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CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—*The Spiritual Rostrum: The Mercy Seat. Spiritual Phenomena: In Re Mrs. Fay.* "Our Ammunition Never Exhausted." Phenomena in New York.
SECOND PAGE.—*Poetry: Beyond the Sunrise. The Dedication at Greenwich, Mass. Organization. Translations from the Foreign Exchanges of the BANNER OF LIGHT. The Trance in Siberia. Washington, D. C. June Magazines. Verifications of Spirit Messages, etc.*
THIRD PAGE.—*Banner Correspondence: Letters from Connecticut, Ohio, New York, Nebraska, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Jersey, Wisconsin, and Tennessee. Obituary and Convention Notices, etc.*
FOURTH PAGE.—*"The Massachusetts Medical Society." How Wars will End, Mrs. Gummidge in Theology, Interesting Materialization Incident, In a Nut Shell, etc.*
FIFTH PAGE.—*The Battle for American Freedom. All Sorts of Paragraphs. Movements of Mediums and Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.*
SIXTH PAGE.—*Message Department: Invocation; Questions and Answers; Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer from Adeline Outer, Samuel Poor, Mrs. W. L. Jackson, Thomas Donaldson, Edward Wyman Colligan, Charles L. Dunn, Mrs. Mary M. Wadleigh, Simon Brault, Mary Harvey John Horton, Maria L. Dunklee, and Hattie Young.*
SEVENTH PAGE.—*"Mediums in Boston." Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.*
EIGHTH PAGE.—*Spiritualist Meetings in Boston. The Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists. Berkeley Hall Meetings. Onset Notes. Medical Monopoly. Four Acts Played! Spiritualist Meetings in New York: People's Meeting in New York City. Spiritualist Meetings in Brooklyn: Lectures in Brooklyn, N. Y., etc.*

The Spiritual Rostrum.

THE MERCY SEAT:

FROM THE SPHERE OF JOHN WESLEY.

Given through the Trance Mediumship of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
Before the First Society of Spiritualists, Chicago, Ill.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by C. Y. Richmond.)

"Place the Mercy Seat within the holy of holies." "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Even as the Judgment Seat is the bar of the human conscience where that conscience meets the Infinite face to face, so is the Mercy Seat nearest unto the Throne of God; for it is described that in that wonderful tabernacle and ark builded for the benefit of the wandering children of Israel, none more than they needed the Judgment Seat, none more than they needed the Mercy Seat; that as the symbol of God's Throne was placed within the holy of holies, and on either side was placed the cherubim, so beneath, near the shadow of their wings, the Mercy Seat was placed, unto which those feeling the need of the mercy of God should come.

Severe as have been the judgments enunciated by teachers of the Christian religion, the word mercy occurs more than half a hundred times in the Bible; the word judgment scarcely twenty. As vindictive as has been presented the terror of this judgment, the mercy and loving kindness of God are spoken more frequently, both in the Old and New Testament, than any words of wrath and condemnation. The Mercy Seat, as such, has been enunciated in distinct terms, while the Judgment Seat has only been pictured from the vision of John in the Apocalypse. That which pertains to judgment must relate to man's own condition, wherein, for the time being, his responsibility is called into action, and he, upon awakening to the power of God's presence, perceives the enormity of his wrongdoing and transgression. The effect this has upon his awakened conscience is that he perceives all his unworthiness, feeling in the presence of perfect light and perfect truth, as though there were in him no act, no deed that could merit praise. But just beyond that awakening, when the whole nature is aroused to the consciousness of past darkness, when the temptations, evils and sinfulness of earth are clearly perceived, when by all the reminiscence awakened of life upon the earth in connection with material sin and striving is clearly portrayed, it is just there, in that state that lies beyond, that this divine picture of the Mercy Seat is presented, the pure gold of God's Spirit, the shadow of the cherubim, as being nearest to the crystal brightness of that presence—the cherubim representing primarily the state of angels ere yet they have parted company with the divine and perfect life in heaven. Here at this place you meet that loving kindness in the form of mercy. Whatever lies beyond known to angels only.

To human spirits the necessity of mercy is as great as the necessity of judgment, for each is a counterpart of the other. As white and black, light and shade, night and day, alternate in earthly life, so where there is judgment there must also be mercy, since without judgment you would never have felt it; since that larger and diviner measure of God's presence and quality could never be realized unless there were the accompanying mercy. What it means is that it is not for God, but for man, that judgment and mercy are fashioned. It is not that He needs pardon and forgiveness and tenderness and love and kindness, but that it is the state of human life and the condition of human spirits in their conquest over material elements, and over that nature that is within, that it has to meet face to face, these two conditions, the all-consuming, all-devouring and all-condemning state of judgment, and the all-gracious, all kindly, loving seat of mercy. Mercy is not to be confounded with weakness, not to be attributed to any lack of purpose, not to be ascribed to any thought of human folly which yields where human affections are engendered; but mercy denotes the power of conscious possession of all laws; that which can change the judgment as the result of human transgression into forgiveness; which is the triumph of the spirit. Here you have earthly governments to summon the transgressor of the laws of the land, and if the penalty of the judgment is death, it rests with the ruler to exercise mercy, and that according to the state of the criminal. A reprieve is granted, or should be granted by all who exercise that power. Judgment is pronounced upon the act of transgression, and its legitimate penalty is carried out, or whatever law is in force concerning it. Here are mercy, kindness, and pardon that must depend under the law of earth, upon the state of penitence and irresponsibility or other circumstances that surround the prisoner with a halo of peace and forgiveness; but if he be still unrepentant, if he still pursues wrong-doing, if he defies the law that condemns him, if he is turbulent, there is no human law that could pardon him under even human justice.

It is still, rebelling against your kindly yet firm authority, performs acts that in themselves are violations and transgressions of that law which you rightfully must exercise over him; if there is the disobedience that springs from the natural willfulness sometimes of

childhood, youth and early manhood, your judgment against that child is one of condemnation. There is then the mercy of the kind father, the beneficence of your love for your child. If this tempers your idea of justice, you forgive; if it does not, you condemn.

These are of course earthly illustrations, but the very fact that these two states exist in earthly minds is evidence that where the mind of man meets in a state of moral responsibility the Infinite, the judgment must be adapted to man's condition, not to God's. God does not judge every one according to his condition, but according to the needs of the spirit or soul that is to be judged. And so is the mercy exercised. Not but what there is an overflow of bountiful love in the judgment, as well as of mercy, but mercy is the voluntary exercise of that love as adapted to your condition, not to God's, and therefore when fresh from the judgment and censure which the earthly state involves, conscious of your weakness and folly, you meet the Judgment Seat, if penitence is there, if the spirit is contrite, if there is the consciousness of wrong-doing, if you feel unworthy, you cannot be merciful to yourself.

The Judgment Seat is placed within the human conscience, but the Mercy Seat is outside of man. It is that power of love beyond and above yourself that must take you away from despair; it must uplift you; you must see you are forgiven, else there would be eternal self-condemnation, you would dwell forever in the region of despair; for no judgment is so harsh as that of the individual against himself. The judgments of God are those that come through this awakened conscience; therefore it is that even in the material dispensation of the Jews, when everything was illustrated by the most external sign, when even the tabernacle of God must be builded and fashioned of human things, and earthly gold must be taken to embellish the altar and shrine before which they were to worship; even then the Mercy Seat was placed nearest to God's presence, beneath the shadow of those wondrous pinions of the cherubim that breathed of love immortal, away down into the depths of that despair which, having been pictured as an overwrought conscience, illustrates the darkness of sin.

Surely there can be no darker, no diviner office than to picture just that state which is referred to again in the New Testament as the Mercy Seat within the Holy of Holies; for it is there the spirit first becomes aware of the love of God; it is there that for the first time this Infinite tenderness, this all-pervading compassion, this love that is like the mother-love of earth, this perpetual forgiveness, is exercised. In that presence you are no longer in the halls of judgment; no longer are there around you the condemning and accusing witnesses of your own life; no longer are you surrounded by your own folly and sin; no longer does the object rise up in memory of your transgression. You have entered now another realm, you are in a condition of being forgiven. No one can be forgiven unless he is in a condition of forgiving. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." It is not that God withholds mercy, but how can you receive it unless you also are in a condition of being merciful?

The warrior who slays a fallen foe is despised; the whole world rises up in censure of him who deserts and betrays one who is disarmed; and when the spirit is disarmed from its earthly folly, having no longer the armor of selfishness about it, having no longer rebellion, having no longer the shadow of its own sin upon it, it is just at that point that the mercy and loving kindness of God are felt. You feel it to be mercy. It is no concession on the part of the Infinite, for always Infinite Love is even in the judgment as in the mercy. You feel it to be merciful; you feel it to be kind; you feel it to be gracious. How scornful a man would treat himself, if, when his foe was at his feet, pleading for his life, he should strike him a deadly blow. No nations having a shadow of moral awakening do this, only the traitor and coward—those who do not feel that it is an act of concession to pardon the one who is at their feet. But he who is kneeling before, who perhaps has committed acts for which he knows he may lose his life—he is the one who feels the mercy, who feels the loving kindness, who feels the magnanimity. When Christ revealed the Mercy Seat in a perfect conquest and triumph over hatred, then and there was shown the difference between the Mosaic and Christian law. Judgment and mercy belong to the Mosaic dispensation of man's existence. We do not mean the Mosaic dispensation of time, but you who are in the Mosaic law to day, who live in the shadow of judgment, who believe in mercy, who know that justice, as you term it, must go hand-in-hand with mercy, you are still beneath the law of judgment and of mercy. It is at the Mercy Seat that those who plead for mercy find their first consolation. What transcends that we shall tell you afterward, but do not take away that which is the vestibule of the kingdom of heaven. Those who are amenable must be amenable to the laws of judgment and conscience. You might as well take away the stepping stones of human life in youth, in the growth to manhood; you might as well deprive man from the exercise of all human faculties, because he is immortal. Here, in the presence of that life which feels the shadow there must be, also, the overpowering mercy of God, and the beauty of this conscience is that in the entrance to the Mercy Seat of the divine life you can enter through no other gateway than that of the hall of judgment. You cannot escape the judgment and find the mercy; you cannot escape even conscience and find mercy; they are only efficacious when you are in a condition to receive them, but not efficacious if you blindly pursue your folly, weakness and ignorance, because then you are not in a condition to receive. If you shut yourself up in a dungeon you certainly are not in a condition to receive the light of the sun. If you prefer a subterranean passage rather than the open highway, the light surely will not reach you. You cannot expect the light of day to illumine you there, but when you are in the daylight you can receive its rays; when you are in the shadow you cannot expect the sunshine to enfold you.

Many people ask in this modern time why are judgment and mercy necessary to an Infinite God? and why, if God is infinite in love, must judgment and mercy be named as belonging to man and his relations with God? I have endeavored to show that the Judgment Seat as well as the Mercy Seat is fashioned for man. You might as well ask why men see with human eyes, why they walk with human forms, why they are not angels all the time. The laws of existence have placed you here. You see with limited vision, you hear with imperfect hearing, your senses are limited to your surroundings; the finite is not infinite. Whatever transpires between the finite and the Infinite is adapted to your state and not to God's. The Infinite must be all-sufficient, must be perfect, must be calm, must be all of repose and rest. But that which transpires between the Infinite and you must be adapted to your condition; that which transpires between the Infinite and all angels and spirits must be adapted to their condition and state. God is adapted to all states and conditions, pouring out light and shadow, tempest and calm, according to the needs of earth and planets that move in

space, and through the light and shadow that envelope the soul of man, pouring out the radiance of his mercy or his judgment according to his need; each is given in love.

It is the kind and careful gardener that places the seed in the ground that it may blossom and become a flower; it is the kind gardener that places you in the shadow that the light may in due time gleam upon your consciousness. In the presence of the angels, with the cherubim on either side of that conscience, how would you know the light of your own soul? But placed here in the shadow you can know this immortal light by your gradual approach toward it. The first approach is the judgment, for the first approach is made after the furthest absence from God in the midst of matter, time and sense which captivate the human spirit. Surrounded by temptations to which you yield, you are brought back to the presence of God and the Father's House through the hall of judgment, by the gateway of penitence, unto the Mercy Seat that lies beyond your own conscience; aware that there is nothing in yourself that can forgive yourself, but that the light of Infinite love through this all-pervading and perfect life must descend upon you.

What hope would there be if man's judgments were placed against man? What hope would there be if man's passions were appealed to? The Christ crucified, the martyrs slain, the angels put to death, Christian countries preparing for battle, and in courts of human justice sometimes the pleading voice of mother, sister, wife, brings tears of compassion; yet the laws of human justice rule over the innocent, destroy those who are in peace, and awaken wars of ambition and terror upon the earth. But if the mother could plead always for her child at the gateway of human justice, would judges censure any? Could she not forever find in her heart a plea, an excuse for the wanderer, something wherewith to detain the form of the vengeance of this judgment of earth? If the loving wife or sister could plead, would there not always be a voice of mercy for every Judgment Seat of earth? But when man rears material judgment in defiance of that law which commands him not to judge, where is the mercy seat reared? Upon the other side, to which the prisoner may turn and find the compassion; sometimes in individual king or ruler, sometimes in the individual governors of states it is found, but rarely because of mercy, often because of manum or human policy, or that which evades the law of judgment, yet is not the law of mercy. Make a two-fold seat like that which is pictured as near the throne of God. If you have the judgment on one side condemning man, have on the other side mercy; let her wear the garb of the sainted mother; let her shine out in her tenderness, hear the petition of the suppliant, let her know all his wrongdoing, for thereby she can exercise her gift with perfection; and then let mercy as well as justice be heard in these countries and nations that profess the law of Christ and are still in the judgment of Moses; in these Christian nations of the earth where banners, spears, bayonets and armaments are found to carry forward wars of aggression, where man's hand is raised against his fellowman, where the cry of the child upon the street for mercy is not heard, for who hears the infant's cry when the father must go forth to battle for his country?—ah! In these lands of so-called Christianity, by all who name them, if there is a hall of judgment let there be a Mercy Seat also. In your hearts, my friends, in your own lives and consciences where so freely judgment is meted out to your fellow-man, is there also a corresponding Mercy Seat? You are commanded to judge not; but if you judge shall you not also summon that which from between the cherubim is the very nearest unto the presence of God? Shall not mercy with her pleading voice petition for the unfortunate which you condemn? Have mercy upon others; judge yourself as severely as you like, for only God can have mercy upon you. When it comes to the awakened conscience, when it comes to the voice within the soul, when it comes to pleading, when it comes to the powers that must finally triumph, and when that mercy must come from without yourself, you must feel its brooding pinions and the cooling breath that flows from the waters of that river of life; you must know there is a voice pleading forever with you.

I was always much impressed with the idea in the Roman Catholic church that the angels in heaven, the saints in Paradise, the mothers, sisters, friends were praying for those on earth. I also felt that the divine tenderness of the mother's love is the symbol of this quality in the Infinite, which is in this severe ritual of the Mosaic law denominated mercy, which term fittingly expresses that quality epitomized in the mother's tenderness. I think those of you who feel that you have mothers in heaven, in any state of spirit-life, in any of the mansions of the Father's house, will feel more sure that the unworthiness which you now think is a part of your individual lives will be overlooked, not censured, or in some way condoned, because of the presence of that mother in heaven. I believe that through that redeeming quality of love and tenderness that stretches out to you from early childhood to the close of life, there is the hope of the world; and I believe that I am not mistaken in supposing that the time will come when, by the presentation of that quality more than the retributive justice of the judgment, human lives are to be swayed in divine channels, and lifted from the shadow of despondency concerning the immortal life.

GOETHE ON THOUGHT-READING.—A correspondent calls attention to the following passage from Goethe's prose works *appropos* of thought-reading:

"One soul may have a decided influence upon another, merely by means of its silent presence, of which I could relate many instances. It has often happened to me that when I have been walking with an acquaintance, and have had a living image of something in my mind, he has at once begun to speak of that very thing. I have also known a man who, without saying a word, could suddenly silence a party engaged in cheerful conversation by the mere power of his mind. Nay, he could also introduce a tone which would make everybody feel uncomfortable. We have all something of electric and magnetic force within us."—*Boston Transcript*.

It takes a touch of adversity to show whether a man is all that he seems to be. The touch of frost to bring out the flowers of the heart. Even on a dark day in October, how royally the woods flame out! Under what glorious banners they march to meet the winter! What unmatched splendors, rich as sunset skies, tender as the rainbow, shine out over the whole earth! Those splendors are the treasures that the trees were silently laying up when the summer sun flooded them all day long; and shall a man in his time of prosperity lay up no store of sunshine in his inner self, whereby when darker days come on he shall be luminous with courage and good cheer?

Luther said: "If a man is not handsome at twenty, strong at thirty, learned at forty and rich at fifty, he will never be handsome, strong, learned or rich in this world." The late Dr. Beard held that statistics supply this prophecy with a most remarkable fulfillment:

Spiritual Phenomena.

In Re Mrs. Fay.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

My attention has been called to a communication in the *Boston Investigator* of recent date, from Mr. V. S. Palmer of Kenduskeag, Me., who claims to have been a Baptist, a Universalist, and for twenty-five years a Spiritualist, and who now denounces them all as frauds. In that letter he says he recently attended a séance at Mrs. Fay's, 156 West Concord street, Boston, dogmatically asserts that "Mrs. Fay had a young girl as a confederate," and charges that lady with being "a fraud and a bungler at her trade of getting money under false pretences." It is useless to argue with a man of Mr. Palmer's make-up. From the tone of his article it would seem that he attended the séance, having prejudged the case without evidence and being determined that it should be a fraud anyhow—and in that frame of mind very likely it was so to him.

Mr. Palmer asserts that "Mrs. Fay had a confederate," but gives nothing to show that the assertion is true, except the equally bald assertion that Mrs. Fay herself came from the cabinet in personations. He does not tell us how the "confederate" could get into the cabinet without the knowledge of the persons present, and has not the fairness to state that the only entrance to the cabinet is from the room in which he sat. Did he see any "confederate" enter the cabinet?

Mr. Palmer seems to have gone there determined that he would see nothing but fraud, and declares that it was Mrs. Fay who came from the cabinet every time. I do not know what he saw, or imagined he saw, on that occasion, and it does not matter. He has a right to his own opinion, and to think as he pleases, so long as he does not wrong others, misjudge them, or interfere with their rights.

I, too, attended a séance at Mrs. Fay's not long since. I intended to witness the manifestations said to occur there, as I should find them to be, judging from the evidence presented coolly and dispassionately. After the company assembled I was allowed to examine the cabinet thoroughly, inside and out. It is a box-like structure, built so it can be moved anywhere, and is placed in the corner of the room—a solid wall, without doors or windows on two sides, the other two sides being in sight of the audience. From this examination I was satisfied that the only entrance to it was from the room in which we were; that no "confederate" was concealed in it, (if there were I was not sharp enough to find him or her,) and that no one could enter it without being seen by those present.

When Mrs. Fay entered that cabinet, dressed in dark clothes, the lights were turned down to a sort of twilight, and almost as soon as she had disappeared behind the curtain a female figure dressed in white made her appearance. I will not describe all the manifestations that occurred, but will give an incident or two for any one to explain on his theory of fraud, premising that the séance-room was light enough for me to see every person in the room distinctly. During the séance a young man came from the cabinet, and called me up. He was shorter than Mrs. Fay, with a countenance that was unlike hers. After greeting me, he stepped back into the cabinet, and I heard him say, "May I bring him in?" Another voice answered "Yes." He returned, took my left hand in his right, led me into the cabinet, took my right hand with his left, and placed it on Mrs. Fay's face. As I touched her, as she sat in her chair, she moaned slightly, and he asked, "Is she there?" "Very evidently," I replied, and as I spoke I saw still another form in white, standing beside her, and "Aunt" spoke to me. Mrs. Fay was seated in the cabinet; I was there, and there were two others—the young man who still stood by my side holding my hand, and a lady dressed in white.

If this was fraud, Mrs. Fay must have had two "confederates," and if so, how did they get into the cabinet unseen? If it was fraud, it was not very "bunglingly done." Will any one explain, if the two persons in the cabinet with Mrs. Fay and myself were not what they claimed to be—spirits temporarily incarnated—what they were, and how they came there?

One other instance: A lady, taller than Mrs. Fay, opened the curtain and stepped out as I stood in front. I called her by name, and she greeted me gladly. I saw her face distinctly, and saw that while it was not Mrs. Fay's face, it bore some resemblance to her. I said: "I want you to show me your face as plainly as you can." She smiled, passed her hands over her face a moment, and all resemblance of the medium was gone! I held her in my arms, apparently a form as substantial as mine, and yet, instead of stepping back into the cabinet, she sank at my feet in a confused heap, in front of the curtain, melted away and vanished instantly. If that was fraud, will Mr. Palmer, in his superior wisdom, explain how it was done?

I might give several other incidents that occurred, equally as inexplicable on the theory of fraud, but these will be sufficient for my purposes. It is easy to set up the cry of fraud, but the mere "say-so" of any man does not prove it. I have been surprised sometimes to see men claiming to be gentlemen forget their good breeding when attending séances, and rudely insult not only the medium, but others who were present to quietly witness whatever might occur, and who had rights that true gentlemen will always respect. Every man has a right to his own opinion, and to make himself believe it all a fraud if he can; but no man has a right to interfere with the rights of others who believe

the manifestations are genuine. Those who think these manifestations fraudulent should remain away, or if they attend, behave like gentlemen, and not outrage decency and coarsely interfere with the enjoyment of others who think and believe differently.

J. B. HALL.

Presque Isle, Me., May 29th, 1885.

"Our Ammunition Never Exhausted."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the notice of the acquittal of J. H. Mott, the Kansas City medium, you say: "Our armory of defensive weapons can never be destroyed; our ammunition never exhausted." This is emphatically true, and is demonstrated every day. Mediums are constantly developed, and in the camp of the opposers of Spiritualism; and facts are presented that cannot be denied. Recently several such cases have come to my knowledge. A short time since the *Albany Evening Journal* reported an instance of the sudden development of a medium in one of the central counties of New York, in a family entirely ignorant of spiritual phenomena. One day a young lady of education and intelligence happened to have in her hand a slate and pencil; she was suddenly entranced, and when she recovered consciousness found written upon the slate a communication bearing the signature of a deceased relative. She very soon received communications from other persons who had passed to the spirit-world. The reporter of the *Journal* admits, after careful investigation, that there was no fraud or deception in the case.

Important "ammunition" has recently come from a noted materialistic camp. A few years ago, as the readers of the *BANNER OF LIGHT* are probably aware, a number of materialists of the most pronounced kind made a settlement at Liberal, Barton County, Mo. A lecture hall was built, schools were established, and a weekly paper published. The paper and all the teaching of the schools utterly ignored a future existence.

A few months ago three or four residents of Liberal were discussing what they termed the "tricks" of table-tipping, etc., when one of the number proposed a trial of the matter. The table moved. All charged that some one had played a trick; each denied. The sittings were continued from time to time, the power growing stronger on each occasion. Names were spelled by the tipping, and short, intelligent sentences. It was stated that Dr. Bouton, one of the number experimenting, was a medium, and that if they would hold a slate upon the table the spirits would probably write on it. A clean slate was held a few moments under the table, and on being withdrawn, "That's it," was found written. The slate-writing experiments were continued, and writing was obtained when the slate was placed in a closet, and the door locked. When matters had become thus positively convincing to the party, the editor of the *Liberal* was invited to witness a wonder. He was an extreme skeptic, but he was convinced of the fact of the writing by an unseen power, and in his paper of April 30th he devoted two columns to a statement of facts.

After the editor of the *Liberal* had failed to discover how the thing was done, Mr. Walsler, the founder of the colony or settlement, was invited to witness the phenomenon. He was, if possible, a more decided "hard-head," as the *Liberal* terms him, than the others. He examined the closet and all the surroundings, then himself and Dr. Bouton took a slate into the closet, placed it upon a shelf, came out and locked the door. Dr. Bouton sat outside of the door, in a lighted room, in view of Walsler and others. In a short time rapping was heard upon the door, and Walsler went in and brought out the slate, on which was written the following:

"FRIEND WALSER—I am glad to have the opportunity to say to you that there is truth in spiritual phenomena, and continue to be D. M. Bennett." The editor of the *Liberal* pronounced the writing a very close imitation of the handwriting of the late editor of the *Truth Seeker*, and the signature is pronounced a *fac simile* of that of D. M. Bennett.

The *Liberal* of May 7th contains a communication written by a person who made investigations subsequent to those made by the editor and Mr. Walsler, and the writer asserts that the writing remains unexplained on any theory other than what the invisible powers claim it to be. Verily, "our ammunition is never exhausted." R. D. J.

Rochester, N. Y.

Phenomena in New York.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On the occasion of a late visit to New York, I had the pleasure of being at a séance at the beautiful home of Mrs. M. E. Williams, editor of the *Beacon Light*, which in some respects was the most enjoyable I have attended. The quiet and order, good ventilation and well-managed light, made a pleasant contrast indeed to the conditions that often prevail on similar occasions. The manifestations were pleasing and varied, from that of the beautiful, slender maiden, Ericelle, to the large and powerful Colonel, who, walking about in full citizen's dress, assured us he was no more dead than we. Papa Holland said many wise and kind things, and his colloquies with little Bright Eyes were very amusing. This little spirit, who comes out into the room, dematerializes and re-materializes in full view, and is a very quaint little creature. To the sister in whom she declared she saw evidences of "skepticism," she gave some test descriptions and names which, although he did not reply, she declared he recognized "down dead."

No personal friends appeared for me, but many sisters were greeted by those whom they seemed to recognize, and two names were given by Bright Eyes from the cabinet of spirits who, she said, were there and would like to "speak at" me. I observed frequently that Papa Holland or Bright Eyes were heard talking from the cabinet, while a spirit-form was outside and conversing in whispers with its friend, and that the paper and pencils upon the table in front of the cabinet were heard in motion when no form was to be seen, and raps upon it were frequently heard when no one was near it. Mrs. W. has fitted up a cozy and convenient office for the *Beacon Light* in her own house, where she tells me spiritual publications will be on sale; a very necessary thing, I should say, since even among Spiritualists I find few who know where in New York to look for spiritual reading matter. I understand Mrs. W. intends taking a trip to Europe during the summer for needed rest from long and arduous labor. Somerville, Mass. J. A. D.

At SARATOGA SPRINGS Dr. White was announced to speak in the Town Hall last Sunday morning and evening. Dr. Mills to give descriptions of spirits seen clairvoyantly by him at the latter service.

Message Department.

Public Free-Light Meetings.
Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Bowditch street (formerly Montgomery Place), every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, from 2 o'clock to 5 o'clock. These meetings will be open at 2 o'clock, and services at 3 o'clock, at which time the doors will be closed, allowing no admittance after that time, except by absolute necessity. The public are cordially invited.

The messages published under the above heading indicate the spiritual life of the individuals who use only for their own use, and are not to be used for any other purpose. The messages are published for the purpose of giving the readers a glimpse into the spiritual life of the individuals who use only for their own use, and are not to be used for any other purpose.

It is our earnest desire that those who may recognize the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication.

Natural flowers upon our circle-room tables are gratefully appreciated by our place visitors, therefore we solicit donations of such flowers from the friends in earth-life who feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

We invite suitable written questions for answer at these meetings from all parts of the country.

[Miss Shellenhamer Tuesday, Wednesday or Friday.]
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Letters of inquiry in regard to this department of the BANNER should not be addressed to the medium in any case.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
Miss M. T. Shellenhamer.

Report of Public Seance held March 13th, 1885.

Invocation.

Oh ye bright and beautiful angels of light and love, we would come into your presence this day to receive something that will tend to unfold our spirits in purity and goodness; some lines of instruction that will elevate the mind and inform the soul; some sympathy that will cause a wave of kindly feeling to flow through our breasts and go forth unto others, that all may be uplifted. Ye beautiful ones from worlds beyond, return, oh! return unto earth this hour, bearing messages of good cheer, loving kindness, truth and consolation; that will be as the bread of heaven to all weary and hungry souls of earth. We would receive from you all that is beautiful and bright, but we would also return to you something of sympathy, of appreciation, of acknowledgment; we would profit by the experiences which you bring, so that we may become worthy of your companionship. May we aspire for that which is good for the soul, so that we can truly become co-workers with the angels of the highest life. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—Is it possible for one person to get control over another by spirit-power? If so, how can one escape from that power?

A.—One person is extremely negative or susceptible to external influences, then such an individual may become subjected to the power of another, and if this other is of strong, positive, magnetic force, he may not require the assistance of spirit-influence for the purpose of gaining control over the first person. But such an individual may be assisted by invisible attendants who continue to exert through his instrumentality an influence over the first party, thus continually subjecting that person to a psychological control. The best way of breaking from such power would be to refrain altogether from keeping the company of the one suspected to hold the control, and to cultivate a positive determination of the will not to be subjected to any outside influence; this will arouse the mental powers of the individual and create a barrier which the controlling power will find it difficult to operate against. It would also be well for the party under control to surround himself with congenial, harmonious friends, who are somewhat positive, that is, not susceptible to external influences, who will act as a shield or barrier against the opposing forces in question.

Q.—[By Mrs. O. R. Medicine Lodge, Kan.] Can spirits cure or remove a birth-mark? If so, would it necessarily take a long time to effect a cure?

A.—We have never seen an instance of the removal of such a mark by spiritual power; but we dare not say what spirit-power may not be able to accomplish, since we do not yet know what, under proper conditions, the spirit may do. We think it possible that such a removal might be made if the conditions were altogether favorable; and if so, it might be done through the power of a magnetic healer or by the materialized spirit-hands operating upon the mark in question. This could only be determined by experiment, and that how long it would take for an attempt to be effected would depend altogether upon the circumstances of the case and the conditions at the time of operation.

Q.—[By E. B. Averill.] If the forces that hold our planetary system in order are perfectly adjusted and balanced, is it possible for any portion of one planet to escape, and find its way within the atmosphere of and fall upon another planet, without endangering, and finally bringing ruin to the whole system?

A.—We cannot believe it possible for any planet to escape from its own orbit. Certainly if a planet should stray from its own proper course, and come in contact with another planet, the whole planetary system would be affected, undoubtedly to a ruinous extent. Planets are held in position, kept in their proper orbits, by well-adjusted forces; law operates throughout the entire system, and we cannot conceive of any violation of this grand natural law.

Q.—Is there sufficient force in any one planet to send a portion of itself beyond the reach of its own attraction?

A.—We might answer that we have replied to that question in the first, but we will again repeat that we do not consider it possible for a planet to stray outside of its own orbit, or out of the atmosphere of its own attraction.

Q.—Is it a more reasonable conclusion that meteoric stones are formed within the earth's atmosphere, or emanations from the earth, than that they are lawless wanderers from other planets?

A.—There is a variance of opinion among spirits, as well as mortals, concerning the origin and formation of meteoric stones. While many spirits believe that these stones are, as the questioner puts it, "lawless wanderers from other planets," other spirits declare their belief that the stones are formed within the earth's atmosphere, and composed of emanations from this planet. We are inclined to the latter belief, for we cannot conceive it possible for meteoric stones to be hurled from distant planets, and appear upon your earth in the condition which they are sometimes found.

Adeline Cutter.

I am a mother, seeking my children. This may seem a strange statement to make, but it is true. I left my family of little ones years ago. They have now grown to the state of manhood, and have entered upon life's career; but they have not felt or realized the presence of their mother during the years from childhood to the condition of maturity. I have long yearned to make them understand that I am not absent from them, but that I have been constantly with them; and although I know almost directly how to reach them in the external, yet in spirit I cannot make myself known to them; and so I come here seeking my children, seeking their recognition, which I hope I shall gain through this channel.

One of my sons is in Richmond, Va., one other and a daughter are in the city of Baltimore. My daughter has learned a little concerning Spiritualism; she is almost afraid to touch it, yet she desires to know something more of it, and I have great hopes of increasing that desire in her mind, so that she will investigate and understand at last the wisdom of its claims. My name is Adeline Cutter, and my daughter's is Adeline. I have loved my love to my children, and tell them that all the dear friends who have left the mortal state send their love and remembrances. They are happy in a world beyond, but they take an interest in the dear ones who remain on this side. My husband is with me in the spirit-world, and he, too, sends greetings and would like to come into close contact with our children, so that they might know that he is not only something of the spirit-life but things connected with his earthly condition, about which they sometimes wonder but do not exactly comprehend.

Samuel Poor.

I am very glad to come, and send words to friends. I have tried this method before, but did not make myself known because I could not. I wish all my friends to know I have come; and my son George, who has been with me about two years, comes with me, and sends greetings to his friends, and to assure them of his continued existence. He joins me in words of cheer to those who remain on this side. I think that cheerful words are needed, something that will encourage and make those in whom I am interested feel that there are friendships beyond the grave; that a guiding hand leads each one onward; that there are powers apart from the earthly conditions which know and understand, and would guide hearts that are struggling onward in human life.

I have no extended message to give; I only wish to bring a little love and cheer to those who are encompassed by earthly conditions, and who struggle onward as best they can. We say to them: You are doing your duty, and are striving to work out that result which we feel will be for the best. We assure you that you have our sympathy and our assistance; we will help you all that is possible, and by-and-by you will see more clearly than you do at present; the end will come, and it will bring its sure reward. Be patient, be hopeful; that which with its unhappy conditions has been, after all, for the best; remember that those who have gone from your midst, even those who seem to have been taken early in life, have arisen to a higher world, where they can look down upon your life and understand it all. In the future you will comprehend all, and will rejoice with us that, even in spite of sorrow and pain, the experience has been what it has. Samuel Poor, to friends in East Somerville.

Mrs. W. L. Jackson.

My throat was very bad before I died, and I tried to speak; I wished to say something, but seemed as though I was all filled up. Now I feel a little better, and I wish to speak. I want my friends to know I am well and happy in a bright home beyond—but I have not forgotten those dear ones who are here. I had loved ones whom I did not desire to leave. I would have preferred, had the choice been given me, to remain in my home; to minister to the ones I loved to watch over in the form, those who were dear to me; yet I could not stay, and so I was taken to another life. But I am now satisfied with the conditions, for I have a pleasant home, and dear friends are with me, giving me every attention, showing me how to live a useful life, and guiding me in my studies. Oh! I have many things to learn. I did not know much, after all; and when I look around on the spirit-side, and see the many wondrous things which I never dreamed of here, I feel as a little child must feel who first becomes aware what a vast amount of knowledge he must attain before he can be considered a man. I am bringing my love to all. Tell them, if you please, that I come to them, look over their lives and try to guide them. I see what changes have come, I know what new events are taking place, and I can rejoice with them when they are sad; if they could realize my presence and feel that I am not far away I would be very much pleased, because then I should know they recognized me as one of their own. I live at Burnt Hills, Saratoga Co., N. Y. I have dear ones there, also dear relatives at East Stephentown. I wish some of my friends would send word to the Colemans that I have returned with greetings for all. Mrs. W. L. Jackson.

Thomas Donaldson.

I want the boys to know I have got back; in fact, I want everybody to know it who cares anything about me. I went out suddenly—it was sudden to me. I was, I believe I can say, in the discharge of my duty, at the time, so I have no special regrets to make over it, but as the other spirit said, if I had my choice, I suppose I should have said, "I'll stay here awhile longer." I had no special banking after the other world, but then I was sent out, and had to go.

You see there was a fire and an explosion, a terrible affair altogether, at the Old Porter Place. I was called there, and there I met with my death. I don't feel dead, but pretty lively just now. I can run as fast as I wish, and I can do anything I want to do. I have a good now, because I haven't the body, the old engine to run. "I was not an old one. I was a young man, and I had plans and ideas in my head which I meant to see brought out; but we don't do everything we plan to; and I didn't. Still I want the boys to know I've got round, and I am doing pretty well. I don't feel at all knocked to pieces; I just feel as though I could pick in and take a hand with any of them. Then I want them to know I am being round, not ghostly, but as a companion, one who wants to know how they are getting on and wants to tell them how he is.

I send my love to my friends, and assure them I have no desire to come back and live in the body. I am quite satisfied with the one I've got over yonder; it is a good deal like that I had here, but a little finer, I think; anyhow it seems so to me. I know that I shall be remembered and honored by those friends who loved me, and I have come back because I want to give them an idea about the other life. They think of me kindly, I know; sometimes I come to them when they speak of the past, and then I do wish very much to make myself known. I have given one fellow of my acquaintance a rap or two on the head. He didn't know where it came from; he seemed so astonished I thought I wouldn't try it on again until I had a chance to explain, because it might do mischief. Anyhow, I am quite satisfied with the one I've got, and if my friends will try to give me a hearing, I want to speak to them privately.

I am Thomas Donaldson. I hail from Chester, Penn. Perhaps I might say that others went out at the time I did. It was a disaster, and a number were buried in the ruins; it was a sad time for many, and for quite a while I felt the effects of the sadness around me; but it has all vanished, and I think those who went out at the same time did well with me that, in spite of it all, they have a desire to come back here and take up the body again.

Edward W. Colligan.

My name is Edward Wyman Colligan. I lived near the Roxbury Station here in Boston, and I have not been out of the body long, not yet four months. This is not the first time I have tried to come. I have wanted to speak to my mother, and tell her not to mourn. I know she has had much sorrow in her life; she has been called to part with most all who are dear, and this last affliction has weighed upon her. I know that she feels sometimes as though all that was worth living for had been lost to her, that they come and whisper in her ear, giving her a feeling of rest, of peace, and that they would tell her, if they could, of the bright world which they inhabit. I think she would feel brighter and stronger in mind and body. So I come to her, and to father, and tell them I am well now; I am not weak and sick, and pining away, but I am strong, and feel that I can do many things which I wished to do here, but could not, passing through any unpleasant condition, not going through any dark place where there is but little light; the only darkness I have seen was for a moment, in passing from the body, when I felt as though things were slipping away from me, and I was sinking down to an unknown depth. I can speak better now than I could. I can understand things clearer, and I know that I have gained by the change. I want them to know this, and to feel that they will come to me in a little while, and will be united again to all who are dear, and find them safe in a bright world.

I had many things to say, but this is my first success in this way. Perhaps I will do better at another time. I am glad to come and send my love. Tell them I am, as I say, free and strong and happy, and with those who have gone on; we can work and plan, and do things which we could not here, because our understanding is clearer, and our powers greater. My father, Thomas Colligan, was twenty-five years old last fall.

Charles L. Dunn.

I came with this young man who has just spoken, and the gentleman who is here said he would help me to come. I thought I would be very strong in speaking, but I am weak; I feel as though I had no strength. I have been gone only since September, and I have tried ever so many times to give my love to my mother, and to tell father I am all right now. I am straight and strong and happy in the spirit-world; I find things so bright and beautiful, it seems as though I had stepped out of a dark dungeon into a bright, happy land, where the flowers and the grasses are very brilliant, and the atmosphere clear and sweet.

I had some particular words to say, but I cannot give them to-day. I hope I will some other time. Tell my mother that I am with her a great deal; I try to make her feel resigned, and feel it is for the best that I went when I did, because only suffering and pain could come to the frail body. I have seen many good kind spirits who tell me they are my friends and relatives—and I am with them. I have Peppie, grandmother and little Carrie, and ever so many others; they are all just as good and sweet and kind as they can be; but I love best to be with Peppie, and go with him to his place, where he teaches poor benighted spirits, and listen to the lectures the other wise ones give, because I want to learn all I can. Perhaps I can give you a word or two about my father. He was strong as a horse, and I could, and I am losing power. Charles L. Dunn. My father is T. C. Dunn, of Boston Highlands.

Report of Public Seance held March 17th, 1885.
Questions and Answers.

Q.—[By Mrs. O. F. Cook, Stockton, Cal.] Was not the voice that Moses heard, and whose voice he received, and obeyed, the voice of a spirit, a leader, a medium, of a band of spirits, whose medium of approach to and communication with the people Moses was, and through whom many mighty deeds were done, and not, as he and others supposed, the voice of a supreme being known as God?

A.—The records of the Mosiac dispensation, which are preserved in the spiritual world, teach us that Moses was a medium, an instrument, for the spirits to operate through, called in those days a prophet, and so on, leading the people under the guidance, the guardianship of a band of powerful spirits. Certain members of this band had been inhabitants of the spiritual world for many ages, others had passed on to the higher life just previous to the birth of Moses. Under certain conditions, that medium was enabled to hear and to interpret the voices of those spiritual attendants. The leader of this band was supposed to be a spirit high in power, and Moses, who directly believed that it was the Supreme Spirit who directed his band of spiritual attendants. At the time mentioned by your correspondent it is recorded that Moses was directed and instructed how to proceed by the leader of his spiritual guides. Undoubtedly he in good faith believed, and so expressed himself, that it was the voice of God, the Supreme Being, who thus manifested to him.

Q.—[By the same.] Admitting that it was a spirit, one who formerly lived in human form upon the earth, whose voice Moses heard, may we not conclude that the sacrifice of animals commanded by him was not, as generally assumed, intended to be an atonement for the sins of the people, but rather that the spirit or spirits, in order to operate with and upon material things, required one or more of the elements set free, and inhaled by them from those sacrifices?

A.—Such may be the case. Elements set free through the process of fire may have been required by the spirits in their operations upon matter; we will not say that it was not so; we have no record that it was. We are taught from those spiritual records of which we speak, that previous to the advent of Moses among his people there had been a custom of offering up human sacrifices to the deities which the people worshipped. The spiritual band attending Moses, their purpose of deliverance, if possible, to teach the people of a higher life, of a purer mode of existence here on the earth, and to point them to a better way of approaching the Supreme Being than by offering sacrifices, but it was necessary to begin this reformation by gradual steps, and as a substitute for a human sacrifice that of an animal was presented, the spirits intending, after a while, to substitute the burning of spices or of fragrant herbs for that of the animal, and so on, leading the people by slow steps to a higher comprehension of the Deity and away from their false conceptions of worship.

Mrs. Mary M. Wadleigh.

Although perhaps having no right to be classed among you, as one accepting the full revelations of a spiritual faith, yet I am not hostile to liberal thought or the advancement of truth, and I would be glad to accept any revelations which truth can make to mankind. I did not seek to put behind me all that might appeal to my reason; on the contrary, I was ready to accept any higher teaching than that which had been given me; and I presented to me in the name and with the authority of truth.

I cannot say I am very familiar with the spirit-world. One year ago I was here in the body, among my friends, ministering to my family and watching over those I love; and yet, although I am now a spirit and have been for many months, I am not deprived of this same sweet pleasure of caring for those who are dear to me, and attending the steps of those whom I hope to see traveling in the way of truth. I return to this place because I know not where else to go. I desire to reach my family, to bring them my love and assure them of my presence. I have many dear friends, and I associate with them for the purpose of doing good if possible.

I felt that whatever was mine that my fellow beings did not possess, should be shared with them. What I had, a precious truth I ought to share with those who were dear to me, and if I could possibly do anything to enlighten the minds or better the physical conditions of my fellow beings, it was my duty so to do. And although it was but little I could accomplish, yet when associated with such dear friends as it was my privilege to go among, I felt that much could be performed.

I wish to send to the "Friendly Society" my greetings. Tell its members, if you please, that I am glad to hear of the progress of the self-reliance developed in her nature in the great importance, and that now she can persevere and push her way where she would have long hesitated in years gone by.

I wish my son would give me an opportunity of talking to him privately. I know I could advise him in regard to worldly matters, and I have some information to give him concerning my last few years of mortal life. I had some pains in my back, which were not discovered until I had been gone from the body about six months. They made a little stir among my business connections, and those with whom I was associated felt a little surprised, because they did not understand. I sought them, and did for a long while after, to find a way of making explanations, but none came to me. Now, it matters not; all the affairs have been settled satisfactorily; but still I would like to talk over the knowledge of the life I possess.

Then, of course, it would be agreeable to me to speak of our spiritual relations; of the home I now inhabit, my surroundings in the other life, and to detail to them little events that are taking place with me. It would surprise them; they would not at first perhaps realize what a real, active, vital existence is mine on the other side, but I think I could hammer it into their understanding after a while, and I am sure it would prepare them for a conception of life and its duties after the death of the body.

As I said before, I consider this a post-office where I may drop my letter, trusting it to the powers above, and feeling that it will reach my friends to whom it is directed.

Maria L. Dunklee.

There is no death! What seems so transition, this life of mortal breath, is but a passing of the life eternal. Whose portal we call death.

So I have found it, so I know it to be before I passed from earth: only a change, only an ushering into a higher world, only an opening to a brighter condition, where one can gain higher enlightenment, from opportunities

Mr. Edwin A. Wadleigh. In Winchester, Mass. I have many dear friends there. I have friends whom I remember and love in the city of Boston. Years have passed since I mingled among them, but the spirit never forgets its friends.

Simson Brault.

[To the Chairman:] You make me welcome! I thank you. I don't know why I come here. Yes, I do know: I come here to reach my friends. I have many friends here, and I think I can reach them. I didn't stop long, and I was sick; I went out like the rush of the wind through the door. It made me feel strange. I looked round to see where I had got. I couldn't tell; it seemed like two of me; and I feel queer. But soon I found I was dead. They say I be dead. I don't feel so. But they put the other one of me away, and so I have to take up a new life.

I be Simson Brault. I lived in Hudson, Mass. I live there a long time; they say I be an old settler. So I come back to let 'em know I be not my settlement. You see? I bring my greetings. I want all my towns-people to know I got back. Many knew me, because I live there so long. They'll think strange I have turned up, but 'tis like a story I once heard of the poor fellow that had a shadow always following him. It annoyed him, because he couldn't go anywhere without that shadow behind his back, and it sometimes played him pranks. So he just managed to clap that shadow into a box one time, and he buried it; and he thought: "Now I have got rid of it, I move away." And so he goes. And when he gets to the new place, goes into a room, and to a box that he had—to get something—when he opens that box, up jumps the shadow, and says: "Here I be." That's like me. They clapped me into a box, you know, but somehow I've got round again, and here I be.

I want to send greetings to my friends and to one acquaintance I had, who knows something of this spirit-return. He used to say to me "was true, and I would be coming back some day, and wanting to. I am here, and I say it is true, and I want him to know that I tell him all he said about it was only a little part of the whole truth—and I am glad to know it. I was a part of a French Canadian, but I was an old settler in the place, you understand, and a good many know me. Tell them I am glad I went out quick, and very well satisfied with my new condition. I thank you, sir.

Mary Harvey.

I passed away very nearly six years ago. I lived in Boston. I want to send my love to my friends, and tell them I would have come before if I could have found the way open. I have tried to speak here, but there were so many other people here, I could not get a chance, but I send my love just the same to my friends. I have kept it, it has not decayed, and although I could speak to them at no time, or make myself known, yet I remembered and care for them just the same. I am pleased with my spirit-home; it opened to me like a world of peace when I passed out of the body, and found so much to soothe and strengthen and refresh, for I felt weary, and yet I was only nineteen years old when I died.

There are many experiences connected with life on earth that I might talk over with my friends, could I see them in person, but I do not wish to discuss them here. I am trying to make myself known in other ways than this. I am hoping to give something tangible, something that will identify me.

One does not always have to become advanced in years to gain a variety of experiences, and to learn many things, as well as the pleasures of life and many who die young have seen as hard a discipline as others who live to old age; so I feel that what came to me on earth was sufficient for my spirit's needs, and it was best I should pass away as I did, into the spirit-world. I have not been idle. I have not been obliged to remain in one corner, and never get away into the broad, free world, to look around and notice its great movements, or understand what men and women are doing, or to repress their fire in my soul to be up and working with them, but I have had opportunities of study and self-improvement. I have been allowed to go out and take my place side-by-side with other workers, and do all in my power to develop the energies within to be of some useful service to myself and to mankind. So I am satisfied with my condition. I would tell my friends that there are many stories I might relate to them, but I have not time to do so, and I give them time I shall be able to do it, and to give them new truths concerning the life beyond the grave. My name is Mary Harvey.

John Horton.

[To the Chairman:] This seems to be, sir, like a central post-office, where people from all parts come and drop their letters to their friends, wherever they may be. I wish to drop mine for friends in Rochester, N. Y. I have been gone over a year, and I have not heard from them since I have come into any kind of communication with my earthly friends.

Years have passed since I was called from the body. I was not a Spiritualist. I had heard of the thing, and rather turned up my nose at it, because I thought it was a humbug, but of course I have changed my mind since then. I have been trying for nearly eight years to gain a hearing through that very thing, which I consider delusive. It seems to be a kind of poetic justice that I have been denied, because of my past disdain of it; but I am grateful to be here to-day, hoping that some of my friends will see and understand what I have to say.

My name is John Horton. I have a son and a daughter, both of whom I wish to meet. They have passed through changes since I left the body, and have undergone some experiences, at least my daughter has, which she does not want to tell me, and I do not want to hear; they have not been altogether pleasant; but I am not prepared to say they were not exactly what she required, because I can see she is a stronger woman, mentally and spiritually, than she would have been without such trying experience. I think the gain has been on her side, although, materially speaking, she may have lost something; so I come to tell her not to repine, not to spend her days in reproaches, because she has gained something, as can tell her, that the self-reliance developed in her nature is of great importance, and that now she can persevere and push her way where she would have long hesitated in years gone by.

I wish my son would give me an opportunity of talking to him privately. I know I could advise him in regard to worldly matters, and I have some information to give him concerning my last few years of mortal life. I had some pains in my back, which were not discovered until I had been gone from the body about six months. They made a little stir among my business connections, and those with whom I was associated felt a little surprised, because they did not understand. I sought them, and did for a long while after, to find a way of making explanations, but none came to me. Now, it matters not; all the affairs have been settled satisfactorily; but still I would like to talk over the knowledge of the life I possess.

Then, of course, it would be agreeable to me to speak of our spiritual relations; of the home I now inhabit, my surroundings in the other life, and to detail to them little events that are taking place with me. It would surprise them; they would not at first perhaps realize what a real, active, vital existence is mine on the other side, but I think I could hammer it into their understanding after a while, and I am sure it would prepare them for a conception of life and its duties after the death of the body.

As I said before, I consider this a post-office where I may drop my letter, trusting it to the powers above, and feeling that it will reach my friends to whom it is directed.

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and a quickening of spirit which enables him to perceive clearly things that before were mysterious and dark. And so I have walked in the light of the spirit-world for a few years past, knowing that when death should come to me, loved ones I had left behind, it would only be as a deliverer, a friend, to guide them through the portals of light into the temple of eternal existence.

Come to-day because I feel a drawing, as though a force was attracting me here, to send greetings and love to friends—and I think I may say I have many friends in Boston. Perhaps some of them will be glad to know of my return, and to accept my expressions of affection and sympathy. I have forgotten not one. I hold them in my heart of hearts, realizing that friendship is something not to be broken; that it can extend beyond the tomb into the world of life and beauty.

I come to tell them of my cooperation with them in their work; how I stand by their side, giving my influence, inspiring their minds when possible, seeking to instruct them of the ways of life, and I accept their thoughts and remembrance with a grateful heart. By-and-by we shall be reunited in a world above, and I await that time with longing but with patience, realizing that they have their work to do here.

Oh! I am so gratified when I see them performing their tasks so patiently and faithfully, doing their duty, seeking only the reward of well-contented soul. I can bring them no higher gifts than the gifts of the spirit, love, patience, kindly feeling. I trust they will always think in charity of their fellow-beings, not in censorship, and give to those around them the milk of human kindness; for a soul, however low it may sink through despair or other causes, will always grow stronger and happier and better on such nourishment as sympathy and love.

I have endeavored before to speak through this medium, but could not, yet I have not been idle, nor have I ceased to make my influence felt. My friends know I am returning; they feel that death is not the end of all things for man; they realize that the spirit presses on and on, taking up new duties, passing through higher unfoldment, gradually gaining strength and power.

I have seen many wonderful manifestations of spirit-power taking place on earth since I passed on to the higher life; but I realize that they are feeble and few, compared to what may come by-and-by to you of earth when you realize a little more fully the dependence of spirits upon conditions, and the relationship of the immortals to yourselves. All they ask from you is love, confidence and patience; the rest they will do themselves.

I have seen the changes and events coming to the lives of those dear to me, those most closely connected, and I have been satisfied with all things. I come only in the spirit of love, singing my song of rejoicing, and throwing my garland of spiritual flowers around the hearts of my friends. I was the wife of Mr. William A. Dunklee. Maria L. Dunklee.

Hattie Young.

[To the Chairman:] Please may I come? I tried to come before, but I could not speak, 'cause I had such a sore throat, I did. 'Tis some better now: 'tisn't all better, 'cause I do feel a little. You don't know my name, do you? Don't you know my mamma? Why, she is just the speliestest mamma ever did see, do you think so? She is, but she cries sometimes, and I don't want her to. Does you likes to see your mamma cry? 'Tisn't nice, is it?

I be Hattie Young. I be my mamma's little girl. Will you find my mamma? [If you tell me where she lives.] Where's this? [Boston.] I don't know Boston. [If you'll tell me your mother's name, your papa's name, and where you lived, I'll send them my letter.] My mamma's name? She's my mamma, ain't she? [What does your papa call her?] My papa call my mamma Sadie.

I got a little ring. Don't you want to see it? [Can't you tell me your papa's name?] I'll ask the man here, will he? There's a real nice man here; he's awfully old, he is, 'cause he's got great white whiskers. He say he's my grand pa. He say my papa was named for him, and it's Hattie Young. He say my mamma, 'cause he say he's my grand pa, never did see him when I was with my mamma, but I seed him a good many times after I went away from her. He come here to-day. He couldn't get in to talk. Hattie did, didn't she? [You ask him where your papa lives.] Didn't I use to live there too? He lives in a big house, and there's another man lives in the down stairs part. [Was he in Boston?] No; I don't know Boston. [Where then?] [She looks up.] Listening to a spirit, and answers.] Cleveland.

Will you say I am got a great big bunch of red flowers for my mamma. I wants her to have 'em. Can't you take 'em and put 'em in a box and send 'em to my mamma? [You may take them to her.] She don't see 'em. Will you write about 'em? Tell her my grandpa is over here, and he's a real nice grandpa; a awfully old, with white hair all over his head; he'll tell you where my mamma got a long time ago. She isn't old at all. She says she's her mamma. My grandpa takes care of me over here, where the great big red flowers grow. Will you tell her? and that I do have such a nice time. I do not want my mamma to cry any more. What do she cry for? She's the speliestest mamma you ever did see, but I don't want her to cry.

I goes to school, I do. I learn lessons—lots. I can read; I can't read the scratches you make. But the lady makes the letters, and she don't she? [referring to the reporter.] I can make 'em. That's the way I used to write letters to my papa, when he was away in the shop. He could read 'em every time, when he did come home. I used to climb right up in his lap and give him the scratch letters, and he used to read 'em right straight off, just what I did write. I don't want to go; I like you people here. Can I come again? Yes, I have been trying to get some chance for a long time, but I couldn't get in; he's been trying a long time; he's been gone longer than Hattie, but he never could come at all, he says.

Have I got to go? I do not want to go. [Don't forget to come again.] No, I never will forget to, if you'll let me get in.

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