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## THINGS WORTH RECORDING.

BY OBSERVER (MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS).

THOMAS C. UPHAM,

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AMONG the higher branches of education that young women forty years ago were expected to become proficient in, was moral and mental philosophy, and the textbook was by Prof. Upham. Well do we recall the external appearance of the book, but its inner and spiritual significance is only a vague memory. But we can recall the fact that the author's personality was apparent in the book, and called forth honor and a degree of reverence. Therefore when his name was announced as a caller, a feeling of gratitude sprang up at the promised pleasure of an interview.

We met a clerical-looking gentleman, with a dignified manner and an apostolic bearing. His spirit was so open that he need not announce his sentiments, viz., brotherly love. His look was benign, his voice gentle, his conversation broad and logical, and sometimes bold, but his modesty in putting forward his ideas never left him.

He had been reading the BANNER OF LIGHT, and was greatly interested in the "Children's Department," which we at that time edited, and wished to express his recognition of the importance of the work being done therein for the young. No work, he said, was more necessary for the world than that of taking away the fear of death, and giving instead the living facts of a beautiful, progressive hereafter. "Therefore, Madam, I called to thank you, in the name of Truth, for what you are doing."

Inspiring words, and much needed. Indeed, the call seemed altogether the result of inspiration. How often does the heart falter because of the insignificance of the labor it is engaged in. One may love a work, and yet feel that it is of so little value that it does not count, and therefore the labor becomes onerous.

This call was followed by many during two years or more. At these times the conversation was wholly on spiritual subjects. The philosophy of Spiritualism was as clear and plain to him as was his moral and mental philosophy. Of the phenomena he seemed to think but little; but in the broad field of religious culture he recognized the Spiritual Philosophy as the direct means of progress. He found in the Bible, and its higher interpretation, confirmation of what he believed.

If it were possible to recall his conversation in its directness and simplicity it would be like a dissertation on the harmony of true religious faith and the Spiritual Philosophy. We must content ourselves with transcribing the most impressive ideas, given with such directness that they could not be forgotten.

To him love was the fulfilling of the law, and the disciple John was his favorite of writers. John was illuminated with divine love. See how beautifully he puts forth the idea of the masculine and feminine in the Godhead, "In the beginning was the Word," and that means in the beginning was the female principle, "and it was with God, and the word," or woman, "was God." The same was in the beginning with God; that is, the masculine and feminine principle of life has ever been and ever will be the creator—the deity. John did not intend by "the Word" to signify Jesus, or to refer to the written word of God. He intended to embody the idea clearly of the duality of God. He dwelt with great earnestness on his idea of love. "It is not easy to describe the nature of perfect love. It must be experienced to be known. When there is a perfect union of the will with the will of the beloved object, then it must exist. He whose heart is in such a state that he patiently and lovingly submits to all that God imposes, and desires nothing and wills nothing but what God desires and wills, is in perfect love."

If these ideas seem to be the result of theological training as regards submission to God, we must remember that Prof. Upham spent most of his life in the midst of theologic assertion. But as he uttered them, they were so full of heterodox sentiments that he seemed in the ranks of progressive teachers.

His ideas of inspiration, accorded wholly with the advanced spiritual teachers of our day. Inspiration was a law of the universe, and love was its means of operation. To be in harmony or to love spiritual things opened the

way for spiritual thought to enter the mind. John loved Jesus, therefore John was inspired by Jesus, and taught his doctrines. In Revelations he symbolizes the great truths of the spiritual life. Gems and pearls and gold symbolize ideas. John received the vision as men and women receive visions now, but his love made him an interpreter of the grand panoramic expression of the wonder of the celestial realms.

In speaking of woman and her power, his mind seemed illuminated. He gave to her the first place in all spiritual progress. In his life of Madam Guyon he says:

"Woman's influence does not terminate with the molding and the guidance of the minds of children. Her task is not finished when she sends abroad those whom she has borne and nurtured in her bosom on their pilgrimage of action and duty in the wide world. Man is neither safe in himself nor profitable to others when he lives dissociated from that benign influence which is to be found in woman's presence and character—an influence which is needed in the projects and toils of mature life, in the temptations and trials to which that period is especially exposed, and in the weakness and sufferings of age hardly less than in childhood and youth."

At this time Prof. Upham was working with a good deal of enthusiasm on what he believed to be the crowning work of his life. It was to embody his life-study of religion. He was reading Theodore Parker's works with great care, and seemed to have great reverence for him and his teaching; but he did not accomplish the work he had set himself to do, and his thoughts on these subjects are to be gleaned alone from his other writings.

He impressed one as living wholly in a sphere outside of the trivialities of life. Little things did not seem to stamp themselves on his mind. Whether he considered himself mediumistic is doubtful. But he recognized the workings of the law of inspiration, and was always anxious to hear of its operation in others.

His translation of Madam Guyon's beautiful poem, written when she was confined in prison, shows at least poetic adaptation. We transcribe it as expressive of many of his thoughts:

### A LITTLE BIRD AM I.

A little bird am I,  
Shut from the fields of air;  
And in my cage I sit and sing  
To him who placed me there;  
Well pleased a prisoner to be,  
Because, my God, it pleaseth thee.  
Naught have I else to do;  
I sing the whole day long;  
And he whom most I love to please  
Doth listen to my song;  
He caught and bound my wandering wing,  
But still he bends to hear me sing.  
Thou hast an ear to hear,  
A heart to love and bless,  
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,  
Thou wouldst not hear the less;  
Because thou knowest as they fall  
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.  
My cage confines me round;  
Abroad I cannot fly;  
But, though my wing is closely bound,  
My heart's at liberty.  
My prison-walls cannot control  
The flight, the freedom of the soul.  
Oh! It is good to soar  
These bolts and bars above,  
To him whose purpose I adore,  
Whose providence I love;  
And in his mighty will to find  
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

In his life of Madam Guyon he expresses his idea of love thus: "While a man loves God supremely, he loves himself also; but he loves himself in subordination to and in reference to the divine relation; namely, as one who has nothing in himself, but who regards all things as of God, in God and for God. He loves himself, therefore, only as an object or being in whom God may be glorified. And he loves his neighbor just as he loves himself. Such is pure love."

In his conversations on the Bible he had a happy way of interpreting passages to confirm the broad and liberal ideas he held in relation to life here and hereafter. Miracles seemed of less importance to him than the fundamental ideas of a philosophy which revealed God as a Father, and Jesus as a brother. Thus it is clear that the present agitation in the Orthodox churches is not of recent origin. The heaven was working in the minds of many quiet, thoughtful men and women long ago.

To Prof. Upham Spiritualism was the natural and beautiful result of Christianity. Jesus loved humanity, and would ever draw near to earth to uplift it. God, the masculine and feminine principle of life, was ever revealing himself to aspiring minds. How best to reveal God in one's self by perfect love to God, to man and one's self, was the great object that should be always before one. To be one with God was to have the spirit of love. To exemplify the life of Jesus was to love as he loved. One could never hate his brother if he remembered that God was the father of all the children of earth.

In recalling these pleasant interviews with this good and noble man, a feeling of satisfaction and rest comes; as if he could even now give testimony that all is right, for all is in God. We have no means of knowing whether he recognized the celestial country before he entered it, but we feel sure he must have unfalteringly stepped from one sphere to another. How gladly would we have definite knowledge of how he carries out his ideas of love to mankind.

As far as we know, he was not a worker here except with his pen. He had not the nature to fight evil. His idea of progress was the idea of evolution. Law would triumph, and the law of love would right all wrong.

If the Psychological Research Society would

study the history of Spiritualism as revealed in thinking men and women who, while standing within the Church, yet gave testimony to the revelations of the spirit and recognized spirit-control as the necessary proof of Christian revelation, it would take a long step toward a true conception of its scope and its adaptation to all minds.

If we have succeeded in portraying in some degree this gentle, cultured gentleman, we shall rejoice and trust that through this interest a sympathy may be awakened that shall attract him to mortals to work for his ideal—the reign of pure love on earth.

### "A Wonderful Woman."

[Under the above caption the London (Eng.) Daily Telegraph of Nov. 10th prints the subjoined account of demonstrations of spirit power through the medium agency of a young lady who, previous and subsequent to her marriage, exhibited similar manifestations before American audiences. It must appear amusing, to say the least, to the invisible intelligences who control the "wonderful woman," to witness the surprise and listen to the attempts of these scientists (?) to explain the seeming reversals of the laws of nature, at the same time avoiding to express what they must interiorly feel to be the truth concerning them.—Ed. B. or L.]

There appeared before a select audience at the Alhambra Theatre of Varieties, London, on Saturday afternoon, a lady who, had she flourished contemporaneously with the eminent inquirer into the ways of the unseen world, Mrs. H. H. H., would, beyond all doubt, have been burnt as a witch. The powers of Annie Abbott, "the little Georgia Magnet," are so startling and so novel—at any rate to us in England—that it will not be surprising to find a widespread spirit of incredulity abroad amongst those who miss the opportunity now before them of making acquaintance with what practically amounts to a new force in nature. For the moment it must suffice to indicate the character of Annie Abbott's remarkable exhibition, premising that nothing more closely approaching the miraculous has ever been seen upon the London stage.

I need scarcely say that Saturday's audience was not an unselect one. For the benefit of those who may incline to the belief that such manifestations as were given by Annie Abbott must have depended, at any rate partially, upon trickery, it may be noted that among the wondering spectators were the noble lords, the Marquess of Salisbury, Sir E. A. Galsworthy, Sir Augustus Barris, Mr. Dixon Hartland, M.P., Dr. Robinson, Dr. Johnstone, Dr. J. A. Riley, and Mr. Lennox Browne, many of whom had personal experience of the new-comer's power.

The first of the interesting and startling phenomena was, as was to be expected, a demonstration of a kind. A long row of chairs and a few American flags met the eye, and that was all. Annie Abbott's husband at once came forward and spoke a few plain words of introduction, informing that his wife's peculiar powers had first attracted attention when she was only four years old, and that neither he himself nor she were prepared with any satisfactory explanation of them. A large committee of investigation, including several medical men, was invited to take seats upon the stage, and then "The Little Georgia Magnet" made her entrance. She proved to be a typical "Yankee" in appearance—pretty and petite, with nothing but her own face, perhaps, a pair of dark, piercing eyes. Her temperature was taken, and found to be abnormally low, ninety-four degrees, while her pulse, which was declared to be feeble, beat eighty-four to the minute. Without more ado, the marvels commenced. In the first instance, a vigorous-looking member of the committee was invited to stand up and clasp a chair firmly to his breast. At a touch from Annie Abbott, both chair and man swayed violently from side to side, nor could all the efforts of the holder withstand the force of the subtle power.

Smiling lady. Others tried, always with the same results. Then the "Magnet" herself held up the chair between her palms, without clapping it, and invited members of the committee to push it downward in the direction of the floor. The result was, of course, a strong heavy man struggled to overcome the extraordinary force which enabled Annie Abbott, without a semblance of exertion, to resist their weight. Next came a still more curious manifestation. Laying a billiard cue across her open lap, she invited a gentleman to hold the cue and tried his utmost to disturb her equilibrium. Then two committee-men were told off to make the attempt; then four; then, finally, a pushed and pushed with all their might and main without moving Annie Abbott from her position, or even compelling her to place her second foot upon the stage. But, although the bona fides of the committee was evident, this strange feat proved to be a mere trick. "Let some one from the audience try," cried one unbelieving gentleman. No sooner said than done. Annie Abbott's consort, with all courtesy, asked the gentleman to step up and make the attempt. The gentleman, who was invited to the stage, only to suffer immediate defeat amidst derisive applause and cries of "Bravo, Sander!"

One after another came feats, each more astounding than its predecessor. A tall, bulky gentleman took the direction of the stage, and Annie Abbott, by simply placing her palms to the side of the chair, lifted it several inches from the floor. Then two, three and four committee-men stacked themselves with some difficulty upon the same article of furniture, and were overthrown at a touch. The most curious feature in these manifestations was the fact that members of the investigating body were invited to place their hands beneath those of Annie Abbott and the chair, and, as such members declared, the pressure of the lady's hands was of the slightest possible character. Thus far the feats had been more or less active; now came one that was all the more extraordinary, because it was entirely passive. Annie Abbott directed to the side of the stage a handkerchief, a muscular committee-man, standing behind Annie Abbott, grasped her arms beneath the elbows and lifted her from the stage with no difficulty whatever. Then, the handkerchief being removed, Annie Abbott, by the mere touch of her fingers, prevented a big, broad shouldered man from lifting himself to and fro in a rocking-chair. He bore in mind that these several feats are performed with no mesmeric or hypnotic preliminaries. Every one who came in contact with Annie Abbott was to all seeming in full possession of his faculties, mental and muscular. In a manner that is at once straightforward and simple, these unaccountable manifestations are offered to the consideration of London, and it cannot be doubted that a vast public, apart from the ordinary clientele of the Alhambra, will be drawn to witness no novel and unique exhibition of powers which a less scientific generation would, without hesitation, have styled supernatural.

Convinced by this last strange example of an unknown power, the audience were quite content to accept Annie Abbott's subsequent feats in a spirit of wondering belief. They saw her transmit through her hands to a boy the force which had bound her in her own person to the ground; they saw her hold a billiard cue upright between her open palms, while four committee-men strove in vain to pull it downward to the ground; they saw her lift easily from the stage the same cue held down by the united efforts of some dozen hands; and they saw her, by the mere touch of her fingers, prevent a big, broad shouldered man from lifting himself to and fro in a rocking-chair. He bore in mind that these several feats are performed with no mesmeric or hypnotic preliminaries. Every one who came in contact with Annie Abbott was to all seeming in full possession of his faculties, mental and muscular. In a manner that is at once straightforward and simple, these unaccountable manifestations are offered to the consideration of London, and it cannot be doubted that a vast public, apart from the ordinary clientele of the Alhambra, will be drawn to witness no novel and unique exhibition of powers which a less scientific generation would, without hesitation, have styled supernatural.

Nothing is so eloquent as the deep silence of a crowd. A sigh, a low breathing, sometimes pours into our neighbor's soul more than a volume of words. There is a communication more subtle than free-masonry between those who feel alike.—Channing.

## Literary Department.

AMY LESTER;

A STRANGE GIRL.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY CARLYLE PETERSHILL.

Author of "The Discovers Country," "Oceanides," a Psychological Novel, Etc., Etc.

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### CHAPTER XII.

The Dark Closet.

Said Mrs. Lester, when Amy was down stairs again:

"How did you get on with the second chapter of Genesis?"

"I got on very well," answered Amy, "until I came to the place where Moses says God made woman from one of Adam's ribs. Mamma, I cannot, I do not believe it. If I had read it in one of my story books, I should have called it a silly fable, and laughed at such nonsense."

"Amy," said Mrs. Lester with great severity, "do you mean to tell me that you do not believe God's holy word?"

"Oh! mamma, I would believe it if I could; but I cannot."

"Amy," said her mother, "do you know what becomes of unbelievers? They are cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth; now, my daughter, to punish you for your unbelief, I shall shut you in that dark closet in the west room across the hall. I shall lock you in, and it will do no good for you to pound on the door, or scream, for I shall return here and cannot hear you, and I shall not go to the door until the half hour has expired. I want you to think, while you are in there, the darkness is nothing to that which God will banish you to forever and ever if you do not believe his holy word; it will be but the merest foretaste of the awful darkness of hell, and a half hour is but an instant compared to eternity; now you have time for repentance; then you can never repent, and I hope God's holy spirit will visit you while you are there thinking of your disobedience, pity, and give you a change of heart."

"Mamma," sobbed Amy, "I don't want you to put me in that dark closet and lock me in; it makes me feel as though you were going to bury me away down in the earth alive. Oh! mamma; it is horrible. And there are great big rats there too, mamma. I think if you put me in there I shall die. I don't believe I shall ever come out alive. Oh! I would rather you would whip me—whip me ever so hard, and I will let you without a word, but don't put me in that awful closet."

"The whippings," answered Mrs. Lester, "you don't seem to care anything about; you dread the closet, and so that is just the right thing to make a good girl of you. Come," she said.

Amy held back, pale as death, with starting eyes. "Mamma," said she, "I would believe that God made a woman out of a rib if I could, but I can't; I can't believe it; if I said I did I should tell a falsehood. Mamma, you don't want me to tell lies, do you?"

"No," answered Mrs. Lester, "I would punish you for telling falsehoods; but come, Amy, I am going to put you there, to see if it will break down your stubborn will, and soften your heart toward God."

"Oh! mamma, why should God care particularly whether a little girl like me believed that he made a woman out of a rib or not? I don't think God cares whether I believe it or not. God don't punish me, mamma; it is Miss Lavelle, father, the minister, and you; when I am alone on the veranda, or out in the woods, everything is so quiet and beautiful that I am very happy, and I feel good; I don't feel as though I were bad, and it don't seem as though God was at all angry with me; the little birds sing to me, the brook laughs as though it wanted to play with me. Oh! mamma, let me go out in the forest; don't shut me up in that dark closet!"

"Come along," said the mother; "Mr. Goodman thinks the closet will do more toward making a Christian girl of you than anything else."

Mrs. Lester half dragged the reluctant child out of the parlor, across the hall-way, and into the west room.

"Mamma," said Amy, "if you put me in that closet I don't think you will have any little Amy to-morrow."

"Oh! the closet won't hurt you," said the mother, "but the solitude and the darkness may tend to make you believe."

Amy said no more; she straightened her slight form, threw back her head after the old fashion and walked with firm step to the closet, her mother thrust her in, closed and locked the door, then quickly returned to the parlor, for if Amy were to scream and pound on the door she did not want to hear her. The mother trembled somewhat and felt a slight misgiving, but yet she thought she was doing her duty to her unregenerate child; she took up her sewing and glanced at the clock, for she did not want Amy to stay in the closet more than the half hour specified. All was very quiet. Louis was asleep, but Mrs. Lester's eyes were a troubled and unquiet expression.

It was the longest half-hour she had ever known in her life; the moment it had expired she flew rather than walked into the west room, her trembling fingers almost refused to unlock the door, and when the key was at length turned and the door torn open, she called out in a shaking voice: "Amy! Amy! come out now, the half hour is up!" but there was no answer, and no Amy came forth. At first, the darkness prevented Mrs. Lester from perceiving the child, but as her eyes grew more accustomed to the faint light she saw a little limp, apparently lifeless form, huddled up in one corner of the closet, and the face was that of a corpse. She caught the child in her arms and rushed with her out on the veranda; she laid her lifeless burden down on one of the settees; she wrung her hands in an agony of grief, crying:

"Amy! oh, my child, you are dead, and I have killed you! I, your own mother, have murdered you! Oh, my God! what shall I do! what shall I do!"

She put her fingers to the slender wrist, but no pulse was perceptible. She ran for water, then dashed it in the child's face, but neither life nor motion were visible. She tore open the little dress, putting her ear down over the heart. Oh, joy! She could hear a faint beating. Redoubling her efforts to restore animation, at last a gasping sigh escaped from the purple lips, and, with the next breath, streams of blood issued from the mouth and nostrils of the asphyxiated child, for the closet was nearly air-tight—in a few minutes more Amy Lester's frail young life would have gone out forever on earth, and this story would have been at an end. The poor mother forgot all about outer darkness in her frantic efforts to save her child. She did not understand how necessary vital oxygenized air is to sustain life, any more than she comprehended the vastness of the universe; her mind was narrowed down to a personal God, a small earth which he made in six days, a personal devil, a small hell, and a much smaller heaven, for only a very few were to enter in at a straight gate.

Amy was now carried to her own room upstairs, and laid on her little bed; it was many hours before she recognized her mother or any one else. Mr. Lester came home and bent over Amy in great anxiety, yet he would not blame his wife. He called it an accident, and there was no more said about it; but poor little Amy did not recover the use of her senses for many days, but lay on her bed a shadow of her former self, with large, pleading eyes, continually murmuring: "Oh! mamma, don't put me in that dark closet; let me go out in the woods where the little brook is laughing, and the birds are singing; all the pretty flowers want me to come and gather them." So the child babbled on for a few days, then reason returned, but she had not strength to walk. As soon as her mind became clear and active once more, she called for a pen and paper:

"Mamma," she said, "I have been to heaven, and I now know all about it. The angels bade me write down all I saw and heard there; they said some day people would read it and understand."

"Oh, Amy!" said Mrs. Lester, "you have been very sick, but you did not die, and have not been to heaven; you have been out of your mind, dear child, and dreaming."

"No, mamma," said the child, "I did not dream it, but I went there with grandma. Oh! mamma, you will never understand me, and I cannot believe the things that you do, but I shall write down all I saw and heard there; I did not want to come back; I cried and clung to the angels, and begged them not to take me back, but they said I must go, and that I must live a great many more years on earth yet, and that when I became a woman I should write books as Moses did, and they would inspire me, and through me they would give truth and not error to the world. When I cried again and said 'Angels, dear angels, I can't go back,' they said to me: 'Amy Lester, would you like to have your mother a murderer?' 'Oh, no!' I cried. 'Then you must go back,' they said, 'for if you do not your mother will be guilty of murdering her own child!' And so, mamma, that induced me to come back, but I did not want to. Oh! I did not want to! I shall never be happy on earth again, for I have seen heaven; and the memory of it will go with me forever. I saw all my own future life on this earth, and it was a very unhappy one until my hair was mixed with gray; then, mamma, something came to me, a great gift, yet it seemed as though it was something that belonged to me before I ever came to live on earth at all; then I became a very happy woman, and all my wishes came to pass; I was famous, had riches, honors, and I did a great work for the angels; all my grief and tears were wiped away."

"Amy," said Mrs. Lester, a little interested

\*This interesting series is contributed to the BANNER OF LIGHT exclusively by one of the earliest and ablest writers on Spiritualism and its history; and constitutes, as it proceeds, a biographical picture—drawn from the memory and notes of the author—to men and women, publicly known in the opening days of the Cause, the surpassing value of which to present (as well as future) Spiritualists cannot well be overestimated.—Ed. B. of L.



In spite of herself, "did you dream of seeing God or the Savior in heaven?"

"No," answered Amy, "heaven is not at all as you think it is, mamma."

Amy was now left alone for hours at a time, and she improved those hours in writing down all she saw in that heaven which she said she visited in company with her grandma. The following is what Amy Lester wrote, and she entitled it, "A Vision of Heaven as It Really Is," and it was addressed to her mother:

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### A Vision of Heaven as It Really Is.

"DEAR MAMMA: After I had been in the closet a short time I could not get my breath, my head began to be very dizzy, and then I did not seem to be in the closet at all, but out in the open air, and some one had me in her arms. I looked up, and it was the beautiful lady, my grandma. She was going very fast, just as fast as the wind, mamma, and I felt the soft breeze on my temples as it lifted my curls up and tossed them about. I was very glad and happy, and felt like a little bird nestling close to its mother's breast. On and on we went, until I could not see the earth any more, and after a while she put me down, and then I felt like a little bird that wanted to try its own wings and fly for itself. The lovely lady took me by the hand, and we glided swiftly on for a while longer.

"Now, little Amy," said the lady, "this is as far as you can be allowed to go. Now, darling, use your eyes well and look about you, for this is a part of heaven as it really is."

And so, mamma, I thought I would sit down and rest and look about me, for I wanted to see heaven very much. The place where the lady and I were seated was a lovely little green bank, all covered with the sweetest of flowers. There were trees there, and I heard the birds singing joyfully. A little brook was rippling along near by, and I saw a beautiful boy just on the other side, sailing a little ship. Oh! mamma, I wanted to go and play with him, and help him sail his ship, but grandma said, 'No, not yet.' And then I looked all about me, and I could see at a great distance all around. I could see cities, towns, villages, groves and lakes, all glittering in beautiful light, and I saw a great many people; they all looked lovely, sweet and happy. A great many passed by us, and some stopped and spoke to us; all smiled at us sweetly, and waved their hands. Presently two or three angels gathered about us, and asked grandma who that little girl was with her? And grandma looked a little sorrowful as she answered:

"It is little Amy Lester. Her body is not dead yet; she must go back soon, but see a little of heaven first."

And then I cried and begged to stay. I wanted to go with the angels, and not come back to this earth any more. Then grandma took me again by the hand, and we floated on. We came to a beautiful place where there was a lovely lake, and there were a great many little children playing all around. They had beautiful little boats, and a number of them were sailing out on the lake. The boats danced on the waves, and all the children were very happy, laughing and playing gleefully. Oh! mamma, I wanted to go and play with them, but grandma said:

"No, not yet. I am very sorry, dear little Amy, but it cannot be; and some day you will be glad that you did not remain in heaven whilst yet you were so young; but grandma cannot explain it all to you now."

And then I said: "Grandma, will you let me look into hell, if there is one?"

And she said: "Amy, there is no hell; the error and ignorance of the people of earth is all the hell there is, and this which you see is but a mere glimpse of the least little bit of heaven; for heaven is a thousand times larger than all of earth, and there are as many heavens as there are earths, and they are legion, countless in number, as numerous as the stars."

"Grandma," I said, "will you let me see God?"

"Amy," she said, "where do you suppose God lives?"

"I don't know, grandma."

"In which heaven do you think?"

"I don't know, grandma."

"Well, my child, God is everywhere. The spirit of God dwells within all things; his material body is all things. You and I are a part of God. All these angels which you see are a part of God. The suns, the moons, the earths and the heavens, are all a part of God. God is the universal whole."

Then I said: "Tell me about Christ, that mamma wants me to believe in so much. Can he wash away my sins?"

"No," answered grandma, "he cannot wash away any person's sins, more than any other good man or woman."

"Was he the son of God?" I asked.

"He was the son of God just as you are the daughter of God—as all men and women are the sons and daughters of God."

"Grandma," I said, "did God create all things in six days?"

"No," she answered, "things are growing or being created always, now and forever; there is not any end either to creation or time."

"Did God make a woman out of Adam's rib?" And grandma laughed a long silvery laugh:

"No, dear child," she replied, "he did not. Now, darling, you have long wanted to know about the female element in the God-head. All creation is male and female; hand in hand they walk, side by side. The old mythological fable of Adam and Eve is significant, but not true in detail."

Then some of the little children came up to me and wanted me to go out sailing with them on the beautiful lake, and I tried to pull my hand away from grandma, for I wanted to go with them; but she would not let me go, for she said if I went sailing with them I could never go into my body again, and that would never do; and I cried and said I would not go into my body again; it was like going into hell after being in heaven; but she held me tightly.

"Amy," she said, "do you see this cord of light?" and she took up a silvery-looking cord that I had not noticed before; she pulled it very gently, and I felt it right in my heart. I looked down at my breast, and the ends of the cord were all attached to my heart. "If you were to go a little further," said she, "or go sailing with the little spirit child, this cord would break, or snap asunder, and then you could never go into your body again. The other end of this cord is attached to the heart that is in your body in the dark closet down below, and that heart will still continue to beat faintly unless this cord is severed." I caught the cord in my hands and tried to break it. "You cannot break it in that way," said grandma; "you could only break it by going further on." Then

I tried to pull away from her, to break it in that way, but she held me firmly.

"Amy," she said, "when the other end of that cord pulls you must go back; that is all I am waiting for; there are just fifteen minutes longer, and then the cord will pull."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"Because your mother will go to the closet then, and she will fetch you back into your body."

Then I cried again, and tried with all my might to break the cord, but she would not permit me. Then we began to go back slowly, but I went back weeping and sorrowful; we came again to the little brook, and sat down as before on the beautiful green bank, and there, just across the brook, was the little boy. Grandma pointed toward him, and I looked intently at him. He was gazing over at me with great wistful blue eyes; he lifted up his little arms, and stretched them out toward me, and I thought I heard him say: "Come, dear little girl, come over here and play with me." I shook my curls all down over my eyes, and cried out: "Oh! I cannot! Grandma will not let me! You must come over here, dear little boy." He shook his head sadly, and cried: "This is as far as I can go. I am not permitted to cross the brook, but I want to all the time."

"Grandma, who is that little boy?" I asked.

She smiled as she answered: "That little boy is your Adam, but he is not a disembodied spirit; he lives down on the earth; it is only the reflection of him which you see, and that is why he cannot cross the brook. Your little spirit being out of your body just now, plainly distinguishes its other self. Amy, if I were to tell you that the little boy whom you see will one day be your husband, and walk hand in hand, side by side with you, would you go back to earth more willingly?"

I looked at the little boy, and thought I would do anything to walk with him side by side, hand in hand.

"Now," said grandma, "if you do not go back you cannot do the work that nature has designed you to do. That little boy will grow a man, and when you are a woman, your hair mixed with gray, and his manly beard nearly white, you will meet, nevermore to be parted; you will perform your true mission on the earth; when that is done you will come here to live with the angels, and when you call to him then to cross the brook he will cross it joyfully, and nothing will hinder him; then he will cross it, clasp you in his arms, and then you shall go on hand in hand among the angels in this beautiful, heavenly world."

Just then the cord began to pull at my breast, and grandma said: "We must now go back." So she took me in her arms again, and I felt that we were sinking, sinking back to the earth, and that is the last I can remember until I awoke here on this bed.

(Signed) AMY LESTER TO MAMMA.

When Mrs. Lester read this effusion, she laughed a little and then shed a few tears, for she knew very well that her child had come near to crossing the little brook that lies between this world and the unseen; but she believed that the things which Amy thought she saw were the effect of delirium.

Amy recovered, but slowly, and was never precisely the same child again; instead of being bright, happy and cheerful, as she had been heretofore, she was dreamy and absent, and did not seem to take much interest in the affairs of earth; she performed the same amount of work for the family without a murmur, yet her mind did not seem to be there, and strangers to the family, when they saw her, would not believe she belonged to it. She seemed to lose all resemblance to the others; she grew thinner and taller, her face became almost transparent, her eyes grew larger and deeper, and constantly looked as though she were seeing things heavenly that no one else could see. When she could get away by the lake-shore, or out in the forest, she amused herself by half running, half flying; it was a peculiar kind of motion: she would just touch the ends of her toes to the ground, and spring, with flying arms and hair, a long distance before she touched the ground, then the toes would just touch again for another long flying leap. This strange motion seemed to delight the child beyond anything else; she could almost imagine herself a little angel like those she had seen in her visit to heaven, for some of the children who had spoken to her had approached her in a similar manner. It was useless for Mrs. Lester to talk to her now of God, heaven, hell or Satan; she would look at her mother with those mysterious eyes, shake her curls and fly off like the wind, but listen to anything of the kind she would not; any belief of that kind was now forever at an end with Amy Lester. Affairs were about in this wise when Mr. Goodman made a parochial call. Amy was out in the fields gathering flowers. After Mr. Goodman and Mrs. Lester had conversed awhile about church matters, the conversation turned to the episode of the dark closet. Said Mr. Goodman, "Have you found your daughter Amy more obedient to God since shutting her in the dark closet? I understood you to say you had found it necessary to punish her in that way."

"No," answered Mrs. Lester, "I am very sorry to say, Mr. Goodman, that Amy is more irreligious than ever before; in fact, she will not listen to anything which I may say to her on the subject."

"If I were you, Mrs. Lester," said Mr. Goodman, "I would punish her oftener in the same way; it is necessary that her stubborn will should be broken and humbled before her Maker."

"Oh," said Mrs. Lester, "I dare not! I did not tell you, Mr. Goodman, that Amy came very near dying; and her father and myself have come to the conclusion that it will not do to punish her more on the subject of religion. Perhaps, Mr. Goodman, she is yet too young to comprehend that her heart is naturally depraved, and needs to be made clean in the blood of the Lamb."

Just as Mrs. Lester uttered these words, Amy entered the room; her little hands filled with beautiful wild flowers—buttercups, daisies, roses and honeysuckles; she had made a wreath of white immortelles and shining winter-green leaves which encircled her brow; her white sunbonnet hung by the strings far down her back, her curls were tangled and flying, her eyes were bright with a mysterious light, her cheeks faintly flushed and her forehead looking unnaturally large and fair under its flowery wreath of green and white. Ever since the child had recovered from her sickness there had seemed to be with her a strange, subtle power; and she would fall into spells of delirium; this would not be the talk of a child of less than ten years, but that of some wise and superior being. A strange awe

would creep around the mother's heart as she listened to her.

An Mrs. Lester uttered the words "depraved heart which ought to be made clean in the blood of the Lamb," Amy stepped directly in front of Mr. Goodman; her eyes had a misty, far-away look; she spoke, and her voice was not that of a child, but deep, strong and powerful; the words she uttered were not the words of a little timid girl, but those of a wise and strong man.

(To be continued.)

(Original.)

#### THE WAINSCOT RAT.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

There was an old house in a waste field. The briars and weeds grew rank and tall around it; the fences were broken down; the shutters, what remained of them, hung by one hinge, and the clapboards rattled in the wind. It was a very old, old house, and no one dwelt in it. Once, when it was new, a happy circle gathered around the hearth, and the laughter of children echoed through its halls. Their father built it, and proudly brought his bride to the nest he had prepared for her. The grounds were as beautiful as the house, and flowers blushed at her coming on every side. Children came, and the passer-by looked with envy on the charming group made by the family when they sat on the porch in the late hours of the afternoon, or strolled on the lawn.

The father died; the mother was inconsolable. The two daughters were called by the angels, and their brothers, with coming youth, became restless and sought, one in the south, the other in the west—the fulfillment of ambition's dreams. Four marble slabs on the hillside overlooking the old house kept watch over its decay. There rested the hands which trained the flowers, and the hearts which throbbed in delight. Silence over all in luscious June, and the butterfly sought in vain, flying idly over ragweed, burdocks and mulleins, for the sweet cup of the honeysuckle and clematis. Silence over all, except when the winter winds shrieked through the tattered sides, and with sharp icy fingers clutched at the siding and shingles, determined to tear them away. Year after year it had labored persistently, and yet the house remained.

There was one other sound. It was the rasping of the sharp teeth of the rat within the wall, gnawing at the foundation posts of the house. Even when the paint was fresh, and the first hour of love's dream had not passed, the inmates heard the grating sound of the teeth of the rat.

Now that stormy winter's night, had we been in the house, we should have heard the same sound; not made by the same rat, for twenty generations of rats have come and gone since the first tried his teeth on the post of the new house. Every passing generation had worn their teeth gnawing at the foundation; they had cut holes through the timbers, for ingress and egress, and gnawed galleries in every direction. They were entirely dissatisfied with the architecture of the house, and determined to destroy it. They gnawed here, they gnawed there, to the annoyance of the family. They made a second world between the walls, distinct from that within the rooms from which they were excluded.

After a while, when no one lived in the house, the rats had it all to themselves. They cut passages into the rooms, and chased each other over the floors and up the rickety stairway. They gnawed at the foundation timbers, and let in the rain, and between the works of their teeth and decay the frame rapidly became weak.

One night the wind was hoarse with anger, and the forest cringed and bowed as it felt the swift lash of the storm. Every piece of timber in the old house vibrated as the snow-laden gale came in billowy surges with ever-increasing strength. The timbers creaked and moaned as though in pain, or shrieked as in affright. It so happened that at that critical moment a young rat was testing his teeth on one of the weakened posts. It was nearly cut through by his predecessors. He was too intently engaged to hear the wind as it clutched the house, which, with a crash of thunder, came down over his head. Recovering, he was elated beyond expression. "See!" he cried, "twenty generations of rats have gnawed these posts, and none succeeded in leaving more than the marks of their teeth, while I, at my first stroke, in fact, with what I may call a single strike, tumbled the house in ruins."

The wind went howling on, but had it paused it might have told the vainglorious boaster how year after year each out of a tooth had brought weakness, until the time came for the fall. If the blast had not come at the moment, perhaps another June had smiled, and with soft sunlight made the lichen-clad roof and broken windows picturesque and attractive to the eye.

The wind paused not, but from its garments shook out the clouds of snow, and in the morning a smooth white surface extended over the lawn and far away over the fields; and pleasure-seekers, laughing in unison with the jingling bells, looked out from their fur wraps and said: "Ah, the old haunted house is gone!"

I heard the tale and thought of the moral afforded by the vainglorious rat, whose achievement, like that of many men, was the result of cowardice, and not of exceptional skill or bravery. Yet it presents a more striking illustration of the lives of many men and women. They set out with joyful hearts, and around them are fields of flowers, but behind the wainscoting are the gnawing rats of pride, avarice, envy, the appetites and passions, each with sharpened tools assailing the foundations, and suddenly, when some emergency tests their strength, they yield, break and disappear.

More Sleep for the Children.

A German specialist has been pleading for parents to give their children more sleep. A healthy infant sleeps most of the time, and in early years parents are apt to allow children to sleep as much as they will. But when school-life begins there is a complete change. At ten or eleven years of age the child sleeps only eight or nine hours, when it needs at least ten or eleven; and as it grows older the hours of rest are shortened. This German specialist believes that up to twenty years old a human being needs nine hours' sleep; after that age, eight or nine. With insufficient sleep, the nervous system, and the brain especially, becomes exhausted. Excitability and intellectual disorders gradually take the place of love of work and general well-being.

The American Eagle must be a gay old bird—he is said. If you don't want to be bald, use Hall's Hair Renewer, and you won't be. Try it.

#### Original Essay.

##### THE DANCES OF THE DAKOTAS.

BY MAJ. C. NEWELL.

We often hear the people speak of the wardances, scalp-dances, fox-band-dances, Omaha dances, sun-dance, ghost-dance, and many other different dances. We usually form our ideas of these things from our own wishes, and what we would like to see; and from dime novels, written by parties who never saw an Indian dance of any kind, except perhaps as given by some patent medicine company traveling through the country with a lot of Indians and half-breeds hired from the logging camps in Canada or Northern Michigan, who are instructed how to dance to suit the wants of the people.

Some years ago P. T. Barnum brought over a lot of Hindus to place in his great Congress of Nations. Among the party were three girls, about sixteen years of age, who were introduced as Nautch Girls, from the sacred temples of India. They were supposed to be kept in the temples, to dance before the idols for their (the idols') benefit. Barnum wished them to execute the dance in this country, so the people could realize what a Nautch dancing-girl was. But on placing them on the platform to dance he found that they only sang a song, with a slight swaying of the body. That was not what the people here wanted to see; consequently a "high kicker" from some variety company was hired to instruct the Nautch girls how to dance before the people here in America.

To illustrate this more fully: Some years ago I took a party of genuine Sioux Indians through the Eastern States, and finally hired them out to Barnum to place in his great Congress of Nations. I noticed that the people did not take as much interest in them as in some Indians hired from lumber camps, who had been educated to understand the wants of the white people, consequently the next year I fitted up a party that would better suit the wants of the people, who so plainly preferred that their own conceptions be catered to, at the expense of reality.

I was at a loss to get a good-looking Indian girl to represent an Indian Princess. The best I could do was to hire a bright mulatto girl, and put a straight hair black wig on her; then with paint, feathers, buck skin dresses, etc., I made up an Indian Princess. The leading daily newspapers of Chicago, and other cities, published interviews and long articles about the beautiful Indian Princess "Min-ne-ha-ha." The only trouble I was afraid of (as to discovery) was that while the negro's eyelashes curl up, the Indian's are straight, like all straight-haired people. I however never heard but one person—a woman—speak of this, and that was in Louisville, Ky.

A few days ago Chief Joseph, and some ten of his chiefs and head men, were invited to visit our great Exposition here in Portland; it was advertised that they would give the war dance, and the ghost dance. The great building was packed with thousands of people to witness the great dance that last winter cost our government millions of dollars, and the lives of many officers and soldiers of the regular army, besides the lives of many Indian men, women and children.

My curiosity led me to go to see if the dance of the Umatillas was any different from the dance of the Sioux. I saw right away that the people would be badly disappointed—as they had been educated to believe that the ghost dance was executed with about the same zeal that a Methodist minister in some country schoolhouse revival meeting would carry out his service: That by shouting, clapping of hands, stamping and howling at the top of his voice, he would succeed in arousing the more sensitive part of his audience to such a state of excitement that some would get "the power" and lay down and roll around under the benches, and perform many curious antics, such as trying to climb the stove-pipe to get nearer God, who is supposed to be up in heaven.

The most of the people in that Exposition building expected to see those Indians in their costumes (gotten up, I understand, for the occasion) work themselves up to a similar state of fever excitement. As they, however, only quietly walked around in a circle, in a very dignified manner, and sang a song, the white people were very much disgusted: It did not come up to the pictures they had seen of ghost dances in the illustrated papers of the country. Consequently they voted the Indians "no good."

I will first tell you what a genuine sun-dance is; then I will tell you about the ghost-dance—as both are executed in honor of God, the Great Spirit. A few years ago one of the leading Omaha papers sent a reporter out to the Rosebud Agency to write up a full report of the sun dance that was going on at the time. When he came there he was supplied with a good half-breed interpreter who had attended sun-dances every year since he was a baby, and knew all about them. But the interpreter soon found out that the reporter knew more about sun-dances than he did; therefore the reporter would tell him that such things meant so-and-so, and the interpreter said "Yes," as he wished to earn his extra money by pleasing the reporter. The report filled half of a big newspaper, and to the average reader was a most startling "blood-and-thunder," dime-novel story.

The sun-dance comes off every year in the full moon of the month of July—a custom that has been kept up among the Dakotas for, I expect, thousands of years. At that time they gather at some selected place where wood and water are handy; they usually put their tipis in a large circle about one mile in diameter. In the centre of this circle they put up poles about ten feet high, forming another circle about four hundred feet in diameter—sometimes smaller, according to the crowd gathered. An awning is fixed up with poles covered with blankets and tepee cloths, to protect them from the sun and rain. In the centre of this circle they place the holy tree.

The cutting of the holy tree is quite an event with the Dakotas. The tree selected is usually about ten or twelve inches in diameter at the base, and about thirty feet high. It is selected by the holy men the day before it is cut.

An Indian girl about eighteen years old, who is yet a maid, is selected to cut the tree down, as they would not allow any man to do such a thing. Should a young man insist in doing such work, the women would vote him a disgrace to the tribe, and present him with a dress and tell him to wear it, as he was no man, only a squaw.

The Indian girl so selected is supposed to

give her whole life to the cause of the Great Spirit. She becomes like the sisters in our convents. They go about helping the sick, and are supported by the charity of others. The whole tribe then encamped gather around this tree, in places where they can witness the ceremony, as we would to witness the laying of a cornerstone of some public building. Four medicine-men usually take a seat near the base of the tree, and sing songs and offer prayers to the Great Spirit. Then the girl—attired in a beautiful buckskin dress, trimmed with beads and the eye-teeth of elk—comes forward, armed with an axe.

These teeth, I would remark parenthetically, are worth at least one dollar each. I have seen a dress with over four hundred of those teeth on; when we pay four hundred dollars for a dress for a white woman, we think it very fine. The Indian women value their dresses in like manner with their white sisters.

This girl likewise wore two pairs of ear-rings in each ear: one pair hung to a hole in the top of her ear—the other from the bottom, the same as worn by white women. The ear-rings were made of small shells, and extended down to her waist. When she chopped the tree, they flew around at every stroke of the axe. Finally, she took them off; then she soon had the tree down. As it fell, a great shout went up from the multitude there assembled. A wagon was brought and the tree loaded on and started for the centre of the circle, some two miles away.

Then the excitement begins. The last dance I saw I think there were at least between three and four thousand men, women, boys and girls on ponies, dressed in their best, as we would dress on holidays. As the wagon moved they set up a yell, and all started for this circle. I have heard the rebel yell, as their victorious lines of battle were beating us back, step by step, and I have heard the loud cheer of the boys in blue as we drove the enemy from their strongholds, but I never heard such a yelling and stampede of horses as I saw and heard then.

The object is to drive all evil spirits away from the place where the holy tree is to be set up.

When the crowd reaches this circle, they all ride in a circle around it, shouting like a revival preacher trying to stir up a crowd of white people.

(That reminds me of what I saw on the street here in Portland recently. On one corner some revival preacher was shouting with all the power of his lungs to a crowd of about twenty people; on the next corner a pet monkey had escaped from his cage, and climbed up on the top of a building, where he was showing off some of his antics. At least one thousand people gathered there for an hour to see the monkey. I made up my mind that the monkey was the best of the two to attract a crowd.)

The tree is escorted to its place by the holy men walking along by the side of the wagon. When they arrive at the destination it is unloaded, and set up in the centre of the circle.

The next day at noon the services begin. The candidates are prepared by fasting and prayer for thirty-six hours.

It has always been represented to the white people that this service was performed by young men who were just passing from the boyhood state to be a young man—which means with them to be a soldier and hunter; that they go through this pain and torture which I shall describe, to show their friends that they are brave, and can suffer pain without flinching.

This is a great mistake. When we look back to the days of the Jews and other Oriental nations, we find that they made blood-offerings to their gods, offering their own flesh and blood on the altar to please God—as witness Abram's attempted offering of Isaac, and the many thousands of lives really given up to appease the wrath of an angry God. So with our Dakotas: they still hold to that ancient tradition that God is pleased with an offering of their own flesh and blood.

The Jews found out that it pleased God just as well if they killed a sheep or a cow and cooked it, so God could smell the sweet smell of the cooked meat: God would get over being "mad" at them just the same; and after our Dakotas get civilized, I expect they will learn that it will please God just as well to kill a dog and cook him as to mutilate their own bodies.

The real object of their blood-offering is this: Suppose an Indian has a sick wife or child; all is done that is possible to save them from death, and they pray to the Great Spirit that if he will restore their loved ones to health, they will at the next annual gathering of the people (in the full moon of the month of July), make a blood-offering; or should a woman or man get lost in a snow-storm on the prairie, they pray to God to save their lives and restore them to their friends, and they will make the blood-offering; or should a scourge or disease get among their horses, they ask God to stop it, and they will make the blood-offering: Just as the farmers down in Illinois get the preachers—as they are better acquainted with God's wants and wishes, and know better how to approach him without arousing his anger—to pray for rain to help them out with their crops, or pray that the hogs will stop having the cholera, or the cattle may have no more "black tongue" or "hollow horn."

The Indians, like the white men, think that the Great Spirit does things to retaliate upon his children for being so mean with him. The only difference is, the Indians offer their blood and the white men their money—as God has learned the use of money now, and had rather have it.

After fasting thirty-six hours, so that the system is free from all food, and the spiritual elements of the body gain the control over the material, the active participants are dressed in holiday attire, which consists of a shirt over the shoulders, the breech-cloth and leggings, with a blanket tied around the waist, hanging down to their feet; their hair is trimmed with eagle feathers; they have a small whistle made of bone which they blow. They usually come on in groups of three or four, under the charge of a holy man. When the holy man prays, they stand looking at the sun, blowing their whistles, so as to call God's special attention to what is going on—the same as our churches ring their bells and play on big organs, and the Salvation Army assaults the air with its brass bands: they all want God to understand they mean business. When the hour comes to make the blood-offering, one will walk up to the tree and bare his breast and back; the medicine-man will take up a pinch of the skin, run a sharp knife through, put a stick through the hole, tie a thong of rawhide to it, then on this thong of rawhide fasten a bull's head—sometimes one and sometimes two from the



breast and two from the back, all four heads hanging half-way to the ground. They jump up and down until the skin tears out from the weight of the heads. I have seen the skin stretch out six inches before it would tear. Another would be out in like manner, and a rope passed over a limb of the holy tree; the man would then be drawn up clear of the ground, and there hang until the flesh tore out. Another, out in like manner, would have the rope tied to a horse, who would soon pull loose. Others in different ways—the women making their offering of flesh and blood by coming up to the holy tree, where they bare their arms, and have from one to six pieces of flesh about the size of a five-cent piece cut out by the medicine-men. They never flinch while this is being done, believing that God is satisfied of the sincerity of their vow by their offering of flesh and blood. These pieces of flesh are deposited in the bark of this holy tree.

If this Sun-Dance—so-called—is only to show the bravery of the young men, why do the women undergo these same tortures?

It will be seen by this that the sun-dance—so-called—is an annual religious festival. It may be a relic of barbarism; but how much are we in advance of them that we shall say by force of arms that they must not practice it? The United States Government has published orders to the agents at the reservations to prohibit it.

#### THE GHOST-DANCE.

I read in the papers a short time since that General Miles said the craze among the Indians had not yet died out, notwithstanding the severe drubbing the regular army gave them last winter. With such reports, and the misrepresentations that are continually being published by the leading papers throughout the States, and copied into the little "patent insides" that are put out by the million copies into every town and hamlet, does any one wonder that public opinion is against the Indians?

The regular army has no other amusement. Its officers are educated and supported at the government's expense; its men are fed, clothed and taken care of like any good watch-dog; both are supposed to be the guardians of our government—to preserve "the peace," to see that the orders of Congress and the President are faithfully carried out. They have learned that the Indians have no rights which a white man is bound to respect. I shall confine my remarks to the Sioux, as it was upon them that the regular army made its attack last winter. Now that it is a thing of the past we can look back and see where the mistake was made by the white men. Knowing the facts as I did at the time the troops were sent to Rosebud and Pine Ridge agencies, I protested as best I could, but to no avail. Somebody must be killed; the regular army must have a chance to know something of the horrors of war!

A few half-starved men, women and children, with scarcely blankets and clothing to keep them from perishing from the severe cold of that latitude, moved to a part of their reservation, entirely away from any white settlements, to a place where they could worship God in accordance to the dictates of their own conscience—a right guaranteed to every man, woman and child in the United States! In this lonely and secluded spot they were attacked by the soldiers of our government, and men, women and little children murdered in the most barbarous fashion.

There has not been one instance shown where they left their reservation, or molested any white man who was peacefully pursuing his own business.

How the officers of our government could sit at Washington and be misled into giving such orders to the army—to pursue, kill and capture people who had done no harm—I fail to see!

Soon I expect to hear the newspapers exciting the people up to a war of general extermination against an unoffending people.

Now what is this Ghost-Dance—or Messiah craze?

The Indians have long known that they could communicate with the spirits of the so-called dead. They have prophets among them who have the God-given power of seeing, hearing and talking to those of their friends who have passed on to the higher-life. For the white people to deny this they must deny the truth of the bible. The Dakotas never transact any business of any importance without first consulting with the Great Spirit through their guardian spirits. To do this the head chiefs and the holy or "medicine men," as we call them, gather in the Ghost Lodge—which is a tepee built and kept for that use alone—the same as we dedicate a building to be used as a church, or masonic hall, or any special purpose. They gather there and sit in a circle; singing songs of praise and offering prayers to the Great Spirit to guide them in their ways. These medicine men being mediums, some one is usually soon controlled to speak—the same as the Quakers, when the spirit moves them they speak. They are mostly clairvoyant and clairaudient—speaking the thoughts that are transferred to their minds. After one has spoken, he sits down, and another is controlled. So they sit for hours and sometimes for days before they fully decide what course to pursue. Many suppose that Indians get excited quickly; but such is not the case. They are the slowest people to "get mad" I ever saw, and the slowest to get over it! There is no more to the Indian ghost-dance than there is to a Quaker-meeting. They hold these meetings sometimes every day, sometimes every week. The holy men will go to the Ghost Lodge, get controlled by their spirit-guides, and answer questions at any time.

The report that some Messiah was among them would be to them as if Mrs. Ada Foye, Moses Hull, W. J. Colville, or some noted medium should come here: we would all turn out to hear what they had to say. The stories fabricated about the uprising of the Indians to retake their territory and kill the whites embody one of the largest newspaper "scares" ever published. The Indians have too much sense; they never dreamed of such a thing; they are peacefully and law-abiding people, and clothing except what the government gives them, and the same as to rations. When the white people look at it rightly—the idea of an Indian outbreak of this character is too absurd to give it a moment's thought.

"Spotted Tail" once said to me: "Father, when you deal with a full-blooded Dakota, you will always find his word good; but if you deal with a half-breed, you will find it bad—they are great liars, they are like bald-headed white men."

So it is with those who are bringing in reports against the Indians. The half-breeds know they can make money by inventing stories to please the reporters of newspapers. I used to take the Chicago papers to know about the uprisings of the agency. We never heard of them at home! To be sure, the Indians, like white people, have amusements and dances in which they have much fun; but the ghost and sun-dance are religious meetings, and should be so respected.

Portland, Ore.

## Banner Correspondence.

### District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—Robert A. Dimmock, 1220 T street, N. W., writes: "I desire to be placed in communication with magnetic healers and good medical clairvoyants of known reliability who may wish to act in connection with a Psychological Institute near Philadelphia as soon after the 1st of January as possible, for the special and sole purpose of treating the insane. We shall endeavor to enlist a large number of the physicians throughout the country in sending to us the patients whom we believe susceptible to psychological treatment, and to secure a sufficient number of these during the coming year in order to make a contrast with the insane asylums having the most favorable record, and exemplify the fact which has been presented to us by experience, as well as observation and investigation, that insanity may be cured in a very large number of the cases where the subjects are under the present system doomed to a life of misery and idleness, without profit to the world or themselves."

We have confidence that in one year's time we can bring to the notice of every legislator in the country such facts to prove the correctness of our theory, that they will almost entirely agree with us that the many millions of dollars now annually appropriated for the maintenance of the insane can more consistently be applied to the restoration and permanent cure of this class, who can in no wise excuse any judgment toward relieving themselves, but are dependent entirely on the redemptive notions that have come to us through the ages and the opinions of medical men who have never given any special attention to the causes and the most potential remedy for a restoration to the normal condition.

There is no speculation in the theory proposed for a rational treatment of this unfortunate class. It is based wholly on careful investigation and personal experience, which has demonstrated successful results in all cases within our knowledge where it has been applied. But the isolated instances where cures have been effected have not been sufficient in number to satisfy the skeptical public, and to effect our object we propose to operate in a practical business way, and secure a goodly number of patients for one year, and then placing the results in contrast with the records of the Lunatic Asylums, with full confidence that we shall in this manner be enabled to revolutionize the present methods of dealing with the insane.

We shall require the cooperation of the best talent or ability that can be obtained, and it is for this purpose we are solicitous of entering into correspondence with good medical clairvoyants and magnetic healers of first-class mental and physical equilibrium who may be desirous of cooperating with us under a stated salary, or participation in the business of the Institute, which will be started under auspices most favorable, and we believe will be the commencement of one of the grandest reforms of the present century.

In addition to the opinions of many physicians, who fully endorse our plans, we are pleased to quote Dr. J. M. Peebles, Prof. Peck and others, well known, whose opinions are of the greatest weight, and all express their hearty approval, and with a promise to lend their cooperation as far as their ability will allow.

Those who would care to enter into arrangements with us, as operators of either of the classes named, are invited to confer with the writer, stating their experience and qualifications.

### Massachusetts.

SOUTH EASTON.—N. W. Perry writes: "It having been my custom for the last eight years to meet my spirit-friends in their temporary materialized forms once or twice each year at the séances of Mrs. W. H. Allen, 464 Washington street, Providence, R. I., I availed myself of that privilege the 9th ult."

I met there some twenty ladies and gentlemen on the same errand as my own; among them was Mr. A. L. Hatch, father of Miss Lizzie Florence Hatch, well known at many of the materializing séances of the country. Mr. H. is a highly intelligent, genial, social gentleman, having had great experience with the different phases of spirit phenomena. He is located for the winter in Providence, where he has, to him, the inestimable privilege of meeting with his dear wife, daughter and son in the séance room each week. The reunion of loving hearts at such times is very affecting to witness, and although Mr. H. earnestly desires to depart and be with his family on the bright eternal shore, they tell him he must wait a little longer, as his work in the mortal is not yet done.

The circle was very harmonious, and the manifestations satisfactory to all, every one present being favored by visits from their spirit-friends, my own dear wife, two daughters and son appearing in their usual familiar way.

### Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS.—Cortland Ball writes: "It gives me a great deal of pleasure to say to the readers of the glorious BANNER OF LIGHT that the Spiritualists of Indianapolis have been treated to a grand intellectual feast during the month that has just closed. And I am glad to say, not in the spirit of adulation but in language clothed in the royal garb of truth, that one of the brightest lights upon the spiritual rostrum to day is Willard J. Hull of Buffalo, N. Y., the brave and eloquent expounder of our beautiful soul-lifting philosophy, who has just left our Society, after filling his engagement for the month, to the full satisfaction of all."

The Indianapolis Association of Spiritualists, under its present management, is doing a noble work in spreading the truth of immortality. Meetings are held every Sunday morning and evening in Lorraine Hall, corner of West Washington and Tennessee streets. Usually, after the evening lecture, tests are given by some of our local mediums. Mrs. M. C. Jacob, Miss Lotie Greenwood and Hugh Moore, independent slate-writing mediums, have given remarkable demonstrations, showing the power our dear departed ones possess, and able to use in producing manifestations startling and convincing to the skeptic.

Sociables are held every Wednesday evening at the home of some member of our Society. These meetings bring all in closer contact with each other, and are the means of doing much good.

Mrs. Luther, the well known platform speaker, will be with us during the month of December.

### New York.

WATERTOWN.—Abel Davis, President, Mrs. Abel Davis and others, Trustees, and E. D. Moore, Secretary of the Spiritualist Society, write Nov. 30th: "Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham of Boston, Mass., has just completed a most successful engagement here of four weeks, and now goes to other fields of labor, for like all our best speakers, her time seems to be fully employed. Her audiences have been good from the first; they constantly increased in numbers and great interest was manifested. Mrs. Burnham is an excellent speaker, and so far as our experience goes, we know of none superior as a test medium; to this it may be

added that she has the manners of a perfect lady, and is refined and courteous in the highest degree. The best wishes of our Society go with her, and we hope that at no distant day her engagements will permit her to give us at least another month's time."

### Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE.—W. Ruby writes: "The First Spiritual Church meets every Sunday at 3 and 7 1/2 p. m. in Euclid Hall, Jefferson, between 6th and 7th streets. The evening meetings are well attended by honest seekers for light and truth. Geo. Helms and Miss Lizzie Bailey are our lecturers and mediums at present, and have been for years, with good results."

The last two Sundays in January, 1892, Moses Hull, the well-known and honored speaker, will occupy the rostrum, and Dr. Schlesinger, the excellent test medium, will give free scope to the exercise of his spiritual gifts."

[Bro. Ruby, can't you endeavor to circulate THE BANNER in your locality? We will forward to your address as many copies as you may desire for gratuitous circulation.—En. B. OF L.]

"You've frozen your ears." is a common remark. Bathe in Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

[From the N. Y. Truth Seeker.]

In Re Abraham Lincoln and Spiritualism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTHSEEKER.—Sir:

Your correspondent, H. Wettstein, writing from Marengo, Ill., in his effort to stab Spiritualism, under the head "Lincoln Not a Spiritualist," starts with the truth when he declares that "Colonel Bundy concocted the latest scheme, with the notorious Miss Colburn Maynard, to draw the easily gullible into the Spiritualist fold, said scheme being embodied in a book recently published by them relating how Lincoln became converted to their doctrine." "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" The truth is, Colonel Bundy was in no wise concerned in bringing out the work, had no interest in it as a business venture, and therefore "concocted" no scheme to gull the public. The work was projected by Mrs. Maynard, residing at White Plains, N. Y., and while it was in preparation she was casting about how to publish it, being limited by the fact that the matter came to the knowledge of Mr. Rufus C. Hartman, a reputable gentleman and publisher of Philadelphia. He was not a Spiritualist, and as such did not seek an interview with Mrs. Maynard. He believed the work would be a proper business enterprise to publish, and with an eye to business alone sought the authoress. He at once decided to undertake the publication, if the details should prove reliable, and forthwith began his investigations. After a thorough examination of the facts as related by Mrs. Maynard, and a consultation with numerous parties, he was satisfied the work was reliable, and took measures to bring it out, and has done so, John C. Bundy having no more to do with it than the man in the moon. These are the facts as to the publication of the work, so different from the statement of H. Wettstein, that I think he was maliciously false or most woefully ignorant.

Again, he characterizes the authoress as the "notorious Miss Colburn Maynard," by this means apparently hoping to blacken the character of Mrs. Maynard and create a prejudice against her in the public mind. "Notorious," as used in this connection, is a sinister, slimy epithet, evidence of a cowardly, dastardly spirit. How is Mrs. Maynard "notorious"? If she was what the user of the same would have the reader imply, why did he not manfully and squarely give us the facts which made her "notorious"? No; this he did not do, for he had nothing which could in the least compromise her character. I became acquainted with Mrs. Maynard before her marriage, some twenty-five or more years ago, and was then impressed by her personality. She was a lady in the best sense of the word, and I am sure that with the lapse of years she has lost none of the characteristics of a lady. I have not seen her for some years, but I have known of her through friends, some of whom saw her in Washington when giving sittings to President Lincoln. She has been an invalid fifteen years; for three years she has been confined to her bed through a rheumatic affection, suffering severe pains, excruciating in a high degree. And she is "notorious"? What shall be said of a man who will stab a woman like Mrs. Maynard, not openly and bravely, but sneakily by insinuation? I might cite any amount of testimony from ladies and gentlemen of repute touching the character and reputation of Mrs. Maynard, but it will be unnecessary; besides, it would unduly lengthen this article. I will, however, note what the family physician says. He stated that he knew Mrs. Maynard, and had attended her about fifteen years; that she is now a hopeless invalid, has been confined to her bed nearly three years, and cannot possibly recover; that during his experience and contact with her he has always found her to be an exemplary woman, but possessed of a peculiar organism and sensitiveness of condition, and likewise of some peculiar power or magnetism, which, to say the least, was unexplainable, and that nothing within the science of medicine could clearly explain her psychic condition—or briefly, in commonplace words: "We confess there is something about Mrs. Maynard that we do not understand; we, however, believe her to be a thorough Christian woman of irreproachable character and antecedents."

Appended to the letter of Mr. Wettstein is an article from the Chicago News, a letter from a Washington correspondent, attempting to impugn the verity of Mrs. Maynard's book, in an interview with Mr. J. C. Nicolay, private secretary to President Lincoln. Nicolay is nothing positive in spirit, the correspondent puts into the mouth of Mr. Nicolay. It is all I don't know, I don't believe things were so testimoniously utterly negative, which would be ruled out in court instantly. On the other hand there are scores who know the truth of the facts detailed by Mrs. Maynard. Mr. Hartman sifted the whole matter most thoroughly before becoming the publisher. He knew the book was absolutely true, and governed himself accordingly. I might quote attestations by the scores that I will leave the matter in the hands of the public, as the book has been issued, and whoever wishes can examine that and learn all the facts.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR., Providence, R. I., 1891.

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### AT FIRST.

If I should fall asleep one day,  
All overgrown,  
And should my spirit, from the clay,  
Go dreaming out the heavenward way,  
Or thence be softly borne,  
I pray you, angels, do not first  
A small misdeed  
With that thin veil of meanness  
"Behold, the bonds of death are burst!"  
Lest I should faint with fear.  
But let some happy bird, at hand,  
The silence break:  
So shall I dimly understand  
That dawn has touched a blossoming land,  
And sigh myself awake.  
From that deep rest emerging so,  
To lift the head  
And see the bath-dew's bell of snow,  
The pink arbutus, and the low  
Spring beauty streaked with red,  
Will all suffice. No other where  
Impelled to roam,  
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,  
Will, smiling, pause of me awhile,  
And murmur, "Welcome home!"  
So sweetly greeted I shall rise  
To kiss her cheek;  
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,  
As one familiar with the skies,  
Who finds and need not seek.  
—Amanda T. Jones, in the Christmas Century.

The loss of flesh is a trifle.  
You think you need not mind it.

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Oct. 10. 13w

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H. G. ROOT, M. D., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

Nov. 28. 26w

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

Hereditary Crime.

The idiosyncrasies of mankind (which includes womankind) are proverbial. One has only to run over the *Encyclopedia Britannica* to prove this fact. It was so in ancient times. It is so in modern times. These multiplicities of *idios* frequently crop out in various directions. They are of human origin. Not divine. It has been recorded that "what is born in the bone must come out in the flesh." A literal fact. All ages are its evidence. This is why St. Paul taught charity; and yet he was more or less a bigot, but a very liberal one, as he was a born spiritual medium! Just peruse the twenty-second chapter of the 2d Corinthians on "spiritual gifts," wherein the spirits spoken in unknown tongues, and healed the sick by the "laying on of hands"—as Jesus the Christ did—"but by the same spirit," meaning evidently the healthy organism of the human medium—and we have thereby a direct clue to Modern Spiritualism. The mediums of to-day, many of them, possess similar power, and are doing great good.

Why we say these things, so apparent to earth's people just now who are of earth earthy, is because we believe in the laws of heredity. The recent Coy murder is a case in point. His ancestors were said to be ignorant, low-minded people. How could such elements propagate healthy, morally-inclined progeny?

The Universe is governed by immaculate laws, and if the law physical and the law spiritual are impinged in the slightest degree, the inevitable results must be adverse to humanity, and cause of the ill we suffer. War and anarchy result. The late terrible catastrophe in New York City, in which Russell Sage, the millionaire, came near losing his life, while several other persons within the building were killed, and others badly wounded, was unquestionably the result of the disobedience of the law of heredity. The fellow—denominated a "crank"—was only a specimen of the abuse of the divine law of procreation; and when the time became ripe for him to exercise the infernalism born in him, not having the faculty of gaining an honest living, he resorted to the use of dynamite to raise the wind. But after he found he could not induce Mr. Sage to furnish him the funds he demanded, he worked himself up to that fanatical condition wherein he himself was willing to be blown into eternity when he found he could not instantly carry out his evidently premeditated scheme!

There are many more just such badly-born characters in our midst, and the people at large are admonished to be continually on their guard, or even greater disasters will shock the world. All the community can do is to seize these wild beasts the moment they show their claws, by speech or otherwise, and put them where they can do no harm. We pity them, because their ancestors are the guilty ones; yet, as wild beasts, they must be caged. Wendell Phillips long ago warned the people of New York that the time was not remote when the Fifth Avenue palaces would be sacked did not the public establish a more moral status. He evidently foresaw that the people were so greedy to accumulate wealth and position that they nearly or quite ignored the precepts of morality. Having accomplished their end and aim, many of them, they are now reaping disaster in many ways.

Jesus taught the law of evolution. Modern Spiritualists teach the same. He inculcated the law of love instead of the Mosaic law of hate. Spiritualists teach the same, but some of them practice the reverse, we are sorry to say. We hope they will speedily reform; but we do not expect to live in the physical form long enough to see this harmonious law universally adopted. Yet that it will be at some future time we have no doubt.

Julia A. Cummings, West Townsend, Mass., writes: "I wish to verify a message given Oct. 10th in the BANNER OF LIGHT, from Spirit Orlando Bruce, a dear relative. The communication concerning his business life is correct in every particular. I was much pleased on reading it, and hope he will communicate again."

Read good little Jennie Collins's message on our sixth page, as well as Charles H. Foster's. They both clearly show their individuality.

A Crematory in Boston.

We have before spoken in emphatic terms in favor of cremation, and particularly in endorsement of the New England Cremation Society, and its President, John Storor Cobb, to whose published address on the subject we made copious reference. It now appears that there is a strong probability of Boston's having a crematory. Mr. Cobb is about to organize and incorporate an association for building it. The estimated cost is \$25,000, which he will set about raising as soon as the company is formed. There are many advocates of cremation right here, but at present there is no crematory in New England, and when cremation is desired resort must be had to that in Troy, N. Y., or on Long Island.

At the International Congress of Hygiene held in London in August last, Sir Henry Thomson read an exhaustive paper on the disposal of the dead, taking positive ground for cremation. He said, among other things, "A long experience has demonstrated that all methods of dealing with the dead body, which have for their object its conservation entire, when charged with infectious elements, permit these to be disseminated; and they have often occasioned fresh outbreaks, especially in periods of epidemic visitation. In a densely populated country this system presents perhaps the most formidable social health problem the sanitarium has to encounter."

Cremation is more the custom in Italy than in any other country. Even the officials of the church do not oppose it. Italy has legalized the practice. One of the finest crematories in England is the one at Woking, in Surrey. The finest one in this country is that at Troy, N. Y., to which many bodies are sent for disposal from New England. It was built by William Earl as a memorial to his son. It cost over \$200,000, and is located in a beautiful cemetery. The process of incineration occupies but an hour and a half, and no coffin envelope for the body is used.

The New York Cremation Society was the first one started in the United States, and by Mr. Cobb himself, who is now the president of the New England Society. That was ten years ago. Since that time a new society has been formed for the purpose of erecting the crematory on Long Island. A number of bodies from Boston and vicinity are sent to this crematory. Cremation has been legalized in Massachusetts for some years. Any five or more persons may associate for the purpose of providing the necessary appliances for the incineration of the dead. The location of a crematory is subject to the approval of the State board of health.

Cremation societies, numbering scores, are in existence all over Europe, and they have their adherents by thousands. President Cobb anticipates success with his Boston scheme in a reasonable time. With a crematory in Boston, he thinks there will be a steady increase in the number of converts to this method of disposing of the dead. A large number of our well known citizens, clergymen and professional men, favor cremation for every known reason. We do not hesitate to openly avow our personal preference for the process after death, and shall enroll our name with the rest of those who are to constitute the Boston Society. It is time a movement of this kind was begun here, in view not only of the number and character of its adherents, but of educational effects on the public mind which the establishment of a crematory here would undeniably have.

It would be of no particular profit to scan the literature of the subject, interesting as that is. The real and immediate question is the sanitary one: that of the one and only safe disposal of the dead. As Sir Henry Thomson said in the paper already referred to, "You open wide the door for the escape of infection when you bury the body in a perishable envelope." Dr. J. Comyns Leach, in a paper read before the Popular Scientific Society in London, says it is possible for the very worms which work their way through a piece of infected ground to bring to the surface the spores or germs of disease. It is something horrible to contemplate, he added, that not only a spadeful of earth but a piece of brick can contain lurking organisms of possible danger. A case of smallpox in San Francisco was directly traced to decaying work.

We look to see a crematory built in Boston in the near future, and shall lend it all aid in our power as a sanitary measure.

Impostor Starr.

The Citizen of Winsted, Ct., in its issue of Nov. 21st, at the request of one of its readers, Mr. E. B. Parsons, forestalls "Prof. Starr's" harvest of dimes and dollars he expected to gather in that locality by publishing a thorough setting-forth of that pretender to moral sanctity and protector of the people's rights, as given in the BANNER OF LIGHT some time since.

We trust it may have the effect of guarding those who see it against the gross impositions of the self-styled "Prof." If Spiritualists in all places he visits would induce their local papers to do the same fair and honorable thing the *Evening Citizen* of Winsted has done, prior to or during his visit, the light of that Starr would be considerably dimmed, if not entirely obscured.

Encouraging Words.

We don't know as our generous patron, Bro. Henry Perry, would like to have his kind letter to us, in renewing his subscription to THE BANNER, printed in its columns; but we feel strongly impressed to let it go in, as an inducement to others to follow his praiseworthy example.

Inclosed find three dollars for renewal of THE BANNER for one year, which seems to me little enough for a paper that is doing such a grand and effective work in the new gospel of light and truth. I hope it is not too much to expect and ask that all liberal-minded people, and especially Spiritualists, will consider it a pleasant duty to aid in the work of civil and religious liberty. May all good angels ever watch and guard you, is the earnest wish of an old subscriber, Danbury, Ct., Dec. 4th, 1891. HENRY PERRY.

One of our Washington correspondents writes: "I read your late editorial on 'Organization,' and thought you were about right. The Spiritualists are not cohesive enough in the first place, nor harmonious enough in the second place, to comprehensively organize on any fundamental basis as yet; and it doesn't look as though they would be for a long time to come." You are quite right.

Abby N. Burnham spoke in Norwich, N. Y., Nov. 20th, 21st and 22d to crowded houses. The *Morning Sun* of that place alluded to her lectures in terms of highest praise. Her permanent address is Boston, Mass., Station A.

The "Heathen" at Our Doors.

There are ten thousand children in the single city of Chicago who cannot attend the public schools because they are without proper clothing. Ten thousand American children growing up to be voters and the mothers of voters who are denied the privilege of education and held in semi-barbarism through the want of a few decent rags to hide their nakedness!

We commend this spectacle, says the *Washington Star*, to the prayerful consideration of the pious gentlemen and ladies who are worrying their excellent minds over the Chinese, the Hindus, and the Fijis. While they bewail what they term the lost condition of heathen people, who live in a fair degree of physical comfort, who have religions that satisfy them, and who do not ask to be converted or otherwise annoyed, thousands of children here at home, who are Christians by inheritance and environment, and who have no hope, temporal or spiritual, save in civilization, are allowed to sink into hopeless degradation. In hundreds of our cities, annually, conventions assemble or congregations gather together to hear the report of the mission at Booriboolah-Gha, and to rejoice over the alleged conversion of one fictitious native. In thousands of pulpits within the borders of this enlightened land, reverend gentlemen arise from time to time and exhort their hearers to contribute money to support missionaries among peoples who do not want or need them. How much good might be done if all this eloquence and endeavor and wealth were employed at home it is impossible to conjecture, even approximately, but that all of it should be so employed, as long as squalor and barbarism and degradation fester in the shadows of our own churches, there can be no sort of doubt.

It would be much better, continues the writer, for the cause of morality and religion if the piously-disposed of the earth were to devote themselves to their next-door neighbors and let the outside world alone. It would look more like genuine Samaritanism if we gave more thought to the stricken and the forlorn who languish at our very doors, and squandered fewer tears over the condition of those who are contented with what they have, and do not ask for our interference. It seems a mockery to lament the fate of the South Sea Islanders while Christians are starving within call of our comfortable homes—almost a crime to thrust our ministrations upon unwilling foreigners whilst our nearest neighbors are crying to us for help!

Crisp Facts.

To-day an honest man is of no account. His philanthropy is seized upon by the avaricious to beat him out of his honest earnings. Religious (?) arguments and spiritual (?) truths are brought to bear on the honest man to rob him. The all-in-all of such people is to get money—to get it honestly, according to their ideas, if possible; but at any rate to get it! These people the while inculcate with their lips the strictest morality, and assume in their hearts that the end justifies the means. Finally they are looked up to because they have a competency, which they have accumulated by their cunning selfishness.

Will such people have a heavenly home in the Great Beyond? By no means. The Recording Angel will bid them disrobe themselves of the garments they have wrapped around their souls in the earth-life, which it will take hundreds of years to accomplish. Do even Spiritualists recognize this fact? Many of them teach beautiful truths, but do they always practice what they preach? We fear not. Do the Creedists who inculcate virtue always practice it? We fear not. Does the money grabber think he can go on, under human-made laws, swindling the poor without retribution? Sooner or later, if not in the mundane sphere of life, in the life beyond he will have to pay back every farthing that he has accumulated through what he denominates his tricky shrewdness. Divine Justice is no myth. Every act, every thought and every aspiration is registered in the immortal world, and we will inevitably come unto him who has misused his talents in the earthly life.

A Warning to Be Heeded.

*Galignani's Messenger* indulges in the painful reflection, on a perusal of the official report of the population of France in 1890, that besides a decrease of marriages and consequently of legitimate births, there is a sensible reduction in the number of legitimate children. Coupling this fact with the other one, that the death rate grows apace, it thinks that even the thoughtless must be forced to ponder. The census shows that the birth rate declines—while the death rate increases from year to year. It says it is impossible to read the statistics without a shudder.

Inquiring into the causes of this fatal disease, it explains that one has but to read the French journals to see that immorality is being carried to quite unusual lengths in all circles of society. Neither youth nor age is proof against the general corruption.

Divorce, too, is becoming more common, the number of cases rising from 4,793 in 1889 to 5,457 in 1890. The sanctity of the domestic hearth—the home—is one of the greatest safeguards of the State; and anything which weakens the one must wreck the other. Unfortunately a disinclination to matrimony is being evinced by the youth of France, and it is to the terrible spread of immoral literature that the mischief is to be ascribed. Pollute the mind and you corrupt the heart. If a country would maintain its greatness, it must promote by every means at its command the purity, the integrity, and the indissolubility of family life.

According to a new "weather prophet," we New Englanders, who have n't had a bit of snow to date, are to have an extraordinary snow-storm about the last of January; and further, he asseverates that the cold wave will be so intense that Long Island Sound will freeze over, which will include Boston harbor!

F. A. A. Heath is open for engagements for day and evening reporting. Societies desiring his services should communicate with him at once; also, solicits auditing or examining books, stenographic writing, or any work which an expert book-keeper or stenographer can perform. Address 18 Dover Street, Boston.

We are authorized to state that Mrs. Mary C. Lyman will give a lecture Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week at 6 James street, Boston, until further notice. She would also invite correspondence with Societies in close proximity with the city for Sunday engagements.

Thibet and the Mahatmas.

The difficulties in the way of obtaining any knowledge of the religious beliefs, forms and ceremonies of the people inhabiting the fastnesses of the Himalayan Mountains, and yet greater of establishing any degree of familiarity with their priests, may be learned from statements made by Mr. Wm. Woodville Rockhill in his new and interesting book, "The Land of the Lamas," recently published in England.

Mr. Rockhill had long desired to explore Thibet, and with the intention of doing so he learned the Chinese language. That, however, was not enough. He must learn the language of Thibet also. But so suspicious were the natives he met that none would teach him. At last he gained the friendship of an intelligent lama from Lhassa, and with this personage the explorer spent four years in studying Thibetan, devoting also some time to perfecting his knowledge of Chinese. Thus equipped, Mr. Rockhill dressed himself in the garb of a Chinaman, and accomplished his difficult task fairly well.

When at the Lamaysay (Thibetan Monastery) of Serkuk he told the inmates of "our esoteric Buddhists, the Mahatmas, and the wonderful doctrines which they claimed to have obtained from Thibet. They were immensely amused. They declared that though in ancient times there were, doubtless, saints and sages who could perform some of the miracles now claimed by the Esoterists, none were living at the present day, and they looked upon this school as rankly heretical, and something approaching to an imposition on our credulity."

Margaret Fox-Kane Donation Fund.

Colby & Rich, Boston, \$5.00; Mrs. Carrie Grimes Foster, 5.00; A. Friend, Boston, 1.00; F. J. Lippitt, 1.00; Geo. A. Shultz, 1.00; I. W. Russell, 2.00; C. F. Whitaker, 1.00; Mrs. A. Crane, 1.00; Maranock, 1.00; Columbus Wells, 1.00; Mrs. H. D. Cook, 2.00; A. Friend, Cleveland, Ohio, 5.00; Mary D. Bell, 1.50; A. H. Nicholas, 1.00; Eben Owen, 1.25; M. T. L., 1.00; F. T. M., 1.00; A. Farnsworth, 1.00; Samuel Robinson, 50 cents; M. H. Warren, 2.00; C. P. Cram, 1.00; R. E. Barrows, 2.50; Benj. Cross, 1.00; R. C. Hartman, 2.00; Geo. A. Bacon, 1.00; A. Friend, 1.00; Dr. Hale, Boston, 1.00; Mrs. D. W. Johnson, 5.00; Friend, 1.00; Mrs. J. A. Chapman, 1.00; Friend, 1.00; E. R. Painter, 1.00; H. W. Lincoln, 1.00; Nathaniel Freeman, 1.00; Robert Barstow, 1.00; Mrs. Almira McLaughlin, 1.25; E. M. Winslow, 1.00; R. Francis, 50 cents; C. C. Cary, 1.00; Friend Peconic, 50 cents; J. E. H., 1.00; M. P. Walker, 2.50; T. B. K. Dover, N. H., 1.50; H. C. Whiting, 50 cents; Fred'k Dauer, 50 cents; Jas. Wilson, 1.00; O. E. L., 1.00; J. W. Holmes, 2.00.

The amounts previously received from those who have felt it their duty to alleviate the present distress and place the recipient, Mrs. Kane, above want, have been forwarded to H. J. Newton, Esq., of New York City, to disburse according to his best judgment, which he and Mrs. Newton are already doing, for which favor they are cordially thanked.

Let the good work go on, friends. More funds are needed in this particular case, to "keep the wolf from the door."

Child Found by Spirit Direction.

Reference lately made to one of the best mediums of the early days of Modern Spiritualism, Mr. J. B. Conklin of New York City, recalls to mind the following incident in his experience:

In November, 1862, Mr. Conklin received at his rooms, 477 Broadway, the visit of an Irish woman who was in much distress at having lost her little boy, who had strayed away in the street and could not be found. The spirits, through Mr. Conklin, requested her to describe the child to the medium accurately, mentioning where she had last seen him, and they promised to endeavor to trace him and give her an answer on a subsequent day. At the time appointed the woman again came, but the spirits were not yet able to report, and requested her to come at a certain hour on the next day. At the hour specified the woman arrived, and the spirits wrote by Mr. C.'s hand, instructing her to go quickly to the foot of a certain street on the North River, and search aboard a certain vessel, promising that she should there find her child. The woman hastily departed, and shortly returned with her boy, whom she had found precisely as the spirits had indicated, she having arrived just in time to receive him before the vessel, on which he had taken refuge, sailed from the wharf.

A correspondent writing from Hartford, Ct., Dec. 6th, 1891, says: "There seems to be an increasing interest in the Cause here. Our meetings for the past ten weeks have been supplied by home talent, consisting of Mrs. Storrs, Mrs. Dowd, Mr. and Mrs. Merriam, Dr. A. H. Bullard and W. D. S. Hayward, with the variety of gifts that each possesses. Next Sunday, Dec. 13th, we are to have Mrs. Clara Banks of Haydensville again." Go ahead, friends, and dispose of all THE BANNERS you can.

A terrible storm is raging (Dec. 7th) off the English coast and all along the French coast, with much loss of life.

The Spiritual Lyceum Association of Boston elected the following Board of Officers for the ensuing year at its regular meeting Tuesday, Dec. 1st, viz.: Dr. J. B. Shelhamer, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Vice President; Charles Wood, Treasurer; Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, Secretary; William F. Falls, Lyceum Conductor; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Assistant Conductor; Mrs. C. L. Hatch, Guardian; Mrs. Wm. S. Butler, Assistant Guardian; Mrs. Wood, Miss Corbett, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Hand, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Blodgett, Mrs. Burroughs, Mrs. Langley and Mrs. Hatch, Sen. Leaders; Mr. Toothaker and Mr. Bird, Guards.

We are pleased to learn that the Spiritualist Lyceum is in the full tide of success, both financially and spiritually. Colby & Rich for several years assisted the Children's Lyceum—then known as the "Shawmut Lyceum"—to the amount of several hundred dollars; and they are now well pleased to know the present Association is in a flourishing condition. It is a grand idea to teach the children a knowledge of the life to come, and the duties of life here.

A lengthy review of the late Lyceum Fair in this city, prepared by Mrs. M. T. Longley, will appear in our next issue.

A Useful Holiday Gift to a friend, as well as a fine contribution to the musical repertoire of the family circle, is a copy of O. P. Longley's choice collection of songs, entitled "Rebuses from an Angel's Lyre." This book is well bound in boards, with a handsome lithographic cover, is sheet music size, and printed on fine paper. It retails at one dollar per copy, with ten cents extra for postage when sent by mail. To each purchaser of this book the author will present a copy of one of his popular thirty-cent songs, with music, selections of which may be made from our list. Orders filed by Colby & Rich.

Our foreign correspondent, Mr. Henry Lacroix, writing from Paris under date of Nov. 20th, says: "I am to spend the winter here; have just returned from a two months' trip to Italy, Greece and Turkey, returning by sea to Marseilles. I will start anew for the East in the spring, and collect many bits of information for your readers. I will soon send you sketches of what I have seen in my late travels by land and sea."

In Cleveland, O., the Spiritual Pioneer Truth Society resumed its meetings Sunday, Nov. 15th, after a suspension necessitated by the illness of Mrs. Nellie M. Smith, who, for nearly two years, has ably filled the position of inspirational speaker and test medium on its platform.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

OWING TO THE FRONT.

The summer girl at Maranock Long since from there hath fled; The color of her cheeks is none— But her nose is cherry red.

Two well-dressed strangers entered Fahy's bank at Marion, O., and while one engaged the cashier in conversation, the other reached through the railing and grabbed a tray containing \$1000.

One of the most thoroughly satisfactory compromises, when you are in doubt as to the choice of a Christmas gift to a friend, is a nice umbrella. Won't somebody we wot of take the hint?

"There is a man in our town, and he is wondrous wise; when he writes or speaks he writes or speaks his 'I's.' And when he is dotted all of them, with great *sans froid* and ease, he punctuates each paragraph and crosses all his 'I's.' Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his 'I's' away; and from the man of ink and smile, and mark 'insert' receives. And when a question he doth ask (taught wisely he hath been), he doth the goodly penny stamp, for postage back, put in."

We recently found the above truism floating on the seas of literature; read it and heed it.

The willows wept that the summer was dead As they shook in the bleak autumn air, And the maples all blushed a rosy red At the thought of their time being bare. And this is from *Harper's Bazar*!

The good deeds that men do live after them, 'tis true, but would it not be as well to let our benefactors know that they are appreciated in life?

This is the kind of weather when the grip stalks abroad seeking whom it can attack. We are well satisfied of this fact just now, says Barkus.

The Sawtell murder case is drawing its slow length along. The end is not yet—the rope's end.

SHE FADED IN AIR.—TIPTON, IND., Nov. 24th.—A few days since, while Johnson Storer, a saloonist, was sitting at his place of business, in conversation with two citizens, the door opened, and glancing toward the door the men saw a woman enter. She was dressed in black and wore a heavy veil. Mr. Storer, thinking the lady had called on a matter of business, arose from his chair and advanced to meet her, but she suddenly faded away, vanishing in the very atmosphere. At the time of the appearance of the strange apparition the men were talking politics, and their thoughts were entirely foreign to anything supernatural; hence, they are satisfied it was not imagination. They heard the woman's footsteps, saw her haggard face and bony fingers. Neither of the men can explain the strange phenomenon, says the telegram. No doubt it was a case of spirit materialization.

I cannot feel that thou art far, Since near at need the angels are; And when the sunset gates unbar, Shall I not see thee smiling stand, And, white against the evening star, The welcome of thy beckoning hand? —J. G. Whittier.

The Boston Algonquin Club bay-window case has gone against the window—a somewhat painful proceeding.

Last week Thursday was a day of terror in Colima, Mex. Between 4 and 5:30 P. M. the volcano of Colima was in a state of violent eruption, and, beginning at 8 o'clock and lasting an hour, a heavy shower of ashes fell.

There may be a great deal that is bad in amateur athletics, but the present interest in games and competitions certainly promises great things for the future of the race. The excesses are going to be modified and deficiencies leveled up, it is said.

A beautiful public drinking fountain, constructed of polished Scotch granite (red), has been presented to Ansonia, Ct., by Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes of New York as a memorial to Anna Sewall, the author of that remarkable book, "Black Beauty," of which six hundred thousand copies have been sold the last two years, and translations made into French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Arabic, Japanese and Volapuk.

If not to possess a parlor lamp worth \$160, or a single dozen of desert plates worth \$240, or a pair of vases worth \$600, it is interesting to inspect such rare productions as may be seen in the Art Pottery Rooms of Jones, McDufee & Stratton, whose stock is adapted to the million and the millionaire.

If your lung trouble is of serofulous origin, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will cure you.

The Helping Hand Society.

MR. EDITOR: I had learned that the Helping Hand Society was to inaugurate its six o'clock supper for the season with a "Butterfly Tea," on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 2d, so curiously led me there to see what a Butterfly Tea really is. At 6:10 the Secretary announced to the many guests present that the Tea was ready to be served, and invited them to walk down stairs. As I did not intend to lose anything that was to be had, I made a dash for the parlor apartment I never stepped into. It was charmingly pretty, with its light blue tinted walls, and clusters of electric lights overhead. In the center was a long table spread with seating for thirty-six; the table linen and dish were immaculate, and on each cup a dainty butterfly, that could be purchased for a penny, had alighted. Now, friends, do not think this tea was all butterflies—far from it; a most tempting menu had been prepared by its projectors, and as I have often heard and read, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," I am sure every one who partook of that tea will agree with me that ample proof was given of its being exceptionally good. Experience has taught me never to wait for a second table if I want to get anything to eat. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. I am sure every one who partook of that tea will agree with me that ample proof was given of its being exceptionally good. Experience has taught me never to wait for a second table if I want to get anything to eat. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. I am sure every one who partook of that tea will agree with me that ample proof was given of its being exceptionally good. Experience has taught me never to wait for a second table if I want to get anything to eat. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. 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## MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

**Lynn.**—The Spiritualist Fraternity held successful meetings last Sunday. In the afternoon Mrs. E. I. Hurd gave a short address, followed by some very excellent tests. In the evening Dr. Drisko gave an address full of good points, which was closely followed by the large audience present. Mrs. Hurd followed with readings from articles placed on the desk, and all were fully recognized.

The Fraternity will give Christmas dinners to those in indigent circumstances among Spiritualists and Liberals in Lynn. Any one knowing of such families in Lynn, please notify the Fraternity by letter, enclosing the name, address and number in the family. We wish to have all names reported on or before Monday, Dec. 21st. All donations of money, meat, poultry, pastry or suitable vegetables will be gratefully received. The Fraternity will send all articles to No. 11 Pleasant street. Money to be sent to any officer of the Fraternity. President, Mrs. E. I. Hurd, 60 Lynnfield street; Vice President, L. D. Milliken, 9 Lander street; Secretary, Mrs. E. B. Merrill, 83 Lonsdale street; Treasurer, Mr. J. H. Briggs, City Hall; Chairman of Meeting, Mr. T. J. Troy, Box 147, Lynn, Mass.

**Brookline.**—Our Society has been wonderfully favored by having the services of Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving three successive Sunday evenings. The large audiences of the season convened to listen to her. Her pleasing address, honesty of purpose and largeness of heart, together with her excellent, logical, sound logic, carried conviction to the hearts of all her hearers, each lecture being followed by one of "Ikarob" test séances, which were gratifying. This generous, noble hearted woman gave the Society two beautiful and interesting lectures, which were well summed up. Many grateful hearts "rise and call her blessed." Mrs. Tving has the best wishes of this Society for her own future prosperity and happiness; and may the undimmed zeal and courage in assisting and promoting the spiritualist cause, and the development of spiritualism, ever be hers to shed light and comfort to many sorrowing hearts. She leaves hosts of loving friends who will gladly welcome her return to us in a few short weeks.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving is always welcome, is our next lecturer, to be followed by other well known lecturers. Our hall is open every Sunday evening for lecturers until June 1st. Wednesday afternoon the ladies hold a meeting, followed by the evening by a lecture, séance or social. All are cordially invited to meet with us in our hall at the corner of Main and Crescent streets.

**Haverhill and Bradford.**—Mrs. R. Shepard Little was the speaker in Britton Hall last Sunday, addressing, as usual, intelligent and attentive audiences; in the evening the gathering was a great one. Her afternoon subject was "The Principles of Matter." The purpose of the lecture was to show the advance man is making to higher and higher elevations of dominion in the material universe, and also to a more thorough unfoldment in the spiritual realm. A poem followed the address.

In the evening her theme was "The Traditions of the Fathers," upon which she gave one of the most eloquent lectures ever given here. It descended to the depths of faith, belief and superstition, which are so much in the volume of tradition, exposing their fallacies and weaknesses. The address was followed by a poem, its subject being "The Advancing Wave," exceptionally fine in ideas and rendering.

The next two Sundays Josephine Jackson of South Framingham will occupy the platform, giving addresses and exercises in mediumship. E. P. H.

**Chelsea.**—Last Sunday at 3 p. m., Mrs. George Anderson occupied the platform and gave good tests of spirit return. At 7:30 Miss Mary B. Williams of Fall River opened the meetings with an invocation and short address, followed by Mrs. George Anderson with reading, after which Mrs. Mary Jones Gillett, the independent state writer, held a séance which was pronounced by all to be entirely satisfactory, some ten or twelve communications being written to people in the hall which were recognized. We had the largest audience of the season, which was unexpected by me after our season of Nov. 2nd.

Sunday, Dec. 13th, Miss Josephine Webster will be with us afternoon and evening. Mr. Anderson has severed his connection with the meetings, but is holding circles at his home. E. S. WELLS, Chairman.

**Newburyport.**—Sunday, Dec. 6th, the Spiritualists of Newburyport and vicinity had for their speaker Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham of Boston, in place of Miss Josephine Loring who was prevented from coming by severe illness. Mrs. Cunningham gave perfect satisfaction. The tests in the afternoon were of a very convincing nature.

In the evening remarks were followed by tests of children seeking parents with words of cheer. Mrs. Cunningham is to be with us on Dec. 27th.

Next Sunday Mrs. E. C. Kimball of Lawrence will be with us. F. H. F.

**Lynn.**—Edgar W. Emerson occupied the platform last Sunday afternoon and evening. He handled his subjects in a very able manner, holding his audience (which was larger than usual) in rapt silence. His tests and messages were recognized and being recognized. They were well received by Spiritualists, and a wonder to skeptics. The old Spiritualists after each meeting were congratulating him on his wonderful powers. He will be welcomed here on the 7th of February with a crowded house. Good music, as usual, by Mr. Churchill.

Next Sunday Mrs. R. S. Little will occupy the platform. Mrs. H. H. Lewis, Sec'y.

**New Bedford.**—Last Sunday Rev. S. L. Beal of Brookline occupied the platform of the First Spiritualist Society, giving at the afternoon meeting a discourse on "Happiness Here and Hereafter," demonstrating that in the construction of man the infinite and all-ruling power has given him positive assurance of a future existence. The evening address consisted of a relation of the personal experiences of the speaker, and why he left the Universal faith and became a Spiritualist. The recital was very interesting, and attentively listened to.

Next Sunday Mrs. Carrie F. Loring of East Braintree will be here. SEC'y.

**Worcester.**—Dec. 6th, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller occupied our platform. "Science and Immortality" formed a highly interesting subject for his evening discourse. Next Sunday Dr. Fuller will again address us.

Friday evening, Dec. 11th, an oyster supper and dance at Grange Hall. These affairs are for the benefit of the Worcester Association of Spiritualists. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

GEORGIA D. FULLER, Cor. Sec'y.

**Lawrence.**—Pythian Hall platform was occupied afternoon and evening, last Sunday, by the eloquent trance medium, Thos. Grimshaw, who, in an unconscious state, answered questions presented by the audience in a clear and spiritual light. Next Sunday he speaks in Malden, and the Sunday following in Fall River, Mass. F. S. E.

**Lowell.**—Mrs. C. Fannie Allen of Melrose occupied our rostrum to-day. She delighted good audiences with her eloquence and logic, also by her poems, extemporized upon subjects supplied by the audience.

Next Sunday (13th) Mrs. Nellie Burbeck of Plymouth, test medium, will be with us. E. PICKUP.

**Fall River.**—Sunday, Nov. 20th, Mrs. A. E. Cunningham was our speaker; and last Sunday Joseph D. Stiles; both gave much satisfaction. Mr. Stiles gave over one hundred and forty tests. He will be with us next Sunday. The following Sunday, Dec. 20th, Mrs. Nellie Holt-Harding will be our speaker, and warmly welcomed by her many friends. ANN HUBBERT.

**Greenfield.**—The Spiritualist Society is holding regular Sunday evening meetings. It has been my privilege to address them since November 8th. On Tuesday, Dec. 1st, Mrs. Nellie J. C. Brigham was here, and gave much satisfaction by the manner in which her guides dealt with subjects given by the audience. E. J. BOWTELL.

## RHODE ISLAND.

**Providence.**—The Spiritualist Association, Harrington Hall, corner Broad and Richmond streets, holds meetings every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Progressive School at 1 P. M.

Sunday, Dec. 6th, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock occupied the platform. Subjects: "Spiritualism an Antidote to Orthodoxy," and "Embodied Life." A satisfactory psychometric reading and tests after each lecture. She was listened to with marked attention.

No. 63 Daboll street. SARAH D. O. AMES, Sec'y.

**Married.**—Stiles-Gilmore—Nov. 21, 1891, by Dr. H. B. Storor, Osmond F. Stiles and Ann E. Gilmore, both of Boston.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notices under this heading must reach this office by Monday's mail to insure insertion the same week.)

**Mr. J. Frank Baxter** is now in Michigan, Sunday and Thursday in Grand Rapids. He returns, however, for the holidays, and on Sunday, Dec. 27th, will lecture in Brookline, in the morning in commemoration and honor of the *principled Pilgrims*, the radicals and dissenters among Puritans; and in the evening in observation of Christmas and its lessons.

Mrs. Ada Foye is engaged the Sundays of December and January at "Conservatory Hall," Brooklyn, N. Y. Societies desiring her services for week even or for a longer period, please address her at 100 Madison street, that city.

W. J. Colville's lectures on "Spiritual Science as a Practical Guide to Health and Harmony—Theory and Practice," are being delivered at Room 1, 4 Berkeley street (Dr. George A. Lee's office), on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:40 P. M. An afternoon class is in session at The Copley, 18 Huntington Avenue (Mrs. F. J. Miller's office), on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30 P. M. Mr. Colville can be addressed during December at either of the above places.

Dr. Marguerite St. Omer can be addressed at 373 Broad street, Providence, R. I., for further engagements through the months of December and January, as she has a call for the month of February in the West, and may not return East until early to leave for her home in London, Eng. As an instrument in the hands of the spirit realm, her guides are now using her for independent slate-writing, in addition to platform work.

Willard J. Hull may be addressed during December at 71 Trenton street, Melrose, Mass. Inform us that Dr. F. H. Roscoe of Providence has recently done good work in that city as a speaker. Dr. R. will address the friends there again next Sunday.

Mrs. Clara Field-Conant is in Boston for a short time, at 1064 Washington street, opposite Chapman street, where she will be pleased to meet her friends and patrons.

E. J. Bowtell is still lecturing at Greenfield, and would like to hear from other Societies in Massachusetts.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock spoke at Providence, R. I., Dec. 6th. She speaks at Westboro, Mass., Dec. 13th, and at Worcester Dec. 20th and 27th. Societies desiring a speaker would do well to correspond with her, as she has a few open dates. Address Madison Park Hotel, Sterling street, Boston, Mass.

## CONNECTICUT.

**Norwich.**—Sunday, Nov. 20th, Mrs. R. S. Little closed a very successful engagement with our Society, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Dec. 1st and 2d, Mrs. Ada Foye occupied our platform, giving convincing evidence of spirit-communion. The hall was filled to its utmost seating capacity, and the audience were amazed at the correct giving of names, etc. Much interest has been aroused, and it is the wish of all that she may return to Norwich before going West.

Sunday, Dec. 6th, Mr. Albert E. Tisdale, the blind medium and lecturer, began a month's engagement, and addressed good audiences afternoon and evening. Mr. Tisdale passed his early life in Norwich. He has been blind from boyhood, and his unfoldment as a lecturer is one of the remarkable phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. Mrs. J. A. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

**Meriden.**—On the evening of Thursday, Nov. 3d, an audience composed of Spiritualists and investigators assembled in Odd Fellows Hall, to listen to a lecture by Mr. F. A. Wiggin of Salem, Mass. Taking for a subject "Thought as a Power," he held the closest attention of his auditors for more than an hour. The lecture was thoroughly practical, and highly instructive.

This is the third time we have had Mr. Wiggin with us this season, and there has been a marked increase in the size of the audiences at each successive meeting. His tests, which are remarkably clear and accurate at all times, were never more so than last Thursday evening. While, however, his tests are decidedly interesting to all, and a source of comfort to those who receive communications from their loved ones, his lectures, from a point of instructiveness in matter and eloquence of delivery, are in no sense subordinated by them. We have a few interested hard-working Spiritualists here in Meriden determined to keep our scientific religion before our people.

A WORKER.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate imparts renewed strength and vigor where there has been exhaustion.

The address of Mrs. Dockum (medium) is desired at this office.

## MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritualists held their weekly Conference at Bradford Avenue, corner Fulton street, every Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Seats free. All cordially invited. Samuel Rogers, President.

**Spiritual Union, Fraternity Rooms,** corner Bedford Avenue and South Second street. Meetings Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Seats free. Held under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid. Mrs. M. Evans, President.

**Conservatory Hall, Bedford Avenue,** corner of Fulton Street—Sundays 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. W. J. Land, Secretary.

The People's Spiritual Conference held every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the parlors 131 Lexington Avenue, three doors above Franklin Avenue Station. Interesting speakers, good music, questions answered, tests given. Admission free; all are cordially invited. Also meeting every Friday at 7 P. M. Mrs. Mary O. Morrell, Conductor.

**Spiritual Meetings** are held in Mrs. Blake's parlors, 224 Franklin Avenue, near Lafayette Avenue, every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Samuel Rogers, Conductor.

The Woman's Spiritual Conference meets at parlors No. 231 St. James Place, corner Fulton street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Seats free; all invited. E. A. McCutcheon, President.

**Conservatory Hall.**—Mrs. Ada Foye on Sunday, Dec. 6th, commenced her two months' engagement with a short address, and then followed a demonstration of spirit return and communion, which deeply interested large audiences.

The undercurrent of thought in Brooklyn is tending toward a serious consideration of spirit-phenomena. Mrs. Foye will do a missionary work while here, which will be a great benefit to the Cause.

It has been arranged that she afford demonstrations of her gift, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid, at Conservatory Hall, giving the ministry and other thinkers an opportunity to witness these phenomena, who perhaps desire, but cannot be present on Sunday. W. WINES SARGENT, Chairman.

A NEW BOOK—A NEW IDEA. WHAT IS MAGNETIC HEALING? Send 20 cents to Dr. W. E. Crockett, 435 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, and have the book sent you by mail.

## MAINE.

**Augusta.**—The First Spiritual Society is a recent organization. A few believers have been in the habit of holding parlor meetings for some time past, but the interest of inquirers was such that it was deemed expedient to secure a hall. That of the Grand Army Post was taken, and the results have more than justified the most ardent hopes. These public meetings are held fortnightly, and the hall, seating about two hundred, has been packed at each gathering.

Prof. W. G. Haskell, Ph. D., lectured Nov. 22d on the "Reasons of Spiritualism," a most powerful and convincing address, and a demonstration of spirit return. On the 26th Miss Ewer of Portsmouth, N. H., spoke, and her private or parlor séances are most warmly approved. On Dec. 6th Prof. Haskell spoke again, on "Bible Miracles and Spiritual Phenomena," a lecture which was strikingly facts and illustrations. At each of Prof. Haskell's lectures Dr. H. F. Merrill followed with remarkable tests. The doctor is established in Augusta, and few if any platform test mediums are his equal. Names and dates of lives with startling rapidity, and with a precision which leaves no room for questioning. There can be no doubt of the success of the Augusta meetings. Prof. Haskell gives, on Sunday, Dec. 20th, an inspirational poem, and Dr. Merrill follows with his splendid tests. Almost harmony prevails, and the future is thoroughly assured.

What are you using for your cold? Try Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It's wonderful.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

From the residence of his parents at Savin Hill, Dorchester, Sunday, Nov. 22d, Mr. Charles W. Drake.

The subject of this notice was a well-known Spiritualist of Boston for many years a member of the old Boston Lyceum when it held its sessions in Mercantile Hall and afterward in Elliot Hall, and was well known by many of the Spiritualists of this city and with striking facts and illustrations. At each of Prof. Haskell's lectures Dr. H. F. Merrill followed with remarkable tests. The doctor is established in Augusta, and few if any platform test mediums are his equal. Names and dates of lives with startling rapidity, and with a precision which leaves no room for questioning. There can be no doubt of the success of the Augusta meetings. Prof. Haskell gives, on Sunday, Dec. 20th, an inspirational poem, and Dr. Merrill follows with his splendid tests. Almost harmony prevails, and the future is thoroughly assured.

On Thursday, Nov. 19th, suddenly, Mr. Thomas G. Howland, leaving a sorrow-stricken wife.

On Friday, Nov. 27th, the loved and loving wife, Phoebe, followed her companion, and, knowing them so well, I can almost imagine her repeating her words on the spirit side.

The two were mutually devoted to each other, having lived together nearly fifty years—in fact April, 1892, would have seen the observance of their gold wedding.

Two noble souls, whom to know was to love. Their deeds were of the heart. Their friends are many. Angels receive and bless them. J. FRANK BAXTER.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

**Dr. F. L. H. Willis** may be addressed at 46 Avenue B, Vick Park, Rochester, N. Y. July 4.

**A. J. Davis**, in his office, 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday. Treatment of new cases by mail discontinued. April 25.

**J. J. Morse**, 80 Needham Road, Kensington, Liverpool, will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

## THE

## JOHN A. CRISP

## Electro-Galvanic

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Is the best for the cure of all Nervous and Chronic Diseases. Diseases that can be cured by Electricity can be cured by this Belt. We have hundreds of testimonials from persons who have been completely restored to health by its use.

All letters are answered by A. L. ARNER, M. D., who has had a large experience in New York City in the treatment of disease with Electricity. It is especially adapted to the cure of all Female Diseases, Rheumatism, Constipation, etc. Sexual Diseases also yield quickly to this treatment.

This Company is incorporated under the laws of Ohio, with \$25,000 Capital Stock, with A. L. ARNER, M. D., President, a graduate of Bellevue Hospital College; J. P. CADWELL (Probate Judge), Secretary; JOHN A. CRISP, Manager. It is therefore perfectly reliable and responsible. All correspondence answered promptly and confidentially.

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"Development of Mediumship by Terrestrial Magnetism." Also containing Communications from ADONIRAM JUDSON. 808. Price 20 cents.

Remit by P. O. Order or Registered Letter to ARBY A. JUDSON, Minneapolis, Minn. Dec. 12.

## AGENTS WANTED

FOR Dr. Stanbury's Specific Remedies. Send for Circulars, Testimonials, Terms, etc., to DOBNER & WASHBURN, Cincinnati, N. Y. For sale by COLBY & RICH. Oct. 21.

## Mrs. H. M. Brown,

PALMISTRY and Card-Reading. Mile. LeNormand's cards only are used with satisfaction. Palmistry, Card Reading, 25 cts. Hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Will see patrons after hours by appointment only. 45 Falmouth street, (near West Newton street), Suite 4, Boston. Dec. 12.

## TO LET.

A Large Front Room in Banner of Light Building, admirably arranged for Physician or Medium's office. For particulars and terms, apply at Bookstore No. 9 Bechworth street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 17.

## Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Towne,

MAGNETIC, Mind and Massage Treatments, also remedial work, furnished. Located at Hotel Aldrich, 88 Berkeley street, Boston. Hours 10 to 7. May 8.

## Maude Jones Gillette

WILL be at 84 Central street, Providence, R. I., from Dec. 12th to 20th. 1w+ Dec. 12.

## Sealed Questions Answered.

LIFE Readings. Terms \$1.00. Address MRS. ELIZA A. MARTIN, Lock Box 157, Fitchburg, Mass. 4w Dec. 12.

**ASTROLOGY.**—Most fortunate dates for all purposes, life writings, advice, etc.; full descriptions free. Send date and hour of birth with stamp, T. A. BRADSHAW, Astrologer, 172 Washington street, Room 12 and 14, Boston Mass. 1w+ Dec. 12.

**J. M. FROST**, Compound Vapor Baths, Apparatus and supplies for sale. 413 Congress st., Portland, Me. Dec. 12.

**MRS. SHIRLEY**, Inspirational Speaker and Reliable Medium, can be found at 1281 Washington st., Boston. 3w+ Dec. 12.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

## Theosophical

## Occult Publications.

THE OCCULT PUBLISHING CO. having given up their office and transferred their large stock to our store, we are now prepared to supply—in addition to the publications we have always made a specialty of—all standard works treating on Theosophy, Occultism, Astrology, and kindred subjects.

The following is a partial list of some of the principal works:

AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE ROSICRUCIANS. By Franz Hartmann, M. D. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

PURPOSE OF THEOLOGY. By Mrs. A. P. Sinnett. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. From a Chela's Diary. Paper, 15 cents.

HOW BEST TO BECOME A THEOSOPHIST. By G. Wyld, M. D. Paper, 5 cents.

THE LIFE AND DOCTRINES OF JACOB BOEHME. The God Taught Philosophy. By Franz Hartmann, M. D. Cloth, \$2.00.

THE KEY TO THEOLOGY. By Madame H. P. Blavatsky. This is a clear and concise exposition of the principles and teachings of Theosophy. Paper, 50 cents.

THE LIFE OF JEHOASHUAH, THE PROPHET OF NAZARETH. By Franz Hartmann, M. D. This book has been written, regarding the nature of the true Christ. It is a key to the Bible. Cloth, \$1.00.

THE SECRET SYMBOLS OF THE ROSICRUCIANS of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries; with a Treatise on the Philosophy of Science. Translated from the German by Franz Hartmann, M. D. Illustrated with 27 colored plates of the Secret Symbols. The introduction by the translator is as successful as any effort probably can be to render a special and extraordinary subject clear to the minds of non-specialists. The Vocabulary of Occult Terms, prepared by Dr. Hartmann, is worth to the student almost as much as it enables him to read understandingly the works of the great masters. Must be of very doubtful value. Cloth, \$5.00.

LIGHT ON THE PATH. By Mabel Collins. Paper, 5 cents. With Notes, and forty-five pages of Commentary by the author. Cloth, 40 cents; paper, \$1.00.

IN THE PRONOS OF THE TEMPLE OF WISDOM. Containing the History of the True and the False Rosicrucians. With an Introduction into the Mysteries of the Hermetic Philosophy. By Franz Hartmann, M. D. Cloth, \$2.00.

THE KATHALA DENDRATA. Translated into English by S. Liddell MacGregor Mathers, Fra. Ros. Cro. This work is one that no occult student should be without. Cloth, \$3.00.

THE MYSTERIES OF MAGIC. A Digest of the Writings of Elias Levi. With a Biographical and Critical Essay by Arthur Edward Waite. Cloth, \$2.00.

THE MAGICAL WRITINGS OF THOMAS VAUGHAN. (Eugenius Philadelphus.) A Verbatim Recital of his first four Treatises. Anthroposophy, Theosophy, Anima Magica, Ascendit, Magica Admiratione, The True Coptic T. By Arthur Edward Waite. Cloth, 80c; \$2.00.

EPTOMPT OF ARKIAN MORALES. American Edition, 2 vols. each, or 35 cents per copy.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CHILDREN? This little book goes from its thoughtful parents in the strong hope that it may prove useful to them in the training of their children. Cloth, 35 cents; paper, 25 cents.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE. A Handbook of Christian Theosophy and Psychic Culture. By J. H. Dewey, M. D. Cloth, 40c.

FACING THE SPHINX. By Maria L. Farrington. The aim of the book is to foster the study of Symbolism, and of the inner interpretation of the so-called Sacred Scriptures. Cloth, 25c; paper, 15c.

ASTROLOGY THEOLOGISED. The Spiritual Hermetism of Astrology and the Holy Writ. By Anna Kingsford. Illustrated with engravings on wood and bound in white vellum. Price \$2.00.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MADAME BLAVATSKY. Edited by A. P. Sinnett. With portrait. Cloth, 80c; \$3.00.

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## 1891. Jones, McDuffee &amp; Stratton. 1891.

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## By recent steamers we have landed importations from the best Potteries and Glass Factories in the world, completing the largest, most valuable and comprehensive stock ever offered by us in early December, to wit:

DINNER SETS of every grade, from the ordinary sets at \$10.00 up to the finest decorations at \$800.00. Imported in services complete or in

COURSE SETS of exquisite shape and decoration, sold separately. Oyster Plates (with deep shells). Soup Sets, Fish Sets, Entree Sets, Roast Sets, Game Sets, Salad Sets, Pudding Sets, Ice Cream Sets, A. D. Coffee Sets, etc.

Many of our decorated patterns are what are termed "Stock Patterns," which can be readily matched, being sold in sets or parts of sets.

VASES of every grade, from the low cost decorated Bohemian to the richer Japanese and Chinese, French and Carlsbad China, Crown Derby, Royal Worcester, Rich Cameo and Dresden. More than 500 kinds to choose from, costing from 10 cts. to \$500.00 per pair.

COFFEES, TEAS AND MUSTACHE COFFEES, sold as single gift pieces, comprising an extensive line of the best potteries.

CHINA ENGAGEMENT CUPS AND SAUCERS of exquisite designs, costing from 50 cents to \$15.00 each; also Bouillon Cups and Saucers of new shapes.

ROSE JARS. French, Chinese and German China. CHINA BISCUIT JARS. Extensive line, all grades, china decorations. 50 cents to \$10.00 each.

ODD PITCHERS, rare shapes and decorations, over 400 kinds to choose from, all grades, sizes and values, from low cost to \$20.00 each.

BREAD AND MILK SETS, low cost. Printed Enamelled Colors, also Fine China Decorations.

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SALTS, PEPPERS AND MUSTARDS. China and Cut Glass, extensive line.

DRESDEN CHINA NOVELTIES. Extensive display from the Royal Meissen and from the Crown Works. Prices from 50 cents up to \$18.00.

BANQUET LAMPS, from \$3.00, complete with shade, to the costly onyx pedestals, with new Paris shades, up to \$75.00 each. To be seen on the Gallery floor east



**ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS**

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
**Mrs. M. T. Longley.**

Received 1 February 1991; accepted 15 May 1991

**Report of Public Séance held Oct. 23d, 1891.**  
**Spirit Invocation.**

Oh! thou Divine Spirit, thou Infinite Presence of Bene-  
cence and Love, we approach near unto thee this hour, see

**Questions and Answers.**  
**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—What have you for

QUEST.—[By "Subscriber." Honeoye Fall

We can believe that the spirit came from God, because we have every reason to think, judging by the various laws and their operation,

midst, and they need sympathy and kind feeling just as much as they deserve your condemnation for their misdeeds.

I know well, from my observation of such human beings, from my experience with these downtrodden ones, that very often they are swayed by inherited passions and the ungo-

but I mean that I am not inactive or dead, and I don't want any of my friends to think I am. I am not crazy, either. My head is sound; my thought is straight. I think that I can express myself clearly, whether as a spirit on the material side, communicating with earth, or as one on the spirit-side of life, communicating

be looked after first. That is my way of reasoning, and I cannot be any different from what I am.

I am not criticising anybody, Mr. Chairman. I am only thinking over some criticisms that have been made of me. I feel very kindly indeed toward all who have sent out a thought

# Cleveland's

## Baking Powder

## Baking Powder

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has declined from 1.1 billion to 800 million. The number of people who are malnourished has declined from 1.5 billion to 1 billion. The number of people who are obese has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are obese and overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are obese and overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million.

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Written for the Banner of Light.

## COMANCHE.

BY EMMA HOOD TUTTLE.

"The death of Comanche, the most celebrated horse in the United States cavalry service at Fort Riley, is announced. He was twenty years of age, and the only living horse belonging to the United States service which escaped the massacre at the battle of Little Big Horn, where General Custer and his command were killed. He was one of the original mount of the Seventh Cavalry when the regiment was organized in 1866, and after in almost every battle with the Indians since. After the battle of Little Big Horn he was wounded in the neck, ribs, and hindquarters, some distance from the scene of the massacre. He was taken in charge by Capt. Rowland and sent to Fort Riley, where for ten years he has not been subject to a single ailment, and has been the special charge of the Seventh Cavalry. His skin will be stuffed, mounted, and kept until the World's Fair at Chicago, where it will be taken for exhibition."

Dead is the steed, Comanche,  
Whose tongue could never tell  
The won on the Little Big Horn  
When Custer's soldiers fell.

Of Custer's brave three hundred  
He only lived to see  
The closing of the combat,  
He only lived to flee!

And he could never tell us  
The history he knew,  
Of how three thousand red men  
Three hundred white men slew.

Such odds as that! what wonder  
With starting, stony eyes,  
The white men lay at evening  
Beneath the silent skies.

That night the horse, Comanche,  
Splashed with Miles Keogh's blood,  
Utterly lone and riderless,  
Wounded and hungry stood.

No dream of fame consoled him,  
No sordid love of pay,  
But honors to the warrior horse  
Accorded were that day.

The Little Big Horn battle  
Was old Comanche's last;  
Oh! that he could have known then,  
What Fortune had forecast!

Discharged with honor was he,  
The Seventh Cavalry  
Kept him, a royal tribute  
To Custer's memory.

On all display occasions,  
Comanche, draped in black,  
Paraded with the soldiers,  
But none might stride his back.

Never might living rider  
Across his neck draw rein,  
Since Keogh's crimson life-blood  
Had stained his sweeping mane.

Dead is the horse, Comanche,  
But list! his place is planned  
When fair Columbia shows all men  
The best things of her land;

Mounted, in regal action,  
Comanche will be seen,  
To tell the truth of soldiers' hearts  
And keep their memory green.

Berlin Heights, O., Nov. 23d, 1891.

## For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## Dr. J. R. Buchanan in His New Home.

Dr. J. R. Buchanan arrived in Kansas City the middle of last month, with the intention of making it his place of residence the remainder of his earth-life, and has rented a suite of rooms at 1002 McGee street. As mentioned in these columns last week, an informal reception was tendered him on the evening of Nov. 22d, which was attended by a large number of prominent citizens. In noticing the occasion the leading papers of the city gave a brief account of Dr. B.'s life and works. The Journal saying:

"For fifty six years Dr. Buchanan has directed his attention to the promulgation of his discoveries in psychic science—a science, as outlined by himself, which on the one hand reaches the sublime philosophy of Channing and Emerson, and on the other, practical utility with human affairs, through an elaborate theory of the relation of the mind to the body, which he terms Sarcogony, and extends through various gradations until in its application it fades into the use of magnetic currents in the practice of medicine."

The following autobiographical sketch, communicated personally to a reporter of the above-named paper, is also given:

"Prior to my time the study of man ceased with his head. In 1830 I was struck with the fact that the physiology had no head to it. I called it an asaphalosis monstrosity. Students had universally failed or refused to recognize the brain and its system of nerves as a part of the body, and intimately related to other parts, with a most noticeable psychic influence on the corresponding members. In 1841 I discovered that experiments could be made to investigate its functions. Herein the scope of anthropological science is revealed, and that in whatever direction we look it lies beyond the capacity of human minds to comprehend, record and retain. We stand at the dawn of true philosophy, for before this exploration of the brain there was no true anthropology, and the very definition of man had been realized. It revealed the divinity of man, the elements of which are omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence. As he approaches perfection he bridges channels, pierces mountains, arrests lightning, unites oceans, fertilizes deserts, and marks the globe with his foot. Psychometry, meaning mind-measure, has enabled men to picture the regions of the North pole, lost cities and forgotten ages. To the readers of my books the attainment of omnipresence is easily comprehended. At the time of this discovery I went North with my juvenile curiosity and presented it to the faculties of several medical colleges, but they refused to apply it to their teachings. When I reached New York I created a sensation, and was heralded by the newspapers with extra pages and columns. I returned to Cincinnati and established, in 1845, the first school of medicine in which liberal principles marked the entire course. From 1850 to 1856 I was the dean of the faculty, and signed over to the University of Cincinnati and established, in 1845, the first school of medicine in which liberal principles marked the entire course. From 1850 to 1856 I was the dean of the faculty, and signed over to the University of Cincinnati and established, in 1845, the first school of medicine in which liberal principles marked the entire course."

"I retired to Kentucky, and applied myself to editing various works for a number of years. During the last fourteen years I have applied my principles to practice; before that time it was a philosophy."

"The utility of this grand doctrine is that psychometry gives us the unlimited command of medical agencies. The labors of Darwin have familiarized the world with the theory of evolution, but it requires a higher power than scientists have yet used to rise above the purely physical into a realm of life correlated with the spiritual organization, which scientists cannot touch. Here comes in the word Sarcogony, a word which I could use in the connection of the corporal and psychical. Sarcogony is the solution of the grand problem, the greatest problem of all ages, from which the wisest and boldest of all ages have shrunk back, not daring to attempt it—the problem of the true constitution of man—soul, brain and body. The philosophy of Sarcogony is transcendent, but its value in the healing art has induced me to confine myself to that."

"Each portion of the human body, being closely bound by the nervous system to the brain, has a significance in studying the form, either from an artistic or a medical standpoint. The influence of the corresponding portions of the brain to those of the body is immediate and direct. John Wesley, one hundred and fifty years ago, presented the importance of electrical influences to the college faculty. Until forty years ago it was not awakened from its century's slumber."

Of Dr. Buchanan's present and prospective work the Kansas City Star says:

"A venerable avant has come to Kansas City to establish his home and complete his life's work. Dr. Joseph Rhodes Buchanan, though now seven years past the three score and ten, retains a powerful mental vigor, which lives throbbing that he will, as he expects, live out the century of his life. He is now busy editing notes for the five or six books which will complete the series on his wonderful theories and discoveries in matters mental and physical. Besides sending out to the world the final chapters of his work on Anthropology, he has on his desk several half-completed writings for the Arena, for which magazine he has been a regular contributor since its establishment."

"Further on this point he said to a reporter: 'I have presented 20,000 pages of manuscript which I expect to edit in the near future. During the coming year I will complete and publish my new work on the 'Syllabus of Anthropology,' which will cover and enlarge greatly on my first book produced in 1854. Since then I have written three or four books on 'Theosophy,' 'Moral Education,' and last year 'Therapeutic Sarcogony,' appeared in Imperial octavo, containing six hundred and sixty pages.'"

"What struck you most in the equatorial regions?" asked a gentleman of a traveler. "The sun," was the reply.—Ez.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Stands at the head of all blood medicines. This position it has secured by its intrinsic merit, sustained by the opinion of leading physicians, and by the certificates of thousands who have successfully tested its remedial worth. No other medicine so effectually

## CURES

Scrofula, boils, pimples, rheumatism, catarrh, and all other blood diseases.

"There can be no question as to the superiority of Ayer's Sarsaparilla over all other blood-purifiers. If this was not the case, the demand for it, instead of increasing yearly, would have ceased long ago, like so many other blood medicines I could name."—F. L. Nickerson, Druggist, 75 Chelsea st., Charlestown, Mass.

"Two years ago I was troubled with salt-rheum. It was all over my body, and nothing the doctors did for me was of any avail. At last I took four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was completely cured. I can sincerely recommend it as a splendid blood-purifier."—J. S. Burt, Upper Keswick, New Brunswick.

"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of

## SCROFULA

Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as being the best blood-purifier within his experience. We gave her this medicine, and a complete cure was the result."—Wm. O. Jenkins, Dewese, Neb.

"When a boy I was troubled with a blood disease which manifested itself in sores on the legs. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recommended, I took a number of bottles, and was cured. I have never since that time had a recurrence of the complaint."—J. C. Thompson, Lowell, Mass.

"I was cured of Scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—John C. Berry, Deerfield, Mo.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Cures others, will cure you

## The Newest Singing-School Book.

## THE VICTORY OF SONG.

BY L. O. EMERSON.

JUST ISSUED! ENTIRELY NEW!

The latest and best Class Book, unequalled for Singing-Schools. Mr. Emerson's long experience and rare judgment have enabled him to insert many valuable suggestions as to the proper use of the voice, especially as regards articulation and pronunciation of words. For beginners, rudimentary exercises and lessons in note-reading are furnished. A superb and varied collection of

GLEES, PART-SONGS, CHORUSES, HYMN TUNES, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, SOLOS, ROUNDS, MALE QUARTETS.

Invaluable for Singing-Schools and Musical Conventions.

Price 60c. postpaid; \$6 per dozen not prepaid.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, 453-463 Washington Street, Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., 867 Broadway, N. Y.

Dec. 5.

## DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says:

Strange cases cured by my Medical Discovery come to me every day. Here is one of Paralysis—Blindness—and the Grip. Now, how does my Medical Discovery cure all these? I don't know, unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poison that makes all Humor.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, Sept. 9th, 1891.

Donald Kennedy—Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your Discovery, which did it. And, in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted catarrh. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your Discovery was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your Discovery they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my left eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your Medical Discovery.

Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

May 15.

## The Wonderful Coal-Saver

DESTROYS the Deadly COAL GAS, SAVES 25 per cent. of the FUEL, Lessens the Smoke, Soot and Ashes.

For Sale by all Grocers.

STANDARD COAL & FUEL CO. 60 Equitable Building, BOSTON.

Sept. 25.

## CONSUMPTION.

There is a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me three Express and P. O. orders.

T. A. Slocum, M. D., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

Nov. 25.

## ASTONISHING OFFER.

SEND three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age, sex, one leading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power. DR. A. B. DOBSON, San Jose, Cal.

Oct. 10.

## DEAFNESS &amp; HEAD NOISES CURED

By Felt's Invaluable Tonic Ear Cures. Whispers only by E. H. Huxford, 123 1/2 Ave. N. Y. Write for proof of profits FREE.

Mar. 25.

## CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

## Mediums in Boston.

## DR. HENRY ROGERS,

THE gifted medium for Independent State Writing, and Spirit Pictures, is giving Sittings daily, at 22 Worcester Street, Boston, and by prescription by Independent State Writing, including the most successful of all.

## Psycho-Magnetic Pellets.

These little Pellets are highly charged with healing magnetism and psychic force, through the powerful mediumship of DR. HENRY ROGERS. They are positively beneficial to all sensitive people for curing disease and correcting all morbid conditions of the body. Price 50 cents, postage free.

Send stamp for Circular and Free Sample to DR. HENRY ROGERS, 226 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Nov. 1.

## JAMES R. COCKE,

24 Worcester Street, Boston, Gives Sittings and Treatments daily from 9 until 6. Sittings for development for \$4.00 in advance.

PATIENTS VISITED AT THEIR HOMES. Nov. 25.

## J. K. D. Conant,

TRANCE and Business Psychometrist. Sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Sances Sunday evenings at 7:30; also Friday afternoons at 2:30. Psychometric Readings given by letter of Business Process, and if Clairvoyant Examination of Disease, state sex and age, enclose lock of hair. Terms \$2.00. 11 Union Park, Boston, Mass., between Shawmut Avenue and Tremont street. Answers call to lecture or hold Public or Private Sances. 1w\* Dec. 5.

## School of Sensitives,

101 West Brookline Street, Boston.

MAGNETIC Healing, Diagnosis, Private Sittings and Circles. Also Developing and Practical Instruction for both Sensitives and Investigators. Circles and Classes limited to 12 sitters. SAMUEL BARKER PRATT, Mrs. E. W. HAZARD—Magnetic Healer, Trance Medium, Dr. FRED CROCKETT—Healer, Psychic, Teacher. Dec. 12.

## Osgood F. Stiles,

DEVELOPING, Business and Test Medium. Sittings daily, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Development of Mediumship a specialty. Six 2-cent stamps, \$4.00. Tuesday afternoon at 3. No. 8 Dwight street, Boston. Will be in Lynn every Friday at 19 Tudor street. Dec. 12.

## J. Rhind, Seer.

CUTTINGS daily, with business advice. Circles Monday at 7. Thursday at 3 P. M. Advice by letter. Sitter in own hand-writing, age and sex. Enclose \$1. 1064 Washington st. Dec. 12.

## W. S. Eldridge, M. D.,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. 33 Shawmut Avenue and 75 Pleasant street, Boston. Dec. 5.

## Miss A. Peabody,

BUSINESS, Test and Developing Medium. Sittings daily. Circles Sunday, Thursday, evenings, and Tuesday, Friday, afternoons. Six 2-cent stamps, \$4.00. 104 Washington street, opposite Davis street, Boston. Dec. 12.

## Hattie C. Stafford,

54 East Concord Street, Boston. SUNDAY, Thursday and Saturday, 2:30 P. M.; Wednesday, 8 P. M. Newton Stansbury, Manager. 4w\* Nov. 21.

## Mrs. C. T. Crockett,

MEDICAL and Test Medium. Vapor Baths and Magnetic Treatments. 34 Hanson street, Boston, Mass. Nov. 21.

## Mrs. A. Forrester,

TRANCE, Test and Business Medium. Also Magnetic and Electric Treatments, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. 181 Shawmut Avenue, one flight, Boston. 4w\* Nov. 21.

## Mrs. M. E. Johnson,

BUSINESS and Test Medium. Hours 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Circles Sunday, Thursday, evenings, 8 o'clock. 44 Winter street, Room 6, Boston. Dec. 12.

## Mrs. H. B. Fay,

17 APPLETON STREET, Boston. Sances Thursday and Saturday at 2:30 P. M.; Sunday at 8 P. M. Nov. 14.

## Mrs. A. E. Cunningham,

MEDICAL, Business and Tests, 241 Columbus Avenue, Suite 8, Hotel Wauquoit, Boston. Will answer calls for platform tests. 4w\* Nov. 21.

## Adelaide E. Crane,

TEST and Business Medium. Magnetic Treatments. 36 East 32d street, New York. Hours 9 to 5. Dec. 5.

## Mrs. CHANDLER-BAILEY,

26 COLUMBIA STREET, Boston. Sances Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings and Friday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Platform test speaking. 1w\* Dec. 12.

## Maud Jones Gillett,

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITER, 27 Worcester street, Boston. Hours 10 to 4. 5w\* Dec. 5.

## Dr. M. Lucy Nelson,

MAGNETIC, Massage and Steam Baths. 33 Hoyt street, Boston. 4w\* Nov. 21.

## Miss J. M. Grant,

TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 8 1/2 Rosworth street, Banner of Light Building, Boston. 4w\* Dec. 5.

## Miss Helen A. Sloan,

MAGNETIC Physician. Vapor Baths. No. 178 Tremont street, Boston. Dec. 5.

## DR. JULIA CRAFT SMITH,

26 years successful experience. Gives Sittings, 23 Warren street, Boston. Thursdays to ladies. 1w\* Dec. 5.

## Mrs. A. S. HAYWARD,

will furnish paper magnetized by Spirit Dr. A. S. Hayward. Price \$1.00 per package. Address 34 Magnolia street, Dorchester, Mass. Nov. 21.

## PSYCHOMETRIC and Business Reading,

8 questions answered, 50c and 2 stamps. MARGUERITE BURTON, 1472 Washington street, Boston. Sittings 10 to 4. Nov. 21.

## Mrs. A. T. PROCTOR, Magnetic Healer.

All Chronic Diseases a specialty. Hours 2 to 6 P. M. 223 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. Dec. 5.

## MISS L. M. WHITING, Massage and Teaching

of Massage. Formerly with Dr. Munroe, 173 Tremont street, Room 15, Boston. 4w\* Nov. 25.

## Mrs. J. C. EWELL, Inspirational and Medical

Physician, 642 Tremont street, cor. Hanson, Boston. Sept. 15.

## MISS KNOX, Test, Business and Medical Medium.

Sittings daily. 35 Common street, Boston. Nov. 21.

## DR. JULIA M. CARPENTER, 303 Warren

street, Boston, Mass. 1f Mar. 14.

## DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, Magnetic Healer,

Waverley House, Charlestown. 1f Sept. 25.

## Pneumonia Ointment.

Positive Cure for PNEUMONIA and all Local Inflammations.

PREPARED expressly for DR. J. A. SHELLHAMER, by a reliable chemist, and is guaranteed to be the most effective remedy for all the essential properties of the La Grippe disease, and is warranted to accomplish all it claims with the patient if faithfully used according to directions, which, with indicated diseases, and list of testimonials, accompany each box. By being reduced to this available form, I can sell my Pneumonia Ointment at 25 cents per box, postage free.

Also enough ingredients will be sent by mail to make five or six bottles, sufficient for one month's treatment, on receipt of \$2.00 per package, for the following diseases: Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Diabetes, Liver Complaint, Stone and Gravel, and all Nervous and Lung Troubles. Also Spring Bitters.

J. A. SHELLHAMER, Magnetic Healer, May 2.—1 8 1/2 Rosworth Street, Boston, Mass.

## YES YOU CAN

Be cured. Send 2 cent stamps, name, age, sex, lock of hair, one leading symptom, and get a diagnosis by spirit power free by the celebrated Magnetic Healer, DR. F. F. FLETCHER, Adams Avenue, West Detroit, Mich. Nov. 14.

Steam.

Melted Pebble Spectacles

RESTORE Lost Vision. Write for Illustrated Circular, and how to be fitted, with full method of Clairvoyant Sight. Spectacles sent by mail. Address: B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa. Nov. 7. 13w\*

OLD COINS

The Coin Review tells all about Old Coins, and where to sell them. The only reliable source of information for collectors of coins in the United States. By mail 10 cents, silver or stamps. J. E. HOOPER, Providence Court, or 9 Lupton Place, Boston, Mass. Nov. 31.

PATENT OFFICE,

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BROWN BROTHERS, SOLICITORS.

BROWN BROTHERS have had a professional experience of 15 years. Send for pamphlet of instructions. Agents.

## Miscellaneous.

## DR. R. GREER



The Noted Spirit Healer of the West! 25 years in Chicago treats patients at a distance, however great the distance, with unparalleled success.

Or write for Clairvoyant Diagnosis and reliable prescription, enclosing \$1.00, giving name in full, age, height and weight, color of eyes and one leading symptom. Address,

DR. R. GREER, 127 La Salle St., CHICAGO.

P. S. Dr. Greer's New Electric Diadem, improves sight and hearing, increases mental energy and cures all brain and nervous diseases. Send for Pamphlet. Oct. 10.

## GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878

## W. BAKER &amp; CO'S

## Breakfast Cocoa



from which the excess of oil has been removed. Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

## No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass. Jan. 10. 1yow

## A Vacation Trip

## TO THE ROCKIES.

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY runs through Car vestibule trains from Chicago to Denver and Colorado Springs. This latter point is but six miles from the popular resort, Manitou, which is at foot of Pike's Peak. A Carriage Drive from Colorado Springs through the Garden of the Gods to Manitou is most charming, and a ride in a Railway Car to the top of Pike's Peak (road now completed) is truly wonderful.

SECURE YOUR TICKETS VIA THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

E. ST. JOHN, JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. T. & P. AGT. July 18. CHICAGO, ILL. 6m\*

## SOUL READING,

OR PSYCHOMETRICAL Delineation of Character.

Mrs. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, she



