

SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST

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SPIRITUALISM.

"Try to understand Yourself, and Things in general."

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[For the Scientist.]

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE IN THE AGES.

II.

BY I. H. W. TOONEY.

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE among the Hebrews was restricted. The Spiritism of that people has a peculiar history. The elder faith, as well as the people of Egypt, had become offensive to the Jews, "four hundred years" of remembered servitude entering into and supporting the antagonism. This opposition was justified in the name of religion, and intensified by all the hopes and aspirations of a revolting people. Personal freedom rather than national distinction may have been the original incentive, but in time the former was sunk in the latter, and the spirit of the Law-giver was proportionately exclusive and severe. An authoritative jealousy grew upon rulers and people, to the exclusion of nations, religions, and gods. Hence the restriction, "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards to be defiled by them: I am the Lord your God" (Lev. xix. 31). Again and again* is this thought repeated,—the word of command differing, the spirit the same,—ending in an exclusion that means either a dislike, almost a hatred, of any and all other nations, peoples, and gods, or else a religious determination to put down any and all tendency to idolatry, by force of authority. Considering the pretensions of the Jews as a people, the latter would seem the motive, if the same exterminating spirit had not been manifested to other peoples, because of their difference in origin and nationality.

So much by way of explanation of the original purport of language, the *animus* of which still lives in much of the sectarian opposition to spirit-intercourse. And all the more, as the exclusion is carried so far as to restrict Science and prevent the development of the philosophic element in history. Besides it remains to be shown in what the *merits* of this fierce restriction on religious and intellectual intercourse consists, after a careful comparison of nations; for, "so far as I am able to ascertain," to use the scholarship of another, "there is not, among the learned in such matters, any doubt that the religion of the Jews did not differ materially from that held by the Tyrians, the Carthaginians, the Babylonians,

ans, the Assyrians, and the Persians. The reverence for El, Il, Elohim, Baal, Azer, Melech, Adon, Jah, Jehu, Jaho, Jao, or Jahoe, which was shown by the Hebrews, was not perceptively discordant with that entertained by other Shemitic races. The men of Palestine, like those of Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Hindoostan, adored an Ark. All equally recognized the existence and potency of angels or inferior deities; all equally trusted in the efficacy of sacrifice to turn away from themselves onto other creatures the wrath of an offended God; all equally depended upon Omens, Oracles, prophets, priests, and miracles, for direction in worldly and spiritual matters. All believed in a direct, constant interference with mankind of a Creator, who parceled out gifts or losses to men according to the piety or otherwise of each individual. All had a certain respect for certain celestial changes, and commemorated them by festivals, in which the Shemitic nations performed analogous rites. In fine, it is difficult to discover any observance of a religious nature among the Jews, except the Sanctification of the Sabbath, which is not found to be identical with one of heathen origin."*

In the light of this historic survey, it is very difficult to discover any merit in the spiritual antagonism of the Jews, more than may appear in any other sectarian and denominational preference, while its deplorable aspects are many-phased and various, since it laid the foundation for that party preference and party violence so fatal to the interests of civilization. The more, since the Spiritualism of the ages was speaking in and through those nationalities and religions which the Jews so violently opposed, the living witnesses to which were the very spirits they sought to exclude and ignore. If, however, additional evidence of the evil of this religious conceit is necessary, it will be found in the history of Christendom, since, "as a general thing, Christians have manifested very little kindness or candor in their estimation of other religions; but the darkest blot on their history is their treatment of the Jews. This is the more singular, because we have so much in common with them. We worship the same God, under the same name; we reverence the same scriptures; we make pilgrimages to the Holy City. Christ and his Mother and his Apostles were Jews, and appear to have conformed to the established worship of the country, which we consequently claim as our sacred land." (Mrs. Child, Progress of Religious Ideas.)

Spirit intercourse in the human and strictly spiritual sense, however, has been active in spite of this mistaken zeal and misdirected opposition. A new conception has come into the world as a consequence,—the conception of EVOLUTION. "It comprehends the laws of Life, and consequently the laws

* See Deu. xviii. 10-12; II. Sam. xxviii. 3; and the chapter *passim*.

* Dr. Inman's Ancient Faiths, &c., Vol. II., pp. 310-11.

of Humanity, linking the Present indissolubly with the *whole* Past, and giving to the study of history a new and deeper signification. It is the creation of our age. By its light, we see the venial, yet fatal, error of Catholicism, in separating from the traditions of *ancient* thought; and sense the equally exclusive spirit with which Protestantism opposed the great labors of the Middle Ages; and the philosophy of the 18th century, which in turn rejected both, shouting the watchwords of Progress and Enlightenment, as if those words were heard for the first time. All piety toward the Past was gone.*

In the light of this kind and catholic teaching, and the better to illustrate its spirit, I turn to biblical testimony in support of the truth and usefulness of spirit intercourse and angel ministration; and take the selections of a clergyman, that the argument may appear without the bias of scientific preference. Speaking of Paul's theory of the ministry of spirits, the Rev. Samuel Beswick says, "It is the established law of the Spirit Land. . . . But to take a rapid survey of such guardianship would strikingly illustrate the universal duty of all Heaven's sons as stated by Paul. In the vision of Jacob's ladder, angels are represented as constantly ascending and descending from heaven to earth. Angels delivered Lot from Sodom, Jacob from Esau, Daniel from the lions, his three companions from the furnace, Peter from Herod, and the nation of the Israelites successfully from the Egyptians, Canaanites, and Assyrians. Thus, they conducted, —that is, did the duty of ministering, according to Paul,—they conducted Lot, Abraham, and the Israelites, in a season of great danger and difficulty, to places and circumstances of safety and peace; they conducted Gideon to the destruction of the Medianites; Joseph and Mary to Egypt; Philip to the Eunuch, and Cornelius to Peter, that they might impart a knowledge of the Gospel. Thus, they comforted Jacob at the approach of Esau; Daniel, in his peculiar sorrows and dangers; Zachariah, in the sufferings of his nation; Joseph and Mary in their perplexities; Christ in his agony; the Apostles and their companions, after his resurrection; Paul, immediately before his shipwreck; and the church universally, by the testimony and instruction given in the Book of Revelation, by the Apostle John.

"Now, it seems to us from the Bible teaching, that constant intercourse existed between the two worlds, in the early history of our race. It appears to have been the most universal of all convictions. The veil between them and the invisible world must have been slight indeed. It was no matter of dread or bewilderment to them, if in the stillness of the sunset hour, stranger feet drew near their dwelling, and the phenomena of both worlds became blended into one vision; forms, glorious with the majesty of holiness, entered beneath their roof to commune with them and teach them in their departing that they had been with beings of another land. The very absence of fear or wonder implies the original universality of such intercourse or opening of the Spirit-sight. All the most ancient traditions are founded on an intercourse with the Spirit-land, and the separation between the living and the departed was held to have been marvelously slight."†

So much for biblical testimony, the detail being as full as the teaching is significant, both covering the historic development of the Old and New Testaments; and, to complete the conception of the universality of spirit ministration, give this additional testimony. Since "the peculiarities which are induced by any particular state of the world are, by the necessity of spiritual laws, adapted to that state. What inspires reverence at one period, excites ridicule at another; and when faith in it has gone, it loses its magnetic power for good or evil. . . . Appollonius, at Ephesus, is described as perceiving things which happened at the same moment at Rome. Celsus speaks of it as a common thing for Egyptian magicians to make inanimate things move as if they were alive, and so to influence uncultured men as to produce in them whatever sights or sounds they pleased. Tertullian describes a Montanist woman who cured diseases, perceived the thoughts of others, and held conversation with spirits, which were taken down in writing as inspired revelations. Hermits, reduced to a state of nervous excitability by watchfulness, are said to have perceived the thoughts of people, and to have cured diseases by the laying on of their hands, and even by transmitting written words to the invalid. The account of Thurgy, among the new Platonists, sounds like a modern description of clairvoyance. Early painters, in their pictures of the Virgin and saints curing diseases, sometimes represented streams of light radiating from their fingers."‡

Testimony might be added and witnesses multiplied in favor of the actuality, practicality, and universality of spirit intercourse, but I deem it unnecessary. The general conclusion is in support of the ministry of spirits, not the gospel they preach or the particular things they do. These are spe-

* G. H. Lewes' Aristotle, — a work worthy the attention of all thoughtful students.

† A lecture originally delivered at the Brooklyn Athenaeum, Nov. 25, 1855.

‡ Mrs. Child's Progress of Religious Ideas.

cialties to be considered in their own particular order, and from the standpoint of time, place, and circumstance, — since "things are seasoned, by being in season." And all the more, as the Science of Life enters into the philosophy of adaptation and the affinities of force; the explanation of which removes Spiritualism from the plain of sensationalism to that of Science, making all departments of knowledge ministers to the uses of mortal and immortal Life.

VARIETY.

THE ANIMAL SOUL, AGAIN.

As a supplement to what has already appeared, we give the detailed statement of Prof. Agassiz, having on one occasion used his name. He says, — "Essay on Classification," pp. 67-69, —

"The gradations of the moral faculties among the higher animals and man are moreover so imperceptible, that, to deny to the first a certain sense of responsibility and consciousness, would certainly be an exaggeration of the differences which distinguish animals and men. There exists, besides, as much individuality, within their respective capabilities, among animals as among men, as every sportsman, every keeper of menageries, and every farmer or shepherd can testify, or any one who has had large experience with wild, tamed, or domesticated animals.

"This argues strongly in favor of the existence in every animal of an immaterial principle similar to that which, by its excellence and superior endowments, places man so much above the animals. Yet the principle unquestionably exists, and whether it be called soul, reason, or instinct, it presents, in the range of organized being, a series of phenomena closely linked together; and upon it are based not only the higher manifestations of mind, but the very permanence of the specific differences which characterize every organism. *Most of the arguments of philosophy in favor of the immortality of man apply equally to the permanency of this principle in other living being.* May I not add, that a future life, in which man would be deprived of that great source of enjoyment, and intellectual and moral improvement which results from the contemplation of the harmonies of an organic world, would involve a lamentable loss. And may we not look to a *spiritual concert* of the combined worlds and all their inhabitants in the presence of their Creator, as the highest conception of paradise?"

MAGIC AND PROPHECY IN THE EAST.

The author of "Traces of Travel brought from the East," says, —

"In Syria, and Palestine, and Egypt, you might as well dispute the efficacy of grass or grain as of Magic. There is no controversy about the matter. The effect of this, the unanimous belief of an ignorant people, upon the mind of a stranger is extremely curious, and well worth noticing. A man coming freshly from Europe is, at first, proof against the nonsense with which he is assailed; but often it happens that after a little while the social atmosphere in which he lives will begin to infect him, and if he has been accustomed to the cunning of sense, by which Reason prepares the means of guarding herself against fallacy, he will yield himself at last to the faith of those around him: and this he will do by sympathy, it would seem, rather than from conviction."

While thus making light of the Spiritualism of the East, the author gives the following to illustrate the prophetic or clairvoyant pretensions of Lady Hester Stanhope. He says, —

"The Prophetess announced to me that we were upon the eve of a stupendous convulsion, which would destroy the then recognized value of all property upon earth, and declaring that those only who should be in the East at the time of the great change could hope for greatness in the new life that was now close at hand; she advised me, while there was yet time, to dispose of my property in fragile England, and gain a station in Asia; she told me that, after leaving her, I should go into Egypt, but that in a little while I should return into Syria. I secretly smiled at this last prophecy as a 'bad shot,' for I had fully determined, after visiting the pyramids, to take ship from Alexandria for Greece. But men struggle vainly in the meshes of their destiny; the *un*-believed Cassandra was right after all; the Plague came, and the necessity of avoiding the Quarantine, to which I should have been subjected if I had sailed from Alexandria, forced me to alter my route: I went down into Egypt, and staid there for a time, and then crossed the Desert once more, and came back to the mountains of the Lebanon, exactly as the Prophetess had foretold."

OUR LATENT FACULTIES.

WHAT WE MAY BE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

At the evening session of the Boston Spiritualists' Union, the President, H. S. Williams, presided, and introduced as the medium for the evening Dr. H. B. Storer, who, becoming entranced, the following question was proposed for the consideration of the control: "May we expect immediately, or soon after death, that we will find ourselves in possession of faculties previously latent?"

The question, the speaker said, assumes that there are certain latent powers, already recognized to some extent. It was well to lift the mind out of the ordinary routine of life, and question whether there may not be a new highway to be traveled by it which should bring a superior source of enjoyment. On entering the spirit world, the spirit will find itself in possession of faculties that were latent during its sojourn on earth: it will immediately discover one indeed, and that is, its own personal loves have determined the place and the society into which it is brought. It will feel at home in a peculiar sense; because its external surroundings are adapted to its interior desires. It will find that some persons with whom it was not familiar in life, but was in sympathy with,—for example, by reading,—are about it as guides, teachers, and friends, by which congenial society it will find that a place has already been prepared for it. The words of that spiritual teacher—"I go to prepare a place for you"—have been misinterpreted by the many of the so-called Christians. Because of this latent tendency, because of its strength, it awakens to the society of these congenial ones.

There is another power which is developed in the spirit world, manifested slightly by your clairvoyants,—the power of perceiving scenes and objects at a distance. Distance constitutes no obstacle in the spirit world to companionship or conception. The intellectual and moral status of a spirit determines where it is and where it chooses to be. There is no necessity of adopting any method of locomotion, except that which is an outgrowth of its own condition. "In the spirit world," he said, "we are where our consciousness is, and distance is no obstacle to our being where we choose." The conception is the total result of perception.

Clairvoyance you may signify as the knowledge of things by actual contact; the separate senses are merged into one faculty which perceives by one process, and not by aid of many senses; it is knowledge at sight, knowledge by perception; it is nearest to intuition, or that which you *know* without being conscious of *how* you know it.

The spirit, in entering the material world, is limited by your limitations; you exist in limited conditions, and the spirit enters limited conditions to meet you.

You speak also of that faculty which you call historical; in the experience of earth life mortals perceive a relation between all events, and you speak of remoteness in the sense of distance.

Psychometry, with its many hints as what is possible, gives evidence, to some extent, of the power of the human being to enter into relation with events which, in a spirit sense, constantly transpire. Nothing is lost, either in the atomic world or in the sphere force, nothing out of the world of matter.

A spirit, in endeavoring to explain these things, is obliged to use the terms and symbols of material life, and finds trouble in expressing itself. These views are presented that a glimpse of the truth might be gained by its hearers by the power of their own mind which is better than any testimony however substantiated. "You belong," said the speaker, "to the generation that is immortal, there is no essential past." You speak of God which you could not sense unless there was something latent in you. Whatever belongs to God belongs to man.

The element of judgment with you is the reasoning power,—premises, conclusions, and the intermediate process. In the spirit world, it is a method essentially larger than this; the spirit gains at a glance a burst of light, a mental perception, which conveys instantly the whole, which need not cause the spirit labor, but which seems to belong to it. This faculty could not be exhibited perfectly through mediums; for it can never demonstrate in the sphere of matter what belongs solely to the sphere of spirit.

The faculty of faith, sometimes lightly spoken of, and contrasted with reason,—this faith is a legitimate department of the mind. Faith is not belief, and belief is not faith; the definition is not one and the same. Faith is a spiritual quality as much to be depended on as reason; it is a part of your nature, and Jesus, in his teachings, recognized faith in this sense; faith is dependent on spiritual growth in the spirit world, but it unites you with the harmony of the universe: by no process of reasoning can you arrive at that complacency which faith feels: the faculty is latent at present and understood.

This latent possibility of your spirit blossoming in the spiritual world, gives the spirit a heaven, for it takes it out of this state where you are looking for a heaven beyond.

So, in a sense, it may be said that when a spirit enters the spirit world it is in heaven, because it is on a place suitable to its condition; its development has nothing to do with its enjoyment.

Dr. Gardner, asking for some explanations, the speaker said that the remarks applied to those born into the spirit world; the birth into the spirit life is not completed at the death of the body, and a distinction should be made between those fully born into the spirit world, and those attached to the material world. The humble, the poor, the lowly, would rise brighter than many who have shone with lustre.

The control now changed, and a stirring address followed. It spoke of the condition of society, which was cursed with those who cursed only for themselves. But these crusts would be broken, the covering would be stripped off, and then the small individuality would stand revealed. The spirits were engaged in teaching the great truth; it would be better than the greatest fortune, if speedily every one could divest themselves of the false ideas which make them live false to their own natures, promptings, and desires. The speaker exhorted his hearers to be kind, charitable, honest to their convictions of right, and they would then have something which couldn't be destroyed.

DOES THE MIND AUTOMATICALLY FILL ITS OWN PREDICTIONS?

WHETHER mere coincidence or psyc-related-fact, a large number of cases are on record where individuals have predicted the day, and often the hour of their deaths, and the predictions proved to be the truth in every particular. Here is a case from the family of Petrarch, as stated by Mrs. Dobson, his biographer,—

"Garzo, his grandfather, had an excellent natural understanding, and was consulted as an oracle. Philosophers applied to him, and though he had never studied, they admired in his answers the sagacity of his understanding and the rectitude of his heart. After passing *one hundred* and *four* years in innocence and good works, Garzo died, like Plato, on the day of his birth, and in the same bed in which he was born. He had *long before predicted the time of his death*, which resembled a sweet and peaceful sleep. Thus he went to rest in the bosom of his family, without pain or inquietude, discoursing of God and virtue."

THE WORLD MORE WONDERFUL.

DISCOURSING of the literary genius of John Bunyan, G. J. Holyoake makes occasion to acknowledge the enriching results of scientific labor. According to "The Index," he says,—

"This world is a big place. This is not an original observation. Yet, men's attention needs calling to it at times. People are always forgetting what a variety of humanity society contains. Two hundred years ago the authorities of Bedford made things very unpleasant for one John Bunyan, because they thought they knew all about their neighbors, and did not imagine that a *common street* workman might have in him the elements of the most famous man that that willful and patriotic country ever produced. The world is not only big, but it is growing bigger every day with wonders. Science so enlarges men's vision that all our famous calculations and creeds seem uncertain, weak, and small on the shore of the vast ocean of facts whose mighty currents are yet undeformed."

RELIGION AND MORALITY.—There is one city of the East, of biblical and historical renown, which is surrounded on all sides by deserts; but which, to the astonishment of the traveler who has been toiling for days over burning sands to reach its gates, presents to the eye, as he enters, a wonderful succession of gardens, gay with the richest verdure and the most gorgeous blooms. Above that city,—the most ancient, perhaps, in the world,—above that desert-girdled city Damascus, towers the lofty Lebanon, with its snow-clad head piercing the fleecy clouds of a summer sky. It is in its lofty summits that the secret of this wonderful verdure lies. There, in those snows that mingle with the clouds, are the inexhaustible fountains of innumerable rills of water by which, in Damascus, the desert has been turned into a garden, and the wilderness made to blossom as the rose. All history proves that it is only from the fountain of a religion which, like Lebanon, lifts its head above the ground, and represents the aspirations of the soul after the unseen and eternal, that the sustenance which is needed for the purest and heavenliest virtues of humanity, the truest and noblest morality, can ever flow.

THE ENGLISH COLONY in Paris is estimated to contain two thousand young women qualifying themselves for various avocations.

HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL

THE MISER.

A SKETCH OF SPIRIT LIFE.

A POOR old man comes in our midst, bending beneath the weight of a heavy load, and surely he looks as though he would rather part with life itself than with that dearly-loved treasure. He comes to you bearing the same appearance he did when he left your earth. He was not of your country nor kind, but lived in a distant part of your globe. We will let him give his own history.

The spirit said that the miser did not influence the medium himself, but gave his history, which was repeated by the spirit controlling the medium.

"Fellow mortals, I have been instructed to come here to-night and give a brief sketch of my former and present life. I do, indeed, come with my much-beloved treasure in my arms. I come bearing the empty emblem of that which constituted my all-engrossing happiness while on earth,—the gold, the yellow gold, which alone my soul craved 'as its food and its drink,' as its highest felicity and joy. With what bitterness and regret I look back upon my earthly career! Ah me! I must look back; there is no help for it.

"I bowed down all the energies of my soul to the accumulation of this one idol. Ah! my weary soul itself bowed daily and worshiped it as a god, whose possession would confer happiness and joy upon my whole existence. The predominance of this passion repressed all that was good and noble within me. It made me grasping and niggardly; it made me deaf to the voice of sympathy and love; it chilled my very heart's core with its golden, its false glitter. And when a soft and gentle voice within me besought a hearing, I would lock myself up within the glittering walls of my treasure, and shut out every emotion save that of avarice and penury; for this, alas! was my daily companion. I used not the comforts which God had strewn so plentifully around me. My heart was too sordid to part with one penny, unless it was to keep me from actually starving. Oh, how I loved my wealth! Oh, how I gazed upon it! How I gloated over it daily, and dreamed of it nightly, and hid it away lest any should steal it out of my possession! And often, during the hours of my unquiet slumbers, I would start up frantically, thinking some one had stolen my treasures. Wretched, miserable miser that I was! I deserve the frowns and dislike of every honest and generous heart while I make this humiliating confession. But how I loved that dross, I alone can tell,—I alone have felt the pangs which I have endured in consequence of that base passion. But finally disease took a strong hold upon my enfeebled and emaciated frame. Oh! I was no proud subject for death to triumph over. In all my misery and rags, in all my wretchedness and filth, there was but one warm spot within, and that was where I felt the strong love of my gold. Oh, how I hated to die and be buried beneath the surface of the earth, and leave that treasure above it! I longed to carry it with me, to rest my head upon it, that it might be my comfort when I waked in the world beyond. And that waking! That dreadful, dismal waking! Oh, how it makes me shudder now to think of it! My first consciousness was that of being in darkness and coldness, and having lost my treasure. My treasure! Oh, how I groaned, and wept, and begged for that which had been the comfort of my life! Everything seemed gloomy and cheerless without it; and when I at last became fully conscious of my position, how dreadful, how terrible were the thoughts which filled my soul! Oh, no! No bright spirits approached me, no kindly looks welcomed me; but beings as repulsive as myself stood and beckoned me to their company. And I said within myself, 'O wretched man! thou hast doomed thyself to eternal misery because of thy love of earth's base metal!' There was nothing inviting or pleasant in the company of those miserable-looking beings. Their countenances expressed no other emotions save those of sensual gratification; and all their propensities seemed to be groveling and earthly. The eyes of my soul were now opened. I saw myself, my former life reflected back in those beings who were near me. They wished my society, but I did not wish theirs. As dark and repulsive as I felt my own soul to be, their horrible appearance made me rather wish to fly from them than to approach. On gazing at them more closely, I saw that they held tightly within their grasp treasures of gold. I saw them hug them up in their bosoms, and then they would look toward me and point toward them. Yes, it indeed seemed to be part of that I had prized so highly, and which I still coveted so ardently. I was tempted to go near them when they showed me the treasure, when a bright form, which I had not before perceived, in a warning voice, bade me beware how

I trifled with my eternal happiness. But the love of gold was so strong within me that I could not resist its pleadings, even for the voice of an angel. I had known no other God, and my heart yearned only for its earthly idol. Tremblingly I approached those miserable beings, and then, oh, grief and sadness! their arms contained naught but an empty show, no gold in reality, nothing but that which wore the semblance; for when I touched it, it melted from my grasp, its very touch scorched my fingers, and then it fell away from my hungry view. 'Oh! then I felt how lost and wretched was my condition; then I wished that I might sink out of sight, or be carried away where I should be remembered no more. But such was not my fate. Oh, how they laughed at me with a fiendish joy! They mocked me, they bid me behold the fruits of my long labors. There was a look of exultation, of triumph in their countenances as they witnessed my disappointment; yet they, poor wretches, were ever grasping at the unreal phantom, the empty treasure. And I stood as one lost and forsaken of God and man. Who in this vast space around me cared aught, or knew aught, about a poor insignificant soul like me? None seemed to think of my existence, save those poor wretches who seemed even more unhappy than myself; for while I knew how unreal their treasures were, they were constantly grasping up that which was naught but empty air. They never looked up, and when a kindly voice was wafted to their ears on the breezes, they heard it not. No joy, no comfort for them save in that unsatisfying labor of accumulating and always losing. And now I sank upon my knees and buried my face in my hands. Yea, I bowed my head to the very earth, and prayed in bitterness and grief that God would have mercy upon me, worthless worm of the dust. Oh, how prostrate my spirit now laid in its dejection and sorrow! 'Lost! lost!' I exclaimed; 'no light, no mercy will beam upon me—no bright angels will come near me, no kindly voices will cheer the solitude of this awful place.' And then a voice said in mine ear, 'Oh! you will have gold, heaps of gold; cheer up, man, for you shall dine on gold and sup your fill of it every day. You shall revel in it; for we have been many years here. We always loved it and craved it, and don't you perceive how much of it we possess?' I turned shuddering away, for it was one of those dark, fiend-like beings who had spoken in my ear. 'God help me,' I said, 'for I am lost eternally, lost for my love of gold.' And then a deep calm voice spoke loud and clear. It said, 'O, mortal! not lost for eternity, only thou hast lost many years of joy and happiness in this spirit life. Lost eternally? Oh, no! not eternally; for our God is a just and merciful God, and he forgives the sins of his erring children when they come to him in meekness and humility of spirit. But, mortal! thou hast lost all the joys which thou wouldst have experienced had thy hoarded wealth been given for the good of thy fellow-men—had thy cherished treasure only been made useful in any way, thou wouldst not now feel the weight of sin and degradation which prostrates thy soul so low. And now, frail mortal, canst thou give up thy gold, or must thou, like those poor darkened souls on the other side of thee, still hug that senseless treasure to thy heart? Are thy thoughts still wrapped up in the joy of that possession? If so, thou must be like those upon whom thou art gazing. Poor spirits, how darkened are their souls! and yet they are not lost,—no, not lost,—but they have not yet thrown off the love of earth and earthly gratifications. Their aspirations are not for the good and the pure. They think of naught but gross animal pleasures; and as long as they desire such, as long as they seek no higher—as long as their souls are wrapped up and lost in such illusions, they cannot be less degraded than they are. Oh, pity them, mortal! To think of the many precious hours they are losing in worshiping their earthly pleasures! And let it carry a deep and lasting lesson to thee, ignorant, selfish, vain mortal that thou art! for thou must now see thyself in thy true colors. Repent and be converted; thou hast many long hours, ay, years of labor before thee. Why, thou art little better than the animal which bore the animal's form and feature while on earth, and walked in a lowly position. Thou hast never shown that thou possessedst one tribute of a god-like soul; thou didst, if it were possible, disgrace thy immortal spirit by the way thou didst insult and keep it hid beneath thy earthly covering. It is even now all blurred and dimmed by the impurities of thy earthly life, and it cannot stand forth in its true dignity until thou hast labored long and ardently to wash away thy former sins. It lies with thyself; begin now, choose the way of hardship and labor, for hardship it will be for thee. Or stay here and grovel in the dust, until thy soul shall become so wearied and worn with its profitless existence, that thou wilt be glad to begin, still farther off than thou mayest do now, to wash out thine iniquities and cause thy light to shine. There is much for thee to do which must be done. And when thou hast overcome the follies and sins of past life, when thou hast gained confidence and hope even in thy ignorance and unworthiness,—thou must again descend to the poor spirits who are still in so much misery. It is thou who must stretch forth thy hand and assist them; for didst thou not, in thy earthly life, encourage them by thy acts? And

thus shalt thou blot out the memory of thy sins until they shall darken thy sight no longer. There shall be no lack of instructors and kindly words of encouragement. Gladly will good spirits approach all who do not repel them. But the labor lies within thyself. Thine own hand must hew down the mountains which rise to bar thy progress to that world of purity and holiness which lies far beyond.

"He ceased speaking. Oh, blessed and hopeful words! that I am not eternally lost! My resolve was long since taken, friends, and so far have I profited in my toilsome but thankful journey that I have come to you in humiliation of spirit and with thankfulness to God who has permitted me to testify to his boundless love and forgiveness even to such a wretch as I. Good-night."

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

REV THEODORE CLAPP, for thirty-five years a resident minister in New Orleans, thus bears testimony to the calm resignation of all persons, *unbelievers* as well as believers, just before dying,—and the power of the ruling passion even in death. He says,—

"It is probable that I have seen a greater number of those called irreligious persons breathe their last than any clergyman in the United States. Before they get sick, the unacclimated are often greatly alarmed; but when the enemy seizes them, and their case is hopeless, they invariably lose their reason, or become calm, composed, fearless, and happy. This fact is a striking illustration of the benevolence of our Creator. If men's minds were not disturbed by false and miserable teachings, they would not suffer in death any more than they do when they fall asleep at night. Death is called a sleep in Scripture. 'Death is the sleep of the weary. It is repose—the body's repose, after the busy and toilsome day of life is over.' Even the convulsive struggles of the dying are not attended with pain, any more than the sobs and groans with which we sometimes sink into the slumbers of nightly rest. This is proved by the testimony of those who have been resuscitated after they became cold and pulseless, and restored again to life and breath. Their agonies were all seeming, not real, they tell us.

"Persons without religion often die uttering words which indicate what are their strongest earthly loves or attachments, and their 'ruling passion.' A young man of my acquaintance was once in that stage of yellow fever superinduced by the beginning of mortification. Then the patient is free from pain, sometimes joyous, and very talkative. The individual I am speaking of was perfectly enamored of novel-reading. One of Walter Scott's romances was daily expected in New Orleans. Not many minutes before his death, it was brought to his bed by a friend who he had sent to procure it. It was placed in his hands, but he was no longer able to see printing. The pages of the book and the faces of his friends, were growing dim around him. He exclaimed, 'I am blind; I cannot see; I must be dying; must I leave this new production of immortal genius unread?' His last thought was dictated by his favorite pursuit and passion. Men must carry into the other world the character which they possess at the moment of death. I knew another gentleman whose admiration for the Emperor Napoleon amounted to a monomania. He had collected all the biographies, histories, and other works tending to illustrate his life and character. This one theme had taken such exclusive possession of his mind, that he could neither think nor converse on any other subject. He was taken with the yellow fever. I went to see him when he was near his end; I took him by the hand, and hardly had time to speak, before he asked me what I thought of the moral character of Napoleon. The gentleman standing by could not suppress a smile. I replied, that according to the representations of Las Casas, and others most intimately acquainted with him, Bonaparte was a firm believer in God, a divine providence, Jesus Christ, and immortality; and that it gave me great pleasure to believe in the correctness of their statements. He was, of course, delighted with the answer given. I read from the Bible. I then asked him if there were any particular subjects or favors which he would have embraced in my prayer. He answered, 'There is but one blessing which I crave of Infinite Goodness—that after death I may be conducted to those celestial regions where I can enjoy the sight and society of the greatest and best man who has lived, the late Emperor of France.' Poor man! He could think of no higher, no nobler destiny.

"It would be well were all to remember that great, glorious thoughts, habitually cherished, spontaneously fill the mind in a dying hour, to bear it aloft and buoyant over the dark gulf."

FASTING and prayer were believed in, not only among the ancient Hebrews, who, as a patriarchal nation worshiped in accordance with the signs of the Zodiac; but also among the very remote Chinese, embodying the Buddhist and Brahmin faiths, and among the Persians and remote Hindoos.

SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

THE intellectual man dare not say he is immortal if he have not also spiritual fervor.

THERE are stages and planes of spiritual life exactly adapted to every form that passes from earth.

THE spiritual world is composed of subtle elements or substance as tangible to the spirit as is the earth to us.

IF a human being be immersed in darkness and ignorance, the mere change of death will not set him free at once.

A SOUL, sometimes, cannot move from a place, because its spirit is held there by the chains and shackles of their past deeds.

THE power that Christ taught by, lived by, performed his wonders through,—the power of spiritual love has never been quenched.

AS soon as you cast off these physical bodies of yours, the Spirit is whatsoever it wills to be,—the desire forming the power by which the spirit moves.

THE intellectual man dare not say that he has a living spirit, and that there is a power,—a God in the universe,—because he has sought only in matter for him.

MORE and more shall your ways be shaped and your pathways governed by the laws that govern the spirit instead of those grosser laws that govern the body.

THERE is no greater starvation in the world than that glittering mass of physical science and intellectualism that has reared itself in the form of modern thought.

THE angels of God's mercy, the Spirits ministering His love and messages, bring to mankind the glad tidings of spiritual life, even in the midst of material death.

THE spiritual philosophies are the result, not of human invention and speculation, but of the absolute testimony of those who know, who are entitled to credence.

THE just and enlightened man, or the man that lives the highest life and highest thoughts, enters into a state of spiritual beatitude exactly corresponding to his course and conduct in life.

THE spiritual world is all that realm of existence in which spirit lives, thinks, moves, and has its being. But you are also in the material world; your spiritual mind is encased and clothed with the material body.

WHEN you consider that thought is in itself one of the grossest of spiritual substances, you will have some data whereby to judge of the other substances which surround and compose spiritual existence.

THE power of spiritual life, whether received in any particular form of Christian worship, or whether received in any particular form of other worship, or whether received through the agencies of Nature, is precisely the same.

THE intuitive knowledge of the human race concerning another world has been blunted by two causes: the materialism of the physical body, and the absence of continued and uninterrupted communion between the two worlds.

MEN feed upon glittering husks of material science, claiming all things from the sway of human reason, while they starve that spiritual nature, that long time ago giving sustenance and power to the nations that were in their infancy.

THEY are souls that cannot lift themselves; they remain attached to the clod of clay they have left behind, so little spirituality have they. Haunted houses, graveyards, those unresting spirits that torment the sensitive ones of earth,—these are of that nature.

YOU inhabit material forms; but the mind, that is, yourself,—the soul, that is yourself,—the innermost essence of your being, is in the spirit world; for you cannot escape from the presence of God's Spirit which is everywhere; and wherever that Spirit abides, there is the spirit world.

THE power of a spirit that is free from misfortune is *pure will*; and then their rapidity of lightning, since that takes up time that may be measured by your chronometer. For thought there is no such division of time. It takes time, but of so slight a nature that you cannot measure it by any method of calculation upon earth.

THE new Life that is proclaimed to the world to-day, even above the sound of materialism and beyond the strife of intellectual pride, superior to the voice of bigotry and the bondage of the senses, is that the Spiritual Life forever even as now, and now even as forever, speaks, lives, thinks, and loves for humanity all the same.

THE spiritual world is arranged in forms of life and beauty, or in forms of darkness and shadowy vapor, according to the development or knowledge and goodness of the spirit that inhabits it; and just in proportion to the knowledge, the goodness, the spiritual culture of the spirit in this life, so will be its degrees of habitation in the next world.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISING RATES.

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All communications for the Editor, books for review, &c., should be addressed F. GERRY BROWN, Office of the *Spiritual Scientist*, 9 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

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THE MYSTERIES OF SPIRIT CONTROL.

In a recent editorial of "The Boston Herald" is the following: "A 'No Popery' party is springing up in the very midst of our Spiritualist brethren. It is even claimed that their great organ, 'The Banner of Light,' is subsidized and under the control, through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant, of Roman Catholic spooks. It is also alleged that Mrs. Conant is a Roman Catholic. But the 'controlling intelligence' at her seances is often Theodore Parker and sometimes a Jewish rabbi, and they indulge in some very uncanonical utterances, but perhaps they are Jesuits in spiritual disguise. If so, they should be sternly frowned upon by all progressive believers in the new philosophy."

The above is by no means a new or unfamiliar statement, and the inference may be a logical one when the facts are considered. Mrs. Conant, *nee* Crowell, was, we understand, in her earlier years, a Catholic. According to the Spiritual Philosophy, she, being a Catholic, would attract similar influences; being a medium and controlled, it would follow that the controlling influences were Catholics. Having thus premised, it need only be remembered that persons carry their individualities into the Spirit World, and sometimes seek to perpetuate or continue their earth life work, and we have a medium controlled by Catholic influences, which endeavor to protect and advance the interests of the Roman Catholic Church.

This might be done in various ways: an Influence could, through its medium, give forth communications purporting to be from Tim, Pat, Mike, Dennis, or any other individual, the counterpart of whom probably never existed in this age, and consequently has no friends or relatives to recognize his return; the readers of the messages would therefore wait in vain to see that Tim, Pat, Mike, or Dennis, or any other individual, identified; if, having watched and waited, such cases accumulate and identification is rare, naturally the investigator would become disgusted with such frivolity, and possibly with Spiritualism itself, if it had nothing better to offer.

Again, these intelligences could masquerade through the medium as individuals who once lived and graced with their accomplishments the literary, scientific, or religious world; their assumed character, by its prominent name, would draw together a corresponding class of minds seeking to derive benefit from its spiritual experience; this false Intelligence might then purposely, or through inability, give forth nonsensical answers to geographical, scientific, or religious questions. It would naturally result that any free thinker or average mind would denounce

either the medium or the Spiritual Philosophy, and perhaps both, as unworthy of notice; for has not their honored favorite been misrepresented and maligned? Would he have such palpably absurd ideas either in or out of the flesh?

If happily the Investigator from other sources should have obtained more convincing proofs of Spirit communion, and, continuing his investigations, should actually meet his honored favorite and become convinced of his identity, he would be somewhat surprised to hear him declare that he had never manifested himself or given such answers as credited to him. This Investigator might seek to satisfactorily explain this extraordinary phenomenon; but his decision as to the identity, in either case, would soon be arrived at and be unmistakably correct.

Some Investigators, however, being prominent in Spiritualism, would accept the infallibility, the reliableness of this medium so "spiritualized" that any and all intelligences could manifest through her: or, if they differed, and this person was sufficiently powerful to send them into retirement, they would probably harmonize matters by defining it as one of the "Mysteries of Spirit Control."

Have we a right to give to the people as spiritual that which we know is not? Should we foster deception in Spirits if we know it to exist? Do we deteriorate in intellect on leaving the earth body? And if we do not, why can some other intelligence personate us to our discredit, and why are we personated? And if we of the material sphere know of this difference, shall we not seek to discover an explanation? It is not even essential to the philosophy.

Candid investigation and honest criticism will help wonderfully to explain unreliable communications and other incongruities of spiritual phenomena. It is these "Mysteries," as well as "Jesuits in spiritual disguise," which should be "sternly frowned upon by all progressive believers in the new philosophy."

THE TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.

A contemporary says, "A newspaper and a newspaper editor that people don't talk about, and sometimes abuse, are rather poor concerns. The men and business that an editor sometimes feels it a duty to defend, at a risk of making enemies of another class, are often the very first to show ingratitude. The editor who expects to receive much charity or gratitude will soon find out his mistake; but he should go ahead, and do what he conscientiously thinks right, without regard to frowns or smiles."

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

AN evening paper of Monday gave, through its special telegram, what purported to be an interview with Vice-President Henry Wilson, in which he is credited with announcing his disbelief in Spiritualism and the reliability of Mrs. Holmes as a physical medium; also that he had seen more wonderful manifestations in the West. These statements, however, do not correspond with the remarks which he made at that seance. "I have never seen anything like it," said he; "it is perfectly incomprehensible."

OUR "Spirit Teachings," with the word "heaven" substituted for "spirit world," and our "Thought Subjects," make very readable "Pearls" for some of the religious papers.

WE would impress upon associations, desiring to secure the services of an able lecturer, the name of Prof. J. H. W. TOOREY. His diction is forcible, his delivery easy

and attractive, while the subject matter of the lectures is interesting, entertaining, and instructive. A list of subjects—scientific, spiritual, &c.—will be sent on application; or should others be desired on any special topic of interest, he has facilities for preparing them.

We return thanks to Dr. George Sexton, editor "Christian Spiritualist," of London, Eng., for favors received.

If the candid and impartial editor of "The Investigator" is not careful, he will soon be a Spiritualist. He admits in his last number that the "piano moved," and evidently he is not only willing, but intends to investigate further. We truly hope he may receive that light which shall enable him to explain "how" it moves.

ONE of our Brunswick, Me., subscribers, L. A. Randall, has taken the trouble to attest the John Fitzgerald second-sight case, published in our issue of October 8th.

GERALD MASSEY'S "TALE OF ETERNITY."

POETRY thus far has been a splendid promise,—a glorious prophecy, rather than a fulfillment. Its finest pictures of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, come too often to the mind "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" to meet the demands created by its own ministrations. For here, as in other departments of Art, the thing suggested transcends the performance, and gives such "glittering generalities" as "the poetry of motion" and "frozen music" for the graces of posturing and building. Written poetry, therefore, should be finest and truest thought set to richest utterance,—a common necessity belonging to all Art, suggesting such proportions and combinations of thought and feeling as blend in bringing glad and gladdening surprises to the mind.

To say this, however, is only to acknowledge that the *ideal* is still above the actual, and to confess with increasing wonder the immensity of Nature's resources over the fullest expressions of Art. Gerald Massey is free to make this concession to the majesty of Nature, when he says,—

"No revelation of the written word
Will render all the spirit saw and heard,"

though "Man is an instrument (to use the fine expression of Shelley), over which a series of external and internal impressions are driven like the alternations of an ever-changing wind over an Aeolian lyre, which move it by their motion to *ever-changing melody*."

Prominent among those who have approximated to this finest and best utterance, is Gerald Massey. Like Burns, Hood, and Eliza Cook, the language is rich, earnest, and bold. In his earlier writings, the emotional, the radical, and the reforming sense of the age is made so prominent that it startles the dreamer, while refreshing the thinker. Keenly alive to the limitations of our so-called civilization and the positive defects of society (his own life a poem of heroic endeavor), he seeks for, and generally succeeds in finding, the *silver lining to the cloud*. Believing in the Golden Age of the future, he appeals in the name and by virtue of all that is real in the good, better, and best sides of human nature for the development and dawn of that "good time coming." Plenary with finest feelings he culminates in idealisms, the moral of which is—

"This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love,

no matter how sad so ever the subject of his Muse.

The "Tale of Eternity," however, is more thoughtful and seemingly *less* emotional than the more spontaneous utterances of his youth. Experience and culture have taken him from the sphere of feeling to the world of thought, giving analytic rather than emotional tints to his pictures. Thus conditioned, he shares with Milton, Young, Cowper, and Thompson the desire to explain the mysteries of "The Divine Drama;" but inspired by the civilizing influences of *his* age, he reflects the consolations of a better life, and sings of hope, harmony, and happiness where they were wont to find and leave discord and *despair*. He concludes his survey of Eternity with the bold declaration,—

"God save me from the Heaven of the Elect,
Who half rejoice to count the numbers wreck'd!"

and supplements the revelations of the narrative with the *basic* thoughts of his own hopeful outlook. He says,—

"I think Heaven will not shut forever more,
Without a knocker left upon the door,
Lest some belated Wanderer should come
Heart-broken, asking just to die at home,
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And looking on His face that soul shall live.

"I think there will be watchmen through the night,
Lest any, afar off, turn them to the light,
That He who loved us unto life must be
A Father infinitely Fatherly;
And groping for Him, those shall find their way
From outer darkness through twilight into day."

Besides the "Tale of Eternity" there are poems, hymns, and songs, all expressive of a reverent trust in the good of Humanity, and a no less marked respect for the ministry and majesty of Nature; whose many-phased relationships he celebrates in Motherhood, Fatherhood, Childhood, and the heroic tenderness that labors to endear each to each in sunshine and in shade. Many of these utterances find dress in language made familiar by the usages and theories of religion, and may be to that extent objectionable to some, while others will sense Nature all the closer by the aid of such selected expressions. The dress of the entire volume, however, seemed unavoidable, as the make up is *spiritual* rather than social or political. Still the noble deeds of the heroic find place, and one of the most naturally expressed is "An Old Man-of-War's Man Yarn."

The entire dress of the book is in keeping with the well-known good taste of James R. Osgood & Co., and must soon be recognized by the public as a welcome addition to their other well-known and highly-esteemed publications.

Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.: A Tale of Eternity and other Poems. By Gerald Massey. Pp. 376. \$2.00.

SHORT-HAND NOTES.

THE butt which the Republicans put against the Democrats—Talbot. . . . NATIONAL banks are popular throughout the country, but Gen. N. P. Banks appears to be equally so hereabouts. . . . APPARENTLY we have a genuine Jewell in the Cabinet. . . . BRICKS in a building are quite the thing, but in a hat they are quite another thing. . . . QUITE a feat to achieve—No. 13s. . . . THE Back Bay region is very likely to assume a front interest during the session of the next Legislature. . . . THERE is a general belief that the American people are lectured too much. Not a few husbands are of the same opinion. . . . THE heroic advice to "keep a stiff upper lip," is as old as the hills. But what are men to do who have such a monstrous heavy mustache? ADAM SMITH, the political economist, used to say that people could not keep too many pokers in the fire. Wonder if he included the game of poker? THE effort of the school committee to infuse a little lively woman's blood into that ancient, fossilific institution, is highly commendable. Let the progressive members persevere. . . . REV. DR. LORIMER, of Tremont Temple, has got up a first-rate lecture about Boys. He believes in them. So do we in the girls. It is tit for tat, and tat is just as good as tit. . . . A LITTLE fellow, who don't exactly see it, wants to know why stocks are not rated at ma as well as pa. He will get the necessary light some day if he undertakes to operate. . . . NO STAKES at Beacon nor Mystic Parks half as nourishing as a nice sirloin. . . . TAKEN for granted, is an old and accepted phrase, but the country has for nearly eight years taken its President for Gen. Grant-ed.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH is regarded by many as commendable. We do not quite see it, but some do, even with their eyes shut. It is so nice, they say, to doze in the presence of a well-dressed congregation, and under the ministrations, we will say, of Rev. Dr. Soporific. That distinguished preacher, who officiates at the brown stone church on Sober Avenue, is well-known as a solid man—very solid. His sermons are always profound and extremely—never mind. Not a few of his hearers give their assent by somnolent nods. Possibly it is natural. Nevertheless we think it commendable to keep awake during a sermon. It shows interest in what is going on. The speaker may not be as bright as the noon-day sun, but it is well to know what his howl is about. Accordingly we always try to survive what ever dulness may afflict us from the pulpit. It may encourage a bore, but it is good manners.

THOUGHT SUBJECTS.

No man has a right to be contented with any evils which industry and virtue can remove.

HE who receives a good turn should never forget, he who does one should never remember it.

THE human soul, like the water of the salt sea, becomes fresh and sweet in rising to the sky.

THE highest obedience in the spiritual life is to be able always and in all things to say, "Thy will be done."

WHATEVER rouses the moral nature, whether it be danger or suffering, or the approach of death, banishes unbelief in a moment.

BEWARE of the wounds of a wounded soul. Oppress not to the utmost a single heart, for a solitary sigh has power to upset a whole world.

THE brightest crowns that are worn in the next state of existence have been tried, smelted, polished, and glorified, through the furnace of tribulation.

THE fairest flower in the garden of creation is a young mind, offering and unfolding itself to the influence of Divine Wisdom, as the heliotrope turns its sweet blossoms to the sun.

SINGULAR enough, the signs and symbols of ancient worship have followed religion into the Christian Church; and singularly enough the periods of the year that are especially devoted to rejoicing, and are especially devoted to feasting among Christians, are the same periods that were formerly devoted to feasting and rejoicing among those not Christian; the symbolism being in the Christian Church spiritual, while in former days it was natural, or belonged to the worship of Nature.

SYMPATHY WITH NATURE.—Acting on a healthy spirit, the contemplation of the order of life and growth and constant change in material thing, would seem to be the surest instrument for breeding humanity and evenness of mind; for contemplation of Nature tends, above all other things, to fill people, who are susceptible of deep feeling of any sort, with awe; but few states of mind are so favorable as this of awe to the development of wide sentiments of beneficence. Awe, unless it be the servile awe of the gaping, uncultured clown, is one of the most endowing of all emotions; and no emotion has any title to be called noble at all which does not throw a man into deeper harmony with everything that is going on around him. To widen the circle of his sensibilities, and to discover the wisest means for making these sensibilities of use in the world, are the two great aims, though perhaps not distinctly realized, of the philosophic liver.

CIVILITY AND SUCCESS.

IT is true that it costs some men a much greater effort to be polite than others. It was said with bitter spleen of an English statesman, "Canning can never be a gentleman for more than three hours at a time." It is true, too, that there are times in every man's life when to be even coldly courteous makes an exhausting draught on one's patience; but silently to devour the many chagrins of life, and to maintain a respectful bearing towards others, even under vexation and trial, is not only a Christian duty, but worldly policy. Dr. Valentine Mott said wisely to a graduating class: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made—a large one to hold the insults and a small one to hold the fees." Hundreds of men have owed their start in life wholly to their winning address. "Thank you, my dear," said Lundy Foote to a little beggar girl who bought a penny-worth of snuff. "Thank you, my dear, please call again," made Lundy Foote a millionaire. Some years ago a dry goods salesman in a London shop had such a reputation for courtesy and exhaustless patience that it was said to be impossible to provoke from him any expression of irritability or the smallest symptom of vexation. A lady of rank, hearing of his wonderful equanimity, determined to put it to a test by all the annoyances with which a veteran show visitor knows how to tease a shopman. She failed in the attempt and thereupon set him up in business. He rose to eminence in the haberdashery trade, and the mainspring of his later as of his early career was politeness. It is related of the late Mr. Butler, of Providence, R. I., that he was so obliging as to re-open his store one night solely to supply a little girl with a spool of thread which she wanted. The incident took wind, brought him a large run of custom, and he died a millionaire, after subscribing \$40,000 toward founding a hospital for the insane—a sum which he was persuaded to give by Miss Dix, whom he was to polite too shake off, though almost as penurious as he was persevering.

PHENOMENAL

[For the Scientist.]

HEAVEN.

THERE glory beams on all the plains,
And joy for hope is given;
There music swells in sweetest strains,
And spotless beauty ever reigns,
And all is love in heaven.

There cloudless skies are ever bright,
Thence gloomy scenes are driven,
There suns dispense unsullied light,
And planets beaming in the sight
Illumine the fields of heaven.

TWO SEANCES IN LONDON, AND WHAT OCCURRED.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from London to one of our leading exchanges, says,—

Doing the external sights of London in all their solidity, impressiveness, grandeur, and taking a peep at the nether side of evil and of misery, we longed for an antithesis,—a balance-wheel for the mind,—and resolved upon the effort of exploring the invisible realm from this standpoint. We wished to know how far the imponderables could act over this dense, smoky centre of the universe, and what might be the latest intelligence from the spirit world, or the latest discovery of science in proving the existence of a tangible spirit world.

In our opportunity of investigation into the phenomena, we were limited, as the most celebrated mediums were out of London for a holiday. We were first introduced to Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, two young men from Chicago, who had given seances in that city for many months, and came to Europe to rest. But as there is no rest in a foreign country without money, they opened pleasant rooms in London to give seances, at a time when there was no competition, and were doing well.

Harry Bastian is a tall, slender, pale-faced young man; calm, complacent, subdued, with no indication of trickery about him. He was in an almost chronic condition of magnetic exhaustion, he said. The mediumship of Mr. Taylor was of a mental test character. He was the managing director of the circle. At this seance were twenty persons, all English and Scotch, except a young artist from Chicago and myself. Arranged in a close and perfect circle, each holding the wrist of the other's left hand, leaving the fingers of the right hand free, the medium Bastian sat in the centre of the circle, which happened to be so large that inquisitive and suspicious feet could hardly maul him and be true to the trust of his neighbor's left wrist. Though lords and ladies and baronets were the investigators, they were not all credulous to a point of negative politeness. On the floor was a guitar, a large sized music-box, and a trumpet. The room was examined, the doors safely closed, and the lights put out. The medium constantly clapped his hands in assurance that he was at his post in solid honor. The circle was a little noisy at first, with some sparks of fun, but presently a cold draft of air hit us like an iceberg. The watchful and shrewd artist would have said it came from the medium's mouth, but he was respectfully silent. It blew again, and pushed us a little. Then the music-box was dragged away from our feet, wound up, and commenced to play. It raised over our heads, and, with the rapidity of lightning, brushed around the circle several times, and dropped gently on the floor. This was not exciting, but the medium was in his place, every hand was clasped, and *what did it?* The guitar next took a turn of whizzing near the ceiling, beyond the reach of the tallest man standing up, if he had wished to reach for it, and fell into the lap of a Scotch gentleman at my left. He took to it with the gentleness and fondness of a convinced and happy man.

"Dinna ye feel it here?" he said to me.

"Oh, yes," I answered, "how did it get here?" Ah, how? It edged over on to my lap, and then lifted itself to the floor. A live guitar that! The strings thumped, and, after a while, thumped again, in perfect musical accord. It then flew around the room slowly, playing the sweetest notes, loud and soft, when it dropped upon the floor. My hand was grasped by cold fingers; other hands and heads were touched. Mr. Taylor described the presence of spirits standing here and there near some member of the circle, and each one felt, if not uttered, the inquiry, "I wonder who it is?"

"Just opposite to me," said Mr. Taylor, "behind the chair of the American gentleman, stands a soldier, straight and tall, and anxious. He was killed in the confederacy. He

wishes the gentleman to know that we live on, and begin life there as we leave it here, and that we carry our record with us. But that there is eternal progression into better conditions."

"Will you ask him for me," said the artist, "just how that music-box got round the room?"

Pause and silence. "By a more powerful force than gravity, he tells me," announced the medium.

I felt my wrist pressed significantly, and heard a quiet laugh. The trumpet was up in the air in a whirl, and close to our faces was whispered in struggling, gurgling tones, "Take this ocular proof as you can get it."

"Just give it to us in the light, if you please, and we'll try to form some correct judgment," said the artist.

There was silence then, when a ring was suddenly slipped on my second finger, and soon three different attempts were made to draw off my own. At the fourth effort it was gone, when somebody opposite said, "I have a ring,—a large one."

"Return it to me, and take this one away," I said, which was done as quick as my thought. The fingers had a warmer feeling than the first, but seemed unsinewy.

"Strike a light," said the trumpet; whereupon the gas was lighted. The medium was seen in a drooping, tired, worn-out condition, and moved out of the circle to recuperate his strength. Soon he was placed in a corner of the room, with curtain hung before him, when, in a brief space of time, in a dim light, several delicate looking hands appeared momentarily, and raps were heard, to which Mr. Taylor responded with the inevitable alphabet,—t-h-e-p-o- (guess the rest). "The power is gone?" "Yes," answered the power.

Again, and the letter "G" was signaled. Guess: "God bless you?" "No." Alphabet again. "G." "Go home," suggested the artist, in a whisper. "G-o-o-d n-i-g-h-t," rapped the invisibles.

We walked out, with one murmuring voice, who did not care for the fact that watchful, cognizant eyes should be so close to us.

"What good is it, anyway?" says he.

At another seance (non-professional), at the private residence of Mrs. Payne, the medium, a young and delicate girl, was placed in an extemporized cabinet. The room was lighted. A voice, sounding high above the medium's head, and very unlike a delicate woman's voice, gave a brief but unique sermon. The first utterance was, "What good is it, anyway?" I placed my hand on the head of my friend, to see in what position the ends of his hair might be, as that sentence of his was not overheard by any mortal.

"Coincidence," he whispered.

The substance of the talk was that subtle processes of nature were coming to light that would eventually be exercised for the greatest welfare and advancement of humanity. There was a conscious and unconscious power working upon humanity and moving the world, whether it will or no. It was sinful to resist this influence. Every mind should endeavor to understand and control this spirit lightning, or these occult laws, and bring themselves and the universe nearer to God.

A REMARKABLE BUT TRUE "GHOST STORY."

WE copy the following from a new book, published this week, entitled, "The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," by Eugene Crowell, M.D., the advance sheets of which have been kindly furnished us:—

The following narration I received from the lips of the two witnesses to the occurrences, Mr. and Mrs. B., with whom I am intimately acquainted, and for whose veracity I will vouch as I would for that of members of my family. I know no more truthful persons; they are intelligent and well informed, and up to the time these events transpired had no faith whatever in ghosts or so-called supernatural agencies. I will here copy from my notes, taken about two years after the occurrence of the events, and at the time they were related to me by them.

In the year 1869, a gentleman and his wife, without children, who had but recently arrived in Brooklyn, N. Y., rented a house in the southern portion of the city, into which they moved. The building stood apart, with no other buildings on the same block, and was an old-fashioned country dwelling, and had been vacant for some time when Mr. B. engaged it, without any knowledge of its previous history.

A portion of their furniture had been brought into the house, and Mrs. B., in the afternoon, was alone engaged in arranging it, when she was startled by the sounds of voices in the basement, apparently of persons engaged in a dispute. These, in a moment, were followed by a sound as of something falling to the ground. She thought some person had entered with her husband by the basement door, and that he had been assaulted, and under this impression she rushed down the stairs, only to find the basement empty, and the doors securely fastened from the inside.

She was not in the least superstitious, but was bewildered by the strangeness of the occurrence, and upon the return of

her husband, related the circumstance to him. Mr. B. smiled at the supposed hallucination of his wife, and nothing more was said about it until they sat down to their evening meal, when Mrs. B. jestingly remarked, "If there are ghosts here, I hope they will not begrudge us our food." Instantly three loud raps were heard upon the door at the opposite side of the room, which opened to the basement stairs, followed by

A GURGLING, CHOKING SOUND,

which, commencing at the door, seemed to continue and approach the table where they were seated. Here it ceased. Their supper, as may be supposed, was a hurried and light one.

They had arranged their bed temporarily in a room on the main floor, and, upon retiring, the door between their room and the next was left open, as also was the one opposite this, opening to the kitchen, and soon after the light was extinguished, all the covers to the stove openings appeared from the sounds to be dancing and jumping, while various other kitchen utensils were apparently thrown about the room. Mr. B. arose and struck a light, and entered the kitchen, where every article was precisely as it had been placed by his wife. He returned to bed, but had not yet slept, when suddenly they were aroused by the sounds of some heavy body falling upon the floor in the room above them. It seemed as if all the ceiling of that room had been thrown down at once. They both rushed up stairs, where they found all quiet, and the ceiling in perfect condition. No furniture nor anything movable had yet been carried into these upper rooms, and nothing was visible but bare walls.

This ended the disturbances for that night, and the next day Mr. B. repaired to the house of a friend, to whom he related his experiences. It so happened that this friend had some knowledge of circles for spirit manifestations, and he proposed that he with two other gentlemen should come over in the evening, and that they together with Mr. and Mrs. B. should hold a seance and see what would come of it. This proposal, after some hesitation on the part of Mrs. B., was agreed to, and in the evening the parties assembled, and seated themselves around a table, with their hands resting upon it. Raps were soon heard, and after a few minutes, upon inquiring who it was that had made the disturbances the previous night, the answer was given, "Aunt Jane S. made the noises." "Who is she?" was asked; when at that moment Mr. B. was seized with a sensation of choking, as if a handkerchief had been passed round his throat and tightly drawn, and the difficulty of breathing was so great that both he and the others were much alarmed for his safety, but it passed away as suddenly as it occurred, and then by the raps it was communicated that Aunt Jane S. (the name in full being given) formerly occupied that dwelling alone; that a Mr. J. and his two sons

HAD MURDERED HER

by choking her with a handkerchief, the object being to obtain her money; that it was the sons who performed the deed, while the father looked on; and that they had obtained all her money, excepting one deposit that had been made in a corner of the cellar, and if they would dig for that they could have it.

Upon this she was requested to move the table and to place it over the spot where the treasure was buried, supposing that by retaining their hands upon it she possibly might effect this; but great was their surprise when they saw the table arise in the air, free itself from their hands, and, passing over a moderately sized stove, descend upon the floor in one corner of the room. They then inquired further, and were told that the deposit was covered with short boards, and some pieces of old cloth, and the whole with earth.

The parties now left, Mr. and Mrs. B. with them, as they had determined not to pass another night in the house, after appointing the afternoon of the ensuing day as the time for exploration. When the hour arrived, provided with a spade, they all entered the cellar, and soon penetrated to boards and old cloth at the spot designated. These they removed, and one of the gentlemen present forced the spade further into the earth, when at this moment

A LOUD SEPULCHRAL GROAN

fell upon their ears. The spade was dropped, and each gazed wildly at the other, fully impressed that this was more than they had bargained for, but nothing more occurring they regained their courage, and Mr. B. took the spade, and in his turn vigorously forced it into the earth, but here another groan, if possible more unearthly than the former, fairly electrified them, while the effect on Mrs. B., who held the lamp, was to cause her to drop it, and they were plunged into total darkness. They were

"Five minds with but a single thought,
Five hearts that beat as one,"

as they started for the stairs leading from this abode of terror. There was no time for interchanging courtesies, and the only lady among them, Mrs. B., was the last to make her exit.

Mr. B. now made inquiries of the neighbors as to who formerly inhabited the place, when he was informed that for many years the sole occupant had been a woman, whom they called Aunt Jane S.; that she was exceedingly penurious; that she died suddenly, no one being present; that after her decease

SUMS OF MONEY WERE FOUND BURIED

under almost every tree, of which there were a dozen or more upon the place.

Upon inquiring about the Mr. J., whom the spirit accused, Mr. B. found it was the name of the person from whom he had taken the premises; that he had two sons, and that his sudden accession to wealth shortly after the death of the old woman had been a common topic of remark amongst his neighbors.

Noises and disturbances of one kind and another daily occurred while Mr. B. remained in possession of the house, but as they lodged elsewhere they escaped the nocturnal annoyances, and in about ten days they removed from the house altogether.

The question will arise in the mind of the reader, "Why did not Mr. B. take further steps to discover and appropriate the buried treasure?" This question arose in my own mind when Mr. and Mrs. B. related the story to me, and I made the inquiry, and the answer was, "We never believed in ghosts until then, and even then we saw nothing. All the evidence we had were the noises, movements of tables and other objects, and the rapping, but these, together with the suspicion that a murder had been committed, produced such a feeling of horror that we had but one desire, and that was to remove as soon and as far as possible from the place, and we have had no desire since to revisit the spot."

It may also be asked, "Why did not Mr. B. follow up the trail against Mr. J. and his sons?" The reply is: Evidence like this is not admissible in a court of justice; he did not consider the investigation of this case particularly his duty; not being a Spiritualist, he neither had faith in nor understood the philosophy of these disturbances and revelations, and prudently and naturally, being a stranger in Brooklyn, he desired to avoid all ridicule and trouble, and so abstained from action in the premises. There can be no doubt that when public opinion becomes more enlightened, and will tolerate the narration of such occurrences in society, that the ends of justice will often be promoted through similar revelations.

PROF. CROOKES AT HOME.

AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT'S PEN PICTURE AND OPINION.

OUR most interesting experience was an evening visit at the charming English home of Prof. William Crookes, the celebrated chemist, and editor of "The London Quarterly Journal of Science." His scientific character and great reputation for mental acumen seem not to have been disparaged by a four years' close investigation of the phenomena called Spiritual. He related to us in his clear, terse way some of the most astounding phenomena that had occurred in his own house, under the best test conditions possible to command.

He re-affirmed and particularized all the statements given in his late pamphlet, "An Inquiry into the Phenomena called Spiritual." The materialization of one form especially seems to have become a frequent and familiar light in his household; even photographed under the chemical light, dozens of times, an object with whom he had talked and discussed many questions. But he is not yet satisfied. He is waiting for more experiments, and desires to see some of our best American mediums. In the new work that is forthcoming from his pen on this subject the public will learn what he will not antedate. Mr. Crookes accepts the phenomena, but he is reticent about the explanation. He seems not quite ready for certain admissions.

"I don't know about the explanation," he says, in a slow, measured, thoughtful way, at which assertion his wife smiles significantly.

Mrs. Crookes is an extremely pleasing and very intelligent lady, who has very evidently gone over to the explanation of "spirit."

"What is it?" she asked. "It may be hobgoblin, fairy gnome, denizen of another planet," he said facetiously. "Hobgoblin or not," answered his wife, "the apparition was here, in this very room, looking at us with her luminous eyes, and touching us with her palpable hands, while the medium, Mrs. Cook, was lying over there in a deep trance, and I believe it to be a disembodied denizen of this earth."

"You certainly seem to have perfect balance of vision, and of character," I said.

Mr. Crookes stood leaning against the mantelpiece in a thoughtful attitude. He is quiet, silent, reticent; seems ever to be thinking so much that he forgets to speak until he finds us waiting. He is a very young-looking man, of tall, impressive presence, and reserved, forceful manner. You feel at

once that he is strong, and that he is great. Skeptics and scoffers may trust the investigations of Prof. Crookes on this "dangerous subject." No brain is clearer than his; no mind more unbiased; no searcher after truth, for truth's sake, more infallible.

"May we hope to see you in America?" I said, as we took leave.

"If I could," he responded,—"if I could only make an off-hand speech, perhaps I would; but I am not a speech-maker. I know what you Americans demand in this respect—"

WITH a belief in Spiritualism, we can realize to the full the sublime and heart-cheering words of Fichte: "The world of nature, on which but now I gazed with wonder and admiration, sinks before me. With all its abounding life and order and bounteous increase, it is but the curtain which hides one infinitely more perfect,—the germ from which that other shall develop itself. My faith pierces through this veil, and broods over and animates this germ. It sees, indeed, nothing distinctly; but it expects more than it can conceive, more than it will ever be able to conceive, until time shall be no more."

NOTES AND NOTICES.

JOHN A. ANDREW HALL.—The afternoon and evening meetings were well-attended, but the heavy state of the atmosphere seemed to interfere with the usual forcible control, yet nevertheless an instructive lesson was given. The control said that one of the objects of the Spirit World in communing with earth life was to give to man some little token of immortality that should inspire him to deeds of greatness, which should teach him to regard the wants of a fellow-being; to judge of his neighbor as he would desire to be judged in a like position. The Heaven of life was in a man's own soul, and when all had learned this truth there would be Heaven on earth as it reigns in the Spiritual World. In the spirit life the spirit found pleasure in tracing heaven's laws; it was a child of the Great Spirit, doing his bidding and fulfilling his work; aspiring for something it is sure to receive it. Man is crying out against the misery of his fellow-beings instead of relieving it; how many souls are ruined for the want of sympathy and charity. The blessings of earth life belong to no one, but to all; they are the gift of the Father to his children, and they should so receive them. Uncharitable judgment is stern remorse to the soul that makes it.

These meetings partake more of a service, as there is a regular order of exercises. The singing before and after prayer, and at the close of the address, is a noticeable feature. Appropriate selections are well-rendered by a quartette. Mrs. S. A. Floyd is the lecturer, and C. M. Huggins presides.

BOSTON SPIRITUALISTS' UNION, No. 1, held their usual sessions Sunday. The afternoon meetings are to be discontinued. For report of evening meeting, see "Our Latent Faculties," on page 75.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, No. 1, had their usual session, Sunday morning at Rochester Hall. The exercises were as follows.—Reading, "Parable of a Youth on his way to the Celestial City," A. J. Davis, by Alonzo Danforth; Declamations, Misses Florence Hull, Ella Carr, Lizzie Thompson; Duett, Saunders Sisters; Readings, Misses Hattie Wilson, Frank Wheeler; Song, Etta Bragdon; Reading, Mrs. J. B. Hatch. Report communicated by the secretary, W. A. Williams.

SEND for a circular, "A sure way to make money," to Adams & Co., 4 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—"The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," by Eugene Crowell, M.D. The following is the dedication: "To all liberal minds in the Christian churches who are disposed to welcome new light upon the spirituality of the Bible, even though it may proceed from an unorthodox source, and who dare weigh and consider, even though they may reject, the claim herein made for the unity of the higher teachings of Modern Spiritualism with those of early Christianity; this work is respectfully dedicated."

HOMES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM, aims at a reform in the right direction; there are too many ill-contrived, poorly ventilated houses now in existence, and their evil effects are plainly apparent in a race of people afflicted with disorders and diseases. The author not only tells where the evil exists, but shows how it may be remedied. The arguments are pleasantly disguised in an attractive manner by a correspondence between an architect and friend who intends building a house. It will interest and instruct not only those who intend to build or furnish a house, but also those which have homes; for many valuable improvements in finishing, furnishing, heating, and ventilating may be made at little or no cost, from the many suggestions which this book contains.

Boston: James R. Usgood & Co. Homes, and How to Make Them. E. C. Gardner. Pp. 314. \$2 00.

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THE SCIENTIST is devoted to the advancement of Spiritualism in its purest and highest sense, and nothing contaminating in its influence will find place in its columns. It has correspondents in England, France, and various localities in the United States, enabling the publishers to furnish fresh, interesting, and instructive news of the progress of the movement in all parts of the world.

It presents each week a comprehensive review of the progress of Spiritualism in its practical, scientific, philosophical and religious aspects. Its contents are sufficient in variety to suit all classes of minds attracted to Spiritualism and it endeavors to supply all that can interest an investigator in that deeply important subject—**MAN'S IMMORTAL EXISTENCE.**

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The following are a few of the notices which the SCIENTIST has received:—

The "Commonwealth" Boston, says: "It is published by a company, weekly, in 12-page form, and has articles of a sober and judicious character. It seems an effort to unite reverence and a rational religious faith with Spiritualism. There are many who will hail such an exponent."

The "Boston Herald," in its editorial column of September 11, says: "The *Spiritual Scientist* is the title of a new weekly paper, published and edited by Mr. E. Gerry Brown. We judge by the opening number that the editor proposes to make his paper the exponent of that better class of spiritualists who do not believe that every other form of revelation but theirs is false."

"Boston Traveler." "The *Spiritual Scientist* is the title of a new weekly paper, published and edited by Mr. E. Gerry Brown. Mr. Brown is a practical printer, and an active business man, well qualified to make an interesting paper."

"Boston Advertiser." "The *Spiritual Scientist*, a weekly paper devoted to the science, history, philosophy, and teachings of Spiritualism, made its first appearance yesterday. It is a twelve-paged, double-column sheet, of neat typographical appearance, and the contents of the first number give promise that the enterprise will deserve the hearty support of the community in whose interest it is undertaken."

"Boston Transcript." "The *Spiritual Scientist* is a twelve page weekly journal, published at 9 Bromfield Street; Mr. E. Gerry Brown who has for a number of years been connected with the Boston Press, being announced as its editor. It is to be devoted to the discussion and advocacy of the philosophy of Spiritualism in its highest and purest manifestations, and should be appreciated by the multitude of believers. The typographical appearance and general mechanical arrangement of this new journal is excellent."

"Commercial Bulletin." "The first number of the *Spiritual Scientist*, a weekly journal devoted to the science, history, philosophy, and teachings of Spiritualism, was issued on Thursday. It is a convenient, twelve-page, double-column paper, and presents a very neat appearance. Mr. E. Gerry Brown, the editor, has been able to offer a very interesting array of original and selected matter, arranged in suitable departments, and the new enterprise deserves the support of all interested in the doctrines it proclaims."

"Lawrence American." "The *Spiritual Scientist* is the title of a new journal, edited by Mr. E. Gerry Brown, late of the business department of the "Journal of Commerce." Mr. Brown is a thoroughly conscientious Spiritualist, a pleasant writer, and a genial good fellow. The *Scientist* is a twelve-page paper, and the first number betokens good-taste and ability. The believers in spiritual phenomena, and all who would be informed as to its best phases, will find in the new paper the most correct reports and scientific discussion of these matters. The publishing office is at No. 9 Bromfield Street, Boston, and the subscription price, \$2.50."

The "Haverhill Publisher" says: "It discusses in an able and candid manner the various phases of this modern doctrine which is moving the religious world to its foundation. It is well calculated to command attention from all who are interested in free discussion on all subjects pertaining to science and religion."

The "Quincy Patriot." "He is, in our estimation, capable of giving his patrons an able paper, as the field he enters is unlimited, giving him a grand opportunity to show his intellectual abilities. We would therefore call the attention of the many Spiritualists in this place to the SCIENTIST."

"Southbridge Journal." "The editor is a Spiritualist of sincere conviction; a genial, intelligent gentleman, and we wish him well."

"The R. P. Journal," of Chicago, says: "It is conducted in an able manner."

Scientist Publishing Co.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MEETINGS AND SEANCES IN BOSTON DURING THE WEEK.

JOHN A. ANDREW HALL.—Free Meetings, Sunday.—Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 2 3-4 and 7 1-2 P.M. The audience privileged to ask any proper questions on spiritualism. Excellent quartette singing. Public invited.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, No. 1, holds its session at 354 Washington Street, every Sunday at 10 1-2 o'clock. Wm. A. Williams, Sec'y.

BOSTON SPIRITUALISTS' UNION, at 354 Washington Street, on Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 1-2 and 7 1-2 o'clock. The public are cordially invited.—H. S. Williams, President.

LURLINE HALL.—Free Public Test Circles at 10 1-2 A. M. and 7 1-2 P. M. Thomas Cook, Chairman. Free Spiritual Lyceum Conference at 1 P. M. for young and old speakers, declamations, &c., &c.

MEDIUMS' MEETING at Temple's Hall, 280 Washington Street, at 10 1-2 A. M., each Sunday. All mediums cordially invited.

THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY will until further notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, 354 Washington Street, on Tuesday afternoon and evening of each week.—Mrs. C. C. Hayward, President; Mrs. Ella Meade, Secretary.

BETHOVEN HALL, rear of 413 Washington Street, near corner of Boylston Street. The Music Hall Society of Spiritualists will commence meetings Sunday October 11, at quarter to 3 o'clock, and continue through the season.

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