

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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The Spiritual Rostrum.

A Thanksgiving Address.

Inspirationally Given through the Mediumship of Mrs. H. B. Fay, and Delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists by its President, H. J. HORN, Sunday Evening, Nov. 23d, 1884.

"JUBILATE DEO!" "Make a joyful noise unto God; all ye lands." We select our text from the old Bible, not because it is a sacred book, but because it is the most ancient record we have of primeval man's efforts to express his spiritual aspirations.

The keynote of our Thanksgiving address is taken from the Psalms of David. "Jubilate Deo" was the name given to this song by the early Latin Church. When gathered in the dark, mouldy catacombs, after escaping from the dread lions of the bloody arena of the Coliseum, they sang this song of thanksgiving, and it retains that title in the rubrics of the Church to-day.

As usual with Oriental poets, the psalmist apostrophizes nature as a living, thinking individuality, capable of responding to benefits. "Make a joyful noise, ye lands," he exclaims. The joy is expressed by the ripening of fruit and swelling of grain. From every hillside and valley the land sends up a "joyful noise," repeating its song in russet vegetables and fragrant fruit, in nutritious grain, in well-fed cattle, and in abundant provisions for use during the long cold days and nights that must ensue after the yielding autumn.

The harvest has been gathered into our vast western storehouses. Our barns are filled to repletion. Throughout the country the voice of thanksgiving is heard, from every hamlet and city, from every log cabin and stately dwelling. It resounds from Maine to California, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

The tuneful laborers in distant California gathering in their purple vintage, the hardy farmers of our northern olive harvesting their fruit and grain, raise the same note of thanksgiving to that mighty Power that has caused the earth to produce such an abundance.

Through the Atlantic cable the good news of the prolific American harvest is carried by electricity to hungry, waiting lands in the eastern hemisphere. It is telegraphed from storehouse to storehouse; from banker to banker, from workman to workman, the joyful tidings spread. The air is filled with congratulations, for peace and plenty abound!

In every State young children and gray-haired elders, matrons and maidens, rich and poor, are busy preparing for this grand national festival.

This is no new song we raise, or custom we celebrate to-day. It does not belong to Christianity alone. The hymn of thanksgiving went up to heaven ages ago, when in pagan Greece and Rome altars to many gods rose on every vine-covered hillside.

It is natural for man to be thankful, to utter spontaneous songs of gratitude. That voice of the soul that carols like an unseen lark within every breast, is the immortal principle voicing to its counterpart in the world of spirits!

In Christian countries it has grown into a belief that to the church is due this spirit of thanksgiving, so blessed to view. Not so. It existed ere Christ was born. It is man's birth-right. It came from heaven, and as a fountain it wells up to reach its source!

All over the boundless earth thanksgiving, for a good harvest, arises to God in its due season. He has to answer to many names. Jehovah, Jock, Joss, God! He knows all languages and responds to every tongue.

He answers to the song of the Egyptian when the river rises over the sandy plain, and fructifies the earth, and the dusky native reaping his harvest of corn and oil raises his voice in thanksgiving to the God of the Nile!

In India, where the sacred river Ganges is his emblem, in Africa, where he is known as Jock, in China, where he has many names, he sends back an answer to each to their note of thanks with the same abundant provision as that with which he has blessed our Puritan forefathers.

God desires and responds to. How beautifully our text expresses the joy of existence, the physical pleasure of living, which is only a mark of the spiritual ecstasy experienced by man when he realizes that there is a good principle somewhere, protecting and superintending his life.

Listen to man's hymn of thanksgiving, composed a thousand years before Christ appeared upon the earth, by the inspired singer of Israel: "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness; the pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing."

Can any modern Christian poet surpass these psalms of thanksgiving? And why do they satisfy the heart? It is because there is no shadow of doubt thrown over the goodness of the Infinite. There was no hell in those days. King David had never heard of Satan and his fallen angels. It was reserved for the ingenuity of our times to create that disturbing element that weakens our voice and chokes up our song!

This poet of the Orient could tune his psalm free from discord. The earth was the Lord's, and his throne was in heaven, and his mercy from everlasting to everlasting.

There was no power to contend, then, with Omnipotence for his throne. His people had only to trust him, and goodness and mercy would follow them all their days.

How astray from our heavenly home and Father we have gone! The angel-world is again endeavoring to bring us back!

How happy we feel to-day in our spiritual belief. How sunny our hearts. Long indeed should be the faces of our Orthodox brethren if they believe a tithe of what is taught them in their weekly prayer-meetings.

Dear friends, could spirits come to you to-day, and tell you to be thankful, if they did not know of that Summer-Land, whose gardens you plant by good deeds on earth, and whose harvest is eternal fields of progression?

Could they point to your beautiful earth, now stripped of its fruitage, and holding in its bountiful lap the promise of another spring-time, as a cause of thanksgiving, and a guarantee of future happiness, if they knew that any portion of the tollers of the earth were to be lost and tortured eternally?

No! Christians, you have raised to yourselves a false image. De throne it from its high pinnacle. Tear it to pieces, and cast it into the waters of oblivion, from whence it came!

It is intended by nature and God that man should be gay and cheerful. See how quick you forget the accidents of life. The sorrows that come to you would be forgotten if you would let them fly.

It is only Christianized countries that magnify ills. We have seen in China and India poor natives lying upon a coarse pallet of straw, praising Allah or Brahma or Buddha—God, in his various names—and turning peacefully to die, knowing that they were going to the Flowery Kingdom.

Missionaries seeing these poor but happy people, exclaim: "Oh, abject wretches! We must teach them that they are going to be unhappy hereafter. They are dying in ignorance of hell. We must make them believe in that wicked place!" And thus with mistaken kindness they endeavor to blacken their future horizon and fill their unsophisticated minds with fear and dread.

During this week the annual jubilee of the United States takes place, and Thanksgiving feasts will testify to the goodness of that power that vivifies nature. Burnt offerings of fatted bird and incense of fragrant fruit will ascend from modern household altars.

Let our minds go back and picture the first Thanksgiving of our Puritan fathers. They had escaped from man's tyranny across the seas, from the cruel arms of the inquisition which would force them to renounce their religious faith, to the fertile, far-stretching land of the New World—the home of freedom.

Guided by spirits, they had found the Indian corn, and cultured it. Its golden tassels had rejoiced their hungry eyes. They had gathered in their harvest under similar soft glowing Indian summer skies as have lately spread over your glad land.

God and the red man alone owned the vast country that extended in rich fields, fertile valleys and noble hills, before their eyes. The broad rivers, the electric air, the clear sunshine and blue sky that greeted this newly-discovered continent, were free to them all.

Untaxed by either Indian, knight or king, they sent up a shout of thanksgiving whose joyful echo has not yet done resounding through the length and breadth of the land!

Every true American heart expands in liberality on this festival day, and every hand opens to give at least of the gleanings of the field. The mighty chord of true patriotism is touched. What country, we exclaim, can equal ours in agricultural and mineral wealth? What country has the free schools and colleges that we possess, that have come to us with our spiritual freedom? And it is this very spirit of thankfulness that has fostered this happy condition of which we are justly proud.

Having received freely, we give freely. Even the thriftless pauper and the most sullen tramp can find a hospitable door open where he will receive his Thanksgiving dinner.

Let him be thankful, indeed, let the workman be thankful, and though he rises against unjust monopolies, let him remember that it has been only through industry that the present wealth and plenty of the country have been obtained.

the rational spiritual nature of man can the millennium which the revolutionists predicted and Thanksgiving Day prophesies arrived at.

In this age of skepticism we hear the question asked: "What is the use of thanksgiving? If there is a God he does not need our thanks." True, they are not necessary to him; but they are of inestimable value to your own well being, to your spiritual selfhood.

Is it nothing, think you, to be in harmony with the great scheme of life? To strike those upper chords of your soul whose gamut is in heavenly spheres?

Is it nothing to feel as the angels must feel? A sentiment of thankfulness makes us akin to them. Ask your own soul if it is not so? Clap your hands in joy and look up and sing, "Jubilate Deo," as the angels did when carolling forth this song. Do you picture to yourself some gigantic man, bending down through the clouds and listening to your song and being propitiated thereby? Was this the prompting of this glad hymn? No! It was the soul's own expression of thanks of cognizance of some good creative principle, "shaping the harmonious destinies of the world far better than kings or prime ministers."

Spiritualists, more than any other people, should celebrate this day of thanksgiving, for they have so much to be thankful for. At their feasts they can realize that their spirit-friends come and sit beside them.

The memories of earth are still dear to your spirit-friends. They rejoice at your harmony, at your spirit of charity, at your thankfulness.

Their land is beautiful. They feel not the bleak winters of earth. The snow-drift that falls like elder-down to protect the earth with its fleecy white covering, is unknown in that Summer-Land.

And yet its inhabitants all take pleasure in returning to earth. Their thanksgiving song is never ended. Though they have not seen God, that incomprehensible Jah, the self-creat, whose manifestations they behold in the harmonious movements of the spirit-world, yet the voice of their inner being ascends to Him.

Let us be thankful for the tiny rap; for the strange, thrilling knock; for spiritual trance; for transfiguration; for the hundred and one manifestations of spirit-power that have been vouchsafed to us in this wonderful age of the world.

Think of it, friends. In times past you put the body of a dear relative or friend away in the ground. You followed the pale corpse in its black hearse sorrowing to the grave. You returned home; how lonely the house seemed; the voice so familiar to your ear was hushed; the clothes once worn were left behind; how sad they looked to your tearful eye—the dress, the coat, the cloak—all, all were there; nothing had been taken away for that strange journey. The pocket-book was left, bonds, property, houses, horses—all left, nothing taken!

You could touch those personal articles so dear to their owner once, there was no one to improve you. The person had gone, gone for good, gone forever!

No word, no letter, came to you from that traveler. Your sobs might break your heart, and he would not respond to your cry! Thus it was in the past, friends, but to-day the picture is changed!

The discoveries of modern thought have found a way to bring back this shadowy friend, a way which the good Lord had always provided, but we had lost the track; the trail, which, like the faint line the Indian follows through the boundless prairies, taking him to his wigwam and his hunting-ground, was lost to us!

How thankful we should be that we have found it again, and that the means of communication with those called dead has increased instead of diminished.

Thankful should we be, also, at the growing intelligence of the land, and that the number of Spiritualists is increasing every day; thankful for the grand temple that has just been erected for spiritualists in Boston; thankful that this once occult science is gradually being fathomed, and made of practical use; thankful that we are not alone, but that unseen guests fill our rooms, and sit at our tables; that our telegraphic messages are responded to; that we can lay aside our craps and black streamers, and rejoice that the risen souls are at liberty, and wish to see us looking as gay as the flowers with our garments of cheerful hue, of crimson, white and blue, types of joy. Nature makes no black flowers. The emblems of our translation to the Summer-Land should be white, not black.

We will tell you an anecdote of Thanksgiving Day, friends, an occurrence of our earth-life.

Years ago, when we lived among mortals, we were dwelling in a land far distant. We had gone from our American home to study in one of the German universities. We were young and sensitive. The small hoard of money we had possessed was almost all gone. We were a stranger in a strange land. The mails came in slowly in those days, and no drafts, no money came for us, while weeks and months slowly rolled away.

It was in the month of still November. At home Thanksgiving Day was at hand. In dear New England the busy housewives were at work preparing the golden pumpkin and dressing the delicious birds for that well-known feast-day. How desolate and thankless we felt as we recalled that picture of home.

"No Thanksgiving for us," we murmured with despairing tones. We had been walking miles that afternoon, around the barren, inhospitable-looking country, searching for a lone lake or pond in which to throw ourselves in our despondency.

Unhappily, with wavering steps, filled with

black doubts, we returned to our bare German room. What was life all worth? we questioned. We had faded from the memory of our friends in far-away America. No one loved or cared for us! The flaxen-haired Gretchen, whose blue eyes had kindled a flame in our friendless heart, did not smile upon us. Some ungainly Russian possessed her affections. The German professors loved their pipes and beer more than they loved the shy American student. We were alone and friendless.

Finally, as we sat upon the side of our foreign bed hesitating between the trigger and the black pool, from the very intensity of our thinking, help came. A new thought was kindled. We had recently been translating the Life of Stilling. That faithful, trusting soul, who had been so often helped in his greatest extremity by that mystical Providence to whom he appealed, seemed to stand between us and death.

The mists of our German-born atheism cleared away. A ray of light appeared. We reflected, if perchance, as Stilling's autobiography seemed to point out, that there was one above to watch over our needs, might not our own dear dead mother be near, and would she not send help to us if we asked, as Stilling had done in his times of trouble?

Oh, sweet hope! Consolated by the thought, we prayed for aid, and then, dressed as we were, sank upon the bed overcome by the excitement and reaction, and fell into a sweet slumber.

About midnight we were awakened by a strange light, which appeared to permeate the whole chamber. We looked about dazed, while at the same time a mysterious sense of awe caused us to shudder. We knew instinctively that it was no natural light that had awakened us. Our dim candle could never throw out such an effulgence.

It vanished as it came—viewlessly. A nervous tremor seized us. A presence seemed to approach then—a strange supernatural touch fell upon our forehead. A power outside of us forced us to turn, our eyes were compelled to penetrate the darkness, knowing that a vision awaited them. It came; a glorious sight burst upon our senses; with hushed awe we beheld our mother's face beaming upon us through a halo of light!

She held out her dear hands in benediction; her white vapory garments fell near; we could have touched them. A cold sweat suffused our frame as we called, "Mother, oh mother!" Then a low voice like the dying wind sounded on our ear, saying, "Child, be not troubled; I am with you; all will be well."

That, and nothing more; the apparition vanished; but in its place it left a trusting spirit; all thought of suicide disappeared. In the morning we awoke with a cheerful heart. We were in communion with another world. A sweet revelation had been made to us. We would wait and trust. Well for us that we did. Ere Thanksgiving day ended our remittance arrived from an unlooked for source, and ever after the two worlds were as one to us, and Thanksgiving became a day to be remembered.

On Thanksgiving Day in many of your large city churches there will be piled up around the pulpit and filling the chancel, fruits and vegetables and great sheaves of wheat and rye, which will recall to the mind of the scholar pagan offerings of classic days.

We have seen in the tabernacle of an illiberal opponent of Spiritualism enough fruit and vegetables to feed several starving families. As decorative emblems they looked well; as offerings to the poor they would have looked generous; but if to God as they were intended, they were preposterous, for the whole earth is his.

But history repeats itself, and so-called pagan rites are renewed to-day. Offering to spirits is a beautiful tribute when practiced with understanding. In Russia it is the custom among the superstitious peasantry, who live on the lone bleak steppes, in the severe winter, to place upon the outside sill of the small window a dish of rice and cup of native drink for the invisible, and beneath the patron saint's light. When they awake in the morning and find the portion gone, they believe the blessed spirits are pleased with them and have partaken of the repast, while in truth the food has been eaten by some poor houseless outcast, on his way from the wilds of Siberia, who, knowing the custom of the people, helps himself to this gift of the gods to save his famishing body.

Well for us all would it be if religious rites served this double purpose.

It is related in your early American history that Captain Miles Standish, when with his men foraging out in the Indian country, came across some natives' graves, where, according to the custom of the red man, they had placed food and corn for the spirit in its passage to the distant happy hunting-grounds. That corn saved the little company from starvation and formed the nucleus of the next season's abundant harvest.

So should we always mingle use with our religious ceremonies; and let us make of our day of Thanksgiving a day not only to thank the Lord, but to remember our spirit-friends, and to give of our abundance to those who have not.

The British frigate Shannon, which fought the great sea-duel in Boston Bay with the American ship, Chesapeake, in 1813, on which occasion the immortal Captain Lawrence met his death, his last injunction being the memorable words, "Don't give up the ship." is now lying peacefully in New York harbor, loading petroleum for England. Long ago she was reconstructed for the merchant service, but her hull is substantially the same today as it was eighty-four years ago, the date of her launching. —*Ex.*

LOVE IN QUERO.—"Whose little emblem is on my face?" "His emblem is on my face."

Interesting Correspondence Between Col. R. G. Ingersoll and George Chalmers.

CHICO SPRINGS, N. M., Oct. 20th, 1884.

MY DEAR CHALMERS—I see by the papers that you have become a Spiritualist. Of course you did not reach your present position by a simple course of reasoning upon facts common to the world. You must have seen something or heard something that satisfied you not only of the existence of spirits, but that these spirits were once human beings, and can and do communicate with the inhabitants of this world. I read your speech that you delivered at the Convention, but you did not give an account of the evidence you had received. I should like to know what facts caused you to embrace Spiritualism, and, if not too much trouble, I wish you would write me an account of your experiences. We are all well, and all send regards.

Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

I need not tell you that I join in no hue and cry against you.

310 SHAWMUT AVE., BOSTON, MASS., }
Nov. 4th, 1884.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL: My Dear Friend—

Your letter is an oasis in a desert, and most sweet surprise, though I had already declared that I knew no word of disparagement or mockery would ever pass your lips. In a naturally serious life, the event you refer to has been the most serious experience that has yet befallen me. I have been greatly pained and shocked at the amount of illiberality shown by former associates. Tortured and stung by all manner of jokes and jibes and unjust accusations of false motives, I fear I may have been less discriminating than I ought to have been in my replies. I thought that in leaving the Methodist first, and afterward the Unitarian ministry, I had safely passed all danger of suffering for opinion's sake. But that was mercy in comparison with what I have endured in the past six weeks, in private letters and public rivalry. Let me, then, thank you from the bottom of my heart for this wave of kindness you send me so generously from your far western home. Though I have often felt the overflow of your great, loving soul before, it never seemed so truly great as now. Before giving the facts you so lightly let me make one or two observations: I have no right to expect that my experience will convince you. I had heard in my association with Spiritualists many equally startling narratives, and yet had remained honestly unconvinced. So, then, may you. Then it is much easier to suppose another the victim of an illusion, than to admit the same touching an experience of your own. It is also utterly impossible to put into the scales again all that helped to turn the beam. I was surrounded by hundreds of bright, intelligent, happy Spiritualists. They all had marvelous experiences to relate, and many of them gave me the benefit of the same. Precious, sacred joys, screamed from the eyes of unbelievers, were, for some reason or another, freely confided to me. Through the free and delightful social intercourse of the camp-life, I had a far better opportunity of forming a correct judgment of the people than one does in the ordinary course of life. So that the conditions by which I was surrounded all helped to produce conviction. I hold that we do not believe as we want to, but as we are compelled. From their appreciation of my lectures I also had golden opportunities of investigation pressed upon me without money and without price. I have seen and sympathized with the sufferings of mediums, such as no money could have tempted them to endure. I have seen those who, when I first came on the grounds, could hardly exercise their gifts by reason of the positive influence I exerted over them, bathed in tears of joy, when from the platform I told the story of my conversion. I could hardly tell that story for tears of joy myself, while the impression made upon the audience was simply indescribable. I have seen people happy under the excitement and emotion of Methodism; but this was altogether of another character. But these are not the facts you want. I went to this meeting quite by accident. You know yourself of what I had told you of my discouragement with the great majority of professed Liberals. That feeling had grown still stronger; and so I had thoroughly resolved to go on the stage. I have been studying with this in view for two years. But my dear friend Putnam was most desirous of leaving business and entering the field of Liberal propaganda. I tried hard to dissuade him from it. He felt then that his chance of success was dependent on joining forces with me. Under an impulse of gratitude and sincere friendship, I consented to try it for a year, if the conditions I mentioned in a former letter to you should be complied with on the part of the National Liberal League.

Having to go to Canada, I went around to Salamanca, in order to consult with Mr. Green in reference to our plan. While there I quite accidentally resolved to visit the camp, so as to engage accommodations during the forthcoming meeting for myself and friends in advance. They invited me to lecture. I spoke to them on "The Church of the Future." They liked it so well that they invited me to speak again the next day. I gave them "The Genius of Shakespeare." They wanted some more, and so the following day I gave them "Leaves of Grass." Of course they talked to me about Spiritualism. I said, as you often do, "I don't know." I had no proof, and all the proofs I had been taught to trust were broken reeds. To use your own beautiful words, "I did not know whether death was a night or day; a prison wall or a door; the folding or the unfolding of wings." I said to them, "I have no objection to another life, but at present that is my position." At the close

of my lectures what they called public tests were given. A young man who sees clairvoyantly stood up, and described spirits he saw, giving their names, and the time and place of their death. He would also frequently go into distant homes, and describe the furniture of rooms, contents of bureau drawers containing relics of the departed, such as a locket or a picture, or articles of clothing so minutely as to produce a most startling impression. These descriptions were generally witnessed to as being strictly true by some one in the audience, nearly always an avowed stranger to the young man. Still, I set them down to a judicious selection of epitaphs on grave-stones, carefully culled obituary notices from the spiritual papers, coupled with mind-reading. I was invited to a séance. Most striking and exciting things were done. It was in such company and under such conditions as made the thought of trickery impossible. We had not sat in the circle a minute before each one was patted on the face, hands or knee, by hands not belonging to any one of us, while beautiful star-like lights flitted like fireflies about the room, and a guitar was taken from the lap of one of the sitters, and passed all around the room beyond the reach of any of us, and all the time discoursing sweet music. Though startled and perplexed, this would not have convinced me. I next met Mrs. Anna Kimball, a celebrated psychometrist. As Prof. Denton, who made a special study of this subject, gives her the palm in this field, I gave her a ring I had been wearing, to hold. She soon made me feel like the woman of Samaria, who said of Jesus, "Come see a man who told me all that ever I did." As a seer or clairvoyant she described the spirits of two young ladies, standing by my side, who gave their names, and said I visited them when they were sick, and preached their funeral sermons—all of which was true. She also described another spirit standing by, who was my guardian angel. But more of this anon. I began to be somewhat shaken, and to catch myself saying, "Great heavens! is it all true?" But then I thought of all the trickery and fraud that has been exposed in Spiritualism, and all that I must undergo should I proclaim myself a Spiritualist, and said quietly to myself, "No, it won't do. I have changed around enough. It seems to be true, but I will just keep this to myself, and say nothing about it." Being under engagement I attended another séance. This time the manifestations were still more wonderful. The room seemed crowded with spirits, audible voices speaking all around us, giving names and messages fully recognized by some of the sitters. Next I saw the phenomenon of independent slate-writing. To deny that it was the work of an invisible agency was utterly impossible—that it was done by spirit friends seemed probable, as in most instances the message was written in the handwriting of the person signing. I was, of course, still more excited by each additional marvel. Still I persisted in my purpose not to be converted.

At this time I had been on the grounds a week. It was Sunday. I had arranged to leave next morning bright and early, and so went around bidding the new friends I had made good-by. This kept me out until eleven o'clock. When I reached the hotel I found the door locked. Just as I was about to knock at the door, I seemed to hear a voice saying, "Go and sleep with Jack." Now Jack was a very nice fellow, the musician of the camp, and husband of Mrs. Lillie, a most interesting inspirational speaker. They lived in a lovely tent, and as Mrs. L. was away, I knew that Jack would like my company, and so went. We lay awake talking some time. It was a bright, beautiful night, and the tent in consequence almost as light as day. Finally Jack fell asleep. But there was no sleep for me. I was going away in the morning. All that I had seen and felt the past week revolved itself in my mind. I felt more sure than ever that it was true, and yet I resolved more firmly than ever that I would not be a Spiritualist. Suddenly I became aware that some one was there in the tent besides Jack and myself. It was a most strange feeling. Words were put on my lips to the following purport: "You have been brought here to be convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. Those who love you see that this is all that can now make life for you worth the living. You must stay here until every cloud of doubt and haunting shadow of despair is cleansed from your mind." Long I reasoned against it. Finally in despair I yielded the point and fixed upon a plan by which I could stay. The moment I did so I felt a soft hand placed upon my brow. I cannot tell you how I felt. It was at once the strangest and most beautiful sensation I ever experienced. It thrilled me through and through with indescribable ecstasy. I can assure you that it was no dream, but a most sweet reality, amply confirmed by many subsequent experiences.

As soon as it was known that I had changed my mind about leaving, I was again invited to lecture. A voice seemed to come and whisper in my ear, "This is to give you an appropriate chance to confess what you have seen and felt, and swear allegiance to this faith." I resolved to do so. The manner in which it was received was as great a miracle as anything that had happened. I never dreamed that such an effect could be produced by a simple recital of my religious experience. It gave me new ideas about oratory. From that time on the revelations have continued to increase in power. Through three different mediums my guardian spirit claimed to be the one who had touched my brow in the tent. From the fact that she was seen one time to place a bunch of lilies on my breast and another time a dove, I called her Lily Dove. I have had the strangest and most wonderful dreams, in which I have been with her in a most beautiful country. All that I have done of importance since has been fore-shadowed in dreams. These dreams are unlike anything I ever had before. But this letter would stretch out to a cyclopedia should I tell all.

Two of the leading persons attending the Camp-Meeting were Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Skidmore of Fredonia, N. Y. Mr. S. is a successful railroad contractor, and a man of large brain and heart. His wife is a most sweet and loyal lady. Several years since they lost a beautiful daughter by consumption, just as she had blossomed into womanhood. Her name was Kitty. The love between her and her parents must have been much like that between your own sweet daughters, Maude and Eva, and their parents. But they lost their Kitty. She was married to the man of her heart's choice a week before she died. They were beside themselves with grief. Life hardly seemed bearable. They had all that money could buy, but the pride of their hearts and light of their home had gone out in the darkness of death. I think for a moment how you would feel if Eva were your only child, and you should lose her. As you would feel, so I felt. They had no faith in the teachings of the Church. Your lectures

have a more honored place in their home than the Bible. But they turned in their despair to Spiritualism. They received message after message on closed and locked slates, in her own familiar hand, full of the perfume of the same loving nature she revealed in earth-life. They saw her materialize, felt her arms around their necks, and then saw her simply fade from their sight without moving from the spot. Since then she has come to them in so many ways that they feel that she makes one of the home circle almost as much as while in the visible form. They have a lovely little séance-room, and whenever a medium passes that way, he or she is called in, and they commune with her as of old. The tent that I occupied in camp was furnished me by their kindness. The easy-chair I sat in was the one Kitty was married in a week before she died. She was seen several times by clairvoyants to come into the tent and sit down in that chair. During life her favorite flower was a white rose. Mr. Prang of Boston kindly sent me a package of picture cards; on one of them were some white roses; I gave it to Mrs. Skidmore, saying, "That is for Kitty." That night while I was talking with Mrs. S., Kitty was seen by a medium to enter the tent, kiss her mother, and then come and place a bunch of white roses on my breast. After the camp Mr. and Mrs. Skidmore invited myself, Mrs. Anna Kimball and Mr. W. A. Mansfield, the slate-writing medium, to spend a few days at their home, during which time we held two circles, with only ourselves and two relatives and members of the family present. Just as soon as we sat down the first night Mr. Mansfield was entranced and the most startling phenomena commenced. Kitty came and covered her father and mother with tender caresses; things were taken out of our pockets and passed around the circle; I felt two soft hands touching my forehead and toying lovingly with my hair, while all the others in the circle were being touched by other hands.

When I felt them on my forehead I said mentally, "If that is you, Lily, please touch my lips with your fingers." It was done immediately. The next day I went into Dunkirk and bought a box of flowers—white roses, a lily, some jessamine, heliotrope, sweet peas and carnations—appropriate presents, I think you will say, for such sweet angel visitants. When we sat down the box of flowers rested in Mrs. Kimball's lap, whence it was immediately taken and placed in mine. I then asked if that was the flowers that they knew I had brought them to the Indians. At once I felt three gentle touches on my forehead, while at the same time three distinct raps were made on the box, which in spirit-telegraphy means yes. I then formed the mental request that if Lily were present she should put the lily in my hands. It was done as quick as a flash. I then said mentally, "Kitty, if you are here, I brought the white roses for you, and would like you to put one where you placed the spirit-roses." Immediately I felt something placed in my bosom, and when the light was turned on there was seen the white rose. Ever since I had the experience already related, of the hand touching my forehead, if I happen to be mentally tired, I am almost sure to have it repeated. At the first touch of those magical fingers the pain and weariness vanish! I feel now so sure that much sweeter experiences will follow death than can come to us in this life, that I think of that otherwise gloomy event with the most joyful and intense expectation.

But this letter is growing too long. If I had far greater marvels to relate I should expect you to reply, "I might not believe without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes." So far as I am concerned I can say, "My life upon the ghost." She has told me many things and never played me false. She inspires and strengthens me constantly. I would not part with the joy of this experience for all the gold of earth. I do not think I shall be any more sure of immortality when I have attained the other life than I am now. I wish I could have seen you face to face, or sat in the dear family circle while I told my strange story, and answered all the questions which might arise, and seen just how it affected you. I have not written it in such fullness before from a feeling that some of it was too sacred and personal, that it would be almost sacrilege to give it to the general public. Your letter, however, shines so grandly and beautifully alongside of most of the comments of my old friends, and inspires me with such perfect confidence, that I cannot resist the temptation to give both the question and answer to the public. I feel sure that it will do much to restore the good feeling marred by the unjust censure of others and my own somewhat strong remarks under the intense excitement in which I was thrown, first by my experience, and next by its unfriendly reception. If you will write a short reply and say just how it presents itself to your mind, I am sure that also will do a world of good. If you can explain it away on any hypothesis that does not demand more credulity than the theory of spirit-return, please do so.

I have no wish to be deceived. Spiritualism is not Christianity. It courts investigation. If you think I am insane, please say why. If you have any questions to ask touching the possibility of my being deceived, I shall be glad to answer them. You may put me on the witness stand and cross-examine me in this trial, and I shall be delighted to take any pains to give you all the light I can. If you for confidence in my sincerity causes the star of hope your loving eyes saw gleaming above your brother's grave to shine with a steadier ray, and bring to your ears, so thirsty for the grandest and sweetest music, the sweeter music of the rattle of a wing from a world that conquers death, and gives back to the heart all its desire, then I know that thousands through your help will be cheered by the same hope and thrilled with the same sweet music.

With ever faithful love to you and yours, I am, now indeed, yours always and afterward,
GEORGE CHAINAY.

Verifications of Spirit-Messages.

DR. THO. L. MASON—ALDEN J. SPOONER.
The communications given in your Free Circle, and published in the BANNER OF LIGHT of Nov. 15th, from "DR. THOMAS L. MASON" and "ALDEN J. SPOONER," are recognized. Mr. Spooner was my brother-in-law, and passed out very suddenly, as he says. Dr. Mason was his friend, and had been a doctor of the family. Both messages were very satisfactory indeed.
Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Nov. 17th, 1884.

According to *The Druggist*, the Japanese are troubled with severe losses on account of the extinction of the lacquer industry. The tree from which the varnish is made is disappearing. All the lacquer is now being made in the United States. The Japanese are now in a state of great distress. Another law is being passed which will cut down the price of lacquer to one-half its present value. This will be a great loss to the Japanese, as they have no other industry.

For the Banner of Light. DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

"A bending reed I would not break,
A feeble faith I would not shake,
Or rashly tear away
An error, that some truth may stay,
Deprived of which the soul's without
A shield against the shafts of doubt."
—Whittier.

Of this two meanings may be had,
In either case the teaching's bad,
To charity I feel inclined;
But yet it seems unto my mind,
Error is error, nothing less,
It never has—it cannot bless.

I cannot see the reason why
We should revere a pious lie,
Truth needs no error as a stay,
I'd tear the useless thing away;
An error we can do without
Far better than an honest doubt.

All error I would tear away,
That in its place some truth may stay;
The truth expands and makes us free,
Though error call it heresy;
In each reformer's soul so stout,
There first were felt the shafts of doubt.

Here in the dawn of that bright day
When misty clouds shall pass away,
Let misty creeds and forms begone!
They've cramped the intellect too long.
Touched by the light of reason's fire,
They burn to ashes, and expire.

DETROIT, MICH. GEORGE ELBRIDGE UPHAM.

Foreign Correspondence.

ECHOES FROM ENGLAND.

NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN.

BY J. J. MORSE,
Sole European Agent and Special Correspondent of the
BANNER OF LIGHT.

Let me trust, good Brother Colby, that my cordial and hearty good wishes and congratulations sent to you herewith on your seventeenth birthday just passed, be not considered as coming too late! The length of years the Psalmist mentions have now been reached, but can we say your life is done? No! there are lessons to teach, rights to protect, truths to insist, which will still need your tried and able services. May you be spared yet, for years to come, ere at last you retire from mortal gaze, and commingle with the hosts of the wise and good whom you have so long and faithfully served here below: To which sentiments, without doubt, every reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT will say amen.

The tide of spiritual work rolls on, increasing in volume and power from year to year; ever and anon with restless force breaking down every puny barrier that bigotry and intolerance may raise to arrest its progress. Surely and grandly our cause goes forward, its principles permeating Art, Science and Literature with increasing effect; and ever in the front are the glorious army of mediums, oft on whose devoted heads fall blows, scoffs and jeers, and who are frequently called upon to bear the stabs of private malice as well as of public opprobrium, but who yet, nevertheless, bear themselves gallantly in the fight, conquering as they go, though sometimes they fall and die.

One result has just transpired in the fact that England's Premier, William Ewart Gladstone, in company with I understand, the Princess of Wales, has lately held a séance with Willie Eglinton, whereat the honorable gentleman was most profoundly impressed with the importance of the matters submitted to his attention.

The endorsement of a Princess and a Premier may add social respectability to our facts, but cannot add to their reality. It is well to remember this, and those who are getting gray in the service may well remember the days of small things, and in so remembering congratulate themselves that the labors of the past have materially contributed to the profit of to-day.

It is with feelings of deep regret that, so far as mortal relations may be concerned, your correspondent has to announce the sudden departure from the mortal form of Mr. John Fowler, of Liverpool, which occurred as a consequence of heart-disease. Your correspondent enjoyed a personal friendship with this gentleman, extending over a number of years, and entertains a grateful recollection of the generosity which Mr. Fowler extended to him when first establishing the European agency of Colby & Rich. Indirectly the movement in this country has thus had much to thank Mr. Fowler for, in connection with the present writer, who was thus enabled, by the act above mentioned, to accomplish the distribution of many hundreds of the publications issued from the Publishing House of Colby & Rich. Mr. Fowler's generosity to the cause was frequently and largely exercised in relation to the society existing in Liverpool, where his loss will be deeply deplored.

In many other ways in connection with work in London, and other parts of the country, Mr. Fowler's time and means were frequently employed with benefit and advantage; but so quiet and unassuming was he in character, that few beyond those who enjoyed his immediate personal acquaintance knew either the earnestness of his nature or the generosity of his disposition. His work is a monument that will long endure. Let us trust that his life may prove an example for others to follow.

Since my last letter, Mr. E. W. Wallis has accepted the charge of the Glasgow Spiritualists' Association, and located himself in the commercial metropolis of Scotland. Since the commencement of his work a tide of prosperity has set in, in connection with the local work, that is most gratifying. The hall is filled at each Sunday service by eager and delighted listeners; the week evening meetings and receptions at Mr. Wallis's residence are fully patronized, and the efforts of Mr. Wallis, in conjunction with those of his wife, are incessantly applied to the building up of a good and lasting work.

The public progress of Spiritualism in Great Britain is not marked, just now, by any matters of special moment, save those matters which may be described as pertaining to its internal economy. One of these matters bears the very satisfactory character of an effort to wipe off the crushing liability that Mr. James Burns has labored under for many years. A series of efforts have been made in various large towns, and in London, by committees and individuals, for the purpose of raising a sum of \$2,500 toward the above indicated purpose. Your correspondent devoted the proceeds of one of his Sunday evening services to the fund in question, and other mediums and speakers have done so subsequently. Mr. Burns has worked so long, and helped every one in his power, that it is only right and proper that we should put our shoulders to the wheel, and get the cart out of the rut it holds in. I am, there-

fore, pleased to see and heartily commend the effort being made.

The publishers of *Light* are soliciting the sum of \$750 to defray the cost of sustaining *Light* for another year. It is somewhat disheartening to note the apathy displayed in the sustenance of Spiritualist newspapers throughout the world. The paper in question circulates among the wealthy sections of London and country Spiritualists, and was, presumably, started under excellent auspices, but for three years out of four of its existence it has been compelled to beg for means to carry it on. It is exceedingly painful to note that such is the fact, and it is to be trusted, for the credit of the cause, that the days of such meagre support are numbered, and will soon be passed.

The new society, the "Spiritualist Alliance," confines itself chiefly to social gatherings. At its last meeting, Maj.-Gen. Drayson read a paper upon Spiritualism, putting familiar matters in a pleasant manner, and as the admission was free, by invitation, and refreshments presented to the guests, naturally a crowded attendance assembled. The President, the Rev. Stainton Moses, is most earnest and devoted in his relations to the body he presides over, and he is personally so pleasant and agreeable, so thoroughly straightforward, and has won such high regard from troops of friends, that he is emphatically the right man in the right place.

Mr. S. O. Hall, whose name has a world-wide celebrity, and whose acquaintance with prominent and now in many cases historical characters, extending over a period of fifty years past, entitles him to be considered an historical personage himself, has lately reissued his celebrated letter on Spiritism, which has been handsomely printed, elegantly bound, and is published by Messrs. Hay Nesbitt & Co., of Glasgow. The book contains a vast amount of personal testimony, is written in its distinguished author's best style, and is a valuable adjunct to our literature, and a fitting postscript to his venerable long life and earnest championship of the cause he dedicates it to.

Knowing how valuable space is in the ever-popular and always waving BANNER OF LIGHT, and however interesting a chaty resumé of this kind may be, matters of sterner moment should not be deferred, or pressed aside by this effort to interest your readers. I now, Mr. Editor, bring my letter to a close, wishing you God-speed and angel guidance; a safe passage across the stormy seas of life, and entrance at last into that haven of rest where peace and joy shall reign forever.

The Progressive Literature Agency,
201 Euston Road, London, N. W., Eng.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Mrs. H. B. Fay's Séances.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having spent some time the past few weeks in visiting materializing mediums, I deem it but an act of justice to them and their spirit-controls to endeavor, in some way, to show as much courtesy to the mediums as they have always extended to my friend and co-worker, E. N. Moore, and myself.

One day the last of October we visited Mrs. Fay at her home, 156 West Concord street, and although the room was full the manager at once insisted that we should have seats.

When the medium had entered the cabinet, "Aunt," the control, stated that she intended to have this séance given under strict "test conditions," and in order to do this she had placed the medium in the hands of three ladies a short time before the séance commenced, and she ("Aunt") called upon the ladies to state what they had done. They responded by informing the company that while the medium was entranced, they had taken her to a room and completely changed her garments, by substituting dark and black clothing. The medium was then led back to the séance-room and seated, where we found her upon our entrance. She was then partially under the influence of "Aunt," and evidently felt that something had taken place which she did not fully understand, as she, with some feeling, declared she would not enter the cabinet if any one had thrown a "mesmeric" influence over her. With some difficulty she was assured that nothing of the kind had taken place, which aided to calm her mind, when she entered the cabinet. There was now an earnest rap heard at the door of the séance-room, and the permission of "Aunt" was asked as to the propriety of opening the door, and permission to do so was given, when two ladies who had engaged seats entered, creating some confusion, as was to be expected. The room was now partially lighted, when the spirit, "Aunt," stepped from the cabinet across the room, and moving these ladies aside, reached over the heads of the sitters, took two unoccupied chairs, and requesting those already seated to move to the right and left, placed the chairs, seated the new-comers, and walked back to the cabinet as firmly and deliberately as a lady in life would do. This spirit, "Aunt," was clad in white. In a few minutes after she had entered the cabinet, our attention was called to a bright spot upon the carpet. It was stationary for a moment, and then commenced to rise, until about the height of a woman, when the whole burst upon our vision as a beautiful female form, clad in the most radiant white garments. She raised her arms, and from them fell long lace drapery, bright and beautiful. The figure (which proved to be "Aunt"), stood for a few seconds, and then addressed the company in a speech full of pathos and eloquence. Among other matters she said:

"This séance is to be given under strict test conditions. I like honest skeptics, those who can doubt, but still believe that what they see may be an honest manifestation. The medium has unwillingly been placed in the present position in order that every one can bear witness to the fact that—although Mrs. Fay is clothed in dark garments, and there are no means of access to the cabinet other than through the door at which she entered—every figure to be seen at this séance shall come forth from this same door, and be clothed in robes as bright and as beautiful as these I now wear, and shall be a guarantee that my medium stands beyond reproach. In doing this, I do not cast any reflection upon any other medium, for each of them has naturally, different manifestations attendant on differing phases of mediumship and different spirit-controls."

As she concluded, the bright vision vanished, and all was darkness. In a moment the light was partially restored, when a beautiful white-robed female form quickly walked from the cabinet, and, seizing the hand of Mr. Pearcy of Newburyport, drew him to the cabinet, after conversing a moment, it called for two ladies accompanying Mr. Pearcy, when a most appropriate interview took place, and the spirit entered the cabinet, waving an adieu to her delighted friends. Several other figures were called to the cabinet, and nearly every one seemed to be recognized, and

spirits. A boy appeared giving a name which was recognized by a lady who went to the cabinet, when the spirit sprang out and embraced her, calling him her "dear boy Charley." This apparition was very affectionate in his demonstrations of love; he finally entered the cabinet, and the lady was about seating herself again when he once more returned and clasped his arms around his mother's neck.

Others of the company were called, and among them a gentleman I have reason for believing to be a skeptic, but not an unreasoning one. As he approached, the cabinet it was opened by a shining female spirit, who spoke to him, and he seemed to recognize her; she led him into the cabinet and requested him to place his hand upon the medium, whom he found entranced in the corner.

A beautiful and playful spirit now ran out of the cabinet, and took the hand of Mr. E. A. Brackett, the well-known sculptor of this city. This apparition seemed to be of a fun-loving nature; she donned the room forming lace garments and handkerchiefs which she allowed all to take hold of. She would gather the articles together and re-form them into other garments of apparently a different fabric. All the time she was moving around the room making the articles, her uncle, Mr. Brackett, stood beside her.

I have since been informed that this beautiful spirit seldom misses an opportunity of greeting her uncle, Mr. Brackett, when he visits this medium, and is always a great source of delight and comfort. There was nothing about the wonderful materialization of this spirit that would raise the first doubt in a skeptic's mind that he had not seen before him the form of a spirit from the celestial world.

I have notes of wonderful manifestations of spirit-power which I have lately witnessed at Mrs. James A. Bliss's, and also at séances by the Misses Berry, which I propose to furnish the readers of the BANNER at a future date.

HIRAM E. FELLOH.

16 Brattle Square, Boston.

Our New York Mediums, and Hereof of Mrs. Sawyer.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

For some years past your city of Boston has been so highly favored in respect to mediums, particularly for the higher phases of manifestation, that our metropolitan region has received less attention than it deserved from those who are accustomed to turn aside from the turmoil of worldly affairs, to obtain an occasional glimpse of that heaven which "lies around us and about us" continually.

You have called attention to the fact that one of our prominent materializing mediums, whose séances have elicited a wide interest, has engaged in a semi-monthly publication, which is to be a "Beacon Light" to the timid and dull of sight, who have so long been led into darkness by the sleek and well-conditioned myth-espousers, whose useless temples overshadow our homes.

But these new labors are not permitted to interrupt the course and order of those remarkable séances to which public attention, at least amongst Spiritualists, has been so largely drawn.

Then we have, just over the great bridge—the pride of two cities—a medium of rare qualities, in the person of Mrs. Cadwell, whose development for materialization has culminated in the production of some of the rarest phenomena of this description hitherto witnessed, including clearly articulated spirit-conversation and singing, of exquisite sweetness of voice and expression.

But it is more especially of Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer of whom I would now speak, and who is now holding regular séances at No. 59 West 24th street, New York City, for materialized and illuminated forms, and the rarer phase of etheralization, wherein the unsubstantial visitor is presented in clear figure and outline. It was my privilege to attend a number of séances of this renowned medium, recently held at her rooms, wherein the several phases above alluded to were distinctly illustrated. There were present at one or more of these séances very many of our best-known Spiritualists, resident of this city and elsewhere. Among these I may be allowed to mention Mr. I. B. Rich (of the good old BANNER OF LIGHT), Mr. D. Lyman (of Washington, D. C.), Prof. and Mrs. Kiddle, Mr. and Mrs. Miss McCarthy, Luther R. Marsh, Esq., J. F. Jeanneret, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Brett, Miss Anderson ("our little medium"), Horatio Page, Esq. (of St. Louis), Mr. Benedict, Mr. White, Mr. Bunce and others.

Immediately prior to holding these séances Mrs. Sawyer had been prostrated by an attack of pneumonia, from the effects of which she was still suffering, and at the urgent request of the circle she consented to forego the customary test of being tied or chained to her cabinet.

Among the more extraordinary occurrences during these evenings were the appearance of several forms in couples, and in some few instances "three" were present in full view at the same time, both male and female.

Elan, the chief control, on one occasion, appeared in full male attire, holding by the hand a radiant female spirit, whom he introduced as his bride. When it is stated that Elan departed this life at the early age of fourteen, it follows that this match, at least, must have been made in heaven.

There was at least one order of proof of spirit presence as conclusive as the most skeptical could desire. The medium, in quite a normal state, was audibly requested by Elan to step out of the cabinet into the circle. This she did; and she was immediately followed by a female spirit, differing from her in figure and size, with whom she joined hands, and approached near to the front row of spectators, a third form being then visible at the opening of the curtain.

It may interest some of your readers for me to relate a circumstance connected with this lady's mediumship which to my mind is conclusive of its genuineness in several respects.

Some weeks ago, being in her company, her familiar control, "Maude," said, "Lucy Crandell is here, and comes to you." "Lucy Crandell?" I replied, "Infinitely!" "Yes; Lucy Crandell. Did you know her?" "Yes, Maude, I knew a little girl of that name in war times, who was a frequent visitor at her grandmother's, on whose plantation near Washington, we were once present for a season." "Well, she is the same," replied the spirit, "and she is now here, and is in the same position as she was in war times, and is now a frequent visitor at her grandmother's, on whose plantation near Washington, we were once present for a season." "Well, she is the same," replied the spirit, "and she is now here, and is in the same position as she was in war times, and is now a frequent visitor at her grandmother's, on whose plantation near Washington, we were once present for a season."

100

**PREMIUMS
For FACTS.**

Dec. 8.—1w

New York Advertisements.

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Mention this paper.

Nov. 187

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Oct. 25.

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