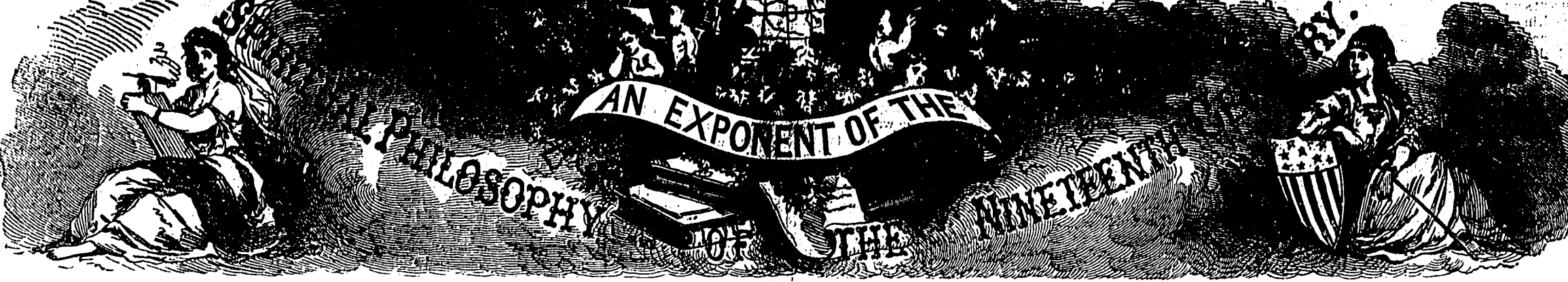


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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ON THE OCEAN WAVE, TO VERA CRUZ AND MEXICO.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

Neptune—my old godly friend—induced me again to visit his watery dominion, this time southwardly, to escape from all sorts of wintry torments, such as colds, la grippe, etc.

On the 5th of February last I found myself snugly ensconced on board the steamer *Saratoga*, of Ward's Line, with a great number of other passengers, speaking many tongues, principally Spanish. From the foot of Wall street, New York City, we steamed away, bidding adieu to Uncle Sam, who stood on the wharf gazing here and there with his hands stuck in his pockets, as usual.

For two days the sky wore a scowling gray look, but the briny deep did not toss us beyond endurance. Notwithstanding that somewhat auspicious influence, many ladies principally, kept away from the dining-room, and could be heard groaning, etc., in the state-rooms. Seasickness, as a rule, easily affects the *beau sexe*. Women are such sensitives, that they experience acutely all unusual changes and motions, that only glance over our coarser system.

The heat and the smiling sky, off the coast of Florida, brought "all hands on deck"—and such merry times then for everyone! Under the protecting awnings, fanned by soft balmy breezes, each one felt well and happy? Perhaps, atmospherically at least.

Havana, or *Havana*, greeted us after four days and a half of "marching on." The Queen City of Cuba I had before visited and described—so I shall go ahead. After anchoring in the fine bay or port for twelve hours (returning on board in good time) we started anew, but with many less passengers. We had, so far, traveled one thousand two hundred and forty miles. From Havana to Progreso, where we next went, the distance is four hundred and twenty-eight miles.

Progreso, eight thousand inhabitants, in the Mexican State of Yucatan, is an open roadstead, instead of a port. In fact, Mexico has no safe port on the gulf—on the Pacific only. Like Florida, Yucatan is a low, flat country on the coast, which produces only *henequen*, a fine sort of hemp, from a plant of the aloes or century plant species. This production has made the country rich; but alas! Yellow Jack prevails here at a great rate, among the foreign population principally—and such food as one has to put up with! and at such prices! apart from the stench due to the want of drainage. Merida, the capital, twenty-two miles south of Progreso, reached by railway, has a population of sixty thousand inhabitants. It is the Chicago of Yucatan, placed under a broiling sun. The interior of this State contains many interesting relics or mounds—stately edifices in ruins—reared by the Indian Mayo population, who inhabited this country before the Spanish conquest. Many eminent travelers and writers have described those wonderful relics. The population of Yucatan is about two hundred and fifty thousand, two-thirds Indian. Exports \$12,000,000 annually.

Tampico, the capital of the State of same name, was reached next day. Another twelve hours' stop here, as at Progreso, several miles away from the shore at anchor. This country, like its neighbor, Yucatan, is sandy, and on its soil eggs can easily be roasted or fried. The finest sorts of yellow-headed parrots are found here. The distance from Progreso to Tampico is four hundred and sixty-five miles, and two hundred and thirty miles from Tampico to Vera Cruz.

After nine days of aboard fare we arrived at Vera Cruz, the principal seaport of Mexico. Our steamer anchored alongside the small island on which the old Spaniards built the fortress of San Juan de Ulua. This insignificant island is the only protection or sort of breakwater against the fury of the north winds which in winter time prevail here. I had the occasion, later, to witness here one of those disheveled storms. Swarms of small boats surrounded the steamer, to land the passengers on the Custom House wharf. Like sharks (plentiful here) their swarthy owners were voracious, and claimed all kinds of prices before accepting a reasonable one. The officials of the Customs showed a liberal spirit and left every one free. The Hotel de Mexico, opposite, suited me, and I found it kept by a Frenchman. Here I slept one night, on a bed that had no mattress, but a stretched canvas instead, and only a sheet for covering. The inevitable mosquito-bar, of fine net, capped the whole, as a protection against annoying insects. All the hotels here, about on a par, charge two dollars a day; but every article of food is prepared with lard—which is quite distasteful to me. The terra

callente of these regions, or the low warm land, does not produce butter. The heat in daytime was strong, but at night the sea-breeze made the atmosphere quite pleasant. Near by was a charming little nook of a plaza or garden, opposite the Cathedral, where a military band plays every night, while the *beau-monde* and the *villains*, or the select and the "million," parade about or sit on elegant benches. None of the ladies seen there wore bonnets, but a coquettish veil instead, black usually, called *rebozo*.

The only airy beings held sacred here and elsewhere in Mexico, are the scavenging buzzards, who flap about and rest everywhere. They are larger than crows and uglier—but very useful.

Vera Cruz, years ago, was very unhealthy, but improvements in drainage and cleanliness throughout have materially changed its conditions. The streets are wide, well paved, with running water in many of them, and the buildings wear generally a good aspect. The population is about twenty thousand. There is only one train a day, leading to the capital, Mexico—the road being owned by an English Company. It takes twelve hours to make the ascent of 7,500 feet. From Vera Cruz is seen the snow-peaked mountain of Orizaba, about sixty miles in the interior. It is a grand sight. In going to Mexico the train passes at the foot of that grand mountain, whose peak is nearly 15,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Next morning I took the train at 6:30 to perform the ascensional trip of two hundred and sixty-three miles in twelve hours' time—to Mexico. The trains have three classes—the third being for *peons*, or the poor class. After an hour's ride vegetation began to show its luxuriant tropical beauty, and when we got at Cordoba (pronounced Cordova) I fancied this place to be a perfect nest of the invisibles, which served them as a *houbair* when returning to earth on a passing visit. It is a lovely spot, wildly beautiful, disheveled—like Venus rising from her couch. This section is called the Garden of Mexico, and it may well be so named. A moist perfumed heat prevails here, and what with capricious, half-veiled bowers, formed with all sorts of trees, shrubbery, all loaded with flowers or fruits of all colors, the whole wearing exotic or tropical dimensions, forms and beauty to behold all that fine exuberance of nature, one feels madly inclined to jump off the train to dwell here forevermore. But, behold! a grim contrast presents itself. A regular bevy of Indian women, squaws, carrying all sorts of fruits, assail the passengers as they step out of the cars for relaxation, and in their brogueish Spanish form a discordant concert—enough to bring on deafness. Dirty, ragged and ugly are those Aztec nymphs, which Ulysses should have met in his travels, as a surprise, a contrast worthy of a mention in his capricious memoirs. Hard eggs, roast chicken, *tortillas* and the national drink, *pulque*, are besides cried out and offered for sale by these barefooted human animals, and with what awful dirty hands they offer and move these things about. During a quarter of an hour's stay I leisurely contemplated the strange scene, while eating oranges, which are delicious and quite cheap here.

The train makes many stops on the way, and at every station numerous passengers get in and off. On both sides convolvulus and other flowers are to be seen thickly lining the picturesque scenery. Vast fields everywhere are chequered with a sort of century plant, called *maquey*, from which is extracted, at its eighth year, the national beverage, *pulque*. In giving its sap the plant dies, but its many shoots, at the foot, produce new plants. The cultivation of the *maquey* is said to be a very profitable business. That drink does not keep more than two days; its color is white and its first taste is not agreeable, but strangers very soon get used to it, and like to experience its highly tonic qualities. It is the beer of the country, but intoxicating, and the Indians prize it on that account. All parts of Mexico do not produce that plant, and in some localities it is better than in others. This valuable plant produces also molasses and alcohol, and when dried its immense amount of fibres makes fine paper. The sap flows from the cone or heart of the *maquey*, at the rate of four to six quarts a day during three months. Fermentation is obtained in large vats, lined with skins, with the hair on them, for the space of ten to fourteen days.

As a rule, the houses of natives (outside of towns) are the poorest that I have seen anywhere. They resemble the worst huts of the Africans—the roofs, of straw or leaf, being about their only protection. Banana trees, around each dwelling, furnish sufficient food for the lazy inmates.

At Orizaba, a fine large town, surrounded by immense towering mountains, we stopped twenty minutes. A good buffet, in the station, affords eatables and drinks of every kind. This place is eighty-two miles from Vera Cruz. At about one o'clock we were served a good dinner at the Esperanza station—the price being seventy-five cents, in Mexican coin, which is but little more than fifty cents, as the American dollar gains here from twenty-five to thirty cents.

The general aspect of the country, even before nearing Orizaba, is certainly of a nature to interest the lively attention of every tourist. None can indifferently sit down without continually looking on both sides of the track, to see the variegated scenery, of a new kind, that presents itself to the vision. Here and there are seen large haciendas, or farmhouses, that are enclosed within high adobe walls. They look like ancient Moorish castles. At every station I noticed several mounted police-

men, or sort of *vigilantes*, with broad sombreros and ornamented leather trousers. Their bearing and style reminded one of Texan rangers, or *vice versa*. The adobes are large-sized bricks which are only sun-dried. Indian corn, tobacco and the sugar cane are the main staples of this section of the country, apart from fruits of many kinds. Silver mines are now and then seen worked on the sides of mountains, and crushing mills, alongside of the track, operate in plain view. There are many silver mines in Mexico, but few are paying investments. English companies, principally, work them. The Boleo mines, in Sonora, belong to a French company. It is said that nine-tenths of the current silver in the world comes from Mexico.

Beyond Orizaba, until we got on the high plateau, two engines moved the train. For hours we ran upward at a steep rate, through tunnels and bridges of various lengths, and often on the very edge of immense precipices, extending away down to dark, yawning chasms and to the valleys beneath, which charmingly lay down smiling at the sun, that caresses them with its mighty rays. The beautiful, low panorama, dotted here and there with villages and the spires of churches, seemed to lose itself in the gauzy mists, and it appeared as a thing of the imagination, so vaporous was it. The bold, grand, stupendous views here of nature's beauties, so artistically blended, now and then, with soft and delicate details, fringing the whole, and every frame witnessed with exquisite lace-like vapors and magnetic embellishments, made the enchantment to the mind and senses a perpetual revolving tableau, too fleeting and subtle to be seized and retained separately. It seemed like a dream, that so much splendor should be the appertaining lot of a population so inferior, so incapable of vying with other nations in ordinary works and capacities, and still less susceptible of realizing the high, poetic, objective examples and lessons that environed them. To solve that problem, which is often seen over our earth on a large scale, and which is also repeated on small, individual ones, one requires to question our highest spheres of philosophy. Breathlessly we emerged from the psychic-like ascension. From the enchanting poem we landed on the level—the common, vulgar one—on which the capital, Mexico, rests. The only feature worthy of mention, which breaks the monotony of the now inverted picture, consists in the distant view of the snow-covered peaks of the mountains of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl.

In ending the voyage I found that I had traveled 2,626 miles in nine and a half days. Ticket, eighty dollars.

MEXICO.

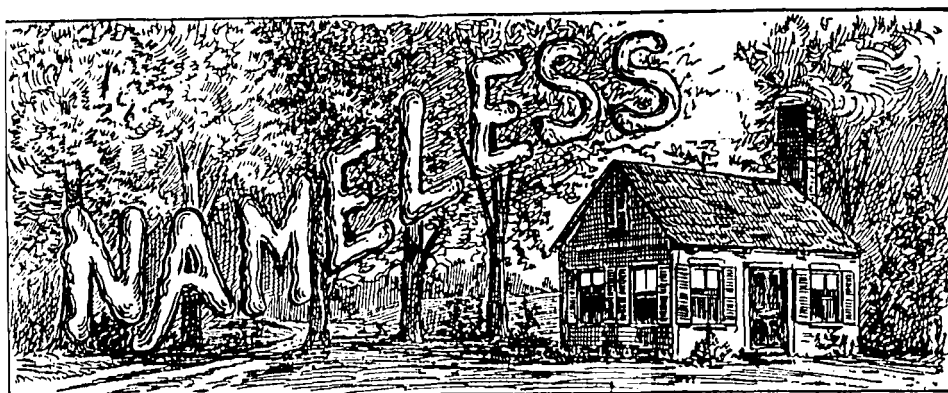
The Vera Cruz Railway Station, where we got off, is the principal station. It is of stone, large and of good style, on the outskirts of the city. A tramway leads from here to the centre of the town, at the Plaza Mayor—fare six cents in the daytime, and twelve, or a real, at night. These street-cars, American built, are of two classes. There are many lines running through Mexico, and a good number travel outside of it, in every direction, beyond the gates, where *Octroi* officers are stationed to collect city taxes on provisions, and many articles of consumption. That old European vexation, which impedes trade and development, still flourishes here, as a blot on Republican institutions.

A peculiarity which every one will notice in this old Aztec city is that heat and cold are to be found by going from one side of the streets to the other! It is a marvelous contrast.

Mexico lies on a watery foundation—a lake filled up (thinly so, as water oozes out when digging fifteen inches from the surface)—whereby there are no basements or cellars anywhere within the limits. The ancient Indian builders had chosen this site—which was then a lake with small islands—as a protection against their enemies. That much as an excuse for their bad choice. Mexico covers a large area of ground for its population, which is three hundred and fifty thousand. As a rule the houses, of stone, are low, of one or two stories, and their interiors are somewhat Moorish in style, as in Havana and South America. The streets are wide, well paved, and run at right angles, and in the centre of the city they are now neatly adorned with peculiar shaped wooden blocks. The cleaning and watering of the streets are not performed by the city, as elsewhere, but by the tenants, who have to do it twice a day. Cleanliness reigns throughout, which condition becomes imperative, on account of the general insalubrity, as drainage is bad. The surrounding small lakes, or mires, in the outskirts, where small floating islands, covered with verdure, flowers and vegetables, are to be seen, receive the dirt, and retain it! In consequence of that state of things fevers are prevalent, principally the typhoid, which causes many yearly victims, even among the natives. During the winter, or rainy season, from May to September, Mexico is, now and then and here and there, submerged; so much so at times as to impede foot travelling. Vehicles have then to be used in crossing many streets invaded by water, or *peons* offer their shoulders for a consideration. That sort of calamity has urged the City and Federal Governments to seek a remedy, and many minor ones have been resorted to, but with little avail. A grand project, long in existence, is now being pushed forward with some energy and at great expense: of digging, westwardly, an open and underground canal, or sewer, to serve as a general drainage for the city and surroundings. A new English Company is now on that great work, and the present field of operations extends as far as sixty miles from the city. Many

(Continued on third page.)

Literary Department.



Written Especially for the Banner of Light.
BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

"The Lady who Talks with Her Eyes."

"Spring-Valley" was a dirty, squalid quarter of a large and aristocratic city. Here rows upon rows of high-storied tenement houses crowded upon each other so thickly that the streets between them were but little better than narrow lanes. The very poorest of the poor of that great city lived—if such a meagre and almost suplex existence could be called living—in Spring-Valley; and here sights and sounds of poverty and wretchedness were no strangers to such eyes and ears as were present to take them in. How the place came by its high-sounding name no one could tell; but as no special sign of the beauty and bloom and freshness of springtime ever found its way to its streets and lanes, it is to be presumed that its title was given to it in irony by some humorous soul that had chanced to come in contact with it.

In other parts of Menton there were fine, substantial buildings, and marks of prosperity and affluence were abundant; but down in this section one might never know that wealth and ease and culture and refined leisure had any part in the great whirlpool of life, for those who toiled for their daily bread were obliged to give all time and thought and attention to their tasks, while those who did not work lived by preying upon others, or as burdens to those who patiently pursued their laborious way.

As is always the case in such quarters, Spring-Valley was not made up altogether of the dissolute, lawless class; for while there were too many of such, there were others here who, if poor and unfortunate, yet strove hard to keep their respectability, and to earn their own living in a decent if not very remunerative way. There were some poor, hard-working foundry-men, with patient, plodding wives and large families, who could not earn enough to more than maintain in the simplest manner those dependent upon them. There were poor working-girls, half-clad and often hungry-eyed, toiling for a mere subsistence, who could not afford to live in a more sightly spot. There were widows with little children, who went out to work by the day, and there were others whose lot had cast them in this unsavory place, but whose fidelity to duty and unremittent industry must have made them more admirable in the sight of angels than some of the favored children of fortune, who, if more refined and better educated, were less courageous and patient and faithful than these untortured ones of whom we write.

As in every unfashionable and even poverty-stricken portion of a great city, Spring-Valley could boast of a few inhabitants who were somewhat more cultivated and better informed than their neighbors. Among them was an elderly lady, who in her early life had been a teacher. Through a series of misfortunes she had seen her dear ones snatched away from her, and herself in her declining years left stranded, without a dollar to call her own. But Mrs. Blinker was not easily discouraged, and so she tried first one way and then another to meet her expenses, until at last she had taken one of the largest and perhaps dirtiest houses in the neighborhood, and after much scrubbing and cleaning, with a little judicious painting and papering, the putting up of white muslin curtains, and the hanging of cheap but prettily-colored chintz draperies at corners and odd places, where the lack of closets was felt, the good lady had succeeded in transforming her narrow rooms into something like respectability and cleanliness. Making terms with a dealer whom she had known in her happier days, Mrs. Blinker succeeded in procuring such pieces of furniture as she absolutely must have, at a low price, the same to be paid in installments, as her rents came due. And so she had fitted the house as a place of lodging, letting out her rooms at a very moderate rate to respectable working-women, granting them the privilege of making their tea or doing their simple cooking in their apartments.

Mrs. Blinker's house was always crowded, and her lodgers gave her but little trouble. They were a quiet set, most of them shop-girls, who were away from morning till night-fall at their places of employment. Very much of temptation and very little of real happiness must have come in their way; and yet Mrs. Blinker had heard nothing derogatory to the character of any of her girls, much to that old lady's pleasure, for it was her aim to keep her house above reproach.

So well scrubbed and cleanly-looking was this house kept, that it seemed to shame some of its neighbors into doing something of the same sort, and in time others around it began to show signs of handiwork in the appearance of approaching cleanliness which they assumed. Rooms were seldom long vacant in the Blinker house, for there were plenty of eager applicants for lodgings there; but as its mistress was very particular who she admitted into her dwelling, it occasionally happened that an apartment would be unengaged for a day or two, when such had been vacated by its former tenant.

The very topmost floor of this high-storied house contained four rooms, one of which was used as a store-room by the landlady; the other three were rented in the usual way. At this time one of these rooms was occupied by an old French woman—a laundress, who worked by the day at a clear-starching laundry half a mile away, trudging cheerily to and from her labor morning and night without complaint; another by a widow with a little girl of five years, whose mother was often obliged to leave the little thing alone, while she carried her cheap shop-work to and from the big clothing-house to which it belonged; and the third was now vacant, its occupant, a hearty girl of twenty years, having recently married and taken herself away.

It had been raining fiercely all day; such a storm as sometimes breaks upon a spell of fine summer weather had descended without mercy, keeping within doors all who were not obliged to be out. Mrs. Blinker had received but two calls to show her vacant room, and those who made them were soon dismissed by the landlady, who did not like their appearance. It was nearing night now, and the rain had decreased somewhat, though the drops still continued to come down sufficiently to show that there was no hope of a "clearing-off" shower at present; just as the good woman had said to herself: "There'll be none out to-night who're not driven out," there came a gentle rap at the outer door, repeated by one more firm and vigorous.

Mrs. Blinker stared in astonishment at the graceful figure standing upon the threshold as she opened the door in answer to that persistent rap. The lady was enveloped in a large black cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head, and her clear-cut, marble-like features gleamed like ivory from their dusky setting; a few tiny, struggling ringlets of sunny hair fell upon the pale brow, and a pair of large, serious blue eyes, with yet the sweetest light in them the landlady had ever beheld, gazed upon her in the serenity of innocent candor.

"Madam," said the stranger, in a low voice, "I understand you have an apartment to rent. I am in search of one for my own use, and would like to look at this of yours. I am very quiet, and will not disturb your household if I occupy the room. Will you kindly show me the way to it?"

"Surely, Miss; but I do not think the room will suit you; it is not large, and it is at the top of the house."

"Nevertheless, I will look at it"—noticing that the landlady hesitated in an embarrassed manner. "If it is cleanly, and if we can make terms, I think your apartment will serve my use. I have to study my expenses, and I am not fastidious"; and she smiled in such a pleasant way that Mrs. Blinker felt her heart going out to the lonely stranger, whose beauty of form and feature could just be traced in the falling twilight.

"Some poor lady who has lost her money," she thought, with a pitying sigh, as she motioned her caller to follow her up the narrow stairs. The vacant room was not a large one, but it was scrupulously clean, and the visitor very soon made terms with the lodging-house keeper, paying that worthy woman one month's rent in advance.

"I will have my boxes sent here now," she said, drawing her moistened cloak around her, "and then I can take possession at once. I had better get settled as soon as possible."

"Yes, Miss; I will see that you have a key directly; you can do your cooking, if you like, on my stove in the kitchen; the girl who was here before used a little oil stove to warm the room and to cook with."

"I thank you for your kindness; I shall want but little, and will not trouble you more than I can help. I will see about my boxes now, and will return directly."

"Yes, Miss; but what did you say your name was? Miss what?"

"Ah! yes," with a little sigh; "It is called 'Helper'."

"Very well, Miss Helper, you can bring what you like," and the good woman descended the stairs, muttering, "I didn't ask her for references; somehow I couldn't; it would seem like insulting her. She has a beautiful face, and no one could think of doubting her."

Half an hour later the boxes were brought and opened in the front hall. One of the shop-girls coming in offered to assist the strange lady in taking the garments and fabrics they contained up to her room, and the offer was accepted. Before she retired that night "Helper" had greatly transformed the ugly little room; the bed she had stripped of its coverings, and draped with masses of snowy linen. The table and chairs and the small bureau she had covered and festooned in the same way, and around the little mirror and one or two pictures on the wall she had placed some light, silvery stuff that shone in the flickering lamplight. The floor had been bare, for Mrs. Blinker could not afford even the cheapest carpeting in these upper rooms; but one or two soft rugs from her store, laid upon it, served to brighten and to redeem the look of bare plainness; and under that harmonizing touch the entire spot became illuminated and beautified into a peaceful retreat for a saintly soul.

During the forenoon of the following day, "Helper" did not descend the stairs; she was now in a state of waiting for what was to come, or rather for what she was to do. She believed she was acting entirely under spiritual instruction, and the cry of her heart was to be led in the right way, where the greatest good was to be done.

Before leaving her former haunts a vision had opened before her inner sight, in which she beheld scenes of surpassing loveliness and heard sounds of celestial melody. While her spirit was uplifted by these seraphic experiences she caught sight of Hebron's noble face bending toward her, and heard his penetrating voice repeating these words: "Even such scenes as these shall be granted the faithful when their mission of trust is fulfilled." And then she had asked that her soul be strengthened in its work, and the message had come for her to go out into the world among its lowly and poor, and to partake of and minister to their sufferings.

She had signified her willingness to go, and then had asked that she might be able to understand the misery and pain and sorrowful condition of the lowly and sad. Said she: "I do not hunger, I do not thirst; I seldom feel heat or cold; let me feel these, and know what it is to be without money and food, that I may labor even more for the spirit of love." And they had taken her at her word, and had thrown her into an entranced state—these wise spirits who loved and attended her—and while she did not realize what she did, she was made to secrete the money and securities the old sexton had given her in a place that she knew nothing of; and thus when she regained consciousness there was only at her command a few paltry dollars, which could not last for long.

When "Helper" bade farewell to Ayer she knew that she was going into the great world without money or friends; but she went, humbly and trustingly, secure in the love and guidance of the angels, that could never fail. As yet she had not suffered; a few crackers and a glass of milk had sufficed for her morning meal, and these were as sweet as ambrosia to her taste. During that first day, as she attended to the repair of some of her simple garments—she had laid her white robes aside now, and had adopted a long, flowing gray gown, simply made in one piece, and without trimming of any kind—she heard the patter of little feet in the entry, and presently the handle of the door was turned, and a little voice without cried: "Someone in there? Has you cum back, Miss Nell?"

"Helper" opened the door, to see a little girl, in a plainly-made frock of cheap gingham, but neat and clean, standing before her. The little head was running over with tiny brown curls, and the grave-looking gray eyes looked up into the shining blue ones with a questioning glance.

"I tho't you was Miss Nell cum back," said the child with confidence. "She used to live here, an' I used to come an' see her. You is n't her, is you?"

"No, dear, I am not Miss Nell, but I love little girls; won't you come in and see me a little while?"

"I guess so. My! how pretty; it's all white, ain't it? did you make this place look so? Why! see; it's like what the angels have to dress up in, ain't it? My mamma says they wear that kind. My pappa's an angel, but my mamma works real hard, an' she cries, too. Why do n't he cum an' help her?"

"I think he does sometimes, darling, because he must feel sorry to see your mamma so sad. I am sure your good pappa tries to help her by keeping his little girl good and sweet. You are a good little girl, aren't you?"

The child nodded and said: "I tries to be, so mamma will feel better. You is n't Miss Nell, who is you?"

"You can call me anything you like; what do you think you would like me to be?"

"Oh, I know, Miss Fleece! Madam, she lives next room to my mamma; she says anything nice and happy is Fleece; you's all so white an' nice an' quiet here, you must be Miss Fleece."

"Very well, dear; Fleece is a beautiful name, and it means so much I am happy to have you give it to me. Now what is your name, my child?"

"Effie, Effie Corwin—that's my name; an' I like you; an' I think you tell pretty stories right out of your eyes, 'cause they shine so."

Effie stayed about an hour, and then said she must go, 'cause she heard her mamma coming back from the shop with her work; and when she was safely in her mother's room she had much to say about the pretty lady who talked with her eyes, and had everything all white around her, like the angels, and who said pappa was looking at his little girl and helping her to be good, and whose name was "Miss Fleece."

CHAPTER XX.

Effie's New Friend.

It was Tuesday evening when the unknown lady engaged her room at Mrs. Blinker's, and Sunday had come. No one in the house had entered her apartment or engaged in conversation with "Helper" but little Effie Corwin, who had paid daily visits to her new friend, and who persisted in calling her "the pretty lady Miss Fleece." Only twice had she left the house, and then only to make such purchases of simple articles of food as she required. When on these errands she was enveloped in a black wrap of Nun's-cloth, made with a hood which was al-

ways drawn well over her head, and those persons who saw her as she passed to and fro wondered at the presence of such a woman in their neighborhood; for, simply clad and unobtrusive as she was, there was that in her appearance which marked her from the rest of the world, and which set her far above the inhabitants of Spring-Valley—although there was no sign of pride or disdain in the bearing of this strange creature.

For the children whom she met—and some of them were dirty and noisy enough, few were like little Effie—she had only smiles and sweet glances, and the little things soon came to hush their boisterous play, and to stare at her with curious but interested eyes when she appeared. Indeed, after a while, they began to watch for her coming, and to smile back at her own winning expression and pleasant words. For the older people, there was something in the strange lady's manner that told them, although she was of another plane than theirs, that yet she did not despise or censure them for their own rude habits or ignorant ways. The stranger did not address them, unless she might be said to speak with her eyes, as Effie affirmed—for in those clear blue orbs, ever filled with a peculiar light, as if illuminated by some celestial sun, there shone a world of compassion, of sympathy, and even of helpful interest for the unfortunates whom she met, and who gazed upon her with wondering awe.

"Who is she?" they asked, "and how did she come here? Is she some high-born lady who has lost her means?" But no one could answer these questions, and even those who occupied rooms in the same house with herself were mystified and puzzled. "She goes about like a spirit," said Mrs. Blinker to herself one day, as she met her new lodger in the hall, "and she seems very much like one, with that marble-like face and her shining eyes;" and very soon all the vicinity of Spring-Valley caught the same sentiment, and in their own choice language the people about called her: "The spirit at Blinker's."

It was the first Sunday after "Helper's" disappearance from her old home in Peesley's woods; and while the Rev. Mr. Brown preached his sermon on the life and works of saints, and said it was possible for holy and unselfish people to live in the world now, and to become veritable saints in the flesh—all the while thinking of the beautiful example that had gone out from his vicinity—and while many in his temple at Ayer, who listened to his eloquent words (among them Tom Preston and his sister, and Doctor and Mrs. Parsons), knew from whence their pastor had drawn his illustration, and wondered, oh! so sadly, what had become of their friend, the object of their thought sat in her own little room, far away in Spring-Valley, and held communion and divine service with the spiritual helpers that to the world were unseen, but whose presence to her was a living reality.

The day was a warm one, and in many of the rooms of that neighborhood the atmosphere was stifling. Even "Helper," who had not been much affected by either heat or cold, or other physical conditions, felt the heat unpleasantly, and was glad to throw open her window and admit what air she could. Her apartment was so high from the ground that she escaped the vile odors that arose from beer-shops and from kitchens in the neighborhood; the scent of tobacco did not rise so high, though there were many boys and men in the alleys below who were using the cheapest form of that weed; and even the sounds that came upward were somewhat dulled when they reached her ear. But she was indifferent to these; once or twice it came across her that the Peesley woods, with their leafy retreats and grassy roads, and the old hut, with its quiet, refreshing solitude, would be inviting on this heated Sabbath day; but she put the thought away, and said to herself, with a little smile: "I can never go back; I must press on; it is possible I am getting to long for things in the flesh, and thinking of personal comfort before other things." And yet only by doing this can I realize the misery and discomfort of others. If I am restless and disturbed by the heat and noise, what must these conditions be to those who feel them so much more than I can do?"

On the evening before she had left the house and strayed to a shop at some distance, and away from the dirty neighborhood, where she purchased a very small basket of strawberries, a few light rolls and a pail of milk, into which a lump of ice had been dropped. On this morning she had made her meal of part of this purchase, and this was all the food she should need during the day. She never ate meat, but now and then an egg sufficed to add variety to her very simple food; she did not partake of tea or coffee, or any stimulating drink, but only of such fluids as milk or water, when absolutely necessitated to do so.

All day she had remained in her room, but the hours had not seemed long. She was passing through strange experiences, and at times "Helper" could not tell if she was in the body or out; but toward dusk there came to her something new and quite unexpected, and that which seemed to answer the absorbing question of her mind: "What shall I do in this new life?"

It seemed to her that the walls had been removed, and there was no barrier between herself and the inmates of a room across the entry. A broad band of light appeared to stretch from where she sat by the window into the room beyond, and to envelope the two who were there. As plainly as though she stood beside them "Helper" saw the tired mother holding her little girl in her lap; an open Testament lay upon the rude table by their side, and the seer beheld the words: "I will not leave you comfortless," plainly printed upon the page. The widow had been reading, but now her head was bending over the brown curls of the child, and heavy tears were falling from her eyes upon those ringlets of chestnut hue.

"Don't cry, mamma," said Effie, as she raised her baby hand to stroke the tears from her mother's cheek. "Pappa is n't far away. Miss Fleece says he can see us, an' that he loves you an' me, an' wants to help us. P'haps he's here now, an' t'woud hurt him to see you cry."

The widow wiped her eyes and drew the little one closer, as she said with a sigh:

"You are mamma's own blessed baby, and I do not know what I should do without you. Life is so hard, and I hope pappa don't see how it fares with us, because it would make him feel so bad."

"Oh! yes, he does, mamma! He's looking right at us, I guess; and you must want him to, 'cause it would make him feel better than to be shut away where he couldn't see us. Course he's sorry 'cause it's hot an' dirty in this street, an' 'cause the people talk so loud; but he knows it's nice, up here, an' Madam

don't ever holler, an' Miss Fleece talks real easy, an' is so nice. Course pappa feels like crying when you do n't eat supper 'cause there's only a little bit for me; but he don't feel no more bad 'an you, an' course he don't want to be real bright happy in heaven if you feel bad."

By this time the mother was almost smiling. Something in the little comforter's words brought a feeling to her that the young husband whom she mourned was not altogether indifferent or unaware of her fate, and that perhaps he did know, and sympathize with her. She was not much more than a girl herself—only about twenty-two or twenty-three—but hard work and anxiety had worn upon her brow lines of care that made her look much older than she really was. The week had been very trying, her work exhausting and ill-paid, and on this early summer day the full burdens of her lot had been pressing too heavily upon her; until she had given vent to her feelings in tears.

All this "Helper" had seen and heard by her quickened perceptions; she also saw a man, young, and with an honest, thoughtful face, standing beside the mother and her child. He was not in the flesh, but evidently there was much in the fate of these two dear ones to hold and interest him, and intuitively the seer knew that this was the husband and father whom the widow mourned as dead, but whom the little girl believed with childish faith to be alive and near.

"Helper" waited a little while, until the band of light and the vision vanished, bringing back her own narrow walls to view; waited until she was assured that all traces of weeping had disappeared from her neighbor's face, and then she opened her door and stepped to that of Mrs. Corwin, rapping upon it with gentle hand. It was opened by the widow herself, who gazed in astonishment up into the sweet, but oh! such a pale, face before her.

"It is like crystallized snow," she thought, "white and shining, but not a bit cold. Where did she get that pallor, I wonder!" But she said nothing; she was a little woman herself, scarcely five feet high, but as brave a creature and good, despite her humble surroundings, as any empress that ever breathed.

"I beg your pardon," said "Helper," in a voice whose music seemed refreshing to the little widow: "I am she whom your baby calls 'Miss Fleece'; it has been a hot, close day; I have kept my room and have seen none of my neighbors. I have grown a little lonely, and have come to invite myself into your apartment, or to ask you into mine. I trust I do not intrude. Your child and I have become great friends, and I hope the mother will like me for her sake."

Quite won over by the gentle voice and tender smile of her visitor, Mrs. Corwin replied: "You are heartily welcome. It is lonely in this place, and gloomy enough for those used to better things. I quite feel the loss of companionship myself; true, I have my child, and I think I would die without her; but, after all, she is a mere baby, and she can't think and talk with me as one older could do, though she's wise beyond her years. Will you not take a chair, Miss? My little girl is glad to have you come, and so am I. I must thank you for your notice of her, and beg you not to let her annoy you by her calls."

"I love children, and your child is no annoyance to me; I enjoy her visits, and should miss her if she did not come. How fragrant your geranium smells, and how thrifty it looks; it is a sweet-scented one, is it not? What fresh life it brings to your room. That, and the lovely presence of your bright little girl, make up to me a very poem of beauty and strength for you in the midst of toil and heat, I am sure."

She remained an hour, during which time the widow felt the very spirit of peace and benediction pressing upon her heart. Her visitor did not speak of her own affairs, nor did she ask inquisitive questions of her hostess; her talk was of the great world and its movements; of humanity and its experiences; of books, of children, and just a little of heaven. Mrs. Corwin was charmed; she felt that there was a life that in some way had been sanctified; it could never have been impure, but it had passed through sorrow, and been touched by pain and denial, only to rise more sweet and glorious.

Effie was delighted to sit in her low chair and watch the lady as she spoke; to the child "Miss Fleece" was the embodiment of all that was lovely, and in her innocent childish way she worshipped her, as a devotee of older years adores some patron saint.

The widow felt more than uplifted by that hour of companionable association. She knew that in education and refinement, and indeed in all that goes to make up a superior spirit, her caller was beyond herself, and yet the lady made no show of her attainments, but, only made the sorely tried little woman feel that she was a helper and a friend. After that the two exchanged visits for an hour or so of an evening or on a Sunday, and the companionship thus formed became very pleasing to both.

Before another week had passed "Helper" became acquainted also with the remaining occupant of that floor, and it happened because, in passing the old French woman on the stairs one night, our heroine beheld in a network of light the form of a little boy, with a head of tumbled hair and a pair of saucy, dark eyes upturned to hers. He was holding a gray and white dove in his hands, and he seemed to say: "Tell my mother," so that she could not resist, but straightway paused, and accosting the weary old laundress, described to her what she then saw.

"The good God be praised! it is my own Jean, come to comfort his poor mother. Ah! Ma'mselle, I lay him away in the sunny France. But you see him—he be here. I happy for that. The good God bless you for what you tell."

Thus they became acquainted, and when Madam Hatine had seen "Helper's" apartment, so cool and white, and had grown familiar with the occupant's quiet, peaceful nature, she said: "Ah! Effie, the child be right; she is one Fleece—I call her Ma'mselle Fleece always."

(To be continued.)

"When Pain Ceases to be Tolerable, It Destroys."

But why wait until it becomes intolerable? Read what Compound Oxygen has accomplished in the most severe and obstinate cases. Lose no time, but send for our brochure of 200 pages. A treatise on Compound Oxygen, with numerous testimonials. Here is a specimen:

DRS. STARKLEY & PALLEN:—"I began taking your Compound Oxygen Treatment on the 20th of last June for that most insidious and baffling of all diseases, neuralgia. My two months' treatment lasted me nearly four months. Every one thinks my cure is wonderful, in so short a time, after such long and terrible suffering." Mrs. A. J. SHIRK, Fort Bidwell, Modoc Co., Cal., Oct. 6, 1889.

Brochure sent free. Address DRS. STARKLEY & PALLEN, 1629 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 129 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

"Happy is he who walks attended," says Milton, by that strong-siding champion, Conscience."

Written for the Banner of Light.

WORDS OF TRUTH.

BY S. JAZZIE SHAW.

Up from the "Valley of Shadows,"
So peopled with spectral forms,
Far up to the clearer sunlight
Of the heights above the storms,
We have been led through the guidance
Of those who have found us there.
The "light of smiles" hath illumined
Their coming everywhere.

We've left behind us the prisons,
Guarded by phantoms of fear;
The doors swung wide on their hinges
When the Angels of Light drew near.

And over the grand old oceans,
The hills eternal that rise,
Across great plains of the desert,
The word of deliverance flies!

There's naught can hinder, oh! mortal,
The power of thy mighty thought!
From error emancipated,
Lo! great is the good outwrought.

Truth is swift in her triumphs:
Once swaying the land and sea
Her heralds go forth unfettered,
Fearless forever to be!

Portsmouth, N. H.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—A correspondent writes: "H. H. Warner, inspirational speaker from the West, has located at 441 Shawmut Avenue, this city, and will be glad of engagements to lecture and exercise his spiritual gifts in public, wherever his presence is desired."

Mr. Warner is the son of Mrs. Warner-Bishop, one of the oldest and best lecturers on Spiritualism in the West; for some thirty-five years this lady has been widely known and highly appreciated there as a platform advocate of the Cause, who was ever ready through her media powers to demonstrate the truth of her utterances. Her son already exhibits qualities as a speaker and platform test medium which will, doubtless, in coming days, give him a prominent place in the popular estimation, as his merits become known.

May 2d Mr. Warner spoke at the rooms of the Ladies' Aid Society, Boston, to excellent acceptance. He has the advantage of having had a special training for public work, having been educated at a Congregational college, the views inculcated whereat he was forced to abandon, and to accept the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy, and of direct evidence given him through his own mediumship.

LOWELL.—Ed. S. Varney writes: "I have been greatly interested in the articles in THE BANNER regarding Judge Dailey's legislative bill to suppress fraudulent spirit materializations. While no one more thoroughly detests fraud than myself, I cannot but feel that the passage of such a bill would prove pernicious, and detrimental to all honest materializing mediums. From my own observations and what I have read and heard, I am convinced that as a rule the opponents of Spiritualism—especially of its phenomena—are not open to conviction, but are governed by a spirit of unreasoning devotion to their prejudices. In the case of Wells vs. Bundy, when, in response to questions by Attorney Benn, the members of the jury individually stated that they would not accept as evidence unimpeachable testimony affirming the verity of spirit materialization, it clearly demonstrated to my mind the utter utility of Spiritualism as Spiritualists expecting fair play at the hands of an average jury. Consider the case of Dr. Henry Slade in England. Not one particle of substantial evidence was produced against him, yet he escaped only through a legal flaw in the indictment. Slade's counsel presented, at the trial, evidence proving his mediumship, to which the Judge gave this outrageously unfair reply: 'Your testimony is already overruled, provided I pay any attention to it.' It is a deplorable fact that many mediums have prostituted their divine gifts to base purposes; but is it not better to seek redress in existing laws, rather than to enact a new one that will be almost sure to be construed against all materializing mediums—good, bad and indifferent? Spiritualism has plenty of unscrupulous enemies who would gladly adopt any means to crush it out of existence—as they would, in fact, all free thought."

New York.

AUBURN.—S. A. Walters writes: "Having just returned from a pleasant trip to Moravia, whither I went to meet with others in celebrating the Forty-Second Anniversary, I send you a few notes of my experience during my absence from home."

We met for our anniversary exercises at the residence of Charles Brown. There I found a gathering of congenial souls, among whom was Mrs. E. Brown, sister of the Eddy mediums. There were also other mediums of whose labors for the cause of truth the world already knows or will know. It was my good fortune to also meet Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Robinson, of Groton, able workers for the Cause in that place. Everything passed off pleasantly; harmony prevailed, and both our spiritual and material wants were munificently supplied."

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—A correspondent informs us that the prospects of the Cause are good at this place—as one evidence of which he mentions that the Saratoga Union of the 28th ult. gives the subjoined favorable notice of the Sunday services of the local society there:

"The Attributes of Deity and the Ideas of Deity, as Maxims and in Various Nations," was the subject of Oscar A. Edgerly's closing lecture to the Spiritualists in the Court of Appeals Room last evening. He told of the causes which led the Egyptians to worship the Nile; the Brahmins to worship the Ganges; how Christ introduced new ideas and attributes of the deity, but many who professed to follow him still held to the old Jewish ideas set forth in the Old Testament. It had been left to Spiritualists to specially emphasize Christ's ideas and teachings of the love of God and brotherhood of man."

Maine.

ROCKLAND.—F. W. Smith writes: "Mrs. E. Clarke Kimball, of Lawrence, Mass., made her first appearance in this city Sunday, May 4th. It was a stormy day, but there was a fair-sized audience, and Mrs. Kimball sustained the good reputation which preceded her."

More than a hundred names were given, and in some cases details and explanations concerning the spirits, their condition in spirit-life, their former business affairs and family relationships, places of residence, particulars referring to their diseases and death, advice to their friends here, and many other things, thus showing and proving to candid and unprejudiced people the absolute reality of communion with those who have passed on.

There were several remarkable communications from Rockland people who have recently deceased, and in which the audience was intensely interested. We shall be glad to welcome Mrs. Kimball again whenever arrangements can be made to have her visit us."

Connecticut.

DANIELSONVILLE.—W. De Loss Wood writes: "A theory generally advanced by skeptics in regard to some forms of mediumship is that of mind-reading. The following incident will, I believe, show their conclusion to be incorrect."

At a Spiritualist meeting Edgar W. Emerson was on the platform. In the audience was a skeptic who conversed that Mr. Emerson's tests were the result of mind-reading; that if

would be impossible for him to tell anything not in the mind or known by a person present. To prove his statement true, he proceeded in this wise: On the morning of the day of the service he took his watch and set it back two hours. At the close of the test at the evening Mr. Emerson, under control, told the exact time of day by placing his (Mr. Emerson's) watch on his forehead. The skeptic arose in the audience and stated that he had not looked at his own watch during the day, and that as no one could positively know what time of day it was indicated, it would be impossible for the medium to tell. The control of Mr. Emerson immediately said it was so many minutes past one of the forenoon hours. The skeptic replied, with great confidence, that the answer was wrong, he explaining that the watch would indicate time only two hours slow. As he was about to open his watch he was requested by Mr. Emerson to allow a disinterested person to open the watch and tell the audience how the hands stood. The gentleman consented, and it was found that Mr. Emerson had told correctly to the second. Investigation showed that the skeptic's watch had stopped only a few minutes after he had set it back two hours in the morning, a fact wholly unknown to him and all others in the audience."

May Magazines.

THE CENTURY.—Anticipatory of Decoration Day, which occurs at the close of the month, the contents largely relate to our national life and history. They include "A Decoration Day Revery," by Brander Matthews; "The Bivouac of the Dead," a poem by Theodore O'Hara, of whom a life sketch is given by R. B. Wilson; "Twilight Song," by Walt Whitman; a Memorial Day Ode, "The Fallen," by J. V. Cheney. The opening pages contain "Archibald Robertson and His Portraits of Washington," by Mrs. E. R. Cleveland; two articles upon "New Washington Relics," and one on "Original Portraits of Washington." All these are profusely illustrated, and possess much interest in their dissimilarity to portraits long familiar to the public. Geo. Kennan, whose influence in behalf of Siberian victims has a value that is beyond all estimate, gives an account of the methods of the Russian censors, illustrated with a *fac simile* of two pages of one of his *Century* articles on Siberia as erased by the Government censors. Of the remaining contents, all of which are excellent, are "Two Views of Marie Bashkirtseff," "The Women of the French Salons," new chapters of the Jefferson Autobiography; "Clickens for Use and Beauty," and a characteristic story of Georgian life, "Travis and Major Jonathan Wilby," all fully illustrated. New York: The Century Co. Boston: Danrell & Upham, 288 Washington street.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—An early Spring scene in the North Shore Woods is the subject of a charming frontispiece, one of the many illustrations of "Along the North Shore in March in a Rimabunt," an equally attractive article by Elizabeth R. Walling. The opening paper of this number sketches "Mr. Howells's Latest Novels," and is accompanied by a portrait. The second of Nina Tiffany's "Stories of Fugitive Slaves" has "Shadrach," whose real name was Wilkins, for its subject. Grace W. Soper contributes an interesting narrative of an interview with "The Friendly Indians at Mashpee" (Cape Cod). "The Story of the Cotton Gin" is related by Ed C. Bates, illustrated with a portrait of its inventor, Eli Whitney. Horatio King closes a paper "On Dreams," with the recital of accounts never before printed of the suspended animation of two persons, both of whom fully believed that their entrance to the world of spirits following the event of death, would be a repetition of their experience during the entrancement, the particulars of which are here given. A full-page portrait of George Kennan is given, in connection with a poem by Allen E. Cross in memory of the Russian patriot Madame Sigida, scourged to death in the Kara political prison last summer. Ed E. Hale continues his pleasing chapters of "Tarry at Home Travel," and "Some Old Dorchester Houses" will greatly interest readers hereabouts. Boston: 36 Bromfield street.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY opens its array of contents with a sketch of Henrik Ibsen, poet and playwright of Norway, by E. P. Evans; "The Tragical Muse," by Henry James, thus concluding the present month; Mr. Peter Osborne, an unflinching English royalist of the old Commonwealth days, is interestingly written about by E. A. Parry; "Rudolph," by Viola Roseboro, is a pathetic sketch; Malcolm Bell presents a mass of new details condensed from the results of much searching by the late Doyne C. Bell, bearing upon "The Funeral of Mary Queen of Scots"; Margaret Deland continues her serial, "Sidney"; Oliver Wendell Holmes's installment of "Over the Teacups" has the old original flavor which has for so many years endeared him to the reading public; other papers, poems, sketches, short stories, etc., not here mentioned, together with the usual departments, are to be found in the current number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—The frontispiece is a *fac simile* of an engraved copy of Sir David Wilkie's celebrated painting, "Columbus Explaining his Theory of a New World to the Prior of the Franciscan Convent Maria de Rabida," an account of which and the occurrence it represents being given in the text. Chas. H. Shinn contributes an interesting paper on "Spanish Pioneer Homes of California," illustrated. Clement Ferguson records the origin and history of "The Massachusetts Bay Psalm Book," issued from the "Printery" in Cambridge in 1640, for the use, edification and comfort of the Saints in New England. Five or six perfect copies only of this book are in the United States, for one of which Cornelius Vanderbilt paid twelve hundred dollars. Glimpses of the early social life of Green Bay, Wis., are displayed by John Carter. A large number of interesting topics are treated upon and reprints of old documents given on the remaining pages. New York: 743 Broadway.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—Mr. Millard continues his "Studies from Lavater," C. F. Wells concludes his sketch of Dr. Spurzheim, giving the ode written by John Pierpont, and sung at the funeral of Spurzheim in this city in 1832. Henry Clark contributes a paper on "Second Sight," written somewhat in the style of those of the "P. R. S.," in which facts are stated and the conclusions to which they legitimately lead ignored. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.—Timely instructions on "Open Air Flower Gardening" lead the contents, and "Six Good Carnations" are the subject of a brilliant frontispiece. Illustrated articles on "Garden Asters," "The Marigold," "Pampas Grass" and "Lobelia as Basket Plants," etc., follow, together with "Pleasant Gossip" and "Our Young People." Rochester, N. Y., James Vick.

THE NEW IDEAL.—"The Man Jesus" (a posthumous discourse), by Prof. W. D. Gunning; "Darwin, the John the Baptist of a New Gospel," by Hon. Geo. F. Talbot; "The Basic Reason for Social Reform" and "Insincerity in Religion," with other papers, liberal and progressive, supply the reader with substantial means of mental growth. Boston: 100 Summer street. James H. West, editor.

THE KINDERGARTEN enters upon the third year of its publication this month, with contents of great utility to parents and teachers, and announces special botany lessons for children from three to eight years of age. Chicago: Alcee B. Stockham & Co.

THE SIDEREAL MESSENGER.—Following its general articles, current celestial phenomena are described, and in "News and Notes" a recent scientific invention is said to be a method for counting dust particles in the atmosphere. Northfield, Minn.: W. W. Payne, editor.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative powers of this medicine on one of his own children, and on others who were suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

This is the quarry of the newest census-taker, collector of "hallucination" statistics. He is the live end of the revised Spook society. He is tight enough in earnest. So look out for him.—*Boston Evening Record.*

With the ever-recurring electric accidents in view, an exchange suggests, regarding "electrocution" in New York:

Sing Sing people have great trouble in killing victims by electric chairs. The convicts electrocuted should be sentenced to repair the street lighting circuits when the current is on."

Message Department.

FREE SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

These highly interesting meetings, to which the public is cordially invited, are held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment,

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS,

AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.

The Hall (which is used exclusively for these meetings) will be open at 2 o'clock; the services commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

J. A. SHILLHAMER, Chairman.

Mrs. M. T. SHILLHAMER-Longley will occupy the platform on Tuesday afternoons for the purpose of allowing her spirit guides to answer questions that may be propounded by inquirers on the mundane plane, having practical bearing upon human life in its development of thought or labor. Questions can be forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, who will present them to the presiding spirit for consideration.

Mrs. D. P. SMITH, the excellent test medium, will on Friday afternoons under the influence of her guides give to each individual an opportunity to read words of love to their earthly friends, which messages are reported at considerable expense and published each week in THE BANNER.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether for good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive the words of the spirits with an open mind, and not to be misled by the words of the spirits. All expressions of truth as they perceive—no more.

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

Natural flowers for our table are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitors; therefore we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral gifts.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to COLBY & RICH, proprietors of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and not, in any case, to the mediums.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED,

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Shillhamer-Longley.

Report of Public Séance held Feb. 25th, 1890.

Spirit Invocation.

Spirits of light, angels of harmony and peace, evangelists of love and truth, we invoke your presence, we desire your influence at this time. Oh! come about us, ye bright ones from worlds above, bearing upon our hearts such ministrations as will uplift and strengthen, such instructions as will guide our minds with new thoughts and ideas, and draw out from them such power as may expand as well as refresh.

Oh! ye angels, who delight to serve our Father in good works, who are helpful to our souls, who desire to bless the human race, would you cooperate with us in your mission of good-will and cheer, and would you assist us in your labors of love, and we would come within your atmosphere, to receive that which shall also instruct and guide our minds with new thoughts and ideas, and draw out from them such power as may expand as well as refresh.

We are thankful that the gates of death are open, and that bright ones may return from beyond to minister unto those in need. We are grateful that the sting of the grave has been removed from human lives, that we can see the shadows, and realize that there is love and life and labor, and all things helpful to humanity, beyond the tomb. And now may the blessing of the most high and holy ones be with each one, forever. Amen.

Rebecca Brooks.

The way was long, the way was hard, and sometimes the shadows fell pretty thick around. For a good many long years I struggled with them, and I tried to do my duty; but sometimes it seemed severe, and almost more than I could bear. I had faith in the loving care of the good Father; and when I found, as I did at times, that earthly comforts were few and friends not many, I turned with prayerful thought to him to guide and sustain me. I did not have the blessed light of spiritual communion to brighten my way, and I think if it had been mine I could have borne up better against the trials of life; but, after all, now they have passed they seem only like a dream that is told. The dark days have gone by, and the bright sunshine of spiritual life has come to me. I saw many friends depart from the body, but I could not follow them into the eternal world, for my sight was dim, and only my faith in the heavenly love could give me any hope for the future.

To the Chairman: I was an old woman, sir, and I have been gone many years; but I lived in Boston, and I have a fondness for the old city. I had to work hard here, and I did not find many luxuries along the way; but I was willing to work and to do the best I could. Now I have not many here to care whether I come back or not, or to ask where I have gone. It is pleasant to me because I have a grand daughter in this city whom I love very much, and whom I have tried to watch over through the years that have passed since I went away. She has grown to womanhood, and has entered upon life's experiences. They are not pleasant; they are not very easy to her; she has a good deal to contend with, some discordant elements in her home-life, and hard work outside. In the circles of labor, and take it all together, sir, I feel that she has a home, a cheering word from the spiritual world. Others have tried to come and impress her with a knowledge of their presence. Sometimes she feels this influence, and don't understand it is really that of her friends who have gone before, and I seem to be the only one of the family who can speak in this way, so I have come back. You will pardon me, sir. I was an old woman here, but I don't feel tired and bent and worn-out when I am away from these parts; I feel strong and active and full of new energy.

I want to send my love to Sarah, and tell her though the clouds are heavy now they will lift by-and-by, the shadows will disappear one by one when she has had just the right discipline from them. I do not want the child to murmur too much at her lot; I want her to feel that if she does the best she can it is all that may be asked of her, and then by-and-by relief will come.

I have heard tell that a friend of my grand-daughter reads your paper every week, and she has told the girl about it two or three times; so I thought maybe I might get it to her that way, and at least send my love, and say I have sympathy for her, and that I want to do all I can to brighten her path while she stays on this side.

I also want to tell her that we have a bright little home in the spirit-world, where she will be made welcome when she comes. I suppose every one tells you the same story, but it is true that I have a pleasant home, and I am satisfied that I have left the old life and the old body as I have. There are a good many people on the spirit-side that have not got pleasant homes, and haven't got the happiness they want to have, but I reckon that kind don't come back very often to tell their story, so you do not hear much about them.

I thank you, sir. My name is Rebecca Brooks.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions are now in order, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—[By B. A. E. West Fairlee, Vt.] How is the Sabbath day observed in the spirit-world?

Ans.—We hardly know that we can claim such a day in our world. All days are full of life, growth and activity, and hence are holy to the advanced spirit, and no one day is better than another. There are many spirits who observe that day which you are pleased to call the Sabbath by returning into contact with earth and its people, and attending their former friends upon their religious observances. Taken as a whole, however, the spiritual world observes no Sabbath; its duties are performed on one day as much as another; its labors are followed, its studies are pursued, its experiments and investigations in scientific lines are made just as much on one day as upon any other, and a spirit who is aspirational to-day, who desires to rise in thought and knowledge,

in spiritual growth and unfoldment, so as to become more pure, more loving, more helpful, more useful, is just the same by nature to-morrow as he was this day, and will be through all the days to come.

Q.—[From the audience.] We are told of a Spiritual Congress in the higher life? Can you tell us the name of its presiding officer? Also, what are the qualifications that fit one for the office, and who places him in power?

A.—There are various states and offices of government and of adjudication in the spiritual world; there are congresses and councils, so that we cannot claim but one spiritual congress for the entire world of spirits, any more than you can claim one government for all the nations of the earth. We presume, however, that your questioner desires to know something of that Spiritual Congress in the other life that is made up of representatives, so to speak, from this portion of the earth, and who are in direct sympathy with the governing powers of these United States of America, for there is such a Spiritual Congress in the other life.

This Congress, then, of which we speak, is composed of a number of advanced, intellectual and spiritualized intelligences. The presiding officer at the present time, the same who has filled the office for a number of years past, is he who was known to you on earth as Henry Clay. You may ask why this particular gentleman has been selected to fill this special office. The presiding officer of the Spiritual Congress exercises similar powers and functions to those which are exercised by your President of the United States. He has a band of advisers and counselors, somewhat similar to the cabinet officers of your government, consisting of twelve intelligences, six males and six females. There are also other members of the Spiritual Congress, each of whom has a particular work to perform, and each exercises his power and performs his work with skill and with fidelity.

The President of our Spiritual Congress, Mr. Clay, has been selected for the office because of his peculiar fitness in the first place, and this with us goes very far in the selection of a directing and counselling force. He is a very humane man, highly spiritualized by nature, possessing abundant wisdom and power, and to himself not only those who are intellectual and refined, but those who are humble and weak, and in need of the service of such a friend as he may prove to them. His atmosphere is of so refined a quality that it radiates a bright light in all directions around him, and it will show the character of the man. He is also intellectual, with a mind that can grasp the questions of the hour, entertain and ponder them until he finds a satisfactory solution. He is one who can come into contact with high minds in other spheres or in higher worlds of spiritual life, and receive from them counsels and instructions as well as spiritual love, therefore you will see he is one whom the people can depend upon for an honest administration of the duties of the office; and those who are selected to bear him company in this Spiritual Congress are more or less of a like character, each one possessing a personal individuality, however, and each one having a particular work to do to express them according to the dictates of personal conscience and judgment. These officers of state and government are selected by the unanimous vote of the people, who are sufficiently educated and cultivated to understand the power which they possess in thus selecting their officers. These people come together in council, and they discuss the merits, the characteristics and the abilities of those who will best likely fill the office, and the one who is called to fill any important office is always an advanced, intellectual, spiritualized intelligence, who feels it his duty to yield to the voice of the people, and to give to them the very best of his life that he can possibly put into his work; therefore he throws his whole spiritual nature into the office that he is called upon to fill, and we in the spiritual world are certain of gaining a wise and good government from those who are selected for the offices of State.

There are spirits of the other life who are highly advanced in intellectual unfoldment and endowment, who are honest in the expression of their opinions, who are eloquent in speech, and who possess a very pronounced, positive will-power, which insures personal success for them in whatever undertaking they may enter upon; but these spirits of whom we speak may not be what we call highly exalted and spiritualized beings, they are not high in that world which attracts to itself the more refined and spiritualized denizens of the celestial world. They do not possess that personal magnetic power which is drawn from the sphere of humanity—we mean from that sphere of tender love and sympathy which makes a soul essentially humane—and therefore, although they have positive will and high intellect, although they are strongly electrical in their natures, attracting certain elements and forces to themselves, they are not attracted to those who are most in need of ministrations of helpfulness and affection; therefore such, however profound their knowledge, however high their so-called wisdom, however strong their intellect, are not selected to fill high offices of State, which have direct dealings with the heart, the life, and the home of the spirits at large.

Q.—[By Dr. J. K. D. Jasper, Ala.] Is it right for men to make laws whereby money is given a reproducing power?

A.—Spirits are divided upon this question. We do not have this to encounter in the spirit-world, as our system of government, although similar to that of the United States, maintains, is yet further advanced, and in the enactment of its laws pursues a somewhat different course from what you do at the present time. We are not concerned, either, in the production of a monetary scale, for we do not deal with this current coin as you do on earth. It would be impossible for us to give you an outline of our system in this respect, because you have no standard by which to measure it, no comparison by which you may gain a comprehension of that which belongs to us in the spiritual world per se; therefore we say that spirits are divided upon this question, which belongs essentially to this planet and its inhabitants.

Is it right to maintain or enact laws that give to money a reproducing power? Well, that depends very much upon the nature of the law, aside from its reproductive power, and also very much upon the circumstances of the nation as a government, and upon the people. We do not personally object to the reproductive power which is applied to money if it be confined to a certain limit. Now we do not essentially object to any man receiving a fair rate of interest for the money which he has placed in certain loans or in a special business line; indeed, we think that he has a right to ask a fair rate of interest for the money which he has supplied. This, of course, is a personal opinion. We have many spirits with us on that side of the question, while there are some thinking minds in the higher life who believe that one has no right to exact any rate of interest whatever for that which he puts out into business-life.

The laborer demands and must have some rate of payment for his services. We are sorry to say that very few laborers command that degree of salary which is their right by right. We mean those who are conscientious who put their best work into the employments before them; who are willing to exercise muscle and brain for the interests of their employers. We do not mean those who shirk at every opportunity, those whose labor is slight and unskilled, those who are not really putting their best powers into their work, for such cannot expect nor command the highest salary for their labor. But there are those who are skilled and conscientious and desirous of doing their best, who gain but a tithe of that which really belongs to them. This, we trust, will be adjusted by wise and humanitarian measures, and the workingman will be looked upon as much respect for the labor that he conscientiously produces as will the capitalist for the money which he puts into his business life.

But to return to the question. The laborer must have his wage as a government, and that is, the laborer—who he has put into business life, and the employer ought to have a fair return for that which he has put into the business; therefore, we say, he is entitled to a fair return, to fair profits for that that venture which

he has made; therefore we do not object to the exercise of the reproductive power in financial circles, if only it be limited, and if it be exercised in a wise and humane direction.

Q.—[By G. J. H. East Walpole, Mass.] My wife and myself have tried for years to obtain light from the spirit-world by sitting at the table; but up to this date have failed even to obtain a tip. Can you give us the reason why?

A.—We should judge that these friends are not mediums, or at least that they are not mediumistically developed sufficiently to receive any perceptible manifestation of spiritual power and presence. It may be that they possess mediumistic elements that can be unfolded, under proper conditions; but evidently these conditions are not supplied. It might be well for the friends to have a few occultic associates to gather with them, at stated times, and sit for the development of mediumship. This will only be an experiment; it may not result in anything satisfactory; but if we were anxious to develop mediumship in our home, and had sat for a reasonable length of time without receiving any results, we should adopt this course: invite a few friends who are congenial, who are honest, who desire to learn something of spiritual communion, to gather with us two or three evenings a week for the unfolding of medial power, for it may be that the friends who now receive nothing may gather elements of positive or negative power, whichever they at present lack, and which may be needful for the spirits who convene with them, and that mediumship may thus be assisted and stimulated in its growth, and if they personally are not developed, some of the friends who come will be unfolded in mediumship, and some will receive a satisfactory and pleasant may be given to them from the higher life.

Q.—Mrs. H. A. H., Morrison, Col., writes that she has recently communicated with spirit-friends, one of whom states her home is in the city of "World's Rest," and that she keeps a hotel, the same as she did on earth. Also, that she—the spirit—receives substantial compensation from her patrons, as many of those who pass from earth have a bank account over there. Another spirit tells us of other spirits who had been with us in our séance, but who had left, because they wished to listen to a sermon by John Wesley, at a Methodist Mission in Kansas Park, and that this park is in the city of Hyperia. Here are two distinct and seemingly widely distant localities and occupations—preaching and hotel-keeping—mentioned by two returning spirits. Does the Controlling Intelligence know of the localities mentioned, and can he throw any light on the "bank account" spoken of? and how about the Methodist Mission? Are we to understand that Mr. Wesley pursues the same method for evangelization now that he did when in earth-life?

A.—We have distinctly stated on many occasions that this plane, the spirit-world, is a real world, a tangible world, just as much to our mind, a planet, even, as is this planet Earth to you. We have stated that spiritual intelligences are men and women, just as palpable to themselves and to each other as are you who walk the earth to-day; that they have their employments and studies; they have their surroundings and associations, and being men and women of tastes and demands and habits, they must be externalized into outward conditions, therefore there are localities in the spirit-world, localities that are named by different individuals or communities, according to their own taste or desire.

We have no doubt there may be such a locality, somewhere in the spirit-world, as that mentioned by your correspondent, called "World's Rest." There are many little retreats, in valleys and country places, that have such fanciful names as this, although we are not acquainted with the one mentioned. Your correspondent says that a spiritual visitor tells her she keeps a hotel, or hostelry, the same as she did on earth, and has many patrons who compensate her for her services in their behalf. What is there strange in this? If you think that spirits, outside of this physical flesh, are all mere imaginary beings, vague and intangible, with no special locality or surrounding, you may think it very strange that they should require the services of any one, or of any place, if we think of the world as men and women, full of energy and of originality, full of the spirit of exploration, travel and research, then you may suppose that they have demands of their natures, just as much as you have here, that must be supplied, either by themselves or others, who can afford that which they demand, and therefore there is nothing strange in the idea that a woman or a man, in the spirit-world, keeps a hostelry, and that those who are traveling through the country, exploring its various localities, and desirous of learning something of its nature, tarry for a time. This is very true; there are such places of invitation and resort, and they are maintained by those competent to take care of them, and to afford the services required of them by their patrons and friends.

What, then, as to the compensation? As we have said, in reply to our first question, we cannot give you an adequate comprehension of the system that exists in the spirit-world, because it is not anything like the monetary system which maintains in this world to-day. Yet we have a system of exchange. Those of whom we require services are compensated for that which they give to us, while at the same time those to whom we do a service repay us in that kind of service or in that kind of exchange which just supplies to our lives that which we most essentially need.

The spirit visitor who said that many who go over to the other life have a bank account. You have been told you can lay up treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and which thieves cannot steal from you. This is very true. Let us tell you a little of this bank account which a rich man in the spirit-life finds when he enters there: We see on earth an individual perhaps humble in exterior, not occupying high places, nor has he a large number of worldly goods. He might have had very much more material wealth, but he has been prudent and taken care of his money, you may say. He has been easily acted upon; he cannot bear to turn away a poor fellow who pleads for help from him; he gives to those who are needy something to assist them over the rough places; he is sympathetic, kindly, magnetic by nature, giving out a helpful influence not only in worldly substantial things, but from his spirit, and he is all the time unfolding his spiritual atmosphere, throwing out from his life magnetic emanations and qualities that become material in that other world of which we speak. This material is for the enrichment of his soul-life, and when he enters the other world he may find himself possessed of a domain with beautiful surroundings and objects of interest, because they have been created from the very magnetic but substantial contents of his life, which he has freely given forth, which have returned to him in abundant measure.

Your correspondent goes on to speak of another locality called Hyperia City. We know that such a city is in existence, and that many of its inhabitants are highly cultivated and intellectual; they have colleges and schools of academic learning there.

The spirit visitor told your correspondent that Mr. Wesley was to give a lecture in that locality, and she desired to listen to it. Is there strange about this? A lecture or discourse, however, given by Wesley at this time, either in the spiritual world or through any mediumistic organism which he may have found adapted to his purpose on earth, would not be in strict accordance with the Methodist doctrinal points, formulas and creedal teachings that are found in that church upon earth.

We do not mean to maintain the class to which Mr. Wesley belongs, but we do maintain that only because they claim they have method and reason in their religious system. They are broad and free in their teachings, and claim the universal brotherhood of mankind; that love to God is love to man, manifested in helpful ways toward the weak and suffering, proving our fealty to the higher spirit, our affection for the Great Supreme Intelligence, by laboring continuously, and without any reward, for the enlightenment and in need of assistance, for the enlightenment and of spiritual elevation. Such a sermon has undoubtedly been given—one teaching these points and inculcating the higher moral ethics—not only Mr. Wesley, but by

many other advanced spirits in the various localities of the spiritual world, where they find an opportunity of making an impression upon those who may be benefited by that which they have to give.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. D. P. Smith.

Report of Public Séance held Feb. 7th, 1890.

Samuel Hyde.

It is some time since I entered the spiritual world. How strange it seemed to me at first when I beheld the people walking to and fro, and the little children in groups, and I saw the children I loved, and very soon friends and neighbors came to greet me. I could not realize at once that I had left the form, it seemed so like mortal life, only everything was more pure, more beautiful than it could be here. Seemingly I walked through streets and lanes the same as when on earth, and I beheld the flowers blooming everywhere. I asked myself the question, which I could not answer, whether it could be possible that I was what they term dead? Very soon it was made plain to me by some loving friends, and guides as they called them. It was hard for me to understand at first why there should be guides beside us, but I found out that we needed assistance. And then I met my dear mother. God bless the mothers! It seemed to me that dying must be nothing; it was only emerging from one life to another.

In Salem and Lynn, Mass., they will remember Samuel Hyde. I would ask you to seek for all the knowledge that it is your privilege to grasp; what your reason approves accept, and pass the rest by. I leave these few words for my loving friends who still remain on earth; the larger number have crossed the portal termed death.

David Rice.

I smiled when I saw that gentleman stepping up so close. I didn't know but he might think it was a Methodist meeting here. I was educated in the Methodist faith, of the old Wesleyan type. I put that in strong and vivid terms that my memory serves me right when I say to you the first class-meeting that was held in Springfield was at my house. I don't know as you people understand what a class-meeting is, so I'll explain a little. We met together and related our experiences, whether they were happy or not. That's about the whole amount of the story.

As I was passing along I came in contact with an old class-leader, and as he spoke to me I looked at him very closely, to see whether he had changed his ways or no. He said to me: "Well, Brother Rice, how do you find it now?" I said: "I have been looking about to see where they are going to hold a class-meeting." He left me pretty suddenly; he hadn't anything to say. He was as much surprised on entering the spirit-world as I could have been to find that creeds and dogmas and sects have nothing to do with it; also, as hundreds of spirits have told you, and as thousands more will tell you, that we are to live, that we build our homes. There was no throne to be found, there was no class-meeting, and no love-feast, only in the sense that it is a love-feast when you can meet with your friends and they can realize you are with them.

I wish to state right here, for the benefit of a few yet dwelling in Springfield who will remember David Rice, that I found the spirit-life very different from what I expected and had been educated to believe. You may ask me if I really believed there were to be two places. Well, not exactly. I tried to. I find now there are many places, and what we term different heavens; and I find also that in this day of enlightenment we should think more for ourselves, and not put quite so much faith in what somebody else may say, that we think has a little better education than ourselves. It is well for them to express their feelings in regard to the matter, but if it does not comport with our reason we should lay it aside. Don't think I mean to be personal, but I feel that these few words will have weight with some one yet dwelling on earth.

Mary A. Morse.

Eighty-four years seems a long time to dwell in the flesh, and I would say to you that for nearly half of that period I realized the presence of the good angels. I think it was after I had passed my fiftieth birthday that I learned that the dear loving spirits could come around and comfort and cheer and love and sustain me. I fully comprehended that love ones that had preceded me. How many many times, after my dear companion had been called to pass to the higher life, did I realize his presence around me.

These words to-day, dear children, are for you particularly. Your father, Bernard, stands beside me, and desires me to say to the children he is here. I wish them to know we are together the most of our time, and when the Angel of Life comes and beckons me higher, I shall go plainly, and my dear mother too, whose face had been hidden from my sight so long. She came, beckoning me on, saying: "Mary, come; I have much to show you, much to tell you as you shall enter the higher life." Then I realized the presence of friends around me; I beheld beautiful forms and angel faces; I saw old friends and neighbors that I had known so well. Oh! how sweet it was to hear their voices again. It was not a surprise to me, because I had been in communion with their dear spirits, and I understood a great deal of the other life. When my dear companion was called to pass on, this knowledge was a support to me.

My dear children are not ignorant of these things to-day. They do not mourn me as they would have done had they not known of the bright and beautiful beyond, of which we frequently converse.

Dear George, I realized all that was passing; when the Angel came and beckoned me higher, and I was satisfied with what was done for me. Dear boys, I know you miss me, and you see the vacant chair, but you often feel my presence. In a little while others will join us in our bright and beautiful home. How many times have I spoken so loud, seemingly to me, but they did not notice it. I suppose they could not hear the spirit-voice, although at times they have sensed my presence with them. But a little while after that poor old body that was bowed with years was laid away, in an evening, as they were conversing together, one spoke, and said: "I feel that mother is here."

Oh! that was true. I was close beside you in the home. I do not feel that I have left the home. I only go away, as you might say, for a little time, and then return to you.

In Belmont, Me., I am not forgotten, neither do they forget how earnest I was to teach out more and more of truth, or, as I express it to-day, to gain more light from the higher intelligences that I felt were around me. I am happy, and I would like them to learn all they can, and seek every avenue possible for coming into communication with us.

Father sends greetings, and the two children that preceded me so long ago, who are with me here to-day. Many loving words do we send to you, and greetings. Blessings I leave for my children.

Mary A. Morse, Belmont, Me.

Bertha Hale.

I wish to speak a few words here to-day, for I find, in conversing with other spirits, that they have felt happier for sending a message to loving ones yet dwelling in the form. Many times the question has been asked, "Why does not Bertha come, and make her presence felt often in the meetings or circles?" I love to go where there is harmony, for there spirits are happy, and they try in every way, as far as the power is given them, to make their presence felt.

These flowers are beautiful, and we feel grateful to you, mortals, for your kind remembrance of us. I have seen many children standing here since these dear spirits have been communing, eagerly looking at the flowers. Hundreds of invisibles are crowding in, many of them coming to this earth, each one with a loving heart, and they wish to you mortals, to make their presence felt.

It is that love is eternal; the tie is never broken that binds us to our loved ones, and we hold it sacred to-day. I know they will remember me in Stowe, Vt., as Bertha Hale.

Anthony Henderson.

I bring a loving word to all friends, but the dear ones that I concentrate my thoughts upon are far away—my own loving wife and child, whom I left when I was called to the higher life. In a meeting when my own dear companion was present, when she heard my name said: "Is it possible he is here?" The next thought came: "Yes, I know it must be," for she had gone into the assembly a perfect stranger, where I was able to announce my name and to give her a proof of my presence. We do not want to use the word "test," and I shall rejoice when it is no longer spoken in connection with our coming, when you will say instead, "Give us a little more proof." We readily understand that you cannot look into our faces as we are controlling a medium, while we can see yours plainly; then we are not deceived, and you do not wish to be. I do not blame any mortal for asking for all the proof it is possible for us to give, but do not be too positive; be passive, and then we can come in rapport with you a great deal easier, and can give you more proof of our identity. It seems strange to us to hear these words spoken by mortals: "I have been believing they return; the spirit goes to God, who gave it." Ah! but do not stop there. We are so near you it hardly seems to us that we leave you. In Newcast, Penn., I shall be remembered as Anthony Henderson.

Fred Spencer.

Many times have I missed myself this one promise: that as soon as the conditions were right—that is, as soon as I could find all things in a passive state, so that I might contact a medium, whether it were here or in Cincinnati—I should do so.

I think not. I have been idle all the while since they said Fred was dead. I tried hard to deny that assertion, but having no power to make them hear me I had to let it pass. At one period I felt that an intimate friend of mine did sense my presence beside him in a meeting in a hall, and I have been so satisfied of it that I have taken considerable comfort in feeling that he knew Fred was with him. At another period I was in their meetings, but no one even had a distant idea, so it seemed to me, that I was present, and I tried to convey these ideas to some of the friends that were there, for I have heard so many times such remarks as these: "Well, I wonder why they are not here? Why isn't such and such a spirit present?" I will answer in these few words: We are there. You may not have the power of knowing it. If you do not realize or sense our presence, you cannot; therefore do not make the assertion that we are not there, for we love to frequent the halls, and we love to come into the meetings, where we feel a freedom in expressing our thoughts.

Let me ask this question here: What is thought? You cannot answer it. I cannot see the difference between thought and spirit.

While I am speaking many loved ones stand here. Dear old Grandma Spencer is beside me, and says: Freddie, don't forget to tell them I am here too.

I want to thank the dear old red men for giving me strength. Fred Spencer, of Cincinnati.

Mary Ford.

It is very gratifying to us to have an opportunity to express ourselves here. I use the term "us" because so many of the kindred stand beside me. William speaks, and sends loving words, not only to the children, but to the dear friends and those that he was connected with while in the form. In South Boston I am not forgotten; neither is he, by old friends and neighbors.

When I look upon the children my heart goes out to them, and I say: God take care of them! May they learn more and more of the spirit-world, and a little less of the material world. That is my prayer. How many times have I sent forth an earnest petition that they might be guided and guarded by the angels, that they might walk hand in hand with them and draw from their lives, from their influence, something that will spiritualize their own existence.

I have stood here a silent listener many times, feeling it was better to listen than to speak; but William said: "Speak, Mary, and you will feel happier for it; you will feel as if perhaps a word you have spoken, and sends some love, and heart." We feel it is our mission, as we return to you, to try to comfort, to try to lighten the heavy burdens that are thrown upon the shoulders of the dear friends and loved ones.

We love to meet in the Lyceums, for we know you cannot be engaged in a grander or more glorious work than teaching the children of the life to come. It is blessed. Many times we drop a word in your way, hardly knowing what may spring from it, but I think we may say: "It is well I did speak to that friend; although seemingly it was not taken kindly, it sank deep within the soul and was never lost." It is delightful that we are privileged to return and come to you here in this hall, feeling we are one with you. Mary Ford.

Capt. John Smith.

Well, the old ship is anchored at last, and I feel first-rate, tip-top. I want to speak a few words, not wholly for myself, but for a few of the remaining people that I was connected with while dwelling in the old form.

I don't think I am here to make a speech; oh! no, for I was only what they call an old sea-dog. I am glad to be myself, and I know in West Harwich they will understand pretty well who has been talking. I felt, while I dwelt in the form, it was better to do the best you know how, and I ain't changed my mind any yet. I never did think we should be accountable to the great God, or anybody else, for what we do not know; it is the use we make of what we do know, and I think you'll say I am square on that.

I am very glad to find it is life eternal beyond this well, I call it a shadowy life, for that is what it seems to be; and how many times, when I come into contact with old sea-captains, one and another, as I grasp their hands so warmly, it seems hardly as if I had left the old ship. You will not find one but what is attracted to the old ship; for we love the water. I have often, when I dwell in the form, thanked the great God that he made the sea so well as the land. 'Taint every one that would like to follow the water, nor it isn't every one that is contented on the land. I don't know as there would be if they were on both.

I am pretty well satisfied now with the country I've got into. I was conversing, a little while since, with Capt. Nutter, Capt. Stickney and Capt. Atkinson. We had a real good chat together, speaking of old log-boats, which we understood, each one of us, better than the past, of which we do like to turn the leaves over—that is, some of them. I am satisfied now that we can hold an influence over those that are here in the form, even if they are not kindred, over some old friends, and also wherever we find we may benefit any one, for that is our work. I feel it is our mission upon earth to assist those who need it, not those that don't. I have been blessed by listening here, and I think I will be benefited by speaking to-day, whether any one else is or no.

Capt. John Smith.

A Wealthy Manufacturing Co. Gives Gratis Six Solid Silver Spoons.

Our object in making the following liberal proposal is that you may become one of our permanent patrons and always use our Family Soap, "Sweet Home," and fine Toilet Articles, and also by speaking to your friends in praise of the fine quality and high character of our Soaps, secure them also as regular patrons for our goods.

Our Soaps are the purest, best, and most satisfactory, whether made in this country or Europe; everyone who uses them once becomes a permanent customer. We propose a new departure in the soap trade and will sell direct from our factory to the consumer, spending the money fully allowed for expenses of traveling men, wholesale and retail dealers' profits, in handsome and valuable presents to those who order at once. Our goods are made for the select family trade and will not be sold to dealers, and to induce people to give them a trial we accompany each case with many useful and valuable presents.

Only One Box Sold to a Family.

Send us your name on a postal card and we will ship you on terms given below, a Box containing all of the following articles:

- ONE HUNDRED CAKES "Sweet Home" Family Soap, enough to last a family one full year. This Soap is made for all household purposes and has no superior.
- SIX BOXES BORAXINE. One-Fourth Dozen Modjeska Complexion Soap. One Bottle Modjeska Perfume. One-Fourth Dozen Ocean Bath Toilet Soap. One-Fourth Dozen Artistic Toilet Soap. One-Fourth Dozen Elite Toilet Soap. One-Fourth Dozen Creme Toilet Soap. One English Jar Modjeska Cold Cream. Soothing, Healing, Beautifies the Skin. Improves the Complexion. Cures Chapped Hands and Lips.
- The above are articles of our own manufacture which we take great pride in presenting to the readers of this paper.
- One fine Silver-plated Button Hook. One Lady's Celluloid Pen Holder (very best). One Arabesque Mat. One Glove Stuffer. One Package "Beadfast" Pins. One Spool Black Silk Thread.

A SPECIAL OFFER TO THE READERS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

We hereby promise that in addition to all the articles named above, to include in every box purchased by subscribers, who will agree to recommend "Sweet Home" Soap to two or more friends, ONE SET (SIX) SOLID SILVER TEASPOONS, PLAIN PATTERN—such as your grandmother used, very rich and elegant, (will last a Life Time).

We know the great value of our articles, as we make them ourselves, and are willing to put them to the severest kind of a test, hence we will ship the box on thirty days' trial, and if you are not satisfied with it send us word and we will remove it at our own expense.

Our Price for the Great "Sweet Home" Box is Only Six Dollars.

Write your name and address plainly on a postal card, mail same to us, and a case of these goods will be shipped to you on thirty days' trial.

J. D. LARKIN & CO. Buffalo, N.Y.

Some people prefer to send cash with order; we do not ask it, but in such cases we place one Solid Silver Spoon in the box (in addition to all the other extras) and ship the same day the order is received; all other orders being shipped in their regular turn.

Meetings in New York.

The American Spiritualist Alliance meets at Royal Arcanum Hall, 51 Union Avenue, on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 8 P.M. Parties receive articles in the secular press treating of Spiritualism which in opinion should be republished, or are requested to contribute to the paper to either of the officers of the Alliance. Prof. Henry Klidie, President, 7 East 130th Street, Mrs. M. E. Wallace, Recording Secretary, 29 West 42nd Street, John Franklin Clark, Corresponding Secretary, 29 Cedar Street.

Adelphi Hall, corner of 52d Street and 7th Avenue.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday at 11 A.M., 2nd and 3rd P.M. H. J. Newton, President.

The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock at Mrs. Morrill's parlors, 310 West 48th Street, just west of 8th Avenue. Mr. C. G. Correll, Conductor. Soul Communion Meetings every Friday at 9 o'clock at Mrs. Morrill's parlors, 310 West 48th Street.

The Psychical Society meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at 510 8th Avenue, near 30th Street. J. F. Snipes, President, 26 Broadway.

The Ladies' Society of Mercy meets at Columbia Hall, 87 5th Avenue, every Thursday evening. Mrs. Kate A. Tingley, President.

The First Society of Spiritualists.—Mr. J. Clegg Wright discussed last Sunday morning upon subjects given by the audience. After answering several questions, he took as the subject of his main discourse the following: "Will George Rushton (the control) tell us whether it is possible for a spirit within a human body to assume a human body through unfavorable conditions, can come and shake hands with us?" Calling the subject "Materialization," the speaker said in part:

Words sometimes conceal our meanings, and I do not know that this word "Materialization" expresses my meaning. It is affirmed that certain phenomena occur in nature, in harmony with its laws and powers, that are manifestations of the spirits of departed men and women. The fact is, that the spirits of the dead are in a dark circle one sees light and another does not; this is because their magnetic states are different. When the spirit has strong magnetism it can bring itself into vibrations equal with man, and in an instant clothe itself with a material body so that you can recognize it. Magnetism is a force you do not yet understand; it separates the visible from the invisible.

Henry J. Newton opened the afternoon meeting with an earnest appeal in behalf of mediums who are in need of financial assistance. Because of their peculiar position, being instruments in the hands of the spirit-world for the general spiritual welfare, they are unable to take an ordinary part in the struggle for life, which would ensure them a source of maintenance. Our Orthodox friends, the speaker said, show a practical belief in that part of the Scriptures which teaches that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and it is reflected in the success and opulence of their spiritual instructors, the ministers. It was within his knowledge that the previous week a medium had had to subsist on twenty-five cents, and then he asked what could those who had listened to this man's communings, and who had seen him in the state of such a condition of affairs how could he be an effective instrument of the angels if we failed in our duty to support his present existence? To obtain truths from the immortal life we must sustain in a suitable and generous way the person selected for the transmission of the facts.

Prof. Wilson MacDonald spoke of Spiritualism as by far transcending in every conceivable way the doctrines of man-made creeds, and asked, "Has there been any progress?" Yes, there has been! When millions of people declare that spirits which once inhabited human bodies return and communicate with us, and do not associate this fact with God, church, hell, or any sect, but plant it upon the solid rock of truth, it is indisputable proof of the world's progress. The most despicable form of humanity, he said, is the person who, knowing the truth of spirit-return, has not the courage to stand by the knowledge of which he is in possession. Mr. J. Clegg Wright, in the course of his address, said that psychic study engrosses the attention of the physiological students of our time. Psychology has not attained the dimensions of a science; mind must be inferred from the actions of the body, and faculties as well as for observing capabilities, and when the scientific worker is done the philosopher comes into activity. Spiritualism must not be the bare bones of anatomy; it must have poetry as well as philosophy; the poetry of life is religion, and the religion is poetry. There is more philosophy than facts in the psychic studies, and will remain so till the observer does more work. Science must have an hypothesis, and Spiritualism furnishes it in mentalism. Life is a struggle, a battle, and the weak and the vain, those who have power wield it to their advantage, and economists tell us that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting more numerous and poorer. If this be so, if the conditions of progress and life are only made by that dog, then the morals of the world are made by that dog. Justice enters into the hand of the tyrant, and systems of government become the expression of those who have power, social power; will to power. This is the state of social life in which we live to-day.

At the evening service Mr. J. Clegg Wright, after

making preliminary remarks on the subject of clairvoyant mediumship, discoursed on "The Decline of Orientalism and the Rise of Christianity in the West, and the Relation to Theosophy in the Latter Part of the Present Century." The discourse was logical and eloquent, and listened to with profound attention.

Mr. Wright will speak for the Society next Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. (On Sunday afternoon, May 25th, at 2 P.M., at the New York Progressive Lyceum services at Exchange Hall. At 2:30 and 7:30 Miss Jennie Leys will be the speaker. Music by Miss Annie L. Orr.

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