

# Mind



# Matter.

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

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## FROM THE CASTLE IN AIR TO THE LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD.

BY THOMAS PAINE.

In the region of clouds where the whirlwinds arise,  
My castle of fancy was built;  
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,  
And the windows with sunbeams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state,  
Enamelled the mansion around,  
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create,  
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottoes and fountains, and orange tree groves,  
I had all that enchantment has told;  
I had sweet shady walks for the Gods and their loves,  
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not, has risen and rolled,  
While wrapt in slumber I lay;  
And when I looked out in the morning, behold!  
My castle was carried away.

It passed over rivers, and valleys, and groves—  
The world, it was all in my view—  
I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,  
And often, full often of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,  
That nature and silence had made;  
The place was but small—but twice sweetly serene,  
And cheered with sunshine and shade.

I gazed and I envied with painful good will,  
And grew tired of my seat in the air;  
When all of a sudden my castle stood still,  
As if some attraction was there.

Like a hawk from the sky it came fluttering down,  
And placed me exactly in view—  
When who should I meet in this charming retreat—  
This corner of calmness—but you.

Delighted to find you in honor and ease,  
I felt no more sorrow nor pain;  
And the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,  
And went back in my castle again.

In the home of a friend under the shadow of the Adirondacks, I found a few weeks ago, the above poem of Thomas Paine, in an edition of his works printed in Boston, fifty years ago, "for the advocates of common sense." I first read it thirty years since with great pleasure, without knowing the name of the author. Some time after that I learned the circumstances under which it was written and the name of the man who conceived it. I then reread it with renewed interest, for I had loved Paine from a boy of fourteen. I think many of your readers will be glad to see it in the columns of your paper, as Paine, though having been dead over seventy years, is just beginning to have a little justice done to his memory, and people read everything about him, with more sympathy, and a better understanding of his real nature, and the great good he did for humanity. The circumstances under which he wrote this poem I will briefly state. He corresponded with a lady, during his exiles from "The Castle in Air," and she addressed hers from "The Little Corner of the World." For reasons of which he was ignorant, the correspondence suddenly ceased, and for some time he believed her in obscurity and distress. Long years afterwards he met her very unexpectedly in Paris, in affluent circumstances, as the wife of Sir Robert Smith. Can any one tell us if any of those letters of Paine's to this lady are now preserved? A friend now in Germany informs me that efforts have been made to get them for publication, as they do great honor to the genius and name of one, whom the churches still delight in slandering. Truly yours, JAY CHAPMAN.

## SPIRITUALISTIC BARNACLES.

BY E. A. CHAPMAN.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

As I see and feel it, Spiritualism to-day, to a large extent, is not what its projectors in spirit life intended, nor what they desire. To me it seems like a great ship, all clogged and weighed down with barnacles, and I am unable to determine whether they originate most in this life or the next. After 1800 years, an effort is being made to rid Christianity of its barnacles, but the discovery is made that the craft is not worth preserving, and now after 32 years, it behooves us to examine Spiritualism, and see if it is not clogged by deleterious elements. It is manifestly our duty to harmonize with those who, in spirit life, planned this great movement. Their places should be ours, and we should see to it, that all barnacles that would clog and pervert the work, as planned by the spirit founders, be exposed and cast aside. I may be mistaken, but I certainly think that much of the work now being done is productive of more harm than good. As I understand it, the objects of Spiritualism are to rid the world of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition; to substitute reason for faith; to make us purer and better; to do good to others; to be charitable and assist the needy; to prove that we are immortal—that the spirit world begins when this one ends—that we ourselves are responsible for our thoughts, words, and deeds—that we must pay the penalty for all wrong, and be rewarded for all good—that the interior or spiritual is the cause, the exterior the effect—and, that only by placing ourselves in rapport with spiritual things can we be truly progressive and wise. If we keep all these objects continually in view, and give each its proper attention, we shall be able to develop a grand and harmonious manhood and womanhood, and leave the world better than we found it. If any one of these is slighted, then not only the individual, but Spiritualism too, suffers in proportion. Many forget apparently, that the little details are of any importance. Those men accomplish the most, who give the closest attention to the little affairs of every day life. I fear many advanced Spiritualists imagine themselves above or beyond the details of Spiritualism, and when that point is reached, they are no longer useful in any sense.

Spiritualism is no exception to the general rule. So long as the details are properly attended to, just so long will its growth be healthy, and accomplish its legitimate work, and no longer. One says, "The work now to be done is, to spiritualize Spiritualists," but fails to point out what I consider the surest way to do it. I may be wrong, but, as I understand the plan proposed, there is

too much selfishness in it—too much pride in being something exceptionally superior. The grandest men—those who are really the most spiritual—are those who can and do come down to the level of the neediest in the land. I believe this work can best be accomplished by doing good to others. The lesson which comes to us from spirit life is, that we can exalt ourselves only by lifting up others. Spiritualism is in its infancy. Millions are as ignorant to-day as we were years ago. If those who utter this cry would look earthward more, and heavenward less; if they would teach that "the greatest of these is charity," and a rigid application to the practical details of Spiritualism, I should then feel that they were teaching best how to spiritualize Spiritualists and bless mankind. Our great anxiety should be to leave this world better than we found it, knowing that the gifts we receive will be measured by the good we have done. To a large extent, if we would be rich in spiritual gifts, we must ignore ourselves and live for others. Those who withdraw into their "harmonious shells," who cease working for others; who feel that their spiritual development makes them belong more to the next world than this, and are so thankful they are out in the light and not as others are, will, I believe, on entering spirit life, realize that they have lost golden opportunities for doing good, from which they might have reaped a rich harvest of spiritual gifts.

Again, I regard with grave suspicion the efforts that are being made to educate Spiritualists here, as to what certain individuals are doing in spirit life. Some of the ablest instruments now on the spiritual rostrum do very little else than narrate experiences in spirit life, which are of very little practical value to the public. At the same time we are told we could better understand these wonderful experiences if we had been there and could judge from their standpoint. The peculiar egotism displayed by these great men in thus speaking of themselves and their experiences, is so ridiculously inconsistent that many times we fail to believe they are what they purport to be. Instead of prating about themselves, it seems to me they would improve every opportunity in telling us where they had failed in this life; in pointing out our errors; and showing us how to correct them, and in teaching us to be useful to others. Humanity is everywhere debased, burdened and diseased, and here is the real work of Spiritualism. And I am astonished that these great men, who, while here, realized this so keenly and did so much, forget it on entering spirit life, and appropriate the time and gifts of our best mediums in exhibiting themselves to the world. We are all, in this life, to a greater or less extent, prisoners and invalids. We are physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, bound and diseased. The real work of Spiritualism is here and now, and deals not with the future, except to prove immortality and to show what bearing our thoughts, words and deeds have upon our future existence. We, as Spiritualists, aided by the spirit world, must dispel the darkness and suffering of this world, which result from ignorance and disease; and those spirits who believe the way to correct these errors and lift up humanity in this world, is to give information which we cannot comprehend concerning the next, are, in my judgment, using the wrong remedies.

As long as mediums, as a rule, persist in giving the names of their control, and rely on the strength there is in names, just so long, I believe, they will be deceived. This practice is an element of weakness, and has already wrought much harm to Spiritualism. Many times, efforts, which otherwise would have done much good, have had their force utterly neutralized by giving, as their author, the name of some spirit who in this life would have done differently or far better. Intelligent people see these inconsistencies and refuse to accept them. Were I a medium and controlled by Jesus Christ, Thomas Paine, Theodore Parker, or any other among the great and wise of the past, for my own good, as well as that of the cause, I should not want to know it; for the natural result would be pride and egotism. Spirits, I fear, many times, either foolishly or maliciously, yield to this pressure and give names to quiet and gratify their mediums, or to injure the cause, and the result in either case is harm to all concerned. Mediums should be satisfied with knowing just what is absolutely necessary, always testing their guides by the rule, "By their fruits shall we know them." If a medium prefers fame to usefulness, he or she may, by these means, be gratified. The most useful mediums are those who, as a rule, do their work quietly and unostentatiously, relying on the real merits of the work done for their advancement and reward.

Barnum says: "The American people are bound to be humbugged," and mediums, by insisting on knowing the identity of their controls, when it is not necessary, are as foolish; and, so long as they do it, just so long will they find Barnums in spirit life who will humbug them. The fact that spirits claim to be unable to do themselves justice, is sufficient reason for withholding their names, and, I believe, spirits do so to a much greater extent than they have credit for.

Another and greater evil, and growing out of, as I see it, this same egotistical pride, is the attempt to inculcate or adulterate Spiritualism, pure and simple, with Christianity, the bloodiest, blackest curse this world has ever known. Knowing, as they do, how Christian superstition or diabolism has cursed humanity, and blocked the wheels of progression during the past eighteen hundred years, and the efforts priestly bigots are making to-day, to deprive us of our rights, and crush Spir-

itualism, there can be no possible excuse for them but their pride, which exalts them, in their own estimation, above others of their kind, or a surrender and espousal of the enemies' cause. I see in the writings of those who are so anxious to Christianize Spiritualism, evidence of a belief that they have been chosen by Jesus Christ to proclaim his second coming. I presume if I could be convinced that I was the chosen medium of Jesus Christ, my heart would be filled with gladness and pride and my brain become giddy, and I should consider myself a person of considerable importance; but should the attempt be made, I should consider that some Barnum was repeating the part played by the Devil, when he led Christ up into the mountain or placed him on the pinnacle of the temple. I could not believe, for I do not believe the time has yet arrived for him to make himself known, unless he comes as the Jews look for him. This calling on mediums to proclaim that they have seen Christ, is, to my mind, extremely pernicious. Clairvoyants may be psychologized to see anything or anybody, and if they should see what purports to be Christ, it would be no proof they had seen him. Besides, if there is a Jesus Christ, and he is a leader in this movement, he would not be so anxious to make himself known as to set people to using such harsh epithets to and about each other. If I mistake not, the inharmonious discussion of this subject has already done much harm.

It is quite possible that a man lived eighteen hundred years ago who was a wonderful medium, through whom those in spirit life tried to do a good work; but the bloody persecutions and diabolism that followed, as a result, proved that the attempt was not well timed or misdirected. Again, if there was, according to the Bible, such a man he was a rank plagiarist, repeating, parrot like, the wise sayings of his predecessors, and imitating in many respects their example. Besides, the men who taught "Take ye thought for to-morrow," and that we "must hate father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife and children for his sake," is unfit, unless he has become civilized, and got out of his unparalleled egotism, to be a leader of, much less have his name stamped on, Modern Spiritualism. We have had, and have, mediums, to-day, more worthy of this high honor. However, I am willing to admit that Christ is now a wise and exalted spirit, and an earnest worker in spirit life in behalf of this great movement; but I do not believe he is still so egotistical as to be in such indecent haste about having his name used in this connection, and I believe, even if they have had an election in spirit life; and he is the successful candidate, that any announcement of the fact has been officially dictated to us on the mundane plane; and I am compelled to suspect those who have manifested so much anxiety about this matter, are feverishly anxious to be something exceptionally great. For one, I shall not vote for Jesus Christ, or any other man, till I know he is a candidate, that is, providing I am endowed with the privilege of the elective franchise. It is a poor way for Christ to right the bloody wrongs of eighteen hundred years by coming in such a way and time as to throw people into inharmonious paroxysms of rage. If he has been the cause of the "late unpleasantness," then he is peculiarly unfortunate in his missions.

If we are to have another eighteen hundred years of diabolism as a result of his second coming I fear the race, after a while, will wish Jesus Christ had never been born, and that God the Father-Ghost had been in better business than overshadowing Mary. For one, I am glad that the Father-Ghost of God is content with one Son, for if he had obeyed his own command of "multiply," etc., earth would groan with sin more than she did when Adam and Eve ate the apple. If, however, we are to have a class of supernumerated Spiritualists, who can no longer make themselves useful, I think it exceedingly appropriate that they call themselves Christian Spiritualists. Let them do so by all means, if they find any comfort in it. We should all be earnest advocates of religious freedom, and never interfere with each other's rights or honest convictions. However, I do not object to Christ. I give him credit for being honest and sincere, and we should not hold him responsible for modern diabolism, but I will never vote for placing his name above that of Paine or Franklin.

Christ has had honors enough. According to Joe Cook, Beecher and Co., he has been boss for 1800 years, and now, I say, let somebody else have a show. If he was God, as claimed, he knew his coming would curse the race, and now let him before he pushes himself again to the front, wipe out some of the blood stains and black blotches his first coming stamped on the race. I say, give the Christ his due, and the Devil too. I would as soon think of saying Christian Geology, or Christian Chemistry, as Christian Spiritualism. Spiritualism, unqualified, plain and simple, means the Philosophy of life and the Universe. It is the science of sciences, and deals in all questions and phenomena that pertain to the Universe in any sense. Its significance is as broad as the Universe, as deep as Eternity, and embraces all heavens and all hells; all Gods and all Devils; all eras and all epochs; and to select a single individual; a single principle; and the bloodiest, blackest era the world has ever known; and narrow the significance of Spiritualism down to these limits; is an insult to humanity, and to the spirit founders of this glorious millennial movement. If we must have Christian Spiritualism, then let us be just enough to stamp all sciences and discoveries with their greatest representatives. We will have Gal-

ilean Astronomy; Newtonian gravity; Fultonian steamboats; Morse telegraphy; Millerian geology, etc., etc., I believe the moment any man's name is stamped on Spiritualism, that moment it is cursed and damned beyond redemption or salvation. Eighteen hundred years ago, Christianity was thus stamped, and behold the result. Think of all the bloody persecutions; the dense pall of ignorance; the damning principle of faith; the fiendish, treacherous, murderous, hatred of reason and philosophy; the horrible repulsiveness of Christian bigotry and superstition; and then think of having all of them stamped upon Spiritualism. Let us honor Christ just as we do all others; no more and no less, and bury Christianity so deep, that even its ghost will never more haunt the race. Spiritualism is a young child, glorious with promise of good, and he who would disgrace and besmear it with the accumulated filth of eighteen hundred years should be deemed mad, and so treated by all enlightened and progressive Spiritualists.

Christianity can never reflect upon Spiritualism a pure light. All the ceremonies of Christianity are based on blind faith, and have been established by a selfish, ignorant and bigoted priesthood, and Spiritualists should no longer ape these idle mummeries. There is a suspicious and striking resemblance between Christian prayers and very many Spiritualistic invocations. If there was a first cause, then there is a Father God. If all things and all laws have always existed, then I see no necessity for a first cause or a Father God, and I have yet to learn that a Father or Mother God has ever been seen or heard of in spirit life, or even an overruling spirit. If there is, I have yet to learn that a message or a courier of any kind has ever been received, even in the spirit world, from Him, or any other great head centre; and if we pray to or invoke the blessing of anything, body, or God, that has only an imaginary existence, we are aping the ceremonies of superstition.

If I can prevent it, Spiritualism shall not be sold out by those who cannot or will not discriminate between light and darkness. We should discard all imaginary and unknown Gods. I do not object to invocations, but don't make them give the lie to Spiritualism. Spiritualism has no use for "unknown Gods." When we pray, let us do so understandingly and not blindly. If we borrow the words of superstition or mythology, we shall be compelled to adopt their significance. Invocations may be necessary in order to induce passive conditions, but when we desire to harmonize with the pure and good in nature, we need not call it God, for that term originally signified a personal identity, and ever will. If we invoke the blessing of any identity whatever, it should be that which we know something of. If we desire wise and good spirits to aid and bless us, we should say so, and not say God. Prayers to our spirit friends, if sincere and proper, will invariably be responded to, but I have yet to learn that a prayer to any God was ever answered; and, for one, I say, let us pray in harmony with reason, and not faith; with knowledge, and not superstition. Let us get rid of all the hobbies, side-issues and barnacles which will impede the progress of our noble ship—Spiritualism. Lowell, Michigan.

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

ME, Red Cloud, speak for Blackfoot, the great Medicine Chief from happy hunting-grounds. He says he loves white chiefs and squaws. He travels like the wind. He goes 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 moon.

This spirit message was first published in MIND AND MATTER, January 10th, M. S. 32, with the announcement that "Magnetized Paper" would be sent to all who were sick in body or mind, that desired to be healed, also, to those that desired to be developed as spiritual mediums; for three months for three 3-cent stamps. The three months have now closed with the following result:

3,405 persons have sent for the paper by mail. 1,000 persons have received it at the office; and the hundreds of testimonials that have been received of its wonderful work in healing the sick and developing mediums, prove that Red Cloud and Blackfoot have faithfully kept their promises. That all may have an opportunity to test the merits of the paper, the price for the future will be as follows:—1 sheet, (postage paid), 10 cents, 12 sheets, \$1.00. Send a silver ten cent piece if you can. Address, James A. Bliss, 713 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## A Proposition.

I am prepared and will send to any one address, direct from my office, one sheet of "Blackfoot's" Magnetized Paper, postage paid, every week for one month for 40 cents; two months for 70 cents; three months for \$1.00. Address with amount enclosed, James A. Bliss, 713 Sansom St., Philada.

## Alfred James

Is prepared to answer calls to lecture under spirit control, on subjects chosen by the audience or answer questions, or spirits will choose their own subjects at the option of the society, at any point within one hundred miles of Philadelphia. For full particulars and terms address,

A. JAMES,  
No. 2, Rear of 1229 Vine St., Philada., Pa.

## THE BUNDY CRUSADE ON MEDIUMS.

BY Z. T. GRIFFEN.

In the last article I alluded to the way in which Col. Bundy had written in the *R.-P. Journal* concerning Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond as a medium and a lecturer. It seemed as if nothing too good could be said of her before a certain period, when her guides came out upon his hypocrisy. Night after night Mr. Bundy and wife were the welcome visitors at Mrs. Richmond's cozy parlors. Col. Bundy was writing cooling missives to Mrs. R., heading his notes with "My Dear Pastor," etc. Mrs. Richmond had a select circle for private instruction, and the Bundys were of that number. In short, Col. Bundy, with a suggestive side wag of the head, pronounced the lectures in private "wonderful"—that they explained everything in a manner perfectly satisfactory and as he had never had done before. I am thus presenting the reader with the condition of things just previous to the grand denouement, and will therefore quote several things that have been published before, and commented one-sidedly upon, as MIND AND MATTER was not then in existence to allow the other side a hearing. And right here I wish to say that, while I admire the *Banner of Light*, I really think the editor was a little too tender-footed at that time. Perhaps I do not know all the facts and circumstances that influenced him. The condition of affairs at that time—the season of 1878—made it absolutely necessary for such a fearless advocate to come into existence as MIND AND MATTER.

But to the point again. The conspirators of which Bundy was the chief went to work to destroy all the mediums in Chicago for physical manifestations. A suit was pending against the Bundys in which their title to the paper was seriously questioned. A spirit had openly charged, at one of Mr. Bastian's seances, that Col. Bundy was guilty of concealing the will of S. S. Jones; another medium confirmed the statement. Col. Bundy saw that something must be done to crush out that kind of evidence. So he hired a detective to visit Mr. Bastian's seances, get in his good graces, and then find out what Mr. B. knew in the law suit pending. This gentleman quietly worked up a set of people to propose to Mr. Bastian to have a test seance, which Mr. Bastian properly refused to assent to. This was what the Colonel had been hounding for so long. Now he could say, because Mr. Bastian had refused to give a test seance, it was positive evidence of fraud. So a set of resolutions were passed at a meeting in Mrs. Richmond's church, where she officiated, denouncing Bastian and Taylor. As those resolutions are to the point I consider it proper to insert them here. There were adopted May 22, 1878:

"Whereas, a respectful request has been made of Bastian and Taylor, by a large number of those interested in the investigation of spirit phenomena, that in view of the many recent exposures of professed mediums, and of the doubts and disbelief excited in the public mind as to the genuineness of any form of materializations, and in justice to themselves as professional mediums, and to the cause they profess to regard, they would give a series of test seances, that their exhibitions might be observed under conditions affording accuracy of observation, and which reasonable request Bastian and Taylor have refused to grant; and

"Whereas, Truth seeks, whilst fraud shuns and dreads investigation; therefore be it

"Resolved, That in our opinion their refusal to satisfy the just demands of the Spiritualists of Chicago, as *prima facie* evidence of fraudulent practices upon their part which will not bear investigation.

"Resolved, That we will not give countenance, encouragement or support to Bastian and Taylor, until they give evidence of the validity of their claim, as they have been requested to do; and we recommend to all Spiritualists throughout the United States, that they discountenance them lest the larger and deserving class who follow the vocation of mediumship, and the cause, shall suffer from the final exposure which is sure to follow.

"Resolved, That the daily papers of this city and the publications devoted to Spiritualism throughout the United States, be requested to publish these resolutions."

The above was published in the papers of Chicago, and in the *R.-P. Journal*. A few persons were present who protested against the adoption of such resolutions, but they were carried. Thus it was that these mediums were condemned by a large number of so-called Spiritualists who had never attended one of their seances. Col. Bundy, however, was in his element, and was carrying things along splendidly. The evil influences found food in his nature, it seems, to help him along—when, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, Mrs. Richmond's guides emphatically protested on the next Sunday morning against any such action on the part of the Society or of the men who had assembled, and said that it was a spirit of persecution, etc.

This brought Col. Bundy to the front, with all the army he had so lately enlisted, and a meeting was forthwith demanded with Mr. A. A. Ballou, the audacious spirit who had dared to contradict this host of earthly foes. The meeting was granted; a short-hand writer was procured, and Mrs. Richmond put to the test of a bulldozing cross-examination for three or four long hours, in the presence of a lot of violently enraged men, many of whom very soon perceived the cloven-foot of Col. Bundy, and retired, leaving the doughty Colonel and his two paid attorneys to continue the contest. The assailants of Mr. Bastian turning upon Mrs. Richmond, were treated to a little sagacity by the controls, as Mrs. R. promised to take back something that was deemed particularly odious in the remarks that had been made. But the controls did not come as far up to the mark as the attorney for Col. Bundy wanted, so Mrs. Richmond was called to the bar of Bundy, and a lot of scurrilous articles printed, and I am sorry to say that the most violent statement came from the departed E. V. Wilson—that the spirit, A. A. Ballou, was a "pothunterous ass." We presume Bro. Wilson was sorry that he ever allowed himself to make such a statement when Mrs. Richmond so kindly came out to his residence, and tenderly ministered to him on what he supposed was his death-bed.

But I will digress a little here to show up Col. Bundy a little, in a different light. A Mrs. Simpson, a physical medium, from New Orleans, came to Chicago. Col. B. at once requested a test seance, which was granted. Wonderful things were performed. Paper strips were brought into the room, flowers were brought, slate-writing produced, all of which were faithfully written up and published in the *Journal*. But, doubtless, when the Colonel

came to see the article in type he thought he had committed himself a little too far, so he puts in the following lame excuse:

"APPARENTLY."

"In the hurry of reading proof, when the type forms were writing last week, we inadvertently omitted the above word in our account of a seance with Mrs. Simpson. The sentence should have read: 'The seance opened with independent slate writing, the conditions being apparently fraud proof.' We make this explanation only in the interest of accurate observation and narration (!). Though Mrs. Simpson holds the slate under the table covered with a spread. Yet the manner in which it is done has proved very satisfactory to many of our most sceptical and exacting investigators."

The above is a true index of the man. At this time he was afraid he had got his foot into it sure; so the word "apparently" had to be called in play. It is too thin really. If Mrs. Simpson holds her seances under "apparently" fraud proof conditions why not allow Mr. Bastian the same privilege, Mr. Bundy? This article is in the same issue containing a long account of the meeting wherein Mr. Bastian was severely denounced—for not holding a seance, because a lot of persons wanted him to—as guilty of "fraudulent practices." But Mr. Bundy's position here is too ridiculous for any professed Spiritualist to consider a moment. He had been accused of committing a crime by a spirit form, at one of Mr. Bastian's seances, and the medium should suffer therefor he decided.

The next case I will mention, is the report in the *R.-P. Journal*, of the fire test given publicly by that modest and attractive medium, Mrs. Mary E. Suydam. Col. Bundy heads the account:

"SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS,"

Then followed a bitter tirade against Mr. H. N. F. Lewis, and the medium, using such expressions as "idiots" etc., for attempting to give a public test, which was every way a success, causing doctors and sceptics to burn the skin off their arms and hands in their determined efforts to follow the medium in her manifestations. Mrs. Suydam passed her arms and hands slowly through fire, while the sceptics lifted their's through, and got burned—the medium escaping with no injury.

But I will subside now until the next article, when I will try and present something additional in the way of exposing this editorial shyster and slanderer of the very people who helped to build up a periodical, which I am half inclined to think, the spirit enemies had determined to destroy. Col. Bundy is doing more to block the efforts of the spirit world than any other person in this country; and but for the interference of the "powers that be," he would have carried away many with him. He verily is a "dirty fellow" spiritually, and should be removed from the field, as too obnoxious to be tolerated, unless, as in every good "play" a villain is needed; then in the grand structure of Spiritualism, he certainly is performing that part meritoriously, and the thing is complete in all its parts.

## Liberal League Notes.

Friends of the National Liberal League Movement in Illinois, I have travelled through and visited portions of twenty-six counties in the state of Illinois, during the past four months. Travelling the country with my horse and buggy, solely to ascertain the liberal sentiment of the people, and work for the inauguration and building up of the Liberal League Movement in this State. I am satisfied that the time has come when we ought to have in the State of Illinois, a good, strong, active, State League, to work in conjunction with the National Liberal League, and I know that this can be accomplished, if the friends of the League will only join with me in the organization of a State League. My plan for the accomplishment of this object is, that as soon as a sufficient number of names are sent in to warrant me in calling a convention for the purpose of instituting a State League, I will do so by calling a two or three days convention, to be convened at some point as near in the centre of the State as practicable. This of necessity will involve some expense, for hall, speakers, printing, etc. But this expense can be met and leave a surplus for the Treasury of the State League, without becoming a heavy tax on any one individual or a few individuals; and the good accomplished by holding such convention, will bring a rich return to the Liberal cause. Now let each individual, man or woman, who would like to, become a life member of the Illinois State League, the same when organized to become an auxiliary to the National Liberal League, send me one dollar as a membership fee, and I will return them a receipt for the same, or a certificate of membership. And just as soon as enough names are thus sent in to make it safe for me to call a convention to perfect the organization of the League I will do so, and whatever amount may be received as membership fees in excess of the expenses of the convention, will be turned over to the Treasurer of the State League, to be used for the advancement of the Liberal League Movement in the State of Illinois as the Board of Directors of the State League may direct.

Now friends of the Liberal cause in Illinois, shall we have a State League? And shall we have a grand rally somewhere in the central part of the state to perfect its organization? If you feel like saying yes, then let me hear from you. Address me at Saint Johns, Perry Co., Ills. Yours for a better, truer, and more enlightened humanity.

F. F. FOLLET.

Ch. Sub. Ex. Com. N. L. L. Saint Johns, Perry Co., Ill., Dec. 3, 1880.

## An Appeal.

To the Liberal and generous public, greeting:

Anna Stewart has, by special request, consented to give, December 25, at Pence's Hall, for the benefit of destitute children, a repetition of gifts and festivities, successfully conducted by her last Christmas.

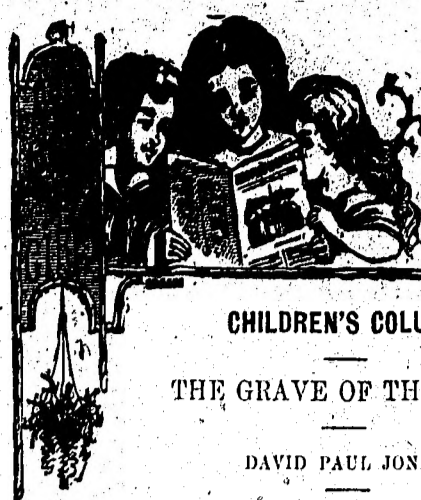
Several ladies and gentlemen have joined in the work, and it will be their purpose to make it a gala day for the little ones. The object of the above is to feed and clothe the needy, and donations of money, goods and eatables will be thankfully received, on behalf of the poor, at Anna Stewart's reception room, Pence's block, by her and the assistants.

Friends of the poor are requested to report donations at the earliest date possible; and names of needy children, who will be served with tickets, are solicited.

ANNA STEWART,

Directress and Manager.

Terre Haute, Nov. 17, 1880.



## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

## THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR.

DAVID PAUL JONES.

The flowers of spring are removed,  
The foliage of summer is gone,  
The charms we so tenderly love,  
Have fled, and the heart is alone.

Spring again shall enrich the gay bowers,  
And summer enliven the plain,  
But the heart that is robbed of its flowers,  
Never, never shall flourish again.

But why should we mortals repine  
In approaching the grave of the year?  
Through the vista of perishing time,  
Eternity's mansions appear.

There, spring shall unceasingly bloom,  
And the heart forever be gay,  
While the wintry night of the tomb,  
Is lost in perpetual day.

## A True Hero.

BY JENNY WREN.

"Oh, to be a hero—a real hero!" sighed little Frank Fanning, as he closed the book he had been straining his eyes in the twilight to read, which told how a little drummer-boy had kept up his dub-a-dub all through a fiercely-fought battle—his little red coat seen here, there and everywhere, as he moved among the soldiery, cheering them with the gay sound, until at the close of the day, when they had gained the victory, they noticed that the sound grew fainter and fainter, until some one going up to the spot where he had sunk on the ground, discovered that the brave little fellow's life-blood was ebbing fast through a mortal wound caused by one of the bullets of the enemy; but, still, his last, expiring effort was to keep up the rah-tah-too, and his last glance was for the flag, in which they wrapped him as they laid him away to his final rest, while on the rude board that marked his grave they cut the words:

"Here lies a little hero!"

"That was worth dying for," thought Frankie, when, from the adjoining room, some one called his name.

It was his mother, and it was the third time she had called him.

"Yes, mother, I am coming," he answered, springing up.

"I wanted a glass of water, my son, I am thirsty."

Frank felt a little pang of reproach, for his mother was an invalid, and unable to move from the lounge to which she was carried every morning, and she depended on her little boy to wait upon her.

"I ought to have come before, mother," he said; "but I was reading such a splendid story. It was about a boy-hero, mother. Oh, I wish that I could be a hero!"

"And so you may be, my son! Do you know what heroism means? It means self-sacrifice. Always remember that. There is no man who entirely forgets self but who is a hero. He may not know it himself, the world may never recognize it, but there is One who knows it, and who will some day reward it."

Somehow Frankie could not forget his mother's words as he lay that night, with wide-open eyes, in his little bed. Whenever he closed them, he seemed to see that soldier-boy's grave, and the sentence written above it. But one might be a hero and yet not die. He could not understand it, and so wondering, he fell asleep.

How good Frankie has grown! thought Mrs. Fanning, in the days that followed. She no longer had to call to him when, no matter what he was doing, he hastened to her side. How often she blessed him in her thought! But spite of his loving care she felt herself growing paler and weaker every day.

It was mental trouble, the doctor said, as much as physical. Her mind must be kept free from care. But this was the one thing that Frankie could not do, though he well knew what was troubling her.

Every week their little hoard at the bank was decreasing, and Mrs. Fanning, who was a dress-maker, could do no work. Another month—if she continued ill—there would be hardly enough left to pay the rent.

On his way home, one afternoon, from school, bitterly revolving all this in his mind, Frankie, glancing up, found himself opposite a large factory, outside of which was a placard, on which was written, in great letters:

"HANDS WANTED."

The boy looked down at his own hands. They were small and white, and unused to work.

"But they were made to use," he whispered to himself, with sudden inspiration. "Other boys make money—why may not I?"

Five minutes later he stood before the superintendent. In ten minutes the agreement had been made. He had to go to school one-half the day; the other half he had to work in the factory, and for this he was to receive three dollars a week—enough to pay the rent.

True, it would take away the only hours he had for play—no more skating, no more sledding. But never mind that, Frankie thought, gulping down a sigh of regret, and manfully trudging homeward.

At the door, he paused:

"I won't tell mother," he whispered; "it would only trouble her. She will find it out soon enough."

One day, when she had needed and missed him, she reproached him for thinking more of his play than his mother, but though he grew a little pale, he said nothing.

The month was drawing to its close. The time was approaching when she must learn the truth, else how could he account to her for the money?

Never mind. He would tell her how much happier he was knowing he helped her, and how little he missed his outdoor sports. Next winter, when she was strong and well again, he would enjoy them all the more.

It was the last day of the month, and Frankie was on his way to the counting-room to receive

his pay, which he had left in the superintendent's hands until the whole amount had been reached.

When, in passing some machinery, it was suddenly put in motion. Directly in his pathway stood a little girl, and as the great wheel slowly revolved, Frankie saw that it had caught a corner of her dress. The next moment he only knew that the dress was freed; that the child's life had been saved, and that his own strong right arm hung broken and helpless by his side. It had all taken such a little time he could scarcely realize it himself. He wondered what it all meant when they crowded around him.

"He is a little hero!" said a voice, and then it all grew dark and the little fellow knew no more.

When he recovered consciousness, his mother's pale face was bending over him.

"You're not angry, mother?" he whispered. "I couldn't help it."

"My precious little hero!" she answered, sealing his lips with her kisses.

Then he remembered all, and what that other voice had said. But what could this mean? He a hero? He, who had never done anything heroic in his life!

He had time to think it all over in the long weeks that passed before his broken arm mended and he grew strong again.

But one day the factory superintendent, who had insisted upon paying all the expenses of his illness, so that he might get well in his own time, came in and handed him, with a smile, a little box.

On opening it, a bright gold medal lay before his astonished gaze, and on it was written:

"In memory of a brave and noble action."

"Mother!" he cried, "see here! What does it mean?"

"It means," she answered, solemnly, "that my boy has forgotten self in others and that he is his mother's hero!"

Tears fell thick and fast down the boy's face. He had done so little, he thought, and they had made of it so much.

Nor was this all, for the next year the superintendent found a place for him in his own private office, where he might grow up a good and useful man.

To his mother, health and strength had returned, and all was happiness in the little cottage, but Frankie had learned a lesson he never forgot—that it is in the quiet home-circle, in the everyday unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others, rather than the battle-field, where the first seeds are sown which make the hero.—*Golden Days*.

## Spirit Communication from Spirit P. B. Randolph—Through the Mediumship of J. Wm. Van Namee.

Since my advent into spirit life I have often heard people who profess to be Spiritualists, wonder that a medium could commit suicide, and rush, uncalled for, into the realm of spirit. As I look around and take cognizance of the conditions of things, I wonder that more mediums are not driven to the commission of suicide, by the selfish and unjust conduct of people calling themselves Spiritualists; but whom I christen as "medium killers." Take a retrospective view and see how many grand mediums and earnest workers have been driven from the ranks, and compelled to seek employment in various walks of life, on account of the persecutions, trials and privations that marked their course as mediums: There are a class of people who are religiously reticent in regard to the good that mediums accomplish, the advice given that followed "leads on to fortune," but who are ever ready to grasp at even the appearance of evil, and condemn in the sensitive over-burdened medium the very things of which they, themselves, are guilty; and would deny them every comfort, to say nothing of the luxuries of life, if they could. We have known mediums of fine talent and good social position, who, for the sake of the cause they love so well, turn their back upon worldly position and advancement, and yield wholly to their guiding influences and their mediumship, and receive from their social and intellectual inferiors unkindness, calumny and even brutality. Is it a wonder, then, when the sensitive soul becomes oppressed with the indignities heaped upon it by those who profess to know the truth of spirit power and spirit control, should long to be free from the chains that bind it to the truth? No. And we cannot feel that the guilt rests on the one driven to despair, but on those who, through their acts, drive the sensitive to seek freedom from the tortures of earth life and earth ignorance, in a sphere broader and less selfish in its atmosphere.

Until Spiritualists realize their duty towards mediums, and realizing it, perform it, they will be heaping up for themselves a most terrible retribution. Little they know what obstacles they are placing in the way of spirit communion. How, by their selfishness and self-glory, they are defrauding others out of light, comfort and happiness; for which they must inevitably pay the penalty. Would there were more unity, more sympathy, more concerted action, among mediums themselves. This is much to be desired. Let them stand by each other, give each other strength, and united, fight against and overcome their oppressors, oppressors and crucifiers. From a long and bitter experience, I draw my conclusions, and feel that I can advise understandingly those who are struggling to give the light of truth unto their fellow-men.

To you, Bro. Roberts, I would say, God bless you! for your earnest efforts in behalf of bringing justice to mediums. Great shall be your reward. If you are misunde stood here, you are fully understood and appreciated by the hosts of freed souls who glorify your name in spirit spheres, and who aid you with their magnetic and spiritual forces; and who, when the curtain falls on the scenes of earth life, and your spirit awakens to the realities of spirit life, will gather about you a true, staunch and earnest congregation of appreciative and grateful friends, who will smooth your upward and onward way with helpful, soulful sympathy and love.

Mrs. Lydia Reeves, Azusa, Cal., renewing subscription, writes: "I cannot do without MIND AND MATTER any better than the Christians can their Bible. We read them over carefully and then lend them to our neighbors, who are not too prejudiced to read them. I think you are doing a noble work and hope your life on earth will be prolonged many years, to see the fruit of your labors."

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

ATHENAGORAS, (A Grecian Philosopher.)

GOOD DAY, SIR:—I am claimed by Christian authorities to have been the author of an apology for Christianity, written to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. That document Christians have claimed to be the strongest proof of their religion. I wrote about A. D. 170. As a spirit, I want to place this matter correctly before the people of earth. I became a convert to the Jewish faith by reading the works of Josephus. I had a school at Athens, in which I taught the doctrines of the Pharisees; but some of my students, while reading Josephus, became converts to the doctrines of the Sadducees, and in the contest between the rival sects, they became turbulent, and I was accused of keeping a disorderly place. I wrote this apology to the Emperor Aurelius, who was a remarkably candid man, setting forth that I could not hope to control the beliefs of my students. My address to the emperor has, since my time, been interpolated by Christians scribes, so as to answer for an apology for Christianity, when in fact it was nothing of the kind. In it I simply expressed my belief in the resurrection of the dead, in contrast with those who believed in no such resurrection. This apology was first interpolated by the order of a Christian emperor named Theodosius. As the pagans, in his day, clamored for proof of the truth of Christianity, and he was at his wits end to answer them; so, through his scribes he made this apology to answer his purpose. I claim another thing, and that is, that the language of my apology was not correctly translated, and, therefore, the copies of it now existing destroy the whole of the original meaning of it. That apology had no relation to Christianity and, therefore, is of no value as proof of its truth. I will add that the celebrated passage of Josephus about Christ was not in the copies of Josephus in my day. Who placed it there I have never been able to ascertain. [We remarked that it was generally supposed that Eusebius had done it, to which he replied,] I have conversed with Eusebius as a spirit, and he denies having made the interpolation. I was a philosopher of Athens, and was called after my native city, Athenagoras.

[We take the following sketch of Athenagoras, from "Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography."—Ed.]

"Athenagoras, a Grecian philosopher, converted to the Christian religion, flourished in the second century of our era. His name is unaccountably passed over by Eusebius and Jerome; and the only ancient biographical notice of him is contained in a fragment of Philopon Sidites, published by Henry Dodwell, along with his "Dissertationes in Irenaeum." In this document it is stated, that Athenagoras was the first master of the catechetical school at Alexandria; and that he flourished in the days of Hadrian and Antoninus, to whom he addressed an Apology on behalf of the Christians. It is added that he had, before Celsus, intended to write against the Christians; but when he examined the Holy Scriptures with this view, he became a convert to the faith he purposed to destroy. It is further asserted by this writer, that Clemens Alexandrinus was the disciple of Athenagoras, and Panteus the disciple of Clemens. The authority of Philopon Sidites was lightly esteemed, even in ancient times; and there are some manifest inaccuracies in the foregoing statement. Athenagoras's defence of the Christians was certainly not addressed to Hadrian and Antoninus. It has been contended by some modern scholars, that it was presented to Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus; but it has been shown by irrefragable proofs, that the emperors to whom it was addressed were Marcus Aurelius, and his son Commodus. In this view Baronius, Petavius, Tillemont, Maranus, Fabricius, Lumper, and many others concur. It is certain again, that Clemens Alexandrinus was the pupil, not the master of Panteus. And it is very improbable that Athenagoras was in any way connected with the celebrated catechetical school of Alexandria. All that we know respecting him is, that he was an Athenian by birth, a proselyte to Christianity, and the author of the above mentioned Apology, and of a treatise in defence of the tenet of the resurrection. Both of these are written with considerable ability and elegance, and in a pure Attic style. In the first, the vigorously combat the charges of Atheism, profligacy, and cannibalism, which were preferred against the early Christians. In the second he shows with no little ingenuity that the presumptive arguments against the Christian doctrine of the resurrection are inconclusive."

[Such was the communication of Athenagoras, and such the historical references to his earthly career. Who can read them and fail to perceive, not only the identity of the communicating spirit, but the correctness of the amazing revelation of facts which that communication contains. Much as we prize Spiritualism as a source of the highest wisdom, we would be willing to stake its chances of perpetuation on the authenticity of that communication alone. It explains every disputed question in relation to the historical facts concerning Athenagoras. That Athenagoras was no Christian is borne out fully by the fact that neither Eusebius, who wrote from A. D. 290 to 340, nor Jerome, who wrote from A. D. 345 to 420, ever heard of the conversion of the Athenian philosopher to Christianity, nor of his "Apology" for the Christians, nor of his treatise on the "Christian Doctrine of the Resurrection." Had Athenagoras ever believed in Christianity, or written about it, Eusebius and Jerome must certainly have known of those facts, and they would have been only too glad to have recorded them. The Emperor Theodosius reigned from A. D. 379 to 395. As St. Jerome was contemporary with him, he doubtless was fully apprised of the spurious nature of the "Apology" attributed to Athenagoras. If we accept the statement of the spirit of Athenagoras as true, it is very evident that he was no Christian, but was converted from Paganism to Judaism, and adhered to the spiritual doctrines of the Pharisees. It would seem that the bitter jealousy, and rivalry which existed among the learned Jews in Judea was just as violent and turbulent in the Jewish school of Athenagoras at Athens, and that to such an extent were their contentions carried that they became a nuisance to the people who complained of it to the authorities. To save his school from suppression by the Emperor, Athenagoras wrote the "Apology," which has, by fraudulent interpolations, been made to serve the purpose of evidence as to the truth of Christianity. The one particle of foundation for that pious fraud was, that Athenagoras justified the spiritual doctrines of the Pharisees, who, unlike their op-

ponents, the Sadducees, believed in the immortality of the soul, in rewards and punishments beyond the grave, and in resurrection. As the sect of the Pharisees existed among the Jews, even before Jesus Christ is claimed to have lived, we cannot see how the doctrines of immortality, rewards and punishments beyond the grave, and the resurrection of the spirit or soul, can be, with any propriety, claimed as peculiarly Christian doctrines. From the communication, it would seem that Athenagoras did not appeal in vain to Aurelius, for he speaks of him as "a remarkably candid man," who, no doubt, refused to hold Athenagoras responsible for the bigotry and fanaticism of his pupils. A writer in the "American Cyclopaedia," under the head of "Pharisees," says:—"In the New Testament the Pharisees, opponents of the Christian teachings, appear in a very unfavorable light, being represented as proud, hypocritical and intolerant." Is it not very evident that the authors of the New Testament had the best possible reason for seeking to create a false impression regarding the Jewish sect of Pharisees. They were trying to steal and appropriate the doctrines of that sect and claim them peculiarly as their own. That the Pharisees were a very different people from what Christian writers and priests have labored to make them appear, is fully established by authentic history which flatly contradicts the prejudiced and untruthful account given of them in the New Testament. Says a writer in "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible:"

"A knowledge of the opinions and practices of this party [the Pharisees] at the time of Christ is of great importance for they enter deeply into the genius of the Christian religion. A cursory perusal of the Gospels is sufficient to show that Christ's teaching was in some respects thoroughly antagonistic to theirs. He denounced them in the bitterest language; and in the sweeping charges of hypocrisy, which he made against them as a class, he might even, at first sight, [yea, and at second sight too,] seem to have departed from that spirit of meekness, of gentleness in judging others, and of abstinence from the imputation of improper motives, which is one of the most characteristic and original charms of his own precepts. Indeed it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that his repeated denunciations of the Pharisees mainly exasperated them into taking measures for causing his death; so that in one sense he may be said to have shed his own blood, and to have laid down his life in protesting against their practice and spirit."

We venture to say, and stand ready to prove, that Jesus Christ never denounced the Pharisees, as it is falsely pretended he did, and that he never, in any sense, shed his blood or laid down his life in protesting against the practice and spirit of the Pharisees. The whole of the gospel stories are the productions of religious sectarians who sought to supplant the Jewish and Pagan religions and priesthood by a new and equally false and corrupt religious system. Why should Jesus, the poor, wandering and humble mendicant, feel so much enmity to the only religious sect whose teachings and practices bore any close analogy to the religion it is said he founded? The writer last quoted says:

"It is proper to add that it would be a great mistake to suppose that the Pharisees were wealthy and luxurious, much more that they had degenerated into the vices which were imputed to some of the Roman popes and cardinals during the two hundred years preceding the Reformation. Josephus compared the Pharisees to the sect of the Stoics. He says that they lived frugally, in no respect giving in to luxury, and that they followed the leadership of reason in what it had selected and transmitted of good." With this agrees what he states in another passage, that "the Pharisees had so much weight with the multitude, that if they said anything against the king or high priest, they were at once believed; for this kind of influence is more likely to be obtained by a religious body over the people, through austerity and self-denial, than through wealth, luxury and self-indulgence. Although there would be hypocrites among them, it would be unreasonable to charge all the Pharisees as a body with hypocrisy, in the sense wherein we at the present day use the word. A learned Jew, now living, charges against them rather the holiness of works than hypocritical holiness."

And this learned religious and pre-eminent moral sect, is the one against whom the Christian Jesus is made to utter these wholesale and unsupported accusations.

Matthew xxiii, 5, 6, 13, 14, 15, 23, "But all their works they do for to be seen of men; [What proof is offered of that sweeping accusation?] they make broad their phylacteries and enlarge the borders of their garments [history says otherwise]; and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men Rabbi, Rabbi. [When did the desire to be regarded by the people as a father and benefactor become a religious sin?] \* \* But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; [Where is there a particle of proof of that?] for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. [A little proof upon that point should have been forthcoming.] Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees; [It would seem that to have enough learning to know how to write the Jewish tongue was a fearful reproach in the estimation of the illiterate Jesus.]; hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, [if authentic history is to be believed, that is a lying slander] and for a pretence make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive greater damnation. [Reader, think of it! the meek and loving and peaceful and perfect Jesus, cursing the Pharisees for praying! Can it be that the Pharisees have invaded the Christian steeples and houses and prayer-meetings of Christendom? We ask the question because of the much praying and little performing that passes current now-a-days for Christian piety?] Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves. [What a meek, charitable and loving person this Man Jesus, or this Divine man Jesus, or this God Jesus was, and how we Spiritualists ought to regard him as our great Spirit representative and leader! We don't see it. Any spirit that ever lived in a human body who could entertain the malignant feelings of jealousy, bigotry and hatred toward any of his fellow-creatures such as the Christian Jesus is here alleged to have experienced, although in spirit life nineteen hundred and fifty years he would be about as far from that "Christ sphere" which Mr. Kiddle and his Christian Spiritualistic contemporaries talk about,

as was Dives in Hell from Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Is it not monstrous to think that such reading as this should be put into the hands of little children, and they be told that it is God's truth. The Catholic priesthood are to be commended for not being so lost to all sense of the welfare of humanity as to place the Bible in a readable shape into the hands of little children. We cannot pursue this subject now, strong as is the temptation. We feel that the reader will not begrudge us the time and space herein occupied; for they will find in what we have written, food for thought that may enable them to get rid of some of the blind prejudice which they imbibed in their childhood prejudices against the most learned and exemplary priesthood that ever illustrated any system of religion. In that I've and charity, which we feel for every human being, we say, from the depths of our soul, "So mote it be." We cannot close without publicly testifying our gratitude to the spirit of Athenagoras for having, in the manner he did, pointed out the true facts connected with his earthly life, and thus led us to acquaint ourselves with the merits of a sect that could win an accomplished Athenian Philosopher from his profitless theorizing to the practical teachings of a religion of benevolent actions and labors. Athenagoras, we thank thee, in the name of deceived humanity, for thy mundane mission. Had we lived two thousand years ago in Judea, we would have sought to be a Pharisee of the Pharisees, as the highest plane of attainment within reach. We shall never again use the word Pharisee as a term of reproach.

HON. GEORGE W. GILMORE, (Frankfort, Ky.)

GOOD DAY, SIR:—In this mortal life I was a politician; and however devout a man may be in the way of religion, when he takes up politics for a living, he must either be a hypocrite, in one respect or the other, if he allows religion to interfere with his political interests. It is this, that is the great trouble that meets all politicians in enacting just and beneficial laws. Because if you offend the church you lose influence with your constituents. For that reason, every politician has to be constantly veering, for fear he will run upon the snags of Christianity. Now, as a politician, I was not killed with a love of religion, but with me still, it was a power behind the throne which I had to flatter and caress, in order to attain and hold position. I tell you, sir, that none but a politician knows the dangers he is in from priests and ministers, and he must be on his guard at all times for fear of offending them. Now, I return from the spirit world to give this communication, simply with the hope that a dozen of persons who may read it, may, to that extent, help to reduce the Christian majority that now controls your affairs. If I have accomplished this, I have performed a grand mission, for I want to reduce their political influence. If this can be done, then, by a combination between spirits and mortals we will soon use them up altogether. The place where I died was Frankfort, Ky. I represented Pulaski County in that State. My name was George W. Gilmore.

[Wild Cat, the Indian guide, said this spirit had not been in spirit life more than eight months; and that he said he had some knowledge of spiritualism before passing to spirit life.—Ed.]

DR. W. SANCROFT, (Archbishop of Canterbury.)

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR:—The greatest part of my mortal life was devoted to the furtherance of the Christian religion; but year after year as I held the highest positions of the Church, I grew weaker and weaker in the faith, and consequently could not preach with that ardor that I did in my younger days, because my conscience gave me the lie to what my lips uttered. I first weakened in my faith concerning the Trinity; afterwards in relation to the evidences of Christianity; and finally regarding the efficacy of human blood as an atonement. But still I was so guarded in the expression of my thoughts that my loving Christian brothers and sisters could raise no objection against my orthodoxy. But they managed in 1690, to get some flaws of a public nature fastened upon me, which they contrived to magnify, through which they finally deprived me of the archbishopric of Canterbury. No man ever could have stepped from that high position into private life with a more fervent "Thank God I am a free man once more," than I did. What a glorious thing it is to have the right to think as you please. This is my testimony as a spirit. It may not in all particulars agree with what history says of me, but many lies are told in history through the prejudices of the historians. I lived three years after being deposed; and in those three years I became mediumistic, and frequently conversed with spirits, and through their teachings, laid out a pathway of light for my spirit, when it joined them. I thank true and enlightened spirits, that I was enabled to enter that life prepared; and that I am now free from the narrow contracted ideas that once held me. I was known as Dr. W. Sancroft, once Archbishop of Canterbury.

[We take the following account of Dr. Sancroft, from "Johnson's Universal Cyclopaedia."—Ed.] "William Sancroft, L. L. D., born at Fressingfield, Suffolk, England, in 1610; educated at Burry School, and at Emanuel College, Cambridge, where he became fellow in 1643; was deprived of his fellowship by the Long Parliament in 1649; became chaplain to the Bishop of Durham in 1660, in which year he assisted, privately in the revision of the Prayer Book; obtained from that prelate the rectory of Houghton-le-Spring, and a prebend in Durham Cathedral; was elected master of Emanuel College, Cambridge, in 1662; was promoted successively to the deaneries of York in 1663, and of St. Paul's, London, in 1664; spent large sums on the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral; was presented by Charles II, to the Archdeaconry of Canterbury in 1668; and to the Archbishopric of Canterbury in 1677. He attended Charles II, on his death-bed, and temporized with James II, in regard to the acts of that monarch's illegal ecclesiastical commission, but had sufficient courage to draw up the famous petition against the Declaration of Indulgence, signed by himself and seven other prelates, for which they were committed to the tower, June 1688, tried for misdemeanor before the King's bench, and acquitted June 20th, 1688. Notwithstanding his grievance, he did not take part in the conspiracies against James; refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary; was deprived of his See, February 1691; refused to recognize his deposition; retired to his native place, and attempted with the aid of the numerous nonjuring clergy, to maintain an Episcopal succession. Died at Fressingfield, November 24th, 1693. Author of several volumes of sermons, letters and political essays. Many of the

unedited MSS are in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. [We cannot question the genuineness of Dr. Sancroft's communication. Could the testimony of any Christian prelate be more suggestive than that? We think not. Neither the medium nor ourselves had ever heard of Dr. Sancroft when that communication was given, and yet how characteristic of the man, as history shows him to have been.—Ed.]

JOHN W. DEAN, (East Summit, N. J.)

SIR:—I was hurt in a factory and I died from the effects of it; but I was set all wrong in regard to true happiness. This belief in Spiritualism is of great importance to all spirits. That is the reason why we, as spirits, agitate this question so much. Otherwise you are kept in one long—long—rest, where there is nothing but one thing over and over again, day after day. You become very tired of this eternal watching—hoping for something that never comes. In this weary state of mind, I met a man that I once knew in mortal life. I said to him, "Why, Palethorp, how happy you look." "Why," says he, "Jack, you have started wrong; you must wake up, and go to work as you used to work, for your daily bread, when you were a mortal. You must wake up now, and work for your own happiness." That was about one year ago, and I have taken his advice, and I find this, that spirit happiness lies in active work and not in rest. This communication, I think, will reach those connected with me, and especially my mother. I hope it will make her think herself out of her Christian training. My mother's name is Phoebe, and my name was John W. Dean, East Summit, N. J.; I was only eighteen when I passed to spirit life.

XENOCRATES, (A Greek Mathematician.)

GOOD AFTERNOON:—Length of time in spirit is no criterion of the justness of the judgment of that spirit; but a mortal basis properly carried out is the best thing that man can take to the spirit life. The natural beauty of the groves of ancient Greece was marred by man's idolatry. I devoted myself to the study of the exact sciences, and my greatest pleasure was the study of mathematics; for, by studying, I found that all the gods were once men. After these many hundred years in spirit life I have failed to find a single god. I have, however, found millions of human spirits. My motto—my religion—my God—when living on earth, was all comprised in the sentence, "Love truth, virtue and integrity, and you will be happy both in your mortal and spirit conditions." As for degrees of spirit happiness, they are in accord with the force of your own will. I can give no better advice to a dying mortal than this. Say in your soul, "I will be happy, free and enlightened." Let a spirit, with that mortal power of will within it, enter spirit life, and it cannot fail to reach eternal happiness. My name was Xenocrates, about 300 B. C.

[We can only give a short historical notice of Xenocrates, who was truly one of the most profound and respected sages of Ancient Greece. We take the following from "Johnson's Universal Cyclopaedia."—Ed.]

"Xenocrates was born at Chalcidion in 396 before Christ; became a pupil of Plato, and gained his favor by his earnestness and his energy, though the master was well aware of his slowness of comprehension. [Xenocrates had no taste for philosophical polemics, he preferred something more exact and useful. Hence he was rated dull by Plato the theorizer,] and lack of elegance in manners. He accompanied Plato to Syracuse, and went after his death, together with Aristotle, to Asia Minor. Afterward he returned to Athens, and succeeded Speusippus [the nephew of Plato] as chief of the Academy, which position he occupied until his death, 314 B. C. He was highly respected by the Athenians for the integrity of his character, and was repeatedly sent as an ambassador to foreign princes—Philip of Macedonia, Antipater, etc. Aristotle respected him for his insight and knowledge; but of his works none have come down to us."

[This Grecian Sage has lost none of his philosophic force and acumen. Although being compelled to use the physical organism of a weak, sick and uneducated man (as in this instance), his utterances are worthy of the great school of philosophers at whose head he once flourished. All honor and glory to these grand worthies of the Classic past.—Ed.]

ELIZA SIMMONS (Roxbury, N. Y.)

GOOD AFTERNOON:—I come here to-day more as a means to help myself, as I am helpless and cannot help others until I am free myself. I am entangled in superstition and I fear to go this way or that way. I must act and yet know not how to act. I know that I am in the dark, in a spiritual sense; but how I shall get light is a question you must answer for me. I believed in shouting and calling on the name of Jesus. If I was wrong in this belief I was not to blame, for I was educated in it. It is for this reason I ask your advice. I will give you my name, Eliza Simmons, Roxbury, N. Y.

[This spirit was advised as requested, and left assured of her spiritual emancipation.—Ed.]

REBECCA SLOAN, (Waynesburg, Penna.)

GOOD AFTERNOON:—Like the lady that was just here, I am willing and desire to be happy. I know the way to accomplish this, but I have not strength and energy enough, as a spirit, to force myself forward. There is a feeling of lassitude and dead passiveness that I cannot overcome. I have failed to get any explanation, from the spirits surrounding me, as to the cause of this. Why is it that I cannot break this chain of circumstances that hang around my spirit. If you can inform me, you will do me a great service. I am Mrs. Rebecca Sloan, Waynesburg, Penna.

[The explanation asked was cheerfully given and another happy spirit went on her hopeful way.—Ed.]

Mind and Matter Free List Fund.

This fund was started by the request of many of our subscribers, that many deserving poor people who were not able to pay for MIND AND MATTER, might have the paper sent to them free of cost. The following contributions have been made since our last report:

Amount previously acknowledged,	\$ 7 24
Joseph Kinsey, Cincinnati, Ohio,	50 00
A Friend	1 00
Mrs. E. A. Burrell, Port Jervis, N. Y.	50
Mrs. E. S. Sleeper,	\$3.00
R. Butterfield, Sacramento, Cal.	2 00
Thomas Atkinson, Oxford, Ind	1 00



gling mass of corruption and falsehood, of which Bowen is one of the hissing heads, are fast realizing. But we cannot close without giving Bowen and his Bundyite fraternity the benefit of his self-inflicted stinging. He says:

"Only let a fair field be afforded for the exercise of that common sense, which is so serviceable in all other departments of human thought and action, in the domain of materialization, and we shall soon rejoice to see the gentry who come forth from dark cabinets, and strut in various disguises before a crowd of gapping dupes, pack their turbans, moustachios, scarfs, tinsel, robes, pinchbeck diamonds, fancy slippers, cheap lace,—in short, the whole kit and caboose of toggerly so long and often used by the 'superior media,' etc., in personifying the illustrious dead who would have scorned the company of such as they,—quietly fold their tents and glide noiselessly away."

This is the language of a man who is a type of a class of persons who have the unblushing cheek to claim to be friendly to Spiritualism. This insinuating and slanderous language is applied indiscriminately against every medium for spirit form materialization without exception, and to every Spiritualist and investigator of Spiritualism, who has had the good sense to allow the spirit workers to conduct their delicate and most surprising operations, in such ways as they find necessary for the success of the manifestations which they seek to give. In thus assailing mediums and Spiritualists, Bowen and his associates sink the fangs which they intended for others, deep into their own festering organisms. Every one knows who has ever attended the materializing seances of Wm. Eddy, Mrs. Boothby, Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Pickering, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. James, Mrs. Andrews, (now Mrs. Taylor,) Mrs. Markee, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Morgan, Mr. Mott, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Crindle, Dr. Mathew Shea, Mr. Bastian, Dr. Henry Slade, Mrs. Rogers, and other mediums for form materializations in the light; and these persons are numbered by hundreds of thousands in the United States; how utterly unfounded are the slanderous insinuations contained in that paragraph.

We will say no more of this attempt to sneak out of as small a corner as ever a set of discomfited villains were crowded into. It has served them no other purpose than to make their disgrace the more conspicuous. We do not expect them, to have the good sense to take our advice and subside.

#### THE TIME HAS COME.—WHAT IS TO BE DONE ABOUT IT?

Some months ago Col. John C. Bundy, in making a last and final appeal to his delinquent subscribers, whose joint arrearages he alleged was ten thousand dollars, said, in substance, that every cent of that money was immediately necessary to keep the *R. P. Journal* afloat. He said the idea had gotten abroad that he was rich and he could afford to get along without the payment of those arrearages. This he positively denied and stated that he was dependent upon the income from his paper for his livelihood, and when it would not yield him that, he would allow the *Journal* to follow the way of the many other papers that had failed to receive adequate spiritual support. From letters received from all parts of the country we have been advised of the fearful falling off in the patronage of the *Journal*, but we had not the faintest conception that matters had reached the pass which Col. Bundy no longer attempts to conceal.

Within the past few weeks a friend of ours called upon Col. Bundy, at his office, and asked him how the *Journal* was flourishing. He replied as well as a paper could expect to do, which was being run without regard to public opinion. Our friend said to Col. Bundy, certainly the *Journal* is paying its way. He replied that it was not—that he was having to use the means of Mrs. Bundy to keep it going—and that the prospect of a change for the better was not encouraging. From recent information received from Chicago we are forced to believe that Col. Bundy did not misstate the desperateness of the situation, for the meagreness of his mailing receipts, shows that the once magnificent subscription list of the *Journal* has dwindled to almost nothing.

So far from this terrible experience having learned Col. Bundy wisdom, he is as persistent as ever in the course that has brought wreck and ruin in its train. It is not yet too late for Colonel Bundy to make some amends for the terrible mistakes he has made, and the mischief he has done to Spiritualism by disposing of what remains of the *Journal* to some live, earnest Spiritualist or Spiritualists, who will conduct it in accord with the wishes of the spirit friends, and not in the interest of the spirit enemies of that cause.

When Col. Bundy set out to take the cause of Spiritualism out of the management of its spirit friends, we very well knew what would be the result; and by this time Col. Bundy ought to be able to perceive that it is useless for any man, however strong and determined, to cope with the powers that have established and for thirty-three years maintained the cause of Spiritualism against its combined foes.

We would suggest to Col. Bundy and the Spiritualists of Chicago that some steps be taken at once to save the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* to the cause of Spiritualism. With Mr. Francis or some other true and earnest Spiritualist at its head, the *Journal* would soon regain its old place in the public sympathy and confidence, and be a power for good, as it has been a power for harm, under its present editorial management.

We don't want to see the *Journal* go down, but go down it will, if a prompt change is not made in its management.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

We are in receipt of "Experiences in Spirit Life also Laws Pertaining to Phenomenal Spiritualism, Form Materialization; Dark Circles, Clairaudient, Trance, Ballot, and other Manifestations." Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Elsie Crindle, Under the Control of Her Spirit Guides, James Gruff, Capt. Wm. Bird, and others. Published by Bacon & Company, of San Francisco, for Mrs. Crindle. This is a pamphlet of nineteen large octavo pages, double columns. To those who desire a clear and concise statement of some of the most important truths in relation to Spiritualism, this unpretentious publication is invaluable. The headings of the several topics are: "The manner of control; materialization; dark circles; phenomenal Spiritualism; visible form materialization; religious beliefs in spirit life; sexes in spirit life; clairaudient mediumship; slate writing; ballot tests; trance mediumship; the method of control; independent writing by spirits; writing mediums; children in spirit life; teachings of Spiritualism; active ceaseless progress; reliability of messages; God's eternal wrath; true Spiritualists; religion and science; revelation and science; church and state," etc. We have perused this book with unusual satisfaction on account of the plain practical good sense which characterizes it from beginning to end. Mrs. Crindle has the book for sale at 25 cents per copy. It is well worth the price asked for it. Mrs. Crindle will be in Philadelphia for a short time after the 10th instant when the pamphlet may be obtained of her. Mrs. Crindle is a highly distinguished medium for almost every phase of mediumship and is attended by a most intelligent and instructive band of spirit guides. Would that we had many such mediums where we have so few.

We have also received "Experiences of Samuel Bowles, Late Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, in Spirit Life; or Life as He Now Sees it from a Spirit Standpoint." Written through the mediumship of Carrie E. S. Twing, Westfield, N. Y. Published by Star Publishing Co., Springfield, Mass., for Mrs. Twing. Price 20 cents per copy. This is an octavo pamphlet of 56 pages and comprises fifteen distinct papers. The heading of the several papers are as follows: "Samuel Bowles' entrance upon spirit life; he advises woman to educate herself and become a voter; he would purify politics, etc.; Mr. Bowles finds he had a wrong idea of heaven; the crime of legalized murder; Life's bills of sale; the effects of war and sudden death by accident on people entering spirit life; heaven is work, etc.; the religions of earth; the law of spirit control; Samuel Bowles' spirit home; he compares his picture of heaven with that described in Revelations, etc.; the Spiritual Congress; how to help our loved ones die; how to develop mediums."

This book is beyond all question what it purports to be, a narrative of the experiences of the spirit of a man who in his earth life distinguished himself as a keen observer of men and things, and who was one of the most generally known of American journalists. This book is a storehouse of most valuable information on various subjects cognate to Spiritualism. We are surprised to see how perfectly the controlling spirit, Mr. Bowles, has handled his medium, not only stamping his methods of thought upon the written pages, but exhibiting the most undoubted characteristics of his style of writing and the expression of his ideas. The value of the testimony of such a spirit cannot be overestimated. Mrs. Twing must be a most remarkable sensitive, as a writing medium, to give so perfect a reflection of the thought of her control. It seems singular that two publications such as those we are reviewing should have been issued from the press at the same time. One in San Francisco, the extreme Western limits of the United States—the other in Springfield, Mass., at the extreme Eastern limits. We feel that a new phase of spirit effort is about to be inaugurated, the result of which can only be promotive of a knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism. Buy those books and read and re-read them and you will be amply paid.

#### COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY.

BY C. B. PECKHAM.

"He that buildeth his upper rooms in the heavens and fowndeth his arch upon the earth—that calleth the waters from the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth—Jehovah is his name." Very well—but do not the other Gods build their upper rooms in the heavens. The Olympic Gods propped the clouds for their tents or tabernacles, and the Hebrew Shekinah no less abode there. "He made darkness his secret place—his pavilion—round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." The Christian mythology has a large upper room furnished where the passover was eaten with the initiated or disciples, and at the apt time after this man bearing a pitcher of water, Aquarius or the water-bearer, they were to enter the guest chamber where the Master of ceremonies with the twelve representatives of the signs, or lesser Gods, as apostles, ate the Passover in honor of the Sun of righteousness as he entered into the sign of Aries, or the Lamb, to take away the sins of the world. Of course in dramatic mysteries, the times and seasons would sometimes appear disjointed, for though the Lamb of the equinox, or Passover is significant of the spring, it is winter when the Sun descends into hell or the under-world, and it must needs be that the Sun goes, as it is written with the finger of God; hence dramatically the times and seasons often play fast and loose with each other, from Dan even unto Beersheba, over all the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. This would include all the Sky-land between the Lamb and the Goat, or Aries and

Capricornus. The Sun-christ or Jesus must needs go through Samaria, or the Sun-land, and would know the sheep from the goats. He would know how to draw from Jacob's well, or the twelve signs, for Jacob's children were twelve, and they went into Egypt in the form of the Abacadabra.

To the "without" or those not initiated to the greater mysteries of the mythologies, the literal expressions of the Bible were received not as myths but as facts. They were the blessed who believed without knowing. "In those primitive times belief was the first imperative necessity," and to stimulate faith all things in heaven, on earth, or in the waters under the earth, were wrought into the cloak of many colors, that by any means the people could be made to believe. By faith they were saved whether caught by guile or by being all things to all men. If it was needful to frighten people into faith, there was plenty of hell for the purpose, and a terrible God into whose hands it was dreadful to fall. There, too, was the great red Dragon and the Star called Wormwood to scamper the groundlings into the fold, nor less for the purpose, were all other (tergivers, Hydras and Chimeras dire, with the Devil in great wrath coming down with woe to the inhabitants of earth.

It was thought by some that it was a spiritual generation, and not the immaculate nature of the Virgin, that produced Christ's pure and perfect manhood. In other words, Christ is subjective, as Christ the spirit, and generated and projected from one's consciousness, and so like Topsy, he never was born, but "grewed," till the subjective became the objective Christ, as the man who came down from heaven. And then Christ must needs have suffered and risen again from the dead, and that this Jesus is Christ whom Paul preached, or if reversing the order, he would no more preach Christ after the flesh, so that whether Jesus was materialized or not, God knoweth.

Says Landy, "one of the very earliest representations of the Nativity, the Star to which the prophet points, has the usual eight points, just as we so often see it in the Pagan monuments; and both here and there it is one and the same star of hope and promise to mankind of a Deliverer, coming from heaven to earth. Here it is over the Divine child clinging to its mother's breast." Of course, it is the same Divine child that St. John's woman, with the two wings of a great eagle, was to bear in the wilderness when pursued by the Serpent. How is it possible for any one having eyes to see and ears to hear, not to see, on almost every page of the Bible, the wherewith the word will grow. It must be that seeing they see not, and hearing they hear not, but are blinded by all the pulpits and Sunday schools, so that the blind lead the blind and all fall into the ditch together, or the bottomless pit of the old mythology.

The Babylonian Virgin, as per Landy, is in the like blue drapery which Christian art gives to the Virgin Mary—the same sky-drapery which envelops so many of the ancient Virgins. It was among them we found our Anna, the prophetess of about four score and four years old, in the Babylonish cycle. The Virgin of the Sun or Mother of God, was the same as she from the East. "She was the mother of grace and mercy, the heavenly Dove, the hope of the world, the mediatrix, and hence called Aphrodite, or wrath-sunder, she who by her charms could soothe the breast of angry Jove, and soften the most rugged spirits of God and men. At Athens she was called Anagnorisa, or the mother of gracious acceptance—at Rome Bona Dea, or the good goddess.

The Divine Son was Tammuz or Adonis, the same as Hous, and invested with all his father's attributes and glory, and identified with him, this Son, worshipped in his mother's arms, was a most complete type, in name and character, of the promised Messiah. As Christ has the prophetic "title of Adonai, or Lord, in the Old Testament, so was Tammuz called Adon or Adonis. He was the same as Mithras, and worshipped as Mediator." Such was the Sun-Christ or God or Son of Man so aptly incarnated in all the mysteries or initiations of antiquity. The Hebrew children, or the Christian children, might imbibe the sincere milk of the Word, but the strong meat was beyond their digestive powers, and smote them with a very great plague, while it was between their teeth, ere it was chewed, as was the case of the Hebrew children when they deemed themselves able to do the quails instead of the manna from heaven.

The blue-eyed Mary, as sung in the new song of Moses and the Lamb, was clothed with the Sun, and was shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, by having the Moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars or constellations. Being with child in her sign, was ready to be delivered of Christ or the first fruits of them that slept, who, while in the underworld, or under the altar, cried, "How long, O Lord, how long." But at the appearance of the great wonder in heaven, the Virgin clothed with the Sun was ready to be delivered of her first fruits. "This benignant mother of the world," says Landy, "is the precise model of the Paganized Virgin Mary of the modern Latin Church, and the invocations addressed to both are much alike, as we soon shall see. And we shall also see this Virgin Mother, this pure maid of Israel, this holy spouse of the carpenter, Joseph of Nazareth, rising, like the goddess Laksmi or Venus, from the sea in her assumption, and seated on the same heavenly throne beside her Son-Christ, crowned a goddess and receiving the adoration of the saints and angels." When the Sun of early days was in the sign of Taurus or the Bull, Joseph was a name of that sign from heaven, and of course the spouse of the "pure maid of Israel." When she was found to be with child by the Holy Ghost, Joseph was minded to put her away privily; but Gabriel, a dramatic representative of the Sun, appears and counsels Joseph not to put away his wife, as her conception was that of the Holy Ghost. Of course it was, and so it is, every year by the pure maid of Israel, Miriam or Mary, the names being the same. Then why persist in trying to make history of mythology. The Sun-Christ, if seen with open vision, is properly enough begotten by the Holy Ghost—the only begotten as applied to one or all. These were the first principles of the oracles of God, the first natural, and afterwards the spiritual. Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go upward and onward in the glorious liberty of the sons of God, seeking all truth that the truth may make us free.

Of the crucifixion, Landy says, "Its actual realistic representation never once occurs in the monuments of Christianity for more than six or seven centuries. The Lamb was the ever recurring symbol of the crucified, the symbol of light and joy to the world, as the old Hindoo God Agni typified

the real *Agnus Dei*. Ever since man has felt desire and hope, there has been a perpetual Argonautic expedition in search of the Golden Fleece. The lamb, as the symbol of light and heat, is in the Sun, rising and setting amid flocks of golden clouds, giving promise of fertilizing showers to make the grass grow for the sheep and cattle. \* These old simple herdsmen seemed to think that all blessings came from heaven, that the golden fleeces of clouds in the sky were but signs and warrants of golden treasures upon earth." And thus did this Lamb of God in the Sun take away the sins of the world. This was the Lamb, in his sign of heaven, for whom the shepherds looked with great expectations, while watching their flocks by night, when the angel of the Lord or the first golden sheen came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and the personified and dramatic angel said unto them, "Fear not, for I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." This is the Sun who is continually born and slain from the foundation of the world. When the angels roll back the stone from the door and lift the everlasting gates for the king of glory to come through, they then go away into heaven, and the shepherds take up the wondrous tale of Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger; thus are the people taken in and done for by this Christian mythology of old time. St. John heard many of the angels saying with a loud voice: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, 'Blessing and honor, and glory and power unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.' And the four beasts or four angels, who hold the four winds and the four corners of the earth, said, 'Amen.'" This young Lamb, born at Christmas, or the winter solstice, is sufficiently grown to be eaten as the Passover Lamb at the Easter equinox. He is only the last edition of the same old Ram of God whose horns were caught in a thicket, when Isaac, the laughing one, was about to be offered to the God of heaven. The same Lamb may have a daily dressing in his rising and setting, as the Sun clothed with the clouds, or swaddling clothes, or spiritualized as one with the Father, in the clear sky. What cloths are the modern Christians who have not worked themselves clear from the meshes of old time.

The crucifixion of the incarnate God would seem to have been the common inheritance of Paganism. When the Sun in the Cross or Passover was in his creative power, he became flesh and dwelt among us in all vegetable and animal growth, and was to be seen in all his glory as the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

#### The Correctness of Our Katy King Narrative Strongly Endorsed.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

You have lately completed an important work in the cause of truth, in your history of the infamous con piracy against Spiritualism and the Holmeses. My name being prominently mentioned in it, I desire to vouch for the absolute accuracy of all your statements of facts of which I had personal knowledge, and of their exact agreement with what I derived from the information of others. As for instance, in relation to the taking of the Katie King photographs, your account of which coincides in the most minute particulars with what was told to me in January, 1875, by the two photographers.

The only inaccurate statement I have noticed was merely in regard to the supposed breach of promise on the part of the *Inquirer* newspaper, in failing to publish an account of the seance to which its editors had been invited. Justice to that paper requires me to state that it was understood between Mr. Harding and myself that no account of that seance was to be published by either party.

In supplement to your history, I would like to add two other facts, either of which is conclusive, to the falsehood of Mrs. White's pretend Katie King confession.

1. Her story was, that from the 12th of May, 1874, (the date of Katie King's first appearance through Mr. Holmes), she herself personated the spirit; that to do this, she passed into the cabinet from the bedroom adjoining; that although the doorway opening into the cabinet was boarded up, she was enabled to pass into it by the following means: "unscrewing a button that covered the ends of two adjoining boards, and removing the lower one." (Vide Autobiography of Katie King in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.)

This obviously implies that the boards were placed horizontally, one above the other.

Now, I examined repeatedly and thoroughly every square inch of this partition just before the beginning of seances, and immediately at their close, from the 14th to the 31st of May; and the statement I am about to make will be vouched for by the very large number of persons who made the same examination. This boarding or partition consisted of five long, smooth-planed, unpainted pine boards, placed vertically, side by side; all secured by nails driven into the sides, the tops and the bottom of the doorway. Not a screw or a button was to be seen on any one of them.

Thus Mrs. White never could have passed into the cabinet during the month of May, in the way she pretended in her lying confession.

2. In the summer of 1875, a few months after the pretended expose, I sought and obtained a few minutes interview with Mrs. White, who was then a variety actress at Fox's Theatre in Philadelphia. I closely scrutinized her face and features. Her eyes I found to be dark brown or hazel, her nose long and rather pointed, her face oval, her chin rather sharp and pointed, and her teeth rather large, badly discolored, and very irregular, with gaps between them.

Now during the Katie King seances in the month of May, I was repeatedly allowed to approach and examine her deliberately, with my face but a few inches from hers. The hundreds that saw her during that month, certainly all those that saw her as near as I did, will remember that her eyes were a bluish gray, that her face was round, her nose short and slightly turned up, her chin round and dimpled, and her teeth so small, white and regular, that many of us likened them to rows of pearls.

Just so sure as no art exists by which Mrs. White could have counterfeited the Katie King face in the particulars mentioned, just so sure she wickedly lied when she swore that she personated Katie King, through the Holmeses, in the Month of May, 1874. F. J. LIPPITT.

**Mrs. Ida Wharton, Trance Test Medium, No. 4**  
Wharton street. Circles Tuesday and Thursday evening  
8:15-10:15.

Full information and all needed sent free. Address BRINLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

## GROWING OLD.

BY ANNIE H. LANING.

When I was quite a little child,  
It was a grief to me,  
To think that I, a woman grown,  
Should ever have to be.  
For then I knew that all my friends  
Would laugh at me, and say  
That I was foolish, if I should  
Be ever seen at play.

As yet, I did not understand  
How it could ever be,  
That I should cease to love the doll,  
That mother made for me.  
But somehow, one by one, I laid  
My childish toys away,  
And pleasures found in other things,  
And lost my love for play.

Just so, the maiden in her teens—  
The lad when leaving school—  
Judge of the staid and aged ones,  
By the same childish rule.  
They see how grandma sits and thinks,  
And reads dull stupid books,  
Then sleeps behind her spectacles—  
How weary grandma looks!

For now she can't join in the dance,  
Nor hear fine opera airs,  
So all of life's enjoyments seem  
In fancy, to be theirs.  
Thus age becomes a doleful thought,  
And prizing youth too high,  
They seek to crowd with pleasures bright,  
The moments ere they fly.

But by-and-by, as years roll on,  
They too, are growing old,  
And those more fair and graceful, fill  
The place they used to hold.  
While they could boast of youthful charms,  
What compliments were paid!  
But who, save in derisive scorn—  
Will flatter the "old maid"?

No matter how the bachelor turns—  
What gallantry he pays,  
There are sneers, among the giddy throng,  
At his quaint and awkward ways.  
Thus is each met with disrespect,  
Since youth is all the rage,  
And the broadest, of broad insults, is  
To ask another's age.

Hence, home grows more attractive, than  
The constant giddy round,  
And in a quiet useful life,  
Now pleasures now are found.  
For life is beautiful throughout,  
As is the changing year,  
Wherein each season gives to earth,  
Its own especial cheer.

When childhood's early springtime has,  
With life's choice seeds been sown,  
Which shall, in noble deeds, bloom forth  
Beneath youth's summer zone,  
Then shall hope's young aspirations, be  
Like as the sun's warm rays,  
Which cause the fruit to ripen rich,  
In autumn's calmer days.

There's something, as we view the past,  
When fraught with deeds of right,  
Which brings to age, a peaceful joy,  
Unknown in youth's delight.  
The young, in morbid pleasures find,  
In quiet thoughts like these,  
Than could the summer, when the groves  
In autumn-tinted leaves.

When life is thus made beautiful,  
With good and noble deeds,  
As the seasons yield their ripened fruit,  
Supplying man's great needs,  
And vegetation sinks to rest,  
'Neath winter's mantle white—  
So the aged, sweetly fall asleep,  
To wake in spirit light.

RECENT ORIGINAL RESEARCHES AND NEW VIEWS  
IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

## Fifth Paper.

THE GOD, MEASURE (MENSURATION, COMMENSURATION), POSEIDON, NEPTUNE; AND HIS WIFE, AMPHITRITE (THE NORTHERN AND THE SOUTHERN SEA). For more than two thousand years it has been the settled doctrine of the subject that Neptune, whom the Greeks called Poseidon, was primarily, or, as to his chief office, the god of the ocean realm or of the watery world at large. It is now to be shown, however, that this was only a secondary and incidental part of his career, growing out of his fundamental or real character. In origin and chief function, he was mere Admeasurement, or the Geometrical Science and Art.

It has been a curious fact, and not in any way adequately accounted for, that Neptune, the god of the seas, and of navigation, should at the same time have had general charge over horses and horse-races. What had navigation to do with horses and horse-races, since "horse marines" are probably of a later invention? Neptune had also assigned to him a general charge of the laying out of the foundations of cities. What, then, is the common element which correlates these three very diverse occupations? It was, obviously, the mathematical function of the navigator, surveyor and engineer; the fixation of limits, the assignment of bounds; the primitive office of the practical scientist. To measure marine distances, to determine the direction of the voyage, and the place of the ship at sea; to measure off the course over which horses and athletes were to run, and to draft and fix the city plot, and the location of the houses; these were congruous and closely related occupations, branches merely of one and the same early and honorable profession; which must have greatly impressed the ignorant many, as a sort of incomprehensible and divine endorsement; especially the ability to navigate the seas, out of sight of the land.

These measurements were made, doubtless, by triangulation, and some crude acquaintance at least with trigonometry; that is to say, by the fixing and comparing of three points; whence came the tri-dent, the three-toothed, or three-pointed, of Neptune. He had for his wife the Two Seas, or the Northern and the Southern Sea, which will be shown subsequently to be the meaning of Amphitrite. As himself, the fabled god of the whole watery realm, he was subsequently fabled to have been the brother of Jupiter (the ruler of the earth and air), and the son of Kronos (or Time).

The striking and inherent reasonableness of this idea of the primitive office of Neptune is remarkably corroborated by close inspection of the etymological import of his name, first in Latin, and then in Greek.

It will be shown under Protagoras that the verbal ending *-on* is equivalent to our modern word principle. I take the *N* of Neptune to be a residuum of the prior nasal combination *Mn*, and this a condensed expression of *men-s*, the mind, and *Nept*, to have been *mnepi*, from *mentem-plare*, to fit, adapt, adjust the mind to, to study; hence to learn or become learned in the learning of that early day, which was all embraced in mathematics, as is shown by the etymology of this latter word. Or more fully stated, *Mnepi-on* was *ment-ap-on*, the principle of learning, or mathematical knowledge, essential to the navigator, surveyor and builder. The *m* was dropped off, for facility of utterance, as we drop it off, in pronunciation, in mnemonics, etc.

Poseidon is of a similar composition. The Greek *pos-on*, *pos-on*, means how much, how great, how many. *Eid-on* means form, shape, figure. Substituting the termination *-on*, meaning a god or principle, (see the Am-Aun article), for the masculine personal, *-os*, we have *Pos-eid-on*; the how-much-of-form principle, an exact definition of the principle, or idea, of Measure. The Chinese, it is said, have recently translated Enclid into Chinese, and their rendering of the word Geometry, re-translated into English, is, "The Science of the How Much," and perhaps no better definition can be given. At any rate the Greek and the Chinese man exactly accord. Of course these are not the current etymologies of the names Neptune and Poseidon, for the idea has not been extant that there was the scientific element in mythology at all, and such compositions have not been looked for. But once seen and understood, I cannot but think that they will prove far more satisfactory than the older and really obscurer renderings. See also the confirmation from what is said a little further on of the meaning of his other Latin name Consus.

Observe, in passing, that the Greek *pos-on*, involved in *Poseidon*, has a more original form *Kos-on*; the change due to the usual habit of languages to commute the back-mouth *k* or *g* with the front-mouth *p* or *b*. The *kos* goes back for its origin to *ka* (the same from which arises *qua*-ntity), and *ku* is again virtually interchangeable with *ak*. These great changes, to the eye, are in accord with well-established principles, and will be readily understood by etymologists. Pick gives three leading meanings to the Hinde-European root-word *ak*. These are, 1, To reach, force its way through, be sharp, [as the point or edge of a cutting instrument, passing through in the act of cutting]; 2, To see; [distinguish as the eye does, in seeing; be sharp, as the eye is], and 3, To bow, or bend. All of these meanings, except to reach, (for which see *ap* below), are reducible to the more general idea of sundering or dividing; to cut, sever, sharply divide, part, depart, take a departure, etc. Single departure, or departing, is implied in the other meanings; and a continuously repeated departure (deviation), from the given line or direction, in the meaning, to curve, bend or bow. But this cutting idea resides in the consonant sound *k* rather than in the vowel *a*; and the direct root *ka* has nearly the same value as the inverse root *ak*; as in *ka-m*, to bend, curve, bow, etc.

The meaning assigned to the middle-mouth corresponding root, of the same series *tr*, is to extend, to span; but as compared with the English *at* and the Latin *ad*, it is safe to regard the radical idea here as rather that of arrival, or the finish of the transit. *Pa* and *ap* then denote the union of departure and arrival, the step or entire reach—the rule being that the front-mouth sounds are charged with a union of the meaning of the back-mouth and middle-mouth sound of the same series.

These etymological details are introduced here partly for the present purpose, and partly for easy reference from other points. The point of present applicability is to fix the important notion that Measure, is an idea and a word derived from the more radical fact of Division, or Articulation, and that all of these aspects combine in the etymology of the *pos-on* of *Poseidon*.

The following is extracted from Bennett's account of Neptune. "This was one of the brothers of Jupiter, and son of Saturn or Kronos. After the mighty conflict with the Titans, the world was divided between the three brothers, Jupiter taking the heavens and the earth, Neptune all the oceans and maritime parts of the world, and Pluto the under-world, or all below the earth. Neptune, as a penalty for insubordination, was forced by Jupiter to serve Laomedon in building the wall of Troy, after which he took Amphitrite to wife. She refused for a long time to listen to his suit, but at length, by the assistance of the dolphin, and the oiliness of his flattering tongue, he gained her consent to be his. In gratitude to the dolphin, it was placed among the stars and made a constellation. Among the exploits of Neptune, he is said to have made a horse, from the ground by striking it with his trident, for which reason he was called Hippius and Hippodromus [horseman and horse-driver], and was made ruler over horse-races. At his altar in the circus of Rome, games were instituted in which were represented the ancient Romans by violence carrying away the Sabine virgins. His altar was under ground [along with foundations], and he was worshipped by the name of Consus. \* \* \* He was the father of the giant Antee, and of the Cyclop Polyphemos, whose mother was said to be the earth."

The myth that Neptune, i. e., Geometry or the great measurer was condemned to work at the outlay of city-foundations, before he was married to the Sea, means, evidently, that mathematical science was successfully applied to land conditions, earlier than to the purposes of navigation. That the sea, his future bride, long resisted his suit, means that it was found a very difficult undertaking to apply geometrical calculations at sea, so as successfully to master the situation, but at length, science prevailed, and the sea became the chief scene of scientific achievement.

The dolphin was believed to have the habit of appearing, especially, at the surface of the sea, just before the advent of a storm; and this act, enabling the sailor to forecast and provide against danger, was taken as a friendly act on the part of the fish. The dolphin, therefore, intervened to help the navigator to the mastery of the sea. This fish having been chosen, on some grounds, to name a constellation, this fact was poetically construed as a reward, for its aid in the affair of the sea. His creation of a horse was a confused tradition of the fact that the institution of the race-ground, geometrically measured, and the time of the race made accurate, had been the means of developing the horse, etc.

The remaining name or title of Neptune was Consus. This was for *Cond-io* (like *Fiso* for *Fido*), and the equivalent to *Conditor*, a founder (1); thus offering an additional confirmation of the essential character of Neptune or Poseidon, as the Measurer, Surveyor of the Ports, Harbors and City foundations; or the Chief Engineer—the first who applied abstract mathematical science to the practical business of life, first on the land and then on the sea. Neptune or Poseidon is, therefore, a virtual deification of science itself. Science (Knowledge), is in the last analysis measure or commensuration; and Man, the Knower, is also the measurer. (2.)

## II. AMPHITRITE—THE TWO SEAS—THE WIFE OF NEPTUNE

The Lexicon says, briefly, "Amphitrite, Neptune's wife (Homer); poetically, also, for the Sea."

Etymologically, the word seems to mean The double third; *amphi* both, or double, and *tritos*, *trite*, etc., third. The following is undoubtedly the solution of the riddle. The ancients habitually regarded the Ocean, the Sea, or the great watery realm at large (the great deep), as lower than the earth, and so, as relatively beneath. The Kosmos, then, was, let us assume, to their apprehension, a sort of three-story edifice (Is it not in fact so in our own thought of it?); the Grand Dôme and Temple of Nature; of which the Earth, as its floor, was the First Department; the Sky above, the Second, and the Sea beneath, the Third. These were, technically, in Greek, *Proton*, *Deuteron* and *Triton*; much as we say the first, the second and the third floor or story, in English; or still more nearly as the French say *la premiere*, *la seconde* and *la troisieme*, omitting the noun *etage*, meaning the first, second and third stories, respectively; or in detail, and with the Greek modification, throwing the third department down, beneath the first, thus:

To *Deuteron*, the Second; the Sky, and All above the Earth.

To *Proton*, the First; the Earth.

To *Triton*, the Third; the Sea, and all beneath the Earth.

Or, in the feminine form we have:

*He Deutera.*

*He Prote,* and

*He Trite.*

Of these forms *Triton*, and *trite* in *Amphi-trite* are familiarly known as personal names, intimately connected with Neptune and the Sea. In fact, *Triton* meant merely the Sea, and *tritons* the seas; but subsequently *Triton* was personified as a sea-god, and son of Neptune and Amphitrite; and the *tritons* as a lower race of sea-gods, with 'fishes' or sometimes with horses' tails. *Triton* was also, in an especial sense, the god of the Libyan (African) lake Tritonis, while there was also another Tritonis in Greece. There were, therefore, both a Southern or African and a Northern or Hellenic watery realm known as associated with *Triton*. Let us assume that the Southern portion of the Mediterranean sea, with its gulfs, inlets and attached lakes, was known collectively as the Southern Sea, seas or waters, and the Greek seas, bays and fountains as the Northern Sea, seas or waters (and what so natural and almost certain to have happened), and then the collective seas immediately known to the Greeks would be familiarly known as "The Two Seas." And, again, *Triton*, the Third (stage or story of the Kosmos), being a well-settled name for the Sea—in the feminine, *Trite*—*Amphi-trite* means simply and purely the Two Seas, or Both Seas, meaning in fact the whole or entire watery realm in the minor, or mediterranean, sense. *Amphitrite* was, therefore, appropriately the wife of Neptune, the Oceanic-god, and *Triton* was their son. *Amphi* is the Greek prefix, meaning both; and it is usual, in the mythological dialect, to designate the part, as the son or child of the whole.

The important view which lies at the basis of this solution, namely, the three-story theory of the ideal architectural structure of the Kosmos, affecting, as it does, the whole archaic religion and literature of the world, will be greatly confirmed, if we can find traces of this same three-fold arrangement in some other than the Greek-Roman branch of the great Hinde-European family of peoples. This I have, I think, clearly detected in the Sanskrit-Persian domain. There, too, the Earth was a First, the Heaven a Second, and the Sea a Third. Let us commence the demonstration of this thesis by the following quotation from Max Muller (3):

"The tracing of the further development of Yima, in Persia, was one of the last and one of the most brilliant discoveries of Eugene Bernouff. In his article, 'Sur le Dieu Yima,' published in the *Journal Asiatique*, he opened this entirely new mine for researches into the ancient state of religion and tradition, common to the Aryans before their schism. He showed that three of the most famous names of the epic poetry of the later Persians, Jemschid, Feridun, and Garshasp, can be traced back, to three heroes mentioned in the Zend-Avesta as the representatives of three of the earliest generations of mankind, Yima-Khsaeta, Thraetana, and Kereshaspa, and that the prototypes of these Zoroastrian heroes could be found again in the Yama, Trita and Krishashva of the Veda. He went even beyond this. He showed that, as in Sanskrit, the father of Yama is Vivasvat, the father of Yima in the Avesta is Vivanghvat. He showed that as Thraetana, in Persia, is the son of Athwya, the patronomic of Trita in the Veda is Aptya. He explained the transition of Thraetana into Feridun by pointing to the Pehlvi form of the name, as given by Neriosengh, Phredun."

This array of names seems, at first view, to be sufficiently baffling. But observe that among them is Trita, which we will take to mean Third, by its virtual identity with the Sanskrit *tritayi*, Latin *tertia*, Greek *trite*; the same, therefore, which should, according to the theory, also mean the ocean, or the great watery realm at large; out of which the sun rises at dawn, and which is, therefore, liable to be confounded with the dawn. Thraetana is also almost evidently a mere modification of the same name Trita-ana (*trinitatis-on*) the God or Principle Third, or of the Third, i. e., of the Sea.

In the next place, a closer inspection will show the Persian Yima and Sanskrit Yama to be worn down remnants of the Sanskrit *Dvityai*, Greek *Deutera*, Second, meaning the Heaven or Sky. The stages of phonetic up-building and decay, in this term, must have been, or were probably, after this order:

Dyu—Sanskrit root; to break or go forth; put forth; advance to the other, or second position.

Deu-tera—Greek comparative degree of same root-word, as an adjective.

Dvi-tayi (4)—A corresponding Sanskrit form; (more advanced, second).

Dvi-ma, (or dvi-masa), secondness.

Dy-i-ma, a variant; or Dya-ma.

Yi-ma, or Ji-ma; Ya-ma or Ja-ma.

Je-ma (sa).

Je-m—sh-i-da.

Je-m—sh-i-da: the Persian name in question.

In all this, I think we have in the first place, the origin of the name James, and of our familiar variant of that name, Jim; and in the next place the term Second, for the second story of the great Kosmical erection, the temple of Existence, meaning the Heaven above, or the Sky, the Air the Light, the Superior Dôme of the visible World,

(3). *Science of Language, Second Series*, p. 541.

(4). *Tayl for tara*; Sanskrit ending for the comparative degree.

the Empyion, Hyperion, etc. As this is also the gracious and joyous dominion of nature, bathed more especially in the rays or Radiance of the Sun, we have here the probable reason why James was traditionally reputed to be "the beloved disciple" of the Lord of Day.

But we are met here by the difficulty that of the three names brought together in this list of the three Sanskrit-Persian heroes or demi-gods, the remaining one is not one related to Protos or Prote, First, which should mean the Earth, but is a word of another order intruded here, somewhat, though not very much, as we shall see later, out of place. We must therefore look further for the cognate of protos. But first let us dispose of this intruder Garshasp, in Persian epic poetry, Kereshaspa in the Zend-avesta, and Krishashva in the Veda. This I take to have been, in the original form of the word Kri-sta-ak-ba, the cross-division-god (or line), and so the Horizon (5). Recur to Memnon and Moses, in the Exposition of St. John.

The cognate of Protos, First meaning the Earth is the familiar Hindoo goddess Prithivi. This word is interesting as being, seemingly, and I think quite certainly a smelting of the two factor-words, which appeared later, and divergently as the Greek *prot-os*, first and the Latin *aeu-um* (as it were *pro-on aeu-um*), the aevum hear meaning stage, story or degree rather than age, and the compound prithivi meaning, therefore, the first stage or story, in the cosmic temple, and so, the earth.

But here as elsewhere in the mythological field consistency is not to be looked for. The order of arrangement from story to story in the cosmical edifice was not always from earth upward to the air, and thence downward to the sea. While this was prevalent other arrangements also occurred. It was sometimes, instead, even with the Greeks; First, Heaven; Second, Earth; and Third the Ether, or great arial ocean in space—this rather however, with reference to the supposed order of their origin or birth, whence the ether was called Tritogeneia, the third born. (6.) And with the Hindoos, "The sky is frequently spoken of together with the earth, and the air is placed between the two (antariksha). We find expressions, such as heaven and earth; air and heaven, and heaven, air and earth. The sky, *dyu* is called The Third, as compared with the earth, and we meet in the Atharva-Veda with expressions such as 'in the third heaven from hence.' This again, gave rise to the idea of three heavens. 'The heavens,' we read, 'the air and the earth (all in the plural) cannot contain the majesty of Indra,' and in one passage, the poet prays that his glory may be exalted as if heaven were piled on heaven." (7.) I know not if there be any expressions in the Hebrew Scriptures which rise higher in sublimity than these.

In conclusion, Amphitrite, the double sea, the wife of Neptune was usually called the goddess of the sea, had the care of its creatures, could stir the great waves and dash them against the rocks and cliffs. She was the daughter of Okeanos and Tethys, or, as some claim, of Nereus and Doris. She was commonly represented with flowing hair and the toes of a crab protruding from her temples. She was sometimes seated on the back of a triton or other creature of the deep, alone among sea-animals and sea-weed, or accompanying Neptune.

(5). See what is said of Kri-sta, in the Exposition of St. John. The appropriateness of *ak-ba*, in this connection will be recognized by scholars. See however for *ak* under Neptune; *ba*, vi, of *bafno*.

(6.) Vanicek, p. 188.

(7.) Max Muller, *Science of Language*, vol. 11, p. 447.

## Mrs. Crindle in Chicago.

DEAR MR. ROBERTS:—Yesterday, for the first time, I attended two seances with the justly celebrated medium for spirit manifestations, Elsie Crindle, who has been delighting the Chicago people during the past few weeks with highly successful manifestations. She leaves, however, in the course of a few days for your city, where she will hold a few seances.

But I will give only a short account of these seances above referred to, as I see that other long and interesting accounts of her work in San Francisco and Chicago have already appeared in your paper. By the way, when Mrs. Crindle arrived here, she immediately went to the R-P. Journal office—the editor of which you have alluded to very often in strong terms for his somewhat hypocritical position in regard to mediums—and handed in a short notice for an advertisement, paying the regular price for advertisements of that character to the an-burn-haired lady in charge of that department. But the money and a short note was received from the editor, saying he advertised no mediums without himself testing them; and up to this time has not even asked for a sitting, so that he is not in a position to judge of the character of the manifestations.

The first seance was held at the residence of Mrs. Stimpson, No. 419 West Randolph street; in the afternoon, the room being darkened for that purpose. Many strangers to me were present—Dr. Bushnell, Dr. Miller, Mr. Conean, Mrs. Samuels, Mrs. Slocum and other Spiritualists were there. The first form to appear was E. V. Wilson, who looked as natural as life, large and commanding, with his snow white beard. He did not speak however, but appeared several times at the aperture. Another spirit the grandmother of Mr. Johnson, who was not present, then appeared at the same time that "Star Eye" did; showing two forms at the same time, a very good test that Mrs. Crindle was not "playing spirit." The circle then seemed to call for manifestations instead of personal friends—so that only one more spirit came for a lady present. Mr. Gruff, the control, sang very prettily, and conducted the seance in a creditable manner. The colored spirit "Susan," made a strong manifestation.

In the evening a dark circle was held at Mr. Slocum's, 409 West Randolph street, and about thirty persons were present, among whom were the mediums Mrs. Suydam, Mrs. DeWolf, Mrs. Slocum, Mr. Hall and Dr. Bushnell.

The medium placed a teaspoonful of flour in each hand, and the light was extinguished, when immediately the guitar shot up over the heads of the circle, and a band of about a half a dozen spirits formed a procession, marching round seemingly in the area of the large circle playing on the drum, turning the music box, playing the guitar, and horn, and also humming a tune, an utter physical impossibility for Mrs. Crindle to do with flour in each hand, which was found intact at the close of the seance. The beautiful light and swinging in the air with it by "Star Eye" was very interesting. "Mr. Gruff," the control, sang very prettily in his horn. It was in short a very interesting and powerful seance. If this hasty account is worthy, insert in MIND AND MATTER.

Truly yours, Z. T. GRIFFEN.