualism, read the following editorial in that paper of December 13th, two days after the mutilated card note was written.

#### "JESUIT ON THE BRAIN."

"Among the other vagaries that have taken possession of Jonathan M. Roberts is the idea that the Romish Church is making active war on Spiritualism, and that the editor of the *Journal* is a member of the 'Society of Jesus,' and devoted to the interests of the Romanists. We are indeed in doubt as to whether poor Roberts is so completely psychologized by the bigamist Bliss, as to be the victim of his impositions, or whether there is method in the madness of this self-constituted champion of knavish adventurers, and that he believes 'a lie stuck to is as good as the truth.' If the last number of his free-reading sheet, he seems to have been made a fool of by some mischief-loving correspondent, who writes from Chicago over the name of Samuel J. Talbert. The writer of the letter says he met Mr. Hutchinson, who has aided in exposing the Terre Haute impositions, in Rome, and goes on to show that Mr. H. is a Jesuit. It is possible Mr. Roberts may have materialized the letter in his own circle room with the aid of Bliss, but the literary ability being considerably in advance of anything theretofore originating in his office, we infer that such a letter actually was sent from this city. There is no doubt but that Mr. 'Talbert' is a brother of the famous Mrs. Harris, and that his identity can be easily established as was that of the imitable creature of Dickens's brain. Like most of the materializations that have come under Mr. Roberts's observation, Samuel J. Talbert is purely a subjective vision, no doubt. There is no such man in that city, and we will pay Mr. Roberts five hundred dollars if he will establish the truth of the statements contained in Mrs. Harris's, or rather Mr. Talbert's letter as published. The whole thing, like most that Mr. Roberts publishes is too preposterous and silly for notice, and we only depart from our usual custom in this instance through fear that some honest, unprejudiced soul may be deceived by this Robertsonianism."

Those are the words that Alf. S. Hutchinson put into the mouth of his editorial lackey, John C. Bundy, and which that poor dishonest and hypocritical enemy of Spiritualism with slavish subserviency assumed at the command of his employer and master. Read again that letter of Alf. S. Hutchinson in connection with that editorial in the *R.-P. Journal*, and doubt, if you can, the dishonesty, untruthfulness and treachery of Col. John C. Bundy, in pretending that he is a friend of Spiritualism; or that the *R.-P. Journal* is run in the interests of the enemies of Spiritualism. Neither John C. Bundy or Alf. S. Hutchinson have ever dared to pretend that the latter is not a most unscrupulous and villainous enemy of that cause, and yet this infamous fraud and liar, as he confesses himself to be, is permitted to make use of the editorial influence of Col. Bundy to effect his diabolical purpose to dishonor Spiritualism.

In the face of that most abominable evidence of the complicity existing between him and Alf. S. Hutchinson, in the name of decency and consistency, and on behalf of truth, we demand of Col. Bundy that he shall tell the Spiritualists of America, and especially that portion of them who seem incapable of conceiving it possible that he is the treacherous villain that we have over and over again shown him to be, who this Alf. S. Hutchinson is who controls the editorial management of the *R.-P. Journal*. We call upon him to deny, if he dare, that the author of that editorial was Alf. S. Hutchinson. We call upon him to deny, if he dare, that he was not fully aware of the fraudulent and lying character of that editorial. We dare him to deny that he is a more deceitful, untruthful and deadly enemy of Spiritualism than the man to whom he has sold himself and his paper for that which he will find less valuable than "a mess of pottage." Silence and evasion will no longer serve your purpose. If you know who Alf. S. Hutchinson is, and has been, tell your readers, if you dare. If not, then tell your readers why you are prostituting your position as editor of a spiritual paper to aid this confessed enemy of truth to injure the cause of Spiritualism. We have made up our mind that you shall give a satisfactory explanation of your relations with this Jesuit scoundrel, or be kicked into the camp of the enemy whom you are serving. We have ordered a new pair of boots for that purpose should it become necessary, as we know it will.

And now, most factious Jesuit, Alf. S. Hutchinson, let us see whether you cannot be made to laugh on the other side of your mouth. We do not like one-sided matters, and it will not be our fault if we do not force a balance of your mirth.

Mr. Hutchinson says, "If you had submitted the Talbert letter to some one acquainted with Rome, you would have been informed," etc. We did not think it at all necessary to make any such inquiries; first, because we take very little interest in anything that relates to that Pontifical headquarters of *pious frauds and religious swindling*; and, secondly, because we knew we could more effectually determine the true character of that letter by the course we adopted. The result shows that we were right in our judgment, and that we were one too many for our wily Jesuit foes. The familiarity of Mr. Hutchinson with Romish things and places which Mr. Hutchinson avows is of itself sufficient to show his intimate relations with the priestly impostors who there reside. We say priestly impostors for the whole Catholic hierarchy are too well informed not to know the utter falseness of their pretences that they, in any manner, specially represent the great Universal Spirit.

Mr. Hutchinson says: "Again, methinks, you evinced a somewhat omnivorous appetite in publishing a letter of such serious import and so palpably fictitious, without first learning something of your unknown correspondent." We do not wonder, Mr. Hutchinson, that you think so, for had you not been fool enough to think that we would walk blindly into the trap you set for us, you would not have resorted to so "palpably fictitious" a ruse as that, for you and your Jesuit crew, most disastrous letter. We are led to believe that our way "of sifting evidence" is about as effectual as any we have ever heard of. Our plan in this instance was to let the liars lie themselves out of court.

Mr. Hutchinson says: "You have accused me of publishing unreliable testimony, and I am pleased to thus learn just what you consider 'absolute proof' for so you designated the Talbert charges." No, Mr. Hutchinson, we did not charge you with "publishing unreliable testimony," we accused you of procuring false testimony with the criminal intent of injuring innocent and unoffending persons, and we accused you of procuring your pal, Col. Bundy, to publish that false testimony in the *R.-P. Journal*. We did not then think that you were the responsible publisher of that paper, and would never have dreamed of it had you not given that unmistakable intimation that such is the fact. We begin strongly to suspect that there is much foundation for that intimation, and that Col. Bundy is only the editorial figure-head of the *Journal*, while Alf. S. Hutchinson is the publishing agent, for the Romish Church, of that pseudo spiritual publication. In this connection one thing is

very certain, that the fraudulent "Talbert" letter has turned out to be the most "absolute proof" of the truth of the charges which it contained. Which were, substantially, that Alf. S. Hutchinson is a Jesuit emissary of the Romish Propaganda and that he is working in the interest of those deadly foes of truth to dishonor and injure the cause of Spiritualism.

Mr. Hutchinson, we believe you when you say that yourself and crony, Col. Bundy, went fishing for gudgeons, and that you baited your hooks with the "Talbert" letter, but you seem to be considerably confused at the turn events have taken and do not realize the fact that you have jerked so hard at the first nibble you thought you had, that your bait and hooks are firmly fast to the seat of your breeches. We advise you to stop jerking at your poles. Unless you do you will either break them or bury the hooks in your pachydermatous hides.

Had we been the Mephistopheles of this poor victim of Jesuitical obsession, we would have sought to bring about just what Mr. Hutchinson did in concealing and sending the "Talbert" letter. That performance shows, as clearly as anything could, the Jesuitical training which he has had, and his utter incapacity for sincere, honest, or truthful conduct. We went fishing for Jesuit liars, and baited our hook with this tempting sentence, "That invaluable testimony of this brave and most intelligent friend of truth." This temptation had the desired effect, and their dangles our game—two Jesuit liars—a most loathsome trophy of our success. Having captured the pestiferous things, we do not propose to allow them to annoy us or anyone else in future.

Alf. S. Hutchinson and John C. Bundy, your race is run. You will no more wriggle your slimy forms in the stream of spiritual truth. It would have been better for you both had you confined your movements to the congenial ooze and slime of the stagnating pool of Romish corruption.

Mr. Hutchinson says: "You have repeatedly called upon me to deny my connection with the Jesuit order," &c. We do not remember to have done so; but if we did, we will do so no more, for we have caught the animal, and every one can now know just who and what he has been and is. It was Col. Bundy whom we have persistently called upon to deny his affiliation with the Jesuit order, but he has never dared to do it. It is too late for him to do it now. You have managed to so fatally hook him, as well as yourself, that any denial he would make would be useless.

We will now administer a whack to this brace of beauties, of the "Dick Deadeye" order, that will spoil their friskiness. Mr. Hutchinson says: "As for my motives in seeking to relieve the cause of truth of this Terre Haute incubus, no honest and sensible person will ask. As for my personal belief, I will only say that I am living too early in the forenoon of life to have formulated a creed, and even though I had, what that creed might be concerns only my God and myself." Say you so, Alf. S. Hutchinson? And so tacitly says your associate Jesuit, Col. John C. Bundy. But we propose to show you both that your beliefs and creeds, as expressed in your public actions, do very much concern truth and the interest of humanity; and that you cannot, either by your silence or evasion, escape the just responsibility of your infamous proceedings. In view of your criminal public lying and calumny, the motives by which you are both actuated in your career of crime become a matter of public concern. Col. Bundy pretends that he is an honest, sincere and faithful friend to the cause of Modern Spiritualism, and that he is in good faith editing the *R.-P. Journal* in its behalf. We find him associated with you, Alf. S. Hutchinson, editorially and otherwise, in waging a most disgraceful and malicious crusade against honest, faithful and true mediums and Spiritualists, and prostituting that journal to your service and those in whose interests you are acting. This is not a matter of a private character, but one that justifies the public demand that your aims and purposes shall be known. You sneakingly and most hypocritically intimate that your motive is to advance the cause of truth by relieving it of the incubus of fraud. You! Alf. S. Hutchinson, the manufacturer of bogus affidavits—the employee of the vilest of vile liars to slander innocent persons—the associate of corrupt social outcasts—the confessed author of the attempted "Talbert" letter fraud—the Jesuit bigot whose oath-bound business it is to lie down truth in the interest of the most corrupt priesthood that ever cursed the earth. What! you a friend of Truth? What a mockery of language! Can it be that you are such a consummate fool as to suppose that you can escape the consequences of your villainy by any such barefaced dodge as that? There was a time when your history and antecedents was a matter of some consequence. They are no longer so, as your conduct for the past three months has made that information of no consequence. Your boasted capacity for fraud and lying, as displayed in your "Talbert" letter, has settled that matter so absolutely that even your pal, John C. Bundy, will not dare, longer, to help to conceal your Jesuitical identity. We defy either him or yourself to make any further use of the *R.-P. Journal* in the unholy work in which it has been engaged. You have made such a continued display of your asinine ears that they will betray you, and him too, to the most indifferent friend of Spiritualism wherever a hair of those ears may be seen.

As to the references which Mr. Hutchinson parades, as Lord Cecil of London, England; Sir Wm. Logan and Dr. Dawson; we think he will hardly blame us, if we conclude they are all as well known personages as Mrs. Harris or rather "Mr. Talbert," the "inimitable creature of" Mr. Hutchinson's brain. That kind of bait may do for gudgeons, but we are no gudgeons, as that hook in the seat of Mr. H's breeches very clearly shows.

We shall hold the information not herein made public regarding Mr. Hutchinson's history until we conclude again to go a fishing for Jesuit frauds and liars.

We have not yet learned that there was any "putrid corpse known as Pence Hall," and we assure Mr. Hutchinson, if there was such an offensive cadaver there, that we have no stomach for galvanizing such a body, even if we were fool enough to try to do so. We think that two Don Quixotes, or one Don Quixote and his "Squire Sanchez Panza," while airing their consuming valor at Terre Haute, saw the swinging swords or staves or arms of that warlike guardian of Pence Hall, Mr. James Hook, and imagined him a mighty giant, the overthrow of whom would win them the greatest renown. They did not know that this gesticulating sentinel was only a miniature wind-will, and what did they do, but run a tilt at the unoffending establishment, and two gallant bearded pates were terribly shattered and carried

off on a shutter to be nursed by their Dulcineas del Toboso of the Romish Church. It would not surprise us at all if that nursing should prove unavailing, and that the funeral of two putrid corpses, the result of that Pence Hall tournament, should not be postponed. We have the consolation of knowing that we are in no way responsible for these fatal consequences. Fools who know no better than to run a murderous tilt at stubborn facts will surely get hurt, and it is ever better to let such nonsense alone. We think we hear some of our readers say: "The game is not worth the powder." But being an old and experienced hunter we know better. Hands off just a little while, and see whether this kind of vermin do not become scarce.

#### WATCH THE WRETCH.

We clip the following advertisement from the *Banner of Light* of the 3d inst.:

"FULL-FORM MATERIALIZATIONS.—Mr. Wm. Roberts will hold a series of select Materializing Seances every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, at No. 207 East Sixty-second street, New York, until further notice."

We have every reason to believe that the advertiser is none other than William Segee Roberts. Why he should suppress his middle name it is for him to explain. Acting in that good faith that we pledged ourselves to observe as editor of *MIND AND MATTER*, we feel it our duty to inform the public of the true character of this most untruthful and unreliable young man in connection with his public course as to Spiritualism. Supposing that he was an honest man and medium, he was subpoenaed by Mr. and Mrs. Bliss as a witness in their defence against the Jesuit conspirators who were seeking to ruin them by a most malicious and false prosecution. Fully believing that Roberts would be called for the defence, the prosecution, who were fully apprised of his intended treachery to the defendants (even if they had not bribed him to betray them, as there is too much reason to believe), closed their case without calling him.

Having been greatly disgusted with the conduct of this man, when the newspaper attack was first made upon Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, I advised them to dispense with Roberts as a witness. He was so notified. This was a thunder-clap to the conspirators, and they at once arranged with Roberts to go through the farce of a sham seance, at which Roberts was to confess his dishonesty and play the penitent swindler. This infamous scheme was carried out, and the next morning James H. Heverin, who represented the conspirators, moved to have Roberts called as an after-discovered witness. Without requiring the Commonwealth's counsel to verify the good faith of his application, and against every principle of justice, Judge Briggs granted his motion, despite the protest of the defendant's counsel. Roberts was then called, and giving his name as William Segee Roberts, testified as follows, as reported in the *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia, of Oct. 4, 1877:

"I am a salesman, but recently have been in the materialization business; last August I opened at Circle Hall, became acquainted with the Blisses before the court meeting, on the day it was in the paper I went to Bliss's and he told me about the trap door, and everything; we went to a beer saloon, and then he proposed that I should hand-cuff his wife and take clothes into the cabinet to her so that she could be searched; we left and met again, and Bliss said Mrs. Bliss had agreed to it, and she thought it would be a great success; I gave her in the room at her house a key for the hand-cuffs; it was arranged that I was to go into the cabinet at Circle Hall while she was without clothes and take clothes to her under my clothes; I went into the cabinet and opening my coat and pants took clothes out and gave them to her; I then asked to hand-cuff her; it was arranged before that Bliss should object; Bliss did object, but finally let me hand-cuff her, and all present got mad at me; Mr. Jonathan Roberts being asked if I was a relative of his, replied that he wouldn't own me, and that I was not; they all got so mad at me that I got mad and took the hand-cuffs off her; I have loaned at other times clothing to Mrs. Bliss, and she loaned it to Miss De Hollan; I gave to Bliss a communication about Dressing's mother-in-law, saying she had twins, &c., and Bliss communicated it to Dressing while under control; what I said about her was not true; I did not give her right name, and she did not have twins; in materializing I carry all my clothes on me, underneath my outside clothes; I represented the Silent Doctor at one time at the request of the Blisses, and a spirit as 'White Flower,' and Mrs. Bliss said that she was very sorry I did not call it Blue Flower; I asked Mrs. Bliss how the case stood, and she said if Mr. Roberts stood by her she would get off; I said I thought she would be convicted, and she said, 'Then I will run away.' I asked Mrs. Bliss why she did not confess, and he said it had gone too far; I told him I had gone into this thing (materialization) in order to expose it, and he said, 'There's no money in exposing it; you had better stay with us; there's a fortune in it in five years;' he said he wanted me as a witness; that he wanted me to swear to my putting the hand-cuffs on Mrs. Bliss, and that it was a genuine test seance; I told him if I was called to tell that I would tell a great deal more, and then he said he would not want me."

Cross-examined.—Bliss told me about going to Baltimore to see Evans (the spirit photographer); he said I think he said Evans was coming; here he communicated it to me; I practiced materialization to show it up; I have for nearly ten years, up to March last, worked as a salesman at a store on Eighth street, and left because the sales were small and my employer was poor and had two sons to take my place; I was not supported in my materializations by Spiritualists; they were dead-heads; only skeptics pay; I have been for several years a slight-of-hand performer at night; my performance last night was the last; it was the exposure, and people would not believe it when I told them; I went into this business to expose these materializing mediums."

The wholesale perjury committed in that testimony, we venture to say, was never exceeded in a court of justice, and never equalled except by the testimony of William O. Harrison, Helen Snyder and other witnesses who were called with Wm. S. Roberts, by the counsel of the Jesuit conspirators, to effect the unlawful imprisonment of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. We personally know that, so far as that testimony relates to the acts of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, it is the blackest and most malicious perjury, and we defy this miserable man to legally question the truth of our statement thus publicly made. We know this man to be a most narrow-minded bigot, who is capable of committing any act of iniquity that tempts his cupidity. We know that he is undeserving of the confidence or countenance of any honest or sincere friend of truth as it is in Modern Spiritualism. This man, on his oath, as I have shown, in order to serve those who employed him to sell the liberties of two innocent mediums, swore that he was only in the materialization business to sell it out. We give this public warning to all who may be disposed to countenance this perjured man, in order that they may not be deceived by him, and the cause of Spiritualism justly disgraced by any further acts of treachery on his part. Be advised, and have nothing to do with the wretch, if you are in favor of honest and faithful mediumship.

Roberts has more than once confessed his criminal guilt in giving that testimony, but claimed that he was psychologized by the Jesuit conspirators who used him in that case. We have good reason to know that similar Jesuitical psychological influences are at work upon him in New York, to use him to dishonor Spiritualism. It is to prevent that result that we lose no time in giving this public caution. The weakness and worthlessness of this man renders him more dangerous to the cause of truth than if he had some independence or force of character. Spiritualists be advised and leave him to his priestly owners and their obsequious followers.

#### Transcendental Illumination of My Spirit Companion, &c., at H. C. Gordon's Circle, Philadelphia.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

At the evening circle, Monday, December 15th, 1879, the following occurrences took place:

At least twenty-five persons filled the seance room to-night, that number having been attracted to witness the illumination of Carrie, who was to be again the heroine of the day. It turned out, however, that Delphine was the one instead who lionized us all and carried the palm.

After director Shaddock had boldly manifested by coming out and getting near every one, speaking quite aloud meanwhile, Delphine made a preliminary appearance in the doorway of the cabinet, where I went to speak to her and got a tender caress on my lips. Her dress was an ordinary white one, rather *neglige*, I might say; it in no wise indicated the splendid role she was called to take shortly after. The features now and then were very plain, which satisfied me as to her identity. I introduced her to the audience, and she assented to what I said, as to her soon appearing illuminated—as promised a few days since.

Carrie next walked out to greet her father and mother, who had come on purpose from New York, with a few friends, to see her materialized. She had on her head a wreath of fragrant flowers, which she distributed to her parents and friends. Her white dress was elegant, of a style which suited her well, and her deportment, as she issued three or four times out of the cabinet, was dignified and graceful—in perfect keeping with her seraphic state.

A fine female spirit, taller than Carrie, came out immediately as the latter returned to the cabinet. Her white dress flowed about her in abundant waves, as she moved to and fro at the other end of the room. I did not in the least imagine it was Delphine, but in going back to the cabinet she flung a flower toward me, which I picked up and smelt; its fragrance was strong and exquisite. It was a nosegay. Then I knew who the mysterious one was.

Carrie, at the aperture, was interviewed for a short time by her parents and a female friend, Mrs. Gridley, celebrated psychometrist of New York. She afterward tried to produce on her head the light—as she had done previously—but failed in the attempt. It appeared pale, flickered and died out. It surprised me, I must say, as I expected to see her succeed as heretofore. The curtain having been drawn aside by the spirit occupant then every one beheld a sight—such as is rarely given to mortals to witness.

On Delphine's head was seen a dazzling light, that glared at all witnesses like a mid-day sun just as gloriously, as strong. It rested immediately over the forehead of the hair and moved a little forward and sideway at one moment, as if intentionally on the part of Delphine, and then, as it sent a diagonal sweep or wave, I was made to see clearly the fully illumined upper prominence of the nose—the principal trait—which was so unmistakably pencilled out. I could not deny the evidence, the fully established proof—that it was my beautiful and dear companion—who was thus bewildering us with supernatural enchantments. For about five minutes Delphine captivated every one's attention and riveted all eyes on her glorious appearance—the power of the emblazoning light seeming to increase instead of diminishing all the while. Transfixed to my seat by strong emotions which I could scarcely analyze, I was soon after called to the cabinet by Delphine, who opened the door and stood out—to greet me with victorious smiles and raptures that played over her countenance. I asked her to walk around the room with me, so that every one might closely inspect the exquisite white toilette she wore, and which I would be unable to describe. I know there was profusion of the delicate fabric—not made with hands or loom—that from the bare arms hung long cobweb-like lace bracelets of a peculiar pattern; on the head rested a beautiful lace cap, surrounded with a sort of jewelled diadem that flashed lustrous rays. I know, also, that on the feet were pretty embroidered low shoes, which the wearer protruded out to allow every one to see them, and which she got me to feel with my hand. Delphine, having gracefully swept aside the gorgeous train of her ample dress, took my right arm and leaning on it tenderly we proceeded leisurely to walk around the room. I noticed, however, that while so occupied her form at moments seemed to give away and as quickly take on renewed power—which it gathered or took from me. That was to me an interesting point of observation, which no one else, I imagine, noticed. While standing in the doorway of the cabinet, with me alongside of her, the electric lights appeared again on her head, but differently altogether from before; they assumed spiral and wavy motions, with various brightness and tints, that the eye could scarcely follow as they came and went and recurred, imitating, I thought, petals of flowers. This beautiful display was encored by me and others, and repeated again and again to gratify all. To make it still more evident and positive, I requested Delphine to produce in some other novel way her lights outside, to which she agreed. I then noticed for the first time that she held in her hand a lace handkerchief, which article became now the recipient of the extraordinary lights. Delphine stepped out several times and shook her handkerchief in the face of a few sitters; each time it emitted dazzling rays and waves, which astonished and pleased the beholders. The light, they said, was peculiar, more electric-like than anything else. My charming one all at once shook her mysterious handkerchief in my face also, and blinded by its blasting or dioramic effulgence, so sparklingly weird-like, I almost lost my breath and gasped an exclamation of delight.

My daughter Emma afterward came out with the Fayal hat on her head, which overshadowed her features. She spoke to me upon returning to the cabinet, at the aperture, and promised to do next time what she intended and was now unable to perform.

A ritualist bishop, calling himself De Koven, next made a bold and long appearance outside, decked with the customary white sacramental robes and mitre on his head. He came to a young man present, as he had done before on several occasions.

Persistent efforts were made to produce two visible forms, at the same time, in the doorway of the cabinet, and some discontented ones were heard to express doubts of there being two forms there! They were those of Maggie and Aggie—one tall, the other short—daughters of Mrs. Wylie, to whom they afterward came. Those expressing the doubts afterward were fully satisfied that two distinct forms did materialize at the same time—neither of which was the medium.



## EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

READ our "Premium" advertisement on the seventh page.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES lectures in Willoughby, Ohio, the Sundays of January, and week-day evenings in that vicinity, upon Oriental travels.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL will lecture in Rochester, N. Y., Friday evening, Jan. 16th. Subject, "Human Rights." The Opera House has been engaged for the occasion.

MRS. NETTIE PEASE FOX will answer calls to lecture in towns and cities near Philadelphia, on week-day evenings. Address her at this office, 713 Sampson street.

MRS. NETTIE PEASE FOX will lecture at Mechanic's Hall, corner Fourth and Spruce streets, Camden, N. J., Wednesday evening, Jan. 14. Admission 10 cents to defray expenses.

MR. AND MRS. RICHMOND, of Chicago, are now in Boston, Mass. They will remain during the month of January. Mrs. Richmond will occupy the platform, on Sundays, of the Parker Memorial Hall.

AS ANNOUNCED in a recent issue, W. H. Powell, the celebrated slate-writing medium of Philadelphia, will visit Baltimore and Washington in the month of January. He will be accompanied by Mrs. E. S. Powell, the well known test medium.

ELDER G. A. LOMAS, editor of the *Shaker Manifesto*, will lecture in Auburn, N. Y., on Sunday evening, January 18, M. S. 32, giving the Shaker answer to the query, "What of the Night?" This lecture will include the gist of Shakerism and Shaker Spiritualism.

WITH the next issue we shall publish a supplement which will contain the lectures of Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox and Mrs. R. Shephard, delivered by them Sunday, Jan. 31, M. S. 32. Any person desiring extra copies of that number will please forward their orders at once to this office.

PHILADELPHIA is blessed exceedingly at present by two of the brightest stars in the spiritual lecture field. Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, of Rochester, N. Y., and Mrs. R. Shephard, of Minneapolis, Minn. Go to hear them, friends, for they are in earnest, and you will be benefitted by the instruction received through them.

SINCE our last issue the editor of this paper has been called upon to surrender the companionship of an infant daughter to the wiser guidance of the angels. On the 26th of November, 1879, the spirit of Rosa Lee, daughter of C. W. and Frances I. Newman, quit the tenement which it had occupied but fourteen days, and is now in the care of angel friends.—*The Texas Spiritualist*.

THE numerous friends of Epes Sargent, Esq., will be pleased to learn that his physical condition has greatly improved of late, and that he will soon be able to be out again. Mr. S. is a true and devoted Spiritualist, and has in many ways been instrumental in advancing the cause nearest his heart; and it is to be hoped that he may be permitted to remain in the mortal for many years to come, as his services are needed at this time more than ever.—*Banner of Light*.

WE were most agreeably surprised, on New Year's Eve, on being surrounded, in our sanctum, by the attaches of MIND AND MATTER, who, through one of their number, presented us with a beautifully framed photograph of ourself surrounded by the photographs of the donors. This kind evidence of their regard and sympathy now adorns the wall of our editorial room, where it will remain as a cherished memento of the great work that they so satisfactorily aid us to accomplish.

CHRISTMAS EVE was spent in an enjoyable manner by the Chicago Children's Progressive Lyceum at their hall in the basement of the church. Santa Claus appeared in person, and distributed many presents to the children, and a few to the older people. Water-Lily received a beautiful gift of a woven-hair harp, appropriately framed, the hair of which had been "plucked" from the heads of different members of the society, and is a personal and material keepsake for this industrious and gifted medium of the angel world.—*Spiritual Record*.

THE *Spiritual Record* has entered its second volume and shows marked improvement in every issue. To obtain new subscribers it offers as a special inducement the following:

"We will, if desired, send to each subscriber of the *Record*, who remits \$2.00, a copy of the 'Experience of Judge J. W. Edmonds in Spirit Life,' a very interesting pamphlet, which is sold at thirty cents. The 'Experiences' were given through Mrs. Richmond, and are, in the opinion of many, the finest discourses ever delivered through that instrumentality. To new subscribers, who remit \$3.00, we will send Vol. I, unbound, and the *Record* for one year. Specimen copies of the *Record* will be sent gratis upon application. Address,

"GRIFFIN BROS.,  
164 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill."

The *Record* can be found on sale at this office every Thursday morning; price five cents.

J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D., speaks Sunday, Jan. 10th, at Buffalo, N. Y. His address will be, until further notice, Fillmore House, Buffalo, N. Y. Speaking of the Fillmore House, in a recent letter, Dr. Van Namee says: "I wish to say to all spiritual and liberal friends that may chance to pass through this city, that they will find at the Fillmore House, corner of Michigan and Canal streets, a home in every sense of the word; comfortable rooms, superior table, kind attendance, and moderate charge—only one dollar and a quar-

ter a day. The house is kept by Robert Ensley, who, with his family, are old and earnest Spiritualists and earnest workers in the cause, and always welcome 'those of the faith' and are ready to give them all information regarding matters spiritual. It is truly the Spiritualists' home."

THE commencement of the course of lectures for the month of January, at 810 Spring Garden street, by Mrs. Shephard, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, under the auspices of the First Association of Spiritualists, on Sunday, the 4th inst., was most gratifying. The morning's discourse was made up of answers to questions propounded by the audience, all of which were handled with masterly skill and acumen, and the arguments were presented with great force and power, which was evidenced by the profound attention of her auditors, and by the large assembly that greeted her at night, the hall being inadequate to furnish even standing room for the many that flocked to hear her. The subject of the evening's discourse was, "What am I? Why am I here?" The interest and earnest attention of the audience for one and a half hours gave assurance of no ordinary merit. Mrs. Shephard will occupy the rostrum of the First Association next Sunday at 10 A. M. and at 7 P. M., and the remaining Sundays of the present month. We can but congratulate those who may have the pleasure of listening to her inspired utterances.

MRS. MARKEE, the materializing medium, is now living at Richland Station, near Buffalo. She has a baby about two years of age, which is represented by the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, as being very mediumistic. Mrs. Markee states that the baby could be taken into any house and there be held in the lap of a sceptic, when the manifestations would be as complete and satisfactory as those produced by any medium in the world. The *Advertiser* says: "We were all sitting around the table amid death-like silence. Baby's hands were placed on the table; as were the hands of all present. After a minute of silence Mrs. Markee asked if there were any spirits present, when three distinct raps were heard under baby's hands. The lady of the house explained that three raps meant yes, two raps, did not know, and one rap meant no. She also told us that, now that there were spirits present, any of the party could call for any spirit he desired and those present would go and get them. One of the party called for the spirit of his uncle who had been dead ten years. The uncle came and answered all questions asked. The conversation was very pleasant, but it was hard on the baby, who, by this time had become restless and completely worn out.—*R-P Journal*.

MRS. NETTIE PEASE FOX.—The opening lectures of Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox before the Co-operative Association of Spiritualists at Assembly Buildings were received with the greatest satisfaction by most attentive audiences. The afternoon discourse was listened to with the deepest interest, and the majority of her hearers came to the hall for the first time, out of curiosity, but went away to reason over the glowing words that fell from the earnest speaker's lips. The demand at the news-stand for the pamphlets containing two lectures delivered in Rochester, N. Y., by Mrs. Fox, at the close of the meeting, proved that an interest in the large audience had been awakened in the truth as presented from her standpoint. We hoped to be able to give our readers the benefit of her lecture delivered in the afternoon in this issue, but have been unable to do so on account of insufficient time. We can, however, promise all who desire to peruse it, that it will be published in full in next week's issue. Mrs. Fox will again address the Association next Sunday at 2.30 and 7.30 P. M. Judging from last Sunday's discourses, we would advise our readers not to miss the rich treat in store for them.

## Special Notice From "Bliss' Chief's" Band.

"Me, Red Cloud, speak for Blackfoot, the great Medicine Chief from happy hunting ground. He say he love White Chief and Squaw. He travel like the wind. He go to circles. Him big chief. Blackfoot want much work to do. Him want to show him healing power. Make sick people well. Where paper go Blackfoot go. Go quick. Send right away. No wampum for three moons."

Those who are sick in body or mind will be furnished with magnetized paper for the space of three months without other charge than two three-cent stamps to pay postage. From what we know of the power of these spirit friends we feel warranted in encouraging the afflicted in seeking their services in the way suggested. Circles sitting for development will find their object promoted by sending for some of the prepared paper. Address, James A. Bliss, this office.

## One of Many Satisfactory Answers to a Sealed Letter Sent to Dr. J. V. Mansfield.

NORWICH, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1880.

## Editor Mind and Matter:

The last of November, I received a communication through J. V. Mansfield, in answer to a letter that I wrote to my dear mother, who has been in spirit life since March 1844. It was answered by my brother, who passed to spirit life June 30th, 1879; would say that it was satisfactory in every respect, all of the names I made mention of were given, and the questions I asked were answered satisfactorily. I feel that this acknowledgement is due to the medium and to the heavenly messengers who guided his hand. Yours fraternally,  
A. D. NEWMAN.

F. M. Shrader, of Goshen, Oldham Co., Ky., forwarding subscription, writes: "I wish to extend my thanks to you for the copies of MIND AND MATTER I have received. I have read them with pleasure. I wish you much success and hope that you may be true to the cause."

## Open the Way and They Will Come.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Nov. 30, 1879.

## Editor Mind and Matter:

Herewith I hand you a poem never before published, though written over twenty-seven years since, and the first ever received through my organism. It is personal in its tenor, and came to me a comfort and consolation in one of the darkest hours of my not uneventful life. Its reception resulted from following instructions, received through the raps at a circle held in my own room, in the city of Rochester, N. Y., for the purpose of investigating this, to me, strange mystery of spiritual communication. After holding our circle for several weeks and receiving various interesting messages from our spirit friends, they one evening said: "We do not wish to continue rapping for this circle. We do not call it progression we want you to write."

We asked for instructions. They replied, through the raps: "Devote an hour, or half hour, each day or evening, when most at leisure, to us, sitting alone at your tables with writing material convenient, and we will be with you."

I followed these instructions literally, and for one week spent an hour each evening, at my table, pencil in hand, expecting a mechanical movement, which, however, never came. When our circle met again and its members related their different experiences, while sitting alone, some of which were very interesting. I naturally felt a little disappointment at my own non-success, when, through the raps, I was told that I must write down my impressions. That evening, after the circle broke up, I again seated myself and patiently waited, but sorely puzzled to know how I was to distinguish normal thoughts from spiritual impressions. I had been thus waiting and watching the workings of my brain for some time, when this little sentence came floating through it:

"Let calmness rest upon thy soul."

I thought this sounded good, and, wondering if it was an impression, concluded to write it down. I did so, and instantly it was followed by another line, and as fast as I could possibly write it, I received the following (to me) beautiful communication, being the very first poetic effusion ever written by me, and coming at this time without effort or volition, and entirely unexpected, it was indeed a test.

TO H. M. RICHARDS.

Let calmness rest upon thy soul,  
Feel thou our living presence,  
For thou shalt win the goal,  
And breathe the spirit essence.

Have thou no thought of fear,  
Dread thou not the morrow,  
We have garnered every tear,  
And been with thee in sorrow.

We have fanned thy fevered brow—  
Have stilled thy throbbing heart—  
We are sitting by thee now,  
And will not soon depart.

Early hopes lie strewn around thee,  
We will sweep them from thy sight,  
And in the future thou shalt see,  
Past darkness turn to light.

Look then, to the brighter future,  
Bid thy past, to thee be dead,  
Give thyself to spirit culture,  
And thou'lt have no cause for dread.

For gentler than a seraph's whisper,  
Purer than an angel's tear,  
Sweeter than the evening vesper,  
Shall be thy thoughts when we are near.

Rochester, N. Y., 1852.

Need I say that the reception of this communication was a great surprise to me, and that it brought with it comfort and consolation when I greatly needed it, as well as evidence of the unseen presence and care of loving spirit friends, and of their power to control the workings of my brain, though prior to this experience I never had suspected it. I will only add in conclusion that, though I have since had many beautiful tests in connection with my faith, I have never had one that conveyed to me the absolute evidence of their tender ministrations, as did this simple message, and the way in which it came to me.

Ever yours for truth,

HORACE M. RICHARDS.

## Good Results Through Natural Remedies.

"And these signs shall follow them," etc., etc. Mark xvi, 17.

"They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Mark xvi, 18.

KINGSVILLE, O., Jan. 6, 1880.

## Editor Mind and Matter:

On December 22d, Mrs. H. M. Rogers (mother of the writer) had a very severe stroke of paralysis. The right side was made entirely useless, and remained so up to December 27th. I went to the postoffice and got MIND AND MATTER—I forgot to say that my mother was a medium, as well as myself. I felt a strong influence; I had only read a few lines when the lines and words were not readable on account of the paper shaking so violently. I said, what does this mean? when, looking up, I saw a powerful Indian, with eagle's feather reaching down his back to the floor. He was looking very stern at me. He then motioned for me to go to the head of the bed. I did so. He then said: "Ah, Little Chief, much big heal; me come—heap much power. Old squaw make well quick." Then with a commanding gesture, he said: "Rub hard—on foot and leg." I magnetized her limb for at least 30 minutes, without feeling the least fatigued. I never received such a powerful influence before. He, the Indian, then told me to bend the foot and knee, and after this working of the foot awhile, mother was able to draw up her foot, and it has been gaining finely since. At this writing she can use her arm some, and I think a complete cure is going to be made by the kind Indian healers. I have had a regular physician from the first, and he said to a neighbor, that Mrs. R. would never have gotten up if it had not been for the good care being taken of her by her son. But I know from whence the cure came. I don't want praise, nor do I want Mr. Bliss to have it. But let praise be given to whom praise is due—to the grand old healers, the Indians, from the spirit land, who come to benefit humanity, without money or without price. MIND AND MATTER is to be a very useful sheet in curing disease of the body as well as of the mind.

Fraternally yours, for the good of humanity,

STUART L. ROGERS.

P. S.—Please ask Mr. Bliss if he thinks it possible for me to be developed for any useful phase of mediumship—as trance, for instance—so the spirits can give lectures through me? Mr. Roberts, if you think my account of the case of my mother worth publishing, I would be pleased to see it in MIND AND MATTER. Bless you and the paper; may you live long, to feed the hungry with the bread of life.

S. L. R.

ALL persons accepting any of the following mediums' offers are not entitled to receive any other premium that we have offered in our advertising columns.

## A Chicago Medium's Generous Offer.

No. 7 Laflin St. cor of Madison St.

## Editor Mind and Matter:

To those who will subscribe through me for MIND AND MATTER one year, I will give a sitting for spirit tests. This offer to hold good for six months from date. Yours Respectfully,

MRS. MARY E. WEEKS.

## Amanda Harthan's Liberal Offer.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., 437 Main Street.

## Editor Mind and Matter:

I will give to any new subscriber to MIND AND MATTER in this vicinity, one magnetic treatment, or one medicated bath, or two inhalations for catarrh, to help you in your noble work for mediums. Very respectfully,

A. HARTMAN, M. D.

## A Philadelphia Medium's Valued Offer.

936 N. Thirteenth St.

## Editor Mind and Matter:

You may say in your paper that I will give a free sitting to any person who will subscribe for MIND AND MATTER for one year from date. Any person accepting this offer must bring a note with them, from your office, stating that they are entitled to receive the sitting.

MRS. FAUST.

## Mrs. E. S. Powell's Liberal Offer.

## Editor Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR:—You may say in your paper that I will give a sitting to any person who will subscribe for your valuable paper from date, as an appreciation of your kindness and the value I attach to the same. Any person accepting this offer must bring a note from your office, to know that they are entitled to the sitting.

MRS. E. S. POWELL.

259½ North Ninth street.

## A Vitaphonic Physician's Kind offer.

## J. M. Roberts, Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR FRIEND OF HUMAN PROGRESS:—I have not time to seek subscribers to your valuable paper; but I will offer this inducement to every person sending me two dollars (my usual price) and with it a lock of their hair, age, sex, etc., with postage stamp for answer; I will make for them a full examination of their case—give diagnosis and advice, and will forward their two dollars to you to pay for them a year's subscription to MIND AND MATTER.

This offer remains good for all time.

J. B. CAMPBELL, M. D., V. D.

266 Longworth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

W. C. LAPP, Bricksburg, N. J., forwarding subscription, writes: "I like your paper and think it is just what is required at this present time, and am glad that expositors are being exposed. Spiritualists have been too long on the defensive, and think it about time that they give blow for blow. I enlist for the war."

## PHILADELPHIA SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SPIRITUALISTS of Philadelphia hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2.30, and evening at 8, at the Assembly Buildings Hall, S. W. Cor. Tenth and Chestnut streets. Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, the distinguished lecturer from Rochester, N. Y., will occupy the rostrum every Sunday during the month of January, at 10 P. M. and 7½ P. M. The public are cordially invited to attend.

THE FIRST ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS—At Academy Hall, 8th and Spring Garden Streets. Mrs. R. Shephard, will occupy their rostrum, every Sunday during the month of January, at 10 P. M. and 7½ P. M.

FIRST SPIRITUAL CHURCH of the Good Samaritan, at the N. E. Cor. Eighth and Buttonwood sts., 3d floor. Speaking and test circle every Sunday afternoon and evening.

THOMPSON STREET CHURCH Spiritual Society, at Thompson st. below Front. Free conference every Sunday afternoon, and circle in the evening.

LYRIC HALL SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—259½ N. Ninth st. Free conference every Sunday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

## PHILADELPHIA MEDIUMS.

Mrs. H. Lane, Clairvoyant and Electro Magnetic Healer, has removed from 131 Mt. Vernon St. to 730 North Eighth street. (Private entrance on Brown street.) Successful treatment of Diseases by hand or battery. Diagnosis from 9 to 10 a. m. every day free of charge. Office hours 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 6 p. m.

Charles St. Clair, Developing and Healing Medium. Hall, 240 South Fifth street. Circle every Thursday evening. Sittings daily.

Mrs. Mary A. Lamb, Trance Test Medium, No. 2 Alsen Ave., rear 141 N. Fourth St. Sittings daily.

James A. Bliss, Test Medium, will until further notice, devote every Tuesday afternoon in each week from 12 a. m. to 7 p. m. to private sittings, for communications, developing, etc., at the office of MRS. ANI MATTHEW, 713 Sansom street, Philadelphia. Terms, \$1.00 per half hour.

Dr. Henry C. Gordon, Materializing and Slate Writing Medium, 691 N. 13th st. Select sittings every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock; also Tuesday at 3 o'clock. Private sittings daily for Slate Writing tests and communications.

Mrs. W. H. Young, Healing medium will be in Philadelphia, Monday and Wednesday of each week. Hours, 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. Mrs. Young has been travelling and made some wonderful cures throughout the country. Cancers and old Chronic Diseases a specialty. Testimonials from the best citizens can be had on application. Office, 2019 Market st.

Mrs. N. L. Finnon, Electro Physician, Clairvoyant, and Developing Medium. Developing Circle every Thursday evening. Medical consultation free, 136 N. Eleventh st.

Mrs. A. E. DeHans, Clairvoyant examination; and magnetic treatment. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1 p. m. to 4 p. m. No. 121 North Fifteenth st., Phila.

Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, the well-known Trance-test medium, will give sittings daily to investigators, at 2123 Brandywine street.

Mrs. E. H. Fritz, Clairvoyant-Physician, 610 Montgomery Ave. She treats diseases of the worst form without the aid of medicine. Diagnosis of diseases on Saturdays, free of charge.

Alfred James, Trance and Test Medium and medium for form materialization. Private sittings at No. 1 rear of 635 Marshall street below Fairmount Ave. Materializing sittings at the same place every Tuesday and Friday evenings. Test and developing circle on every Wednesday evening.

Mrs. E. S. Powell, Clairvoyant, Trance and Test Medium, 259½ N. Ninth st. Public test circles on Monday and Friday evenings and Wednesday afternoon. Office hours from 9 o'clock a. m. to 5 o'clock p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Ambrosia, Slate Writing, Clairvoyant, Trance and Test Mediums, 1223 North Third Street. Circle every Sunday and Thursday evenings, also every Tuesday at 2 o'clock p. m. Sittings daily.

Mrs. Sarah A. Anthony, Test Medium, 223 N. Ninth street. Circles on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Private sittings daily.

Mrs. Faust, Test Medium, 936 N. Thirteenth st. Private sittings daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Test Clairvoyant, Mrs. Loomis, 1372 Ridge Av. Sittings daily.

Mrs. George—Trance and Test Medium—No. 680 North Eleventh st. Circles on Tuesday evenings. Sittings daily.



## SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS.

**WANTED.**—A Cash Partner—a Spiritualist or Free Thinker—with from one to five thousand dollars, in a light manufacturing business; will pay one hundred per cent. Address, "Prospect," this office.

## J. V. MANSFIELD.

TEST MEDIUM answers sealed letters at 61 West Forty-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK. Terms, \$3.00 and four 3-cent stamps. Register your letters.

**SALLIE L. MCCRACKEN**, Psychometrist and Symbol Clairvoyant Readings of character and life-line symbol \$1.00. Business questions answered ten cents apiece. Life-line landscape symbols in oil colors \$1.00 for reading which will be deducted if a painting is ordered, price according to size and subject. Requirements for all the above, lock of hair, age, sex, married or single, in applicants own writing. Also the following general symbols, painted to order on academy board, 10x12 inches, for \$5.00 apiece. Two mate pictures, "Spirit Communion" and the "Triumph of Spirit Return." "Celestial Harmonies." The "Spiritual Progress of the Ages" the latter holds too much to print on so small a space, but will be painted at reasonable terms on canvases of different size and price. Address, West Des Moines, Iowa.

**MRS. LIZZIE LENZBERG**, Trance, Test and Business Medium, 88 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Sittings daily, from 9 to 12 a.m., and 2 to 5 p.m. English and German.

**MRS. M. C. MORRELL**, Trance Medium, has removed to 302 West Twenty-ninth st., near Eighth Ave. New York City. Circles every Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock also Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cents.

## DR. D. J. STANSBURY

will write you a Psychometric Delineation, Diagnose Disease, or answer brief questions on Health, Business, Marriage, Future Prospects, etc., and mail you free the book "Clairvoyance Made Easy," with directions in development. Send age, sex and lock of hair, with 35 cents (stamps). Consultations at Office, 10 to 12 a.m., and 2 to 5 p.m., \$1.00. Call or address, 164 West Twentieth street, New York City.

**POWER** has been given me over undeveloped spirits and cases of obsession. Persons desiring aid of this sort will please send me their handwriting, state case and sex, and enclose \$1.00 and two 3-cent stamps. Address MRS. M. R. STANLEY, Post Office Box 668, Haverhill, Mass.

I WILL write a Psychometric Delineation, or answer brief questions, for any one sending me age, sex, lock of hair, and 50 cents, (or stamps). MRS. H. JENNIE ANDREWS, Box 31, Bristol, Conn.

**MRS. A. M. GEORGE**, Business Clairvoyant and Test Medium, Room No. 12, Shively's Block, Massachusetts avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana.

**SEND AGE, SEX**, if married or single, with 25 cents (stamps or otherwise) to Mrs. A. R. F. ROBERTS, of Candia, N. H., and receive a spirit communication, or brief questions answered on business, development and future prospects. (The person's own handwriting is required; also a stamped and addressed envelope enclosed).

**MRS. S. T. HADLEY**, Mesmerizer and Prophetic Reader, Main street, East Lexington, Mass.

## HEALING MEDIUMS.

## MRS. M. K. BOOZER.

Medium for Medical Diagnosis and Psychometry, 415 Lyon street, Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mrs. Booser cures all forms of Chronic diseases. Diagnosis made by lock of hair or patient's hand-writing. Diagnosis, Sitting or Psychometry, \$2. Examination and prescription, with medicine, \$3. The cure of the habit of using tobacco especially—the appetite often changed by one treatment. Terms, \$5 per treatment.

## MRS. FANNY W. SANBURN.

Clairvoyant, Healing and Test Medium. For diagnosis of disease or test, send lock of hair, giving age and sex. Terms, One dollar for examination or test, and 50 cents extra when medicine is required. Residence, Main street, Hyde Park. Address, Lock Box 349, Scranton, Pa.

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And DELLA E. DAKE, Magnetic Healers. Can be consulted in person or by letter, 149 West 45th street, New York City. Chronic complaints a specialty. Voluminous evidence of remarkable cures performed throughout the Union. Invalids unable to visit the city successfully treated by sending their full name with lock of hair. Diagnosis, \$1; charges moderate.

**Amanda Harthan, M. D.**, Natural Magnetic Physician, 437 Main street, Springfield, Mass. Dr. Harthan has treated over fifty thousand persons in the last fifteen years, mostly cases given up as incurable, even by many of our best magnetic physicians. Dr. H. has lately invented a vapor bath which will add greatly to increase the vitalizing magnetic power over disease, thus enabling patients to be cured with less expense than is attended with most magnetic physicians. Magnetized paper and remedies always on hand and all remedies carefully prepared by Dr. Harthan without the necessary expense of a druggist's prescription. Send stamps for circular, 437 Main street, Springfield, Mass. Catarrh and Cancer remedies sent by Express, C. O. D. Magnetized Paper by mail, 50 cents and \$1 per package. Postage free. Don't fail to consult her. All consultations free. Examinations, \$1.

**Madam M. J. Phillips, M. D.**, and Healing Medium 169 Prince Street, Bordentown, N. J. Cancers and Tumors cured in every case, where the vital organs are not destroyed. She treats all kinds of Acute and Chronic Diseases. Requirements are, whole name, age and description of case. Send \$2.00, and receive medicine for two weeks by mail.

**Dr. H. S. Wells**, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer, cures Chronic Complaints by Magnetized Paper and Remedies. Requirements are Age, Sex and description of Case. Send \$1.00 for paper, \$3.00 for remedies. Norwich, Chenango county, N. Y.

**Mrs. H. S. Phillips**, the gifted Trance Business and Test Medium, may be consulted at her home, 1113 S. Third street, Camden, N. J. Sealed letters answered and Clairvoyant examination given by hand writing or Lock of Hair. Enclose \$1.00.

**C. J. Raichard**, Healing Medium, North Wayne, Maine. Magnetized Paper is a specialty with me for the cure of disease. Price per package, \$1.00; renewal, 50 cents.

**J. Wm. Van Namee, M. D.**, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 190 Third ave., New York city. Examination by Lock of Hair, \$2.00.

**Mrs. L. A. Pasco**, 137 Trumbull st., Hartford, Conn., Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer and Psychometric reader. Reference given when required.

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For sale at MIND AND MATTER office, 713 Sansom St., Phila.

## STATUVOLENCE.

**Dr. Wm. B. Fahnestock's** address after the 8th of November, 1879, will be Walhalla, S. C., where those who desire to learn and teach the STATUVOLENCE ART can make engagements for next Spring and Summer, until May 1st, when he will return to Lancaster, Pa., to fill all engagements that are made.

**SPIRITUALISTS** or others wanting transient or permanent board where they can attend Spiritual seances and be with Spiritualists, can find most desirable quarters at No. 691 North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, at very reasonable rates.

**\$5 to \$20** per day at home. Samples worth \$6 free. Address GRIMSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

## "OUR PREMIUMS!"

To New Subscribers, and Old Subscribers renewing their subscriptions to MIND AND MATTER we will furnish

## A FREE PREMIUM

Consisting of a choice from the following of JOSEPH JOHN'S "Beautiful Parlor Pictures." Published at \$3.00 per copy but since reduced in price to \$2.00 each.

## THE ORPHANS' RESCUE,

Engraved on Steel by J. A. J. Wilcox from Joseph John's Great Paintings.

This picture represents, in most beautiful and fascinating Allegory, a brother and sister as little orphan voyagers on the "River of Life," their boat in "angry waters," nearing the brink of a fearful cataract shadowed by frowning rocks, while the spirit father and mother hover near with outstretched arms to guide their boat through the dangerous waters to a place of safety. In conception and execution this picture is a rare gem of art, and worthy of the distinguished Artist medium through whom it was given.

Size of sheet, 22x28 inches. Engraved surface, about 15x20 inches.

"THE CURFEW TOLLS THE KNELL OF PARTING DAY."

This wood cut but faintly outlines and suggests the charming beauties of the picture we furnish.



Copyright 1874 by Joseph John.

## HOMeward

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;  
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

An Illustration of the first lines in Gray's Elegy Designed and Painted by Joseph John's.

Many competent judges consider this The Master Work of that distinguished Artist Medium. In successful combination of Rural Scenery and exalted Poetic sentiment it has certainly never been excelled by brush of American Art. Stein-copied in black and two tints in a high style of that art, by the well-known, and Eminent German Artist THEODORE H. LEIBLER. This form of reproduction in art is peculiarly well adapted to this subject—in some respects the best effects are secured by it.

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## THE DAWNING LIGHT.

This beautiful and impressive picture representing the

Birth Place of Modern Spiritualism,

in Hydesville, N. Y., was carefully and correctly drawn and painted by our eminent American artist medium, Joseph John's. Angelic messengers descending through rifted clouds, bathed in floods of celestial light, are most successfully linked and blended with this noted house and its surroundings, of road, yard, the well and its oaken bucket, shade trees, orchard, the blacksmith shop with its blazing forge, and the Hyde mansion resting against the hill in the distance. Twilight pervades the foreground in mystic grades, typical of spiritual conditions in the eventful days of 1848. A light from the wandering pilgrim shines from the windows of that room where spiritual telegraphy began to electrify the world with its "glad tidings of great joy." Luminous floods of morning light stream up from the cloud-mantled horizon, illuminating the floating clouds in gorgeous tints, and then falling over the angel band and the dark clouds beyond.

While these pictures interest and fascinate children and youth, they successfully meet the demands of cultured minds, rendering them fit for either the nursery or parlor, of the cottage or palace, and the portfolio or gallery of the connoisseur in Art. As these works are of different shapes the painful monotony often observed in too many matched works on the wall is happily obliterated.

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For Mind and Matter.

## THE REIGN OF TRUTH.

BY M. C. ALLIEN.

My spirit home—it lies beyond  
The dark confines of life,  
Amid a land whose purple sheen  
With truth is ever rife.

No priest, nor king, nor pope of Rome  
Has power to debar  
From entering through the golden gate—  
It always stands ajar.

Proud freedom was my birth-right song,  
It echoes far and near;  
I seem to bow before a throng,  
Who knows no God but Fear.

Let superstition wave her wand,  
Let priestcraft have its bent,  
'Twas God that taught me through his love,  
The way the angels went.

My soul was born with right to live,  
My spirit brooks delay,  
And while I herald forth the truth,  
God's laws I still obey.

Then strike, ye minions,—strike me low,  
'Tis Justice guides the van,—  
'Tis Truth that smites the deadly foe,  
And foils the bigoted plan.

O'er all I hear the voice of God,  
Breathe forth in sweetest tone,—  
My sceptre is the law of love—  
I rule without a throne.

I breathe upon the lily white,  
The petals bear my call—  
They burst from darkness into light,  
My power rules over all.

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## TRUTH ENDURETH FOREVER.

An Address Delivered by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham  
Before the First Society of Spiritualists of New  
York, Sunday Evening, Dec. 21, 1879—  
Also Poem, "Love Cannot Die."

Reported Spectacularly for Mind and Matter.

As we announced to you a week ago we would take this evening, as a subject, the words written long ago by Esdras on the low fringed banks of the river of Babylon—"As for the Truth, it is always strong—it endureth forever—it overcomes and liveth forever." These are comforting words for those who love the truth; and who does not? These are words that seem to let in light upon the subject of truth. Before we speak of it in the particular paths it leads our thought, we will repeat something of what we said a week ago in regard to it. Truth is always indivisible—it is like God. Now it is not possible for any finite mind to comprehend God. According to your ability to perceive, you have no perception of Deity. And a man, if his mind is narrow, believing in God, he sees the laws of nature—sees how effects follow causes; and it seems to him that these things are from the vindictiveness of God, and according to his purely human idea he believes and worships. The God of the Jew is formed according to the idea of the Jew. And wherever human nature may be found with any idea of God, if you were to get the understanding of human nature, probably all you would need to know of a man would be to have him tell you honestly what kind of a God he believed in, and from this your thought would seem to be carried inwardly, and you would judge of the individual. As this is true in regard to man's idea of Deity, so you may have truth in your theory, and you may lack truth and have a great deal of superstition. Wherever men may be—however widely their opinions may differ—each one, if he has any theory, will find that the element of truth is the element that endureth. If it were not for this, no religious system could be perpetuated. We find these systems contradicting each other; yet they live year after year. The only element which gives them promise is the element of the truth. If a system seems to go down, if you study it carefully, you will find it is because the truth that was in it has started a higher ambition. With this idea of the truth, wherever we turn our eyes and consider the influence of men, we have respect for all the truth that they possess as they see it. When finding it we love it, because from it we find the expression of God. "The truth endureth and is always strong; it conquereth and liveth forever." Now can you doubt that that man was inspired who believed such a thing and wrote such words so long ago? It is the truth of God. The truth is not the result of any human thought. It is never originated by priestly office, though it may be revealed by human agency. This truth that endureth and is strong gives us reason to hope. In the first place, we recognize this truth, that progression is a fact, and you will grow up to the level of many things which you may not perceive now. This is what we see, then, that in every nature, however ignorant, however sinful, however distorted, however oppressed, however narrow and however degraded that nature may be, wherever there is a human soul there is the element of imperishability, and the divine; God is with that soul, the element of the divine is in it; nothing can crush it out. On that we build our hope of all humanity. As we have before said, the Christian religion teaches this, and its teaching has been repeated by all the churches since the days when Jesus taught men this truth, that salvation was the grand object to be obtained. Now, how sectarian teachings—original orthodoxy—can agree with that idea of salvation, and yet hold its opinion of human nature, which it has held, is a mystery to us, for there is an open, direct contradiction. This is their common theory, that man is a lost being; that man has fallen from a state of peace and purity; that all men are wicked, sinners, corrupt; that the emotions of their hearts are all evil; that they tend to wrong as naturally as sparks fly upward; that they cannot be saved by deeds; that they must be saved by faith, if saved at all. In various ways this old theory, the doctrine of total depravity, has been taught again and again. How little understood it has been! Men have held it, but their feelings and affections have contradicted it. When they looked at their babes that smiled in their faces with the heavenly influences, these pure childhood's eyes would contradict their orthodox doctrines. They have read their Bibles and read, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." They have held to these things with the heart and with one hand, and with the other hand they have held to the doctrine of total depravity. Now if they believe, as they claim to, that man was only a worm of the dust; and being so sinful that they looked upon him, despising him, what do they mean by the word salvation? To be saved, to have this influence of salvation, you must be rescued—something must be saved. What is rescued when all is utterly corrupt? What is to be saved in nature that has no soundness in it? Where is your salvation to apply in a case like this? Orthodoxy should bring forward

a new term to cover its misunderstanding of human nature. Now all that is essential perhaps to your holding that all their faith should have a basis, a book, a revelation of that book, all that should be needed then to set them straight in this pathway of thought, and to reveal this truth which endureth and is always strong, is to remember that he whom they profess to worship—he whom they believe infallible—took a little child and set him in the midst of his disciples and said unto them, when they rebuked the mothers for bringing them so near to this loving and omniscient teacher—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." With that one saying they ought to understand that these children had never suffered any bitter, keen repentance for the sins their ancestors committed thousands of years ago. No. They were only children, happy as yours may be, innocent as yours are, also, and Jesus, looking into the spirits of these children—into the loving, teachable natures of these little ones—no wonder, knowing that in their souls dwelt the infinite possibilities of good, that they were angels in embryo, as you might say—as rosebuds holding the beauty of bloom in perfection—no wonder that he said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But poor humanity, blind, only seeing a little way, not being able always to see above, beneath and on either side; looking straight at this doctrine of human sinfulness, and declaring that man was not worthy; saying too, that God was not just, but that nevertheless he decided to save man. At last the church itself has risen slowly away from that doctrine, not entirely, but the church itself has seen that truth perpetuated; it repeats itself by its general teachings. There is a certain pride that seems to belong to sectarianism, and its followers, that makes them unwilling to admit they are a little wiser to-day than yesterday, and may be wiser to-morrow than to-day. They seem to think that to make such an admission as this would be to destroy the church. Instead of that it would be simply to say that they can progress, and that in progression they learn more and more of God. This truth that endureth forever and is strong—this truth which Jesus saw—you can see if you look around you, and on it dwells all the hope of heaven. It forms the basis indeed of all the bright and beautiful expectancy of the future. Think what human nature is; erring and blind, weak and stumbling, so that even among the greatest we hear these words: "When I would do good, evil is present with me."

Yet in human nature we find wrapped up, like a tiny seed, oftentimes, waiting for some summer of circumstance when it may unfold lights and laws of indwelling good. It may be very hard for your friends to understand that human nature is twofold; that the animal and the angel are together in each person's nature while he or she lives here on earth. You may sometimes, in your busy walk in life, find a person whose nature seems to have fallen down, down in the darkness of intemperance. You may stand by the side of such a person on the city street and you look at that face, and does it never seem to you as though the spirit that once leaped to lips, and eyes, and breath, and smiled out upon you, has gone farther and farther from the surface; as though it had retired; as though it had tangled and shriveled and shrunk away; and when you speak to the person it takes sometime for the light of intelligence to come up to the dim, bleared eyes. It takes a long time for such a person to comprehend anything you may say. Now it may seem to you that just as a house may be on fire on the inside and it may burn and burn until at last perhaps the fire goes out, and you standing outside see the empty shells; so there are bodies like that; that you may meet them to-night, to-morrow, or any time, where the spiritual life seems to have gone, where the good and beautiful that lives in man and woman has sunk away from sight and they seem to be like cinders as you meet them. But let us tell you this, the good in human nature is indestructible, though it may sink from the surface. In childhood it answers in the innocent eyes; it speaks in the loving clasp of the little hand; it rings out in childhood's laughter; or in the beauty of innocent speech. But in the paths of wickedness and sin, as we walk, the child that looked out from the clear window of the soul may go farther and farther away until at last it seems to be utterly lost. But it is not lost. Away in some narrow place, as it were, it waits paralyzed, apparently dazed, perhaps seemingly dead and buried in the body that has been defiled in so many ways. It is not dead, though it seems to be; it is not dead, but sleeping, and it waits for some time when it shall awaken; let it awaken here on earth.

Pray heaven it may be so. But if it does not, what then? Theology says, what then? Why, it says when it passes into the other world such a nature is lost, and over the door is written this awful inscription, "He who enters here abandons hope." But is God's mercy so small in quantity that it only suffices for this brief life of ours, which, in comparison with the future, is as a tear—one drop of water—compared with the measureless seas. Is there no kindness, no mercy, that reaches beyond the grave? Why, friends, for some here on this earth, through physical conditions, through psychological conditions, it seems to us there is no hope on earth, and the only redemption or resurrection that comes to those slumbering natures can come only through that change you call death. But in this future life, arising from that which bound them here on earth, to a certain extent they are no longer impervious to good influences, but just as the sunshine of the spring melts away even the deepest drifts of snow, or the thickest ice that binds the rivers, so surely the influences of the angel world shall melt away the evil that binds these natures. Ah, yes, there is no life utterly hopeless. We look into it and find a germ of life in every soul. Do you know in the darkest natures this germ of light occasionally manifests itself? Just as in the summer nights of darkness sometimes the sleeping birds seem almost to dream, and there is a faint murmur of song that rises from them. And so, deep down in the soul, when we listen we hear a murmur that sounds like voices of heaven as we interpret them, and we hope we interpret them aright. Do you not know the Bible teaches you, and nature at the same time teaches you, "that bitter fountains cannot send forth sweet waters, neither can sweet fountains send forth bitter waters?"

Sectarianism may tell you man is utterly sinful, nothing divine or holy in his soul, but it is mistaken. When we look into any nature we find two elements, as we have already said, at work in that nature. There is a certain place upon this earth where near together are two springs, the

water of one is cold and clear while the water of the other is hot and steam rises above it. Now one might ask, how can this be? The source of one is deeper than the other, and though they are so near together, if you could see the source from whence they sprung, you would know no miracle is wrought in their condition, but it is as natural for the one to have hot as it is for the other to have cold water flowing—the one has a deeper source in the earth than the other. Look at human nature and see if you cannot find the connection between this comparison of which we have spoken. We find a person whose life may be very wrong and sinful, but there is good in that person. Yet, if you knew that person you would find their failings the results of diseases; they do not trust themselves, and, of course, they do not trust any other person, for these persons have lost faith in mankind, and when you look into their natures you know they have lost faith. And yet you will find sometimes that they wished they were better. You will hear them say they wish they could do right, but they seem to be too weak or utterly bent in the wrong direction. They sometimes pray that they may do right—they sometimes resolve that they will do right. Now, do you not know that wish, that prayer, that resolve, springs not from corruption, springs not from depravity, but it springs from the good in their natures? There is in the soul, in the prayer, in the resolve that lies in the heart, some good in the nature of the wrong doer. And we know there is good in all. Evil lies near the surface; the good has its source way down in the very depths of your nature, and the hand of God has hid it, friends, and made it what it is. It is the dark surroundings of your natures that gives to you the evil and the sinfulness of life. When then we find the seed like the germ, like this inborn angel-hood in human nature, we are filled with hope, we can toil for that, we can be patient as we toil. We may not always win responses from it, but we know it is there, and whenever we speak a truth; whenever we bring a healthy influence to bear; we feel we have done something for mankind. We have opened a pathway to the good that lives within, and at last the soul comes out into its glorious liberty. All decay is only to furnish a condition whereby higher beauty and blossom may come forth. Nothing exists in vain. God tells you that, and philosophy tells you that. Now if any punishment is brought to bear upon your natures do you think that punishment is by the Divine Spirit for his own pleasure? What an idea of God this would be. You have been told that God made man, made him weak, and God being omniscient knew man's nature from the beginning, saw all his frailties, and all his temptations; he gave a Saviour for sinners, knowing, for he knew everything, that not one person in a hundred would be truly a follower of this meek and lowly Jesus, and so enter heaven; and knowing all this, he has given for the destiny of these lost souls an inheritance of anguish, an anguish that no human words can depict, that no human imagination can ever fathom. What an idea of God! And yet you are told to pray "Our Father." But men have said things so utterly false; they have sent forth such libels, abuse and slanders on the name of God as no human being has ever been compelled to bear on this earth; and yet these men were not infidels, these men were not heretics, but in the Orthodox language to-day, these men were called Christians. Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. If punishment then is not to please God or add to his pleasure, yet it must have an object, and if that object is not for God it is for man, and if it is for man it cannot last forever; it must be limited somewhere, and having produced its perfect work it has its good influence as a corrective upon the soul of man. Why, this old idea of retribution, justice as it was called, is passing away from the world just as fast as it can. We thank God for such men as Canon Farrer who dares to say from his high position what he feels to be true, knowing that truth conquereth and is always strong, and endureth forever.

As man learns the corrective of the influence of punishment as it is called, or compensation, for we like that word so much better, and it is very much truer as applied to human nature, he finds the soul of man must be progressive. We know that human nature, although it may have goodness in it, is not all good. Though it may have a bright light it has its shadows; as the brightest day that summer ever gave to you has its shadows. Human nature has its strength and its weakness, its good and its evil, and there is enough of wrong, enough of evil in the nature of every person to make him or her willing to forgive what they find in others. As in human nature we find this angel-hood. Oh! what hopes it gives us. We know that Orthodoxy speaks truly when it says we have evil, and we know that the Saviour comes to lift the good from the influence of evil, to take the beauty and the truth of human nature and bear it upward. Wherever one has taught a truth and lived it, so far he has saved it from degeneracy, so far he has uplifted it. So be hopeful and never despair. There is a future life where all that is crooked in this life is made straight; where the clouds are turned sunward and dissolve in the light; where errors, sins, and all that most burdens us here on earth shall pass away and we shall receive our reward. That truth, a bright and beautiful truth, makes you hopeful for all humanity. Why, friends, the time will come when Christianity shall be no longer a dream, no longer a confession, no longer a sectarian thing, but shall be something that enters into the heart, and shall send its influence throughout the land. You know to-day there is much that is wrong in society. But do not be hopeless. Remember that in human nature this good that we find, this angel-hood that is growing from day to day, from year to year, shall right this wrong. True it is not right for the laws to stand as they do in regard to many things. It is not right that any church, while it really ought to be the friend of the people, should sweep away from itself all burdens of taxation, and stand free, while the people are bending and groaning under the burdens they have to bear. It will not always be as it is to-day. There was a time when the masses governed by a king, cried, "God save the King," for he could do no wrong. That day has gone by. Seek for the light, seek for the truth, and when you find it let it develop the high and holy in your nature. "Truth is always strong, it endureth forever; it overcomes and liveth forever."

## LOVE CANNOT DIE.

This is a world of changing scenes,  
And the beauty of the day  
Fades softly through the evening light,  
And all its beams decay.

The tiny flowers all sweet and bright,  
That blossom by the way,  
Bring always, from their source of light,  
This one sad word—decay.

The clouds that spring in beauty bright,  
Their beauty fades away;  
Waves as they cast their crimson light,  
And fade too soon, and die.

Not thus it is with loving lives;  
The eyes that stare more bright—  
The hands we clasped, must never fade  
In eternal night.

For they have found some morning land,  
Some radiant shore on high,  
Where in their beauty still they stand,  
And, loving cannot die.

But in this real world of yours,  
Of blossom and decay,  
Where Winter with its frost and snow  
Precedes the sunny May.

You look through all your days of gloom,  
The wintry days and cold,  
And from the same dear shore of light  
Some fairer world behold.

And, if you listen earnestly,  
The voices soft and low,  
Descend from heavenly spirit-heights,  
To bless the realm below.

And the dear friends for whom we yearn,  
E'er since they bade good bye,  
They come from out their shining realms,  
Where love can never die.

They say, Oh friends that long for us,  
Advancing day by day,  
We bring this truth, with glad delight—  
That love cannot decay.

It only buds within this life,  
As buds the summer rose,  
It passes to a fairer land  
Before the sweet flower blows.

Be patient, then; God writes, in this,  
The lesson of his love,  
He writes it in the shining stars,  
That crown the blue above.

He writes it in these glowing words,  
And in our earthly love,  
And by the word of earnest truth,  
He lifts your soul above.

So in this dark and chilling world,  
He lifts our spirits higher;  
You learn God's truth from day to day  
As still your souls aspire.

And sometime when in quietness,  
A beautiful cloud shall come,  
And children's hands shall clasp in yours  
To lead you gently home.

You will find another, better world,  
A glorious world on high;  
And life is still progressing there,  
And love can never die.

## Helen Whiting Speaks Her Mind.

Stratford, Conn., Dec. 21, 1879.

Editor Mind and Matter:

I am reminded that my subscription term expires with last week's number. I had thought that my term would begin with the beginning of the year. I am well pleased with your paper. I am astonished beyond expression at the disclosures you are making public of the Jesuitical powers. I feel, brother, that you are the chosen one of the good angels' band or bands of spirits to do this great and noble work, and God and the true ministering spirits will aid you by their wisdom and sustain you to bring their machinations to naught. I see that you must every one speaking of Jesus say Jesus of Nazareth. In the New Testament it is said that Joseph dwelt in the city of Nazareth, that the prophecy might be fulfilled that he should be called a Nazarene. Thomas Paine challenges both the Protestant and Catholic priesthood to show that there is such a city spoken of in the Old Testament. I cannot see the point why he should outlast the humble Nazarene so much when he is spoken of. Learning of the Jesuitical power in the spirit world I have thought of the Lord's Prayer as it is called, "thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," implying that God's will is not done here as in heaven. Is it true that God's will is done there more than here when the Catholic power there is allowed to exert such an influence over the manifestations of our blessed gospel, Spiritualism. I ask for information. Is it a proper question to place before your medium? I submit it to your judgment. How do we know that Jesus ever made that prayer—he did not record it. "Lead me not into temptation." What a prayer to address to Infinite love and goodness! Enclosed are \$2.15 in stamps for the paper a year. Unfortunately for me, there is not a Spiritualist in Stratford to get as a subscriber. I am the only known Spiritualist here. I should be very glad to accept of Mr. Mansfield's offer, for my resources are not abundant. I am pleased with the picture, with the looks of the Homeward. Send me the one you think is the best, I may never want another. I am drawing near my home. Thanks to the good angels, I have learned a little, just a little of my blessed inheritance. I shall be 73 years old next May—but I am smart yet. You see, I cannot be a subscriber a great while longer.

P. S.—Brother, I was very much pleased with your remarks on Melchisedec. It was sent to me. I could not get hold of anything in it that I could understand. As you say, it was just as clear as mud to me, and I did not know that my old brain was capable of understanding so much —; what, I did not know what to call it. I begin to feel to-day that my old brain is not so demented as I feared. I was greatly surprised when I read Brother Denton's letter in the R-P Journal about the Terre Haute mediums. I have always been a great admirer of his radical utterances—having heard him lecture several times and have some acquaintance with him. It would have been hard to make me believe he would have written such a letter as that; I could hardly believe my eyes. I was amused and pleased with the remarks that lady in Ohio made on his letter. It was right to the point; I think he must have felt it.

HELEN WHITING.

Edward Underhill, New York city, writes: "At this late date I send the wherewith—three dollars and four three-cent stamps—to renew my subscription to MIND AND MATTER and answer by Dr. Mansfield to sealed letter. I have complied strictly with instructions in addressing my letter, as you see the superscription on the envelope is to a friend in spirit life. I commend you for your bold and fearless stand in advocating the cause of human progress in upholding truth to the downfall of error, in warring against the enemies of Spiritualism, both within and without the camp. Yes, Brother Roberts, I commend you for your efforts in hunting down wolves in sheep's clothing, in the spirit as well as mundane sphere. I am glad to see one journal, at least, that is not so controlled by the almighty dollar, that when an article is presented for publication the first question asked is, 'Will it pay?' Will public sentiment bear me out in it? But the world moves and the time has arrived for decisive action. So I would say, go ahead and the spirit world will sustain you in your noble work. I can subscribe to all S.W. Lincoln, your Hartford subscriber, says; it has the ring of the right metal. I am yours in battling error."