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DR. JAMES V. MANSFIELD.

His Grand Work as a Spiritual Medium.

BY J. M. ROBERTS.

For unknown centuries the masses of mankind, regardless of the mental, moral and social development to which they had arrived, were kept in ignorance of the momentous truths on which the Modern Spiritualistic dispensation of knowledge rests. In all ages, of which we have any recorded account, there were doubtless a few persons who were in more or less close communion with the spirits of earth's departed ones; but who either did not fully realize and clearly comprehend that fact, or who carefully concealed it from the masses of their fellow-men. Swedenborg was a noted example of the distinguished men who, though grandly gifted as a Spiritual seer and medium, failed to realize the great facts of the spiritual nature of man while yet in his physical form, and that the intelligences with which he communed were human spirits like himself. Hence the erroneousness of the teachings of that eminently gifted man, and the comparatively insignificant influence of his literary labors. Of those who long since realized and comprehended the momentous truths which Modern Spiritualism has given to the world, the Roman Catholic Hierarchy are the most notable class. Their dogmas concerning the purgatorial probation of the souls of their followers in the spirit-life; and the canonization of, and communion with the Saints, are all based upon those fundamental spiritual truths. Notwithstanding this knowledge, there has never been a time when that Hierarchy were more determined to prevent and suppress all general knowledge upon the subject, and never were they so sleeplessly engaged in devising measures to accomplish that unholy object.

It was not until beneficent spirits, led by Swedenborg, Franklin, Bacon, Washington and other mighty spirit intelligences, found means to penetrate the dark cloud that divided the world of Spirit from the mundane world that one ray of clear and unobstructed light from the spirit spheres reached the public eye. The date of that momentous event was the 31st of March in the year of Modern Spiritualism One (A. D. 1848). It was accomplished through the instrumentality of a child medium, a little girl, chosen from the "weak and foolish" ones of earth, to confound the "mighty and wise" ones of earth's inhabitants. That humble ray of supernal light was the harbinger of the coming dawn of that great Spiritual day which is now lighting up the long benighted surroundings of mundane humanity. That light has been rendered possible only through the sufferings and sacrifices of those Spiritual mediums who were willing to brave the hatred and persecution of an ignorant and uncharitable generation, and publicly consecrate their lives and labors to assisting their spirit friends to perform their grand and beneficent mission of spiritual enlightenment and mental enfranchisement. Among these public benefactors so unduly appreciated and so shamefully neglected, conspicuously stands Dr. James V. Mansfield, the subject of this necessarily too brief and inadequate notice. We are indebted to the *Spiritual Messenger* of December 1869 for the following facts.

Dr. Mansfield is a native of Southbridge, Worcester County, Mass. His paternal ancestry were English, one of whom immigrated to this country in 1600 and settled near Waltham, Mass. Until fifteen years of age he resided with his parents on a farm, laboring with his father and brothers on the farm during the spring, summer and autumn, and attending a country district school during the winter months. Aside from this he received no other schooling until he reached his twentieth year, when he attended an academical school for six months. From his fifteenth to his twentieth year he was sickly, with little prospect of a restoration to health. Seven times during that period he was given up by his family and physician to die. How far that season of physical debility and prostration served to give his spiritual nature that ascendency over his material nature, which has made him the extraordinary medium which has been so fully demonstrated in his long and eventful public career as a leading exponent of Modern Spiritualism, can only be conjectured. Most probably it was an efficient, if not a necessary preparation for the great work that was before him; although many incidents of his childhood and early youth seemed to indicate that he was born a-medium.

His health having been measureably regained in his twentieth year he, by reading and study prepared himself for a business life. When about reaching adult age he entered upon a clerkship in a country store, where he continued until he reached his twenty-second year. The next three years he spent in travelling and teaching penmanship in Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina and other States. Having returned to the paternal roof, he resumed his former occupation as a clerk. This, and merchandizing on his own account engaged his time for several years with varying fortune. At length he married and settled at Norwich, Connecticut. At that place, while in trade as a wholesale and retail dry-goods merchant, he was burnt out, by which he lost all his hard-earned savings.

It was some years subsequent to this, while residing in Boston, Mass., that the medial power of Dr. Mansfield began to unfold itself, especially in being able to write in reply to sealed matters addressed to spirits. Satisfied that he possessed such peculiar powers, he consented to gratify the public curiosity when it did not interfere with his business affairs. The fact that such a wonder could be performed, was soon heralded throughout the land and letters by the hundreds came swarming to him for answers. To these he wrote replies as he could find time to do so; but at length finding that it required nearly all his time to comply with these demands upon him, he was compelled to devote himself to this work as his business, and to charge for his services.



DR. J. V. MANSFIELD.

Here I feel called upon to digress for a moment, to notice the prevailing disposition of those who seek a knowledge of spiritual things to begrudge the mediums, whose services they seek, the pittance they require to eke out a stinted support. We cannot comprehend how any person who properly appreciates the vast importance to humanity, individually and collectively, of positive proof of the spirit life, should favor a course that would render public mediumship impossible; for where is the person to be found, who having the means to live independent of their mediumship, will without compensation, give their services to the spirit world and their fellow men. Where is the lecturer; where the editor; where the writer; or where is the medium in the spiritual field, who can or will make the sacrifice which such services require, without more or less pecuniary compensation? Is spiritual truth of so much less value than theological delusion, that its price can be estimated in dollars and cents? Is it any wonder that humanity groans under the exactions of sordid selfishness, when such a niggardly feeling prevails towards mediums? By far is it better to have a certain knowledge of your spiritual needs than to be possessed of the wealth of an Astor or a Vanderbilt. Why, then, begrudge the mediums the meagre compensation they ask for their inestimable services? Spiritualism can make but slow progress until Spiritualists show a more just appreciation of its value by a more liberal treatment of its public mediums.

Dr. Mansfield remained in Boston for several years, when, his fame having extended far and wide, he was prevailed upon to leave Boston and travel through the States, that the people might see the man who possessed this wonderful power. He then visited Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Memphis, and New Orleans, in 1859, '60, and '61. He afterwards went to California, where he remained for about three years. He then returned to the East, making the Overland passage by way of Salt Lake City. After a journey of five weeks he reached New York city, where he has since resided. During his travels he kept a journal of his experiences in the form of correspondence with his wife. These writings alone make sixteen thousand seven hundred pages of commercial note size.

To show that no person should be discouraged in seeking development in mediumship, because of the delay which may be experienced in reaching a definite result, it is well to note the following facts. At the first sitting in a spiritual circle, Dr. Mansfield was told, through another medium: "Sit one hour in fifty-four consecutive days and you will become a writing medium." With this instruction he complied, and on the fifty-second day his hand was mechanically moved to write. From such a beginning as that, Dr. Mansfield has been instrumental in throwing more light on the subjects connected with spirit-life, than all the theologians of Christendom combined have done in the past two thousand years. Tens of thousands of sorrowing and despairing hearts have been made eternally happy through his benevolent and generous intermediation between themselves and those departed dear ones whom they ignorantly supposed were forever lost to them. Oh! what a blessed mission has been his and how grandly has he performed it. If we were capable of envy we could not but desire the reward both here and hereafter, which is so justly his due.

Dr. Mansfield is in every sense the true Spiritualist, honest, faithful, indefatigable and useful. As a man he is genial, benevolent, kind, courteous, intelligent, well informed and companionable; his fine personal attributes being in strictest accord with his noble traits of head and heart. In his domestic relations Dr. Mansfield is all that it is possible for a man to be. It is in that relation that he stands most conspicuous. A more affectionate, loving soul, never beat in the breast of a husband, parent, or friend. It thrills one through and through to take his hand or look in that friendly face.

Dr. Mansfield is one of the most industrious and systematic men in his habits I have ever met, and performs an amount of work that is almost incredible. From early morning until late at night he is at his post. The magnitude of his correspondence may be inferred from that mass of manuscript above referred to, which was but a part of his work during only three years.

The philosophy does not not exist among mortals that can account for the phenomena displayed in Dr. Mansfield's mediumship. It is, of itself, amply sufficient to prove, beyond all question, the truth of Modern Spiritualism. His position is not an enviable one, for apart from his arduous labors, he is necessarily subjected to the condemnation of those who find they cannot dictate to the spirit-world through him and have matters to suit their ignorance and arrogance. From such persons Dr. M. has had the most unjust, unkind, and, often, untruthful things said of him and written of him. To his high-souled and sensitive nature this is a grievious burthen to him; but knowing the truth of the saying, "No cross, no crown," he works on steadily in the accomplishment of his great mission, leaving to time to remedy all the wrongs he is called to meet.

Through Dr. Mansfield sealed letters are rarely answered, the replies to which would disturb domestic peace, or advance purely mercenary and selfish ends. It is strange how common a thing it is for those seeking communion with their spirit friends, to seek to approach them, by drawing those etherial beings down to the grovelling uses of mundane advantage; instead of trying to rise in their aspirations and desires to a point that will render that communion mutually grateful and profitable to both spirit and mortal. When will the seekers for spiritual truth learn the folly and fruitlessness of such unworthy motives. What would men and women be worth to themselves or their fellow mortals if they could escape the natural law which makes their earthly happiness to depend upon their individual efforts and responsibilities.

It is doubtless because the wise, good and powerful in spirit-life, know how absolute and necessary is that law that they will not allow any interference with it that they have it in their power to prevent. Hence it frequently happens that no answers can be obtained from spirit sources to letters seeking dishonorable, corrupt or selfish information; or if such answers are given they are deceptive, misleading or unsatisfactory. To censure or condemn the medium for this displays the unworthiness of those who thus ignorantly or wilfully condemn.

Many letters, trivial, false, deceptive and offensive have been sent to Dr. M. to be written to, but rarely without the writer getting "A Roland for an Oliver." Their sallies of mischief have been met and disposed of by a power that sees and knows the hidden thoughts and secret actions of men more thoroughly than they see and know them themselves.

Dr. S. B. Brittan, writing of Dr. Mansfield, says:

"A few days' leisure in the metropolis suffices to bring within the scope of one's observations a great number and variety of interesting objects which afford suggestive material for subsequent reflection. It is easy to find opportunities for pleasant interviews with many distinguished persons, and an inspection of a vast variety of rare and curious things contribute to people the mind with images of beauty and abiding memories of pleasant hours.

"Not only the spiritual investigator, but the ordinary seeker after the curiosties of nature and art, will perhaps find at the rooms of Dr. J. V. Mansfield, No. 61 West 42d street, New York, more to engage his attention and to increase his knowledge than any other private place in the great metropolis.

"The visitor finds Dr. Mansfield surrounded on all sides by a splendid museum of the rarest curiosities, many of which have personal and historic associations which render them objects of profound interest. Here are fragments of the accursed engines and instruments of the Inquisition; mementoes of savage chiefs; imperial personages; heroes of holy and unholy wars; distinguished authors and statesmen; illustrious martyrs and reformers; memorials of the founders of new forms of faith and worship; a stringed instrument upon which spirits play without mortal contact; jewels of the Order of the Templars, from the ruins of the holy city; crystals that reflect the world, and wherein seers discern the shadows of coming events; relics from buried cities; mosaics from the tombs of the Cæsars.

"Seated in the midst of these almost numberless objects of peculiar interest, having associations little less than world-wide, it is not strange that the spirits of many nationalities perpetually haunt the charmed precincts wherein the spiritual secretary is the central figure.

"It is a demonstrated fact, not only that objects revealed in the strata of the earth by a psychometric sense, connect the human mind with pre-historic periods; but every object of historic interest is a link in a chain of universal association—uniting the living and those whom, in the parlance of this world, we call the dead. The spirit of the author may come to us through his book; the soul of the painter may still illuminate his canvass; the sculptor may touch our spirits through the forms his hand fashioned; the spirits speak to us from ruined fanes and crumbling altars; the martyr from his cross; humble worshippers may inspire our reverence through the silent but eloquent symbols of their religion. Whatever the frigid victim of a soulless skepticism may think or say to the contrary, it is true, not only that all houses wherein men have lived and died *are* haunted houses, but any object that mortals have touched or breathed upon contains the subtle elements of a mysterious attraction that, ever and anon, may bring the enfranchised spirit back to the scenes and relations of earthly life.

"In this charming realm of curiosities and mystery, this world of beautiful objects and invisible realities, the reader may find the serene spirit and comely personality of the man who has come to be known far and near as 'The Spiritual Post Master.'

"For twenty-five years this disciple of a living gospel has been known and his character respected among those who have prayed for more light on the profound questions that relate to the destiny of man. Inquirers have come to him from every quarter of the globe, and through his mediumship have been born of the spirit into the sublime realities of the new hope and life. During the long period of his mediumistic experiences more than two hundred and forty thousand communications have been written by spirits of another world through his hands, and still that hand has not lost its cunning. The early spiritual fire yet sparkles in the clear eye with the genuine warmth of a tropical affection, though the snows that cover over the highest mountains and glitter in the light of a declining sun are not whiter than the locks of this faithful servant of his race."

It is with feelings of grateful pleasure that I have it in my power to lay before the many thousands of readers of MIND AND MATTER this imperfect tribute to this most excellent and useful friend of humanity. To him, as I have before said through these columns, I owe the greatest blessing that ever fell to the lot of man; and that is a positive knowledge of a continuous and never ending enjoyment of a conscious existence, while yet occupying this transitory state. For twenty-five years the spirit hosts were flooding the world with facts sufficient to have convinced a world of frank and unprejudiced people of their great mission to the earth; and yet I, in my pride of opinion and stiff-necked ignorance, persistently rejected their blessed efforts to reach my deadened spiritual perceptions. Such was the state of affairs when my venerated spirit parents found, through my brother, the opportunity to influence me to visit Dr. Mansfield. In the space of an hour and for the insignificant compensation of five dollars, through Dr. M., those beloved and honored parents succeeded in bestowing upon me a treasure with which the wealth of the Indies would be as nothing to me. Do not wonder then that I love this benefactor with the deepest fraternal love, and that in my heart of hearts I invoke heaven's choicest blessings on him, and those who are so dear to him, wife, children and friends.

The following extracts from an article, by the pen of a highly competent writer, explanatory of the manner of conducting the correspondence with the spirits of the departed through Dr. M. must close this paper. He says:

"The usual course of those who send by mail is, to address interrogatories to some deceased friend, and to seal them as securely as possible from human sight, using the various means which the skill of each writer may suggest. Indeed, every method which human ingenuity is capable of is used to keep the medium from reading the contents, and to detect him in case he should attempt to unseal or in any way remove the envelope. Some enclose the letter in three or four different envelopes, sealing or pasting each as firmly and securely as possible. Various opaque substances are used to conceal the contents. Some sew the packages with peculiar thread and stitch, while others will make the letter and envelopes a solid mass by the application of paste, and still others place in the inside of the covering some minute object, so that the package cannot be opened without disturbing it. Some of the most ingenious devises have been resorted to; indeed, it would seem as if nearly every person who attempted to test this matter believed he alone was capable of detecting the medium in his wiles, and giving an explanation of the whole affair, notwithstanding all that has been published relating to his strange powers. And yet, to Mr. Mansfield, it is all the same whether the letter to be answered comes in a single or double envelope; whether it is filled with traps, dots, marks, or pasted in one solid mass. He submits each to the same process as its turn comes. He lays the envelope containing the interrogatories on the desk before him—and these letters often come to him without any address, being enclosed in an envelope and addressed to the medium—and placing his left hand upon it, sits patiently, awaiting the influence which shall move his right hand to write the reply. * * * It is but simple justice to Mr. M., to say that his acquaintance should be made, and his manner of answering sealed letters carefully and critically observed. Until such knowledge is had no man has a right to pronounce upon the wonderful powers with which he is unquestionably endowed."

The cut which, through the courtesy of Dr. Mansfield, we are enabled to present to our readers is a good likeness of him, save only that the artist has failed to bring out the expression of his speaking eyes, which is so marked a feature of his noble and sympathetic countenance. We feel proud of the friendship of this oracle of the spirit hosts.

For Mind and Matter.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

T. P. NORTON.

All hail! Blest morn; when souls awake to join
Creation's filial throbbings of delight,
With loud Thanksgiving anthems to His praise,
Who gilds their rising incense with the light.

All hail! Auspicious day; when heaven stoops,
And smiling an indulgent audience gives
Its children. While all Nature's offspring thrill
With joy through every instinct of their lives.

And shall not man outvie with meaner things,
Which yield their purpose to Almighty power?
And rise above the feet of earthly gods
To give the homage of a wiser hour?

Shall pampered man in sullen silence gorge,
And sleep to fatten on ingratitude,
While all the notes of Nature's harmonies
Respondent rise to heaven in thankful mood?

Nay! rather that our mother Earth should blush
To own a stigma, whereon once she smiled;
Disgraced, to more congenial spheres retire,
Forever barren to a thankless child.

Or that the Sun should in amazement stand
Aghast, and blacken, till the cords are rent
Which held an ingrate in its fond embrace,
While earth to dark oblivion is sent.

Or wiser still, to humble, finite view,
Had souls ne'er animated human forms,
Then would their heaven be filled with listless joy,
And all their sorrows naught but that of worms.

Yet while man's flesh is kindred to the worm,
He still may boast a spark of the Divine,
By whom the earth is bid to teem again,
In token of a Father's fond design.

Peace smiles upon the once discordant state;
War's heroes dazzle but in empty name;
While peaceful arts, and true benevolence,
Signal the path to more enduring fame.

Unnumbered blessings marked our past career,
And brighter hopes our future gild. So may
Our souls arise above a passive praise,
And heavenly echoes greet our songs to-day.

VIEWS AFOOT.

INDIAN GRAVES ON THE STOCKBRIDGE HILLS—A RACE OF GIANTS—DANIEL SKENANDOA, AN INDIAN, AND HIS HOME—A MODEL POSTOFFICE.

BY JAY CHAAPEL.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 5th, M. S. 32.

For Mind and Matter.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy, for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us; or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

It was a warm afternoon, the last week in August, that, satchel in hand, I walked out of the little village of Munnville, Madison County, N. Y., accompanied by a genuine Yankee boy whose faculties shone as bright as the sun that poured his hot rays over our perspiring heads. I had engaged him for the afternoon to guide me to some caves, Indian burying grounds, and other objects on the East Stockbridge hills situated in the vicinity of the village.

Since then varied scenery and objects of deep and thrilling interest to all lovers of nature have flitted daily in kaleidoscopic visions before me. We wandered slowly along up a winding road by the side of a ravine in the hill, which at this point is adorned with rough gray ledges of rocks and a charming forest of native trees. Near the top of the hill, and within a rod of the road, a little rivulet or brook—after the heavy rains of Spring and Autumn—goes foaming in torrents fifty feet down over huge limestone boulders. The bed of the stream before it reaches the fall is full of large, flat dark-brown rocks of fine grain and very hard; several of them containing what many persons suppose to be the tracks of human beings and other animals. The indentations resemble very much the footprints of men, women and children, two or three appearing to be the tracks of a woman who wore a shoe of a pattern similar to the cuts of those worn one hundred years ago. A number of the impressions seem to have been made by the unshod feet of the horse, others to have been made by cattle and the deer. Whether the action of the water in the ages past have made these singular impressions, or whether they were made by animals when these rocks were in a state of clayey consistency thousands of years before Columbus discovered America is a problem not easily solved.

A short distance from this point in the forest, where the quiet stillness was only broken by the wild notes of mimicry of the blue-jay, whose white coat is richly trimmed with bright violet and sky blue, are several openings in the earth leading to caves; but owing to their dampness, and the sharp rocks that impede the progress of the explorer, they are seldom visited. Frank, my boy guide, said that he, accompanied by his faithful dog, Carlo, for two hours one day scrambled through the gloomy labyrinths; but the farther he penetrated, the more dismal and difficult his passage, so he gave up the unpleasant journey. Where these caverns are, seem to have been once the bed of a mountain stream which some great convulsion of nature, centuries ago filled up with rocks and debris from the ajoining hills.

The township (Stockbridge, which is an old Indian town) is traversed by two ranges of hills from five to eight hundred feet high, on each side of the Oneida creek; their sides being of such gradual slope that they are dotted all over with beautiful and productive farms and pleasant dwellings, from which one has a most enchanting view of the valley and stream, which empties into the Oneida lake twelve miles away—that being also plainly visible, her waters looking like a silver ribbon stretching far away to Lake Ontario. The sinuous course of Oneida creek is marked by numerous places of interest, the most prominent being that of the Oneida Community, to which at a future time, if stregnth permits, I shall devote a long letter.

Before the stream enters this valley, which reminded me of the Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, it rushes over a series of falls and rapids that during the Summer months attract numerous visitors to their sylvan retreats. I wandered through groves of wonderful beauty, and across fields where oats, barley and hay were being cut and housed by men with sun-browned, manly faces and strong arms; many of them with minds greatly superior to most of the men who so disgrace our State and National council chambers.

For miles along the sides and on top of this East Hill nearly every farm house contains stone and iron tomahawks, stone and clay pipes of unique form, beads of various shapes and materials, stone pestles, kettles of brass and copper, and other articles taken from the ancient graves, which also contained skeletons of an immense size, found in a sitting posture with their faces toward the west.

I saw the bones of one of these giants which, when clothed in flesh and blood, and walking with pride and undisputed sway over those fair hills, must have been over seven feet high. Numerous others have been found equally as large. On one farm the bones of one of those brave fellows was found under the roots of a tree whose concentric circles counted three hundred and fifty years. Another farmer has a long chain made of the numerous iron hatchets found while cultivating his fields, after the strong hands and giant arms that used them had been lying in the earth, and a forest of massive trees from three to four hundred years old had spread their branches over them.

It is sad to think that many of these relics and mementoes of a noble race have been scattered and carried off by curiosity hunters. Had the farmers taken a little more thought and time in saving them, and had their ministers been intelligent enough to have suggested such a thing, instead of talking Sunday after Sunday about imaginary atonements and everlasting punishments, the people of the town might now have had a fine museum building filled with those interesting and instructive remains of an aboriginal race. As it is, most of them lie scattered about in promiscuous confusion; though to the honor of one man, be it said, he has taken some pains to collect quite a quantity, and to keep them in a room of his house in some order.

There are numerous evidences in that immense burying ground to prove that a race of people once inhabited this country much farther advanced in civilization than the Indians were when the whites first came among them after the landing of Columbus. The writings of the ancient travellers, and the Jesuit missionaries, as well as the line of mounds and earthen parapets to be found, from the shores of Lake Ontario to the Rocky Mountains, also go to prove it. Charlevoix, a French writer, who visited the Indians there in 1652, says that, "a people larger and stronger and better formed than any other savages who lived south of the Huron country were visited by the Jesuits. They were called the Neuter Nation, because they took no part in the wars which desolated the country, but in the end they could not escape entire detruction, though they were at peace with both the Hurons and Iroquois."

No doubt one of the great battles which effaced this race from off the earth transpired on this East Hill, where the student and admirer of nature pauses in wonder at the beauties around him, and which is a most fitting place to receive messages and impressions from the Indians, who have ever from their spirit homes, taken such a deep and lasting interest in the welfare of the whites, notwithstanding the many deceptions and wrongs practiced upon them. Wrongs of such intolerable magnitude, that every honest investigator blushes with indignation at the mere mention of them. The shameful and cruel treatment visited of late upon the Poncas and other tribes, by the ruling powers at Washington, is a standing disgrace to a land boasting of liberty and justice. It is a conspicuous and humiliating fact that the Indian Ring, composed of contractors, inspectors, agents, traders, and half civilized politicians, have been organized for years to defraud the government, and rob and scourge this weak and unfortunate race, who have for the last four hundred years been driven, step by step, from homes, which nature assigned them, and which were as beautiful as the human mind can conceive of. These oppressions and cruelties have been practiced without the least interference on the part of judicial or other tribunals, until we, as a nation, are dishonest, and one is quite ashamed to be called an American.

One evening, just as the light of a hot August afternoon was departing, dusty and tired, I arrived at the home of Daniel Skenandoa, in Lenox township. He is the chief or principal man of the Oneida Indians living on their reservation in the Oneida Valley, about four miles from Oneida village. The house, a two-story cottage, with an L, painted white, stands on a beautiful plat of ground, surrounded with fruit and ornamental trees. I rapped at the door and two little Indian boys of five and eight years, with piercing black eyes gleaming at me in wonder, answered my call and directed me to the barn, where I found their mother milking. As I approached the barn, the pleasant and softly modulated tones of a woman in broken English greeted me with—"Who be you, man?" I told her my errand, that I wished to get information about the Indians, and that I would like to remain with them over night. She replied, "My man be gone to pasture with horse, he be back soon and we see." I took a seat on a wooden bench under an apple tree and waited for her to finish milking and the return of her "man." As I sat there in the warm hazy atmosphere, my mind ran back to the time when the ancestors of this man owned all that beautiful valley, before the sound of the woodman's axe had penetrated the primeval forest, and before we had any railways, ocean steamers, telegraphs, reaping or mowing machines, or the vast number of improvements that have been given us in the last hundred years. What a wonderful change I thought, as the words of Mrs. Sigourney flashed through my mind:—

"Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished,
From off your crested waves;
That midst the forest where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out."

Skenandoa soon came back, held a brief conversation in Indian with his wife, invited me to the house and into the kitchen, which was quite as pleasant and as well furnished as the most of farmers' kitchens, tossed his broad-brimmed straw hat on the table, and wiping the great drops of sweat from his dusky, unwrinkled forehead, directed me to a seat with a composure and graceful dignity seldom found among common farmers.

He is a broad-shouldered, heavy-built man, with massive arms and hands, well developed head, a pleasant face, large mouth, with full lips and more ruddy than you often find on a man of forty, though he is sixty-nine.

His wife, Phebe, as she was preparing me a bowl of fresh milk and bread and a piece of pumpkin pie, cast on me furtive glances from a pair of eyes of the most piercing blackness I ever beheld. She was, no doubt, weighing me in her mental scales. She is a great-grand-daughter of the celebrated and cruel Indian Chief, Joseph Brandt, whose Indian name was Thayendenagae, meaning "Bees close together."

She is a strong, healthy-looking woman, quite neat, and like most of farmers' wives, works very hard. They gave me a pleasant carpeted room and a neat corn-husk mattrass to sleep on. In the morning we had for breakfast broiled mackerel, fresh poached eggs, potatoes, excellent bread and butter, tea and coffee, etc. It was prepared so much better than many of the hotels do it, that I was pleasantly astonished, particularly so when I remembered that from early youth I had been taught by our ministers, doctors and lawyers that these people were nothing but dirty, low and cruel savages, who could not be civilized.

Their little parlor is furnished with a hair-cloth sofa and chairs, a centre table, with a Bible in the language, chromos and photographs on the walls, and an organ, which Lucy, one of the daughters, plays, she having, through the kindness of Gerritt Smith, attended school for a number of terms at the Cazenovia Seminary.

He uses no tobacco or spirituous liquors, and, though living in the midst of a white population of perhaps the finest type on the continent, he has little communication with them; no more than is actually necessary in the transaction of their business, which is the same as that of their white neighbors—farming. Among themselves they use the Indian dialect entirely, and so it is with difficulty that they speak our language.

His eyes sent forth a beautiful light as he told me of a Centennial party he had at his house, and of the greatness of our Exhibition in 1876, and with a gentle pathos I have never heard excelled, he spoke of the following tradition of his tribe: In their travels across the country they were continually followed by a charmed granite boulder of immense size, and that, after many journeyings, it rested finally on top of one of the highest and most beautiful hills, where the eye took in at a glance a wide and varied scene that filled the beholder with a joy unspeakable. From this comes the name of Oneida or O-ne-i-ta, meaning "the people of the stone." "Onei" means stone and "ta" life, hence "living stone." They believed this stone had life and intelligence, and it is no more inconsistent than the belief in the cross, the atoning blood of Jesus, and the foolish and disgusting forms of baptism. O-ne-i-ta was accented on the third syllable, and spoken in soft, gentle tones. This unlettered old man could say it very sweetly. He also, in a soft, inspiring voice, which thrilled me with tender emotion, related the following beautiful superstition practiced among the Senecas. When a youg maiden passed away to the happy hunting grounds, they imprison some young birds until they commence to sing, they then talk to them in the most affectionate manner, caressing and covering them with kisses, hold them over the grave and let them go free, believing that they will neither close their eyes nor fold their wings until they have flown to the far away spirit land and delivered their loving messages to the beautiful spirit that has preceded them. He cannot read nor write, and his wife but very little, but he is a man of fine natural endowments, and had he not belonged to a despised race and been spurned and looked upon as anything but a "dirty Indian" by men greatly his inferior, he would have been a man of distinction and wealth in that valley.

There are fifteen or twenty families living on farms of their own on the reservation and, though constantly under the ban of the whites, are as good citizens, as a rule, as they are. The pestiferous grog shops and saloons of the whites have a demoralizing effect on some of them, the same as upon those who assume such ignorant superiority over them.

Skenandoa is descended from a long line of noble ancestry, his great-grandfather being the celebrated Indian Chief of the same name, who was born in 1706, died March 11, 1816, and was buried with many honors in the grounds of Hamilton College, at Clinton, Oneida county, N. Y., where a monument is erected to his memory. He was brave, wise and eloquent, and an unflinching friend of the Colonies in our Revolutionary War, and many times saved the settlements from massacre and plunder. Peter Smith, the father of Gerritt Smith, and John Jacob Astor, held him in high esteem, the former making long journeys into the wilderness with him, and it was through him that both these men laid the foundation of much of the large fortunes which they left.

His name will shine brighter and brighter as we progress in civilization, and knowledge of the nature of the Indians and other oppressed races.

After spending a day with my Indian friends I bid them adieu and walked across the valley to the postoffice, at Bennett's Corners, for letters, which were awaiting me.

I have seen some crude and odd postoffices in our country, and especially in the isolated Dutch districts of Pennsylvania, but I do not remember one that equalled this one in these particulars. The straggling hamlet is situated on a sandy plain, about half a mile from the Midland Central railway, and consists of three houses, painted white, including the Methodist Church, and several old-fashioned unpainted dwellings, a blacksmith shop, a saloon and a poor school house.

The yards of the houses are overgrown with weeds and unpruned rose bushes, fences down, pickets off and hanging by one old rusty nail swaying in every breeze, no sidewalks, and the scraggly thorn and clumps of willows crowd themselves far out into the lonely highway. A well, with an old oaken, iron-bound bucket stands in the street, which, from appearances, all the children of Israel must have stopped to drink from. The postoffice stands diagonally across the corners from the church and is an old, unpainted, clap-boarded building with a portico of rough pine boards. The front door, leading directly into the room where the mail is distributed, is also made of two pine boards nailed to two cross pieces of the same material and fastened, when the old postmaster is away, which is quite often, with a staple and trace chain with twisted links and an old-fashioned, rusted padlock. On the door was nailed a piece of tin on which was printed in gilt letters the following: "Dr. Cram's Fluid Lightning; instantly cures Neuralgia, Headache and all nervous pains."

A window with twenty panes of glass, six by eight inches, fronts the street, the light of the lower sash being completely excluded by old newspapers, with and without wrappers, envelopes of old letters mouldy with age and even corn-cobs packed in wild confusion on a shelf inside.

To all appearance they have been there, without the least molestation, since the organization of the first postoffice in that region.

On entering the room of the postoffice, the first thing that greets the visitor's eyes is a cross-legged, canvass-bottomed bed, or hammock, with an old-fashioned woolen coverlet similar to one our good old mother used to tuck around us on cold winter nights, many years ago. I at first thought I had got into the wrong room, but casting my eyes to the right I discovered a row of dusty boxes containing a few letters and the official dignatary behind them changing the mail. I seated myself on an old splint-bottomed chair and took an inventory of the room. It contained the bed described above, two splint and two wood-bottomed chairs, an old stool, a half bushel measure, a peck measure half filled with timothy seed, a hand-saw, an old axe, an old stand with an old iron candlestick and a half melted tallow candle spread out in hieroplyphics over the sides and bottom, two earthen jugs with fish and linseed oil in them, some corn in the ears and an old drum stove with two places for cooking, one of them containing an iron kettle so dirty and rusty I thought it may have been dug up from the ruins of Pompeii.

The walls were adorned or unadorned with flashy newspaper prospectuses and a piece of an old circus bill containing the picture of a blooming lady in the act of leaping through a hoop on the back of a horse. The postmaster is a bachelor of over seventy years of age, has held the office over thirty years, lives alone, and when the duties of the office do not particularly call him, he works a few acres of land which he is the proud owner of.

Co-operative Settlement.

BROTHER ROBERTS.—As you publish an independent paper for the elevation of humanity, through Spiritualism, I propose to all your readers who wish to aid in establishing a condition of society in which their will be no poverty or crime, in which people can live up to their highest conceptions of what a true life should be. All those who are ready and willing to assist each other to overcome selfishness by forming a co-operative settlement which may embrace the four social conditions, to wit: The Isolative, the Co-operative, as well as the Asspciative and Communistic homes, reserving land in the centre of the settlement for a park around which to erect the dwellings, having the farms and workshops in the rear.

In the Park, have a building to contain lecture room, hall for amusements, library, school rooms, etc.; stores and mills on the co-operative plan for the benefit of all. Those wishing to join such an association will please state their occupation, numbers and age of their family; what division in the settlement they prefer; the amount they are willing to invest. If any wish to aid by loaning money or take shares in the association, please address with stamp.

G. D. HENCK,
446 York Avenue, Philadelphia.

KIND WORDS.

E. A. Chapman, Lowell, Mich., forwarding subscription, writes: "I heartily approve of MIND AND MATTER. I did think so much controversy and bitterness needless, but I have come to believe your course in exposing Bundy & Co. all right."

Andrew Stone, M. D., Troy, N. Y., writes: "I hope you are prospering and doing well. I am glad you have the *backbone* to expose the rascality and moral want of honesty of Bundy. I have no confidence in his honesty; this conclusion is drawn from an experience of ten years' dealing with him."

Will C. Hodge, of Darien, Wis., forwarding subscriptions, writes: "Am glad you think you can afford to enlarge your paper, although it is large now, if quality is taken into consideration. Am sorry it is necessary to make such a fight, but having it forced upon us, think we would be cowards to do any other way."

Sarah F. Brooks, Auburn, N. Y., writes: "Please find enclosed a one dollar bill and nine cents in stamps for your paper for six months. Please send it to Mrs. Julia Webster, Auburn, N. Y. We should have taken it before, but were taking the *Banner*, but as our time is out we remit for your paper as we like the tone of it much the best."

W. P. Cravens, Princeton, Minn., forwarding subscriptions, writes: "I take the *R.-P. Journal* and the *Truth Seeker*, but I think John Bundy is getting too good for this world, and will have to go home and live with the saints. Perfection is insipid in this naughty world." [We infer that our friend means "this is sarcastic," as Artemus Ward would say.—ED.]

W. R. Frink, Salt Lake City, Utah, writes: "I think more of MIND AND MATTER than any other paper, because it dares to say and publish what it thinks about the Jesuits. It is fearful to contemplate the power and influence they have over millions of our people, and the *R.-P. Journal* is one of its most pliant tools, as evinced by its unwarrantable and cowardly attacks on D. M. Bennett, when he is where he cannot defend himself. In that it shows a meaner spirit than even Comstock showed. He had something of the Ute's apology, revenge while Bundy had not."

William Butterfield, Silverdale, Cowley county, Kansas, writes: "As the time of my subscription expires on the birthday of MIND AND MATTER, I thought I would enclose the price of next year's subscription, and more than that, you can count on me as a constant subscriber as long as MIND AND MATTER advocates the truth of Spiritualism and defends our mediums against the assaults of their enemies. I was the first subscriber for the *R.-P. Journal* in Cowley county, and I believe the last one; I took it for over five years and labored hard to increase its circulation, and at one time there were ten, if not more, subscribers to it, some of them only inquirers or investigators of the truths of spiritual phenomena, but they all were fully convinced of the hypocrisy and falsity of the editor of the *Journal*, and they have all dismissed it, and if there is one copy taken in Cowley county I am not aware of it. To many of its contributors I am indebted for many good thoughts, but if they have no other means of communicating their inspiration than through the *R.-P. Journal* I fear I shall not often receive their instructions, for I have thrown it away as an enemy's craft more than a year ago. If the *Journal* had been true to the cause it has professed to advocate there would have been to-day twenty-five yearly subscribers to it in Cowley county; if I am able to run about I will convince you of that fact by getting that number for MIND AND MATTER before the year closes. May MIND AND MATTER never try to take the honest seekers into the enemy's camp and leave them there as recruits in their ranks, but may it keep on in the course in which it started, never fearing the attack of the enemies of Spiritualism, whether they be traitorous fools or open enemies. With the angel world at its back it has nothing to fear."

MIND AND MATTER FREE CIRCLE.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

MONDAY, NOV. 17th, M. S. 32.

After an appropriate invocation the following questions were asked and answered:

Question. Is the account of the invisible world given in the book called *Life Beyond the Grave*, correct as far as it goes.

Answer. All mediums are subject to time, place and conditions. They cannot rise superior to their environments. All spirits in communicating with mortals have to adopt themselves to the atmosphere of this sphere, and whether they make their ideas plain or obscure will depend on this. They can only do the best they can. If a spirit desires to communicate with you, when you are sitting with a medium, it has exactly the same difficulties to contend with that you have to convey your ideas through one or more successive individuals. There is no one in this room who will whisper a sentence in the ear of the one next to them but who will find it is materially altered by the time it reaches the last one to whom it is repeated. I am only able to say this much concerning the work in question. It is true as far as that author understood the spiritual life and no further. No individual, however highly influenced by spirits, can state to you absolute truth. That is simply impossible. They can only state abstract truth as far as any spirit can influence and inform them. In this respect this work is true and in no other.

Q. Can you throw any light on the composition of the Four Gospels, and especially on their respective dates and authorship?

A. There is no person within the sound of my voice who, if they have a very small portion of this world's goods, but can inform themselves in relation to the question asked, if they desire to do so. Each of the authors of those Gospels taught as much truth as he knew, and when you read them accept as much of them as satisfies your reason and receive it; but do not take that which your reason rejects. As to dates, I might have an opinion, as a spirit, but it might not suit others, and should I state my opinion I could not prove my view correct. Therefore, I decline to state a thing that I do not know to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Q. Was our Lord a real or a mythical personage, or both?

A. This question can be answered from the Christ idea in history. That which does you good—that which purifies you inspirationally and aspirationally cannot but do you good in the end. If I were to answer this question directly I would hurt some person's feelings. But, in the language of Straus (?) who wrote a learned work on the life of Jesus and who sums it up thus, I will say: "The adventures of Jesus Christ are all depicted among the stars. In fact, the whole story is an astrological legend." Now, I in spirit am not prepared to confirm this assertion. But as far as I have progressed as a spirit I have never met that man or woman one drop of whose blood had any efficacy in it to save, more than the blood you have in you. Each individual must be the Saviour of himself or herself. Belief is nothing—right actions everything. If you would be redeemed in this root, or earth-life, see to it that you do it justice and you will be an angel in the hereafter. I might make my answer to this question a great deal longer—I might go into a desertation on myths and myth-makers, but it would not benefit those whom I am addressing. It is my purpose to instruct without antagonizing the views of those who may come here. I have marked out this course and I shall closely adhere to it.

Q. Are the interpretations of Scripture given in an article in MIND AND MATTER, entitled the "Literature of Spiritualism," correct?

A. That is another question that I will have to answer in the abstract. All persons reading a book, even if it is a novel, may see some golden grains of thought therein that may influence the whole of their lives. Some persons say, "I do not wish to read any book; it interferes with my originality." Other persons read all books that come in their way. I cannot commend this course for it has ended in making many learned fools. The persons who depend on others, for their knowledge of life, are like the mistletoe that clings to the strong oak. Think for yourselves—act for yourselves—depend on nothing that does not satisfy your reason; for, only when all minds are equally free to think and act will the redemption of the human race be possible. Whether this man's opinion or that is true you have nought to do with. You should have a judgment of your own and carry it out.

Q. How does the mind of man control his physical body?

A. That is a question that is certainly deep and one that would require much elaboration to answer it fully. A man has a spirit. This spirit acts through what is called the soul. The soul is the intermediate between the spirit and the matter on which that spirit acts. Ideas that start pure from the spirit, become more or less injured by passing through this soul frame. That is, they become as it were bruised. This soul acts exactly the same as those sensitive steel plates that I spoke of at the last circle. That is, it receives the impression from the spirit. And now as to the human will. It was necessary to make these preliminary remarks in order to express my understanding of the question.

How many times have you willed to do a certain thing. How many times in your lives have the ultimate achievements come short of what you intended. I think you will all admit that you have as often failed as succeeded in reaching all you willed to do. I think my view may be included in a few words. God or the Infinite, is working in harmony with all things, and individual desires must die in the presence of that controlling power. Through suffering and tribulation we learn. It is a bitter experience, but it is necessary to reach a correct knowledge of the conditions with which we have been surrounded by the Infinite. In fact, our *will*, when it works in harmony with Nature's laws it will prevail—when it is contrary to those laws it will meet defeat. So do not grieve if your will cannot be expressed in action, as you wish; for it is for wise ends that it is limited and defeated, and you will understand this more thoroughly when you become spirits.

Q. Why is it that spirits in controlling mediums are so frequently able to remember and state correctly, events long since past, when they cannot remember more recent events, or their own or other names?

A. This only occurs with spirits who communicate through imperfectly developed mediums, and not through those perfectly developed. For instance, Dr. Henry Slade, Charles Foster, Dr. J. V. Mansfield, will always give you names if they cannot give you anything else. If the identification of a spirit is necessary to you, if they can give you any important or unimportant fact that proves that they are present, I do not see why you should raise objections because they cannot give you names. It is the uniform experience of spirits that it requires more force to give a full name than is required for an hour's interview for the reason that to give these positive tests, the spirit has to make itself positive and desperately in earnest to force the name on the medium. A spirit, Henry Adkins, of Utica, N. Y., in conversation with me on this subject, said that in communicating with a brother of his, at a sitting which his brother had with Charles Foster, in that place, that in order to set that brother (Chas. Adkins) to thinking, he had to concentrate all his force to give the name; because he knew if he could give the name correctly he would gain the attention he desired. As a spirit looking over his brother's mental condition, he realized the importance of that test to him, and he worked for that one result. He said he knew it would not matter what other fact of his mortal life he might have given, if he did not give his name, his brother would not identify him, so he concentrated all his power on that name. But that name given has made a Spiritualist of that man. Some persons are satisfied with certain things, but others will not be satisfied unless they get something more definite. Now your spirit friends know your mortal conditions, and so do not be surprised if you only get the name. It may exhaust all the spiritual force that the communicating spirit can exert to give that much, so if you get no more do not be surprised,

This closed the questions and answers.

"I like to stand up" (the medium rising) "before an audience when I am addressing them, because in my mortal life my thoughts flowed more readily in that position. The man or woman who is truly noble must have a heart that beats for humanity. True nobility is not expressed in broadcloth suits and in diamonds; it is expressed in those humane feelings that will wipe away the tears of suffering. Oh! the beauty—the unfoldment—the grandeur of the spirit whose feelings go out and acknowledges all men and women to be its brethren and sisters. For such a spirit as that there can be nothing but immortal happiness in the life beyond. Some may say that fanaticism has been the curse of humanity. I say it has been the saviour of the race, because when you look upon those who are regarded as fanatics, and see their flashing eyes and hear the earnestness with which they speak, you know that they are true to their convictions—true to their inner sense of right, whether their views are right or wrong in your opinion. Fanaticism in all ages has set mankind to thinking, and to asking whether what they say is true or false. Point to any one in history of any prominence, and say, if you can, that fanaticism was not at the bottom of his or her distinction. This may not impress you much now, but it will when you return from spirit-life to earth. In this life I was a literary character. I have written many books. I have met my most intimate friend in spirit-life—William Cullen Bryant—who helped me when I did not know which way to turn my thoughts. We are still holding our literary circle in spirit, and we want all to join with us and to wield the pen for the benefit of humanity. We want no swords—we want no war. We want to see no man's blood flowing in the interest of any politician. I have said all I wish to say.

"CATHARINE A. SEDGEWICK."

[A gentleman present said he knew that lady in her earth-life—that she was an intimate friend of the poet Bryant, and that the communication was markedly charaticistic of her.—ED.]

"GOOD AFTERNOON:—It don't take long to sell out a man's goods, and for his heirs to appropriate them, after he has shuffled off this mortal coil. How many sacrifices I made, and what trouble I took to keep the old homestead over my head. I was dead, and now I am alive. My heirs are having a happy time over my effects; but I predict, as a spirit, that they will never have as happy a time at Christmas as they had over old Davy's funeral. I was always one that worked in this mortal-life for all I got—that struggled along patiently—that, as he couldn't have immense riches, made a shift to find contentment; and I advise all that are here to do the same. I think those who are related to me will think this is throwing hot shot at them, and they will be about right.

"DAVID BEARD,
"Collegeville, Montgomery Co., Pa."

[This spirit was identified by a gentleman present.—ED.]

"SIR:—As you have all kinds of characters, and all kinds of conditions shown here, by spirits, I have come. It is some ten years since I passed to spirit-life. How have I spent that time? By the improvement of just as much morality as I started with. By that I mean that I started with many ideas that were false and many that were true; and my first business upon my advent into spirit-life was to throw off the false and receive the true. This could only be done by having my mind open to the conviction of that which is true. I was prejudiced in a religious sense. The simple question pressing for answer was, 'How much have you benefitted those you came in contact with?' and that is the only question that will be asked of you in a future state. As soon as you can answer that satisfactorily to your conscience, nothing can keep you from advancing as a spirit. Another question comes to me. It is this: Why do not exalted intelligences give your personal tests? There is hardly an intellignce that has advanced in spirit-life but what has found this saying true: 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' This means that your mortal-life is subject to many reverses and adversities, and it is time enough to know them when they come. Others may say, in answer to this, 'If you informed us before hand, we could, perhaps, avoid them;" but a great All-wise Spirit sees that certain things in your surroundings will bring on certain results, in spite of all you can do to stop them; so we will all journey towards that spirit land from which 'travellers' do 'return.' In my individual case, I challenge anyone to deny that I once existed here.

"DR. T. M. SANBORN,
"Lake Village, Vt."

[Is this address correct? There is no postoffice at such a place. There is a Lake Village in New Hampshire.—ED.]

"GOOD AFTERNOON:—I did not believe in your Spiritualism. I believed that when I went out of my mortal organism that I would know nothing until the great judgment day. I was an Adventist. Belief is nothing. Every one here can rest assured that they have an immortal life. Whether they believe it or not will not alter the fact one iota. The next point is: what kind of an after-life have you? Just precisely such a life as you have built up here. As you plant so shall you reap. I have become convinced of the error of my way of thinking. Nobody condemns me. Another thing strikes me. If the infinite God has prepared an immortal state for us, why does he not make it plain here? That is a question that will interest all of you. It is simply this. If you were satisfied that there was a future life, thoroughly, how many of you would have the patience to live out a mortal life? No, you would do away with this life and fly away to another. Therefore you have the best you can have and submit to your fate—work out your probation here and you can and will be received finally in the mansions of bliss.

"ANNA B. PILCHER,
"Elizabeth, Davies Co., Ills."

"HEY! GOOD DAY, SIR:—I might quote from Shakespeare: "This fat belly of mine with fine fat capon lined." My name is Cyrus Hamilton, from out West; and a jolly, good, natured cuss he is anyway. What kind of a place is this? Is it a show? I'm a kind of a Barnum. Won't the old woman think strange about this. I never had much Christianity or any kind of religion; but I did like my "bourbon," old man. I'll tell you all a man has got to do is to get comfortable inside and he is always good natured. (He was asked if he got strong drink where he was?) "I get its essence. It is almost death to me to cramp myself up in this skinny rooster. I tell you, for a man that weighs two hundred and fifty pounds this is rather a tight fit. Faith is a good thing—but fact is a damned sight better. What do I know? Well, not much. I liked good things when I could get them. You may bet that wherever there is good eating I am sure to be there. Why don't I do better? I'll answer that. Simply because what is "bred in the bone must come out in the flesh." This inclination hangs to me. Now, Colonel, or General, or whatever you are, I want a "scrimption" of advice. What am I going to do under these conditions to get forward? I lived at Greenburg, Ind."

[He was advised as to the course he had better pursue by the chairman.—ED.]

"GOOD AFTERNOON:—Much of my mortal life was devoted to advancing the education of the young. I believe that general education is the true extinguisher of ignorance and it should never be confined to classes. Every individual born into mortal existence should have a chance to show all there is in him or her; and until this is secured you cannot hope for any high progress. Then the question of education should be condensed. There is too much time spent here in learning technicalities. If each one could procure a text-book that would embody all the best ideas, the author of that book might well be regarded as a Christ in that day and generation. So I might go on giving advice, but advice will not advance the human race. Nothing but right actions will. However imperfect these actions may be, still if the effort is made their effects will be felt ages hence—long after your spirit has reached a happiness that will not allow you to return to the earth. When that time comes your deeds and acts while here will be lost to you. So let all be admitted to your schools and colleges. If only for weeks. You cannot know the good that will result from these educated people.

"AMOS LAWRENCE,
"Boston, Mass."

The Contemners of the Physical Manifestations of the Spirit World Justly Rebuked.

BY GEN. J. EDWARDS.

Editor Mind and Matter:

Now that the prosecution in the case of the mediums, Anna Stewart and Laura Morgan, have submitted their evidence and rested their case, and having failed to make out what they attempted, let the defense take judgment for costs. The prosecution has been a Don Quixote adventure throughout.

It has been apparent for some time that certain would-be leaders in the spiritual ranks have arrayed themselves against the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, and would have Spiritualists to cease running after the delusions of phenomena, and come to them and receive the higher types of Spiritualism in science and philosophy. Conspicuous in the number we may include A. J. Davis, the ingrate, who, with his "Divine Revelations," the spirit world has laid upon the shelf among the dusty records of the past. The two who come next in importance are William Emmett Coleman, the very doubtful Spiritualist, but windy correspondent, of vagary tendencies, and Wm. Denton, whose specialty is geology. If the professor would confine himself to what he understands best it would be to the interest of Spiritualism.

Hudson Tuttle, like Davis, for his own reputation, has written a little too much. E. V. Wilson, but for the statements contained in Dr. Wolf's book of "Startling Facts," and the very many signal failures in the phenomena of delineating character before public audiences, would have proved a more formidable foe to physical mediums.

The gallant Col. J. C. Bundy is the "Don," who has published in his *R.-P. Journal*, the diatribes of those knights of the quill against the physical phenomena, and mediums through whom they are produced, and yet the spirit world will not down at the bidding of these valiant knights.

For years past there has been a vast number of people observed performing pilgrimages to the modern "Mecca for spirit materializations," occurring in the presence of Anna Stewart and Laura Morgan. Among the pilgrims visiting this Mecca was the great pilgrim Dr. Peebles, also Dr. Samuel Watson, Rev. F. J. Briggs, Judge Lawrence, Mr. Robert Hare and lady (and we could name hundreds more), who have testified that the oracles, at Mecca, have issued no uncertain sound on the question of spirit materialization; and to fair-minded, reasonable, common sense people they ought to know more about the truth or falsehood of what they are talking about. These mediums, as well as the committee, Messrs. Pence, Hook and Conner, are basely slandered and called "villains" by men who do not know anything about them, and simply on the ground of a few "cut and dried" statements of some very bad people, or disappointed pilgrims, whom the spirit world, as is often the case, refused or failed to accommodate; or the open and avowed enemies of Spiritualism. As to the committeemen, they stand as fair and honorable before their neighbors as gentlemen of probity of character as any of their revilers. I have known Capt. James Hook for forty years.

These knights of the quill had been prolific in their effusions to crystalize Spiritualism to their own liking, through the *R.-P. Journal*. Seeing their ends could not be accomplished so long as the people continued to perform pilgrimages to Mecca, to become deluded, it was resolved to break it up and war was declared. The gallant colonel appeals for the sinews of war by way of subscriptions to the *R.-P. Journal*, and sends out his Sancho Panza, alias Dr. Kayner, on the skirmish line towards Mecca. If Sancho did not discover a mare's nest, or wind mills, he did discover two little women and reported back to the gallant Don who buckled on his armor, for the fight, and the charge was made upon the little women, who remain impregnable behind their spirit battery, until the knights, led on by the gallant Don, ingloriously leave the field. The smoke of battle clearing away, we still see large numbers of pilgrims going to Mecca, where many will be blessed by meeting beloved friends who have passed to the higher life, as well as strangers, denizens of that other country, to which we are all tending. The spirit world will not be circumscribed in its operations by mortal dictation, and in the language of the poet exclaim:

"No pent up Utica confines our powers,
The whole boundless universe is ours."

If Col. J. C. Bundy had succeeded in establishing the Mecca of Spiritualism at Chicago, by forcing all mediums throughout this broad land to pilgrimate to Chicago to be tested by the editor of the *Journal* and to receive his endorsement and diploma, it would have been a good thing for the *Journal*. As it is, the cause of Spiritualism has received a temporary check in its prosperity and advancement by the enemies of Spiritualism constantly thrusting under noses the testimony of the *R.-P. Journal*, with its contents from its quill drivers, one effect of which, if we are correctly informed, has been for Col. Bundy to catch a few gudgeons in this city, consisting of a few honest, but unsuspecting Spiritualists, combined with a few outsiders, who request Col. Bundy to send here an honest, reliable medium. Has it come to that that we are to be so circumscribed in our intercourse with the denizens of the after-life? Who can or will Col. Bundy send here, but Mrs. Simpson, who holds his diploma? She is doubtless a good, genuine medium. It will do to send her to Washington where she has not been before, but it would never do to send her to St. Louis where many people believe her to be a fraud.

There is not now living on the earth a single medium for physical manifestations, that more or less people have not charged fraud against. It will always be the case until poor humanity is elevated higher. Those people who are so flippant with pen and tongue in howling "fraud—fraud," are not any more against fraud than those who say but little about fraud. Spiritualists, as a general rule everywhere, are on the look out for charlantans and the practice of fraud, and each community stands ready to brand all fraudulent discoveries in their respective localities. The enemies of Spiritualism delight in having Spiritualists to cry fraud.

The long and patient investigator of spirit phenomena knows full well of the seeming contradictions and apparent as well as sometime real fraudulent transactions by mischievous spirits, stealing the march occasionally on the controlling band of spirits surrounding each medium. Who understands the subtile laws govering spirit control, when the spirits themselves are constantly, telling us they are daily experimenting under the laws of Nature and Nature's God, learning the way of gaining a nearer and more satisfactory approach to mortals?

It is an easy thing to cry fraud, but a difficult one to establish it. There exists a morbid propensity in humanity, to say but little of the good deeds of people; but let an individual, before the public, commit a wrong act, and it is held up to public view. There is a well-known bird which soars aloft over fields, fruits and flowers, and as soon as it espies a putrid carcass pounces upon it. Let our Christian people and neighbors beware how they join in with Coleman, Denton, Tuttle, Davis & Co., in decrying the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, when, in point of fact, their whole system of Christianity rests upon phenomena produced through Jesus of Nazareth and his disciples. In fact, the Christian system, as interpreted by and through the creeds and dogmas of the churches, is founded on superstition and ignorance of the law of spirit governing matter, in the communication between the mundane and super-mundane existences.

What we Spiritualists denominate phenomena, produced under law, old theology claims to be miracles produced by the suspension of law; and on this supposed power of the suspension of natural law must be the exercise of the power of the Infinite God, and is therefore on this assumption. The great Master Medium, Jesus, by them, has been worked up into one of the triune Gods, to be worshipped as such, instead of pattening after His precepts and examples as a great leader and teacher of spiritual things. As the phenomena of Spiritualism grows and becomes better understood, the science and philosophy will become elucidated and more and more appreciated, until the world, now in spiritual darkness, will eventually rise up on a higher plane, to bless the advent of Modern Spiritualism among us.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

G. H. Chase writes: "I thought I had got through, but just having read that glorious communication through J. Madison Allen I can't help complimenting such beautiful language and the beautiful manner in which it is put; and more so, the cause it wishes to maintain. Go on, Brother Roberts; let your light shine, remembering the law of compensation holds good in all respects; remember you have friends that you little know of as yet. I wish I could write; I wish I could put words together to represent my feelings toward you and the band of workers upon the spiritual side of existence. I wish I could lend some encouragement to the great God of all truths but all I can say is go on and your arduous task will be met with celestial patronage upon the other side of life. Let us keep the ball rolling until all our mediums are respected as much as the "ministers of God" are. If I am a stranger to you, I am no stranger to the cause or its needs."

M. W., G. R., P. O. box 948, Cosmopolitans' Grand Lodge of the United States, writes: "We consider your paper the best and most valuable spiritual paper published, and advise every spiritualist to subscribe for it."

MIND AND MATTER.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, M. S. 32,

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

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

J. M. ROBERTS - - - - PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.

☞ For rates of Advertising and Terms of Subscription, &c., see advertising column on another page.

Mind and Matter Free Circle.

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

Our Premiums.

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

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

Dr. J. V. Mansfield's Offer.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1879.

Dear Brother Roberts:

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

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

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

OUR ANNIVERSARY SALUTATORY.

Beloved and cherished friends, patrons and readers:

One year ago, to-day, in response to what we felt to be an imperative call of duty, we launched and manned the literary craft that we then, at the suggestion of our spirit guides and helpers, dedicated to their service, under the comprehensive name MIND AND MATTER. At that time, thick and portentious clouds hung like a funereal pall over the business prospects of this young but mighty nation. The sky of Spiritualism was lurid with the war of contending elements, and every sign betokened a tempestuous voyage to this untried and unknown vessel. With that simple trust that makes heroes of uncultured and unappreciated seamen, in times of the most desperate peril, we took the post assigned us, resolved to do or die in our efforts to bring our charge to port in safety. With but three subscribers, one of whom was our esteemed friend and able and efficient co-worker, J. Frank Baxter, we sent forth the first number of this journal. From that time forward MIND AND MATTER has sailed steadily onward, in daylight and darkness, ever nearing a safe and prosperous anchorage. The storms of doubt, distrust, and opposition have raged around it in vain, for its crew knew:

"There's a sweet little cherub
That sits up aloft,
And ever keeps watch
O'er poor Jack."

Dear friends, MIND AND MATTER, has triumphed over every danger, and through your kind acts and cheering words, she is now in port to salute you after a surprisingly successful voyage.

Having proven herself so staunch and true, we felt it safe to give her a new rig. We have lengthened her masts, yards, booms and gaffs, and fitted them with new white sails; and again MIND AND MATTER sails forth on her second voyage with every sign of favoring winds and pleasant weather. Give us your sympathy and encouragement, and rest assured that your kindness will be duly appreciated, even if it is not deserved.

As we announced we should do, several weeks ago, we have commenced our second volume by enlarging the paper more than one-sixth of its original size. We have changed it from a four page to an eight page journal, on account of the large number of our subscribers who inform us they are preserving complete files of it. As it will be more convenient for preservation in its new form, we trust this change will meet with general approbation. The paper is printed with entirely new type procured expressly for that purpose. The value of the paper in all departments of literature, relating to human development and progress will be steadily increased; as, independent of the able band of occasional contributors who have favored us with their invaluable assistance, and who promise to do so in the future, we have the assistance of the ablest literary talent that can be found as our editorial coadjutors. To all these friends we extend our most heartfelt thanks.

We would be most derelict in our duty if we did not avail ourself of this opportunity to thank our spirit friends and supporters for their invaluable help through their various mediums, and especially through those cruelly misrepresented and persecuted mediums, James A. Bliss and Alfred James. It is impossible, in this connection, to give even a limited idea of the importance of their mediumistic assistance in the work we have had in hand. It must suffice to say that without the support and encouragement which came to us through them, we greatly doubt that we could have overcome the obstacles that laid in our way.

But in the case of Mr. Bliss, not only are we under the greatest obligation to him for his wonderful mediumistic help, but we are equally indebted to him for his untiring and most zealous personal services. He has performed an amount of clerical and business labor, that few persons could have accomplished. We are also pleased to acknowledge the faithful and efficient services of our young friend William B. Streeker who, whether by night or by day, has been ever prompt and ready to respond to every call upon him. To Mr. M. P. Summers and his competent assistants, we are indebted for the excellent typographical and printing work upon the paper. Our intercourse with them has been most agreeable and satisfactory to us. To Messrs. Charles C. Wilson and Leonard Abbott, who were with us the first six months, we return our sincere thanks for their highly appreciated assistance, and we feel it due to them that we should publicly express our regret at the necessity which deprived us of their co-operation.

Dear friends, in closing, permit us to crave your indulgence for any seeming lack of sound judgment in our editorial course. Our desire and intention is only to do that which is best and right, and however much we may seem to you to be astray, wait patiently and see whether time does not vindicate our action.

We have had to strike heavy blows at those whom we would have gladly spared but for the urgent calls of Justice. Those blows have caused us as much regret as they have pain to those at whom they were aimed. Oh! when will this bitter war be over and benignant kindness take the place of cruel warfare? We hear the answer from those who know whereof they speak, "Only when truth, right and justice shall prevail." Then be it so—and may God and His ministering spirits, through their mortal instruments, soon prevail. We will work and wait for that auspicious coming day.

And now we come to the most pleasing duty of all, that of publicly acknowleding the heroic, the patient, the loving sympathy of our dear wife and children who have, by their most magnanimous forbearance at my necessary absence from them, and their ready aid, cheered me on as nothing else could do, to make the great battle of the past most eventful year, to us, if not to the great cause of Modern Spiritualism.

TO "SPIRITUAL OFFERING" SUBSCRIBERS.

Kind Friends:—As announced to you by circular in June last, circumstances compelled us to suspend publication. We then hoped to resume in October, or earlier, but have not been able to do so with a certainty of permanency. Realizing that subscribers to whom we are indebted should not be asked to wait longer, arrangements have been made with Gen. J. M. Roberts, publisher of MIND AND MATTER, to send his paper to all subscribers to whom our mail-book shows an indebtedness. We have also furnished Gen. Roberts with a list of the names on our books to whom he will send specimen copies of MIND AND MATTER, which, if satisfactory to our subscribers, will be sent them for the unexpired term of their subscriptions in satisfaction thereof. We earnestly solicit all to subscribe for this paper, which, as we verily believe, has been brought into existence by the special intervention of our fellow-workers beyond the veil, and at a time when most needed, and for a special purpose. The prominent position and commanding influence, so suddenly attained by this paper, seems to have come from this cause and from the earnest purpose and the indomitable courage of its editor, manifest in his defence of mediums and bold defence of Spiritualism against the assaults of its mundane and super-mundane foes. We wish we could be instrumental in adding ten thousand to its subscription list. All who are indebted for the *Offering* (these amounts vary from twenty-five cents to four dollars) will please remit to Gen. Roberts and oblige us.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to sincerely thank the friends who have aided in our work. Success would have attended our efforts but for the financial distress of times, through which we have struggled for existence. We feel, as do many who have written us, the necessity for such a magazine and at some future time hope to resume its publication, thus doing our part, through the power of the press in combatting the religious superstitions, the intolerance and persecuting spirit of the Christian Church, manifest toward all who oppose its dark, dogmatic teachings.

We shall be glad to hear from our friends with whom we have had correspondence, and hope by-and-by, through the *Offering*, or some other publication, to hold uninterrupted communications with them. Friends, we wish you happiness, abundant prosperity and usefulness in the great work of progressive reform.

D. M. FOX,
NETTIE PEASE FOX.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1879.

A PROPER INQUIRY CHEERFULLY ANSWERED.

Editor Mind and Matter.

I have noticed that there has been no report or editorial notice in your paper in relation to the lectures which Mrs. Elizabeth Watson has, for the past two months, been delivering at Academy Hall, No. 810 Spring Garden street, in this city, on Sunday mornings and evenings, under the auspices of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia. In view of the great interest that the public have manifested in her truly inspirational discourses, it has occurred to me that there has been some cause for this lack of information in your paper.

Mrs. Watson's fame as an inspirational or trance speaker must go down to posterity as one especially endowed by divine intelligence. The large hall has been crowded to its utmost capacity throughout her stay, with the above Association. May God and His angel messengers still sustain her with power from on high throughout a long and useful life. A SUBSCRIBER.

Philadelphia, November 24.

We are not second to this warm friend and admirer of Mrs. Watson, in our appreciation of her most able services to the cause of truth, and we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to express the high value we place on her unsurpassed labors in that cause. That we have not done this sooner, in the case in question, was because justice and self-respect would not permit it. When we first started MIND AND MATTER we went to much expense to have reports made of the lectures that were being delivered before the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, hoping thereby to obtain their sympathy for, if not their support of our undertaking. To our surprise both the lecturers and the Association manifested annoyance at our unsolicited attempt to co-operate with them by giving stenographic reports of their proceedings. Many complaints were made about our voluntary action in that matter. These complaints came especially from Mrs. Watson and her friends of the Association. Not desiring to cause unfriendliness when we so much desired the opposite, we concluded, thereafter, to await the time when some one identified with the Association would intimate a desire to have us report their public transactions. It is in response to such a request, in this instance, that we unhesitatingly say that those who fail to hear Mrs. Watson will be deprived of a rich intellectual, oratorical and educational treat. She is truly a most remarkably gifted and benignant lady and one capable of the greatest usefulness. Take our advice and go to hear her if you can.

It is useless to seek to ignore the fact that the controlling element, in the First Association of Spiritualists, of which Mr. Henry B. Champion is president, are in sympathy with Col. John C. Bundy, of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, in his war on mediums; and against us in our determination to see them justly and fairly treated. For this we care nothing, well knowing that if we are right we will prevail, and if wrong, we should and must fail. It will not be long before it will be so clearly perceived who has been right and who wrong, that no difference will thereafter be possible. The divisions in the spiritual ranks which have so crippled the cause of Spiritualism must soon cease and all will then move forward shoulder to shoulder in one resistless advance upon the enemies of spiritual truth and mental and religious liberty. Steady, friends and be prepared for the call from the spirit hosts to move forward with them in the grandest movement that has ever taken place in the world's history.

A CURIOUS PROPHECY.

One of the forerunners of Modern Spiritualism was John Tritheim, who flourished in the fifteenth century, the irreproachable Abbe of a convent of Benedictines at Spanheim, a learned theologian and the teacher of the celebrated Cornelius Agrippa. He had the reputation of being able to evoke demons and to raise the dead. It is related of him, for example, that finding himself at the court of the Emperor Maximilian, who was inconsolable for the death of his first wife, Mary of Burgundy, he took pity on his grief and offered to show him the deceased princess, and that Maximilian and one of his courtiers having been shut up with the Abbe in a lonely chamber, Mary actually appeared to their eyes, in the rich apparel of her earth life, and that to make sure it was she herself, her august husband felt for and found a wart which he knew was situated on the nape of the princess' neck. This frightened him so that he ordered Tritheim to close the seance at once, and forbade him ever to renew such experiments. There is no doubt that Tritheim had penetrated many of the secrets of Modern Spiritualism, and he was even persuaded that it was possible to transport a man's body long distances through the air.

Tritheim was a voluminous writer, and in his *Opera Historica* (Frankfort, 1601,) he gives what he calls his Mystic Chronology. It is a key of all prophecies, ancient and modern, including the Apocalypse, and also a treatise on the philosophy of history more independent and more complete than those of either Vico or Bossuet. We shall not go over his survey of the past history of the world, which is based on the Kabbalah, but shall simply call attention to a curious prediction falling due the present month, November, 1879, which Tritheim calls the epoch of the reign of Michael and of the foundation of a universal kingdom. This kingdom, he says, will have been prepared by three centuries and a half of anguish and three centuries and a half of hopes; epochs which coincide precisely with the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and the half of the nineteenth centuries for the dawn of hope; with the fourteenth, thirteenth, twelfth and half of the eleventh for the trials, the ignorance, the sufferings and the scourges of all kinds of the middle ages. According to his calculation, then, in 1879, a universal empire is to be founded and to give peace to the world. Commentators have explained this as a political event, and have usually assigned the kingdom to France, but may they not have made the same mistake as the Jews did at the first coming of our Lord? May it not be that the prophecy refers to the setting up of the Kingdom of God among peoples freed from the yoke of tyrants and from whose eyes the bandage of error and ignorance has been torn? According to Tritheim, that kingdom will be both political and religious, it will solve all the problems which agitate men's minds in these days, and it will last three hundred and fifty-four years and four months. Then will return the reign of Orifiel, that is to say an epoch of silence and of night. Who knows?

SURSUM CORDA!

The earliest Thanksgiving kept in this country was held in 1631, on the 22d of February, (afterwards Washington's Birth-day), in the colony of Massachusetts, under circumstances that are recorded as follows: "But now as the winter came on, provisions began to be very scarce, upon the grounds aforesaid, and people were necessitated to live upon clams, and muscles, and ground-nuts, and acorns, and these got with much difficulty in the winter time. Upon which, people were very much tired and discouraged, especially when they heard that the Governor himself had the last batch of bread in the oven; and many were the fears of the people that Mr. Pearce, who was sent to Ireland to fetch provisions, was cast away, or taken by pirates. But God, who delights to appear in greatest straits, did work marvelously at this time; for, before the very day appointed to seek the Lord by Fasting and Prayer, about the month of February or March in comes Mr. Pearce, laden with provisions. Upon which occasion the day of Fast was changed and ordered to be kept as a day of Thanksgiving: which provisions were by the Governor distributed unto the people, proportionable to their necessities."

The Thanksgiving which we celebrate this year has something analogous in its features to those of the first Thanksgiving kept two centuries and a half ago in New England. In November, 1878, the whole nation was disturbed in view of the approaching resumption of specie payments. Prices were down to the lowest point, and after five years of waiting, prosperity had not yet returned to a people starving for want of work. In a little twelve month what a change! "In comes Mr. Pearce, laden with provisions." In comes the new year 1879 laden with blessings. As a people we have to thank God, not only for a continued national existence of a hundred years under circumstances of honor, prosperity and glory; not only for the peaceful industry which has provided comfortable homes for so many millions of people; not only for the free institutions which first opening an asylum for the oppressed, afterwards gave liberty to France, and shall give it to the world; but also for restored prosperity and for the abundant harvests which have made the world our debtors. It is the opinion of many sober men of experience that the United States is now about to enter upon a period of unprecedented material prosperity, and for that and all His other blessings let us give hearty thanks to Him who shapes the destinies of nations, and who, by the mouth of His holy prophets, which have been since the world began, has predicted that some day peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety shall prevail among men.

If we turn from those blessings which we all, as Americans, have reason to be thankful for, to those which are peculiar to us as Spiritualists, there is great reason why we should thank God and take courage. Some, in view of the dissensions among Spiritualists—real and pretended—may be disposed to feel gloomy over the prospects of the Cause. They may feel like imitating the example of Fernando Wood, who, on the 26th of November, 1860, requested the people of the city of New York to observe the day set apart as Thanksgiving as one rather of humiliation and supplication. "In my judgment," said he, "either in its political, commercial or financial aspect, it presents no features for which we should be thankful." Such is not our views of the present position of the New Dispensation. The political dissensions which so weighed on the soul of the patriotic Mayor just before the outbreak of the Rebellion, hid from his eyes the sublime outburst of the spirit of American freedom which was about to maintain the Union, free the slave, and secure the final triumph of republican institutions. And just so, as we believe the contentions of Spiritualists both here and in Europe are destined to result in the solid establishment, in the world of thought, of the new philosophy.

To that end a most important step has been taken in the year now closing. There are books which constitute an era in the history of philosophic thought, just as there are books whose perusal marks a turning point in the intellectual development of the individual soul. Such—to go no further back in the history of literature—was the promulgation by some unknown but inspired writer of the Alexandrian school, in the latter half of the second century, of the *Gospel according to St. John*, which fixed the theology of Christendom and made the dogmas of the Catholic Church a consistent whole. Such, in another direction, was the publication in 1543 by Copernicus, of his work on the *Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies*, which, in its far-reaching consequences, disposed forever of the doctrines of the verbal and plenary inspiration of the Bible. Such was the appearance in the eigh-

teen century of Hume's *Essay on Miracles*, and, in the nineteenth, of Strauss' *Life of Jesus Critically Examined*. These were all epoch making books, and such, if we are not greatly mistaken, is destined to be the case with Zollner's great work on Spiritualism—*Wisson Schaftliche Abtheilungen*—of which the third volume has just appeared in Leipzic. Those who realize how high Zollner deservedly stands as a man of exact science, will comprehend how his name carries weight in a country where thought and speech on all philosophical and theoligical matters are freer than they are with us. If then for no other reason, we have abundant reason for gratitude to the spirit world that it has inspired the writing of this most important book. Its publication has already led to the conversion to Spiritualism of the editors of the *Zeitschrift fur Philosophie*, the leading metaphysical journal of Christendom; and, being based on the hard, dry facts occurring through the mediumship of Dr. Slade, it can never be overthrown. So much for the mundane plane, which is but the reflection of the more real and substantial world above.

As the readers of MIND AND MATTER will see, if they follow during the coming year the narrative on our first page entitled, "Experiences with the Spirit Enemies of Spiritualism," the antagonism to the truth which exists on the other side of the river of Death, shows signs of giving way, and when the eyes of the founder of the Jesuit Order himself and those of the Apostle to the Indies have been opened, we may well thank God and take courage. One of the most interesting discoveries of Modern Spiritualism, but one essentially credible, is that the theological darkness which has overspread the world for so many centuries, has been largely caused by the influence of powers in spirit life, of men who have left the body, but who still retain the prejudices of their earthly training; but the conversion of some of their leaders gives promise that, sooner or later, the angelic hosts will prevail over the opposition of undeveloped spirits.

Moreover, during the past year, the communications have been gaining in interest, and the physical manifestations at Terre Haute and elsewhere, have been of the most convincing kind. The numbers of Spiritualists are increasing. In this city, for instance, there are own no less than six independent churches, or societies of our faith, besides numerous circles meeting in public at stated times. The truths of the new philosophy are penetrating the churches, and the public press is judiciously silent, or, as in the case of several society papers in London guardedly favorable to the claims of Spiritualism. A great legal victory in behalf of mediumship has been gained in the judicial action taken in the attempt to suppress mediumship in the person of Mrs. M. Jamieson, of Kansas City, Mo., in the unsuccessful attempt to identify mediumship with the prohibited offence of fortune telling without a license. An equally important victory was gained in the attempt to suppress the art of healing by magnetic and spiritual power in the person of Dr. G. G. Van Horn, of the same city. These are victories the results of which will have an important bearing on the ultimate triumph of Modern Spiritualism, in its death grapple with the old fogyism, theological and professional, of the present time; and for which Spiritualists should be duly thankful. And so, in view of all God's blessings, with grateful heart and in all sincerity, we repeat the venerable formula consecrated by the aspirations of the faithful throughout the world: *Vere, dignum et justum est, æquum et salutare, nos Tibi semper et ubique gratias agere!*

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

WE would call the attention of our New York readers to Mrs. M. C. Morrell's advertisement in another column. Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, of our city, endorses her as a most excellent medium and worthy of patronage.

THE next quarterly meeting of the Spiritualists of Western New York will be held in Temperance Hall at Lockport, on Saturday and Sunday, December 13th and 14th. Mrs. E. Libbie Watson and others are expected to address the meeting.

MRS. POWELL will be at the Camden Lyceum Circle, Camden, N. J., on next Sunday, and thereafter on each Sunday at the same hour, until further notice. The Lyceum meets at two o'clock, P. M., at Mechanic's Hall, corner Fourth and Spruce streets.

WE congratulate the members of the Co-operative Association of Spiritualists, of Philadelphia, on securing Prof. Henry Kiddle, of New York city, to open their course of lectures for the season. We trust that every lover of true bravery will turn out to hear this fearless champion of truth.

MRS. J. R. PICKERING, materializing medium, is located at present at No. 12 Allen street, Boston, Mass. She will hold a series of seances there. Mrs. Pickering has been through the fiery furnace, and Satan has found nothing in her impure, while the angel friends have fully demonstrated that she is a true and faithful medium. She should be sustained, and we have not the least doubt she will be.

READ description of "The Dawning Light," (the birthplace of Modern Spiritualism), on seventh page. This picture is free to our yearly subscribers. It was engraved in an expensive manner by Jas. W. Watts, a banknote engraver, and is an honor to American art and to Spiritualism. This charming picture is worthy to adorn the finest room, and should be a magnet for good influences in every spiritual home in the world.

PERSONS who desire to avail themselves of Dr. Mansfield's liberal offer on another page should read it very carefully before sending their letters to us, so that there can be no fault found with them for not complying with the conditions named therein. We have been obliged to return quite a number of letters to the senders, because the conditions have not been complied with.

IN our next issue we will give the *coup de grace* to John C. Bundy, of the *R.-P. Journal*; Wm. C. Ball, of the Terre Haute *Gazette*, and Alf. S. Hutchinson, their Jesuit employer. If you want the absolute proof that Col. Bundy is working for the suppression of Spiritualism in the interest of the Roman Catholic propaganda, under the pretence that he is a friend of that cause, read MIND AND MATTER for next week.

WE have more than one hundred most valuable contributions on file for publication and more constantly coming. How we are to find room and when we cannot say. We are doing all we can to give all a hearing. Our friends will greatly favor us if they will bear with us a little longer. We wish we could double the size of the paper. We will do it as soon as our patronage will warrant it.

WE are still selling Dr. Stone's *New Gospel of Health*, that most invaluable of books, which every person should possess, whether invalid or well, for its object is most decidedly to teach people the laws of health and how to keep well without drugs, narcotics or stimulants, hence it is a most progressive work and worth ten times its cost. Send for it to this office. 519 pages, handsomely bound in cloth. Price, $2.50; postage, 18 cents.

MR. WILLIAM OXLEY, of Manchester, author of the series of papers on the Great Pyramid and many other articles, has just had a series of afternoon sittings with Mr. A. Firman in London. On these occasions spirits materialized and came forth in a good light, dipped their faces in melted paraffine, which was supplied for their use, took the moulds off with their hands, and presented them to Mr. Oxley. Casts have been taken from these moulds in plaster, so that the moulds still remain in their original state.

WE trust that each of the hundreds of subscribers that have and will receive our choice steel plate engraving as "free premiums," will show them to their neighbors, and exhibit them at public gatherings, and call attention to the fact that all can have a $2 picture free by subscribing for MIND AND MATTER one year at a cost of $2.15; that for $2.75 they can have MIND AND MATTER and two steel engravings from Joseph Johns' great paintings. Such opportunities for adorning the walls with such beautiful gems of spiritual art should not be overlooked.

THE *Banner of Light* of November 22d, in noticing our premiums, says:

"It gives us great pleasure to inform our readers that Mr. J. M. Roberts, publisher of MIND AND MATTER, of 713 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa., has secured the services of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, of New York city, in connection with that paper," etc.

This is a misapprehension on the part of our contempory. Dr. Mansfield most generously volunteered to contribute to the extension of the circulation and support of MIND AND MATTER, and with that view magnanimously offered his invaluable services as a medium to all who would contribute $3.00 and four three-cent stamps to that object. Each person accepting his offer to have any sealed letter written to by him, and a year's subscription to MIND AND MATTER, inclusive. Dr. Mansfield's offer is wholly in the interest of the paper, he deriving no pecuniary advantage from his generosity. Will our friends of the *Banner of Light* please make the correction in justice to Dr. Mansfield. We cannot sufficiently express our appreciation of this unlooked for assistance from this generous friend.

Brother Churchill Speaks His Mind.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., NOV. 16, M. S. 32.

Editor Mind and Matter:

Please find enclosed postoffice order for two dollars, and send in four parcels, one-fourth of money's worth, No. 50 of MIND AND MATTER, one-fourth of No. 51, issues of ditto, one-fourth of next issue, No. 52, and the remainder of No. 1, Vol. 2, when published. I want to distribute them amongst the people here. I have never sold, or offered to sell, one copy of MIND AND MATTER. I circulate them amongst the friends, that they may see and understand what is being done for and against Spiritualism, or between Spiritualism and Anti-christ; for Spiritualism, truthfully, is the Christ, or was called so. And also I was in hopes that some one would be pleased to subscribe for your paper; perhaps, bye-and-bye, when they get no more papers free, at the end of the year, they get no more at my expense. I shall continue to take it, one copy.

I feel very much interested in this warfare between Spiritualism (real and in truth) and Anti-christ, which is in Jesuitism, Bundyism, Orthodoxy, and the rest of Satan's gang. They want to kill the heir of the kingdom of Spiritualism, that they may become possessed of the spiritual power exclusively. I call the enemy of spiritual truth Satan. I know of no greater Satan than the Catholic Church, as expressed through Jesuitism. It is the sum of all wickedness; and all Protestant Churches are but offsprings of it, and partake of the nature of their father, the Devil, and have become a refuge of lies, rascality, ignorance and bigotry. If all this, with Bundyism, is not Satanic enough, I don't see the use of a Satan. They would draw down many of the stars of Spiritualism into their train. Many who think they stand, will fall.

Many say, here, they like your paper better than any other spiritual publication, because it has a live editor, and is in the right. It is said God will overrule evil intentions for the glory of those who love the truth. Now I look at it in this light, that Bundy and his pack of Satan's hounds never have or could have done greater good (unintentionally) than he and they have done in attacking materializing mediums—especially the Terre Haute parties; that has aroused the spiritual forces and lions, not exactly the lions of the house of Judah, but of Jonathan. The infantry and militia have only been engaged, but now comes sweeping in to finish the battle, the cavalry, putting to rout Satan all and his hosts—bummers, hypocrites, retainers and camp-followers. Compare these with those who come forward and testify to the unreliability of the Terre Haute parties and other mediums, with such witnesses as J. H. Mendenhall, Will C. Hodge, John L. Binkley, W. T. Forbes, and many others, witnesses to the glorious and all-conquering fact of materialization of the forms of the (so-called) dead.

Materialization will finally convince the whole world of the undisputable truths of the immortality of human souls. Bundy, by his unwittingly attacking the materializing mediums and others, has called out innumerable reliable witnesses for the truth and facts of materialization, which, perhaps, would not otherwise have been brought out. He, unwittingly, has established what he and his gang sought to destroy. Let the witnesses come forward and testify to what they have seen and know to be the truth. These are bombshells exploding in the enemies' camp. The more of these witnesses, the more will the world be convinced of the truth, and then the more will Bundy nd his sympathizers go under and swamp themselves. These witnesses will do more good, at large, than all that could be written or published. Unimpeachable witnesses will make Satan's time short, and will bind him in chains of everlasting darkness. This cloud of witnesses will extinguish Bundyism and all its supporters. It will overshadow the false, the hypocritical. After this will come peace for awhile, which all good Spiritualists desire.

This battle had to be fought, the truth established, and Bundyism overthrown, in order to secure peace. I have no doubt but Satan, or this Antichrist, had planned the downfall of Spiritualism long ago. First, by endeavoring to divide, dismay, discourage, distract, by getting up an abhorence or disgust amongst Spiritualists, among editors, writers, speakers, etc. For a house divided against itself cannot stand. This, Satan's Church well knows. I suspect that Mrs. Woodhull was the first one put upon the boards; the next step was to seduce Beecher and ruin orthodoxy through him; the next was to degrade Spiritualists through her. She seduced many of the prominent Spiritualists. They voted that free love was germane to Spiritualism. This roused the ire of S. S. Jones, who was bitter on the party of Free-loveism. Perhaps this was one reason why Satan got rid of him, and established one of its kindred in his place. It gave the ranks of the Spiritualists a shaking. Pure Spiritualism cannot be shaken. I understand that that woman, after flouncing around in England, finally joined the Catholic Church.

Now they are at it again, trying to split the spiritual ranks by attacking materializing mediums and all who stand up for them. Thanks to the editor of MIND AND MATTER, they will fail. There are also many stars yet in the ranks that will grow dim, and some will set below the horizon, never to rise again. The last attempt has been to ally Spiritualism with liberalism or some other ism; but it must not be allowed. They want to get up a quarrel in the armies of heaven. Spiritualism must and will stand alone, independent and absolute. To be sure Spiritualists, as individuals, have a right, and it is their duty, to join any reform movement that they deem important; but they must not drag down Spiritualism into the dust of party strife, or declare it germane to liberalism. Let it, like the sun, shine on all isms, and give light to all below it. Let all else fall before it. I see that Bundy is getting a dressing down by Asa Butts of the little paper called *Man*, for his (Bundy's) attack on Bennett. Now Bennett is in prison, it is most cowardly to assail him.

NATHAN CHURCHILL.

H. W. Boozer on Newspapers.

Editor Mind and Matter.

I hail with joy the prospect of your being able to enlarge your paper the first of the second volume. Now, you can hardly do else than find room for that which the exigency of the times demand on the spur of the moment. The best thought of the best thinkers, the results of new discovery of truth, the revealments of master minds long gone before, the explanation of the world's greatest needs—now unsolved problems; in fact, the grand influx of ideas which necessarily comes with the incoming agitation, strife, overturning and revolution which has now just begun, have little or no place in a journal naturally cosmopolitan and therefore inciting thought over a vast field, while the needs of the moment, in the work of breasting error and falsehood is going on. It is to be regretted that truth proper cannot command in its study every available effort, instead of the palpable fact that nearly all our strength must go into tearing down the walls of ignorance and error that shut out her life-giving rays. We need in a journal a power of aggression in the display of new truth, and not only a denial of the diabolism of the ignorant and the false—a constructive view of things spiritual, as well as a negation of things material.

These thoughts come as I see laying before me a partly finished article on Spiritualistic journalism, which would be of value to your readers, being what is needed at just this present time. Never did I, as a writer, have such an influx of ideas as now. Day after day, things new, as yet unuttered, according to my humble judgment of practical use to my fellow truth seekers, come crowding in succession for my pen to record. But, wherefore is the use? Some of the press are devoted to money making out of a record of some events from a small section mingled with much irrelevant matter, averaging a dilute pabulum for spiritual babes. Some are turning to money popular ideas Spiritualistic, mingled with enough facts to make its readers curious for more; and so keep them buying its falsehood. Some entirely to a negation of Christian errors. Your paper to the battle-cry against all of Spiritualism's enemies, whether in this or the spirit world. But not one has room for the much that is wanted. Mediums for genuine work are unknown—work, that the world stands to-day anxious for, because the rates of advertising are on a scale consistent only with manufactured results, instead of their genuine and, of course, limited demonstrations—their existence and peculiar gifts, unrecognized truths, have been given from master minds in spirit life reaching down to the foundations of humanity's existence, of which the world has not yet dreamed, and we have no place for these.

AS MIND AND MATTER has taken the initiative in its work for Spiritualism, through its defence of mediums, and its rates of advertising for their use, in short, that its personal interests have shown themselves to be secondary to its interest in the cause itself, honestly doing right and striving for the right as it sees it, no matter if it is our particular and pet way or not, I hope its circulation will increase in geometrical ratio as time goes by.

The people look to their paper as the teacher of truth and expect in it that supply of mental aliment concerning the spiritual which it alone can gather up and give forth; and, I hope, we can realize our ideal in the capabilities of MIND AND MATTER, more especially as we recognize in what it has done and as far as it has gone, the very great excellence in every respect of its work. I have talked with many of your continued article on the "Experiences with the Spirit Enemies of Spiritualism," and all concur with me in saying that future history will give it a place as one of the most intrinsically valuable contributions concerning the facts of spirit life ever yet given to the world. Yours truly, H. W. BOOZER.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Book Notices.

From Generation to Regeneration, by Lois Waisbrooker, Los Angeles. 8 vo., *pp.* 22.

The idea of this curious pamphlet is one that we respectfully commend to the prayerful consideration of Elder F. W. Evans and the Shakers in general, who hold exactly the opposite opinion. It is that the sexual relation can be made a purifier and refiner of both body and soul. "Let us take an old man whose vigorous constitution has carried him to four score years, and who has never had a low thought of sex—one who has used these functions without abusing them—and you will find one whose skin is pure and sweet, whose eye is clear and form attractive; one whose presence we feel as a benediction, while we instinctively bless him in return. His thought of sex has made it a refiner and purifier, while the low thought of the other has rendered him so repulsive that the earth fairly spurns his rotting carcass."

The subject is a delicate one, and probably for that very reason the author, while going into details such as rarely appear in print, fails to convey a clear idea of her meaning to the ordinary reader. Any advice, however, which tends to elevate the intercourse of the sexes must be a benefit to humanity. It is the distinguishing glory of the Anglo-Saxon race that love and romance, passion and sentiment, go together; while the sexual instinct of the dark-skinned races is more an animal impulse. The elevating, inspiring influence of love is peculiarly the product of modern times, and it shows that the world is progressing. We do not meet with this tender sentiment in ancient Greece and Rome, but it is the crowning glory of the age of chivalry; and the love of Dante and Beatrice produced the most beautiful sonnets the world has ever seen.

What a contrast to the filthy stories of the *Gesta Romanorum* and of Boccacio, for example, is Dante's exquisite sonnet, beginning—*Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare*—which has been rendered literally:

So noble and so modest doth appear
My lady unto all whom she salutes,
That every tongue becomes with trembling mute,
And none dare raise the eyes to look her.
Robed in humility she hears her praise,
And passes on with calm benignity;
Appearing not a thing of earth, but come
From heaven, to show mankind a miracle.
So pleasing doth she show herself, that he
Who gazes feels a sweetness reach the heart,
That must be proved or cannot be conceived.
And from her countenance there seems to flow
A spirit full of mildness and of love,
Which says forever to the soul, O sigh.

Something of this exquisite respect and delicacy in the intercourse of the sexes is what the author would seem to inculcate in the little pamphlet before us. To the initiated we will add that she is almost a Rosicrucian without knowing it, for she has devined, at least in part, the great secret indicated by the letter G placed by the Freemasons in the middle of the flaming star, and which signifies anosis (or knowledge) and Generatio, the two sacred words of the ancient Kabbalah.

A Striking Proof of What Earnest Spirits Can Do.

EXETER MILLS, Maine, Nov. 21, 1879.

Editor Mind and Matter.

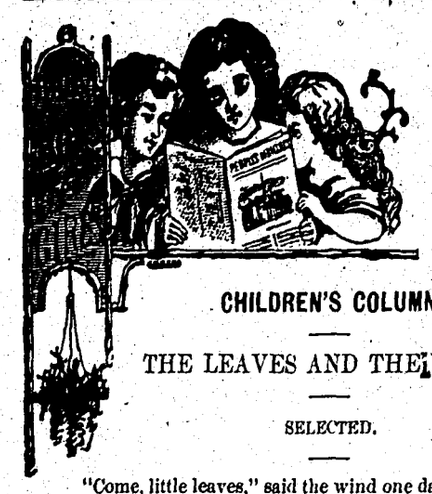
We enclose $1.09, for which you will please send us your valuable paper, MIND AND MATTER, for six months.

We were first introduced to the paper, or that to us, by Dr. De Merrit, of Sangerville, at the Spiritualists' Camp-meeting held at Etna by the Association of Spiritualists, near the 1st of September of this fall. Since then I think we have been prompted by "Billy the Bootblack," by way of his pictures being brought here. In looking at them we felt a curiosity to know what about "Billy?" What could be his business in connection with the paper, MIND AND MATTER—certainly he could not assist in editorials? In response to my inquiries this answer came: "I am not a bootblack now, but a runner." I questioned, a runner? what can that mean in the spirit world? He answered: "That is, I go round trying to scatter the truth by inducing people to subscribe for the paper; his pictures were gotten up mostly for that purpose, as he could follow his pictures and reach many minds he could not without them."

Respectfully, JULIA O. EASTMAN.

["Billy the Bootblack" has controlled his medium, who was at the time unaware of the particulars given in the above letter and has confirmed it in all its details, he having been present and conversed with the lady as stated. He, for the first time, dropping his character of the bootblack and assuming the character of the "runner." This is not the first time that we have heard of "Billy's" visits to circles and mediums soliciting subscribers. We feel happy to have such friends on the other side of life.—ED.]

Will C. Hodge, of Darien, Wis., writes: "The Bundy-Kayner raid is bearing legitimate fruit. Find enclosed amount necessary to secure MIND AND MATTER for one year. Address, Harry Vanwart, Albany, Green county, Wisconsin; and he especially wants the pictures of "Billy the Bootblack as premium. Harry has been a friend to the *Journal* and has done much to aid in its circulation, but will drop it, and in its stead prefers a paper which advocates Spiritualism instead of Jesuitism, and especially one which defends mediums. I think you will soon hear from others in Albany who are of the same opinion."



CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE LEAVES AND THE WIND.

SELECTED.

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play.
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew:—

"Crickets, good bye, we've been friends so long!
Little brook, sing us your farewell song—
Say you are sorry to see us go:
Ah! you will miss us, quite well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold.
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthly beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

Two Little Bens.

Grandfather Gray had written from Illinois that the snow beat anything he had known for thirty years; there had been sleighing for two months, and as for going down the wood lot or getting around in the fields, it was impossible. This news delighted little Ben's heart, for he lived in a state where there wasn't very much snow winters, and he never yet had made a real snow man or a fort, or coasted more than two rods at a time. And now his Uncle Henry had come and was going to take Ben home with him to make a visit.

The first day they travelled by rail, but the afternoon of the second day found them on the steps of a hotel in a small town, watching their baggage as it was transferred to a heavy looking stage with four horses attached.

"Why don't you have a sleigh?" asked little Ben of the driver.

"Can't find runners big enough," said the driver, with a twinkle in his eye.

Uncle Henry, who had been busily talking with some gentlemen, now turned and asked the driver what time he would get to Reckie Hollow.

"About five, I reckon," said the driver, "if the road is no worse than it was three days ago."

"Only a ride of two hours and a half," said Uncle Henry. "Ben, my boy, would you mind going the rest of the way alone? I have just learned of some important business here, and would like to stay over a day or so."

"I shan't care," answered Ben, who was a stout-hearted little fellow, "if the driver will be sure to take me to grandpa's."

"That's a good fellow," said his uncle, patting him carefully into the stage and folding his own shawl around him. "Driver, leave this boy at Mr. Gray's, just this side of Reckie."

"All right," said the driver, as he climbed up to his seat and cracked his whip. The horses moved off and Ben was on his way. There were two or three other passengers, grown up men, and just as they reached the edge of the town the coach stopped at a pleasant looking brown house, where a small trunk, just the size of Ben's, was lifted on and then a little boy was taken in and seated just opposite Ben. A sweet faced woman reached in after him to place a hot brick at his feet and to kiss him good-bye, and then she said to the driver:

"Don't forget to set Benny down at father's; Deacon Melrose's, you know."

"All right," replied the driver, cracking his whip for a fresh start.

So this little boy's name was Ben, too! The first Ben looked at him curiously, the two sober little mouths began to smile, the two faces brightened, and in a few minutes the two little fellows felt acquainted. The first Ben gave the other Ben a peppermint love-lump and the other Ben responded with a doughnut. They found they were both going to visit their grandparents, and hoped the houses would be near enough for them to play together sometimes.

"I haven't seen my grandma for a year," said Ben Melrose, "'cause mamma's been hindered so."

"And I never saw my grandma at all," said Ben Gray, "but I know she's real good."

So the two little Bens talked together while the lumbering coach made its way along the road. As they got out into the country the snow was deeper and lay in drifts.

The coach had to go more slowly now, and it was growing late. One of the passengers said it was almost five o'clock. Suddenly the horses stopped, and they heard the driver exclaim:

"Well, I declare! The bridge is broken down!"

One of the men inside opened the window and put his head out to ask what was to be done. He was told there was another bridge about a mile below, and they would have to go down to that. It was a poor road, he added, and had not been much used since the snow fell, but they would get through somehow.

So the horses' heads were turned, and the coach left the broken road, plunging immediately into unbroken snow nearly two feet deep. It went slower than ever, and presently the driver checked the horse and called to the men that they must get out and walk part of the way to lighten the load, for the wheels were so clogged they could hardly move. The men all got out, but even that wasn't enough; they soon found themselves obliged to push with all their might to help the coach through a drift, and this happened several times.

It grew dark inside, and the two boys, left there alone, grew tired and anxious. They could see nothing through the window.

"My feet are real cold!" said little Ben Gray, pounding his heels against the seat.

"My feet are warm enough, 'cause I've got a brick; but my shoulders are real cold," said Ben Melrose.

"Well, let's change seats," proposed Ben Gray. "You smuggle into my shawl, and I'll put my feet on your brick."

So they changed seats, and felt better; so much better that they both went to sleep. The coach was a good deal belated, and it was near eight o'clock when the driver stopped at Deacon Melrose's door.

"Fast asleep, both of them!" he exclaimed, as he looked into the coach. "Well, this youngster on the front seat is the one for the deacon."

And he lifted out the wrong little Ben, and handed him asleep to Grandfather Melrose, who had been on the watch for two long hours and more.

A little further down the road, in the pleasant old Gray homestead, another grandfather was waiting for the coach; and when he went to the door a wrong little Ben was placed in his arms also, while the driver explained Uncle Henry's absence.

"Dear, dear, little Ben!" said Grandmother Gray, as she took the child in her lap, now drowsily opening his eyes. "He looks like you, father! I'll take his things off, and do see if that chicken pie I saved is hot."

Over in the Melrose's house the other little Ben opened his eyes to find himself pressed close to a loving grandmother's heart, and grandfather's eyes bent proudly over him.

"O, grandpa, is my sled ready?" he exclaimed, first thing. "I've got red mittens to wear, and I want to build a fort."

"What a little man he is," said the deacon, well pleased. "But you must have some warm supper, Ben, and a good night's rest before you build forts."

"Is that the cat?" asked Ben, as he took his bowl of hot bread and milk. "Where's the yellow kitten? and where's Bose—I want to see him?"

"Who's Bose?" asked grandma, looking puzzled.

"Why, your old dog! Uncle Henry told me about him, and how he saved my papa's life once."

"I don't know what you mean, my boy," said Grandpa Melrose. "Then," on a sudden impulse, he asked, "What's your name, little man?"

"Benjamin Hart Gray," said little Ben, promptly.

"Did another boy come in the stage with you?" the old man asked, in a voice not quite so tender as at first.

"Yes," said Ben, "he is going to his grandfather's, too, and we want to play together to-morrow."

"This is Benjamin Gray's grandson," said Deacon Melrose, "and our little Ben has been left at their house! I must go there at once and take the boy."

"Oh, let him stay to-night!" pleaded his wife. "It is so cold out, and he is so tired, poor lamb! He ought to go right to bed."

"Well, he may stay over night," said the deacon, "but I'll go for our own boy!"

His wife touched him on the arm, as he was taking down his coat, and said:

"I'd forgotten Bose saved Joseph Gray from drowning so long ago."

"So had I," replied her husband, in a softened voice, and then he went out in the cold night to walk to his neighbor's house.

Truth to tell, there had been hard feelings between the Grays and the Melroses, and Bose, poor old dog, was the cause of it all. He had chased the deacon's chickens, and once had been caught lapping milk at the dairy window. The deacon threatened to have him shot for a town nuisance. This the Grays resented, and a coolness had arisen between the families.

But now the old man thinking it all over as he walked through the snow, and remembering that day, years ago, when Joseph Gray, a schoolboy then, was found in the water and dragged almost lifeless to the shore by this brave dog, felt a new glow in his heart as he knocked at his neighbor's door. Old Mr. Gray looked surprised to see him, but asked him to come into the sitting room; and there, in a white night-gown, all ready for bed, knelt blue-eyed little Ben by Grandmother Gray's side, saying his evening prayer.

"Our little grandchild, Joseph's boy," explained Mr. Gray; but the deacon, taking the child in his arms, said:

"No, no, neighbor! Joseph's boy is over at our house! This is my Reuben's boy; the driver made a mistake; but bless both the little fellows, they each fell into good hands."

"Are you my grandpa?" asked little Ben, patting the wrinkled cheek. "You look more like the picture, 'cause your beard's so white."

"Dear, dear, dear!" exclaimed Grandma Gray when she understood it all; "but don't take the precious child away to-night! See, he is all ready for bed!"

"Yes," said Deacon Melrose, cheerily; "we wont change boys till morning; and suppose we let them be peacemakers between us, neighbor."

"Agreed!" replied Grandfather Gray, heartily.

So the two little Bens, who had brought a blessing with them, each slept in the wrong house that night; and, though they found their places the next morning, each of them somehow felt after that as if he had two homes, two grandfathers and two grandmothers. And that was the way the grandparents were glad to have them feel.—*The Children's Friend.*

A True Friend of Mind and Matter.

HONEY GROVE, Texas, Nov. 9, 1879.

Editor Mind and Matter.

DEAR SIR:—Your note of Nov. 1 at hand in due time. I am a very old man for this age of the world. But I am not quite nine hundred and sixty-nine. Nor do I believe that any other man ever was 969 years of age. I was born in the State of Tennessee, in 1799, Jan. 31, so I am an octogenarian, using my own fingers in making these red marks. I moved from Tennessee to Texas in 1835 with a wife and three children. My wife is still my first and best associate. We both hold to Spiritualism. We expect a happy immortality. Now, something else. I shall enclose five dollars, for which I wish you to send me the highest number of copies you can afford. I wish them for gratuitous distribution. I mean for six months. I also send you half sheet Honey Grove *Independent.* It contains an article from my own pen (marked). It is my creed. If you can make it subserve your dear cause then do so, if not, toss it into the waste basket. But if you should print it why then send me ten (10) copies of that issue and I will send you the money for said ten copies on receipt. Please put my name down for the paper twelve months and send me extra copies for the next three months for the balance $2.85. I shall try to scatter them through my neighborhood.

No reply to my creed ever appeared in that paper, although invited by the editor. The Orthodox shun investigation. They know it is death to their trade. Indeed, that is smart in them. They can do much better with fools than with wise people. J. A. RUTHERFORD.

Joshua Rogers, Dover Plains, N. Y., forwarding subscription, writes: "There are but four pronounced Spiritualists in this place, and we have three church steeples; but we have set the people to thinking. We want a good test medium to do good work in breaking the ice here."

THE APPEARING OF CHRIST.

BY ALONZO G. HOLLESTER.

THE PROPHECIES

Relating to Christ's second coming are so various that it is evident, from the figurative nature of their language, that they were not designed to be fully understood, only in their fulfilment. Moreover, while Jesus was on earth mind had not grown (if not in him) to a comprehension of its manner, character, or object. Neither can the unspiritual mind comprehend it now without the agreeing facts which illustrate the figures employed in prophetic speech.

One of the Apostles tells us that they saw from parts and prophesied from parts; "but when that which is perfect shall come, that which is from parts shall be done away." The first Christian dispensation is shown by this and other scriptures to be incomplete—that is, it was not an ultimate or finality, but only a precursor of the ultimate. This is why another dispensation was necessary, if not the sole reason why the vitalizing power of the first was suffered to become extinct from the earth.

A CHURCH

founded on Christ, who is the highest revelation of God to man, can be kept alive only by a continuous revelation. Hence Jesus taught his disciples to pray, "Give us this day our daily subsistence;" and this daily supply is elsewhere compared to a river for its constant flow, and to one perpetual day for its light, because there is no night with God nor with Christ.

Jesus promised to send his disciples the spirit of truth, which would guide them into all truth and show them things to come.

And the records of history show that, so long as any considerable body of people walked in Christ's footsteps of self-denial (not in some man-invented substitute), they were blessed with rains from heaven, in the form of spiritual gifts, both of manifestation and revelation from the spirit world. Through this medium the living presence of Christ continued to be manifest in the visible body of believers, and they by him were kept alive until the daily cross against the unchristian practices of the world ceased.

This cross was the daily sacrifice required of every one as the price of their daily spiritual subsistence, and is the sacrifice referred to in Daniel 8-11, the sacrifice in the figurative temple being only a type. The real temple, after Christ appeared, was the visible body of believers who did his works. This body, while it existed, was a standing revelation of the will of God to man—an outward *manifestation* of the tree of life, and the only visible representation of the sun of righteousness that lightened the world. "Where there is no vision the people perish."

Those who believe that there has been no revelation of God's will to man, since the New Testament was written, shall be their own witnesses that the sun has been darkened, as foretold by Jesus, and also by the Prophet Micah. "Therefore night shall be unto you that ye shall not have a vision. * * * The sun shall go down over the Prophets, and the day shall be dark over them."

Moreover, as the tares must grow among the wheat until the harvest (Matt. 13-30), and the harvest is the end of the age, when the Son of man will be present to direct affairs, not until Christ has made his second appearing can souls be separated from their tares. Until then they are in a dispensation where light is not separated from darkness. How then can they understand, without a new revelation, that which the Apostles did not understand?

But if Christ has appeared the second time, as many are ready to testify, those to whom he is manifest must possess incontestible evidence of the fact, else his presence can never be certainly known to any. And if they are obedient to the heavenly vision, the fruit brought forth in their daily lives, will be such as sinners cannot counterfeit, and will prove the truth of their testimony. Also the gifts of vision and revelation restored in them, will shed increasing light on the prophecies. All will finally be judged by their fruits, and any who cannot bear this test, will be condemned by the truth as deceivers.

THE MORNING STAR.

Jesus is represented as saying, "I am the bright and morning star." The morning star appears in the night, as the harbinger of day, and its beams disappear in the effulgence of the greater light as day advances. This foretokens a small and unostentatious commencement of His kingdom, and a gradual increase. "For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causes the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all nations."

For so is the Kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed in the earth, and it springeth up and groweth, he perceiveth not how, first the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear. "The Kingdom of Heaven is like a grain of mustard, which when it is sown is the least of seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs and becometh a tree," said Jesus.

So Christ's coming as a thief, or as the bright star of the morning will be witnessed by a few proportioned to very early risers, or habitual watchers of celestial appearances; the remainder being asleep, or which is the same, minding earthly concerns.

Then the Kingdom of Heaven will be compared to "ten virgins," who having taken their lamps went out to meet

THE BRIDEGROOM.

At midnight a cry was raised, "Lo! the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."

This also foreshows a circumscribed beginning, in which only a limited number will be found prepared to take any part or interest. It likewise represents a female character as the central and most familiar object of the bridegroom's appearing. It shows, too, that the truly prepared and waiting virgins will be duly notified of his approach. True virgins are espoused only to Christ, the Holy Spirit, and are not covered by false professions, nor led by false teachers.

This parable, then, has particular reference to the manner of Christ's second coming, as that was the subject of discourse, when it was uttered.

"Let your loins be girded and lamps burning, and yourselves like men that wait for their Lord when he will return from the wedding, that when he comes and knocks they may open to him immediately." This shows there is work to be done after the wedding, which demands men ready for service. Rev. 19, 7, and after.

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

If no one supposes Jesus is a literal star of the sky, or that he required his servants to carry a literal lamp, lo! these eighteen hundred years, that they may catch the first gleam of his approach a thousand miles away, sitting upon his glorious throne in the clouds, and attended by myriads of angels shouting to make the deaf hear, and sounding the great trump of God, as he comes "like a thief!" stealthily, thundering through the air; we say if no one believes that all this figurative language must be accepted literally, how can they maintain that the clouds referred to are literal clouds? Are

THE CLOUDS OF HEAVEN

formed of dust, smoke or vapor, like the clouds of earth? We read that "God appeared to Moses in a cloud"—"a cloud filled Solomon's Temple"—also of "a cloud of incense," and "sins as a cloud," but none of these are clouds of heaven. As heaven is the unseen abode of the Father and Mother of spirits, its clouds must be spiritual clouds, and who can behold spiritual objects with mortal eyes?

Possibly these clouds may be heavenly witnesses, for we read of "such a cloud of witnesses" in Heb. 12, 1. How much more glorious for the triumphant Son of God to be received into heaven by a vast concourse of witnessing angels (especially seeing it is written that he will come with myriads of angels), rather than for him to go away solitarily into a cloud of earthly elements!

Hence these clouds may signify multitudes of witnessing angels (that is messengers) and saints, with their attending atmosphere, both those in the body and those out of the body; those in the body who have risen to a heavenly state, being the only clouds of heaven that are visible to earthly eyes. And the likeness of the son of man (Rev. 14, 14) will be seen in and upon them, in the purity, unity and rectitude of their unselfish lives.

By that love of Christ, and obedience to the commandments of God which the mere earthly man can never fully imitate, their spirits will be rendered homogeneous like the particles of a cloud. By the dissolution of all earth bound ties and attractions, effected by that perfect love which flows like a river of life from the spiritual union of the lamb and bride in the throne of God, opening up to their interior views the glorious possibilities of an endless future, they are able while dwelling in tents of clay, to ascend and fly as a cloud, above the dank and pestilential miasm of a grovelling selfish life, and to breathe the inspiration and light of the eternal heavens. (1 Thess. 4, 17.)

THE SON OF MAN

is the heir of man—is the regenerated, rejuvenated man—the new creature, or new creation, with whom all old things have passed away, and all things have become new, and all of God. It is the character to whom all the promises pertain, because it is made heir of all the just things relating to man; and is given all power in heaven and on earth to accomplish the purpose of God in the creation of man. And this Son of man includes all who come into the unity of that spirit which was revealed in the annointed Jesus and his primitive disciples.

Hence Jesus says: "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that 'they may be one, as we are one.'" And those who overcome and do the works of Jesus to the end, are promised the same authority with the Son of God. Rev. 2, 26, 27, chap iii., 21. Wherever this character is found on earth there is the coming of the Son of Man, and the second appearing of Christ.

For the presence of his first appearing was withdrawn agreeable to the teaching of the parable of a man going into a far country to receive to himself a kingdom and to return, as we have before proved by other texts. Moreover, as his departure was attended with a scattering of the power of the holy people, his return was to be signalized by their gathering together. Luke xvii, 37; Mark xiii, 27.

FURTHER TESTIMONY.

Jesus says: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved by my Father; and I will love him and manifest myself to him," or her.

And will they not know Christ's manifestations from all others? Certainly! For by obedience to his commands they put themselves in a condition to know the truth which makes souls free. And others will know by their works that they walk not after the course of this present evil age. Then if Christ's words are the word of God which cannot be broken nor fail, and we believe they are, all that is necessary to insure his appearing and presence, is to love him well enough to keep his commandments.

And where Christ is there is power to put away sin and its cause from the heart. Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have a right to the tree of life.

Mount Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y.

A Remarkable Cure.

POINTVILLE, N. J., Oct. 23, 1879.

Editor Mind and Matter.

I write to inform you of a wonderful cure made upon me by Madam M. J. Phillips, of Bordentown, N. J. I was afflicted with a cancer on my left breast, from which I was a great sufferer, but hearing of Madam Phillips and her wonderful power, I came to Bordentown to see her; she gave me an examination and she said she could cure me. She gave me four treatments with medicines and my cancer is gone, and I am well. Feeling that the whole world should know of this wonderful cure, I send you this letter, hoping you will publish this in your paper, so that people may know where to go and be relieved of their sufferings. Respectfully yours,

MRS. SARAH NARCROSS.

N. M. Graham, Milwaukee, Wis., renewing subscription, writes: "I wish to continue a subscriber to MIND AND MATTER as long as I take any paper. I do not wish to lose a single paper. In your dealing with Bundy you put me in mind of the man who was attacked by a vicious dog. After he had killed him he kept on beating him; a person passing by said to him: 'What are you beating that dog so after he is dead?' 'I want to let him know there is punishment after death,' was the reply.'"

John Corwin, Five Corners, N. Y., forwarding subscription, writes: "I want to keep well posted on all the great issues of the times, especially Spiritualism and Liberalism. I know nothing in regard to this fight over mediums but my sympathy is usually on their side, and always for the last few years against the spirit and course of the *R.-P. Journal.*"

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Did I dream, when I thought that a Paradise bird
Sang a song far the sweetest I ever had heard;
That it fell on my ear a melodious strain,
That my soul drank it in, as flowers drink the rain;
O! if t'was but a dream, I remember each note,
And still I can hear them, as earthward they float.

* * * * * *

An angel of love, hath come from above,
And would tarry awhile at thy board,
O! ask him to stay, nor drive him away,
With an unkindly thought, or word.

He foldeth his wings, and sweetly he sings,
In musical cadence, soft and low,
"From the home of the blest, I come as your guest,
And will cherish, and love you so.

"From morning 'till night, a song of delight,
Shall echo throughout your home,
And over you all, a blessing shall fall
From heaven, by the angels borne.

"And the gifts I bring, I will gladly fling,
Like sunbeams to illume your road,
Till over you all their bright rays shall fall,
Pure blessings sent from God.

"And every gift, a shadow shall lift
From off the heart, and the brow,
Till the winter of life, with blessings rife,
Shall crown your heads with its snow.

"In coming to you, I have work to do,
A task by the Master given,
And when complete, your wandering feet,
Will have reached the shores of heaven.

"'Tis safely to guide you over Life's tide,
To that haven of infinite rest,
Until each shall land on the golden sand,
And there join the loved and the blest.

"And when at the last, Life's pilgrimage past,
And your earthly labor done,
Ah! *then* you will know, him who led you so,
Was your own, your darling son."

* * * * * *

The song filled my soul with a magical thrill;
And its cadences holy, are lingering still,
For I know that the angels have answered my prayer,
And I feel in my heart, 'twas my child that sang there.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EXPERIENCES WITH THE SPIRIT ENEMIES OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY J. M. ROBERTS

[*Continued.*]

I closed the last number of this narrative with an account of the serio-comic double entrancement of Messrs Bliss and Gordon. Six days thereafter at a private sitting with Mr. Bliss, the spirit of Ignatius Loyola purported to communicate as follows:

"Well we are here again. I suppose you want to take down all I say, as usual. I rather think that you will see our prophecies almost fulfilled when you look back over the past; particularly when we told you that we would wrest this phenomenal Spiritualism from Spiritualists. We sounded the warning a good while ago—the warning to you; and had you heeded our advice you would be looked upon, to-day, with respect which now you are not. Personally we do not hate you, but you are in our way. You seek to stand opposed to us; and if a man will place himself before the mouth of a cannon, when it is discharged, it is not expected that the ball will turn out of the way for that person; it is wiser for that person to place himself immediately out of harm's way.

"We warned you and you have failed to heed our warning, and to-day you are the victim that we would gladly not have had. Had you heeded our warning, and spent the same amount of time, labor and zeal in defence of the Mother Church, and the old system of religion, your name to-day would have sounded throughout the land with honor and glory, while at the present time it is associated with adulterers, frauds and imposters and you are looked upon as a weak credulous man.

"Mark what I say at this moment. I know you are right, in one sense, in the course you have taken, but wrong in the main. Your honesty has really amounted to fool-hardiness, for you have dared to face the mighty powers of spirit-life, and the large majority of earth's people in upholding the direst curse that could be heaped upon humanity. We seek, my dear sir, to make a convert of you—to make you a fellow laborer in promulgating our idea of the truth, and for this reason, we intend both now and in time to come to see that we hold the balance of power. We have in this city succeeded in so disgracing your manifestations that we have captured your camp meeting. We intend to do more than this, we intend to discredit the manifestations over the whole country; for we know full well that if we can drive the phenomenal evidence of the truth of Spiritualism away from the people, then they will be driven to seek consolation in the Mother Church. Then your Spiritualists will be as the body without the spirit, an easy prey to us. I think you understand me, Jonathan Roberts, for I speak in no uncertain language, I assure you. I am here, calm, cool and deliberate to-day, to tell you a great deal of truth. If you have anything to say I will be happy to listen to you. I am he that has been; that is; and that always expects to be the support and head of the Order of Jesus."

I told him that I had already stated to him explicitly what my course would be, that I was never more determined than at that moment to go straight forward in the course I had been pursuing, that we would have to continue to oppose one another until he or I was compelled to yield, and that it was useless to waste time in parleying about a cessation of efforts on my part. I tried to persuade him that he was not fighting me, but the truth, and that the truth must in the end conquer him. We parted just where we began, both determined to spare no effort to carry the point at issue between us. I could not but be struck with the declaration of this resolute and powerful spirit, that *he had captured the camp meeting.* He undoubtedly referred to the fact that those who had charge of the New Jersey and Pennsylvania Camp Meeting of Spiritualists, had entirely succumbed to the detraction against Mr. and Mrs. Bliss by the tools of the Jesuits, both in the spirit-life and on the earth. It is a well-known fact that from the moment the management of that camp-meeting, under the influence of Jesuit spirits, arrayed themselves against the mediums in the interest of their persecutors, their association was doomed to die, as it afterwards did.

On August 13th, M. S. 31 (1878), at a sitting with Mr. Bliss, he was controlled by a spirit that purported to be Andrew McCarty, the brother of Patrick McCarty, one of Mr. Bliss' most faithful and useful spirit guides. I had frequently heard Patrick speak of this brother and express his regret that he could not exert any influence upon him to break the power of the priesthood over him. Andrew said:

"Be Jasus, what do ye want here? You're an ould divil, ye are, and the sooner ye put yerself outside of that door the better it will be for yez. Ye're puttng down what I say, ye damned ould heretic—ye. What do ye want here? Ah! Father Kelly'll fix ye. What am I talking about—do ye axe? Wait till Father Kelly holds up the cross forninst ye, ye ould heretic. What do ye want here? Get out of here, I say. An ould grey-headed man like ye should be ashamed of yerself. Did you not lead me brother off and me mother off? I mane my brother Patrick. My brother Patrick was a good boy till he fell in with the loikes of ye. Why don't you say something? Ye're a damned coward, so ye are. Can't I kick ye into a fight? It's a damn fool ye are. No Irishman wud take that. Ye're a damn mean man, so ye are. Ye don't know whether I am Pat's brother, don't ye? What did you lead him and me brother away from the church for? It takes a damn fool to keep his mouth shut. Damn me, I'm yer enemy for making heretics of my mother and mother. Look at yerself. Don't ye feel proud of yerself fighting agin the Holy Church?"

I here gave Andrew to understand I was neither a coward nor a fool and I required him to yield the control of the medium, which he very promptly did without my detecting the change of control. The medium was then controlled by a spirit that purported to be Ignatius Loyola. I was at first disposed to think that this control was a personating spirit, and so charged, when I received the following communication:

"I want you to understand that I never personate, and I want you to know that when I come here I come as the honest supporter of the Holy Catholic Church. I have told you that you flattered yourself that you had gotten the best of this great fight, but, oh! how sadly you have been mistaken. You and I, Jonathan M. Roberts, meet here, to-day, somewhat alike in feeling, but otherwise very differently. We represent principles in nature. You claim that you are right and that I am wrong; and I claim that I am right and that you are wrong. Our modes of warfare may be entirely different, and you may flatter yourself that you are humane and that I am the opposite. I claim that I am humane—as humane as the surgeon who cuts the rotted limb from the body. I cut and give pain in order to save the whole body. I am humane, even as that surgeon is humane. I intend to cut off this infernal heresy to save the church—to save it from ruin. I am terribly in earnest and so are you; and the longer the battle lasts the more important you will see the issues involved in it. It may be that our God has designed you to do the work that you are doing, as he designed that Satan should do his work of destruction. I have come here to-day to tell you, as I told you once before, that we would not interfere with these materializations as long as you do not make a certainty of their spirit origin. But allow me to inform you that if you dare to place test conditions in that cabinet I will take them out. You have witnessed our power. I tell you I will do it. I will have my way in this. I must have it. I cannot allow you to have these manifestations in the positive manner in which you wish them to come. You must yield that point."

I assured him that I would yield nothing until the truth should be established and the people made acquainted with the most important fact that had ever challenged the attention of mankind. He seemed much disconcerted at my unyielding determination and left the medium. I could not fail to see in these frequent visits of the leader of the spirit opposition to Spiritualism that he was more distrustful of his power to arrest the Spiritual Movement than he was willing to admit, and hence I was all the more determined to push forward on the line I had marked out for myself, or rather that I was impressed to pursue by my spirit guides.

On the morning of August 21st, M.S. 31 (1878), I received the following communication through Alfred James, at a private sitting with the latter:

"Good Morning, Sir:—I will introduce myself. I am Henry Montfort. That name was well known at Rochelle, France, in the tenth century. I was the head of the Abbey de Villeneuve. My object in coming here this morning is to state that I work for power—and for that power that achieves, in my estimation, the greatest good to mankind. That work must be achieved, no matter if a few gnats are killed by the wayside. In coming to conclusions, we naturally do so from what we know; and I have been long enough in spirit-life to know whereof I speak upon that subject. I am satisfied that Catholicism offers all that any man needs for his happiness here or hereafter. It is my duty to tell you why I think so. I left this life imbued with this idea—that the creed and tenets of the Catholic Church were correct and true. And now I will answer the question—have I found happiness or damnation for believing in them?

"I make this statement, and I make it boldly, that I am a happy spirit, and I know no other cause for that happiness except my belief in that creed. It has been my saviour, and do you think that I am less likely to do all in my power, as a spirit, to promulgate this, to me, great and glorious truth? I feel that I am right, and never will I yield an inch to either spirit or mortal, as far as concerns the truths of our holy church. I intend to labor and act, through all time, to carry out what I know to be true. For the man who retards the progress of truth, no fate is too bad for the wilful heretic. Therefore, *look for opposition—look for contention—look for obsession—for all means are lawful to attain our end.* No matter how artful are our plans, so that we establish that which we are sworn to do both here and hereafter.

"It remains for me to say only one thing more. You are firm; so am I. We raise our motto, 'Never Despair,' and under that motto we will fight it out here and in eternity. I know you—I have seen your work and have watched you. Think you there is any movements of our enemies that escape the observation of our spies?"

I here reminded him that, as powerful, united and determined as he and his associates might be, that there were still higher, more united and determined spirits who would antagonize and overcome their obstructive work. I also reminded him that the people of the world were advancing in knowledge, and were becoming less and less subject to the domination of a tyrannical priesthood, and were advancing in all kinds of knowledge at a rate he could not appreciate. To this he replied:

"You will find that your so-called progress and knowledge will be your curse yet. Mark my words and see if this is not a true prophecy. We are united and have the inside line of operations. There is one thing I want you to know before I go, for I am getting weak in holding control; but not weak in spirit and purpose. *We have under us and subject to our command hosts of spirits who, being undeveloped, are held near the earth, by the co-operation of whom we can stop your so-called higher spirits from coming to the people here.*"

I did what I could to show this honest but mistaken spirit the folly of his course in seeking to keep mankind in ignorance of the truths concerning the after-life, but all to no purpose. He yielded control, denouncing all heretics, myself included. Whether this spirit was the individual intelligence he claimed to be or not, I have no means at hand of knowing. The Montforts were a family of historical distinction I know.

The next spirit to control Mr. James at that sitting gave the name of Antonio Di Verni. He communicated as follows:

"Good Day, Sir:—It is not every intellect that is fit to judge what is truth. Therefore, those who do see truth and are united in their opinions of it, have a right to compel those to acknowledge it, who will not; and when they are so heretical as to refuse to acknowledge it, then resort to violence must be had. What right have I to cause human suffering, for the sake of my ideas of truth? I have this right, because I know it is truth. The torture of heretics is then right, because they deny truth. They make a hell for themselves here and they deserve one hereafter, with none to sing a chant or requiem over their graves. Our founder, St. Peter, drew his sword and cut off the ear of the servant of the High Priest, and we draw the sword to compel heretics steeped in falsehood to acknowledge truth. Let the fight come, and come soon. God speed it. We will fight it out in any way we can to get and keep the upper hand of our opponents, for all things are fair in a religious war. Sign me,

"Antonio Di Verni,
"A Capuchian Friar."

"I died in 1764 at Cork, Ireland. I was known there as Father Antonio."

I know not whether this was a genuine or personating control. I only know that the spirit was very hostile to Spiritualism and to myself. This spirit was followed by one of a very different character who communicated as follows:

"Good Morning, Sir:—You have listened to a great deal of fanatical rant this morning, but let this not trouble you. The road to knowledge and truth is open, and a few guardian angels will keep it open in spite of the rage of all the prelates, monks and friars that have ever lived. I know what persecution means. I lived in a day when it was rampant. Instead of accepting their creed and dogmas, I chose the golden fruits of philosophy; and having tasted of it, I, in all the fervor of my nature, distributed it freely to all who came within my reach. I know that, in the spirit-life, a martyr in the cause of truth, after much suffering, does not like to inflict suffering on others; and that, sir, is one of the principal reasons why the higher and more advanced spirits dislike to use force against such spirits as preceded me here this morning. These advanced spirits know that right will conquer, because it contains within itself the elements of success; and unlike these priests they do not seek war and bloodshed, but peace and good-will toward all mankind. I would like to talk with you again. I was a teacher of philosophy in Alexandria about the year three hundred of the Christian era; and while riding out one day I was seized by the students of the Bishop, because I opposed his church, and dragged through the streets until life was extinct.

"Hypatia."

At the first materializing seance given by Alfred James, at his present residence, some weeks before I received that communication; among the seven or more spirit forms that appeared, fully materialized, were two female spirits, who succeeded each other within the space of a few minutes. The first purported to be the spirit of Joan of Arc. She was not above the average female stature, and seemed, to me, to be even shorter than that. Her hair was very dark and her complexion quite brown. The second form gave the name of Hypatia and in every respect displayed the most marked contrast with the preceding form. She was unusually tall and slender—most graceful in her movements and had an exceedingly fair complexion. She was much more comely than the one that had preceded her, and was dressed in graceful flowing robes of purely white fabrics. The dress of the former was semi-male in appearance. Before the last communication was given I was told by "Wild Cat," the medium's guide, that a spirit whom I had seen materialized would control the medium and talk with me. It was not until the communication was given that I was informed who the communicating spirit was.

As some of my readers may not be familiar with the history of the accomplished and beautiful Grecian lady in question, I will here give the following synopsis of her history as given in the American Encyclopædia:

"Hypatia; a female philosopher of the Eclectic Sect, the daughter of Theon, a celebrated mathematician, who governed the Platonic school in Alexandria towards the close of the Fourth century, at which period she was born. As she early exhibited proof of extraordinary genius and judgment, her father, beside educating her in all the accomplishments of her own sex, made her mistress not only of the different branches of polite learning, but of geometry and astronomy, as then understood. She finally studied philosophy, and such was her reputation that she became a preceptress in the school in which Ammonius, Hierocles and other celebrated philosophers, had presided, and the votaries of philosophy crowded to Alexandria. Her ready elocution and graceful address, united with deep erudition and sound judgment procured her the admiration of all her hearers. She discovered none of the vanity or pride of learning and although eminently beautiful, was equally virtuous. Her house became the resort of all the persons of learning and distinction in Alexandria, and among others of Orestes, the governor. At this time the Patriarch of Alexandria was Cyril, a prelate in the highest degree intolerant and haughty, who was guilty of encouraging the populace to plunder the Jews. Orestes laid the affair before the emperor, who declined to interfere between the partisans of the governor and of the bishop. The intimacy of the governor with Hypatia aroused the anger and jealousy of Cyril; and in consequence she was much calumniated by his monkish partisans and the Christian (?) populace. Their blind resentment at length led them to a conspiracy against her life, and a furious band of assassins seized upon her, as she was returning home from the schools, dragged her through the streets of Alexandria, stripped her naked, and finally tore her limb from limb, with circumstances of the greatest barbarity, and committed her mangled members to the flames. This infamous transaction took place in 415, under the reign of Theodosius II."

We hear the Protestant, would-be, usurpers of Catholic domination of the minds and consciences of mankind, frequently speak of the essential goodness of early Christians, and attribute the persecuting spirit of the Roman Catholic Church to the after-growth of corruption and selfishness among the hierarchy of that church. In the light of that most barbarous and fiendish destruction of the gifted Hypatia, it would seem that Christianity even in its inception was essentially inhuman and destructive of every moral sentiment. It is true that Christianity, even in the Catholic Church, at the present day, dare not commit such wrongs, but it is not because Christians are any less intolerant and cruel now than they were then. It is only because their interests will not admit of such manifestations of brutal prejudice. In the light of such acts by a Christian Patriarch, under the reign of a Christian Emperor, by his monkish followers, Christianity can never characterize a system of human virtues. Why should this enlightened age display such a servile respect and veneration for a name that has deluged the world in blood? Will some one tell us?

[To be continued.]

KIND WORDS.

Wm. Fleming, Pittsburg, Pa., forwarding club, writes: "I am deeply interested in your personal 'Experiences with the Enemies of Spiritualism.'"

S. W. Hall, Troy, N. Y., writes: "I don't want any premium for reading Mind and Matter; it is good enough for me as it is. The pictures arrived safe, and I have them nicely framed and they are simply beautiful."

Thomas Middlemist, Yreka, Siskiyon Co., Cal., writes: "My subscription runs out No. 6, Vol. 2. I will renew in time. Please find enclosed money-order for $5. If there is money enough I want the pictures "Billy the Bootblack," "Homeward" and "Dawning Light." To use a miner's phrase you are doing a *bully* work in your defence of mediums."

Mrs. J. Monroe, Pleasant Valley, Scott county, Iowa, renewing subscription, writes: "Many thanks for your noble and fearless, as well as just and equitable defence of mediums, being one of the fraternity, though very private, I know that opposition to mediums is only opposition to Spiritualism, under the cloak of alleged fraud. May the pure and powerful angels sustain you, as I believe they have raised you up for this great work, is the prayer of your subscriber."

Annie T. Anderson, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Enclosed please find $1.09, the price of subscription to Mind and Matter for six months. I do not require any of the premiums, the amount is too trifling and the paper is well worth the subscription price. I like this decided action against the 'Enemies of Spiritualism.' I have attended Mrs. Stewart's seances and found them, to my mind, entirely satisfactory. I hope Mind and Matter and the *Banner of Light* will not get at 'loggerheads,' if they can work together they will be able to vanquish all adversaries."

Mrs. S. S. Gilman, Springfield, Mass., writes: "I have been a constant reader of your excellent paper, Mind and Matter, for the last four months and admire your bold defence of mediums. We sometimes have spirits come to us and give communications and ask to have them sent to some paper. Would you like to have us send them? [Certainly, our columns are open to any and all spirits.—*Ed.*] We will do all we can to increase the circulation of your paper, for the history of your "Experiences with the Spirit Enemies of Spiritualism" is worth the price of the paper to me, for it explains so many things that I have seen. They ought to be read by every person who is investigating Spiritualism. I send you a list of names with whom I have labored as a medium.

E. Sexton, Nederland, Boulder County, Col., enclosing subscription, writes: "A cloud of deep gloom was settling, enshrouding and rapidly dimming the brilliant rays of spiritual truth and light, when Mind and Matter, like a rocket of brilliant electric light, revealed the approach of a deadly enemy to all liberal and progressive tendencies of the age, showing that history is being repeated. Mind and Matter has severed the chain that the bigots of ecclesiastical power had wrought, and with which they were encircling, preparatory to binding; and, if possible, to crush out all liberal thought and smother every ray of light tending to raise humanity from a grovelling ignorance and superstition to a bright and happy spiritual plane. May the advocates of liberal and spiritual thought rally to the support of all resolute supporters and defenders of truth and justice, and prepare to manfully resist the shock which seems inevitable; and scatter to the winds the foes of progress past all possibility of reorganization, that the earth may be rid of superstition, bigotry, and lust of power, which have deluged the world in past ages with rivers of blood."

J. S. Buker, Mich., writes: "Brother Roberts; I must call you so for your true Yankee grit in standing up so bravely for the mediums; please send one of Mr. Young's collections of Spiritualist Hymns. Your valuable paper comes to hand each week and is perused by myself and wife with great pleasure. We admire the straight-forward course you are taking with your adversary the *R.-P. Journal.* I think you will show that sheet up to all good Spiritualists as a Jesuit organ of the most dangerous character. Do not falter one moment; it is time that such inhuman cussedness should be brought to light. If the church which has been tolerated so long by us have, through their emissaries, committed the damnable outrages that you charge to them, it is time that we should be upon our guard. But let me say to them their days are numbered. Spiritualism has come to stay with us and they cannot put it down; the time has been when they could have hung mediums for witchcraft, but that passed at the time of the Salem witchcraft, and now they have to use poison instead of hemp. When I read read the account of the death of the Blisses' child it made my blood boil in my veins to think that such fiends in human form should be allowed to run at large. But their time is short. Now I wish to know if we can get one of the Terre Haute mediums to come here and stop one week and how much they will come for, besides their expenses. It would do lots of good for the cause besides being a pleasant vacation for them. Please let me know about it if you can."

[The brother should submit his desire to have the Terre Haute mediums to visit him to Dr. Allen Pence, Terre Haute, Ind., who, we have no doubt, will favor him with a reply.—Ed.]