

# Mind



# Matter.

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

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## WAYSIDE EXPERIENCE.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

A traveller in the morning stopped at the tavern, and registered his name; it was an hour before the guests were stirring; those who looked at the register afterwards as people are apt to, particularly in a suburban town, read the name of "Shadows," Colfax. As soon as breakfast was ready, the stranger was more than ready, after an all night ride, and immediately began sipping his hot coffee, and before the guests had gathered generally, he had finished his meal and was again seated by the stove, which was in the centre of what might be called the office, as the bar was in a side room; this office or hall room was large, and the clerk's counter and desk on one side of it, and piles of trunks on the other did not crowd it any, it was roomy and dirty and comfortable. The stranger seated by the stove seemed to be in a brown study, taking no notice of any thing or any body; not so the guests, as they came one after another out of the dining room, some to stop, others in passing, gave a look at the stranger, and wondered who he was; the register gave his name—they who looked noticed—"Shadows," the place where he was from, Colfax, but that was no definition. Many, as usual on a rather cool morning, took seats around the stove. Of the half dozen or more who occupied that position, some were young, some middle aged and some were old, not very old, nor very young; in a provincial place, or a mining town as this was, a man of 60 easily looks 70, because the metropolitan style was lacking, and slouches more in order than stiff hats, and white shirts though possibly in a majority were not unbecoming. It was in a place "where dress did not make the man, nor the want of it the fellow;" but old and young looked more or less at the stranger, and all showed inquiring faces, as if they wanted to ask who he was, and what he was there for and knowing no one; but the stranger gave no signs of explaining himself, seemed at ease, and busy with his own thoughts.

Soon however, these companions of the stove, began to be sociable; still with an eye now and then on the stranger, to see perhaps if he thawed any, but they soon came to the conclusion that their talking or looking, were quite oblivious to him. In the course of the general talk, it seemed that Eva Fay and a Mr. Bidden had created a sensation on Sunday evening, (this being Tuesday morning) by filling the largest hall in the place, to witness their wonderfully advertised spiritual manifestations. In listening to this general talk and their several comments *pro* and *con* one could have got a tolerably fair account of what occurred at that entertainment, and as it will be seen, this stranger did, but he gave no signs of interest, and whether he was listening or not, the talkers did not know, he certainly appeared to be in thought life, living in a different world from them.

One of the younger members of the group, and one who talked more than his share, and might be called a bar room boss, only there was no bar in the apartment, summed it all up, by saying it was all a big humbug. An old man (who used a crutch, having been injured by a falling rock), taking his pipe out of his mouth, said he did not think so, some of it may have been, but some things were really honestly done. "I don't think Prof. Crosby took any stock in them, and he is a Spiritualist," said another. At the name of Crosby, the stranger looked at the party, but in an instant he was indifferent again, some had noticed the look and brought Mr. Crosby's name more to the front, but it had lost its charm, and the conversation subsided into the subject generally. The young man that we have said was perhaps the bar room boss, seemed to sum it all up, and said in a very positive way, spirits have nothing to do with this fold; all the things we read of and that are done all over the country, and called spiritual manifestations, are all frauds. Oh, that cannot be said another, but the "boss" who seemed to know it all and had seen it all, nothing more for him to learn, said I admit there is some of it true, but no spirits, it is electricity, and mesmerism and mind reading, all the rope tying, rings put on connected arms, slate writing, tipping tables, bell ringing, were all deception, slight of hand, or adroitness. Do you not see how large their wrists were and hands small? This young man was very positive; spoke as one having authority, and seemed to carry the point with them, as if they were in the habit of taking his say so. All the argument need not be expressed in this way-side account; the reader will get about the situation from what has been related, the "boss" being particularly happy in elenching his argument with electricity, mesmerism and mind reading.

The stranger turned his eye on the "boss talker," and said, in a bright, cheerful, but deliberate manner, "my friend will you define electricity, what is it?" The suddenness of the question embarrassed him a little and he made no reply, and seemed to be aware that it was very easy to say it was electricity, but not so easy to tell what electricity was. The party all looked at the stranger, who at last had opened his mouth, who then said to the young man, you need not try to answer the question, the best that can be done, is to say it is a mode of motion. Faraday once said, I suppose I know as much about electricity as any one, but I am unable to say what it is, or define it. If Faraday was dumb, it is no discredit to you to be dumb also—the spiritual manifestations may be electricity, but to say so is no explanation. The young man not wishing to lose any

prestige in that surrounding, said to the stranger, he had more in mind mesmerism than electricity. The stranger at once said, well my friend, what is mesmerism? He replied the influence that one mind has upon another, sometimes controlling it. That is correct said the stranger; is it the mind or the body that mesmerizes or controls the subject? The young man said rather hesitatingly, the mind. Of course said the stranger, for a body without a mind, or a corpse would have no mesmeric power. I think, continued the stranger, that Spiritualism is mesmerism, the young man began to feel as though he had an ally. The stranger then said as the body cannot mesmerize without a mind, is it not probable that the mind can without a body? Never saw one or heard of one, said the young man, and the sitters around the stove were interested and amused. Well, said the stranger, there are a great many things that exist that we cannot see or perhaps intelligently perceive. We do not see electricity, we know it by its effects. We do not see minds or spirits, we know it or them by their effects. You have taken my young friend an electric shock, or seen one, and so you know electricity exists, some day you may have a spiritual shock, then you will have proof of the other.

The young man said, in reply to the stranger, that a man may exist after death with thinking powers; but I don't believe it. "I am willing," said he, "to be convinced; I would like a spiritual shock, here and now." "Well," said the stranger, "if I were a 'machine,' and conditions were right, I would give you one; but, as I am not, I will tell you of one I had myself. I have had many. Here is one so perfectly unmistakable that, if you believe me, you will be convinced. I do not expect you to be convinced; the subject is a matter of experience, not of argument." The stove surroundings seemed desirous for an account of the stranger's spiritual shock, so he gave it substantially, as follows:

"A niece of mine, a very interesting and cultivated young lady of about sixteen, said to me, during a visit at my house, 'Uncle, are you still a Spiritualist?' and I said, 'Yes.' She then related something very strange that had occurred to her with some of her friends, and to me it suggested mediumship, and I said: 'Molly, you must be a medium; come and sit at this table.' She did so, and we tried for raps and tips, but did not succeed. I then put a pencil in her hands, and seeing a motion, I put a sheet of paper under it, and her hand made up and down motions, dotting the paper, but not writing. The movement was strange to her, as it was wholly involuntary. I put the end of my index finger on her wrist of the hand that held the pencil, nothing more, and her hand began to write line after line, she saying: 'How queer, Uncle. I don't do that. Why, see, it goes itself, and my hand won't stop.' She filled the page. I took it, put in its place another sheet, and she filled that, while I was casting my eye over the first, and saw it was a wise and intelligent letter. While writing, she was talking to me, often saying, 'Only see it write, and I am not doing it.' (The young man smiled, as if he was thinking to himself, 'How she is fooling the old man.') She ended the communication by signing the name of an old aunt of mine, who had died forty years before, when my sister, the mother of this young lady, was a young child, and this niece had never heard of such a person. So far, knowing this young lady was honest, it was a tolerable proof of the action of a spirit."

The young man said: "That is the way with all you folks. That would not suit me. That may have all been pretence. I do not say it was so, but it was possible, and certainly, if there is any way of accounting for a thing naturally, no one will suggest the supernatural." "But listen to me," said the stranger. "What do you think this letter was? It was from an invisible and watchful intelligence, who wrote in this way. That this young lady was doing wrong to herself and the young man. The flirtation she was carrying on with that young college student—Mr. Chick—was highly improper; it would be an injury to both; it would amount to nothing. Both of you are too young, and you will both in time find your proper mates. Your mother would not like it; and now, as I am watching over you, I feel it my duty, as I love you, Molly, to have this trifling ended. You must end it, or go to your mother and confide in her, who now knows nothing of it. And I take this way of reaching you, and it shows that you have friends watching you, whether you wake or whether you sleep."

The stranger said he told this from memory, and it was the substance of a long letter written automatically by this young lady. The nature of it is proof of its abnormal character. I knew what she was writing before she did, otherwise she never would have allowed me to see it. The young lady burst into tears, from mortification, to see her inmost thoughts thus exposed. I said, "Who is this Mr. Chick? Is there such a person?" She said he was a nice young man, in college, in her neighborhood, and she loved him very much. "Suffice it to say," said the stranger, "the young lady learned a wise lesson that she has never forgotten. There are eyes that see us and watch us, and the knowledge of that fact, I may as well add, is what the world needs more than anything else."

The young man had to own up that this was a remarkable case, as the stranger had stated it. "But I have had," said he, "no such experience, and I cannot believe it. I might have been saved from much trouble, if anybody's aunt had written a letter to me. You are a stranger," said the

young man; "you tell a good story; I don't want to doubt you, sir; but it smells to me fishy. Perhaps I would think otherwise, if I knew you; but I would have to have the experience myself. This may be a 'spiritual shock' to you, but it has not shocked me a bit; and if I had been present, I feel pretty sure it would not have struck you."

At this moment, in walked Prof. Crosby. The stranger's back was towards him. He had heard a few of the last words of the stranger, and the young man; and the stranger turning, to see who had entered, the Professor rushed toward him, and said, "Good God! John, where did you come from?" And he introduced the stranger to the persons around him as his friend Wetherbee, from Boston.

"It only remains for me to say, that I wanted to surprise my friend, and finding myself within a few hours' ride from him, I thought I would make him a visit. And the name of 'Shadows,' and the place was but a part of the *semi-incog.*, so as to see what he would say, in his surprise, when he discovered me, supposing me 3,000 miles away."

I have no doubt, also, I instructed as well as entertained the members of that tavern office colloquy, and I think it was a fortunate circumstance that the "Stranger" happened to be present. I think Mrs. Fay is a medium, but I do not think her shows are any credit to Spiritualism, as she is as smart in cheating, as if she had no real manifestations, and she and her husband are on the make, wholly, and will be Spiritualists or expositors, as will pay the best. Spiritualists generally avoid them, and that is wise.

## Interesting Letter From Dr. Abbie E. Cutter.

WICKET'S ISLAND, Oct. 23, 1881.

Editor Mind and Matter:

On the 4th of this month our venerable and much esteemed friend and co-laborer in the cause of human rights and spiritual freedom, John M. Spear and his estimable wife made a visit to this Island home. They had been visiting friends on the cape, and were directed by their guides to come to Wicket's Island before their return to Philadelphia. They came to Onset Grove on Monday and spent part of Tuesday with us. After roaming over the Island, admiring its fine location and beautiful scenery, expressing great astonishment at the improvements that had been made in so short a time, they with friends that came with them from the grove retired to the circle room. In a few moments Mr. Spear was controlled, and taking both my hands in his gave the following communication, which was taken down at the time by Mrs. Spear:

"Thy flock thine own peculiar care. Though now they seem to roam unweyed, are led or driven only where the best and safest may abide. Mysterious are the ways of Divine Providence. They who rule in the highest spheres necessarily conform to Nature's laws, and they can only work as they are in harmony therewith. You must wade through deep seas; you must ascend mountains; you must travel on the plains; you must be understood, and you must be misunderstood, because each of these are sources of knowledge. They who dwell in high spheres, form themselves into committees, societies, assemblies, congresses, and convocations. Each of these has its head, president, or leading mind. The inhabitants of earth are mentally diseased, consequently physically disturbed, and so to speak, the soul is thrown out of its true balance. New mechanism is to come into harmonious relations, and thus there is a growth of children, men, women, animals, birds, and flowers."

"In the order of Providence, there must be locations to which persons can come, dwellers in the higher spheres, and where they can plant such seed as will produce certain results. A little spot, a mere circle, sometimes answers a purpose. Sometimes a nation, sometimes nations are to be interblended with nations, and universes with universes. The little seed, the acorn, has within itself what is essential to constitute the oak. The world cannot be saved by words; deeds are to be the saviors of mankind. Models must first be established; you are gathered here for the purpose of establishing or organizing a model. Only a few persons are requisite; these, as far as may be practicable, must be of one mind and one heart. The great movements of the coming age are to be led by woman. Man is exhausted; he can do no more till woman lifts him to a higher plane. We were determined to find a woman, You have been tried, elected, and consecrated, and are to have henceforth a new and appropriate name. You will be called, The Angel of mercy. By angel is signified messenger. You are to call people to you, are to go out, and send out ministering teachers whose words will be divinely given them. Clothed with power, their loins girt about with truth, wearing the breast-plate of righteousness."

This ministry will be a free ministry, it will not take to itself gold or silver, but will take that which will command gold and silver, which will open the mines and treasures buried in the earth, be exhumed and laid at your feet. You as a representative rather than a mere personality. The outside world cannot comprehend this; ears they have, eyes they have but they are closed. You may therefore expect that the blind and deaf will misinterpret, but the very misinterpretation is to create inquiry and will call around you the faithful and true. Dr. Warren and father were great men in their day; the encyclopedias tell their story. They see what the human world

needs; they see the displacement; the causes of mental and physical suffering. They come to alleviate, to educate, to elevate; they come to bless, such is the work to be done here. At times you will be called forth; you will declare what has been done, and they who have hearts to feel, and gold to give, will place them in your hands. Ask not, beg not, never, never, simply declare what is to be done. 'Tis that which will call out what you need. The old methods are to be superseded. The press is to aid this work. In the United States it is to-day the mightiest power. The pulpit will lag behind. Nay, it may, throw itself across your track. You can overcome it. Rejoice then, the handful convened here tells what has been done. Look with the eye of faith to what may be wrought. He who addresses you under this guidance is destined once more to cross the broad, blue sea; his locks are whitened, his limbs weakened, but power and means will be given for the voyage, and there in the private circle, the public assembly, he is to tell what is doing here, and women, and men, will come from the farthest island of the sea, and look upon you, feel your heart throbbing, and give strength and aid. The beloved boy (This refers to my son George, who is travelling in Europe; he is at the present time at St. Petersburg, Russia,) goes far, far away, the mother's heart yearns for his return; he is gathering treasures, rich, indestructible. Other young persons born of good stock are to take the places of mothers and fathers, they passing up overshadowing and inspiring these young people. Remember then these few broken words; keep this parchment with care. It indicates what is to be in the future, and may the Lord bless thee and keep thee, lift the light of his countenance upon thee, give thee strength, wisdom, and love, to faithfully discharge thy maternal work. Let thy motto be simple. He that doeth the divine will shall know of the truth.

DR. ABBIE E. CUTTER.

FARMER MARY'S HOME,  
Near Lombard, Ill., Oct. 27, '81.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

Being out here on a visit to our friend, Farmer Mary, I can but notice with deepest sympathy and regret, how her naturally brave, buoyant spirit is depressed by the perpetual fear of losing her home, and being thrown upon the world in her old age, helpless, after a life-time spent in working for the spirit world. As I look about me, here in her house, I see the pictures of so many whom in days past she had called her friends, and who have enjoyed her hospitality, and I cannot help wondering what has become of them all, that so few have come forward in this time of need and extremity to her aid.

It is with sincere pleasure that I read your appeal to the people in her behalf; and at the same time, it seems to me strange indeed that the services of one so prominent as a spiritual worker, as was C. V. Wilson, should be so soon forgotten, and his family forced to appeal to the sympathy of the public. If it were charity that is asked, even then I should think that the remembrance of Mr. Wilson's devotion to the cause, his undaunted courage in bearing spirit messages into localities almost beyond the pale of civilization, often after the risk of his life; and the amount of good that, both with pen and personal efforts, he accomplished, would open every generous heart and hand. But when in point of fact the assistance that is asked is a simple business transaction in which no one can possibly be the loser, I cannot understand how any one having means can hesitate in the performance of what, after all, is a simple act of justice to one who has given her all of strength and means to the cause.

Mrs. Wilson has no dower in the estate. One year from this time, she and her children will be houseless, unless she succeeds in obtaining the loan that she asks. Friends, will you not turn to the article headed "E. V. Wilson Fund—Subscription for Bonds," and see what it is that is asked of you; remembering that unless the full amount is raised, you are pledged to nothing; and if it should be, you lose nothing, as Mrs. Wilson has the assurance that she can sell portions of the farm to such advantage (reserving a small portion as a home for herself and children) as to repay the full amount with interest. Read this article, and putting yourselves in her place mentally, think what a burden this must be for one grown gray and aged, already bowed with the cares and sorrows of her long pilgrimage on earth, and come to her relief.

Once more let me thank you, Bro. Roberts, for your commendable perseverance in keeping this matter before the public in the columns of your paper. Would that others would follow your example.

In conclusion, allow me to thank you for various favors, and to ask of you to announce that I am engaged to speak at Sturgis, Michigan, during the month of November. And believe me, with kindest regards,

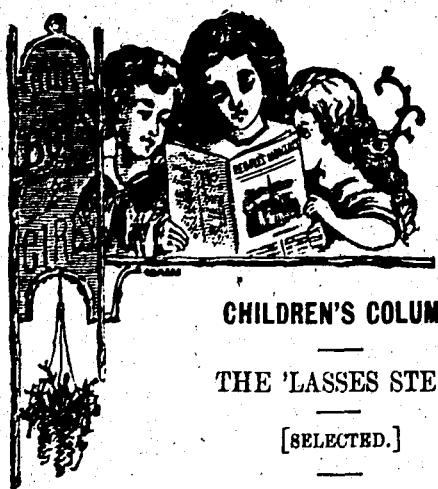
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## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

## THE LASSES STEW.

[SELECTED.]

Oh! Jessy gave a candy pull,  
And Lill and Kitty came to share;  
Three bonnie flirts with ruffled skirts,  
And flying curls of yellow hair.

They did not know, they could not know,  
That candy sticks like gum or glue;  
And to relate their touching fate  
Is why I sing the lasses stew.

"Here we are met," said Jessy Bell,  
"Three busy maids without their mothers,  
With nought to do but watch our stew,  
Away from boys or other bothers."

So, with many a solemn taste  
And "tryings" in a cup of water,  
The bubbling mass cooked crisp as glass,  
And six small hands were greased with butter.

A minute more, and how they screamed,  
With fingers burned and none to bind 'em;  
They flew about, indoors and out,  
And left a sticky trail behind 'em.

But well they worked to cool it down,  
And pulled it to its utmost tether,  
Till—who can tell how it befell?  
They found themselves all stuck together.

Their curls and skirts and bows entwining—  
Each little face supremely silly!—  
To free poor Jess she must undress,  
And Kitty who can part from Lilly?

Ah! now they know, they sadly know,  
That candy sticks like gum or glue,  
'Twas thus they fared, so sadly snared—  
They'll ne'er forget that lasses stew.

—Sherwood Bonner in Our Little Ones.

## Master Hyrax.

BY HENRIETTA A. HOLBICH.

Uncle Joe was taking a nap in the big easy-chair. Of course, he was taking a nap; for, first, he had shut his eyes, and then he had put a newspaper before his face, and then he had begun to snore. He had stopped snoring now, but the newspaper was there still, and he did not stir.

Harold and Violet were playing in the corner. What were they playing? What do children play? It is so long since I was a child that I am quite puzzled. All I know is that Violet had her doll, a fine, French lady, dressed in her best walking suit, with gloves, and hat, and parasol, and veil all complete, and a tiny basket on her arm, besides. Violet had a basket on her arm, too; and Harold— Ah, yes, I see now. That must have been it. Harold had laid a board across two chairs, and on it he was arranging all kinds of things—a doll's shoe, a heap of little pebbles, another of grains of corn, a few shells, a ball. Now you know, don't you? They were playing store, and very nice it is. Presently Harold had an idea.

"Violet," he said, "we haven't got half enough money here. People in business need lots of money, you know. Just you go up stairs and bring down the box of make-believe money, that's a good girl. And, while you are about it, just run into the kitchen and bring in some coffee, and some currants, and some rice, and a few tin boxes that spices come in. Then you might bring a ball of string, and a lot of paper—oh! and mamma's letter scales, and a few books, and—and— Well, that's all I think of, just now."

Violet was a good little sister, and she went off obediently. The newspaper rustled a little, and, if Harold had looked, he might have seen an eye peeping from over the edge of it; but he didn't look, not he. He was much too busy arranging his store to the best advantage.

Just then the door bell rang, and Harold jumped up.

"It's mamma," he said, as he peeped out of the window. "I wonder—Mamma," as the parlor door opened, "Did you bring the book I wanted to borrow from cousin Clara?"

"Oh, Harold! I forgot all about it," said mamma. "I'm sorry, but I had so many errands to do that I could not remember it."

"Oh, dear! and I wanted it so much," grumbled Harold, dolefully. "Everybody always forgets what I ask them."

"Here are your things, Harold—all I could bring, at least," said Violet, coming back with her arms full, just as mamma went out. "There's the coffee in one paper, and the rice in another, and—oh, dear! I must have dropped the currants. And there's your string, and your box of money, and a roll of paper, and three tin boxes, but I couldn't bring the books, nor the letter scales. Indeed, I couldn't carry any more, Harold."

"Just the way," grumbled Harold again. "I never saw anything like it. Nobody ever can do what I want. They 'forget,' or 'can't bring 'em,' or something. Just you trot upstairs again, now, and bring down those books. Any old ones will do. I want them for shelves. And, while you're about it, bring my little express wagon, and—"

"Harold!"

It was Uncle Joe who spoke. The newspaper was off his head now, and he was sitting up and looking at the children. "Harold, do you know why the hyrax is without a tail?"

Harold thought it was a very queer question, but he didn't say so. Uncle Joe usually meant something by his questions, and probably this one had a meaning.

"What's a hyrax?" asked Violet.

"A little animal something like a rabbit," said Uncle Joe. "Come here, and I'll tell you about it."

"But Harold wants his things," said Violet, hesitating.

"Never mind about Harold's things, just yet," said Uncle Joe. "They can wait; but I'm in a story telling humor and that can't wait. Jump up on my knee. So! Harold, too. Now then!"

"Once upon a time there was a commotion in the Animal Kingdom. The world was not very old then, not even old enough to be quite finished off. Nobody knew that, though, until on a certain day the King of the Beasts issued a proclamation. What's a proclamation? Well, a notice, then. He sent word to all his faithful subjects that if, upon a certain day, they would repair to his court, they would be handsomely finished off."

"Finished off," said the beasts. "Why, we are

finished off. What more do we want? We have teeth and eyes and ears and paws. A tail? What do we want with a tail? You can't eat with a tail, nor see nor hear with a tail, can you? Then, what's the good of a tail?"

"Just then a fly stung Goodman Ox on the side. He leaped about a foot into the air, but the fly still stuck and stung. He tried to brush it off with his foot, but his leg was too stiff."

"O ho!" said Goodman Ox. "Now, I see the good of a tail—a nice, long, slender tail with a brush at the end. Ah, yes! The king may make his mind easy. I shall be sure to be there."

"And so said all the beasts; but nobody was as anxious as Master Hyrax. Day and night he thought about this wonderful tail. What kind would it be? Would it be fitted to him without a question, or would he be allowed to choose? And, if so, what should he choose? Should it be long or short, stumpy or tapering, straight or curly, feathery or compact? At last he made up his mind. He would have a long, feathery tail, with a graceful curve in it. Yes, that would suit him best, he was sure. Then, having made up his mind, he was quite contented."

Now, if there was one thing Master Hyrax hated more than another it was bad weather. He never went out in the cold, nor in the rain, but behold! when the great day came it was cold and rainy both. What was Master Hyrax to do? He thought and thought, and at last he had a bright idea. He lay down at the door of his house and waited for the animals to pass by on their way to court. First came Lord Lion.

"Oh, Lord Lion! good Lord Lion!" cried Master Hyrax, "when you go to get your tail, will you ask for mine, too?—a fine, feathery one; not too curly, but just with a graceful curve in it, if you please. I will give you a bit of my fur to match, and it won't be much trouble for you."

"Well, I don't mind," said Lord Lion; "your tail won't be much of a load."

"So Master Hyrax gnawed a bit of fur from his breast, and Lord Lion took it and went his way."

"Just as he was out of sight, Squire Wolf came along."

"It's as well to be on the safe side," thought Master Hyrax; "perhaps Lord Lion may forget."

"So he asked Squire Wolf, and Squire Wolf promised, and took a bit of fur to match, and went off. Then came Mistress Cat and Sir Fox, and Mr. Rat and Sir Dog, and Gaffer Bear and Gammer Beaver and ever so many others. Every one of them Master Hyrax stopped, and to each he gave a bit of his fur, and each promised to bring back a tail to match it."

"I only hope I shall not have so many tails that I shall not know what to do with them all," said Master Hyrax.

"On the whole, he felt quite comfortable, although he had given away so many bits of fur that his breast was bare."

"But that doesn't matter," he thought; "it will grow again; and what a fine, useful thing a tail will be. Better have six than none."

"So, then, Master Hyrax went into his house, and curled himself up to sleep until his messengers should come back."

"Lord Lion was the first to come, as he had been the first to go; and Master Hyrax crawled out to meet him."

"Dear Lord Lion," said Master Hyrax, "did you bring my tail?"

"Lord Lion stopped and looked down at him."

"Your tail?" he said; "how could I remember anything about your miserable little tail?" And he snatched it off, lashing his fine, new tail.

"Then came Mistress Cat."

"Good Mistress Cat, did you bring my tail?"

"No, indeed," said Mistress Cat. "It is all I can do to carry back the tails for my six kittens, who were not big enough to go for their own."

"Hyrax sighed, but he was not discouraged."

"Did you bring my tail, Sir Fox?" he asked of the next; but Sir Fox sniffed and said:

"I had work enough to get my own, without thinking of yours. They wanted to palm off a miserable, skinny thing on me, instead of the fine brush that I had set my heart upon. I got it at last, though, in spite of them; and Mr. Rat has the one they meant for me."

"Mr. Rat, who came next, was in such a bad humor that he would not even answer Master Hyrax's question; but it was evident that he had no tail about him, excepting his own. Master Hyrax stayed at his post until midnight, but not an animal had remembered him. Sir Dog had lost the bit of fur, and had felt afraid that, if he should bring a tail, it would not match. Gammer Beaver had had all she could do to carry the broad article which had fallen to her share, and Gaffer Bear was so indignant when he found that Master Hyrax had asked all the rest of the animals, instead of trusting to him alone, that he would not even look at him."

"Selfish, lazy creatures!" said Master Hyrax, as he crept to his bed. "That is the way they always serve me. I shall have to go myself, after all."

"But the next day the court was closed. The tails had all been given out. And that is why the hyrax has no tail to this very day."

Violet laughed at the story, and pitied the woes of the poor hyrax, but Harold sat still for a while. Then he slipped down from Uncle Joe's lap.

"Come up stairs, Violet," he said, "and I'll help you bring down the rest of the things. Or, if you don't want to go, I'll bring them myself. When we're through playing, I'll go over to Cousin Clara's and get the book I want. I'm not going to be Master Hyrax any longer."—St. Nicholas.

## J. Nelson Holmes Fund.

Please acknowledge the following sums received since last reported:

Previously acknowledged	\$41.00
Wm. R. Tice, Brooklyn, N. Y.	20.00
Thos. Middlemist, Yreka, Cal.	5.00
A. Friend, Henderson, N. C.	1.00
Henry Seibert, Philadelphia, Pa.	10.00
A. Friend, Pawtucket, R. I.	10.00
E. N. Foster, Fond du Lac, Wis.	1.00

Mr. Seibert generously offers to further aid us if a subscription is started to save our home. Also Mr. Joseph P. Hazard, has kindly offered to subscribe to that end. Very truly yours,

J. NELSON HOLMES.

Vineland, N. J., Sept. 5th, 1881.

C. & H. V. Ross, the well-tried mediums, write us that they have leased a house, No. 172 South Main street, Providence, R. I., where they will hold materializing seances Sunday and Wednesday evenings and Thursday afternoons, the rest of the week being entirely taken up with private seances.

## Correctness of the Communication Through Alfred James Confirmed.

GILMORE, Benzie Co., Mich., Oct. 12.

FRIEND ROBERTS:—I wish to say a word of approval of the ancient spirit communications concerning Christianity. I am a graduate of a theological school, it was supposed that I prepared for the Christian ministry; but I found that all of the evidences of Christianity are weak and untrustworthy. Nor was I alone in that feeling, for it affected the whole class. Yet, we had chosen an occupation; had spent considerable time and money, and wished to make the most of it. One young man in particular was very much grieved, because the sceptics had shaken his faith, and he only preached the more bitterly against the Infidels. Well, I went out to preach; but my contact with the church only increased my doubts, and I determined to review the subject from its foundation. I did so, and pronounced Christianity to be a fraud, and promptly left the ministry and the church. I have thought of writing a book, entitled, "The Foundations of Christianity," but have never found a fitting opportunity. Now, I find that the spirit communications through Alfred James explain the case, the best of anything that I have seen. They agree with a rational view of history, and are evidence to me, that the ancient spirits may return and reveal the secrets of the past. I would very much like to have a copy of the book, but cannot promise to take it, as my means are all engaged in my own line of reformation. One word as to the book; do not make it too large or expensive; but put it within the reach of all. Some of the communications, particularly that one purporting to come from Constantine the Great, would be better left out. I do not doubt that dark spirits do often communicate merely for the purpose of throwing doubt upon the testimony of those that are truthful, and it looks to me that the one calling himself Constantine is of that class.

One question. We read in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, xi, chap. 32, that the governor, under Aretas the king, kept the city of Damascus, with a garrison, and was desirous of apprehending the writer of that letter. Well, Aretas, the king of Arabia, flourished 65 or more years before the Christian era, so the writer could not have been an apostle of Jesus Christ, who is said to have preached a hundred years after the time of Aretas; neither could it have been Apollonius, the adviser of Vespasian. Was there not another Paul, or missionary of the Essenes?

You are at liberty to use any part of this letter which you see fit. Yours for truth and humanity.

J. G. TRUMAN.

[In reply to Mr. Truman, we would say, that we cannot but believe the communication purporting to come from Constantine the Great as genuine, and shall therefore include it in the series of communications that we are about to publish in book form. In relation to the time when Aretas lived, will cite Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.—Ed.]

"Aretas, the father-in-law of Herod Antipas of Judea. Herod dismissed his wife, the daughter of Aretas, in consequence of having formed an incestuous connection with Herodius, his brother Philip's wife, as we learn from the Evangelist. To revenge the wrongs of his daughter, Aretas made war upon Herod, and defeated him in a great battle. Herod applied for assistance to the Romans; and Vitellius, the governor of Syria, received an order to punish Aretas. He accordingly marched against Petra; but while he was on the road, he received intelligence of the death of Tiberius, A. D. 37, and gave up the expedition in consequence. This Aretas seems to have been the same who had possession of Damascus at the time of the conversion of the Apostle Paul, A. D. 31. It is not improbable that Aretas obtained possession of Damascus in a war with Herod at an earlier period than Josephus has mentioned; as it seems likely that Aretas would have resented the affront soon after it was given instead of allowing so many years to intervene."

[It would therefore seem there were two Aretases, one contemporary with Apollonius of Tyana, the St. Paul of scriptures, and one who invaded Judea in B. C. 65.—Ed.]

## Letter From Anna Kimball.

342 STATE STREET, BROOKLYN, Nov. 7th, 1881.

My Valued Friend and Co-Worker:—Many thanks for noticing my needs. Have received several calls from the West; shall most likely accept one of them, but am kept so busy here. Will remain one month longer at the above number, give psychometric readings, help those who are just unfolding the soul's power, &c. How I feel your burdens as I move out on the soul waves of etherial matter into your aura; how you are pressed on every side by foes of human unfoldment, who are determined to mould every mind or sensitive to their special opinions and interpretation, or ruin them. Such minds are our inquisitors, they cannot rest us but want to crush us out of our forms, and will, many of the most delicate, unless some brave defender of all humane life, takes this power by the throat.

What an unskillful gardener he would be who never could leave a bud to unfold and perfect itself because somewhat imperfect in hue and form. How sweetly your inspirer and teacher would treat all God's forms. I can see him now as he showers all earth with radiant magnetism from his sphere. All who will, can gather as freely as we can the sunshine, unless some might power rule or ruin mind covers us with a thick, dark aura of impervious character. But even then I see how his rare past influence burns up the gross misinterpreting malformed minds influence, and sets the prisoner free to drink in choice influences and aromas from heaven's best store houses of spiritualized elements. You are building wiser than you dream; your battle axe is dealing heavy blows, but every stroke is releasing one planet from evil; every wave of magnetism you give from your inner sphere, whether you intend it or not, is cleansing it from leprous, hideous disease, that closes all ages to the "Divinity of Humanity," and its right to self unfoldment, under love and wisdom influences.

But you will not grow weary even under the heavy burdens and unrequited toil; for that Divine mind will not permit this. His is a soul that can reach out to all sources for power; and he will transmit to you all the mind and body can receive and use for your trying work. God must bear your labors, and make your mind fruitful of benefactor influences and power, because it is in accordance with law and your environment.

Amid all life's experiences I am your friend and humble co-worker in spiritual unfoldment.

ANNA KIMBALL.

## Communication From Archbishop Spaulding Through The Banner of Light Free Circle.

"Having passed through a disciplinary experience, since the passage of my spirit from the mortal to the immortal world, I occasionally feel called upon to come into contact with some mediumistic organism upon the earth, and to express myself as I am in the spiritual. I look around me as I come into contact with physical life, and find that humanity is advancing in all that pertains to its spiritual life. I perceive that slowly and surely the human race mounts upward, higher and higher, constantly attaining a level above that which it formerly occupied, and constantly reaching forth for something still further in advance which is nobler and better. I feel encouraged for the race: I feel stimulated to press onward, seeking to enter new temples of truth and knowledge, to gain higher wisdom and strength, that I may impart some of its influence unto those who are in earthly life. It is my duty to do this, because while inhabiting the mortal form I taught, that which I find to be utterly false, and that which I now know to have been an injury to my followers! I find it is my duty to return from time to time, and by silent influence seek to elevate those who are still held in mental bondage by dogma and creed. It is true I have grown liberal since passing from the body; it is also true that I have attained knowledge and experience, which have widened my perceptions and given me power to accomplish something for others; that I am still very far from having attained that knowledge which I might have acquired had I sought for such spiritual truth while in the form. I return at this hour because I feel in sympathy with the people of earth, and am anxious to give them some truth—some grain of knowledge—trusting that it may take root, grow and beautifully expand for the enrichment of the soul."

"I am here to say unto those who are in the Church, and who teach the old dogmas and theories, and would cramp and confine the free spirit, Beware how you step! Look well to that which is before you; seek earnestly for the true gifts of the spirit; seek for knowledge and higher wisdom, and having attained these be sure that you impart the truth unto those who look to you for correct information and guidance. Unless the Church becomes permeated with a purer spirituality—becomes so thoroughly spiritualized that the light of the higher heavens will stream through it unto the masses—its days are surely numbered! Already I perceive its power passing away; already I find that its foundations are shaking, that its structure is tottering. I would call upon those who would build it up and draw the people into its fold, to look well to the teachings which they give forth. Seek to spiritualize yourselves. Then teach the people the truth, regardless of denunciation and ostracism. Then, my friends, will your power extend, and you will be true leaders, and those who accept your instructions will do so understandingly, rejoicing in spirit, believing they are following true teachers of the higher and better life."

In looking over my past work and that of those connected with me, I perceive the slimy trail of the serpent along the paths and over the homes of the lowly and uneducated classes—a serpent whose spawn is superstition, error and ignorance; We have fostered its growth instead of striving to stamp it from existence. We have not done our duty, and therefore I feel impelled to return from the spiritual world and express myself as best I can through a foreign organism, in order to partially retrieve the mistakes we have made. And while returning for this purpose, I would call the attention of my friends and fellow-workers to two grand and important requisites, truth and spirituality. By spirituality, I mean purity of living, purity of thought and action, the desire for the attainment of something grand and holy, out-worked in material life, promulgated throughout the land, and exerting a grand and ennobling influence upon mankind. If they will seek for this, and inculcate it in the minds and hearts of those who look to them for guidance, they will be sure to receive something grand and holy when they pass to the spiritual world. But if they are content to keep the people in ignorance, to foster superstition, fear and error, to adhere to blind creeds and dogmas, in order to crush and keep down those who look to them for something true and good, they will reap a whirlwind of sorrow in the immortal world."

"Some few years since I came into spiritual contact with some good people in the city of Baltimore. Through the organism of one, I received beneficial instruction while in communication with one in the spirit life; and from the ascended father of the gentleman to whom I spoke, I obtained higher wisdom and truth than I possessed before. I wish to send out my greetings and affectionate remembrance and love to those friends, and to assure them that I am laboring for the benefit not only of human beings in the form but also to instruct and enlighten spirits in the eternal world, those who come to our life, uneducated concerning the true spirituality of existence; who come cramped, confined and dwarfed by false ideas and opinions; who come feeling that they are but mere worms compared to those grand and glorious spirits who, having been humble in the past, have attained wisdom and growth and truth and power in the higher life. Unto such as these I would bring instruction. And so, my friends in the form, feel that I am co-working with you for the attainment of something that will benefit, broaden and bless the spirit."

"I want to add that the spirit present this afternoon who was desirous of controlling the medium, but who was unable to do so, was brought here by me for a beneficent purpose. Finding him cramped and limited in the spirit-world, and in need of discipline, of experience, of culture, I brought him hither that he may receive light and truth from those who gather here in spirit. And although he has somewhat limited and confined the expressions of those controlling at this hour, because he possesses a strong magnetic force and vigorous will-power, which he exerts upon the organism before you, yet I am so sure he will receive benefit by coming, that those who are present, as well as myself, are willing he should remain and take part in the exercises."

ARCHBISHOP SPAULDING.

Our valued friend, Mrs. Anna Kimball, is desirous of obtaining permanent employment some where, as lecturer and psychometrist. She would visit places wherever there is a nucleus of friends who wish to associate for progressive work. Her address is Dunkirk, N. Y. P. O. Box 241. We have had personal experience with Mrs. Kimball, and are fully and freely giving our testimony as to her extraordinary psychometric powers.



NOTICE.

In commencing our fourth volume, we find it necessary to withdraw our offer of clubbing subscriptions with the *Spiritual Offering*, finding that we cannot afford so great a reduction of the regular price of our paper, which is already lower than any other, containing a like amount of reading matter, before the public. We do this regretfully, and with the kindest wishes for the success and increased usefulness of our highly deserving contemporary.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

The advancement of the great truth of Spiritualism is fast progressing in this western country, and this is much to be credited to the Chicago *Daily Times*, which is so independent and liberal that it has opened its columns to reports of spiritual communications. So it has lately done a great deal of good work, in this direction, by publishing regular correspondences from Professor Henry Kiddle, of New York, presenting to the world the important results of his investigations, during the last year, of the spiritual phenomena of the well-known medium, Jesse Shepard. Professor Kiddle himself took down verbatim, in paragraphic shorthand, discourses purporting to emanate from spirits, given through the mediumship of Jesse Shepard, of which the Chicago *Times* has published the following: September 4th, 1881, "An Essay on Truth," from the spiritual standpoint, by the spirit of Lord Francis Bacon; September 11th, "Essay on Atheism," by Francis Bacon; September 18th, "On Religion," by Francis Bacon; September 25th on the "Chinese Question," by a distinguished Chinese sage of a past age; October 10th, "Materialism in Germany," by Martin Luther; October 2d and 23d, "The Influence of Modern Literature from a Spiritual Standpoint" (to be continued). These discourses are the most remarkable productions of Spiritual literature, aside of those given through Alfred James, as above mentioned.

Mr. Shepard has been here in Chicago these three or four months, giving twice-a-week seances at Mrs. Sarah E. Bromwell's residence, 404 West Randolph street, and on last Tuesday he gave there a musical soiree, of which a graphic description appeared in the Chicago *Times* of last Wednesday, as you will see in the inclosed slip of that paper. At this occasion Mr. Shepard announced that he was to give only one more of his usual seances; that, for the future, the field of his performances would be to give concerts and oratorical manifestations, according to the directions of his controlling spirits.

The next following evening, last Wednesday, I was present at a seance of the above named Mrs. Bromwell, a lady of dignified appearance and pleasant manners, who is a clairvoyant and developing medium. She said that her guides had told her that they would give through her instrumentality musical manifestations like those in Mr. Shepard's seances, and that they are influencing her in practicing on the piano and singing. Shortly after the light was extinguished and the circle formed, she clairvoyantly described spirits which were recognized, and after awhile she obviously became entranced and unconscious, as another female voice, unlike hers, entertained the circle enthusiastically. This controlling spirit is an Egyptian named "Flossy." Some one asked her how long it is since she passed over? "Oh," she answered, "that I cannot tell, it is so long ago; I lived in the fourth century." I then inquired how she had learned English? and she replied, "I have an interpreter who impresses me the English words." She then gave a short oration in her native language in a solemn tone. For a great while she chatted with a gentleman, giving explanations upon questions he propounded to her while the circle had become quite conversational; then suddenly the medium commenced to sing soprano, so beautifully and impressively, that it strongly reminded me of Madame Sontag. I asked who the controlling spirit was? Flossy answered "Sontag."

At the end of the seance, Flossy said to the audience: "We invite you to Shepard's farewell seance to-morrow evening."

In consequence of this invitation, I was present at this last seance of Mr. Shepard. After he had arranged the circle, he took his seat at the piano; the light was then extinguished and he accompanied the singing of the circle of some popular hymn, and then while he was playing the piano, the guitar and tambourine were also played, moving through the air all over the room, and at the same time I felt hands flapping upon my shoulder and knee, and a poem in German was spoken to me, yet the sounding of the piano prevented my understanding it, only disconnected words, "Liebe" (love), "Geisterwelt" (spirit-world), etc. I asked who the spirit is and I received the answer "Pater Luther." Before I had mentioned this fact to any one, after the seance was over, a German who sat opposite me, said that Martin Luther had spoken poetry to him in German. We two were the only Germans in the company, and the medium does not understand German. There reigned for about five minutes perfect stillness, except the resounding of a wonderful, sweet and charming music of a zither, passing high over the circle, around the room, dissolving in soft strains of an æolian harp, as if coming from a far distance. I found afterwards that this music came from a little instrument labeled by its St. Louis manufacturer, "Harp Celestial," but I consider it to be a perfect imitation of a zither, constructed in the form of a harp. The grandest and the most remarkable of all was a duet of the highest soprano and of the deepest basso, both voices as perfect as I ever heard. When this was ended, one of Shepard's guides, who called himself Dick, joined in praising of the wonderful performance of this duet, and on my question who the singers were, he replied, "Sontag and Laplace," and then he said: "The Egyptians are now coming, and will give you some music." And so they did. The piano, guitar, tambourine, were played together, with who knows what other instruments they did use, to render such an awful clashing, thundering and deafening music, as made almost the house vibrate. Thus ended the last of Jesse Shepard's seances.

Before I bade Mr. Shepard good-bye I asked him for an explanation of the new field of spiritual performances he will pursue. He kindly said for the future he will give grand concerts and oratorical manifestations, and that he has for some time to fulfill engagements in other cities.

BERNIE KIHHLHOLZ,  
Chicago, Ill., October 23, 1881.

Spiritualism at G. A. R. Hall.

Dr. J. W. Van Namee, of Boston, who is known to the Spiritualists of this country and in some parts of Europe as an inspirational speaker and test medium, addressed a good-sized audience in Grand Army Hall, yesterday afternoon and evening. He is a man of fine presence, possesses strong physical and mental power, is a fluent speaker, and his words were pleasing to all his listeners, whether believers or sceptics. After a brief introductory address by Dr. Sherman, of Wakefield, on the importance of reviving the work in this city of disseminating true spiritual knowledge, the audience sang "Nearer my God, to Thee," to assist in harmonizing conditions. Subjects for the lecture and poems were then asked for from the audience, and a number of good ones were furnished. The speaker had them in a promiscuous pile before him, and without apparent examination or reflection he gave a number of improvised poems, and also wrote the several subjects presented into an admirable discourse, in which he set forth the claims of Spiritualism. Spiritualism, he said, means reformation; and to illustrate the truth of his assertion he said that out of all the churches of the land there is not one to-day in which, if Christ would present himself at its portals, he would be welcomed to an honorary seat. Humanity must learn of God through nature, and that largely by the unfolding and developing of their own natures. At the conclusion of the lecture Dr. Van Namee gave a number of tests, calling the names and describing the presence of several disembodied spirits, all of whom were recognized by persons in the audience. He also gave a number of psychometric readings, which were very satisfactory. He gave a fine lecture in the evening, also some remarkable tests, and excellent music was rendered by Mr. William Severance and Miss Lillie Garside, of South Framingham.

CHICAGO, Nov. 15th, 1881.

Editor *Mind and Matter*:

I wish to relate my experience with the letter medium Henry Crindle. A few weeks since, a friend of mine wrote him a sealed letter, and found it answered so satisfactorily that I thought I would try.

I wrote a letter to my spirit father, and put on it a private mark, so that if it should be tampered with any way, I could readily see it. Well, I got my letter back just as I sent it, all copied verbatim, and all my questions answered in such a way as only my father could; speaking to me of things in my life, of past changes, calling the names of members of his family and some of our friends.

I am not a doubter or sceptic, but still we all have a feeling of curiosity, and wishing to gratify it, I did as related. I can therefore unhesitatingly endorse Henry Crindle, the letter medium, of Philadelphia.

Hoping you will find this worthy of a place in your valuable journal,

I am most respectfully,  
JOSEPH MATTHEW SHEA, M. D.  
87 West Madison, Chicago, Ill.

An American was breakfasting at one of the restaurants of the Palais Royal. At an opposite table was seated a decidedly handsome woman, Parisienne from top to toe. Of course the American looked at her, and it occurred to him that she might not be altogether insensible to his admiring glances. He was sure of it when the lady, in English and with the cutest of accents, said: "Come here, my pretty one." It must be agreed that the Yankee was startled. It was hardly the style of recognition he expected, but thought it was the Paris way, and was laying down his napkin to go over and bow his acknowledgments, when he observed a shaggy cur drag himself out from beneath a chair and proceed to the feet of his fair enslaver. "Joli petit chien," she said, as she stroked its ugly head. "It is sometimes well not to be too quick," mused the Yankee.

Special Notices.

MIND AND MATTER is on sale at Frobisher Hall, No. 23 East 14th street, New York city, every Sunday morning and evening.

Dr. B. F. BROWN, Lewiston, Me., keeps MIND AND MATTER and *The Banner of Light* always on file at his office for the benefit of strangers.

SUBSCRIBERS to the *Spiritual Offering* who fail to receive their paper on time will please notify the publishers direct, and immediate attention will be given. Address D. M. Fox, Newton, Iowa.

Mrs. Dr. WHEELER, No. 38 N. 5th street, Camden, N. J., late of New Haven, Conn., Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer, solicits a thorough testing of her powers. Examinations, \$1; treatment, \$2. Satisfaction guaranteed.

HON. WARREN CHASE lectured in Metropolitan Hall, Vineland, N. J., October 23d and 30th. He will speak in the same place November 13th and 20th, and may be addressed at Vineland, N. J., until December 1st.

RHODES' HALL, 505 1/2 NORTH EIGHTH STREET.—Regular services are held at this hall every Sunday afternoon and evening at the usual hours, 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock.

ELSIE (CRINDLE) REYNOLDS will hold Seances for Materialization and Physical Manifestations, at 525 South Eleventh street, every evening, at eight o'clock, sharp, until further notice. Admission, \$1.00.

TO SPIRITUALISTS.—A small Spartan band of Spiritualists in the city of Atlanta, Ga., are endeavoring to publish a Spiritual magazine, and appeal to the Spiritualists throughout the country for subscriptions. Terms \$2.50 per year. Address C. C. Stockell, Atlanta, Ga.

SUBSCRIBERS writing to us to change the address of their paper must state their last address as well as the address they wish it changed to. Simply saying, "Change address of my paper," puts us to great inconvenience and trouble, which can easily be avoided by giving the present address.

Dr. ABRIE E. CUTTER commences a course of lectures on Physiology and Hygiene in the Rev. Dr. Cudworth's Church, Meridian street, East Boston, Monday evening, Nov. 7th. These lectures are for the benefit of the Ladies' Physiological Society of East Boston, which Dr. Cutter was instrumental in forming, a year ago, at the close of a lecture given in Dr. Cudworth's church.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago hold regular meetings every Sunday evening in Fairbanks' Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. Bible interpretations, through Mrs. Richmond, in Martin's parlor, corner of Wood and Walnut streets. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, regular speaker; L. Bushnell, M. D., president; Collins Eaton, secretary.

CORRESPONDENTS sending us articles intended for publication must invariably, to secure notice of the same, adhere to the following RULES: Write plainly with ink on one side of the paper only, and avoid inclosing scraps to be arranged and dovetailed on by the editor; and don't write carelessly and hastily, with the request to the editor to "excuse haste and correct mistakes." Whatever is worth the time of the editor or his assistants to arrange or correct, is assuredly worth the writer's time, and should be done by the latter. This notice is final, and will not be repeated, but all communications not conforming to the above rules will either be returned or cast aside.

THE COMMUNICATIONS FROM ANCIENT SPIRITS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF ALFRED JAMES.—A desire having been expressed by several of our correspondents to have the communications purporting to come from ancient spirits, bearing upon the subject of the origin and truth of the Christian religion—as published from time to time in MIND AND MATTER—in a consecutive shape for convenient reference, we would state that it has been our fixed intention to collect these communications and arrange them in book form, together with our own comments thereon, and such confirmative or corroborative information, as we may obtain in the course of our researches in the same direction. This will probably make a volume of some 400 to 450 pages, and will therefore be an undertaking involving much labor and considerable risk, and it would encourage us in the work, if those of our friends who have any desire to possess the work when completed, would notify us of such desire—that we may judge about how far we may expect to be sustained in our efforts to arrive at the truth in regard to a subject of so much importance to humanity.

Dr. J. Matthew Shea's Liberal Offer.

Bro. Roberts:—If you will say to the public that any one who will subscribe through me for MIND AND MATTER for one year, I will give them one private sitting and one ticket to my Materializing Seances; this to hold good until further notice.  
JOSEPH MATTHEW SHEA, M. D.,  
87 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Dobson's Liberal Offer.

For the purpose of extending the circulation of MIND AND MATTER, I make the following offer to any person sending me \$1.25 and two 3-cent stamps they will receive MIND AND MATTER for six months, and I will answer ten questions of any kind and examine any diseased person free (by independent slate writing). Send lock of hair, state age and sex and leading symptoms.  
Maquoketa, Iowa.] Dr. A. B. DOBSON.

An Extraordinary Offer of Dr. A. B. Dobson.

DEAR BROTHER:—You can say to the readers of your noble paper, that any diseased person who will send me two 3ct. postage stamps, a lock of hair, age and sex, and one leading symptom, I will diagnose their case free by independent slate writing.

A Most Valuable Offer—Spirit Obsession Diagnosed.

BROTHER ROBERTS:—You may say in your paper that I will give a free examination of persons who would like to know whether they are obsessed or not, if they will subscribe for MIND AND MATTER six months or one year. Any person accepting this offer must send a note from you to that effect. All applications by letter must contain a lock of hair of the applicant, age, sex, etc., and one three-cent postage stamp. Address B. F. Brown, Box 28, Lewiston, Maine. This proposition to remain open until further notice. B. F. BROWN.  
[We regard the above proposition of Mr. Brown as a most important one to the afflicted apart from the interest we have in it.—Ed.]

A Vitaphathic Physician's Kind offer.

Any person sending me \$2.00 and two 3-cent postage stamps, with lock of their hair, age, sex, and leading symptoms and location of their disease, I will give them a free examination and advice, and send the two dollars to pay for MIND AND MATTER for them one year.  
J. B. CAMPBELL, M. D., V. D.  
286 Longworth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Chicago Medium's Generous Offer.

No. 7 Laflin St. cor of Madison St.  
To those who will subscribe through me for MIND AND MATTER one year, I will give a sitting for spirit tests. This offer to hold good for six months from date. Yours Respectfully,  
Mrs. MARY E. WEEKS.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

MRS. DR. WETERHOUSE.

MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN, No. 525 South Eleventh Street, cures all scrofulous diseases; also cancers, without any surgical operation; also treats with electric galvanic baths, from 10 to 4 o'clock, with great success.

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REFINED SPIRITUALISM—PURE SPIRITUALISM—  
MORAL SPIRITUALISM—FROM THE  
BUNDY STANDPOINT.

On the 15th of March, 1877, Dr. Pike, incited to madness by the domestic and sectarian enemies of Stevens S. Jones, shot the latter, and deprived the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of the management of its founder, to give place to the morally and physically rotten incumbent of its editorial chair. Under a studied and artful career of hypocrisy and cant, this loathsome creature managed to make some simple minded, decent people believe he was what he professed to be, a shining light of moral rectitude and personal worth. We have in the past three years, in the columns of MIND AND MATTER, piled up facts mountain high, to show what an arrant hypocrite and dissembling scoundrel this man was. To that array of facts John C. Bundy has never attempted to make a reply, hoping thereby to continue the delusion that possessed a small fraction of the once numerous readers of the *Journal*, but now reduced to a ruinously small number through the detestation with which all well-informed, right-minded people have viewed his abominable conduct. Broken down in health, by his vicious life, he fled to the Hot Springs, across the ocean to the Azore Islands, and to the mountaintops of Colorado, in search of that health which, if he had lived properly, he would never have lost; only to return to try to save the wreck and ruin he had evoked. He returned, after his wanderings, to find Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, who had been called to take the helm of the *Journal* during his absence, with shattered health, at the premature old age of sixty-four, obliged to abandon the wreck, and the former field of his labors as well. We are sorry for Mr. Stebbins, and sorry for the *Journal*, that that institution could not have died respectably in his hands, but the decree of justice would not have it so. It has brought the leper back again to resume his work where he left it off, when he joined Wm. H. Harrison, Jim McGeary, and Mrs. Hart-Davies, in their conspiracy to ruin J. Willie Fletcher and Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher, by means as infamous as was ever resorted to, to wrong innocent persons. Any one might know that Bundy had again taken up his position in the *Journal* office, by the character of the last week's number of that paper, in which Giles B. Stebbins takes his leave of the readers of the *Journal* in the following words :

"With this issue my editorial connection with the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* ceases. My wish and expectation has been to remain to the close of the year, but illness compels me to leave. My eyes fail, and my hand protests by its stiffness against its too ~~severe~~ task. At sixty-four one cannot do the work which was a pastime at forty, and it is too late for me to undertake editorial duties or to be active in the pioneer lecture field. Of the arduous labor and constant care needed to conduct the *Journal*, its readers should have a just appreciation, leading to its active support."

It is very evident from this admission of the retiring assistant editor of the *Journal*, that the

readers of that paper have no such "just appreciation" as leads them to give it active support. Let the *Journal*, if it dares, strike off its dead-head delinquents, and see what kind of a circulation it has left. It would afford about as motley and attenuated a crowd as one Dogberry harangued on a memorable occasion.

But now we come to the point we set out to notice, which will show that the snake has been only scotched, not killed. Under the head "Boston Bile and Blubber," the *Journal* quotes the *Banner of Light* as follows:

"The *R.-P. Journal*, of Chicago, has not ascertained as yet that this paper has been, by the addition of four pages, enlarged one-half its former size; but it, on the contrary, has room for a gratuitous fling at us, which clearly shows the animus of that sheet.—*Banner of Light*, Nov. 5th."

To which Bundy replies in the following choice Bundyite style:

"Thus fearfully scolds the ancient sensitive who edits the 'oldest Spiritual paper on earth.' Alas! his youthful friend out West cannot please him, though he should set up nights to try. The *Journal* quoted from its illustrious contemporary one of its most eloquent, truthful and heart-moving editorial paragraphs, embodying more truth than Bro. Colby generally gets into the same space. We quote it again in proof of this assertion.

"Had it not been for donations we have occasionally received from generous hearted souls, to-day would find us financially in the slough of despond."

"Instead of being pleased at this courtesy from his modest Western contemporary, the dear old man of Boston ["Aint" you afraid of the "two globe bears," you bald-headed youth?—Ed. of M. & M.] waxes wroth and calls it a 'gratuitous fling.' Well, well! children are hard to suit, whether in their first or second childhood, and so his petulance must be overlooked.

"Regarding Theodore Parker's or rather Bro. Colby's first assertion that we have not 'ascertained' that the organ of Hazard, Reed; Crindle, James & Co., has 'enlarged one half' we wish to say confidentially we have been made aware of the mournful fact. Indeed, we 'ascertained' the necessity of such an enlargement on the part of our high spirited contemporary simultaneous with its own illumination, to wit: The moment Dr. Eugene Crowell announced the publication in New York of the *Two Worlds*. For shame, Dr. Crowell! You a wealthy and retired gentleman, to thus come forward and materialize new perplexities and burdens for a poor soul on the ragged edge of the 'financial slough of despond.' O, Parker, Greeley, Lincoln, Socrates, Raymond, Swedenborg, Gruff, Billy the Boot-black, Blackhawk, Hercules, Texas-Jack, and all the rest of the noble 'band,' alleged to be in charge of the old B. of L., why is this thus, why have you allowed your favorite organ to be thus tried? Is it forthwith, that Hazard, Reed and Co., may be obliged to put forth further exertions 'financially' as it were, on the treacherous banks of the 'slough of despond'?"

"The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* circulates, not only among intelligent, clear-headed Spiritualists, but is largely read by equally intelligent, clear-headed, truth-loving investigators, who, through its impartial, scientific and philosophical treatment of Spiritualism, are being gradually led into new light. Hence we hesitated to let them know that spiritual literature was being cursed by an additional flood of inanity and intellectual small beer; fearing to disgust those who are turning from the weed-grown fields of orthodoxy, eagerly seeking for the golden wheat they have been told lies beneath the chaff in Spiritualism. But we hesitate no longer, for it is not better that we soothe the sensitive soul in Boston, than that we convince thousands of the fact that man continues to live beyond the grave and can return and communicate? Yes, indeed! Let the dear old man commune in peace with the spirit of his favorite friend, Mr. N. E. Rum, let him defend 'Crindele,' James, *et id omne genus* to his hearts content! For is it not a less calamity that the world remains ignorant of the saving truths taught in the *Journal*, than that the forlorn Boston bachelor should be thus annoyed?"

We cannot but think that the *Banner of Light*, and those who claim to be its friends, are largely answerable for the infamous conduct of John C. Bundy; ever since he took control of the *Journal*, and therefore it is not inappropriate that they should be insulted in that low, coarse, vulgar and contemptuous treatment they have one and all received at his hands in that studiously malignant and defamatory attack. There is not a person who writes for, or corresponds with, the *Banner of Light*, from Dr. Brittan, Henry Kiddle, Dr. Buchanan, Cephas B. Lynn and Thomas R. Hazard, to S. B. Nichols, or the transient letter writer; that is not insulted by the insolent and hypocritical upstart who wrote that editorial. There is not a subscriber to that paper that is not similarly insulted. We have ourself had to complain of what we felt was personally and journalistically unjust to ourself on the part of the *Banner*, but so far from finding fault with what it did for the spiritual cause, our complaints have been that it did not do more for it, by helping us to strike down the greatest hindrance that Spiritualism has had to contend against on the mortal plane of warfare—the *R.-F. Journal* under its present management. We have had the *Banner of Light* people to seek to place us at a disadvantage, by, from time to time insinuating that they were above dealing with the dirt and filth of Bundyism, and leaving us to abate the nuisance as we could. It seems not unlike retributive justice, that these people should at last be made sensible of their mistake, in order that they may yet, ere it is too late, help us to smite this hypocrite and traitor to Spiritualism to the ground. It must be done, or Spiritualism has already reached its sere and yellow leaf. If it has not vitality enough to throw off this loathsome excrescence, it is doomed—and we say it ought to be doomed if it does not do it.

The *Banner of Light* might complain of us for not having noticed the enlargement of its columns,

but it was out of no discourtesy or jealousy of spirit. We could not see that it was a wise or prudent movement on the part of the proprietors of the *Banner*, and therefore preferred to say nothing rather than to express our real views upon that point. We do not think the cause of Spiritualism is booming, at this time, to such an extent as to warrant such experimental flourishes. The road is rough, and must continue so for some time yet, over which the car of Spiritualism is being pushed; and therefore we think it very ill advised to feign a prosperity which does not exist. But for the enlargement of the *Banner* we question whether Dr. Crowell, who is comparatively inexperienced in spiritual journalism would have ventured to launch as expensive a paper as he has done in New York. We think that it is much better to run "close hauled," as the sailors say, so long as the winds that are blowing against us continue so "dead ahead."

But there is one point more that we wish to notice in this connection, and we are done. It is the absurd folly of Col. Bundy in, attempting to show that the *Banner of Light* is a heavily losing concern; when, if such is the fact, the *Journal* must be hopelessly sinking out of sight. We do not think that the *Banner* people, when they said "but for donations" received by them they "would be financially in the slough of despond," intended it to be understood that the *Banner* was being run at a ruinous loss. They certainly could not have meant that, or they surely would not have enlarged their paper and increased the cost of getting it out one-third. We are therefore sorry they should have used language which involves so much apparent inconsistency, and given Col. Bundy so good a chance to make that aggravating "fling" at them. If the *Banner* is only kept afloat on donations, the *Journal* has only been kept afloat by the same method; and the question arises from whence did the *Journal's* donations come? Why, undoubtedly from those whose cause it has been serving—the Jesuit enemies of Spiritualism.

We know that the *Banner of Light* is not being run at a loss, and that its proprietors should publicly allege that it is, could only have been intended to discourage spiritual journalism, in order that it might monopolise that field of action. Honesty in journalism as in every other department of life will be found in the end, the best policy.

# BUNDYISM AGAIN IN FULL BLAST.

We last week laid before our readers the so-called exposure of Mrs. Elsie (Crindle) Reynolds, at Clyde, Ohio, and accompanied it with the publication of facts that demonstrated the false and fraudulent conduct of a half-dozen weak and wicked hypocritical professors of friendship for Spiritualism, who conspired to discredit Mrs. Reynolds, in order that they might win the applause of its most deadly enemies. We were enabled to do this through the desire of A. B. French, the pseudo Spiritualist lecturer, who hails from the God-forsaken village of Clyde, Ohio, to do what he could to assist his Clyde followers to make their outrage upon Mrs. Reynolds and her son a success in the direction of scandalizing the cause he hypocritically pretends to advocate. It would seem that this A. B. French was equally prompt with his favors to Col. Bundy, and this with a success he failed to meet at our hands. Col. B. says: "Mr. A. B. French has our thanks for a copy of the Clyde, Ohio, *Enterprise*, containing the Crindle expose." The *Journal* then says:

"The thorough exposure of Mrs. Crandall<sup>d</sup> Criddle-Keynolds, at Clyde, Ohio, as detailed on the eighth page, may possibly convince some of her enthusiastic admirers, of the wisdom of the *Journal's* refusal to advertise her as a physical medium, until she demonstrated to its editor the truthfulness of her claims. That she may be a medium is quite possible; that she is an unprincipled, dangerous character is certain. The *Banner of Light*, by its wilful and persistent support of such tricksters, is largely responsible for the disgrace constantly being heaped on the spiritual movement. In the opinion of the editor of the *Banner*, apparently, mediumistic power, be it ever so little, covers all the sins in the decalogue, and entitles its possessor to the right to prey upon a gullible public and be puffed in the *B. of L.*"

We call the attention of the *Banner of Light* people, and in this number we include not only the proprietors and editors, but the three or four assistant editors, the "Editor-at-Large" included, to this outcome of their evasive and half-hearted defence of assailed mediums. There has not been a single attempt made by the *R.-P. Journal* and its time-serving, lick-spittle, slandering, conspiring and lying satellites, to strike down thoroughly proven mediums, that the *Banner* people have not stood by and seen us, single handed and alone, smite the aggressors into silence; or when they did not help the enemy either by insinuations and innuendos, as in the case of P. L. O. A. Keeler, or join the assailants, as in the case of D. MacLennan; or by their silence, as in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, give their sanction to the Jesuit outrages perpetrated upon them. One would have thought that Col. Bundy would have been more than satisfied with that kind of co-operation, on the part of the *Banner*, as it was by far more effective to injure the mediums than anything the *Journal* could do by openly warring upon them. We, therefore, consider it base injustice and ingratitude in Col. Bundy to class the *Banner* as a defender of assailed mediums. We have pleaded with, and begged the *Banner* people to take a part either for or against assailed mediums with that kind of manifestation of earnestness and sincerity

that would render the attainment of truth practicable, but all in vain ; and hence the pointed satire with which Col. B. taunts them as the defenders of mediumistic tricksters. It will be well if the *Banner* people heed the lesson which Col. Bundy is so mercilessly expounding to them.

That Col. Bundy should endorse the concoction of lies put forth by the Clyde conspirators was just as natural as it was for the *Banner of Light* to evade saying anything about that tissue of self-evident falsehood and malicious selfishness. Is it any wonder that Spiritualism languishes almost unto death under the advocacy of journals which manifest such a purpose to allow the media, on whom the whole movement alone can rest, to be trampled out of existence? The *Two Worlds* has yet to take the position it must take in this desperate struggle to crush mediumship. We are waiting, in the hope that it will prove a true friend to Spiritualism; by taking its stand with us in demanding strict and impartial justice for all mediums; and that it will emphatically protest against all such devilish proceedings as those of the Clyde conspirators.

John C. Bundy, a man reeking with rottenness, says of Mrs. Reynolds, that she is an unprincipled, dangerous character, on no better ground than the lying statement that he copies from the A. B. French endorsed statement of the Clyde *Enterpriser*. What does that concoction of lies amount to, in the face of the statement from Mr. Hiram Pool, which we published last week? Remember that what Mr. Pool relates took place on the evening of the day when Mayor Bush of Clyde went through that farce of imposing a wholly illegal fine on Mrs. Reynolds and her son, in order to extort from them illegal fees; failing in which, he was guilty of the mean and illegal act of extorting from Mrs. Reynolds her watch without the color of law. Remember, also, that this same Mayor Bush was in possession, as he and his coadjutors allege, of all the paraphernalia falsely alleged to have been used by Mrs. Reynolds at Drown's house. That same evening, Mr. Pool says, Mrs. Reynolds gave a seance at his house, in which she could have had nothing concealed, in the presence of thirty-five persons. Before the seance commenced, Mrs. Reynolds's clothing was thoroughly searched and nothing found upon her but the usual garments of a female's dress. Under those circumstances, and notwithstanding the terrible fatigue, suffering, and nervous excitement, through which she had so recently passed, not only did every manifestation that had been witnessed at Drown's house in Clyde take place, but many other wonderful manifestations of spirit power occurred, as if the spirit forces behind Mrs. Reynolds and her son were determined not only to vindicate them against the lies of the Drown's Hunters and Sweetlands, but to overwhelm all who were in any manner concerned with them in wronging the mediums, with shame and confusion. There were no masks there, no flexible rubber tube, no silk and satin vestures, no wigs, no cheap imitation jewels, and none of the traps procured by the conspirators and taken to Mayor Bush's office; and yet the singing by four different voices, the appearing of fifteen fully materialized figures, even two of them at a time, and every other manifestation which the Clyde conspirators had sought to discredit. Not the least notable event of that seance was the appearance of the spirit of Julia Dean Hayne, dressed in her silks, satin and jewels, precisely as she had appeared when she was so brutally and cowardly assailed by Wm. A. Hunter. These are facts that the Clyde liars cannot get away from. They are attested by every person to the number of thirty-five who witnessed them. These people all live within a short distance of Clyde, and are in every respect that is worthy of confidence, whether as to intelligence, truthfulness, or fidelity to Spiritualism, as far before the Clyde conspirators as the same number of persons could possibly be.

A pretty exposure was that, forsooth! of Mrs. Reynolds and her son. It has exposed nothing but the fact that there are people who, like John C. Bundy and A. B. French, profess to be Spiritualists, but who are ever ready to do anything they can do, or to second and endorse the efforts of others, to outrage spiritual mediums, and defame the cause in whose name they carry on their infernal work. There may be some excuse for such people as the Hunters, Drowns and Sweetlands to engage in that kind of dirty, disreputable work, but there certainly can be none offered for the unqualified endorsement of it by such noisy hypocrites as Bundy and French.

In another column we publish ample facts to show that the Clyde villainy has been brought to nought, and that Mrs. Reynolds has passed through the ordeal prepared for her without so much as the smell of fire upon her garments. Most nobly has she borne herself, and grandly have her spirit friends rallied to her support. Vipers, you have but stung yourselves to death. Your intended victim will live to do her appointed spirit work, and see you buried beneath the contempt and pity of all right thinking and unprejudiced people.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH.  
—We have on sale at our office, the very well executed half life size lithographic likeness of our lamented late President, accompanied by an autograph note, published by the Shober and Carquerville Lithographic Company, 119 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. Price 25 cents, including postage.



# THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL RESORTS TO THE CHRISTIAN DODGE.

In replying to the *Seymour* (Ind.) *Times*, an exponent of soulless materialism, the *Journal* says:

"The editor of the *Times* is again wrong in his statement that Spiritualism 'rejects the Bible and Christianity.' Some *Spiritualists* may do so, but Spiritualism itself rejects only error and accepts truth wherever found. Whatever is true in the Bible, it makes its own, and while it eschews the methods of churchianity, it has nothing but praise for true Christianity. Because selfishness has made capital out of the blood of the martyr Jesus, it does not regard it as a reason for denying his existence or his service to mankind, in giving his life for the truth. Oh! no, Brother of the *Times*, it weeds out of Christianity all that belongs to the 'human animal,' and takes for its own what is essentially spiritual."

We would like Col. Bundy or any other person to show the possibility of crowding more irrelevant allegation into one paragraph than is contained in this specimen Bundyistic compound of nonsense, cant, hypocrisy and error. To talk about Spiritualism and Christianity as having any relation to each other, either proximate or remote, is the sheerest nonsense. Christianity consists of nothing but an infinitely varied concatenation of theological, speculative doctrines and dogmas, which rest on no known fact whatever, either historical or scientific, or that is personally cognizant by any of the faculties of the human mind. Those Christian doctrines, dogmas and tenets are contradicted by all the facts on which Spiritualism rests, and of which it alone consists; for Spiritualism is nothing but the facts and positive evidences which have come to mortal humanity through the intervention of spiritual media. To undertake to mingle Spiritualism with Christianity, is to undertake to adulterate truth by diluting it with error. It was in such work as that, that Sir Walter Scott, Henry Lytton Bulwer, and J. Fennimore Cooper wasted their brilliant talents, and they have returned to us as spirits to express their poignant regret that they had spent their time and devoted their labors to such an unworthy class of literature. It is just as rational to talk about a historical novel, as to talk about Christian Spiritualism. Such a mental product possesses neither historical truth nor pure fancy, and is vicious in its results, because it lacks that consistency which alone renders any thing of a literary nature valuable. So much by way of general criticism. We will now be more specific. Colonel Bundy says: "Spiritualism itself regrets [Rejects, we presume was meant] only error and accepts truth wherever found." How can Spiritualism reject or accept any thing? Spiritualism is not a reasoning being or thing to accept or reject any thing. This declaration is simply preposterous and requires no proof to show it to be so. This is simply a Bundyite dogma, and has no more sense or truth in it than any other dogma, Christian or heathen, or materialistic or atheistic or lunatic. The time for profitable dogmatizing has pretty nearly closed, Col. Bundy, but you seem too stupid to know it.

Again, Col. Bundy says: "Whatever is true in the Bible, it [Spiritualism] makes its own, and while it eschews the methods of churchianity, it has nothing but praise for true Christianity." Say you so, Pope Bundy? We will here waive the absurdity of this dogmatic and unqualified allegation, and ask Col. Bundy what part of the Bible is true and what part is untrue, and how he, or Spiritualism, or Christianity, can distinguish one part from the other? When has this separation been attempted or executed? Where and how was the separation made? It is nonsensical bosh, and Col. Bundy knows well it is so, or he would not have hypocritically pretended he thought there was any truth or reason in it.

Again says Col. Bundy: "Because selfishness has made capital out of the blood of the martyr Jesus, it [Spiritualism] does not regard it as a reason for denying his existence or his service to mankind, in giving his life for the truth." Will Col. Bundy, or rather Pope Bundy, tell us where he finds any trace of authentic evidence that there ever was a "martyr Jesus," or that the blood of any such "martyr" furnished the capital "for selfishness." When and where has Spiritualism made any declaration on such matters? If you know, tell us. If you don't know, stop "chinning" about it. If you know your allegation to be false, as we know you do, then confess the hypocrisy that prompted this bid for Christian lucre. When did Jesus the martyr give his blood for truth? For what truth, you canting hypocrite? We knew that sooner or later Col. Bundy would don the Christian cloak. But it fits him so awkwardly and uncouthly that even fools must mock at him, while sensible Spiritualists will hang their heads in mortification at the poor self-exposed masquerading Christian (?). What is the "true Christianity" for which "it [Spiritualism] has nothing but praise?" Where does it exist? What is it like? Is it Roman Catholic Christianity? Is it Protestant Christianity? Or the Christianity of Dr. Buchanan? Or the Christianity of Mr. Kiddle? Or the Christianity of Pope Bundy? Or what? We have never heard of, or seen anything of any Christianity that was true or had a particle of truth about it. Everything labeled Christianity is necessarily false, or the phenomenal facts that alone constitute Spiritualism, are all delusive and false. If this is not so, come down to business and show it. But for decency's sake stop dogmatizing, and if you have no facts or evidence to appeal to in support of your allegations, just conclude that they are false and that they will avail you nothing.

## MRS. ELSIE (CRINDLE) REYNOLDS, IN PHILADELPHIA.

On Saturday evening, November 5th, Mrs. Reynolds reached Philadelphia, direct from Fremont, Ohio, to meet and confront the lying report of an exposure of her claims as a medium for spirit materializations and other phases of spirit physical manifestations. She went at once to the hospitable home of Col. and Mrs. S. P. Kase, where she received a kind and hospitable welcome from those generous and true friends of Spiritualism and spiritual media. The *Clyde Enterprise* containing an untruthful and deceptive account of two seances given by Mrs. Reynolds and her son at Clyde, Ohio, had been extensively sent to Philadelphia, by one A. B. French, a pseudo Spiritualist lecturer, who has his home in Clyde, and who had just reached there, after filling a month's lecturing engagement before the First Association of Spiritualists in this city, much to the disappointment of many attendants of their meetings. Mrs. Reynolds at once proceeded to meet and squelch the intended injury of the *Clyde* conspirators. Accompanied by Col. Kase, Mrs. Reynolds attended the meeting of the Keystone Spiritual Conference Association, and through the courtesy of Mr. Wood, the President of that Association, Col. Kase was invited to introduce Mrs. Reynolds to the large assemblage, which he did in a most appropriate manner. Mrs. Reynolds then made her statement of what had occurred at Clyde, and by her frank and unreserved bearing, won the confidence of her hearers in a marked degree. Determined to attest the truth of what she had stated, by positive evidence of the genuineness of her mediumship and her integrity as a woman and medium, Mrs. Reynolds proposed to give one or more test seances, under such conditions as would admit of no question or doubt as to the spiritual nature of the phenomena that might occur. Mr. and Mrs. Kase kindly consented to have the test seance held at their home, and invited a large number of persons to be present. The first seance was given on Tuesday evening, November 8th. Being myself present with a reporter to note what might take place for public information, we will now state the arrangements and the results. The following persons were present throughout the seance and witnessed all that occurred: Col. S. P. Kase, Mrs. Kase, Gen. F. J. Lippitt, Leonard I. Abbott, E. S. Abbott, Samuel Tyson, Mrs. Tyson, Geo. Ballenger, Col. G. F. Spear, Lewis T. Brook, Mrs. Amelia Colby, Mrs. Olive K. Smith, John M. Spear, Mrs. Spear, John Churchman, Emanuel M. Jones, Samuel Wheeler, Mrs. Wheeler, Wm. H. Gladding, Mrs. Gladding, H. A. Beach, Mrs. Beach, Miss Beach, Mrs. Best, Damon Y. Kilgore, Esq., Mr. York, Henry Seibert, Mrs. Weeks, ourself and others whose names we failed to get.

Before the seance commenced, at Mrs. Reynolds' request, a committee of ladies was appointed to retire with the medium and examine her clothing, preparatory to entering the cabinet. This committee consisted of Mrs. Amelia H. Colby, Mrs. Samuel Tyson, Mrs. John M. Spear, and Mrs. Wm. H. Gladding.

This was followed by the appointment of a committee of gentlemen, to examine the cabinet, which was the small room adjoining the commodious sitting room in which the circle sat. This committee consisted of Mr. Geo. Ballenger, Mr. Samuel Tyson, Mr. Lewis T. Brooke, Mr. Samuel Wheeler and Mr. H. A. Beach.

Those committees entered at once upon the duties assigned them. The committee of ladies after ample time to fully make their examination of the mediums' clothing, returned with her to the circle room, and reported that they had carefully and thoroughly examined the clothing and person of the medium, and that beyond the ordinary garments worn by women, she had nothing whatever upon her person, and that the garments she wore were not such as could be used to successfully simulate spirit forms.

The committee of gentlemen, in the presence of the whole assemblage, examined the cabinet room, removing every article within it, or within the two closets it contained; carefully examined the furniture of the room, and reported that there was nothing whatever in or about the room that could be used to simulate spirit forms. The only access to the cabinet room was the door between the circle room and it. The rear windows and side window of the cabinet room, were reported to be from 14 to 16 feet from the ground, and so exposed to view from the street, that to enter either of them would have been plainly seen by people passing down Oxford street, a street on which a line of Herdic coaches was passing and repassing constantly.

Under these strictly test conditions the seance began. The medium took her seat outside the cabinet, where she remained a minute or more, while the circle joined in singing. Then rising, she went into the cabinet room through the parted curtain at the side of the entrance. Almost immediately, and before it was possible for Mrs. Reynolds to have removed an article of her dress, a female form arrayed in a full white dress appeared, and came several times fully out into the circle room. She appeared to desire to be recognized, but no one doing so, she came for the last time in full view in the parted curtains and called us by our first name, in a voice and manner that convinced us that the form was animated by the spirit of our mother, as grand and benevolent as a spirit as she was as a mortal. At our re-

quest she allowed us to approach her, and embraced and kissed us, but seemed too excited and over-come to converse with us, as she had done on other occasions. The light was too low to see the features of the spirit, but we have no doubt of its identity as that of our mother's spirit.

Mr. Gruff then greeted the circle in his never to be forgotten accents, and welcomed the friends whose presence had encouraged the medium to stand up under the heavy pressure to which she had been subjected.

Then little "Ellie," the child-spirit attendant of Mrs. Reynolds, appeared and entertained the circle with her drolly sage prattle, which once heard ever leaves behind it the lingering memory of a pleasant spiritual episode. Blessed is the woman who can draw to her and hold the affection of this gentle, loving little spirit child.

Here, a spirit who is known to Mr. Gruff as Mr. Rollins, in a magnificent second tenor voice, sang the beautiful song of the "Wandering White Pilgrim" in so perfect a manner as to win the delight of all present. He was followed by little Ellie with her child-like singing.

Here, little Ellie, addressing us, said: "Mr. Roberts, there is a very black man here who says he knows you. He says his name is Aaron, and with him comes a spirit named William. Is William your brother?" This was a remarkable test to us and to Mrs. Tyson, our sister. As these spirits had been reared from early childhood to manhood by our parents, and were the esteemed and even loved companions of our youth. As Ellie said, Aaron was very black, while William was so nearly a white man as hardly to pass for a colored man. These spirits came subsequently at another seance, where the last name of Aaron (Douglass) was given, and we were told by Ellie that he said he had not always been good when a boy. On asking what he had done that was bad, Ellie said: "Don't you remember that he set the dogs on a cat and killed it? Your mother is here and she smiles when he says that; but she was awful angry with him when he did it." The circumstances were these. Aaron and the rest of us boys, who were somewhat younger than he, had a cat hunt with the dogs. They drove the cat into a tree, from which Aaron caught it to pull it down to the dogs, when it bit him through the hand, and could not be loosened from it until it was killed. Poor Aaron came near dying from lock-jaw in consequence of the bite. Mother, on learning of our thoughtless cruelty, was terribly indignant, and for months reproached us for it by calling us "Cat-killers." Poor Aaron, although for thirty years in spirit life, has not forgotten that regretful episode of his boyhood which took place fully fifty years ago. How could we question the presence of the spirits of our early playmate and mother with such a test of their presence. At that seance the spirit form of our mother had appeared only a moment before, and it was undoubtedly through her that the former spirit had been brought to the circle. Asking the reader's pardon for this digression, we will resume our report of the seance in question.

The next form to appear was a lady in white, covered with some gauze-like fabric, who gave the name of Clara Watson, and who came to Mrs. Olive Smith. We understood Mrs. Smith to recognize the name as one of her acquaintances or relatives.

The next form was also a lady, quite tall, and dressed in white. She came in a strong light, and called General Lippitt up to her, and placed her hand upon his head. He recognized the spirit as his aunt Martha, his mother's sister. We were called up to see this spirit in so strong a light that we could distinctly see the features, which bore no resemblance whatever to the face and features of the medium. This form came out into the room several times under a full head of light.

We were told by Mr. Gruff that the spirit of Julia Dean Hayne was in the cabinet fully materialized, but that she seemed broken down and disconsolate at the treatment she and the medium had received at the hands of the *Clyde* conspirators and ruffians; and that she feared further harm to the medium if she should appear to the circle. After every assurance that nothing of the kind would occur, the form of a tall, finely proportioned woman appeared in plain view in a good light. From a description that had been given of the form grabbed by Wm. A. Hunter at Clyde, there was no difficulty in recognizing this form as Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne. She seemed greatly distressed and excited, and with gestures of indignation and mental anguish, she repeated: "They hunted my medium down like blood-hounds; they hunted her like blood-hounds." A peculiarity of the appearance of this figure was that she wore a blue or green closely fitting bodice over her white dress, just as she had done at Clyde when so brutally assailed as stated. She called Mr. John M. Spear up to her, and placing her hand on his head blessed him.

The next form to appear was that of our own spirit daughter, who has so often come to us in materialized form, and conversed with us. She called us up to her, and embracing us, beseeched us to stand by Mrs. Reynolds and her son. Our identification of this spirit was as absolute as would be that of any of our mortal children.

The next spirit that came called for Mr. Emanuel M. Jones, who went up to her and fully identified her as his sister-in-law, who had taken charge of his orphan children and kept house for him after he lost his wife.

The next spirit to appear was the recently deceased wife of Mr. Lewis T. Brooke, who called him up to her, embraced him, and conversed with him about their children.

The next form to come out was the laughing, bright and happy spirit, Myrtle Reed, who is called by the name given her by her Indian captors—"Star Eye." She came in her usual short skirt with the lower limbs and feet bare, and while Mrs. Smith played a lively air on the guitar, danced an accompaniment with the sprightliness and agility of a wild fawn; and conversed with the company in playful and witty repartees.

She was followed by another female form that was not recognized.

Then followed two female forms both plainly seen at one and the same time by all in the room. Some who were most favorably seated saw a third form at the same time. At request of Mr. Gruff, the light was turned on full head upon these forms while they stood in open view. We were told by Mr. Gruff, that they came for Mr. Henry Seibert.

Mr. Gruff then announced the presence of the spirit of General Garfield in the cabinet, but he failed to materialize so as to admit of recognition, although it was said he had made the effort to do so.

The only male figure that was able to come positively through the medium was one who was recognized by Mr. Wm. H. Gladding, as the spirit of the late State Senator of Pennsylvania, David Nagle. This spirit was very strong, came in a strong light and called quite a number of the circle up to see him, ourself among the rest. We could see the features distinctly, and any one who knew him in earth life, could have had no trouble in recognizing him. The light was turned on him fully, also one light from the chandelier.

The manifestations closed with the appearance of a spirit known as "Aunt Betsy" who has the faculty of disappearing instantly as the person of the medium is brought from the cabinet. While "Aunt Betsy" was still in sight engaged in singing "Come thou fount of every blessing," the medium still entranced, was brought quickly out in to the circle room.

Little Ellie gave many tests to the friends present during the seance, which were acknowledged to be perfectly correct and surprising.

Such was the result of this crucial test seance. The triumph of Mrs. Reynolds and her spirit guides was complete and unanswerable. No dark circle was held the hour being too late to do so.

And this is the medium that people calling themselves Spiritualists, have sought to destroy by methods that would disgrace human fiends. Let these wretched enemies of truth, honor and decency, be assured that they have failed—utterly failed in the accomplishment of their infernal purpose. The medium has not only been outrageously wronged, but painfully injured personally and mediumistically, by these *Clyde*, Ohio, brutes; but she still lives to confront and confound her lying enemies. Thank God and her spirit helpers for that.

Mrs. Reynolds has given seances every night since, with perfect spiritual results of a most conclusive character, and her services as a medium are being sought for far and near. Railroad and gnash your teeth ye lying hypocrites. You have done your worst and failed. No longer profane Spiritualism with your hypocritical professions of friendship for it. Spiritualism can stand any thing but the friendship of such human cattle. With them John C. Bundy and A. B. French will have to take their proper place.

## Our Course Approved.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Nov. 14, 1881.

GEN. J. M. ROBERTS:—

Dear Brother and Friend:—I am exceedingly pleased with your manner of handling that cockney, W. H. Harrison, for his infamous slander on mediums; and I am still better pleased by the way you handled and exposed those lying-exposers of Clyde, Ohio, and the brave and honorable manner in which you vindicated that noble woman and honest medium and her son in the last issue of your paper. And you pleased me best of all by the full and able vindication which you published some time ago, of that persecuted medium, Dr. D. McLennan, of San Francisco, Cal. His brother, Dr. D. W. McLennan, whom even the old *Banner of Light* had a good word for, is a graduate of our American Health Vitaspathic College, and is an honest man, a skillful physician, and a successful healer of disease; and I have no doubt that his brother, the persecuted materializing medium is equally reliable.

I am glad that you are the friend of all mediums. Such a friend as you are, is much needed in these days of foes within and foes without. I don't know how we could get along without you and your valuable paper. Wishing you all success in your good works, I remain your brother for truth and progress.

J. B. CAMPBELL, M. D., V. D.  
American Health and Spiritual College, Invalids' and Mediums' Home, Fairmount, Cincinnati, O.

MORAVIA, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1881.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

I am staying a few days, at Moravia, at the house of Mr. Kulus, the starting point of Spiritualism in days gone by. Mrs. Brown, a sister of the Eddys, is holding her seances there; they are powerful. The moment the light is out, the spirits commence work with a will. Her healing seances are wonderful: the spirits do all the work, laying on of hands, magnetizing water, paper, and different garments. The control is Dr. Beach. Come and see.

Yours truly,

R. G. LIVINGSTON.



### "How Can We Best Advance the Cause of Spiritualism?"

We take the following pointed needs of Spiritualism from the *Olive Branch*, Utica, N. Y., for November, 1881. They purport to be the suggestions of the spirit of Thomas Starr King, through (we presume) the mediumship of D. Jones, the editor and publisher of that periodical.

"One of the greatest needs to day is independence and force of character. We all suffer to a greater or less degree from the entailment of our ancestors. We are the children of slaves. Our fathers were not free men, and the coming generation will not be affected as much as the present generation is, for there are not so many slaves to creeds and dogmas to-day. Customs die slowly, even when the blood has become vitiated by continual poisoning. If the mind was not affected by past influences, we might hope for a radical change in our decade; but fathers transmit to sons, and mothers to daughters, many of the superstitions they have themselves inherited; and hence the work of changing a person's views is often a slow process. And yet growth even under these difficulties is possible.

"In order to promote the growth of Spiritualism there are two things to be guarded against. First, a pandering to popular opinion; and second, a desire on the part of mortals to make respectable, from their standpoint of observation, what an infinite God has decreed and given to man as a lamp to guide him to higher realms of eternal progression. There is no necessity for a person who has in his possession the power to mould and fashion the destinies of nations, to allow himself to be used as a weather vane. Hence the necessity of independence of character before alluded to. If the world is to become spiritualized, it must be accomplished according to physical laws and principles, and these laws hold each individual responsible according to the ability they possess, and hence, whenever there is a prostitution of these higher powers from any purpose other than what was their intention, the cause you thus serve, instead of receiving a vitalizing force from your efforts, is robbed of what power it had, and stagnation follows as a natural result.

"There are many Peters in the Spiritual ranks. They see all kinds of manifestations, as it were, let down in a sheet before them, and when called to investigate, they say, 'Not so, Lord, we are respectable people, and these things are unclean to us;' that is, there is in them no food for our minds. Such things may satisfy the common people, but we do not belong to that portion of the human family. What kind of building material have we here? \* \* \*

"In order to advance the cause of Spiritualism, there must be the same zeal, the same determination, as we find expressed in other organizations. In some portions of the land there are Spiritualists, or those who claim to be such, who are dead to all the real interests of the cause they profess to serve. Their voices are never heard in conference meetings. They sit with folded hands, and see the few bearing all the burdens. They neither support the Spiritual press nor rostrum. They have become satisfied that the fires of hell have been quenched; that there is time in which to grow and unfold; but the evil results of such living will surely bear fruit in the hereafter, and a thousand years hence these same individuals may be found sitting by the wayside, thoughtless of the grand revelations just beyond their reach. These people never assist in building up the cause. They are like drones in the hive, and yet such as these are referred to by the opponents of Spiritualism, whenever they desire to make a point against us.

"Living in the clouds will not advance the cause on earth, and we know no reason why any should feel a desire to live in a balloon, when they can find a firmer foundation down among the children of men. If the cause is to be advanced, it must be begun where men live. The spirit world will care for the upper realms. There is no demand for your trying to do the work for them. Let charity begin at home. There are fruitful fields to be garnered near home. Show to the world that you have what you claim—a better system than the world was ever blessed with before. Honest mediumship must be protected and sustained. The phenomenal phases are as essential in their places as the intellectual. All phases of mediumship are only links in the chain of development, but you must learn to discriminate between what is from the spirit living in the spirit world, and what comes from the spirit living in a material body. It is impossible for the spirit world to know just when and by whom they are going to be personated. Remember, spirits are finite. Often all their powers are limited, else these false personations would not be permitted. The fact that they do exist, is proof palpable of our being still finite beings. But there is enough of the genuine to interest and serve as a basis upon which the spiritual temple can be reared. \* \* \*

"It is a mistaken idea that the world is so bitterly opposed to the Spiritual philosophy; there are very few persons but who rejoice to know that spirits can return and communicate, but there has been so much fanaticism, so many side issues attached to the philosophy that it was difficult at times to tell what was Spiritualism and what was something else. We can advance the cause by ridding it of these barnacles. Let the world see that you have a basis for your assertions, and they will investigate the subject and that is all we require.

"To build up and place Spiritualism before the world in its true light, requires the co-operation of all who have a knowledge of the facts embraced in the principles of our philosophy. Spiritualism is what it claims to be, or it is a delusion, and we have too many well attested facts to admit the delusion theory. Then if Spiritualism is true all religions opposed to it must be untrue. There can be no denying the question, then. If untrue, (religions opposed to Spiritualism), why degrade your manhood by trying to make a truth harmonize with untruth?" (That is what we have asked Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Peebles, Prof. Kiddle, Dr. Crowell and other sticklers for Christianizing Spiritualism over and over again.—Ed. of M. and M.) "Why strive to carry Spiritualism in your pockets and orthodoxy in your hats? Why try to make a mongrel of yourself when you are in fact, of a real blooded stock; or in other words, having the keys of heaven in your possession, why linger around bathing in the sulphureous effluvia from the hells men have dug, and which some are continually digging?" [Notably the so-called Spiritualists of Clyde, Ohio.—Ed. of M. and M.] "Rather let us be true to that which we profess.

If your departed ones are to be laid away, let those who were in sympathy with the departed ones minister on those occasions. There has been too great a concern among the people lest the cause would not be respected. Let all Spiritualists respect their own cause enough to support and defend it, and leave its respectability in the hands of those who come from the courts of heaven to minister to their wants. 'What God has cleansed, that call not unclean.' It was said by one of old that a man's enemies were they of his own household, and this saying is as true to-day as when the words were uttered. The outside world cannot block the wheels of spiritual progress; if done at all, it will be done by those who profess to be its friends, but whose friendship extends no farther than selfish interests will permit. Having been convinced of the immortality of the soul by those who have passed on, are you repaying them by declining to aid them in their work of revolutionizing the world. Some human organism was made the channel through which the joyful intelligence of life continued was conveyed to you. If it was a precious boon to you, will it not be a relief to others to know that they too have friends interested in their welfare? Giving things of the spirit will not impoverish any one, but rather will their store be increased. Give the world a reason for your knowledge, and you become benefactors to your race and kind, and every bestowal will become a pillar in the temple we desire to see erected on the grounds where temples now stand, and worship is offered to unknown gods. This matter is placed in your hands; we have confidence that you will see the reasonableness of the claims we urge.

THOS. STARR KING.

It is rarely indeed that anything has come from the spirit life that has been more to the point than the communication of which we give our readers a part. That it is authentic we fully believe, as it is so characteristic of the philanthropic man from whose spirit it purports to come. We cannot but feel the highest gratification to find ourself so perfectly in accord with the views of one who, in spirit life, has labored so earnestly to advance the cause of truth through various mundane instrumentalities. We desire to most emphatically thank Mr. Jones for giving us the opportunity of laying before our readers such cogent and unanswerable reasoning in behalf of the Spiritual cause.

We take pleasure also in calling the attention of the public to two other communications published in the same number of the *Olive Branch*; one purporting to come from the spirit of William Ellery Channing, and the other from the spirit of Theodore Parker. We regret that our space does not admit of our copying them at this time.—Ed.]

Rev. Moses Hull at Frohisher Hall, 23 East 14th Street, New York City.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—Having been invited by the editors of *The Two Worlds* to furnish them an account of our meetings for publication, I responded with the enclosed, and on yesterday I handed it to Mr. A. E. Newton, who, after reading the first line, referred me to Mr. Crowell, who refused to publish the name of Moses Hull, or anything he said, in his paper, but would willingly, gladly publish anything that came from any of our other speakers. Shall be glad to see it appear in MIND AND MATTER.

Notwithstanding an admittance fee we placed at the doors of Frohisher Hall, to bring the audience down to the seating capacity of the hall, on last Sunday, Nov. 13, in the morning a large audience greeted Rev. Moses Hull, to hear him discourse on the old and new versions of the New Testament, in which he proved by their own prefaces, by a companion volume accompanying the new, and by other documentary authority, that neither was of any authority whatever; that neither came from an original Greek; that the manuscript of the old came from a Greek, made by a translation of the Latin Vulgate, back into Greek.

He next went inside the Bible, and showed that the world had passed on and left it in the rear; and the Church was reduced to the alternative of seeing the Bible take its place with other *efete* dogmas, or to improve it. They adopted the latter; and as a kind of "tub to the whale," they have given us the new version. They have left the devils and hells, the damnation, some of the angels and a few of the gods out. Some angels were cut out entirely; for instance, the one that "troubled the waters." One in Revelations, 8-13, is turned into an eagle. He found the New Testament greatly improved by what was left out. In one place eleven verses were left out, all in one lump; in another, ten, and in others, smaller amounts. He found some of the readings improved, and some exactly reversed, while many of the worst errors in the old had been left untouched.

In the evening it was a great ovation to the speaker, and his subject. Every seat was taken, some being turned away, and others stood during the entire seance. Mr. Hull was in his happiest mood. His discourse on Bibles and Brains was a succinct history of the warfare made on progress and science by Catholics and Protestants, from the time of burning the Alexandrian Library to Anthony Comstock. People were never more interested, and the demand was never greater for just such lectures.

Mr. Hull fills our rostrum only two more Sundays. His subject for next Sunday morning will be "The Infidelity of Christianity," and in the evening (by particular request) "The Biblical Objections against Spiritualism."

On Saturday evening, Nov. 19th, Mr. Hull gives at Frohisher Hall, 23 East 14th street, a lecture on Egypt, illustrated by splendid stereopticon views and the oxy-hydrogen light. The admittance fee will be 25 cents, for the benefit of the Society.

ALFRED WELDON, Pres't.

23 East 14th street, Nov. 14, 1881.

Alfred James' Relief Fund.

In response to our appeal in behalf of Alfred James, we take pleasure in acknowledging that we have received the following amounts from the respective contributors:

Previously acknowledged \$154 08

C. B. Stewart, Montgomery, Texas, 1 00

B. Chadsey, Rushville, Illinois, 1 00

A Friend, Philadelphia, 1 00

Joseph Kinsey, Cincinnati, Ohio, 5 00

Joseph M. Libby, Carrolltown, Pa., 50

### EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

THIS ISSUE OF MIND AND MATTER closes its third volume. In our next number we will give a resume of its past work and a statement of its future prospects and purposes.

R. J. SHEAR the materializing medium, is now permanently located at Springfield, Mass. P. O. address, Box 1,438. Will answer calls for seances between Boston and Chicago.

WARREN CHASE writes from Vineland, N. J., that he will speak at that place the next two Sundays, November 27th and December 4th, and will be open to an engagement in Philadelphia, for the two following Sundays, if arrangements can be made for the same, with due notice.

ELSIE (CRINDLE) REYNOLDS, after holding seances for spirit materialization on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week, at No. 525 South 11th street, this city, will go to Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday, where she will hold seances at the house of Mrs. E. B. Ruggles, 342 State street.

A. F. ACKERLY, materializing and physical medium, of Brooklyn, is located in Cincinnati, Ohio, for a short time, and will extend his tour through the West. Parties wishing to witness phenomena all in the light, can make arrangements with Mr. Ackerkly by addressing him at Cincinnati P. O., Ohio.

MEDIUMS, ATTENTION.—The Spiritualists of Joplin, Mo., are very desirous of a visit from some one or more good mediums—women preferred. Much good, it is thought, would result, as there are many liberal-minded people among them who are at present ignorant of the facts, but open to conviction, and willing to receive new truths.

MR. W. HARRY POWELL, the noted slate writing medium of Philadelphia, writes from Cleveland, Ohio, that he is meeting with great success in that city, where he will remain a few days longer. Friends in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, wishing to make arrangements with him to stop, can address him at Detroit, P. O. Michigan.

MRS. ELSIE (CRINDLE) REYNOLDS attended the Keystone Spiritual Conference on Sunday afternoon last, and entertained the large assemblage for a considerable time by a series of remarkable public tests, which show her to be as remarkable a medium for that phase of spiritual phenomena as she is for independent slate-writing, ballot tests and all phases of physical spirit manifestations, spirit materializations included.

As a simple act of justice to Mr. Alfred James, the medium through whom so much valuable spirit information has been given to the world through the columns of this journal, we would state that he has for the past two weeks been a great sufferer, and entirely laid up with an ulcerated face, which prompts us to appeal, on his behalf, to the generosity of his friends for pecuniary help. Mr. James has removed to 939 Carpenter street, Philadelphia, where any remittances from his friends will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged by him.

THE Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference will hold a three days' meeting in Spiritual Hall, Omro, Dec. 2d, 3d, and 4th, '81. We are happy to announce that we have secured the talented orator and noted test medium, Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, for our next convention. Other speakers are invited to participate. Friends, please bear in mind that you are all interested in the truths of Spiritualism. If your business is such that you cannot attend, please send what you feel able to send to our Treasurer, J. Woodruff, Ripon, previous to the meeting. Mr. Ripley will give tests of spirit presence from the rostrum during the convention. Usual courtesies to all. Wm. M. Lockwood, Pres.; Dr. J. C. Phillips, Sec'y.

We invite the especial attention of our readers to the communication published in another column, which purports to come from the spirit of Archbishop Spaulding, late of Baltimore, a Roman Catholic prelate of great distinction and influence. It was given in the Banner of Light, Free Circle on the 7th of October, through that admirable medium Miss M. T. Shelhamer. We regard this spirit testimony of Archbishop Spaulding of unusual significance and importance, since its tenor is so markedly different from any of the other communications that have been given at the circles in question—a manifest avoidance of all matters relating to the religious spirit experiences of the controlling spirits having in all cases been strangely observed. We regret very much that no explanation was given by the spirit, as to the manner by which he was permitted to testify to the falseness of Roman Catholic Christianity, at that time and in that manner. The *Banner of Light* people failed in their duty, that they did not invite the special attention of their readers thereto, as it was published amid other communications of no general interest.

Sickness of Mrs. Dr. Abbie E. Cutter.

We are much pained by the receipt of the following letter from Chelsea, Mass., under date of Nov. 14th.

MR. ROBERTS:—Dear Sir:—Mrs. Dr. Abbie E. Cutter is at my house here dangerously sick. I am a little more hopeful to-night than I have been for several days. As soon as she is able she will return to Onset Bay. Communications sent there will be delayed in consequence, but will in due time be honored. Yours,

H. B. CUTTER.

### Boston Letter.—Ancient Spirits.—Mrs. (Crindle) Reynolds.

3 Hanson St., Boston, Mass., Nov. 13, 1881.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR:—I have been very much interested by the communications of ancient spirits through Alfred James, and would like a copy of the book when you publish it. It is a book that should be popular among Spiritualists. Why not get out circulars and distribute them from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts, and by this means many will know of the work, who would be ignorant of it otherwise.

I am glad to see you stand up for Mrs. Crindle. She is an honest, true, and upright medium. I attended one of her seances in Boston, and one at Onset Bay, last fall. At the latter place, being acquainted with the gentleman who owned the house in which she had her circle, I nailed up the doors, darkened the windows, and arranged the curtains, etc., and I know that the manifestations which took place were *bona fide*, and am willing to take oath before a magistrate to that effect, and I think many others would be willing to acknowledge the same. I hope she will find her way to Boston this winter. She will be sure of a good reception,

H. F. CHURCH.

### Birthday Reception to Mrs. Jennie Robinson.

Last Tuesday evening was made the occasion of a quiet and pleasant reception to Mrs. Jennie Robinson on her 67th birthday. Mrs. Robinson is the mother-in-law of Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, one of our oldest and best trance mediums, at 2123 Brandywine street, at which place the friends of Mrs. Robinson met. Mrs. Jennie Robinson is herself a medium, but has been blind for a number of years, but she welcomed the friends with her usual grace and ease. The parlors were well filled and the evening passed very pleasantly, not only to Mrs. Robinson, but to all of the friends assembled: Mrs. Amelia H. Colby, the gifted speaker, now lecturing in this city, made some very appropriate remarks; also Mr. John M. Spear, Miss Jones, and others, followed by singing and instrumental music. Mrs. Olive K. Smith rendered some very sweet music on the guitar, and improvised, and sang some very fine selections. With many kind wishes from all, the party dispersed to their homes about 11 o'clock, having passed a pleasant evening, which will long leave its memory in the hearts of all present. These little friendly parlor evening entertainments warm the heart, and should be cultivated more than they are, especially among Spiritualists.

G. F. S.

Mrs. Anna Kimball, who is a lady of extraordinary powers as a psychometrist, is at present in Brooklyn, where she will remain for a limited period. Her powers of soul reading, of the hidden possibilities of the individual, are marvelous. She has given satisfaction to all who have tested her powers. She has also spoken at our conferences with great acceptability, her spirituality of thought and grace of diction holding the attention of all. The intelligences who use her medial powers are evidently of a high order, and are able, through her instrumentality, to instruct and elevate. Mrs. K. is staying at 343 State street, Brooklyn, where she receives those who wish to avail themselves of her powers.

SARA WILLIAMSON.

### Mediums' Home Fund.

We, the undersigned, subscribe or pledge the amounts set opposite our respective names, to found a national home to give relief and sustenance to worthy, needy mediums in the United States.

CASH.

Am't previously acknowledged in MIND AND MATTER	\$122 40
John H. McElroy, Pittsburg, Pa.	50
Jacob Kuhn, York, Pa.	50
Christopher Zug, Pittsburg, Pa.	1 00
Mrs. Phoebe A. Haines, Altoona, Pa.	1 00
R. F. Haislett, Spruce Creek, Pa.	1 00
Isaac Iselt,	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Ambrosia, Philadelphia, Pa.	1 00
John P. Lanning, Philadelphia, Pa.	1 00
George Belzer,	50
Charles Bingham,	50
S. A. Morse,	1 00
H. Schock,	1 00
James Mulrow,	1 00
B. C. B. Kinner, Vineland, N. J.	1 00
Carrie Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1 00
Mrs. B. B. Cussey,	1 00
J. Roworth,	5 00
Mrs. M. A. Newton, New York City	1 00
Mrs. H. J. Newton,	1 00
Mrs. Mary H. Billings,	1 00
Edie Foster, per Mrs. Crindle, N. Y. City.	50
A Friend, N. Y. City	1 00
Mrs. H. O. Shepard, N. Y. City	1 00
Margaret Lott, Brooklyn, N. Y.	50
Mrs. H. W. H.	50
Mrs. Eliza Young, Champaign, Ill.	50
W. H. Best, Dayton, Ohio	1 00
Jos. Caldwell, Southington, Ct., per Banner of Light	1 00
Spirit Lotela, per Miss Shelhamer,	1 00
Mrs. McIntyre, Pensacola, Fla.	1 00
R. Gessler, Basle, Switzerland.	3 00
Contributions of 40c. each (2)	80
30c. " (8)	2 40
20c. " (10)	2 00
10c. " (5)	5 10
Total Paid.	\$169 20

PLEDGED.

Pledges previously acknowledged in MIND AND MATTER	\$258 00
Samuel Graham, Kingsbury, Ind.	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dodson, Terre Haute, Ind.	2 00
J. D. Robbins, Terre Haute, Ind.	50
Mrs. Corbit, Halvern, Ark.	1 00
Mrs. Dr. J. Bull, Little Rock, Ark.	1 00
J. V. Pedron, Camden, Ark.	5 00
Total Pledged.	\$258 50

Mr. Geo. Rall, Treasurer of the Mediums Home Organization, will receive and acknowledge your contributions. Address, No. 482 West Liberty Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

### 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:

Previously acknowledged	\$117 28
B. Chadsey, Rushville, Ill.	2 00
B. F. Oahoon, Pleasant Lake, Mass.	50
A Friend, Philadelphia	2 50
C. O. Thiel, Chicago, Illinois	6 70

A SPIRITUALIST'S and Medium's meetings are held at Grimes' Hall, 13 South Halsted street, Sundays, 3 P. M. J. Matthew Shea, M. D., clairvoyant and test medium, assisted by other well known clairvoyants, present each Sunday. Geo. Mostow, Chairman. Chicago, Ill., Oct. 4, 1881.



**A CONFERENCE AND CIRCLE** will be held every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the Thompson St. Church below Front. Public cordially invited. Circle every Sunday evening, Charles Nelson, medium.

**RHODES' HALL**,—Spiritual Headquarters, 505½ Eighth Street. A religious spiritual meeting and circle 2½ p. m., and circle at 7½ p. m.



## THE ORIGIN OF THE GOD IDEA, DEVIL, &amp;c.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR:—The following paper is in substance a communication given to the writer by spirit impression on the first day of May, 1850. It was repeated on the same day and month of the year 1874, and published in the *R.-P. Journal* during that year, under the superintendence of that great soul, S. S. Jones. I knew not why it should be given to me each time on the first day of May, unless it be that that day is the anniversary of my birth. The communicating intelligence I would judge, from the sensations produced on my nervous and mental systems by said control, to be the author of my poem now going through the press of MIND AND MATTER. I only know the control or controls to be of the class of "ancient spirits," by the fact that when writing under said influence, I feel as though I had lived in a period many centuries back, and am apparently, at the time, familiar with the lore of the earlier ages of religio-philosophical literature. I have been strongly impressed to have the discourse reiterated and manipulated through my mental organism for the columns of MIND AND MATTER, the bravest and truest of organs of free thought. But my time is so occupied in the procuring of the requisites for bodily comfort, that I can but ill afford the time for rest, which is so essential for one to put himself into a proper state of susceptibility for angel thought; so that I conclude to send the communication principally in its original style as printed in the *R.-P. Journal*, with some slight modification. The title to the communication is my own.

J. H. M.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE GOD-IDEA, DEVIL, &amp;c.

"Ye have heard it said, that 'God created man, that he made him in his own image, breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul.'"

Whatever truth there may seemingly be contained in this time-honored declaration, remains yet to be demonstrated. All we know of this creating process declares most emphatically the very reverse of this to be true. Man has ever created God in his imagination, fashioned him after his own likeness, and immortalized him by paying him homage, from the hour of his imaginary conceptions down to the present time. From the earliest dawn of human thought, when man first peeped out through the windows of his soul and fixed his gaze upon the forms and the phenomena of moving worlds, he has met with incomprehensible mysteries. Watching their movements, influences and effects upon surrounding objects, he has ever accounted for their cause, as best he could, in the glimmering light of his mental unfoldings. But not understanding the laws, nature and realizations of things, his conscience has ever warranted him in forming his conclusions to suit the demands of his ever-evolving nature. Beholding the results of certain movements to be congenial to the wants of his senses, while certain others were less compatible, gave birth to a wider range of thought, and man began to fix a character to his imagined God. The things that were pleasant to his nature, he naturally loved and called good, while those that were less congenial to his wants he instinctively repulsed, and for want of a better term, he called them evil. Hence the origin of "Good and evil."

As man unfolded in his higher nature, his God unfolded with him, ever keeping even pace with the anthropo-phenological developments of his being. And as he could not consistently impute to the character of the object of his worship, the things that he pronounced evil, there was a necessity for another source of action—another creation in the womb of thought, fancy or imagination: when, lo! the Devil came forth as one born in due season; as the legitimate result of a growing demand. For at this stage of human development, through law indeed, man not only perceived the beauty and the necessity of consistency of thought and idea, but the very eccentricities of his mental unfoldings earnestly demanded, an equalizing, balancing power, as a dual guide and safeguard against the temptation of his own predominant sensual developments and circumstantial surroundings. Notwithstanding the horrible absurdities observed in a more advanced state of mental enlightenment, there is a beauty to be seen in the imaginary existence of these two personages—God and the Devil—in an age of primeval manhood. That beauty is in their utility, respectively, the one inviting, attracting man to the better, and the other forcing, repulsing him from the less good, or from the things no longer adapted to his then peculiar, advancing wants; both forces advancing him onward and upward in the ceaseless rounds of progressive life.

Such is the economy of the universe, the duality of force or function in the law of life. But the imagined existence of these two beings—the one the author of good, the other the author of evil, as so defined,—necessarily gave rise to new thought, observations and deductions. For if they existed, (which they did in the imagination of man), there must of necessity be an abiding place for them; and that, too, most beautifully fitted and adapted to the wants of their imputed characters respectively. And as these two guests—God and the Devil—are the offspring of the imagination, begotten by man projecting himself into the distant realms of grand old Nature, and observing the results of the phenomena of light and darkness, heat and cold, or Summer and Winter, as related to his own faculties of sense; it was but natural that he should fix their places of abode in those departments of Nature's empire as best represent and correspond, in nature and appearance, to the wants and natures of their imputed characters, individually. And as God was the good man, giving cheerfulness of mind, brightness of hope, and sublimity of thought, it was but natural that he should have his domicile in the bright regions above, among the suns and blazing stars of night, where golden-winged fancy culminated all her glories into divinest grandeur. And when he visited his children down upon the earth, it was generally during the vernal and summer or fruitful season of the year, when Nature was clad in all her loveliness, and the bounties and good things of this world were meted out so amply to man. Indeed, objectively, the great luminary of day, pouring out his vitalizing flames upon all living objects, animate and inanimate, giving symmetry of growth and beauty of hue to the flowers of the valley, and strength to the bodily forms of animated creatures,—became the most suitable and worthy object of worship. But the other fellow, being of bad character and ill-omen, his assigned home would naturally be in the land of darkness, in the gloomiest regions of space; and therefore made his unwelcome visits during

the more inauspicious or wintry seasons, when the frosts, piercing cold, and general inclemencies proved most disastrous to the comforts and happiness of man.

These natural phenomena were the only sources from which man could draw or form his conclusions; and there ever was harmony existing between the state of the human mind and that of the phenomena which fed, nourished and developed it. Nay, this harmony is universal—existing in all things. Man grows refined as Nature perfects. Were this not so, then the law of demand and supply would prove a failure, and Nature would indeed be untrue to herself. But now a new basis of faith is made; nations became divided and subdivided, emigrating from country to country, thus making of one many nations. The great variety of scenery thus brought within the ken of observation, gave birth to variety of thought; from variety of thought came variety of ideas; and out of this plurality of ideas sprang a plurality of Gods. These gods always harmonized in nature, character and mission, with the leading developments of minds, and the most wonderful scenery and operations in those departments of Nature where dwelt, as supposed, the different gods and god-creating minds. Hence we have the Water gods—the Neptunes, Naiads, and Nereids—residing in and presiding over the oceans, gulfs, seas and fountains; the Fire gods, presiding over the volcanic regions, lightning, and other igneous realms, and some in the most beautiful localities in the land of stars. Devils, Scorpions and Furies kept even pace in numbers with the gods, all of whom received their titles, character, and missions, to suit the phenological changes in the minds of their devotees.

Astrological phenomena had much to do in giving rise to, and fashioning the forms and characters of this host of deities of good and evil omen. When man began to observe the regularity in the motions of the planets, with the brightness of their glory, and their influence upon the minds of the children of men, as well as other surrounding things, these starry figures were transformed through the imagination into gods and goddesses. The Sun, as before said, from the vastness of his magnitude, and the life-giving qualities issuing from the warmth and brightness of his rays, came to be regarded as the Lord of lords—the great Brahman, or first God; who was the life and light of the world—the soul and source from whence all other souls emanated. The great belt or zodiac, with its twelve signs, constituted another grand auxiliary source, in giving form, character and capacity to all those dwellers in the deistic realms; the general nature and influence of said phenomena, at the time of their appearance, being the key and index to their histories, respectively. The phenomena of Winter and darkness representing the Dragon or Devil and his hosts, while the reign of Summer, with all its glowing beauties, pointed quivering to the gods of love, grace and favor. These, we repeat, increased in numbers as the observations of man extended into the sceneries and operations of nature.

There is consistency in the thought; that man has ever so closely affinized his newly created gods; in their nature and mission, to the newly discovered principles of life, or elements of his own mental nature. For instance, man being himself a constructive being, he accepted the thought, without one moment philosophizing on the subject, that he, too, must have a constructive creator; and still further, that he (God) is, mentally, a compound of many elements, differing in point of nature, attribute, etc.: each of these centers, so to speak, projecting itself into such parts of Nature's vast domain as best reflected its peculiar image; hence, again, the variety of gods equivalent to the attributes of his own nature. Thus, seeing that humanity is divided into sex, he supposed that the deities were in like manner divided—hence the gods and their goddesses. Nor were these without some basis for real existence in the stellar regions where they abode, for these were there to be seen the starry figures both of male and female form; giants called the "Sons of God," and the "Daughters, upon whom they looked, saw that they were fair, and took unto themselves for wives." But again, mankind being subjects of marriage, there were in the deistic realms beautiful nymphs with their courtiers, and hence the necessity for a Cupid and Hymen to preside over nuptial rites.

Man requiring, for the continued existence of life, the products of earth, there was need for a Pluto and Ceres; and as the products of the earth were the fruits of industry, a Bacchus became indispensable. Requiring sleep, a Morpheus was needed to administer the sweets of repose. Possessing the elements of mirth, music and other semi-intellectual qualities, there was need for a Comus, an Orpheus, Erato and Euterpe. If a dance was on hand, then there must be a Terpsichore for manager; and when too greatly exhausted from exercise, a Vulcan must be present. Possessing a sense of honor, there must be in the realms of the gods a Phidias Deus. Man being subject to disease and death, there was need of an Apollo and a Hygieia, as also a Siva. Being endowed with the faculty of intelligence, there was required a Minerva to impart lessons of wisdom. Possessing a poetic talent, there was need for the Parca, or goddess of poetry; while the faculty of memory created a necessity for the existence of a Mnemosyne. On a drunk; Bacchus led the van; and if a war arose, Mars and Bellona commanded the armies. In a case of slighted love, Anteus was on hand to arbitrate the matter; and if too aggravating in its nature, Ate adjusted the case; and when hell-deserving the aggressor was handed over to Pluto and Proserpine, who threatened them with a plunge into the waters of the Styx; and if, perchance, this failed to work repentance, the criminal received a way-bill over to the land of Limbo or Tartarus. And so it was with all the faculties of mind, as well as all the various phenomena in nature. Each had its special god or goddess to preside over and give direction in all the proceedings of men.

Thus it is we see the law of harmony existing in the progressive unfolding in the mind of man, in finding a God to answer to all the diversified demands of a growing humanity, while passing through the incipient stages of intellectual selfhood,—each thought, each idea and conclusion, forming one of the stepping-stones to a higher plane of being. And we would here remark that this is all natural enough, when we consider the fact that these phenomena of great Nature constitute the only revelation given to her children as their guide and instructor in the days of their primeval life. Finally, man will pass out of babyhood into youth-hood, thence to the fullness of man-hood; as the natural child develops from the infantile to the plane of physical maturity; from

a state of imbecility, and the need of parental, fostering care, to one of physical strength and self-dependence: so that he will arise out of mental weakness into the strength of knowledge and wisdom; and in proportion as he does this, he will outgrow the need of his gods and, the fear of devils, for it is but childhood that fears painted devils. Already he is growing out of the shadows of the past. The more man learns of himself, the less he knows of the "Gods"; the more he applies his innate powers to self-protection, the less need he finds for foreign or abnormal aid. It is the lame only who require crutches.

In proportion as man acquaints himself with the laws of his own being, and his relation to surrounding things, he will unfold into the higher and more lovely elements of his nature; and as he increases in these, he loses all sense of fear and hate. With the abolition of cowardice and revenge, go out from his being the existence of devils and hells with their endless torments. As the ball unrolls, phantom follows phantom successively, until nought will be left but pure manhood and womanhood. So as the "Gods" were the first formed in the great chain of imagined or man-created ghosts, phantoms and bogoblins, they will be the last to withdraw their dark shadows from the moral ken of man. This is upon the principle of the great law of circularity that everywhere prevails. "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first." It is only a question of time, as to when the human mind will free itself from all shackles produced by the influence of gods, devils, or hells; and he will then be able to see his error in mistaking the unknown, to reason himself into a knowledge of the known or real. One of the great seers of antiquity laid the foundation for a higher and truer conception of the lofty and ennobling nature of human immortality than even the present age has yet dreamed of, in the beautiful language, that "Ye are the temples of the living God"; thus showing clearly and conclusively that the indwelling spirit of each human being is the Supreme and the only God that will ever survive the mythical ages, and live a life parallel with pure reason and immortality. As for Satan, he has already lost his horns and become a mooly, and his huge form is rapidly growing into mere tail (tale).

Hell with its igneous flames has been quenched with the waters of old lake Serb-nis, and brimstone is being used to cure the body of the itch and other cutaneous diseases, instead of fuel to roast the human soul. The doctrine of "Hell-fire," as applied to future punishment, doesn't smell very much of brimstone nowadays, and fire itself is being used for better purposes than that of scorching human souls. In short, those childish ideas and ghostly images have had their day, performed their use, and are fast seeking interment beneath the plane of sense and reason, in the dome of ignorance, their native home; while each newly discovered principle in the science of life sings one of the notes in the grand dirge. But we think we hear a voice, inquiring thus: "Do you mean to say there is no God superior to man—who is not the maker of man only, but the creator, ruler, and preserver of all? The God to whom we are all responsible for our conduct both in this and the life to come? Is there not back of, and underlying the very foundations of Nature, nay, even the germ of the human spirit, a creating cause from whence it and all things else have emanated? In short, is there not a God who is self-existing from philosophical necessity; who, according to the deep counselling of his own will and wisdom, purposes, plans and directs the movements in the world of mind and matter?"

Hold, honest inquirer. We know something of the nature and gravity of your most earnest and sincere interrogations; and will endeavor to answer the same to the best of our ability, with equal candor and zeal. First, then, we know of no beings—neither in the catalogue of gods or devils, that is superior to the human spirit. In this phraseology we include the highest developed spirit or angel in the immortal sphere. Our highest idea of God is simply that of good. Wherever there is the most good, there is the most God. As for making or creating, there never was anything made or created in the commonly accepted meaning of those terms. To create, is to produce something out of nothing—an idea which is without foundation either in law or fact. All that now is, ever was, and will eternally be. Change is the only element, or factor in a proper idea of the term create, and this is innate in all things. If there is anything back of, and underlying the foundations of Nature—the aggregates of causes and effects—then we have no knowledge of the fact, and to assert that there is, is to assert that of which we have no evidence of its truth. If there is that which is outside of Nature—the world of mind and matter—then it is wholly outside of Nature—is no part or parcel of anything within the category of causes and effects—creators or creations; and we have no means of knowing any thing about it, since our knowledge never extends beyond that which is connected with the whole; and that which is not a part of the whole, is not at all. If we descend, in thought, to the lowest conditions of matter, we find only the properties of matter still. If we ascend to the highest developments of mind or spirit, we behold only the moving forces of nature. Then where are the "Gods." As for our responsibility, that is all to ourselves. If we act wisely, we enjoy the good fruits therefrom; but if our conduct be unwise or imprudent, we ourselves reap the consequences. In neither case is there any "God" affected. Then why hold ourselves responsible to one who cannot be affected by the conduct of our lives, nor can have any personal interest therein? Silly thought! As for the claim of being self-existent, it adds no superiority to the character of God, since everything is self-existing. If there ever was a time when something was nothing, then it would have remained nothing, as no number of nothings could possibly make the least conceivable something. To admit that something could be self-made out of, or by, nothing would be to admit an action without an actor, which is the height of absurdity. This will apply as logically to the existence of God as it does to the lowest grade of matter.

So then, if the idea of self-existence would add to the nature and character of God, it would add equally to the greatness of self-existing Nature. Where then is the great superiority of a self-existing God over Nature, or any part of her domain? Besides this, there can be no philosophical necessity for a self-existent, creating cause, beyond or underlying the evidence of Nature, any more than such claim could be put up for Nature itself, or upon the same basis of reasoning, that cause would necessarily require another similar cause to create it, and then there would be no

ending to beginnings or first cause. It would require God to create God, and the whole of eternity would be consumed in arriving at The God of Gods or the cause of causes, and finally Nature would never have been at all. But since it is necessary to admit some self-existing cause, uncreated by any other cause, some self-controlling, regulating principle by which all things are moved and changed, why not admit that cause to be in and of the things that are; that move and are changed. Why place that cause clean out of our reach, or our ability to know or learn anything of its existence, nature, or character.

The further we remove the cause from the effect, the more arduous becomes the task to find it. The greater the distance we go outside the realm of knowledge, to find the cause of our being, the deeper we go into the labyrinth of ignorance, hence the more intricate and complicated our effort; besides, in so doing, we give a greater value to ignorance than we do to knowledge. Since then we find in the realms of Nature, all principle, life and unfoldment, which is ample means to solve the great problem of our existence, let us content ourselves in knowing that we have enough to learn of the things that are knowable, and cease to abuse our powers by overtaxing them to obtain a knowledge of the unknowable—The unknown God. But again, you ask me, "Can there be design without a designer? and is not all Nature overflowing with manifestations of design? And why, too, this universal sense or instinct of a great self-existing Being? Why this innate inclination toward a central cause—a self-moving force, around which all else revolves? Why this principle of reverence which prompts mankind, the world over, to love and adore that which is felt to be the supreme, the fountain and source of all our joys and comforts of life. Grave and worthy indeed are these interrogatories, and let us appeal to the reason within us for a reasonable solution. There can be no design without a designer; and Nature everywhere is overflowing with the manifestations of design; and what is design if not plan, purpose, tendency, adaptation, fitness or relation of thing to thing? Can Nature manifest that which it does not possess? Certainly not: it manifests design, then because it is an element of its integrality—a part of the whole. If design cannot exist as a primary element in self-existing Nature, but can only be thus associated with Nature by delegation, then, how could it exist with and associate as an attribute of a self-existing God without being delegated. Who or what invested Him with the power of design. Does not the argument apply with equal force in both cases? Certainly it does. Why contend, then, for a fifth wheel, when four will run the whole machinery equally as well. As for man feeling the truth of a self-existing being, he does so, for the reason that he himself is just such a being, nay, that very being, having neither beginning nor ending; being immortal both in substance and nature: for if he were once nothing, he would have remained nothing, as shown in former arguments. So then, as he now is, he always was, and was that something which characterizes his present being—that something which, by self-design, purpose, adaptation, tendency, presents him now as man. Nothing else could have ever made him man: and without this sense of eternity of being, he would have but an imperfect idea of his own existence. From the depths of eternity, comes the idea of eternity. "Deep answereth unto deep." Man feels the power and influence of a great central being, because of its nearness; even the ever present central spirit which constitutes the moving, controlling and refining principle of his eternal selfhood. He loves and adores the supreme principle or entity, because it is invested with all the attributes, forces and possibilities of which he has any knowledge—and because it is worthy of reverence. Self-hood is the centralization of all things. It is, when applied to man, the spirit-germ, and being infinite in capacity of unfoldment, it ever looks out from the depths of its own infiniteness and eternal nature, far in advance of the general plane of practical knowledge, and from the lofty heights of its towering flight, reflects itself in the image of a supreme Incomprehensible Self-hood—a God—than which there are none greater, and a proper knowledge of which is worth more to mankind than all other gods from Brahma down to the "Bleeding Lamb." But you tell me this is Atheism. Well, I cannot help that—I did not make it—I only find it at the bottom of things or facts. It is a Truism. That should suffice, and he or she only who follows its teachings is exempt from the mythological hells of a creed-bound world.

J. H. MENDENHALL.

## An Appeal.

Owing to long continued ill-health, I have been unable to resume my mediumship for over a year. Our home, the savings of many years, is now about to be sold to satisfy claims to the amount of about \$500. Will the friends contribute their mite toward a fund to relieve us from the impending calamity of losing our homestead? Reluctantly we make known our distress through dire necessity, knowing not where or to whom to look for assistance except to those in whose behalf we have labored faithfully for many years. This petition is made as the last resort, having exhausted every effort to relieve ourselves rather than publicly ask aid. Respectfully,

J. NELSON HOLMES,  
JENNIE W. HOLMES.

We take from the *Banner of Light* the appeal of Mr. and Mrs. J. Nelson Holmes for assistance in their pressing distress, and we trust it will not be vain. Mr. Holmes's health, as we know, has been such for a long time as to preclude his pursuing his mission as a medium; and thus he has been compelled to incur liabilities that are now harassing him. Those who know what these veteran mediums have endured, in the service of the spirit world, should not refuse them such assistance as is in their power, and that without delay. Their address is Vineland, N. J., to which place remittances should be made directly.

SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.—We are prepared to furnish any of the standard or other Spiritual and Liberal publications at publishers' prices, adding postage, when such is charged to us. Such books and publications as we have not in stock will be ordered from the publishers, and forwarded, upon receipt, without delay, or sent direct from the publishers to the party ordering.