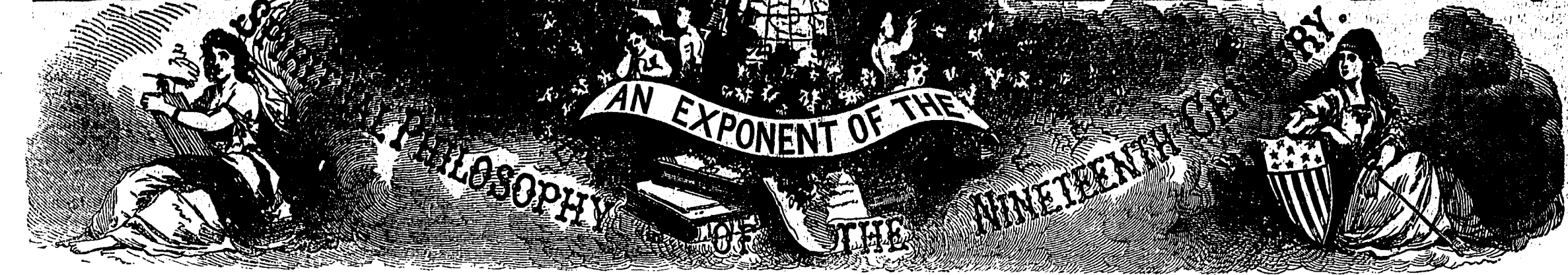


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LXIV.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

[30.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.]

NO. 8.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—The Real Origin of the Spiritual Phenomena. Literary Department: Bars and Thresholds.

SECOND PAGE.—Poetry: The Unbeliever. San Bernardino, Cal., Camp-Meeting. Spiritual Phenomena: Experiences at Onset. Quarterly Convention of the New Hampshire State Spiritualists' Association. Late October Magazines.

THIRD PAGE.—Banner Correspondence: Letters from New York, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, and Maine. The Ramona Indian Girls' School. New Publications, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—An "Exposure" of Spiritualism. Boston Woman Suffrage League. Ordination at Last. The Ideas Prevalent About Marriage. A Spirit Relates an Experience of Its Earth-Life, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—To Correspondents. Impromptu Materializations. All Sorts of Paragraphs. Movements of Mediums and Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Message Department: Questions Answered through the Mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer; Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Mrs. D. F. Smith. Verifications of Spirit Messages. November Magazines.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Poetry: We the People. Free Thought: Mediumship and Its Reliability. Mediums in Boston. Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Spiritualist Meetings in Boston, New York, and Elsewhere. Cleveland (O.) Notes. The Late "Exposure" in New York City. Temperance, etc.

THE REAL ORIGIN OF THE SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

A Review.

BY PROF. HENRY KIDDLE.

The last resource of the determined disbeliever in Modern Spiritualism, when he can no longer deny the actuality of the phenomena which form its basis, is to construct some seemingly-scientific hypothesis by the use of which he may be enabled, however absurdly, to controvert the fact that these phenomena are due to the agency of disembodied [excarinated] spirits, the existence and intervention of whom are particularly offensive to a certain class of minds. The proceedings and published reports of the London Psychical Research Society afford some very striking illustrations of this curious and suggestive fact. The latest is presented in a work by a French writer, the English translation of which was published in the latter part of last year under the title of "Posthumous Humanity: a Study of Phantoms." The author of the work is M. Adolphe D'Assier, a member of the Bordeaux Academy of Sciences, and the English translator is Col. H. S. Olcott, president of the Theosophical Society.

This work is of interest to Spiritualists, (1) on account of its recognition of the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and (2) because it claims to afford a logical and satisfactory scientific theory by which they may all be accounted for without calling in the agency of spirits at all.

The writer, D'Assier, is an avowed disciple of Comte, and claims that the theory, which he sets forth as original, is in strict consistency with the materialistic philosophy of Positivism. Thus he confesses and avows; he accepts, even to what many Spiritualists would regard an extreme degree, the facts and phenomena usually classed as Spiritualistic, and explains away their real significance so as to retain his aversion to what he, with others, calls the supernatural. In this respect, he is a type of that large class who are led astray by what we may call a superstitious idea—superstitions, because it is a lingering relic of a false system of thought or belief. According to that system, there can be nothing natural that is not the result of physical law; hence to those who have neither cognition nor conception of anything beyond the universe of matter, whatever pertains to the spiritual side of the universe—far grander, more profound, and more real (since nearer to the absolute)—is supernatural.

There is no more prolific element of progress in our age than the extension of the idea of immutable law to the realm of spirit, and the resulting extinction of the notion of miracle as an interposition of divine power for some special purpose not foreseen in the original scheme of the creation. Such an absurdity must be especially offensive to philosophic minds; and, therefore, it has led to that denial of spiritual facts and phenomena which prevails so widely among physical scientists, and, indeed, among all thinkers whose minds have not been warped and narrowed by credulity and traditions.

The fundamental principles of the Positive Philosophy are not at all inconsistent with those spiritual laws which have been directly deduced from the facts and phenomena of Modern Spiritualism; and could M. D'Assier have freed his mind from the superstitious notion of the supernatural, he would have perceived at once the true significance of those occurrences the verity of which he so fully recognizes, instead of attempting to apply to them an hypothesis wholly untenable in regard to all but a very small class of them.

The basic idea of Comte's system is that we know nothing but natural phenomena and their inter-relations, the constancy and uniformity of which give rise to the conception of universal law. This principle is obviously true, but is not more true in respect to our knowledge of the material than of the spiritual side of nature. The Spiritual Philosophy in these times of enlightenment is fast becoming a "positive" in this regard as that of any branch of physical nature, since it is based upon, or deduced from, not metaphysical or theological speculations, but the phenomena of the spiritual or superpersonal realm, which have been so copiously presented, observed, verified, and recorded, during the last forty years, and have been collated with similar phenomena described in the annals of every age. These already afford a broad basis for the generalization of principles, or laws; and, if the investigation is

permitted to go on, will ere long put spiritual science on a plane as positive, exact, and experimentally verifiable as that of any of the physical sciences, none of which, even in this age of scientific advancement, can be said to have passed very far beyond the rudimentary stage. Will any truly enlightened scientist say the contrary? If so, let him study the far-sightedness and humility of the illustrious Newton.

The book which we here review presents so much that is suggestive of valuable thought to the student of spiritual science, that we cannot but feel under obligations to Col. Olcott for laying it open to English-speaking readers by his excellent translation; though, were it not controverted, uninformed readers would, necessarily, be greatly misled by its erroneous assumptions and absurd theory as to what the author variously styles, in his obvious mystification and uncertainty of judgment, the "mesmeric ether," the "mesmeric fluid," the "mesmeric aura," the "thaumaturgic fluid," the "vital fluid," etc., to the marvelous and inconceivable operation of which he refers all the various "apparitions" of which he treats, and to which he applies the peculiar designations of his newly-coined nomenclature, such as the "mesmeric personality," the "fluidic personality," the "epigastric personage" [sic], etc., etc.; and all this to eschew the hated term *spirit*, and to subvert and utterly destroy the basic proposition of "Spiritism," which he calls the "grand mystification of the century," as well as to prove that the "evocation of phantoms by the medium is a mirage."

The wonderful personage thus variously designated will be recognized as analogous to the no less marvelous and equally fanciful "unconscious secondary self" invented by the psychological researchers of London, in order to rule out the spirits, and explain away the facts that rationally demonstrate their intervention. It is to be carefully observed, however, that in these ingenious efforts there is always an entire failure to show why, on these hypotheses, the intelligence that accompanies these phenomena invariably alleges that they are the manifestations of excarinated spirits, or the surviving personalities of deceased men and women. How comes it that the "epigastric personage," or the "secondary self," *always* makes this curious mistake?

Referring to the doctrine of spirit agency as the cause of the phenomena, D'Assier offers the following singular objection, which we will quote as a specimen of his astuteness in spiritual science:

"The advocates of this strange theory did not perceive the no less strange consequence which must follow. The perennial survival of shades would have long since rendered this planet uninhabitable for us. The dead would occupy the places of the living, for the accumulation of the specters of the different tribes of the terrestrial fauna (sic), heaped at the surface of the globe since the first geological epochs, would render the air irrespirable. We could not move save in a dense atmosphere of ghosts. Now chemical analysis has never shown in the air the presence of either of the immediate principles which enter into the constitution of a fluidic phantasmal form elaborated in an animal economy."

How utterly impossible it is for a mind spiritually so blind, so clogged and darkened by materialistic conceptions, to have any true idea of spiritual entities and their conditions, must be obvious to any one who has made any progress in spiritual science. The "fluidic phantasmal form" of which the author speaks is but a chimera of his imagination, a mere speculative entity, the assertion of whose existence is totally inconsistent with the principles of the Positive Philosophy, for no phenomena described justify any such assertion; and, certainly, no discovery has ever been made of the "immediate principles [material elements?] which enter into the constitution" of such an entity. How then could chemical analysis resolve them? But this shallow materialism runs through the whole book, and we are sorry to have to say, finds no rebuke or refutation in any of the annotations of its translator, although it is as much opposed to Oriental Spiritism as to Modern Spiritualism. On the contrary, the translator, in his preface, is able to remark:

"By the quality of mind which Prof. Tyndall calls an 'educated imagination,' the author propounds a reasonable theory [!] to account scientifically for many of the more striking phenomena of psychic action."

Imagination, truly! And if educated, certainly not in the right direction. An educated imagination is, unquestionably, an important acquisition to the scientist, as affording a speculative hypothesis to be verified by subsequent investigation and experiment, such as is illustrated by the methods of Kepler and Newton; but unverifiable chimeras such as D'Assier's "fluidic being and mesmeric ether" are just the opposite of scientific, and a burlesque on Positivism. Indeed, it is but a revival, under another name, of the "psychic force" theory of Serjeant Cox and others, now obsolete, having been abandoned by its inventors.

The general title of this work, "Posthumous Humanity," is to some extent a misnomer, since it treats of two classes of phantoms—the "post-sepulchral" and what by way of antithesis we may call the *ante-sepulchral*, familiarly known as the *double*. The author presents to his readers numerous well-attested cases, of considerable variety, in both classes—the "phantoms" of the living and those of the dead. Both of these he seems to be fond of calling *shades*, a term borrowed from the ancient Romans, who used the term *umbra* to designate a spirit.

Thus in the *Æneid* Dido says:
"Omnibus umbra loca adero." [Everywhere will I be present as a shade.]

From the standpoint of gross mortality, the metaphor may do very well for the poet; but the term is scientifically, and in reality, absurd; and it is especially absurd in connection with D'Assier's treatment of the subject in which he speaks of the "fluidic structure of the shade." And his translator, strangely enough, adopts and imitates this nonsense in talking about the "shadow-world, and our relations with the same." To give an idea of this treatment, we will quote the author's own summary of facts and principles:

"Innumerable facts, observed from antiquity to our own day, demonstrate in our being the existence of an internal reality—the internal man. Analysis of these different manifestations has permitted us to penetrate its nature. Externally it is the exact image of the person of whom it is the complement. Internally, it reproduces the mould of all the organs which constitute the framework of the human body. We see it, in short, move, speak, take nourishment; perform, in a word, all the great functions of animal life. The extreme tenuity of these constituent molecules, which represent the last term of organic matter, allow it to pass through the walls and partitions of apartments. Hence the name phantom, by which it is generally designated. Nevertheless, as it is united with the body from which it emanates by an invisible vascular plexus, it can, at will, lead to itself by a sort of aspiration the greater part of the living forces which animate the latter. It sees, then, by a singular inversion, life withdrawn from the body, which then exhibits a cadaverous rigidity, and transfer itself entirely to the phantom, which acquires consistency, sometimes even to the point of struggling with persons before whom it materializes. It is but exceptionally that it shows itself in connection with a living person. But as soon as death has sundered the bonds which attach it to our organism, it definitely separates itself from the human body and constitutes the posthumous phantom."

While observation and experience allow us to admit the correctness of this description of the spirit—sometimes called the soul—clothed in what has been variously designated *spirit body*, *perispirit* (by the French), or *astral form* (by the modern Theosophists), a logical consideration of the facts shows clearly that the positive assertions of D'Assier as to its nature are mere materialistic assumptions. The "extreme tenuity of the constituent molecules," of which he speaks, and the "invisible vascular plexus," are nothing more than figments of the imagination—an imagination not properly educated, but, in fact, perverted by the cultivation of materialistic ideas. We discern in this work an abuse of the nomenclature of physical science for the "last term" of matter, organic or inorganic (meaning the limit of divisibility), is, in accordance with scientific parlance, not the *molecule* but the *atom*; and both of these, we must bear in mind, are merely the creation of the scientist's imagination, since there is no sensible evidence of the existence of either as an actual entity. How important it is, for all the purposes of exact and positive science, that we never lose sight of the distinction between conceived theory and observed fact! Yet physical scientists are constantly guilty of this fault. A positive philosopher, however, ought to be especially free from such an error.

Although the author recognizes so fully the reality of all the phenomena of Spiritism, and the existence of post-sepulchral apparitions of human beings, who possess and exercise the various functions of life, yet he absolutely destroys the force of all this as an evidence of what we call immortality. These posthumous phantoms have but little endurance. Like the "shells" of the theosophists, they are doomed to annihilation. Thus he says, still exercising his imagination, for he affords no proof:

"The molecules of its tissue [the phantom's] disintegrating from each other, there comes at last a day when it has no further consciousness of itself. Its personality has then disappeared; it has become but a vague form, which dissipates itself slowly and becomes lost in the universal medium. This slow agony of the posthumous being is verified, if I may venture to say so, experimentally by the very course of its manifestations: tumultuous at the beginning, they decrease gradually in frequency and power, and end in complete cessation; thus indicating the daily shocks which the shade suffers from cosmic agents until its definitive annihilation occurs."

And this the learned positivist makes the destiny of all humanity. The "troubled spirit" that haunts his former abode, or place to which he is drawn by some association, and causes disturbances therein (and our author gives well-authenticated examples of this phenomenon), but who, as he progresses in spiritual knowledge, and passes from his earth-bound condition, abandons these useless manifestations and disappears from the earthly sphere, is conceived by this singular philosopher, as a mere *disintegrating* phantom tending to dissolution, instead of an immortal spirit, passing, by the law of progression in the upward pathway that leads from earthly passions, appetites, and associations, to the spheres of harmony and peacefulness. Such is the difference between the beautiful doctrine of Spiritualism, confirmed by the testimony of thousands of returning spirits, and the nightmarish cogitations and theorizings of this materialistic philosopher, striving with forced logic and fallacious reasoning to interpret the undeniable facts that show a continuity of life beyond the grave, so as to make them conduct to the dreary *gospel* of annihilation. It is most certain that his pretentious volume will make but few converts, though it may lead astray some who pride themselves upon their scientific acumen and attainments, and vainly imagine that there is nothing beyond physical nature, and that

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded with a sleep."

Jeff King, a colored man who died at Nantux, Ga., last week, was one hundred and twenty-eight years old, the old slave records of the King family of North Carolina proving his great age. He had wives without number during his lifetime, and his children were so numerous that he never attempted to count them.

Literary Department.

BARS AND THRESHOLDS.

Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. EMMA MINER.

CHAPTER X.

RE-UNION.

Doris sat by the bed and held Mrs. Mason's hand. It was cold and lifeless. She could not realize that she was about to die. She looked at the white, rigid face. There was no answer, as she repeatedly called her name. For four hours she did not leave the bedside, and then Miss Parker arrived. She passed up the wide stairway and entered Mrs. Mason's room. Dr. Placent arrived at the same moment and followed her.

After a little examination and a few questions to Doris, he called them into the next room.

"It is a very doubtful case. She may live only a few hours, or days; and it may be weeks that she may lie in this condition; but I doubt if her faculties are ever restored."

"What could have caused it?" asked Miss Parker.

"Unusual excitement," replied the doctor.

"It began while we were at Creighton," said Doris. "Mr. Wilkins sent grandma a telegram to come home, and we came next day; and for a week they had talks together most every day. I could see that she was very much troubled. Then this morning Mr. Wilkins came again, and while they were talking she dropped right away in her chair. He says she 'has lost everything,' and the announcement was a great shock to her."

"Undoubtedly Mr. Wilkins will call to confer with you soon," said the doctor. "I will come in again this evening."

"You don't seem very much surprised, auntie. Did you know grandma was in trouble?"

"I heard of it," said Miss Parker, evasively.

"How strange! But isn't it dreadful? How badly she will feel about her property!"

"Doris, I don't think she will ever know about it. I doubt if she recovers from this. I wish I knew just what to do, but until I can have an understanding with Mr. Wilkins I can do nothing. I will stay and help take care of her at present."

"How thankful I am! Auntie, perhaps I am wicked, but I am so glad to see you that I am thankful for anything that will bring you back. Only, of course, you know I am sorry for grandma."

"Yes, yes. I know what you mean, Doris. I must go in again now. Be sure to let me know if Mr. Wilkins calls."

Doris promised, and went to assist Katy in some needful preparations for the invalid. When she returned Miss Parker asked, "Where is Miss Shallot?"

"Why, auntie, have n't you heard the good news? She has married the Rev. Ebenezer Tullin, and they have gone off as missionaries."

Miss Parker dropped into a chair in astonishment.

"Married! That's good! And gone? That's better! How glad I am for your sake, child! Did you see him? What is he like?"

"Oh! he is a little, dried up, dark-complexioned man, has squinty eyes, and looks fussy. I don't like him a bit, except for taking her away!"

"Well! well! I never shall be more surprised in my life! Really gone?" and she glanced furtively at the door of Miss Shallot's old room, as if expecting even then she would appear to her.

Mr. Wilkins did not call until the next day. Doris remained with Mrs. Mason, while Miss Parker talked with him. He gave her many details, by which she learned that Mr. Staines had swindled her sister out of everything. She really no longer owned the home which at that moment was sheltering her.

"Then I am to understand my sister has lost all? That she has not even a pittance upon which to depend?"

"Not a dollar left, madam. Of course, some one must settle up matters. She has trusted them to me, and I will attend to them at once."

"I am wondering what will be the end of it all," said Miss Parker, as she returned. "If your grandma lives she will be a poor woman; not even a roof over her head. And if she lives and is sick, mercy only knows what will become of her. I have got to look this squarely in the face, Doris, and make my plans accordingly, for Sarah is past planning."

The day passed quietly. Doris saw that Miss Parker was in deep thought, and said little. She remained near her, satisfied if she could but touch her hand, and look into the face of one she loved so well.

While they were sitting there next morning, Mr. Brooks called.

"I will stay with grandma while you go down, auntie."

"Sure, it's meself as will stay, Miss Doris. The sight of him will do you good. Go down wid your aunt now." And Katy took possession of the easy chair by the bedside. Doris gave her the fan and followed her aunt.

She had not seen Mr. Brooks since the day her aunt left the house. Mr. Brooks had called during her illness, and Doris had received flowers which she felt came from him. The re-

membrance of their last meeting was quite lost in the pleasure of seeing him again.

"Miss Parker! Is it possible? I did not expect this pleasure!" Then a sudden fear possessed him. Was it possible Doris had retracted? He looked inquiringly at Doris.

"Grandma is very ill. We had to send for her."

"I had not heard of that." A thought of Lydia's message came to his mind. Doris told him some of the particulars.

"I am sorry. How strangely it has all happened!" He took Doris's hand for a moment.

"How thin and pale you have grown! I wanted to see you so much while you were sick."

"And I wanted to thank you for the flowers." Something in his eyes reminded her of what occurred at their last meeting. He turned abruptly to Miss Parker.

"Mrs. Mason's illness and Miss Shallot's marriage will make quite a change among you."

"Yes. I shall stay here for the present, until we see how it is with my sister. According to all Mr. Wilkins says, she has lost all her property, and I shall have to plan accordingly. I think she is going to recover a little from this, but not fully, and in that case it will devolve upon me to take care of her, and of Doris, too," and she clasped her hand affectionately.

"Everything looks in a tangle, now, but I have no fears but it will all be straightened out for me."

"You may be sure I will do all I can," said Doris; "but oh dear! What am I good for? I don't know anything."

Mr. Brooks looked very much as if he wanted to speak, but it was evidently a dangerous subject. He changed it to another.

"I expect Dr. Packard will return next week, and then my engagement here will be concluded."

"I hope you will not leave the city at once?" said Miss Parker.

"I have not yet made my plans. For some reasons, I prefer to remain here a little longer. To tell you the truth, Miss Parker, I am interested in matters progressing at Dr. Carroll's, and wish to continue my investigations with Lydia. Upon this result will depend my future action. I do not wish to act hastily. I want time for earnest thought."

Doris looked at him gravely. He smiled, as he said to her:

"My first thought, when I came in, was that you had retracted, Doris."

"No, indeed! I don't think I could ever do it. I can't help believing my mother comes to me, and other friends, too."

"Yes, and the Spiritual Philosophy teaches so much that is hopeful and comforting. I wish they were all true. I may yet be forced to accept it."

"I wish you would go over to Dr. Carroll's and tell them what has occurred here," said Miss Parker, as Mr. Brooks was about to leave.

"I am going directly there, and will take your message."

Doris felt much pleasure in this call. "I hope he has forgotten all he said to me that dreadful day," thought Doris, as she returned to Mrs. Mason's room. An hour after, when the familiar face of a certain little boy appeared with more flowers in his hands, Doris doubted that he had.

She put them in a vase near her, and began to wonder if it would not be a great trial to Mr. Brooks not to continue in the ministry.

Days passed, during which Mrs. Mason seemed to gain a little in strength, but she did not recognize any one about her. She muttered short, broken sentences, words they could hardly understand. Sometimes she seemed to fancy herself a child, and again she talked of her husband. Sometimes she spoke of her daughter Mary, or rather seemed to speak to her.

Miss Parker and Doris nursed her faithfully.

"We must prepare for a change, Doris. This is the last week in August, and by the first of October we must leave here. Sarah may live a long time in this condition, but she cannot live here. The house is passing into other hands. I don't see any way except to take her out to my place in Roseville. She has nothing to support herself with, and you and I must take care of her. I can do it there with less expense. What do you say to it, Doris?"

"I suppose we must go. I am willing to do anything you think best. I will do all I can to help. One thing I can do—I can sew. And, auntie, I am willing to live plainly and get along with a little if I can only be with you."

"Yes, dear child, I know it. We can be happy if we are poor. But I have faith to think the way will open for us somehow. I must talk with Dr. Placent and Mr. Wilkins at once. We must make the move while it is warm and pleasant."

She turned to Mrs. Mason and gently smoothed her gray hair back from her face.

"Poor soul!" she said. "It is a comfort to me to know you will not realize the change that has come to you. We will not let her suffer for anything, will we, Doris?"

"No, I'll do all I can," she replied hopefully.

Dr. Placent thought there could be no objection to removing Mrs. Mason to Roseville.

Some of her personal property was at once removed. Her room was made ready for her—the best and brightest room in the house—and one fine morning in September James drove her over carefully. Doris was already awaiting him.

Mrs. Mason gave no sign that she could distinguish between her own home and Roseville. The change was great to Doris, she had lived so long where there were so many apartments, each spacious and handsome. She missed the large hall, the wide, easy stairs, and numerous little conveniences with which Mrs. Mason's house was filled.

She missed the service of James and Katy. Still she was content to do with her own hands all that was required of her, and cheerfully and patiently assumed her part of the charge of Mrs. Mason. They rarely left her alone.

Two days after their arrival they were sitting out on the piazza, while Mrs. Mason was sleeping.

"And now, Doris, comes the 'tug of war,' as the saying is. We are to buckle on our armor, and earn our bread. I will make it as easy for you as I can, but it will be hard at the best."

"Don't feel badly, auntie. I am ready for anything," and Doris smiled hopefully into her aunt's face.

"I don't want you to go into the city to work, and the next plan is to have our work come out here. I have already quite an amount engaged, through the kindness of Mrs. Carroll. We will each do the most and best we can, and if we three can get a living and keep out of debt, it will be all I dare hope."

"Keep out of debt!" repeated Doris: "how strangely that sounds, when we have always been accustomed to plenty of money."

"You mean you have, Doris. I have had many a hard lesson in poverty, for which I may be thankful now, for I shall know so much better how to manage."

"Perhaps it is well I should learn how to manage. Who knows but I shall be the rest of my life?" Doris smiled, as if she thought poverty attractive. "I dare say I shall be very stupid about learning many things, but I know you will be patient with me. I really want to be a help to you, instead of a burden, and I am ready to begin this very minute. I think we shall need to use all the minutes."

Miss Parker brought out a bundle of work, while Doris brought her little work-basket, which she soon saw must be exchanged for a larger one; and soon her needle was flying busily. They worked on in silence for a little time, and then Doris said:

"Isn't it most tea-time, auntie?"

"Yes; but our tea must be bread and milk to-night."

"That is good. You know I like milk. But your favorite tea—must you do without it?"

"Yes, I shall try for a while. Your grandma must have it, so you may make it for her."

They chatted so pleasantly over their bread and milk they forgot what they were eating. Doris put away the tea things and sat down at once to her sewing. At nine Miss Parker said:

"We must put the work away now. You have done well to-day, child."

Three days passed without much change. They were busy days.

"I must wonder that Dr. Packard has not been out here. He seemed to feel so much interest in Sarah's case."

"No doubt he is very busy," said Doris. She began to think of another physician she would be very glad to see, and as if her thought were prophetic, Dr. Carroll stepped in through the open door. She had not seen him in a long time.

"Dr. Carroll! How glad I am to see you!" Her face expressed more pleasure than words. He took the little hands, grown so thin, and held them closely for a moment.

"I would have come to you long ago if I had not been forbidden, Doris; and now I warn you I shall never stay away again, unless you bid me."

Doris could not answer him, for at that moment Miss Parker, who had heard her delighted exclamation, entered the room. He received a warm welcome from her also; but Doris had suddenly taken refuge in a pile of snowy cloth which she was industriously sewing.

"It is always a pleasure to come here, Miss Parker; but my visit this morning is a professional one. Dr. Packard is quite ill, and has asked me to take charge of some of his patients. Mrs. Mason is one of them. I am happy to say, I don't mean I am happy that she is sick, you know," he added, laughingly, "but I am happy to have a good excuse for coming here every day."

"Sick or well, my door is always open to you, doctor," she replied.

"And now I will see Mrs. Mason."

She led the way, while Doris sat and sewed with trembling fingers. She wondered what was the matter with her. She thought Dr. Carroll's dark eyes must have looked through her and touched every nerve.

Miss Parker remained with Mrs. Mason a few moments after Dr. Carroll came out. He walked directly up to Doris.

"I want to ask a favor of you. Will you let mother know if Miss Parker needs anything at any time?"

"You are very good! Yes, I promise for auntie's sake. We mean to do the best we can, but trouble may come in spite of that."

"How glad I am auntie has such good friends," was her thought, as she turned away from the door.

"It will be nice to see the doctor every day, won't it, auntie? Perhaps he will bring Lydia out some day."

He did bring her the very next day. She could stay only a few moments. It gave Doris a hope of many pleasant meetings yet in store for them. And Lydia wrote her such a loving, comforting message from her mother!

"Auntie, see! This is worth more than all the money in the world!"

"So it is, Doris. I am more and more thankful, every day of my life, that we are permitted to hold communications with the loved ones who have passed from earth. It makes all joys sweeter and all troubles easier to bear."

After they had driven away Miss Parker was thoughtful for some time.

"Doris, I have been thinking about Morris for several days. I think we may find him and have him come home. It will make no difference to Sarah now, and may make it pleasant for us. I think you had better write him soon."

"Oh! mayn't I do it this very minute?" Doris dropped her work eagerly.

"Yes; the sooner the better."

The letter was quickly written, and Doris hastened to mail it. Returning, she began to count the days before he would receive it.

"Don't be too anxious, Doris. You remember he spoke of going away from Rathburn. He may have gone and the letter may not reach him, readily."

Doris dropped her work eagerly.

"Yes; the sooner the better."

The letter was quickly written, and Doris hastened to mail it. Returning, she began to count the days before he would receive it.

"Don't be too anxious, Doris. You remember he spoke of going away from Rathburn. He may have gone and the letter may not reach him, readily."

Doris dropped her work eagerly.

"Yes; the sooner the better."

The letter was quickly written, and Doris hastened to mail it. Returning, she began to count the days before he would receive it.

"Don't be too anxious, Doris. You remember he spoke of going away from Rathburn. He may have gone and the letter may not reach him, readily."

Doris dropped her work eagerly.

"Yes; the sooner the better."

The letter was quickly written, and Doris hastened to mail it. Returning, she began to count the days before he would receive it.

"Don't be too anxious, Doris. You remember he spoke of going away from Rathburn. He may have gone and the letter may not reach him, readily."

Doris dropped her work eagerly.

The caution sobered Doris a little, but she felt glad she had written.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. BROOKS' DEFINITIVE POSITION.

Dr. Packard had returned from Europe. He sat in his study, talking with Mr. Brooks, whose engagement was practically ended. He had warmly commended the young pastor for the manner in which he had discharged the various duties of the pastoral office during his absence.

"Have you a place in view where you expect to settle, Mr. Brooks?"

"None at present, sir."

"Then I would like to mention the Meadville parish. It is without a pastor, and is a desirable location. I have some influence with parties there, and should be pleased to recommend you to the church."

Mr. Brooks was silent a moment. He knew the time had come when he must define his position.

"I am exceedingly grateful for your interest and consideration, Dr. Packard. Whatever I may do or determine upon in my future I hope to deserve your respect." He hesitated a little.

"I do not think you had better try to secure the Meadville Church for me. In fact, I think seriously of retiring from the ministry."

"My dear Brooks! what are you talking about? You, with your fine talents and ability to preside successfully over a church, to think of giving up the ministry? Why, may I ask?"

"My views in regard to the church and creed have changed so much that I do not feel it is at all my place."

"Views! Are you running away from the Orthodox Church? To what? Unitarianism?"

"No, sir. To Spiritualism."

The words were quietly spoken, but they fell like a bomb at the feet of Dr. Packard. There was a long pause, during which Mr. Brooks' clear eyes met Dr. Packard's steadily.

"Spiritualism! Brooks! I would not have thought it of you! A man of your judgment and sense!"

"But what if that very judgment and sense compel me to accept it?"

Dr. Packard did not reply. Mr. Brooks continued:

"You may be sure I would not have done this without honest and earnest investigation."

"But, Brooks, when you found yourself wavering from the faith of the church, I do believe if you had prayed hard enough and long enough, the Lord would have restored you safely."

"And did I not? Could I tell you, or any man, how many days were one long prayer? How many nights were sleepless nights of agony? I have suffered all the torments a conscientious, sensitive nature can suffer. And in the midst of it all I was determined to know the truth. I had believed the creed of our church was a truth. I said if there was a truth beyond that, I wanted it; so I searched for it."

"Oh! there's the trouble. I never knew of a person, or heard of one, who investigated Spiritualism but got led into it at last," said Dr. Packard.

"Yes. And now I ask you honestly, isn't that fact worth your consideration?"

Dr. Packard did not seem ready to reply. Mr. Brooks continued:

"I want to say to you that I have pursued my investigations in such a manner that no deception could possibly have been used."

"Through the hand of a young, ignorant girl, only fourteen years old, poor, and taken from a poor quarter in the city by that benevolent lady, Mrs. Carroll, even while she was teaching her to write, that girl, I say, has written me messages from friends who passed away years ago, and of whom she could have had no knowledge."

Dr. Packard sat like one stupefied.

"See here!" said Mr. Brooks, drawing a large envelope from his breast pocket, "here are some messages from my mother, and in my mother's own handwriting. And some from my father. In one of them he mentions you, but you will have to explain that one to me, for I don't know to what he alludes." He passed it over to Dr. Packard.

"Here are messages from my sister, and my cousin. Here is one from M. Boulanger, a Frenchman, who was a friend of mine. It is written in French, and excellent French, too. Remember, sir, that Mrs. Carroll had to teach this girl to write even English. And I did not even know M. Boulanger had died. I wrote to Paris to inquire, and here is the letter his brother wrote me in reply, and it corresponds with the facts stated in the message."

"And here are messages from Herr Lichtmann, written in good genuine German. Lichtmann was my father's friend as well as mine."

"Yes, I knew Lichtmann," Dr. Packard picked up the German message and held it daintily in his hands, as if he were afraid it would burn him. Then Mr. Brooks said:

"Dr. Packard, you knew my father."

"Yes; he was a good man, and a faithful minister of the gospel. I had hoped to see his son follow in his footsteps."

"There were tears in Mr. Brooks' eyes as he turned toward Dr. Packard.

"Here, please look over some of these. See if you think they are like my father."

In one of them the father had alluded to Dr. Packard, for they were close friends. It spoke of a matter of which Mr. Brooks knew nothing, but which Dr. Packard understood. He leaned back in his chair and gasped:

"Brooks! nobody knew that but he and I! I don't know as I wonder you think they came from him!"

"And then I wrote a long list of questions. I folded the paper, placed it in an envelope and sealed it. I carried it to this girl several times. The envelope was placed on a table. She wrote answers to those questions. The envelope was not removed from my sight at any moment, and it is still sealed. You may examine both."

Dr. Packard took the papers like one who has a disagreeable duty thrust upon him.

"Some of these messages were written while the girl held a spelling-book in the other hand, diligently studying the lesson Mrs. Carroll had marked for her. Frequently they were written upside down."

Dr. Packard began to pace the floor. "I would give worlds, if they were mine, to know the truth, but I am not sufficiently composed to criticize these at present. I would like to examine them again, if you will please leave them for a little time."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Brooks. "To me nothing can be more comforting, more natural, more self-evident than these facts."

"But think a moment. Think how many people go crazy over it!"

"I don't see that, sir. I have seen or heard nothing, as yet, which has in the least disturbed my mental equilibrium. But, since you speak of that, you and I both know there are

those in insane asylums who have gone crazy over religion."

Dr. Packard continued his walking.

"Do you remember Mrs. Somes, the lady whose child died the day you left the city?"

"Perfectly. I had forgotten to inquire for her."

"She is in an insane asylum. Through the loss of that child she became insane. And yet, you or I cannot deny but that she was a good, exemplary and consistent member of your church."

"Yes, that is true," he assented.

"I attended the funeral," said Mr. Brooks. "I tried to point her to a source of comfort, but nothing touched her. If I could have said to her then, as I can now, 'Madam, your child still lives,' could have taken her where she would have had indisputable proof that the child was still near her, and loved her, that it was conscious of her continued remembrance, do you suppose she would now be an inmate of that asylum?"

Dr. Packard was overcome with emotion.

"Very likely there is much to choose in this Spiritual Philosophy. There is in all churches, and all professions, and in all walks of life. I want the good, the pure, the true. I want that which will help me to be a better man, and to help others to be better. I have learned some new truths, and have accepted them. Come what will, I must stand by them. I can only ask that my friends may believe I am honest in my convictions, and mean to do right."

"I believe you are sincere, Brooks. I should like to talk more with you about this. Meanwhile, may God bless and keep you!"

(To be continued in next issue.)

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE UNBELIEVER.

BY ROSE MAXIM.

They are having a revival, wife. I just stepped in to-night.

It seems all other faiths are vain, And theirs alone is right.

They say 'tis not the good deeds done That bring eternal joys, But that belief alone can save.

While unbelief destroys.

Their heaven has still a great, white throne, And angels wearing wings, And streets of gold, and gates of pearl.

And harps with a thousand strings; And life-long slumbers enter there If dying they repent.

While for one wrong unpardoned, There's endless punishment.

That hell of theirs has had repairs. (Much needed, I'll allow.) The infant lying is not there.

They use less brimstone now; But still it is an awful place, And sad the sinner's fate.

And though the souls are burned as long, The heat is not so great.

But I'm not troubled much about A place of future woe, For if the Lord is everywhere,

What matter where we go? He said, 'Though ye descend to hell, Behold, there I shall be';

And if it's good enough for him, It's good enough for me.

I don't believe the devil has Quite all the power there is, Nor that man's love and mercy Exceed God's tenderness:

I don't believe I could rejoice As endless ages roll, Beholding others' agony Of body or of soul.

But I believe God made the world, And all that dwell therein, And that by his creation came Both holiness and sin,

And to be free from pain and fear, From want and sorrow free, With peace of mind, and conscience clear, That's heaven enough for me.

San Bernardino, Cal., Camp-Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Southern California came together in camp-meeting on Friday, Oct. 12th. In numbers there were not many, in comparison with our Eastern meetings, but they made up their lack in numbers by earnestness of purpose. The meeting was called to order by Mr. William Hays, President of the local society, who in a very pleasing manner welcomed the friends and strangers to the city of San Bernardino.

and tendered the camp-meeting the use of their hall and grounds during the term of camp. Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke, Vice-President of the local society, extended a cordial welcome to the lady visitors, closing her remarks with an original poem—which was sung by the choir.

Mrs. Ella Wilson, of Santa Anna, responded in behalf of the Spiritualists of Southern California. Remarks were made by Dr. T. B. Taylor, of Los Angeles, and Dr. J. R. and Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, of New York. The services closed with tests by "Sun-flower," a messenger spirit of Mrs. Nickless; she giving many messages of comfort to mortals from their loved ones of the other shore.

The hall in which the services were held is owned by the local society, and is a beautiful building, the capacity of between three and four hundred. The handwork of the ladies was seen in the tastefully decorated walls, with appropriate mottoes. Over the rostrum, in golden letters, were these words: "The Temple of Truth—Dedicated to Progress, Liberty, Love and Fraternity—There is no Death." In the rear of the hall, in evergreen letters, surrounding a large altar, were the words: "The Love of the World."

On Saturday afternoon at the Conference Meeting, J. V. Mansfield, of New York, gave a lengthy and interesting account of Spiritualism.

Evening—Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, of New York, occupied the platform, the controls taking for her subject, "Spiritualism—What Good Has It Done for the World during the Past Forty Years?" The words that came from the lips of this gifted speaker were listened to with marked attention. After the lecture a man in the audience said he had been intemperate all his life until three years ago, when he became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. When he was assured that his dear mother and darling little son had entered a heaven, he said, "I will never touch another drop of spirits again," and he has not up to this date. This is one good Spiritualism has done.

The Camp-Meeting was duly organized, with preamble and constitution, but the election of officers was deferred one week.

Sunday—Morning services were conducted by Dr. T. B. Taylor, of Los Angeles, who answered questions presented by the audience. A test was given by Mrs. Nickless, who spoke to a lady, saying, "Your mother comes to you, puts her arms around you, and says, 'My dear, dear child! If you cannot come to me, I can come to you, and I bring your little one with me.'"

The lady addressed broke down with grief. The Chairman of the meeting said: "This test is wonderful, and needs explaining. The spirit who has come to this lady is her mother, and her body has not yet been released from the material form. This daughter has been refused admittance to the home where her mother remains, she being a Spiritualist, and other members of the family being in opposition."

Afternoon—Mrs. Ella Wilson lectured, taking for her subject, "What is Truth?" Mrs. Wilson is a new lecturer on the spiritual platform, and bids fair to become one of its brightest lights.

Evening—The hall was crowded to overflowing to listen to Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless. The controls spoke in reply to the old question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" After the lecture many interesting and convincing tests were given by "Sun-flower," the messenger spirit of Mrs. Nickless.

The weather is fine, and the other fruits are abundant. The Southern California Camp-Meeting's first season will be a success.

CYRUS.

"One-and-a-quarter street," "Three-and-a-half street," "Ten-and-three-quarters street"—these are the pretty names a "Board of Survey" proposes to give to certain small streets in Philadelphia. This system of fractional nomenclature is proposed to extend all over the city, supplanting such excellent names as Walnut Place, Lancaster, Crosby, Bye and Corn streets. If the Philadelphia officials can stand this, they have no sense of the ridiculous left.—The (Springfield) Republican.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Under the above heading, the BANNER OF LIGHT, publishes from time to time communications contributed by persons who have had experience in the phenomena of Spiritualism. These communications are not responsible for any accounts of such manifestations appearing in our columns, except those we have witnessed and personally endorsed. Writers in describing the phenomena they have seen, must also bear the responsibility of their statements.—Publishers B. & L.

Experiences at Onset.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Amidst the solitude of an almost deserted camp-ground, I still linger, that I may catch a few of the autumnal rays which come to the October resident at Onset, Mass.

I have spent the summer at this pleasant resort, and have found much to admire.

I have taken quite broad and extended observations of the place and of the people, both residents and non-residents, permanent and casual visitors, stockholders and cottagers, and I am fully convinced that Onset is blessed with as much honesty, intelligence and virtue as the old Commonwealth can show on an average throughout her whole territory. So, under this conviction and within the atmosphere of such environments, I have lingered at Onset to enjoy a few weeks since the summer crowds have gone, and, with my family, I breathe the pure air and partake of the fullness of health and happiness which this section of the State affords to its residents.

There are, however, some associations of midsummer still lingering here, which have until within a few days allowed every earnest seeker for the great truths of immortality to see and experience their phenomenal evidence. Many of the mediums remained until late in the season, so that I have not been entirely alone, or without opportunity to study spirit phenomena, and turn my research to the deeper problems of spirit-life and its manifestations on the physical plane.

The prevalent and general accusation of fraud in the séance-room, echoes from Boston's experience and modes of expression for the last few years, led me to an earnest and critical review and examination of that which I have seen and experienced during the summer, both within the séance-room and in my own sittings with mediums, and the result has been to confirm my convictions of the truth of our spirit philosophy in all of its various departments of manifestation, from the "rap" to materialization and its mediums.

The materializing medium is the most abused public or private benefactor of the present time. No instrument, man or woman, which the hidden and unseen forces of truth and its science have used to present to men new knowledge, has ever been so unreasonably accused of dishonest intentions and fraudulent results, as has this class of the community. Old and well tested and absolutely truthful mediums have been accused of the gravest crimes both by the community and the public press. This it was that led me to a renewal of the study and observation which I have above spoken of. Such investigation was extended to various mediums, and in no one instance have I seen anything which partook of the nature of fraudulent manifestation, coming from the various cabinets; and not a sign of an accomplice has made its appearance to me, or in any séance I have attended. My experience in spirit-research, as well as the medium's honest effort, has been highly satisfactory, and finding no "frands" among the mediums who have come under my eyes at Onset this season, I gladly bear my testimony in their behalf.

There are two mediums who have been here this season, who have been prominent public mediums in the past, who have now left public work, and are to devote their labors to private individual research for scientific and historical purposes, who I think deserve special mention, and a word of commendation, for their past labors and their present faithfulness to the cause of Spiritualism, as well as their excellent mediumship. Yet I would not select these two for special mention were it not for the fact that they have been attacked, with many others, in the press, as impostors who have been "exposed" the last winter in Boston, at the public raids made on mediums, when one of them has not held a public séance for more than two years, and the other has never yet been detected in fraudulent manifestations. I refer to the well-known Berry Sisters, Helen and Gertrude.

It is well known in the spiritual community that Miss Helen withdrew from public mediumistic work over two years ago, and now that Mrs. Gertrude has done the same, and will give no séance save to private sitters, I wish to render to them, as faithful and honest mediums, my earnest word of approval for their past work; and I do not know of a more convincing or forcible way of putting such before the public than by relating my experience in a late private circle held in my house at Onset last September.

After all was quiet here these two ladies were visiting in my family, and one evening it was proposed that we hold a dark séance. We did so, and no manifestation I ever witnessed gave me greater proof of the truth of spirit-return or the potent force in their mediumship than the results of this séance.

It was then arranged between ourselves and the spirits who manifested to us that they would hold a materializing séance. One or two evenings later I draped the door between our dining-room and parlors, and converted the dining-room into a cabinet and the parlors into a séance-room.

Mrs. Gertrude went into the cabinet, and Miss Helen acted as the manager to announce the names of the spirits when they materialized. These mediums had no apparatus nor opportunity to manipulate anything connected with the séance, had they desired to do so. We had strict and positive test-conditions, and did not intend to deceive ourselves.

In the course of the evening twenty-one different materializations took place, and the presentation of twenty-one well-organized physical beings was the result. These forms came into physical life from the cabinet, and in the room where we were in full view when they were coming from the invisible to the visible condition, and they were as much human, intelligent beings as we ourselves.

Many of the forms or spirit-beings repeated their coming twice, while a few returned the third time. They staid with us from one to twenty minutes, holding conversation and performing other acts, as people do when making such visits. There were as many as three out with us at a time, and this number came, in several instances, at one time during the séance.

There were several instances where the materializations took place in the parlors and did not come from the cabinet or return to it. One instance of this kind was the materializing of a

woman, by the side of a book-case on the shady side of the room, and where it was some darker than in the middle of the room. She came to me, gave me her name, and talked about the pictures in the house, and about crayon drawings in pastel, and then went and opened a drawer wherein I keep paper, and selected some soft crayon-paper, and brought it to me, saying, "This is the kind of paper I wish you to put on the table when you hold séances or have sittings; and I will try and make you a picture." Thus she showed a knowledge of my custom and practice in pastel work, which was unknown to either of the mediums.

She afterward took a crayon and made a fine and artistic drawing of a woman's face, about the size of a cabinet photograph.

TO BOOK PURCHASERS.
Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookellers, 9 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritualist, Progressive, Improvement and Miscellaneous Literature. Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by full or cash. When the money forwarded is in full, the books will be sent by mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—such and two preferred. Postage stamps in quantities of more than one dollar will not be accepted. All business operations looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express. Catalogues of books published and for sale by Colby & Rich sent free.

SPECIAL NOTICES.
In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of independent free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.
We do not permit anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a pencil or ink line around the article he specially desires to call our attention to.
When the post-office address of THE BANNER OF LIGHT is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future address.
Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday evening of each week, as THE BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

(Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as Second Class Matter.)

THE BANNER IS ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING ON SATURDAY.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, Bowdoin St. (formerly Montgomery Place), corner Franklin Street (Lower Floor).

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS: THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, 14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER, LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR, JOHN W. DAY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Business Letters should be addressed to ISAAC B. RICH, Banner of Light, 9 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass. All other letters and communications must be forwarded to LUTHER COLBY, Private letters should invariably be marked "Personal" on the envelope.

Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—Spirit John Pierpont.

An "Exposure" of Spiritualism.

The Boston Transcript made a very recent exposition of its ignorance and bigotry on the subject of Spiritualism, in an article which it felt called upon to concoct by reason of the public demonstration attempted to be made by Margaret Fox Kane in New York. The Transcript plainly betrays its satisfaction at having so coveted an opportunity to vent its dislike in one direction and pay its court in another, at one and the same time, little knowing, or perhaps caring, that it is not by such efforts on any subject of wide interest that it can help either in the formation or the guidance of public opinion. It likewise chooses to forget the fact, well remembered of so many, that one of the most accomplished, able and versatile editors it ever had, the late E. S. Rogers, Esq., was a full and firm believer in the phenomena of Spiritualism, and an invaluable contributor to its best literature. The article referred to comes with the worst possible grace from a paper whose reputation is so largely bound up with such an association.

It makes haste to characterize the Margaret Fox demonstration as an "exposure" of Spiritualism, which it could not be proved to be by any existing evidence. She is to-day as much a medium as she ever was. Otherwise, how could it have happened that the raps, in *The Transcript's* own words, "seemed to come from all sorts of places, and were heard all over the great hall"? Suppose "the doctors," as reported, did say then (as they did forty years ago) that "there is no doubt that they came from her [Mrs. Kane's] toes"—are we to take for granted what one person wishes us to believe, while rejecting as worthless what another person simply reports of his actual knowledge? Who is to set up the standard of evidence that shall be accepted, and what is that standard to be? It is also very true, as *The Transcript* asserts, that "other exponents of Spiritualism have done precisely the same thing"; but in all such instances they were mediums in the first place, and merely employed their gifts in an attempt to make some people believe the actual phenomena to be only an "exposure" of the phenomena.

Experience has shown that there are such mediums, willing to sell themselves and their natural gifts where they hope to make the most money. Even *The Transcript* felt compelled to say on Mrs. Kane's behalf that "she is now exceedingly poor," and stated that it was too apparent that "her necessities rather than her will consented to the exposure." That is the key which readily unlocks the secret of so many of these exposures. They invariably turn out to be exposures that do not expose. Yet it is instructive to note the hungry eagerness displayed by the enemies of Spiritualism who, while bidding high to be fooled and defrauded, so that their prejudices be but ministered to, are so ready to charge everybody else with credulity and a constitutional incapacity to weigh evidence addressed to their senses. Such people, instinct with desire that the new shall be put down for the benefit and continuance of the old, are ever found haughtily pointing the finger of contempt at others who differ from them, as being below the reach of common sense, incapable even of faithfully reporting what they actually see and hear, and dupes from choice on a matter affecting their whole lives and happiness.

But this is the point which is the aim of *The Transcript* to make, and constitutes the nub of the whole matter: "These Fox Sisters," it breaks out at the last, "are certainly a strange sort of apostles for a new religion." There is where the shoe pinches the phenomenally religious mind of *The Transcript*. It perhaps never heard of the old and ever true saying, that the small and humble things are expressly chosen for the purposes of confounding the wise and mighty. Possibly it may be able to specify some one of the accepted historic religions of the world that originated in the seats of learning or authority, and so worked its way down among the poor and unlearned of the earth. It is plain that *The Transcript*, for one, would much sooner take its religion from the

anthedrim than from the solitude, from pomp and power, than from the hills of Bethany and the shores of Galilee. But truth is not given to men always in the manner they expect or even approve, and the lesson therefore has to be repeated again and yet again.

The homiletic style which *The Transcript* affects when it finishes off and distributes its counsels with such a disregard of economy, would be enough to excite mirth if it was not so unconscious a display of ignorance and bigotry. Swallowing the assertion without even a bite, "that it was upon these mysterious rappings, now confessed to have been a paltry trick, that the great mass of the popular acceptance of Spiritualism—so far as it is accepted—rests," it digests a solid chunk of wisdom in declaring that "Spiritualism, coming up in an age when everything must be proved, must submit itself, if it expects to be accepted, to the most rigid rules of human evidence. So long as it cannot bear tests which exclude the possibility of fraud, it cannot be accepted by careful people as truth." Which is as much as to say that all those who prefer "exposure" to the phenomena themselves are the "careful people" of the world and the only undoubted lovers of "truth."

It is absolutely needless to traverse the familiar ground that the one thing which Spiritualism invites is a rigid examination by the rules of evidence, not excluding, however, the testimony which it is ready to present itself. Science, which stands responsible for the spreading materialism of the age, refuses to test its evidences simply because they transcend both the limits and the conditions of its own aims and methods. With the subtle and mysterious relations of the human spirit it openly professes to have nothing to do. Yet the overwise *Transcript* and others like it demand that Spiritualism shall be tested only by such rules of evidence as science shall frame and operate. It is only asking that the less shall include the larger; that matter shall judge spirit; and that the reporter of the laws of the universe shall become the legislator. The dogmatic spirit displayed in such a demand itself betrays the need of a new baptism in the waters of spiritual truth.

If it requires, as generally believed, spiritual rather than wholly material discernment to discover spiritual things, then it assuredly follows that something more than the fixed rules of material science is not only applicable to the investigation of spiritual phenomena but is absolutely required for it. Therefore the evidence which Spiritualism is at all times ready to submit on behalf of its phenomena is to be studied and weighed by rules that must diverge in many essential respects from those laid down for judging evidence wholly material, or certainly so up to a limit which they do not yet presume to pass. A being partly spiritual, and destined to become wholly so, will necessarily concede that in estimating spiritual facts the first and obvious necessity is to search diligently for the spiritual law by which those facts are governed and regulated. To do otherwise is to display only the conceit of self-satisfied ignorance.

Now Spiritualism notoriously invites science to assist in this great and new search. And science answers, always with a greater or less show of scorn, that this is not its province, and declines to engage in any such quest. But the dogmatists in religion and smatterers in science continue to insist that spiritual truths, however transmitted, shall be subjected to the rules laid down by science for investigations of a wholly different character. These latter, in fact, affect to be the patrons of science and religion together. What headway the world would make in the future if it entrusted its work to a class that does not dream that all things needful to know have not yet been discovered? That, however, is just the attitude assumed with such a lofty air by the Boston *Transcript*, when it would dictate the rules of evidence by which all spiritual phenomena are to be investigated and judged. It has yet to learn that the discovery of truth is not an affair of social, sacerdotal, or scientific favor.

But while Spiritualism is thus opposed by both press and pulpit in respect to its simplest claims, it is steadily and silently making its way through all the recognized ranks of society and among all classes of people. It is more and more inspiring—rather than honeycombing—the churches, finding a resting-place in the bosom of the family, illuminating solitude, and establishing a life-companionship. If it were but a superstition, appealing only to human ignorance and credulity, it would not be the foe to all superstitions which it is. If it did not offer the consoling and satisfying responses to human questionings that it does, it would never have attained the foothold it has attained in human belief and affections. It brings to this latest and newest age of the world the very messages which have been sought by the pilgrims of earth with groans and tears all through the centuries of mortal existence. No mere superstition can set up any claim that can compare with this.

They who profess to be content to traduce and reject such an evangel of blessed truth must be also content to be the losers. They are willing to deny themselves the true riches from a wholly mistaken view of values. They dress up the religious conception with ideas of respectability. They are thorough materialists without knowing it. When phenomena that constitute the varied vehicles of truth are convincing people the world over of the priceless reality of their meaning, they think to stem the resistless tide with puny sneers and haughty contempt, and by the dragging into the arena, as in this latest instance in New York, of some fallible and weak instrument of the invisible that such may become, for wholly personal reasons, mayhap, a swift witness against the real facts. But silently and grandly the influences of the new revelation to the human race continue to work and to advance, and promise not to rest until the earth is fitted for the habitation of an exalted and spiritualized race. Perfection here is of course never to be expected, but it certainly may begin here and indicate the way toward the final destiny. This is the real "exposure" which Spiritualism invites, and is entitled to have made on its behalf.

Newspaper slang against Spiritualism and its medial instruments cannot injure it or them. Its grand teachings are based upon Truth, and all the efforts of bigotry and superstition cannot impede its progress. The best men and women in the world are its adherents, blessed by a knowledge of the facts of immortality, and of direct spirit communion.

Raphael's *Abnacc* for 1889 has been received from England, and can be found on sale by Colby & Rich, at their bookstore, 9 Bowdoin Street, Boston. See information regarding its contents, etc., on fifth page.

Boston Woman Suffrage League.

At the regular meeting of this organization held on the evening of Oct. 1st, Edwin D. Mead, whose standing as a thinker and lecturer is widely established in New England, delivered a fine address in the line of the current discussion on public school matters in this city, in the course of which he uttered many sentiments that were worthy of repetition for their breadth and capacity. As evidence of this fact—and that there is a public demand for it—we are in receipt of a neatly printed brochure wherein this entire discourse finds embodiment, in connection with liberal additions and commendations by Mr. Mead.

He said he was more solicitous than for anything else that Catholic capriciousness and unfairness, where they exist, shall not be met with feverish unfairness, but rather with justice, and even with magnanimity. "I trust there is no woman and no man here present," he said, "who did not read with indignation and shame the charge of one of our university professors to one of our large congregations, last Sunday, that Protestant men and women who have Catholic servants in their employ should say to them on the eve of election day, that if they intended to vote at the dictation of the priests they must look for work elsewhere." "You know what that means," said Mr. Mead. "It means the boycott and the inquisition." "No Catholic work has been so bad as this."

The speaker added that we had heard altogether too much in these days about its being impossible for a man to be at once a good Catholic and a good American. He protested against it with all the emphasis possible. Nothing, he said, could be so offensive to an honorable and patriotic man. Whatever criticism is to be passed upon some of the text books used in the parochial schools, he asserted that the lack of the patriotic element in them cannot be recorded. Many of these books ring with patriotism. And they ring, too, with the spirit of democracy. However much "divine right" of bishops there may be in the books, there is no divine right of kings. Toward this American republic there is especially a feeling of gratitude for a toleration such as Roman Catholics have enjoyed in no Protestant country in Europe.

He however deprecated the educating of the children of any one class of citizens apart from the rest. In this direction he said tersely:

"We do not want any of us, Catholic reading-books, nor Quaker spelling-books, nor Jewish geographicals, nor Baptist histories, nor Presbyterian grammars, nor High Church cook-books, nor Unitarian geographies, nor Trinitarian arithmetics. I have heard a story of a little girl who belonged to a Presbyterian family coming home from school in some distress because one of her young Jewish friends had claimed that Jesus was a Jew. 'Rachel says, mother, that Jesus was a Jew.' 'Jew, dear, Jesus was a Jew.' 'But how could he be a Jew, mother? Was he not the son of God, and isn't God a Presbyterian?' I wonder sometimes, when I see the sectarian atmosphere that pervades many homes, that God isn't thought to be a Presbyterian or a Baptist much more often than he is. And our dangers will grow much graver than they are if we extend this sort of thing into our schools and set our boys and girls to studying Episcopal histories and Catholic geographies. My good friends, we cannot afford, any of us, to live and breathe in these provincial atmospheres."

In relation to the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. Mead said that while there is much in it that he dislikes, and while he was always willing to be considered a member of a vigilance committee to stand sentry on it, he would also always stand sentry for it when it is unjustly besieged.

"Were I engaged in an apology for the Catholic Church, I should go further. I should enter the great domain of dogma, and declare on how many points I deem the Catholic doctrine superior to Protestant doctrine. I should tell you that the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, an intermediate state in which men who are not great saints yet not great sinners are purified and educated for the higher life, is, to my thinking, a better and a truer doctrine than the sharp Protestant division of all men into celestials and hellians, turned either to eternal beatitude or eternal torment upon the accident of death. I should tell you that the Catholic doctrine of miracle—a doctrine that asserts the perennial power of God in the Church, as able to manifest itself upon occasion at the hands of Ambrose and Francis or of the pious Boston parish priest as at the hands of Peter and Paul and Jesus and 'them of old time'—is a vastly nobler doctrine than that of our Protestant churches, which recognizes a supernatural, supernatural, and no other. And I should tell you that the Catholic doctrine of inspiration, the doctrine of a Holy Ghost that is living and not dead, a Divine Spirit whose authentic utterances are still to be heard among men and not simply to be sought for in a book in the library, a Spirit not local, historical, Palestinian, but throbbing, omnipresent, in the Church of God—I should tell you, if you are Protestants, that this doctrine is a sublimer and diviner doctrine than yours."

In summing up the case for the public schools as they are, Mr. Mead rightly holds that just so long as they are made the prize in a contest between ecclesiastical greed of any sort on the one hand, and plain secular possession on the other, just so long will this contest grow fiercer and hotter, and be certain to draw into its raging vortex a multitude of other interests which are esteemed precious in the sight of their present possessors. The public schools should teach nothing connected in the remotest manner with creed or church. The education they bestow should be only fundamental, and of no recognized religious color. So far as it is moral, it should carry its morality with it without specialization or distinction, the practical character of the instruction given being synonymous with practical morality itself.

We close this notice of a stirring address—which covers many points, of necessity not here reverted to—by the following extract wherein Mr. Mead gives sound advice to the Woman's League, and the general public, regarding the city election in December:

"Upon you, the women of Boston, there has suddenly come a very great and a remarkable responsibility. You are suddenly called upon to exercise political power under the most trying of conditions, when politics is mixed with religious animosities and the most violent appeals are made to prejudice and passion. The enemies of woman suffrage will be quick to point to every extravagance and indiscretion on your part, in the brave performance of a trying duty, as an impeachment of your cause as women. That cause can only be advanced by this experience, whatever the vote may be this year or next. It is not the less important that the coming vote be sober and intelligent, uninfluenced by the violent partisanship of either Protestant parson or Catholic priest. I do not say this to the women of this league—I sincerely wish that the voting of the next of Boston would be as just and careful as yours is sure to be—but I say it to the hundreds of women whom it is in your power to reach."

The Roman Catholic Church and the School Question. By Edwin D. Mead. Boston: George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street. 1888.

Mrs. ADA FOYE has during her present visit Eastward awakened the most profound interest on the part of Spiritualists and general public alike—her mediumistic labors in Boston, Haverhill, Stoneham, and elsewhere having been crowned with the most flattering success.

Ordination at Last.

The recent ordination of Rev. W. H. Noyes of Boston by the council of Congregational pastors and delegates, called for the purpose of ordaining him for the foreign missionary field, Japan being his chosen destination, was an event of notable interest in religious circles far and near, by reason of his having been openly refused ordination by the prudential committee of the American Board last year, at its session in Springfield, Mass., on the ground of his enlarged views in relation to future probation for the heathen who died without having any knowledge of the Christian gospel. This case was purposely made a test case by the prudential committee, which was determined to suppress all such tendencies to heresy in a summary manner. No change has been known to have taken place in the views of Mr. Noyes on the subject in question since the date of the former trouble, but he has improved a waiting policy to secure his object when it could be accomplished without attendant excitement.

Being finally ordained for his chosen work by a council of the churches instead of by the American Board, it now remains to be seen whether the Board will continue to refuse an application made by him for an appointment which would clothe him with the character of a regular missionary sent out by the Board. If it should so persist, then he will be supported by the personal contributions of parties connected with the Berkeley-street church of Boston.

The examination of Mr. Noyes as a candidate for missionary work was all the more interesting from the fact that the same parties who subjected him to an unfavorable test last year were some of them participants in the recent examination, and were obliged to look on and see the consummation of what they before refused to do. It was all a struggle then for the integrity of the doxies, which has finally taken the form of an open defiance of the American Board by an individual church, which no such board possesses the power to discipline. This is the hottest possible fire in the rear for the American Board, which may perhaps engage other churches and thus make the condition of the Board so precarious as to bring its prudential committee to a sense of prudence which they have not heretofore recognized.

The Idens Prevalent about Marriage.

People differ as widely on the subject of marriage as on any other, as seen in the discussion now going on in the daily press, based on the query: "Is marriage a failure?" We have before us clippings from the editorial opinions of four papers of world-wide repute. The first—the *London Telegraph*—remarks on the enlarged independence of the female sex in respect of their ability to maintain themselves, and argues from this fact that women are able to take their own time and make a wise choice, perhaps preferring to remain single all their lives. The second—the *Montreal Post*—emphatically responds to the question whether marriage is a failure, that it is not; although many men and women as husbands and wives are failures. The third—the *New York Herald*—says that common sense is at its best in marriage, and the truest marriages are based upon it. It says there are no marriages so uncertain as love unions, because love is apt to be the enthusiasm of selfishness. The fourth—the *New York World*—asserts that marriage is not a failure, but a great many married people are failures of the most malignant type. The amount of the matter is, therefore, that the fault, or the contrary, is to be looked for in the parties to marriage rather than in the institution of matrimony itself. But inasmuch as the individuals in their character constitute the whole thing of course marriage is a success or not just as they are.

A writer in the *Boston Daily Globe* of a recent date says, in referring to a paragraph to the effect that "Consumption in its early stages can almost always be cured by strengthening the lungs with pure air, and pulmonary complaints can be warded off in the same way," that it reminds him that he is quite well acquainted with the author of the above statement. And then the writer goes on to say that he came to New England about four years ago, from a climate where heavy winter overcoats are unnecessary. The first December he was in Boston he went, at the earnest solicitation of a friend, to the agency of one of the biggest life insurance companies in the world to get his life insured. He was suffering from a very slight cold at the time, and the medical examiner of the company, a well-known and highly respected Boston physician, rapped on his chest, thumped on his back, felt of his pulse, looked at his tongue, took a telephone, or some such instrument, and listened to his heart, and went through all the customary and impressive formalities of a medical examination. At its conclusion the wise doctor shook his head gravely and informed the writer that he had incipient consumption, and that the greatest precaution would be necessary if he expected to pull through the winter. He was, of course, rejected as a candidate for insurance. But the way he pulled through that very severe winter may be seen by the fact that, although he was unaccustomed to the rigorous climate and the sudden changes of temperature, and was engaged in night work, taking a half-hour's ride in a cold horse-car every morning at three or four o'clock, he found his chest measurement increased nearly four inches within six months, and his general health better than for years, a chronic catarrh having entirely disappeared, all without any remedy except the practice of filling the lungs with pure air and holding the breath as long as possible. Every time they meet on the street the wise doctor throws a homicidal glance at the humble newspaper man, as much as to say: "Aint that fellow dead yet?" and the latter feels like thumbing his nose at the doctor and replying: "No, but he would have been if you could have had your way."

This writer then goes on to say that he has more doctors to the square inch than any other city in America: Three medical institutions turn them out by the score upon a defenseless and unoffending community every year, and they go about, as the old lady said, "Like roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour somebody."

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT PARIS will open on the fifth of May next, continuing until the thirty-first of October. It is desirable that the industries of the United States be fairly represented, and that they may be so no charge will be made for space occupied, and goods will be forwarded and returned free of freight charges by the Commission, whose office is at 35 Wall Street, New York, and may be addressed for further particulars.

A Spirit Relates an Experience of Its Earth-Life.

The following, which we copy from *More Light*, published at Greytown, Wairarapa, New Zealand, is said by a Dunedin correspondent of that paper to have been written by a spirit who, when on earth, was a seer. The events are said to have occurred to herself and others of her friends in Germany, and the account she has given of them is now published at her request:

One day my sister was walking through a lane near home; she had been for an afternoon stroll. I believe there was no one with her at the time, but there were many people passing and repassing. As she was about to emerge into a meadow at the end of the lane, she heard a voice say, "Come with me." She looked round, thinking it was some boy, but the voice again said, "Come with me." She recognized the voice of our grandmother, who was then residing in Denmark.

She was much startled by the voice, and was at first unwilling to take any notice of it, so, thinking it was a mental delusion, she hurried on; but she had proceeded only a few steps when she was taken hold of by the shoulder and turned half-way round, facing the other part of the field, the voice again saying, "Come with me." My sister mustered up courage to say, "What are you, and what do you want?" The voice then seemed to rush past her, for she heard a noise, she said, as of some one passing a few yards in front of her, when it again spoke, saying, "Come on, Marie, I will not hurt you." My sister went on for some distance, the voice always in front, and as if it were walking backward. Still following—for she meant to see if there was really anything in it—she went on till at last she came to a large well, having bricked sides, without a lid, it being used to water the cattle in the summer time. The top was about five feet high, with steps, which she was about to ascend to look into the well. She protested, saying it would dazzle her, and she would fall in, but still the voice said, "No, come on."

On the water, to her utter amazement, as in a picture, she saw our grandmother lying on a bed, as white as death, and some one standing at the foot whom she could not recognize. She appeared to see a door open, and a man coming in, dressed in black, apparently a doctor; he took grandmother's arm to feel her pulse, and did something or other she could not understand. The man said, "No; life is extinct." Mind you, my sister heard this and saw this picture all in the water. She said nothing, sounded hollow or ghostly, and she appeared to be an invisible person in the room; she was taken no notice of. The person at the foot of the bed, whom she supposed to be a nurse, said, "Is she dead, doctor?" He replied, "Yes, I can do nothing." He talked for a few minutes, and then left the room, the woman following him. The voice then said to my sister, "Tell nobody, for none but those you know will credit what you say. Tell no one out of your own family; do not be disturbed in your mind at all, but I could not do without telling you. Now go home quietly, and do not make a whisper about it, but be just as quiet as you can."

My sister went home, and followed the directions given her; when she reached her bedroom, she called me in and said, "Grandmother is dead!" I replied, "Oh, rubbish! we only got her letter yesterday, saying we might expect her on a visit next week." She said no more just then, and we went to tea; after which she again began to tell me about her afternoon adventure. Next morning a telegram came, saying that at half-past three on the previous afternoon, our grandmother had died of heart disease. She had just come in from her afternoon walk in the garden, and was about to change her bonnet for a cap, when she said to the maid in attendance, who was not really a servant, but an old nurse, "I feel very queer; I hope I am not going to be ill." Being fatigued with the walk, she lay down on the bed for a few minutes, the nurse going out of the room for a cooling draught. On her return, she found her as I have said, and immediately sent for the doctor, who was not ten minutes in arriving; but when he came life was extinct. Our grandmother then often appeared to my sister and myself, and she told us that Marie was out walking and she also, that gave her strength, and she wished us to know that she was no longer on earth, though how she was able to do it I could not then understand, for if you, on earth, read in any book, you will find that if it is possible for us to appear again on earth, three days after death or passing over is generally fixed, I do not yet know why, but I used to notice this when on earth. This occurred in the little village of Wiczolf, in Germany, to my sister, and our grandmother lived hundreds of miles away. MARY ROBE.

Women Registered.

Eleanor Kirk thus cleverly paragraphs the recent registration of Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, chairman of the equal rights party campaign committee, and the secretary of the same body, Miss Anna Johnson, in New York City:

"What is to be done with the women who succeeded in registering the other day in New York, or perhaps, what is more to the point, what will become of the Board of Registry? Mrs. Leonard and Miss Johnson simply walked into the proper office and up to the proper officials, and requested to be observed. 'We have n't any right to register ladies,' the chairman replied. 'Have you any orders not to register ladies?' Mrs. Leonard inquired. Well, no, they had n't, and so away this settled the matter. The ladies were duly registered, and went away rejoicing."

"T. W. S." forwards a letter—which we shall print next week—giving details of a pleasant visit made Oct. 24th, by a large number of members and friends of the Worcester (Mass.) Association of Spiritualists, to Miss Jennie B. Hagan, at her home in South Framingham. The occasion being an informal celebration of the first anniversary of her occupancy of a new house which herself and her mother have caused to be erected in that place.

Don't fail to read THE BANNER'S local reports this week.

In Advance of the Telegraph.

At a séance held at the house of John T. Furlong, in Arkansas City, Kansas, a short time since, a Mr. Binkley was informed by his spirit-father, in reply to an inquiry he made respecting his mother, whom he thought was in Ohio, that she died on the morning of that day at 3:30 o'clock, and that he would hear of the fact the next morning. It is needless to say that the recipient of the information was greatly surprised.

The next morning Mr. Furlong called on Mr. Binkley to ascertain whether the prediction of the spirit had been fulfilled. It had not. Regarding what followed we give Mr. Furlong's own words: "Going upon the street, I met the telegraph messenger boy. I inquired if he had a message for Mr. Binkley and he replied that he had. I then, to his great surprise, told him the contents of the message. The only discrepancy is that the time is stated in the telegram at 1:15, while the spirit-communication fixed it at 3:30. As the exact moment of death is often uncertain, the chances are that the spirit was correct."

An interesting fact in connection with the above is that, after the circle had been formed, Mr. Binkley happened to drop in. He was invited to join, but declined to do so, saying he knew nothing of Spiritualism and was merely actuated by curiosity in calling; that he would sit aside as a spectator.

The attention of our readers is called to a very interesting little work, entitled "CONSOLATION," which W. J. Colville has supplied to us at wholesale, so that we can offer it at the low price of five cents per copy. The work is a translation from the French of Annette Jourdain, a talented and charming writer. It is an interesting narrative of experiences in spirit-life, and extends to nearly seventy large sized pages, in stiff paper covers.

Message Department.

Spiritual Free-Office Meetings.
Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 25 Bowdoin street (formerly Montgomery Place), on TUESDAY and FRIDAY AFTERNOON of each week.

On Tuesday afternoon Miss M. T. BISHAM, occupies the platform for spiritual messages. On Friday afternoon Miss D. P. SMITH, trance medium, under the influence of her guides, will afford an avenue through which individual spirit messages will be given.

The hall (which is used exclusively for these sittings) will be open at 2 o'clock; the services commencing at 2:30 o'clock, at which time the doors will be closed, allowing no ingress or egress. The public is cordially invited.

Persons having questions of practical bearing upon human life in any of its departments, and who wish to have them answered by the spirit-world intelligences, may send them to the BANNER OF LIGHT office by mail, or hand them to the Chairman of the Circle, who will present them to the spirits for consideration.

The messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil; that those who pass from the earthly sphere in an unimpaired state, eventually progress to higher conditions. We ask readers to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not accord with common sense. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest desire that those who recognize the messages of their loved ones will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication.

Natural flowers upon our Circle-room table are gratefully appreciated. Our angel visitors have been kind to send donations of such from the friends in earth-life who feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department of the BANNER must not be addressed to the mediums in any case. L. E. W. B. WILSON, Chairman.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED, THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF Miss M. T. BISHAM.

Report of Public Seance held Oct. 2d, 1888.

QUESTIONS.—[By C. V. N. House.] Can the spirits give a cure for neuralgia in the sciatic nerves and through the general system?

ANS.—Neuralgia in any form is produced by an unequal distribution of the nervous forces of the system, either by depletion in certain parts of the nerve aura, or a surplus of the same in other portions of the body. Neuralgia is also attended by a depletion of the vital fluid; the blood needs to be enriched and equalized in its circulation. We know of nothing so good for the cure of neuralgia as the application of vital magnetism imparted by a healthy, congenial, assimilative human being through the hands, and for the manipulation especially of the sciatic nerve. The application of electricity is beneficial to certain organisms, but not to all; there being a difference in constitutions, one general rule will not apply to all, and it is wise for each case to be experimented upon by itself. However, we believe that the application of vital human magnetism, if imparted by one who is congenial to the patient, will prove of more or less value, although, of course, it will be more beneficial to some natures than to others.

Q.—[By R. G. Dawson.] It was said that in the course of long ages the human form will have changed so much that it will bear but slight resemblance to that of the present time. Now are those in spirit-life who perhaps have resided there for thousands of years any different from those of to-day?

A.—It has been said that, through the various gradations of spiritual advancement, the human form becomes so changed that it is eventually bear but little resemblance to the external form of man upon this mortal plane of being. This does not mean that its outlines will be lost, that its general features, its symmetrical proportion and stature will be changed; it means that as the spirit advances, its knowledge, power and intelligence, all these characteristics display themselves in the external features and through the general form; therefore the human body of the spirit advancing becomes more refined, less made up of the grosser particles, which may be called of material nature, and by-and-by, as the spirit who has dwelt perhaps for centuries, for thousands of years in the spiritual world, grows more etherealized, his form begins to shine even as the light, seems to be almost transparent, yet there is the general outline of height, of stature, of proportion, of symmetry of feature of figure, and much else that combine to make up a human form. We are told that man was created in the image of God—and while we do not accept and advocate the thought of a personal God, yet we may believe that man has been fashioned in the likeness of divine intelligence, and that the over-soul of all life; and man shows these likenesses, these qualities, as he advances in spirituality, grows more intelligent, and gains not only knowledge but wisdom, or the power of applying that knowledge in useful ways to serviceable ends, and he shows the likeness, and puts forth these characteristics through the appearance of his outward form, which we see grows more etherealized in appearance, brighter, more like unto the light, filled with power and activity, with electrical strength and motion.

Q.—[By A. B. L.] If so-called tests, given through trance mediums, are not the result of telepathy, why are the mediums not able to give the date on a coin held before them in the closed hand of an investigator?

A.—A medium clairvoyant, one who possesses spiritual sight, independent of the material or physical eye, however blindfolded, he may be externally, or however dark his surroundings, would be able to see the date of a coin while in the hand of the investigator, in the pocket, or in some hidden place toward which the clairvoyant mind and sight had been directed. But all mediums are not thus clairvoyant, have not their spiritual vision opened to such an extent. There are mediums who are acted upon by attendant spirits who have no such occult powers of their own in development, and one may have his brain power and nervous organization manipulated by an attendant spirit so that there may pass through his mind, or be known by his tongue, a message from some unknown spirit in the other world, and this same spirit, unknown to the medium, by the message delivered, proves its own identity, and brings the internal evidence of the truth of its claims; there is that imparted in the message which the medium could not possibly have known, and perhaps that which the person receiving the message does not know or understand at the time, but he may learn to be authentic at a later date.

This is not telepathy, in one sense, although it may be in another. It is true, there is a transference of thought from the mind of the spirit operator to the mind of the medium he controls; and this transmission of thought, passing through the brain of the subject, is delivered to the receiver just as it is understood by the medium who has gained it from the operator beyond.

Spiritualism deals with all the occult forces which belong to humanity, or which are allied to the universe, and it claims its methods operate in connection with every one of them. Thought may be transmitted from mind to mind on earth, even at a distance, under proper conditions. Those who are in sympathy with each other may, if they experiment, learn to so operate their thought as to have it imparted, one from the other, and to establish a communication in that way. This is true of mortals; may it not be true of spirits? May it not be true of spirit, and mortal interchangeably? We affirm that it can; that the transmission of thought from a deceased spirit to an embodied mind is not by any means an impossibility; indeed it has been proven a fact for many years. It is constantly occurring, and those who study it closely may become more interested, day by day, as they learn more of its operations and of the delicate conditions which spirits must employ in order to reach intelligently their friends or associates on earth.

Q.—[By E. H.] Spirits claim that it is to their advantage to act as a control or guide to mortals. Is this true?

A.—It is sometimes to the advantage of an "espoused" spirit to serve as a guide or controlling intelligence of a mortal or a medium on earth. A spirit may require a certain line of experience in connection with earthly life, and by taking upon whom he may operate, and with whom he may come into magnetic sympathy, the spirit will receive through that me-

diatic organism those experiences and advantages denied him on earth, perhaps, or which would be in certain ways, and in the body, but which he finds essential to his unfoldment and advancement now that he has become incarnated. Very often a little child will be drawn into contact with a medium and take possession of that organism and manifest itself to mortals. Perhaps it will become a messenger, bearing messages to those in earth whom it visits from their friends in the spirit-world. Those friends may not be able to personally control the medium which this little child can control, and so the little one is chosen as an instrument for the impartation of this message, and these messages, which are not only of service to mortals, but also of benefit to the spirits who convey them. Now, such a child will pass through a period of discipline and instruction in contact with its medium which will be advantageous to it by-and-by; in the spirit-world it will gain a knowledge of physical life and its environments, of the earthly plane and its varying conditions, of the very atmosphere you breathe and the life you live, which will be very useful to it in expanding its mind and awakening a thirst for knowledge within it. Such a spirit will come in contact, through the medium of the question, with the phases of human life; it will study these become familiar with them, and so be able to learn more of humanity than it possibly could do through books, or through any of the external methods of education; therefore by taking up its position by the side of a medium as a guide, attendant, or personal control, the spirit really gains value for itself, and receives an impetus in its upward development in the spirit-world. And as with the child, so with more matured spirits needing a discipline or an experience, or wishing to learn human nature as displayed through the external senses and avenues of life, they may gain it in this way, just as is claimed by some spirits they are doing from day to day.

By the Controlling Spirit.
We wish now, Mr. Chairman, to answer a brief question which has come to us from a mind on earth seeking knowledge concerning the conditions of spirit-life and of spirit communication. The question is, "How can we best prepare ourselves to meet our friends when we pass from the body, and how can we best prepare a reception for our spirit friends when they approach our homes and desire to enter into communication with us?" It seems to me that the proper manner of preparation for meeting our friends on the other side is that of self-improvement and growth. Those who believe that their departed friends are pure and good—and very few are willing to admit their ascended friends to be anything else—will desire to occupy a like plane of purity and goodness when they pass from the body. To do this one must walk his daily life, must seek to express his spiritual qualities in external ways, by cultivating a beautiful spirit, by trying to grow in grace and purity of thought, as well as of action, not by selfishness, and not by concern for the things of this world, but by seeking to find that which is good within his fellow beings, and to excuse the fault, if it can be excused, to gloss it over with the mantle of sympathy. Give sympathy and helpful feeling to those who are unhappy or unfortunate, and certainly you will find your spirit growing in sweetness and purity, and all things that are lovely. By such growth the soul rises in power as well as in thought; it gains strength to understand the things that come to it in life, as well as to cope with its difficulties. It grows more patient, more kind, and more smiling upon it, and as glad that the soul is rising, putting forth its powers of expansion, and rising in spirituality, and they are made happy by this state of improvement, and will be very sure to welcome you to their own plane of purity and of goodness, even though your spirit rises to it through such avenues as these of which we speak.

How can you best welcome your friends who come to you from the other life? By cultivating a harmonious disposition of your own, sending out a sweetness of thought and a magnetic influence which will attract to you the spirits of mortals as well as to unseen spirits. Make those who come about you in physical life comfortable and at ease; be sympathetic; and in fact send sunshine throughout your homes to the best of your ability; instead of repining because of the things which are unpleasant to you in life, because of their material nature, seek to make the best of what comes, not by sitting down beneath your load of perplexities, but by doing all you can to overcome adverse conditions, and looking upon the bright side, that is yours. In doing this you will open your hearts to the influences of unseen spirits; you will send out a magnetic aura bright and beautiful, which will shine upon you and your friends, and which the angels will delight to gaze upon in approaching your sphere of light; it will not present crude, dense elements to them, which they cannot penetrate, therefore they will come more readily to your side to assist you in the hour of trial, to bring helpful influences in the time of need, to cheer your heart that peace and blessing which is uplifting and perfect in an eternal sense, in spiritual ways.

While it is true that returning spirits are pleased to be welcomed by the incense of flowers, by the harmonies of music, and that they delight to gaze upon beautiful objects in this external world, which they can see, and with this life and its conditions, all these are not essential to their happiness or to their approach; but there may be sent out from a humble, lowly spirit, whose circumstances and surroundings on earth are in the midst of want, of poverty, of darkness, and of gloom, a radiance throughout the dwelling and given due light to those spirits who come to it; that may be generated by that life a most glorious element, which is attractive to returning spirits, and a perfume may go forth from it sweeter than the fragrance of flowers in summer-time. From the depths of a heart that is full of pure thoughts, loving aspirations to do good, to strains of sweetness such as are indeed welcome to angels, and strains more refined and beautiful than those evoked by skillful fingers from the finest instrument on earth; therefore it depends upon you, and you and out from your own life, from your own spirit, from your turning friends, whether they will delight to come to you and take up their place by your side to watch over and guard you and give of the tender sympathy of their natures, or whether they will be repelled and unable to approach very closely, because of the density of the magnetic elements which you send forth.

SPIRIT MESSAGES, THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Public Seance held Oct. 5th, 1888.

Daniel S. Flagg.
I feel that it is a privilege to enter this room to-day, Mr. Chairman. This great truth was no stranger to me while I dwelt upon earth, for I felt that dear ones came into close communion with us, and I now know that it was true.

Although my old home is far away from this hall, I found it was able to come as quickly as if it had been close by. I am happy in my spirit home. My seventy years of mortal life seemed a long time. In boyhood's days I well remember that I thought a man of forty was quite old. Many dear ones will be glad to know I am able to speak for myself, and would wish me to tell them of my home beyond, which is beautiful. Dear friends, you, too, are building your immortal homes day by day, and it is your good deeds and pure thoughts that will make that home lovely and desirable. Learn all you can of the higher life now, because it will help you so much hereafter. How beautiful it is to think that we are ever progressive and active.

I have often been in this room as an earnest listener, for I enjoy hearing what others have to say. My dearest mother is with me, and many other loved ones who were waiting on the shore to meet me, and who greet me with satisfaction and comfort. I feel, to-day, there is much for me to do and to learn on the spirit-side. I lived in Kalamazoo, Mich. I was the wife of Dr. William Weyburn.

Mrs. Sarah E. Weyburn.
I have wished, for it is a desire of the spirit, to communicate with mortal life. I hoped it might be able to give a few words to some dear one yet left here, and I assure you, Mr. Chairman, I appreciate the few moments given me. I have often thought, as I have come near one and another, and as I have drifted even across the water, whether they remember me. My dear friends were in Bath, and I know the latter part of my life in the West. I know I shall be remembered more where I passed away. How often have I thought, what a privilege it was to come into your meetings, and for spirits and mortals to hold sweet communion together.

Sixty years I dwelt in the flesh, and but a little while have I been in the spirit-life—some two or three years. I know there will be some who, as they read this message, will remember me. They will say my work is not done yet, for I was always anxious to be engaged in work of a spiritual kind, and gave me a great deal of satisfaction and comfort. I feel, to-day, there is much for me to do and to learn on the spirit-side. I lived in Kalamazoo, Mich. I was the wife of Dr. William Weyburn.

George Gleason.
All are permitted to enter here without money and without price. You hardly have a meeting that I am not one of the invisibles present. We have as much anxiety and as much interest in coming from the spirit side to these meetings, and you may know who sit and listen to what we are spoken.

How many times I have thought, as I visited the old home so far away: Do they think for one moment that we who have crossed the portal called death are dead people? Not by any means. We are more alive to-day than we possibly could be were we still in the flesh, and in communion with my home. Do not think, friends, that we have not companionship on the other side. We form acquaintances even as you do. Then again, the veil is thin that separates us from you; we can go around among you, day by day, and listen to what you are saying. Yet how little do you sense it. I have thought often that it would be well to give more thought to the spirit side while here; but many are engaged in business affairs, and feel there will be time enough for that by-and-by. Little do they know how near they are to the other side. It is not long since I walked in the mortal form. I look back to that time, as you would count it, night on to twenty years, yet it seems to me but a little while. We do not count time as you do; we often try to, but cannot, correctly, because we have dropped the reckoning.

I would like this message to reach Oshkosh, Wis., that they may know George Gleason has spoken here to-day. Some will remember me; they are scattered; some have crossed over, and some have made changes. No relatives dwell there, nearly all have come to me, mother, father and brother. There is one Susan by name, that yet dwells in the Western States, but I hardly could direct you just where, it is so long since I threw off the mortal form.

Mrs. Sarah E. Weyburn.
I have wished, for it is a desire of the spirit, to communicate with mortal life. I hoped it might be able to give a few words to some dear one yet left here, and I assure you, Mr. Chairman, I appreciate the few moments given me. I have often thought, as I have come near one and another, and as I have drifted even across the water, whether they remember me. My dear friends were in Bath, and I know the latter part of my life in the West. I know I shall be remembered more where I passed away. How often have I thought, what a privilege it was to come into your meetings, and for spirits and mortals to hold sweet communion together.

Sixty years I dwelt in the flesh, and but a little while have I been in the spirit-life—some two or three years. I know there will be some who, as they read this message, will remember me. They will say my work is not done yet, for I was always anxious to be engaged in work of a spiritual kind, and gave me a great deal of satisfaction and comfort. I feel, to-day, there is much for me to do and to learn on the spirit-side. I lived in Kalamazoo, Mich. I was the wife of Dr. William Weyburn.

George Gleason.
All are permitted to enter here without money and without price. You hardly have a meeting that I am not one of the invisibles present. We have as much anxiety and as much interest in coming from the spirit side to these meetings, and you may know who sit and listen to what we are spoken.

How many times I have thought, as I visited the old home so far away: Do they think for one moment that we who have crossed the portal called death are dead people? Not by any means. We are more alive to-day than we possibly could be were we still in the flesh, and in communion with my home. Do not think, friends, that we have not companionship on the other side. We form acquaintances even as you do. Then again, the veil is thin that separates us from you; we can go around among you, day by day, and listen to what you are saying. Yet how little do you sense it. I have thought often that it would be well to give more thought to the spirit side while here; but many are engaged in business affairs, and feel there will be time enough for that by-and-by. Little do they know how near they are to the other side. It is not long since I walked in the mortal form. I look back to that time, as you would count it, night on to twenty years, yet it seems to me but a little while. We do not count time as you do; we often try to, but cannot, correctly, because we have dropped the reckoning.

I would like this message to reach Oshkosh, Wis., that they may know George Gleason has spoken here to-day. Some will remember me; they are scattered; some have crossed over, and some have made changes. No relatives dwell there, nearly all have come to me, mother, father and brother. There is one Susan by name, that yet dwells in the Western States, but I hardly could direct you just where, it is so long since I threw off the mortal form.

Mrs. Sarah E. Weyburn.
I have wished, for it is a desire of the spirit, to communicate with mortal life. I hoped it might be able to give a few words to some dear one yet left here, and I assure you, Mr. Chairman, I appreciate the few moments given me. I have often thought, as I have come near one and another, and as I have drifted even across the water, whether they remember me. My dear friends were in Bath, and I know the latter part of my life in the West. I know I shall be remembered more where I passed away. How often have I thought, what a privilege it was to come into your meetings, and for spirits and mortals to hold sweet communion together.

Sixty years I dwelt in the flesh, and but a little while have I been in the spirit-life—some two or three years. I know there will be some who, as they read this message, will remember me. They will say my work is not done yet, for I was always anxious to be engaged in work of a spiritual kind, and gave me a great deal of satisfaction and comfort. I feel, to-day, there is much for me to do and to learn on the spirit-side. I lived in Kalamazoo, Mich. I was the wife of Dr. William Weyburn.

George Gleason.
All are permitted to enter here without money and without price. You hardly have a meeting that I am not one of the invisibles present. We have as much anxiety and as much interest in coming from the spirit side to these meetings, and you may know who sit and listen to what we are spoken.

How many times I have thought, as I visited the old home so far away: Do they think for one moment that we who have crossed the portal called death are dead people? Not by any means. We are more alive to-day than we possibly could be were we still in the flesh, and in communion with my home. Do not think, friends, that we have not companionship on the other side. We form acquaintances even as you do. Then again, the veil is thin that separates us from you; we can go around among you, day by day, and listen to what you are saying. Yet how little do you sense it. I have thought often that it would be well to give more thought to the spirit side while here; but many are engaged in business affairs, and feel there will be time enough for that by-and-by. Little do they know how near they are to the other side. It is not long since I walked in the mortal form. I look back to that time, as you would count it, night on to twenty years, yet it seems to me but a little while. We do not count time as you do; we often try to, but cannot, correctly, because we have dropped the reckoning.

I would like this message to reach Oshkosh, Wis., that they may know George Gleason has spoken here to-day. Some will remember me; they are scattered; some have crossed over, and some have made changes. No relatives dwell there, nearly all have come to me, mother, father and brother. There is one Susan by name, that yet dwells in the Western States, but I hardly could direct you just where, it is so long since I threw off the mortal form.

Mrs. Sarah E. Weyburn.
I have wished, for it is a desire of the spirit, to communicate with mortal life. I hoped it might be able to give a few words to some dear one yet left here, and I assure you, Mr. Chairman, I appreciate the few moments given me. I have often thought, as I have come near one and another, and as I have drifted even across the water, whether they remember me. My dear friends were in Bath, and I know the latter part of my life in the West. I know I shall be remembered more where I passed away. How often have I thought, what a privilege it was to come into your meetings, and for spirits and mortals to hold sweet communion together.

Sixty years I dwelt in the flesh, and but a little while have I been in the spirit-life—some two or three years. I know there will be some who, as they read this message, will remember me. They will say my work is not done yet, for I was always anxious to be engaged in work of a spiritual kind, and gave me a great deal of satisfaction and comfort. I feel, to-day, there is much for me to do and to learn on the spirit-side. I lived in Kalamazoo, Mich. I was the wife of Dr. William Weyburn.

George Gleason.
All are permitted to enter here without money and without price. You hardly have a meeting that I am not one of the invisibles present. We have as much anxiety and as much interest in coming from the spirit side to these meetings, and you may know who sit and listen to what we are spoken.

How many times I have thought, as I visited the old home so far away: Do they think for one moment that we who have crossed the portal called death are dead people? Not by any means. We are more alive to-day than we possibly could be were we still in the flesh, and in communion with my home. Do not think, friends, that we have not companionship on the other side. We form acquaintances even as you do. Then again, the veil is thin that separates us from you; we can go around among you, day by day, and listen to what you are saying. Yet how little do you sense it. I have thought often that it would be well to give more thought to the spirit side while here; but many are engaged in business affairs, and feel there will be time enough for that by-and-by. Little do they know how near they are to the other side. It is not long since I walked in the mortal form. I look back to that time, as you would count it, night on to twenty years, yet it seems to me but a little while. We do not count time as you do; we often try to, but cannot, correctly, because we have dropped the reckoning.

I would like this message to reach Oshkosh, Wis., that they may know George Gleason has spoken here to-day. Some will remember me; they are scattered; some have crossed over, and some have made changes. No relatives dwell there, nearly all have come to me, mother, father and brother. There is one Susan by name, that yet dwells in the Western States, but I hardly could direct you just where, it is so long since I threw off the mortal form.

Mrs. Sarah E. Weyburn.
I have wished, for it is a desire of the spirit, to communicate with mortal life. I hoped it might be able to give a few words to some dear one yet left here, and I assure you, Mr. Chairman, I appreciate the few moments given me. I have often thought, as I have come near one and another, and as I have drifted even across the water, whether they remember me. My dear friends were in Bath, and I know the latter part of my life in the West. I know I shall be remembered more where I passed away. How often have I thought, what a privilege it was to come into your meetings, and for spirits and mortals to hold sweet communion together.

Sixty years I dwelt in the flesh, and but a little while have I been in the spirit-life—some two or three years. I know there will be some who, as they read this message, will remember me. They will say my work is not done yet, for I was always anxious to be engaged in work of a spiritual kind, and gave me a great deal of satisfaction and comfort. I feel, to-day, there is much for me to do and to learn on the spirit-side. I lived in Kalamazoo, Mich. I was the wife of Dr. William Weyburn.

George Gleason.
All are permitted to enter here without money and without price. You hardly have a meeting that I am not one of the invisibles present. We have as much anxiety and as much interest in coming from the spirit side to these meetings, and you may know who sit and listen to what we are spoken.

How many times I have thought, as I visited the old home so far away: Do they think for one moment that we who have crossed the portal called death are dead people? Not by any means. We are more alive to-day than we possibly could be were we still in the flesh, and in communion with my home. Do not think, friends, that we have not companionship on the other side. We form acquaintances even as you do. Then again, the veil is thin that separates us from you; we can go around among you, day by day, and listen to what you are saying. Yet how little do you sense it. I have thought often that it would be well to give more thought to the spirit side while here; but many are engaged in business affairs, and feel there will be time enough for that by-and-by. Little do they know how near they are to the other side. It is not long since I walked in the mortal form. I look back to that time, as you would count it, night on to twenty years, yet it seems to me but a little while. We do not count time as you do; we often try to, but cannot, correctly, because we have dropped the reckoning.

I would like this message to reach Oshkosh, Wis., that they may know George Gleason has spoken here to-day. Some will remember me; they are scattered; some have crossed over, and some have made changes. No relatives dwell there, nearly all have come to me, mother, father and brother. There is one Susan by name, that yet dwells in the Western States, but I hardly could direct you just where, it is so long since I threw off the mortal form.

Mrs. Sarah E. Weyburn.
I have wished, for it is a desire of the spirit, to communicate with mortal life. I hoped it might be able to give a few words to some dear one yet left here, and I assure you, Mr. Chairman, I appreciate the few moments given me. I have often thought, as I have come near one and another, and as I have drifted even across the water, whether they remember me. My dear friends were in Bath, and I know the latter part of my life in the West. I know I shall be remembered more where I passed away. How often have I thought, what a privilege it was to come into your meetings, and for spirits and mortals to hold sweet communion together.

Sixty years I dwelt in the flesh, and but a little while have I been in the spirit-life—some two or three years. I know there will be some who, as they read this message, will remember me. They will say my work is not done yet, for I was always anxious to be engaged in work of a spiritual kind, and gave me a great deal of satisfaction and comfort. I feel, to-day, there is much for me to do and to learn on the spirit-side. I lived in Kalamazoo, Mich. I was the wife of Dr. William Weyburn.

George Gleason.
All are permitted to enter here without money and without price. You hardly have a meeting that I am not one of the invisibles present. We have as much anxiety and as much interest in coming from the spirit side to these meetings, and you may know who sit and listen to what we are spoken.

How many times I have thought, as I visited the old home so far away: Do they think for one moment that we who have crossed the portal called death are dead people? Not by any means. We are more alive to-day than we possibly could be were we still in the flesh, and in communion with my home. Do not think, friends, that we have not companionship on the other side. We form acquaintances even as you do. Then again, the veil is thin that separates us from you; we can go around among you, day by day, and listen to what you are saying. Yet how little do you sense it. I have thought often that it would be well to give more thought to the spirit side while here; but many are engaged in business affairs, and feel there will be time enough for that by-and-by. Little do they know how near they are to the other side. It is not long since I walked in the mortal form. I look back to that time, as you would count it, night on to twenty years, yet it seems to me but a little while. We do not count time as you do; we often try to, but cannot, correctly, because we have dropped the reckoning.

I would like this message to reach Oshkosh, Wis., that they may know George Gleason has spoken here to-day. Some will remember me; they are scattered; some have crossed over, and some have made changes. No relatives dwell there, nearly all have come to me, mother, father and brother. There is one Susan by name, that yet dwells in the Western States, but I hardly could direct you just where, it is so long since I threw off the mortal form.

Mrs. Sarah E. Weyburn.
I have wished, for it is a desire of the spirit, to communicate with mortal life. I hoped it might be able to give a few words to some dear one yet left here, and I assure you, Mr. Chairman, I appreciate the few moments given me. I have often thought, as I have come near one and another, and as I have drifted even across the water, whether they remember me. My dear friends were in Bath, and I know the latter part of my life in the West. I know I shall be remembered more where I passed away. How often have I thought, what a privilege it was to come into your meetings, and for spirits and mortals to hold sweet communion together.

Sixty years I dwelt in the flesh, and but a little while have I been in the spirit-life—some two or three years. I know there will be some who, as they read this message, will remember me. They will say my work is not done yet, for I was always anxious to be engaged in work of a spiritual kind, and gave me a great deal of satisfaction and comfort. I feel, to-day, there is much for me to do and to learn on the spirit-side. I lived in Kalamazoo, Mich. I was the wife of Dr. William Weyburn.

George Gleason.
All are permitted to enter here without money and without price. You hardly have a meeting that I am not one of the invisibles present. We have as much anxiety and as much interest in coming from the spirit side to these meetings, and you may know who sit and listen to what we are spoken.

How many times I have thought, as I visited the old home so far away: Do they think for one moment that we who have crossed the portal called death are dead people? Not by any means. We are more alive to-day than we possibly could be were we still in the flesh, and in communion with my home. Do not think, friends, that we have not companionship on the other side. We form acquaintances even as you do. Then again, the veil is thin that separates us from you; we can go around among you, day by day, and listen to what you are saying. Yet how little do you sense it. I have thought often that it would be well to give more thought to the spirit side while here; but many are engaged in business affairs, and feel there will be time enough for that by-and-by. Little do they know how near they are to the other side. It is not long since I walked in the mortal form. I look back to that time, as you would count it, night on to twenty years, yet it seems to me but a little while. We do not count time as you do; we often try to, but cannot, correctly, because we have dropped the reckoning.

I would like this message to reach Oshkosh, Wis., that they may know George Gleason has spoken here to-day. Some will remember me; they are scattered; some have crossed over, and some have made changes. No relatives dwell there, nearly all have come to me, mother, father and brother. There is one Susan by name, that yet dwells in the Western States, but I hardly could direct you just where, it is so long since I threw off the mortal form.

Mrs. Sarah E. Weyburn.
I have wished, for it is a desire of the spirit, to communicate with mortal life. I hoped it might be able to give a few words to some dear one yet left here, and I assure you, Mr. Chairman, I appreciate the few moments given me. I have often thought, as I have come near one and another, and as I have drifted even across the water, whether they remember me. My dear friends were in Bath, and I know the latter part of my life in the West. I know I shall be remembered more where I passed away. How often have I thought, what a privilege it was to come into your meetings, and for spirits and mortals to hold sweet communion together.

Sixty years I dwelt in the flesh, and but a little while have I been in the spirit-life—some two or three years. I know there will be some who, as they read this message, will remember me. They will say my work is not done yet, for I was always anxious to be engaged in work of a spiritual kind, and gave me a great deal of satisfaction and comfort. I feel, to-day, there is much for me to do and to learn on the spirit-side. I lived in Kalamazoo, Mich. I was the wife of Dr. William Weyburn.

George Gleason.
All are permitted to enter here without money and without price. You hardly have a meeting that I am not one of the invisibles present. We have as much anxiety and as much interest in coming from the spirit side to these meetings, and you may know who sit and listen to what we are spoken.

How many times I have thought, as I visited the old home so far away: Do they think for one moment that we who have crossed the portal called death are dead people? Not by any means. We are more alive to-day than we possibly could be were we still in the flesh, and in communion with my home. Do not think, friends, that we have not companionship on the other side. We form acquaintances even as you do. Then again, the veil is thin that separates us from you; we can go around among you, day by day, and listen to what you are saying. Yet how little do you sense it. I have thought often that it would be well to give more thought to the spirit side while here; but many are engaged in business affairs, and feel there will be time enough for that by-and-by. Little do they know how near they are to the other side. It is not long since I walked in the mortal form. I look back to that time, as you would count it, night on to twenty years, yet it seems to me but a little while. We do not count time as you do; we often try to, but cannot, correctly, because we have dropped the reckoning.

I would like this message to reach Oshkosh, Wis., that they may know George Gleason has spoken here to-day. Some will remember me; they are scattered; some have crossed over, and some have made changes. No relatives dwell there, nearly all have come to me, mother, father and brother. There is one Susan by name, that yet dwells in the Western States, but I hardly could direct you just where, it is so long since I threw off the mortal form.

Caleb Packard.

About fifteen years since I threw off the old mortal garb and started out in the new life; and with a great deal of joy, and with a great deal of love, I have been able to join me in the happy home beyond the river.

My dear boys! how proud I am of them, they were so kind to their mother. But twelve years after I passed away did she remain here in the form. How glad I was to welcome her! I cannot half express the happiness that was mine when I saw my dear one coming to meet me. Frank and Elmer were living with their mother when she dwelt here. I am proud of my boys.

We are happy together in our spirit home. I have dwelt there some fourteen or fifteen years. I have much to learn. How good it is to something to learn on the spirit side, and we lead a life more active, if that were possible, than in the mortal. We are all anxious, too, to do our part of the work.

It is a beautiful home, just across the river, where loved ones wait to greet you, and where no coldness has been between friends, and no ill feeling can spring up. I will be remembered in Wollaston and Quincy, Mass. My name is Caleb Packard.

Clara
