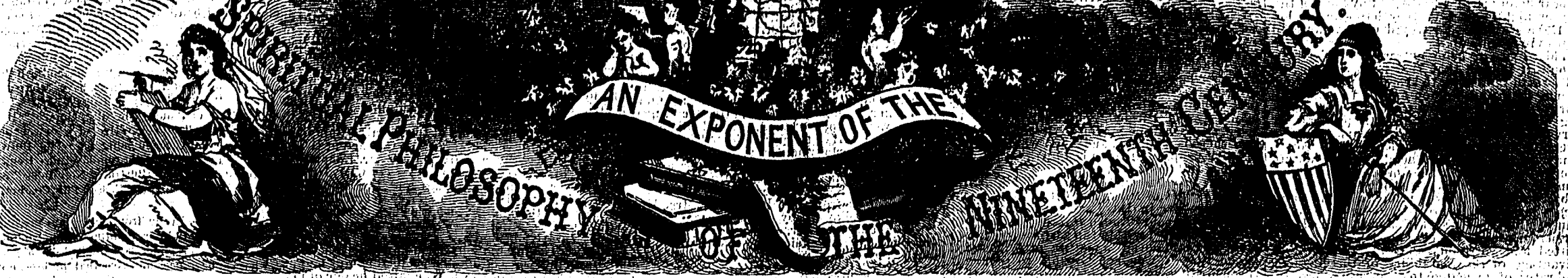


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

## A Sudden Transition.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

On the damp air the funeral knell  
Sounded o'er the hills in measured tone,  
Oh! cease to toll, thou solemn bell;  
Let me forget my friend is gone.  
Four suns ago and she was here  
Beside me in this quiet room,  
Irradiating her good cheer;  
Now she is shrouded for the tomb—  
And thus it is life's tempest shocks  
Bruise us upon the hidden rocks.  
She left me, kissing me good by,  
And promising to come again;  
And yet I cannot tell you why—  
My very heart cried out in pain  
To see the carriage wheel away.  
I thought 't was but a silly whim,  
And hoped to see her in a day—  
It was a warning shadowed dim,  
Oh, well! she was a precious saint,  
A mortal with no mortal taint.  
Last morn upon my horse I sprang,  
And galloped to her father's door  
While yet the early robins sang,  
To chat an hour as of old time,  
Her brother met me at the gate  
As pale as stone; he turned away.  
"Is that your gallantry of late?"  
I said: "How is my friend to-day?"  
He knelt his brow, he dropped his head,  
And hoarsely stammered, "She is dead!"

Dear girl! her earthly life was brief,  
But balmied by love's most precious dew,  
Now she has passed beyond all grief,  
Where life is rosy and new.  
Cry out, my heart, cry out in pain!  
Nurse if you will your selfish grief;  
Your loss is her uncounted gain,  
But tears are nature's sweet relief.  
I know to-night her head is prest  
Upon her angel mother's breast.

## A Word to Spiritualists in Regard to Platform Workers.

BY SPIRIT JOHN PIERPONT.

A pathetic cry from the hearts of many platform workers in the ranks of Spiritualism is reaching the intelligences of the immortal world who seek to instruct mortals through the instrumentality of these sensitives.

1. That cry is one of suffering and sometimes of indignation, and is caused by the insufficient recognition of the service of these inspired teachers, and by the inadequate compensation afforded them for the same.

2. Not a few of those public exponents of the grand truths of Spiritualism who chafe under the burdens laid upon them by an exacting and unsympathetic world are lights well known in the spiritualistic firmament, whose long record of instructive and uplifting labor for humanity should certainly entitle them to full houses and to ample—even generous—support whenever they appear upon the rostrum to voice the sentiments of such eloquent and intellectual minds as their spiritual guides are known to be; while scores of other speakers, as sincere and conscientious, even as highly inspired and spiritual in their discourses—if not as widely known as the first—are finding the path of lectureship a tortuous and a burdensome one.

3. Some of our best speakers have been obliged to abandon the field of public labor, being unable to gain a comfortable livelihood from its fruits; and unless one has other means of paying for his or her food and rental than that secured from the exercise of their medial gifts upon the platform, a lecturer finds himself at times in a very precarious condition financially.

4. This is a true statement of facts in the experience of hundreds of those chosen by the spirit-world to go out among men and preach the living gospel of Truth. The cause of this lies in the apathy of Spiritualists generally, and their indifference to the subject. Having themselves gained a knowledge of immortal life through the revelations of Spiritualism, they have grown unconcerned whether the "bread of knowledge" shall be fed to the hungry and unenlightened or not. And as for the possibility of any lecturer—though he be gifted with the tongues of angels, and inspired by the wisdom of exalted souls—having the power to lift their spirits nearer the great sea of personal spirituality, or to quicken their minds to new thought and activity, seems quite beyond their comprehension.

5. Therefore these lukewarm Spiritualists remain away from the lecture-room, or, if occasionally they visit it, are disinclined to do more than dole out a dime at the approach of the contribution plate, muttering in their

hearts the complaint that "Spiritualism costs too much."

6. Yet "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and he who listens to the call of the spirit and goes out into the world, leaving family and friends and home associations for months at a time that he may obey the voice, surely deserves ample recognition of his services, and the certainty that he shall be as properly paid for them as he would be for the expenditure of a like amount of brain and power and time in some other direction.

7. It is not to the few earnest, whole-souled Spiritualists who maintain the various local societies of the country, that this article is addressed. These good friends have done all in their power to sustain our public workers and to aid them in presenting Truth to humanity. But it is to those who have lost consciousness of the fact that teachers of Spiritualism and exponents of the principles which it advocates must as surely be clothed and fed as the ministers of the Christian Church who receive good salaries and are cared for by the watchfulness of their parishioners.

8. It has been said by some in our ranks that the public does not need spiritual instruction from the rostrum; that the presentation of phenomenal facts through mediumship is what the world demands. This I do not wholly concede. The phenomena of Spiritualism are of the highest importance to satisfy doubting, longing humanity upon the fact of a future life; and these should be presented, whenever possible, that man may be convinced.

9. But we need something more. Man is a spiritual being, has aspirations that belong to his inner nature. Such being the fact, he needs to learn, of himself, of the purposes of being—the possibilities and destiny of the soul. These may be unfolded to him by wise thinkers, who will lead him step by step from out the darkened cell of ignorance into the clear light of discernment and knowledge. And such intelligences stand ready to give instruction. They only ask that the instruments they have fitted for the work be properly cared for and protected materially by those who receive the light.

Jan. 27th, 1892.

## THINGS WORTH RECORDING.

BY OBSERVER (MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS).

MRS. GERTRIT SMITH.

IN reviewing an active life, and recalling its brightest or gloomiest days, we often endeavor to learn just what made life assume these appearances, for, after all, little serious evil came and events were commonplace. We have come to believe that the brightness was frequently the effect of contact with some large-hearted, noble person who unknowingly filled the local atmosphere with radiance, or, to speak according to modern science, who gave a magnetic life to the spiritual atmosphere which made it luminous to the brain.

One of those days comes before us now: A cold winter's day with a city's outlook. A wonder in the mind as to how God's poor would be warmed—a thought of the misery not far off, and withal a distaste of earthly things and a peering up, up to find the "sky line," and to see if the sun would show itself above the blocks of houses by-and-by.

A caller broke this monotonous gloom—a stranger—but soon self-introduced as Mrs. Gertrit Smith. She, too, had come to express appreciation of the work done in the BANNER OF LIGHT for children. Her sweet manner, so free from all conventionality, so reposeful, was like a little breath from another clime. Summer had come.

She was a woman of decided opinions, and of direct speech. Her religious nature was the dominant one. A thorough and straightforward Spiritualist, she lived her convictions, and at her home greeted royally all who could bring her light. In this home she had her "house of worship," a room in a summer, house fitted up with care to which no one was admitted except by her hand. Here she thought out the great problems of life, and here communed with higher spheres of thought. Up to her seventeenth year she dressed in pure white at home, as expressive of the spirit of truth and of light. In her home she was as queen of a realm of beauty. In her garden and among her flowers, as in her drawing-room, she had a dignified bearing, and seemed at once to be near lofty ideals and every-day duties.

The Hon. Gertrit Smith has been world-renowned for his adherence to reform and the promulgation of liberal sentiments. This he did largely by publishing his thoughts in the form of addresses or letters, and sending them broadcast over the land. His courage during the early years of the Anti-Slavery movement is well remembered. He was a thorough and uncompromising advocate of temperance. He devoted his time, his talents and his abundant wealth to the uplifting of humanity according to his highest perception of its needs. He did not, as we believe, accord with his wife in recognition of the fact of spiritual communication; but he allowed perfect liberty of belief to all.

We cannot doubt, but her quiet, calm adherence to the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy made their impress on his mind. We know that their lives ran side by side like one flowing river, and, although his whole life-work seemed to be given to practical reform, we

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 constitution. As it proceeds, a biographical tribute—drawn from the memory and notes of the editor—of men and women publicly known in the spiritual world of the Cause, the surprising value of which to present (as well as future) Spiritualists cannot well be overestimated.—Ed. B. of L.

feel sure that he felt the impress of spiritual truth and desired its advance.

To return to the morning into which a fresh radiance had come: She asked most kindly what we knew of inspiration: Did we write from an external or an interior impetus? Did thoughts surge in upon us, and were we glad in these thoughts? There was nothing in her manner of idle curiosity; but a simple desire to gain knowledge. She said she had become convinced of the great law of inspiration. It was to her as beautiful as the sunlight to the flowers. In its warmth and light her soul had repose. God was to her not merely a power to worship, but to love. She endeavored to adjust herself to life. She would be glad to form a centre of power, but felt she was only called upon to harmoniously revolve about a centre, and adjust herself to the harmonies of a universe. Nothing could be far amiss if God were all in all. What was the short space of life for, but the gaining of equipage?

"Spiritual phenomena being an assured fact, I wish to learn the most reliable methods of communication. Is it a universal gift? Can we all come into the sunlight if we push above the dark soil into the day? There is much to think about in these days. I want the children to come out of fear into love, and so I am glad when they are taught the truth. You will publish your stories in book form, will you not? It would be well."

Thus the conversation proceeded. There was a motherly dignity in her manner that gave a sense of strength, as if the world was a very good place to live in, and people were intended to get good out of it, and do good in it.

A friend tells us that he will never forget a visit he made to their beautiful home in Peterboro, N. Y., in 1882. Peterboro is one of those pleasant little villages, many of which are to be found in every State, where the railroads have not disturbed their primitive simplicity and beauty. The quiet and repose of nature seems to extend itself in a degree to the inhabitants, and such towns often produce good thinkers and reasoners.

Peterboro is twenty miles east of Syracuse. It was reached by stage from the New York Central Railroad, and is a thousand feet above the level of the railroad at Canastota. Thus free air, and an almost mountain atmosphere, give vitality to the brain. The Smith mansion was a plain but stately three-story wooden structure, with a broad hall extending through the centre. Across the front was a generous piazza with massive pillars, which added much to the stately appearance of the mansion. It was surrounded by several acres of land, which gave opportunity for a lawn, fine forest trees, and both flower and vegetable gardens. The flower garden was particularly beautiful, and in it Mrs. Smith seemed as if within her own regal domain.

It was a most hospitable home, in which it was, indeed, a privilege to be a guest. An atmosphere of refinement, of literary taste, of broad humanitarianism, and of sweet, pure, most winning spirituality, pervaded the entire house. The host was a strikingly handsome man; tall and stately in person, with the clear complexion of a child. He was, physically, an ideal man. His face beamed with the purity and beauty of his noble soul. He was one of the most charming and genial gentlemen of the old school we have ever met, and it was indeed no common privilege to share in the gracious hospitality so generously bestowed by himself and his noble wife.

The family gatherings every morning in the sitting-room, which guests were privileged to attend if they chose, were seasons never to be forgotten.

When all was quiet, Mr. Smith would rise and repeat from memory, in his rich, musical voice, some familiar hymn, after which all who chose would join in singing the same. Then he would repeat from memory choice passages from the Bible, which would be followed by a prayer so touching and tender, so earnest and devout, one could but feel that it was the sincere expression of a true soul, longing for spiritual guidance and inspiration.

Homes like this, where simplicity, dignity, hospitality and spirituality combine, seem rare in these days. They may even be called old-fashioned; but it seems good to recall them, for in the rush of our American life there seems little opportunity to perpetuate them. It is good also to remember that Mrs. Smith did not hesitate to express her belief in the Spiritual Philosophy. Its truths were to her the sacred rights of her own soul. She did not seek to make converts; but in her life she exemplified the brightness and glory of a new revelation.

It was not so much the proofs of spiritual intercourse that she needed, as the proofs of a divine inspiration which should be to every-day life a perpetual joy. That she found such proofs we cannot doubt; and now that her enlarged sphere in the spirit-world has opened for her, she must entertain the same broad ideas and exercise the same liberal spirit in the giving forth of the good things that belong to her. May she know how much the world needs just such help, and be one of those angels "sent to minister"—sent by the interior impulse of a noble nature.

DIVERSITY THE SOUL OF JOURNALISM.—How truly remarks one of the brethren of the general newspaper household, that no man has a mind so broad, comprehensive and so versatile, or one so richly stored, that he can meet all the demands of the reading public. Every human mind has its peculiar channel. One is broader and deeper than another; one is poetical, another strong, but without genius; one is cold and merciless, another impulsive and sympathetic; one is dull and logical, another brilliant, but without analytical powers. No two minds are exactly counterparts, and hence no one mind is capable of meeting universal demand.

## Foreign Correspondence.

### MY TENTH TRIP ACROSS, ENDING WITH ATHENS AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

NO. III.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

As our steamer approached this great Eastern city of over one million inhabitants, the morning fog drew aside its heavy folds, and revealed to our eyes a tableau of sublime grandeur. To the right there loomed out Soutari, occupying the high and extreme point of Asia. Europe and Asia here stand close by, in an immediate embrace almost, as to the left and ahead are Pera and Stamboul, the two great halves of Constantinople: the lower portion of the first, Pera, being Galata, or the port. Yes, here the continents of Europe and Asia meet in close neighborhood. The Sea of Marmora expires at this spot, meeting on the right the narrow and short outlet of Bosphorus, which empties itself into the Black Sea; and, ahead, the Golden Horn, connected with sweet waters, divides Pera from Stamboul. The bay leading thereto is both grand and commodious, fronting a half-circle of fine heights or seven hills, thickly populated. That is the concise or exact state of the tableau before us. The extreme point of Stamboul, or Turkish quarter, to the left, reveals what is left of the old Palace or Seraglio of the Sultans, near which stands out boldly the celebrated mosque of Saint Sophia, a Christian temple under Justinian and Constantine, the Frank emperors. Many mosques tower around this main one, near and far, with grand cupolas and high, sparkling minarets—those of Sultans Ahmed, of Bajazet, of Laleli, of Soliman, of Sultaneess Valide, forcibly fix the attention with their vast proportions and beauty.

Many European writers, the best pens, have described Constantinople as a fairy city, as one defying competition, on account of its immense contrasts. And I am of that opinion. It bears in every way of lineament the stamp of the past, of Eastern glory, with its innumerable details of barbarity, mixed up with the mysticism or poetry of languid conceptions and fanciful boldness of execution. The position which this queenly city of the Orient occupies is extremely favorable to set it off from others, and establish its preeminence over them. It is like Chicago in the West, bound to enliven the attention of the whole world. Were it gifted with the spirit of the great Western city named—what a wondrous city would it not be!

As the anchor touched bottom our deck was swarmed by boatmen anxious to gain a franc piece. I soon was paddled ashore, and not to a wharf, as there are none as yet. But that inconvenience, as a matter of fact, is near, as the contract for it is already signed. It will cost eighty million francs. I was landed at a Custom House post, in the low suburb of Galata, where I was dealt with in a liberal way—being of the fraternity! Starting from there with a guide, who spoke many tongues, I climbed up steep narrow streets, badly paved, until nearly exhausted I arrived at the top, in the main street called Pera, of the Pera or European quarter. Near by there I found a French Hotel, which suited me, called Hotel des Colonies, in length and face being two and three cents. It is owned by an English Company, and was built some ten years since. That here is a valuable improvement; so any one would find who had been obliged to climb and tumble about in the street leading upward, and which is very badly paved with stones of all shapes. I went through, the experience several times, and can claim to know. The extreme summit of Galata is graced with a high round tower, with a conic cap covered with copper, which was built by the Genoese when under a republic. This most prominent tower is used as a fire-watch. Alongside of it is a large square building, in which are the Ottoman Bank and other public offices. Many papers are published in Constantinople—the leading ones in French, such as *le Stamboul*, *la Turquie*, *le Moniteur Oriental*, *le Levant Herald*, the last in French and English. Paris and London papers, three, and four days late, are for sale in many bookstores.

It is a hard task even to branch the subject before us. Our impressions as we now endeavor to describe Constantinople, are so mountainous and varied, as to number and aspects—having engendered within us the most pleasing and conflicting sensations—all of a strong and novel character, that really we know not how to begin, what part make the leading one. Even in the so-called European quarter, Pera, where modern civilization has established itself with a strong footing, conquering with will and capital every inch of ground it occupies there—notwithstanding its many fine stores, cafes, restaurants, business-offices, hotels, sumptuous embassies, located on Pera street, principally—the plain and staring fact is that that main street is a bungle, a monstrosity, here and there enlivened not only by surprise and disgust, but the liveliest interest at the same time. No sooner is the mind painfully disturbed with views and scenes that are crude and gross, immediately others intervene which obliterate them completely. The horrible even becomes attractive at times when it is couched with conditions of genuineness—with matter-of-course regulations and execution. And so it happens in this case. For instance, Pera street is both straight and crooked, and very irregular in width, at the beginning principally, or its most important portion, where Europeans are mainly congregated. There, but more so in adjacent streets, those crossing principally, singular contrasts exist, shockingly so, very often, not only as to the state of the streets themselves, but of the buildings lining them.

The quarter where the English hospital and post-office are situated is a perfect labyrinth, thorough in aspect, devastated, filled with interesting ruins of the Middle Ages, along side of fine, modern buildings with modern streets scarcely paved and houses that are dirty and forbidding. Every nationality has here its own separate post-office, which shows a bad state of things on the part of the Ottoman government. Shops of all Eastern and Western sorts are promiscuously mixed up on every street about here, retailing goods, eatables and drinks. The sidewalks are invaded—where they exist—by groups of dogs lying down, as if dead, and they thus become stumbling-blocks to pedestrians who are not accustomed to that peculiar institution. They lie, also, in the middle of the streets and are often run over by vehicles or tramsways, which accounts for the frequent loss or lameness of legs which they exhibit. These civic, untaxed inhabitants, brought here by the Turks since their invasion of the country, have greatly multiplied, and the streets, in all seasons, are their homes. No one thinks of disrupting them; that ownership. They are a mongrel set—half wolf and fox—not vicious as a rule, and their usefulness is that of serving as scavengers. They never get rabid, and that fact is most astonishing. A every nook and crook of the city they are met, even on the highways outside city limits. Their barking at night is loud and frequent, and thus they announce house breakers and other ill-doers.

The constant and great activity witnessed everywhere on all the streets, which blocks up almost every avenue, wide and narrow, so as to impede even walking at times, is not a silent one, but a monstrous and cry that is deafening. Every vendor, carrying on his head or back immense loads of eatables, candles, pastries, vegetables, fruits, etc., assails the air and your ears with cries that are Turkish, Armenian, Greek, etc. They are all bent on selling their goods. Donkeys, heavily loaded, steer through the crowd and add their discordant braying to the general concert. Now a Turk, "as strong as a Turk," bends himself through the thick congregation, and victoriously carries a tremendous big box of goods which is saddled on his back, and which is kept in proper position by a sort of cushion strapped on the lower portion of the spine. That is a novel and ingenious way of doing that is peculiar to this country. Another one also is that of carrying things for sale on both ends of a long pole, the middle of which rests on the shoulder. Sometimes you meet four or six men who bear along a big cask or boxes in the middle of such poles. In fact the men here are beasts of burden, and they don't seem to complain about it. They are used to it. They carry not only heavy and graceful loads, but light and elegant ones also in palanquins. The Turkish women are fond of being swayed to and fro in that sort of vehicle without wheels. They spy about them through their thick veils, (jackmasks) and as queens on a throne they deport themselves in a way to be admired, without ostentation or boldness, however. They are seen with slaves on the streets, or shopping, acting invariably in a modest way. Their silk dresses, of peculiar colors, are not fashioned so as to show off their form, but rather the contrary. They are packed up into bundles, from head to foot, and look thus like our squaws. Those who are pretty—and there are many so blessed—carry veils that are like spider-webs, while others wear thick ones. It is seldom that men accompany women on the streets. Turkish beauties differ from European ones; they often stain their eyebrows and elongate them; they powder their faces and necks, wear *mouches* on their cheeks, and color their finger-nails red. Their *feredje*, or top-garment, comes over the head. As a composite of Arabian, Persian, Georgian, Georgian, Tartar blood or origin, the Turkish women have altogether an Oriental cast of features, and their gestures are languid and childlike. It is rare now that eunuchs accompany them in their walks and rambles; they enjoy at present a good deal of freedom, formerly refused them. That is due to European invasions of all kinds, which modify conventionalities between the two sexes. But for all that the Turkish women occupy a position which no Christian ones can envy—not even the Armenians who live alongside of them, living with slaves and eunuchs, without education, of a serious kind, without occupations that interest the mind and please the senses, without contact with the male element of society, not even with their lords and masters—who look upon them as subjects of pleasure as only fit to grace a harem—they thus contract habits and penchants that are futile and enervating. Orientalism, with its brightest varnish of the past, when it held the loftiest position in the world, notwithstanding its gorgeousness and controlling influence, has been described by poetic effusions of ancient and modern authors—as but a "whitewashed sepulchre," "found wanting!"

The European business quarter is solidly built of stone; only in its outskirts, far away, are wooden buildings seen, while the residences of Stamboul, or the Turkish portion, are principally built of wood. It is easy to distinguish an Ottoman's house from a Christian's: the windows of the first are closely latticed at the lower end, so that the female inmates may not be seen when they look out. Mahomet must have had the same spirit of his race when he taught his followers to keep the *beau seer* from view, and instituted eunuchs to watch over them.

One evening, as I was walking on Pera street, I saw great crowds of people, tremendously excited, as if some big event was happening. It was simply a chimney fire near by, and the men and women were cheering on the ragged and barefooted sort of *ghémens*, who were running in broken lines to the seat of the conflagration. Some of these would-be men carried on their unlit shoulders the smallest engines that I ever saw, more fit to sprinkle a lawn than anything else; it was a regular farce, a bungling, childlike organization, which surprised me enormously, and seemed to create a great enthusiasm among the thousands collected around the scene. I was told afterward that those kinds of voluntary or unpaid firemen are classed as thieves, as they carry away all they can under the pretext of saving. They are as much feared as the fire itself, but they manage to keep up their organization alongside of the regular corps, who are now well fitted with proper engines, even steam ones, and improved ladders. Since the great fire of 1870, and others later, the city has been obliged to wake up, and count no more on Divine protection, as formerly. The water supply is often short during dry seasons. It comes mainly from the reservoirs of the village of Belgrade, which were built by the Romans. Spring and other waters are carried about the city in great leather bottles, as said on donkeys and team horses, and sold cheap enough. Fires here are considered as the greatest of



calamities, and a queer custom used to exist formerly, that the Sultans were applied of such an event by the sudden appearance of one of their *adalgues*, or women of their harem—all dressed in red from head to toe—who had to appear before them smiling, as any man or woman or child who was not smiling to be hanged in 1750 a great fire destroyed eighty thousand houses in Stamboul.

This great city being overcrowded with poor people, it follows that they have to resort to all sorts of industries to keep away starvation; hence, men and women are seen acting the part of animals, begging most piteously, offering for sale all kinds of things, proposing their services in every possible way, and watching every opportunity to gain some small gain. One is found at almost every corner, everywhere, so many piles of gold and silver, temptingly exhibited by money-changers, in tobacco-stalls, small shops principally, that such riches imply public prosperity—but it is only a lure, a lie. These sort of sharks, being Jews, Armenians and Greeks mostly, are quick-witted and voracious, and they readily take advantage of the instability of the finances and rates of exchange to exact easy profits. Small change, therefore, is a very scarce commodity of different metals called *metalliques*, valued as ten *paras*, these changes keep a good supply of them, as well as of a small silver coin called *piastre*, or dollar, which is worth only four cents and a fraction. A *medfide* is twenty *piastres*, and a *lire* is a hundred.

As a modern Babel all tongues are spoken in this city, and it is wonderful to hear so many speaking four and five languages fluently. French is heard everywhere, and is the official language, even at the American embassy or Legation, so called. Turkish young men generally discard the red fez and wear French hats, but old men hold on to tradition. The conservatives are seen with long, colored *pejisses*, or cloaks, lined with furs, which they wear even in warm weather, very often. They have also big turbans, very wide shawls around their loins, and yellow slippers on their feet. They partake of the same food as we do, but liquors nor pork in any shape; but the new generation, it is said, violate quite freely the commandments of the Prophet—the five-times-a-day prayers and ablutions in the bargain. Orthodoxy is losing ground there as elsewhere. Mahometan priests are a sorry set, not over clean nor well dressed; the *Iman* is the preacher, and the *muezzin* is the cleric who calls out from the minarets or towers of mosques: "God is great! God is great! God is great! God is the prophet of God! Come to prayer! Come to salvation! God is great! There is but one God! Come to prayer!" That formula is repeated five times, from sunrise to setting, and all good Mahometans have to go to the mosque in the neighborhood, make their ablutions before entering, take off their shoes and prostrate themselves three times toward Mecca, or the East, and say their prayers, either on beads or otherwise. It is a singular sight to see those fanatic devotees going through those operations either in the mosques or elsewhere. With many of them the beads are their constant companion, at work or repose, and they finger away at them unceasingly. The dancing *derishes* are another kind of priest or monk, who go through a sort of dance or promenade, in mosques, which is somewhat elegant as to movements. They perform as on a stage, and look like actors going through a rôle, as they smile and jest with one another, and sing about their heads. Priests of all sorts are elbowing in every street: Catholics of all shades, such as Maronites (who have wives), Armenians, Protestants, Persians, Hebrews, Mahometans, etc. The *Imans* are seen with long yellow fez, that are dirty looking. Friars and nuns are also met, and they have here large educational and other establishments. In fact, all religions are represented in this city, without hindrance. Turkish indolence allows them all, until such a day that it becomes expedient to put a stop to it.

Street scenes are so various, so multiplied, so queer, so kaleidoscopic in Constantinople, that I defy any one to enumerate them. They form the greatest bazaar in the world. Even the subject of costume is one replete with incredible variety. Washed and unwashed rags of all colors up to the richest fabrics covered with gold and precious stones, are seen, so mixed in crowds as to dazzle the eyes. The richest and the poorest, all in one another, in an about-ravine, forming but one body, like atoms moving and rolling, each one intent on performing its part or particular mission. Orientalism and Westernism vie with one another in a stupendous show, indifferent toward one another, as if quite separated, moving in a different circle. There are two distinct worlds here: in Pera, the Western, motion is life, active, ascendant or progressive, while in Stamboul it is somnolent, dreamy, indifferent, sensuous and stified. The contrast between the two individual elements is more in favor of the second. The Turks are a stalwart, strong, fine and noble-looking race, who bear still the stamp of their former deeds of greatness, while the Europeans look puny alongside of them. The females are also more female-like than their Western sisters, and they exhibit a charm which the latter have not. To take it easy is the motto and guide of the Mahometans. Making it stinging is that of Westerners; the result, however, is quite different. Fatality, as understood by Mahometans, is according to the letter and not the spirit—hence its drawbacks.

Vehicles are numerous and of all kinds. Fine carriages, both public and private, with double team, are plentiful. Cab fare is dearer than in France, Italy or Russia, but not excessive, after all. Small donkeys of a fine species are used a good deal for small carts and to carry heavy loads of baskets filled with vegetables, fruits—principally grapes, which are plentiful and luscious indeed. I never tasted as good anywhere. Oxen are frequently met jogging quietly along the streets, hitched on by two to heavy wagons. They are of a good size and fine looking. The horses of perambulating vendors are miserable, lean and exhausted, and, as camels in Smyrna, they are often seen tied four and five together and following one another in line, to meet and to carry a heavy load. In the city, as of yore, important personages or high officials driving through the streets are frequently preceded by runners who blusteringly cry out to make way, and apply their rods on the backs of recalcitrants. The policemen make themselves scarce in daytime, but at night they go about and strike their long, ironed sticks on the stone pavements to announce their presence. Rather poorly lighted, the streets at night present a mournful aspect, that a number of men of apparent sound mind and good faith on the subject of Spiritualism. This much by way of introduction.

One, a prominent member of this Society, after seventeen years of investigation, has learned at least three facts: First, In the presence of certain persons, writing of intelligent messages in some way is done on slates, when it is scientifically impossible that it can be done by means of spirit, because the slates are closed and no possible contact can be had (in the light of science) with the surface of the slate when the writing is done. Secondly, These messages give unmistakable evidence of intelligence. Third, These messages convey intelligence of facts not known to the medium or investigator. But here this persistent investigator is at his wit's end. What power does the writing? Is it not a Spiritualist, and it seems to me there is no call for further investigation of this case? For the case is already monotonous, so much of it has been heard.

Full form materialization is a fact, as well established to tens of thousands of intelligent people as any fact resting on human testimony. Why not try it? But a difficulty arises at once, for suppose A, B and C of this society should make a scientific effort in this line to that end, and under conditions acknowledged to be satisfactory to themselves, witness the phenomena. Of the facts of the phenomena, or an impression at the time that such was the case, they have no doubt, for several of the forms materialized and dematerialized in full sight of every member of the committee. So far all is clear. But how shall these scientific experts scientifically prove that these forms were not the work of some malign or mischievous power, or that the committee, doctors and all, were not thrown into an unconscious mental condition, and the séance was a delusion, however real at the time to their

## Banner Correspondence.

### Pennsylvania.

ALLEGHENY.—"One of the Circle" writes: "Those who live on theory have very little use for practical facts when demonstrated to them. The following facts which we present to the many readers of THE BANNER—who take an interest in all the phenomena in their various phases, and are always glad to hear of any new manifestation through which the object of spirit-return can be proven to the world—show that there is no death, and that what the majority of people call death is a birth—birth into a higher and nobler existence."

Mr. Kroeger, a well-known and highly respected citizen of Allegheny City, is a true and earnest worker in the Cause of Spiritualism. He had been told through several mediums to whom he applied within the past four years, to see if he could obtain a picture of a deceased friend, that it was not possible to secure it through any known public medium, but that he would meet in private life a medium through whom the picture could come. At this time the medium we are about to speak of—Mr. Whyte—through whom the picture was to be produced, was not in this country, neither had he ever met or known Mr. Kroeger, or any of the ladies or gentlemen comprising the circle.

Mr. Kroeger received instruction about six weeks ago to make a strong box large enough to hold sixteen by sixteen by twelve inches, and to be a small square opening in the lid, and that strongly glazed and fixed from back; strong hinges and hasp were to be provided, also a Yale lock, it being desired that the séance should be under strictly test conditions.

Monday, Dec. 14th, at 8 o'clock p. m., the following persons gathered at the rooms of the medium in Allegheny, Pa.: Messrs. Kroeger, Doble, Kohn, Conner, Green, Sherds, A. J. Wood, Miss Crowl and Mr. Whyte (the medium) making the fourteen. The canvas and box were critically examined by each individual present, and all were satisfied that everything was beyond the possibility of deception. The canvas was placed in the box with suitable brushes and paints; the box was then securely locked and the keys were sealed in an envelope and given to Mr. Doble with instructions that they should be placed in his pocket and kept safe. The medium was then entranced, and the circle informed that in three sittings the picture would be completed.

The other evenings chosen for sittings were Friday the 18th and Monday the 21st. The first evening the medium had placed slates on the table hoping there would also be paintings produced on them. But in that we were disappointed; we were informed after sitting some time there would be nothing on the slates, being the forces being required to be concentrated on the canvas. At the second sitting, our circle being very harmonious, we were gratified at the result: Two very beautiful landscapes painted on the slates in less than three minutes each; one being a daylight scene, the other a moonlight. We should state that the slates at the commencement of the séance were passed to each individual in the circle to be magnetized by holding them between their hands. The first one was held by Mr. Doble over his head, the second by Mr. Conner in about two minutes lights were called for and nothing found on the slate. The light was then extinguished and in less than three minutes lights were again called for, and the daylight scene was found on it, the slate never having left Mr. Doble's hands; the second was obtained in like manner over the head of Mr. Conner. After a short time we were informed by the entranced medium that the canvas in the box was partially finished, and was then under the eyes of the circle, and was left in the lid, for through it we saw the eyes and part of the face of a most beautiful looking lady of about eighteen; so life like did it look that many insisted it was a materialized face in the box.

On Monday, our third and last sitting, we were again fortunate enough to obtain two landscapes on the slates—if anything better than the former ones. A rather curious incident occurred during this sitting: An old-fashioned cut hand-mirror lying on a table near the circle was taken up and placed above the head of Mr. Kohn, and in about two minutes a beautiful spray of lilacs was painted around it. The medium then stated the picture was completed, and desired Mr. Doble to produce the keys, which were found to be in the same condition as when placed in his custody. With anxious hearts we gathered around the box; it then being opened we were gratified and astonished to behold the picture face that had been there. Mr. Kroeger immediately recognized the likeness of his spiritual friend.

The motive, given through the medium, for the production of the painting was not that idle curiosity should be gratified, but as an evidence of the immortality of the soul; and that not alone by words but by works could our spirit friends demonstrate unto us these truths, and if the work now accomplished would lead inspiration to a higher life, their efforts would be vain.

We should also mention that when the box was opened each brush was found broken in two and the paints all used up. One feature of Mr. Whyte's séances is, that he receives no remuneration, and the slates and other articles painted are given to the ladies and gentlemen comprising the circle as souvenirs of the occasion.

OIL CITY.—M. Huling writes: "If Spiritualism, as set forth by those who believe it, be a truth, it will mark a greatly advanced human knowledge, and do much to harmonize the religious instinct in man with science and reason and the race in civilization. This statement I believe will be conceded. Now that fifty or more gentlemen, comprising scientists, doctors of medicine and divinity, and others styling themselves the American Psychical Society, are looking the matter up—in a supposed to be scientific way—let us hope that at least ten or twenty of them will follow the ranks of the Spiritualists. But after forty years of investigation by all classes of investigators, many thousands of whom were as capable as the members of this Psychical Society, and quite as well qualified to carry on an investigation, have reported Spiritualism to be true, it would be hoping too much that the masses of mankind would become Spiritualists on the decision of this Society, should it report in like manner. At the most it will probably be said that the number of men of apparent sound mind and good faith on the subject of Spiritualism. This much by way of introduction.

One, a prominent member of this Society, after seventeen years of investigation, has learned at least three facts: First, In the presence of certain persons, writing of intelligent messages in some way is done on slates, when it is scientifically impossible that it can be done by means of spirit, because the slates are closed and no possible contact can be had (in the light of science) with the surface of the slate when the writing is done. Secondly, These messages give unmistakable evidence of intelligence. Third, These messages convey intelligence of facts not known to the medium or investigator. But here this persistent investigator is at his wit's end. What power does the writing? Is it not a Spiritualist, and it seems to me there is no call for further investigation of this case? For the case is already monotonous, so much of it has been heard.

minds? But let us hope for the best results from the labors of the American Psychical Society.

### Massachusetts.

SPRINGFIELD.—E. J. Bowtell writes: "After much earnest work the Ladies' Aid of this city has succeeded in securing appropriate quarters. On the two preceding Sunday evenings I addressed the ladies of Spiritualists at the residence of Mr. J. Hart, 57 West State street. On Thursday, Jan. 21st, the new hall in Homer Foot's building, Main street, near State, was formally opened, as the Ladies' Aid Parlor. A turkey supper, followed by a most enjoyable entertainment, was given on the occasion. As large an audience was present as could be conveniently seated, including several not yet in the Spiritualist ranks. An address was given by the President, Mrs. Holcomb, was followed by short speeches from those called on by her, and an excellent programme of songs, musical selections, and readings from members of the Aid and other friends. The utmost quiet and respectful attention prevailed throughout the evening, and it was easy to sense the presence of many from the other side, who came spreading around us harmonious conditions, and bestowing upon their new meeting-place and upon all whose hearts were gladdened by the presence of preparing its rich spiritual blessings. The parlors are excellently situated near the centre of the city, at a spot where all car-lines meet, and up only one flight.

On Sunday, 24th, I had the privilege of addressing two meetings in this new temple of spiritual truth; the attendance was large in the evening, on which occasion I described the extraordinary nature of my life in the seclusion of a Trappist cloister.

Our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Tisdale, having a vacant Sunday evening, was on that occasion present, and kindly consented to contribute vocally and instrumentally the musical portion of the service.

It is, I believe, some time since regular Spiritualist meetings have been held in Springfield, but now that a good renewal has been made, I would ask all who read these lines to join with spiritual hands and hearts in prayer for the sending down their influence to the spot newly consecrated to spirituality; that the noble work begun by the Ladies' Aid of this place may go on and prosper."

NORTH DANA.—A. E. Doubleday writes: "I very much regret that I did not make an effort in times past to verify messages printed in THE BANNER from many who once dwelt in Dana and its vicinity. Of these were Mr. Brook, a tin-peddler, who dropped dead in a doorway in North Dana village; Mrs. Caddle, Mrs. Oakes, born in North Dana, passed to spirit-land in the month of May, 1887; Rev. R. C. Flint, a preacher of Universalism in North Dana twenty-nine years ago; myself and family were in his Sabbath-school and choir. He passed on from Southbridge, Mass. David Lincoln, Greenwich, Mass., and Jessie Rogers, Petersham. Their communications were all correct."

NORTH SCITUATE.—"S." writes: "The pleasant weather of Sunday, Jan. 24th, was taken advantage of by the members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and large attendance was the result. The service was opened with singing, and an invocation by the Guardian, Sister Sarah J. Marsh.

After the Silver Chain recitation, readings were given as follows: "He Could Not," by Susie Cook; "Feeding the Birds," Elsie Lincoln; "Catch the Sunshine," Abbie Taylor, Ella Seaverns and Velma Morris; "Heart's Ease," Hattie Seaverns; "The Model of Virtue," Nellie Lincoln; "The Fled Mother," Louisa James. Bro. Geo. Statler gave a very interesting discourse upon "Hope as the standard of the spirit." He is fast developing as an inspirational speaker, and will, I believe, at an early date be able to take the public platform as an eloquent speaker. Our trance speaker, Carrie A. Nott, favored us with some excellent remarks, followed by the Guardian reading the poem, "God Knows Best."

Assistant Conductor D. J. Bates read an extract from a lecture by Walter Howell; Sister M. C. Morris gave an interesting lesson to the children. Sister Milley Vale presented the Lyceum with an elegant Bible. Great interest is being manifested at the present time, and each session of the Lyceum finds new names added to the roll."

PLYMOUTH.—Nellie F. Burbeck, Secretary of the Plymouth Progressive Spiritualist Association, writes: "Our Association held its annual meeting Jan. 16th, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, G. Thomas; Vice-President, Mrs. Susie M. Burbeck; Secretary, Nellie F. Burbeck; Treasurer, Miss Priscilla S. Bartlett; Executive Committee, Mr. Chas. Ryder, Miss Jennie Meaden and Mrs. Catharine Harlow.

Though our meetings have not been reported from week to week, yet the Spiritualists are doing their work—rather those who are actively interested, which does not include all, for there seems to be more of a desire to learn of our beautiful philosophy on the part of those who are considered skeptics and unbelievers than those who call themselves Spiritualists, with the exception of a few earnest workers. Our meetings commenced on the first Sunday of September, and have been continued each Sunday evening since. During the month of September we had Mrs. Celia M. Nickerson of New Bedford, the mention of whose name implies excellent service and broad, instructive lectures. The first meeting of October Dr. F. H. Roscoe occupied the last two weeks, and was supplied by Mrs. A. E. Cunningham of Boston and Miss Flora Salmon of Providence, R. I. the girl medium, all giving interesting meetings. Nov. 1st Mrs. Chandler-Bailey made her appearance here for the first time; Nov. 8th Prof. J. W. Kenyon of New Bedford; Nov. 15th Mrs. Hannah Ryder and Mrs. Jennie Covington; Nov. 22nd Prof. Kenyon was again with us; Nov. 29th Mrs. Nellie F. Burbeck; Dec. 6th Mrs. Jennie Covington; Dec. 13th J. P. Thorndyke of Haverhill gave very interesting and instructive lectures, that on the 27th being a very able effort."

### New York.

SARATOGA.—Harvey Lyman writes: "The last week in December we had a Social at Mr. Parish's. Prof. Peck was there. Mr. Bennett gave us music and recitations, which afforded good satisfaction, and added much to the interest of the occasion. Aaron S. Piper and wife, two long-tried Spiritualists, were present, and returned home. Mrs. Piper slipped and broke her shoulder on the stone curbing. In a few days Mr. Piper was taken with La Grippe, and passed to spirit life. He leaves a wife, one daughter (a Spiritualist), a son, in the dry goods business in Brooklyn, N. Y. The funeral was conducted by two Orthodox ministers, one of whom arose and read passages of Scripture declaring man's inherited disposition to sin. He kept this up for a half hour, then said the Bible was given by inspiration, and that there has been no inspiration since, and never will be. He did not know the deceased, so he introduced the other clergyman to make a few remarks and the closing prayer. This second gospel-dispenser said the deceased was an upright man, though he feared he did not believe in the atoning blood of Jesus; yet he would leave him in the hands of God. By that time my blood was at fever-heat with righteous indignation. Mrs. Piper came and wanted to pray with the widow and read a poem, but she ordered him out of the room, and he went. I like Bro. Jacob Edson's agreement with Dr. H. B. Storer, providing for his last will and testament to be the Veteran Spiritualists' Union in the spring. May it live long and prosper."

TROY.—A correspondent writes: "The First Society of Spiritualists of Troy held its annual meeting Wednesday evening, Jan. 20th, when the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Ellsha Waters; Vice-

President, Mrs. Holmes; Treasurer, E. Gagnon; Recording and Financial Secretary, W. B. Cornell; Corresponding Secretary, H. C. Romaine."

### Illinois.

CHICAGO.—Geo. F. McIntyre, Secretary of the First Society of Spiritualists, writes Jan. 23d: "Chicago is at present the great Western centre where the greatest number and greatest variety of healers, skilled and unskilled, can be found, and from this centre psychopathy, or spirit healing, as a science, has radiated in all directions.

There are many healers of the genuine stamp in Chicago, but the chief among Chicago healers is universally admitted to be Dr. Robert Greer, of 127 La Salle street. To wit: Dr. Greer was recently eulogized and proclaimed in a public meeting by the spirit of the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush, through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, an ideal representative healer.

As a psychopathic physician he is surpassed by few, and as a well-known medical genius he is far in advance of the most exalted healer of the age. His success as a healer began in the East some thirty years ago, and is proverbial from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

Dr. Greer, by certain medical instinct or perception, will know in an instant, and at a glance, the moment you visit him, all your diseases, however complicated or obscure. He will describe symptoms and tell exactly how you feel, and what your disease is, and within a few minutes he will tell you that your disease is curable he will also tell what will immediately cure or relieve you. This service is always given FREE to the public.

Dr. Greer's mode of treatment in most cases, especially in mental or nervous diseases, is simply a touch of the hand, a word or mandatory, and commanding over disease a strong will power, aided by a powerful subtle psychologic force, the results are, in most cases, instantaneous. But where mental and physical diseases exist together, appropriate medications are added.

"Physical disease," he says, "cannot be cured without physical medications."

The degenerate blood or disintegrated tissue must be restored by proper chemical food or reconstructive nutrition; all which he prescribes from the garden of nature, such as the herb of the field, the flowers of the forest, and the leaves of the trees.

His remedies are all new, pleasant and delightful, and are life-giving and health-producing.

Dr. Greer has the patronage of some of the first families of Chicago, and who are of every shade of religious belief. He is even patronized largely by the Catholic element in the community, and as will be seen by reference to the State Medical Directory, he is the attending physician of the Convent of the Servite Sisters, and has been for the last five years, during which time his success there has been somewhat remarkable. For prior to his appointment there was considerable sickness at the convent and some mortality, but since he took charge there has been no mortality and but very little sickness. In his time he has disposed of over 100,000 cases, and although like others he may have experienced some disappointments, (for who has not?) yet I think from what I know that he is a most skillful healer of the genuine spiritual stamp, and the most largely attended in Chicago in his particular line of specialties.

Patients come to him from far and near, and those who cannot come order treatment sent by mail. A trial treatment sent by mail costs only \$1."

### Colorado.

DENVER.—B. Longrigg writes: "Mr. Jules Wallace gave one of his interesting entertainments at Nichols and McMin's Dancing Hall, 1545 Champa street, to a large and appreciative audience. It began with instrumental and vocal music, and while the music was going on Mr. Wallace was influenced by the spirit-mother of a gentleman in the audience and led to where he was sitting. She gave a message to him, which he recognized as correct. The spirit gave her full name, and asked for several of her family on the earth-plane. Immediately the medium said, 'If you can recognize the scene comes from some one in the audience, and I hear the name Bob.' This was at once recognized. The medium took the hand of the person and gave him two messages from the spirit-side of life, which were correct. The medium next saw a large fish; through the fish came a face, a description of which was readily recognized as that of the father of a gentleman in the audience. The medium again took the hand of the man, and told him his father's name was Stuart (acknowledged to be correct). He then gave him a message from his father.

The foregoing are but a tithe of the many tests that were given. The versatility of the séance was decidedly unique and pleasing. Mr. Wallace is doing a good work, and is by far the most satisfactory medium we have in Denver. He intends to visit the East, and I know he will be warmly welcomed by those who are interested in the spirit-side of life. Near the close he sang pleasingly the song, 'Thy Voice is Near Me.' A small knot of skeptics tried to throw the medium off, but he withstood each. He gave a short talk on clairvoyance, to refute the fallacy of a certain scientific lecturer on the subject, and demonstrated to the satisfaction of the audience that this scientist knew nothing of it. The audience was kept spellbound for about two hours, and all seemed loth to depart."

### California.

SAN BERNARDINO.—A correspondent writes: "On Sunday, Dec. 27th, at the conclusion of the seventh and last Sunday's work given our Society by Dr. Temple, as a public platform test medium, a vote was taken electing James Boyd of Riverside as a committee of one person to submit resolutions expressing the Society's appreciation of that gentleman's work, said resolutions to be submitted for endorsement to Mrs. Ella Wilson Marchant, the acting President of the Society, and by her forwarded for publication to the spiritual papers then and there agreed upon. Accordingly the following were prepared by Mr. Boyd, and respectfully submitted:

Whereas, Dr. John A. Temple and his wife have been residing in San Bernardino and Riverside for several weeks past; and

Whereas, said Dr. John A. Temple has been acting as a public platform test medium, a well known and successful medium, and has given many private and public sittings in San Bernardino and Riverside, said tests being eminently satisfactory and conducive to the good and promotion of Spiritualism. Now, therefore,

Resolved, by this legally-incorporated Society of Spiritualists of San Bernardino County, that in consideration of the services rendered by said Dr. Temple and his wife, and of their devotion to the Cause of Spiritualism, the thanks of the Society be tendered to said Dr. Temple and his wife, and that they be recommended to the kind consideration of Spiritualists wherever they may go on their mission of enlightening the world."

Signed this 3d day of January, 1892.

ELLA WILSON MARCHANT,

Acting President of the Spiritualist Society of San Bernardino, Cal."

### Connecticut.

DANIELSONVILLE.—Wm. DeLoss Wood writes: "I desire to call the attention of Spiritualists in Worcester, Willimantic and Norwich to a matter referred to in THE BANNER last summer, viz.: the holding of a picnic by the societies of those places at Alexander's Lake, situated on the Norwich and Worcester Railroad, midway between Worcester and Norwich, and about the same distance from Willimantic. The Norwich Spiritual Society picnicked there last summer, and found it to be one of the most delightful places for such an occasion—a large shady grove; a magnificent lake, with fine beach, and excellent opportunities for bathing and boating. It was then suggested that societies from Norwich, Willimantic and Worcester combine this year and have a grand picnic, and secure for the occasion test mediums, lecturers and music. It is believed that if this plan is carried out, it will be advertised, the scheme could be made self-paying by charging a small admission fee. I hope to hear that these societies have taken action on this matter."

### February Magazines.

MAGAZINE OF ART.—John Russell, R. A., "The Prince of Orizon Portrait Painters," is the subject of the leading article, the frontispiece being a photograph from one of his best portraits, in addition to which are given reproductions of several of his best crayons. The illustrations of Mr. Blomfield's paper on "Artistic Homes," show some of the best work of modern English architects. Mr. Wadmore's descriptive paper, "Two Winter Exhibitions," with its eight illustrations, have reference to those of the "Royal Society of British Artists," and the "Institute of Painters in Oil Colors." "Book-Edge Decoration" is suggestive of a new field of artistic work. The second paper on "The Dulwich Gallery," is illustrated with reproductions from its rarest treasures. The "Illustrated Note-Book" is of special interest. New York: Cassell Pub. Co., Fourth Avenue.

ST. NICOMACH.—In the frontispiece an engraving from one of J. H. Dolph's paintings, an example of patience and good conduct, is exhibited by a young dog, whose appearance indicates that he loses nothing, as no one else will, by the exercise of those commendable traits. The opening article is descriptive of "The Battle on Skates" once engaged in by Spanish soldiers by command of the Duke of Alva. Mary S. Roberts contributes the first of a series upon "Historic Dwarfs," Sir Jeffery Hudson, of whom a picture is given, and several anecdotes. Mr. J. O. Davidson furnishes an instructive paper upon "Electric Lights at Sea," with illustrations. Mr. Summers continues "Strange Corners of Our Country," and in this number gives needed lessons in patriotism. The home history of the patriotic and efficient educator of the blind, Dr. S. G. Howe, is continued in "When I Was Your Age." Amusing verses, and rollicking jingles, lots of bright pictures and brain-racking puzzles, and much else to entertain and instruct, complete the contents. New York: The Century Co.

WIDE AWAKE.—Possibly the new chapters of the Arabian story of persistent endurance, "The Lance of Kanana," is the notable feature of this number, a stirring account of a camel race over the desert being therein given. Elliot McCormick contributes an attractive story, "The Sign of the Prophet Jonah," Mrs. Converse supplies another of her illustrated Indian sketches, "With Seventy Chiefs at Oshewkan." Those interested in adventure will enjoy Lieutenant-Col. Thorndike's narrative of a thrilling experience "In the Straits of Cape Horn." Some Horace I have known, are described by Mrs. Elliott. An Account of a day "At Baglan Castle with Dorothy and Richard," "The First Steamboat" and "A Pet Seal" are short instructive papers. The poetry of this number has among its contributors Ella Wheeler Wilcox. In "Men and Things" entertainment and instruction are happily blended. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

### In Memoriam.

From his home near the city of San Bernardino, Cal., on the morning of Jan. 7th, 1892, in the seventy-third year of his age, after a lingering illness, Mr. WILLIAM HEAP.

He was a native of England, and an old pioneer of San Bernardino Valley, of nearly forty years' standing; he was for years the President of the Spiritualist Society of this city. The funeral services were held in the hall owned by the Spiritualists, and were very largely attended. The services were conducted by the writer and J. D. Potter in behalf of the Spiritualists; and a short address was made by John Brown, Jr., in behalf of the Society of Pioneers, of which Brother Heap was a member.

On Sunday, Jan. 17th, memorial services were held in our hall, conducted by the writer. Mr. Brown, also, in behalf of the pioneers, read an interesting biographical sketch of the deceased.

Brother Heap was an ardent Spiritualist, a faithful officer, and an old subscriber to and a great admirer of THE BANNER, frequently reading choice articles from its columns at our meetings. He leaves a large circle of children, grandchildren and friends.

Entered by Special Mail, JAN. 18th, 1892.

It was my good fortune to meet and make the acquaintance of Dr. W. H. YOSKUCH—recently deceased—in 1888 at the Chicago Convention. Our rooms adjoining, and at the table we always sat side by side. I met him there again last year, and we roomed as before. We became interested in the well-known comfort of each other, and I have most pleasant recollections of him. He was modest, unassuming, ready to welcome the stranger and make him feel at home; and always ready to respond to the call of the sick day or night. He seemed to be filled with a desire to do good, and in all honorable ways to foster and build up the Cause of Spiritualism.

His widow and children have my sympathy in his absence from their home in the body; but I must rejoice with him because of his birth into the larger life "just over there!"

AYER'S Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and expels all poisonous elements. Sold by druggists.

### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From the home of his daughter in West Pittsburg, Mass., Dec. 17th, 1891, Dr. Norman Call, in the 81st year of his age. For years an earnest and consistent Spiritualist, he was cheered and sustained amid the trials and vicissitudes of the earthly way by that most comforting and cheering mission. One by one his own feet had gathered home, until, at the time when his feet trod the "sunset slope," he was surrounded by a large and noble family, and remained on this side to comfort him in his declining days.

The funeral services were attended Sunday, Dec. 20th, by the writer, at the home of his daughter—a large number of friends being present. As we looked upon the worn, yet patient and peaceful features of the mortal, we had a sense of the exultant presence of the immortal, now free in its immortal life, to find love, rest and home.

From Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 15th, 1891, Freeman H. Burleigh, in the 56th year of his age.

A native of Stratham, N. H., Mr. Burleigh has until recently resided there, and as an honored citizen has filled a large part of his life with the service of his country and his fellow-men. A devoted and successful farmer, and a successful business man, he won the esteem of many in his own and other towns. A staunch supporter of Spiritualism, he was deeply interested in its philosophy and phenomena.

He was formerly President of the Spiritual Society of Stratham, and the writer, who was privileged frequently to occupy that platform, can with others tell of his great kindness to mediums.

In verification of his own words, "I will return and tell my friends of the Life Beyond when called to it," he has on several occasions appeared at our meetings, and appeared to the writer on the platform at Westboro, Mass., one of his favorite haunts having just been rendered.

His loved wife, who at the time of his death was very ill, is still in a critical condition, although it is now hoped she will recover, to stay with her only boy as a comfort and guide in her last hours.

May their "shadows fly away" and light be given.

From Hingham, Mass., Jan. 18th, Mr. Samuel Burr, aged 72 years and 3 months.

Mr. Burr was a quiet man, honest and honorable in all his dealings; a kind neighbor and good citizen. His mind had become illuminated by a knowledge of spirit communion and manifestation, and he was a firm believer in the same, as an opportunity offered, the grave meetings held by Dr. Gardner, and the later camp-meetings at Onset.

Dr. H. B. Storer was called to the platform and two minutes consisted in part of selections from the writings and sayings of learned and distinguished individuals of ancient and modern times regarding death and the spirit world, and he himself had arrived by observation and study of the Spiritual Phenomena and his own intuitive perceptions. COME.

From Springfield, Ill., Jan. 24th, 1892, Miss Adeline Stevens, in the 84th year of her age.

She was an ardent and devoted Spiritualist. The spiritual papers have been to her welcome guests for years. In all her life she was a true and faithful friend to the Cause. The world would be better and happier if there were more like her in it. As a citizen she was a friend of the poor and unfortunate. She was loved by all who knew her. Her funeral services were conducted by the writer in the presence of a large concourse of relatives and friends at the home of her niece, Mrs. F. G. Schmidt, on the 25th ult.

DR. O. K. GARR.

From our residence in Nelson, O., Dec. 23d, 1891, my wife, Mary L. Colton, in the 53d year of her age.

For some time before she passed on she could not articulate as to be understood, but just before she breathed her last she revived and said: "Oh father and mother, and Lucy and Emily and Emmet—come over here! come nearer! I cannot reach you—I want to see you all!"







## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookkeepers, 9 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritualist, Progressive, Reform and Miscellaneous Books, at Wholesale and Retail.

Special Notice:—Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by cash or a draft on the amount of the order. If the order is for a large quantity, the balance must be paid in advance. If the order is for a small quantity, the balance must be paid on delivery. If the order is for a large quantity, the balance must be paid in advance. If the order is for a small quantity, the balance must be paid on delivery.

It is in the hands of the BANNER that should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondence give utterance. We notice will be taken of any letter or communication which does not come authenticated by the name and address of the writer.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for insertion should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

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All communications relative to literary or editorial matters must be sent to the Editor. All business letters must be sent to ISAAC B. RICH.

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

## An Appeal to Spiritualists.

For a long time THE BANNER has been in receipt of private letters complaining of the lukewarmness, or selfishness (it is hard to tell which), of the numerous Spiritualist Societies in the United States—or, to be more explicit, the members composing them—in regard to compensating our public speakers, who have been willing to devote their whole time to the Cause.

Knowing that the Spiritualists as a class were more sensitive than the generality of people, THE BANNER has been loth to moot this subject, especially in the interest of peace. But as complaints still come pouring in, we conceived the idea of submitting the subject to our personal band of spirits, with whom we have been in rapport for many years. We simply requested SPIRIT JOHN PIERPONT, the President of the Banner Free Circle Room, to give his views and the views of other spirit-friends in regard to the subject under consideration, the result of which the reader will ascertain on perusal of Mr. Pierpont's article on our first page.

We ventilate this subject as a matter of duty—not in the spirit of censure, be it understood, but for the benefit of those devoted public speakers who have suffered so long—suffered so much that several of them have withdrawn from the field altogether, in order to secure sufficient funds to "keep the wolf from the door."

Now, then, cannot some action be taken by the Spiritual Societies to the end that justice may be meted out to our platform speakers? It was not so years ago; but a new generation has taken the place of many of the old workers. Why, when we held successful spiritual meetings in the Music Hall in this city, with Bro. L. B. Wilson as Chairman, our business partner, Mr. Rph., contributed twenty-seven hundred dollars toward paying the speakers and for other contingencies.

Spiritualism is, however, on the increase, notwithstanding the lukewarmness of some of its adherents, and will continue to spread until the whole civilized world is imbued with its teachings.

## The Ministers on the Slums.

A Philadelphia pastor has been making something of a study of the slums of that city and disclosing the results to his congregation. He describes the life he found in them as "Dark Sea," and declares that the only remedy lies in the work of the Christian churches of the city. In short, he would "battle" with the slums by building more churches. The Philadelphia Inquirer remarks that the result is uncertain, the tendency of the combination of ministers being to combine the work to church extension, this doing the work of evangelizing the slums.

But, responds The Inquirer, it can't be done; the slums are not without their churches; there are the midnight missions and other harbors of refuge; for all that, crime is just as frequent; the slums are growing; more men and women go down to destruction every year; a man here and there is saved from the wrecks all about him; but the place he vacates is filled by scores of others.

The Inquirer heartily commends the intelligent Philadelphia ministers who have gone down into these dark places in order to see for themselves; but it asks the very pertinent question—what result? After telling their congregations what they have seen, all is soon forgotten, and the grave problem is as far from a solution as ever. The Inquirer frankly tells them what it would do. It would organize a movement that will overwhelm the slums with its magnitude. But how? By inviting in the laymen as well as the ministers; by calling in the managers of every charitable organization in the city; by inviting every known philanthropist, without regard to his religious belief, to take a hand in the movement. It

would preach from the churches and raise funds from the congregations; it would enlist the newspapers, and have them appeal to every one to subscribe who is interested in helping up his fallen fellowmen. Then it would move on the slums, and cooperate with the city officials.

The worst pest spots should be cleared of their buildings and converted into parks. Places that are prejudicial to health should be promptly condemned. Destroy the noisome alleys, the filthy courts, and reeking backyards. Let in heaven's pure sunlight. Put up cheap but respectable houses in place of the present dens, and enforce regulations. Then let the ministers build their churches and preach, and they will be much more likely to be attended. When Christ was on earth, illustrates the Inquirer, he did a good deal more than preach; he entered a few synagogues, but he did a vast deal more work in the open air; he healed disease; he comforted sufferers; he fed the hungry multitudes. It is useless to preach to a starving man. First give him a breakfast, and he will listen.

To invade the slums with the Bible is useless, unless there is something else to go with it. A man brought up in a hovel is ignorant of anything better, and cares for nothing better. He must first be taught to desire something better than his surroundings, and helped to be lifted out of them. He must crave a better and a cleaner life. Slum life is a social cancer, to be cut out. The healing process will never begin till this is done. The ministers, in The Inquirer's opinion, cannot expect to evangelize the slums by calmly sitting down at home and praying for it. Things are not done that way. The Great Teacher was himself a worker, and taught work. His preaching was but a small part of that work.

The slums of our large cities are the plague-spots on modern civilization. The need of removing and uprooting is one of the most urgent that confronts us. But in order to be successful the movement must become so popular as to be general. All alike must be interested in it. The churches and the preachers should fall in and follow on. Cooperation is the only effective and sure way. Merely multiplying church edifices, which nobody is likely to attend, is futile and needlessly expensive.

## Rev. M. J. Savage on Evolution.

At the Church of the Unity last Sunday Mr. Savage delivered a discourse on "The Irrepressible Conflict Between Two World Theories," in which he took occasion to criticize the views of Dr. Lyman Abbott on "Christian Evolution." He said:

"Since public attention has, in an extraordinary degree, been aroused on this subject of evolution and its relation to religion and theological thought, it is my desire to help on a little clearer thinking and to lift the eyes of men so that they may get a clearer glimpse of the dawn of God's new day. Dr. Abbott has uttered nothing new—nothing that all free investigators have not known was true. The one peculiar thing about it, however, and which has excited public attention, is the fact that these truths should be spoken in such a quarter—that evolution should be recognized by a man who occupies the most orthodox pulpit in America. . . . I criticize Dr. Abbott simply for this: It seems to me that he is only the last and most conspicuous illustration of the old attempt being made to reconcile the reconciled. The earnest work is tired of this business of reconciliation. We are not to deny a truth we see in this, the nineteenth century, because a man who lived 4000 years ago had not found it out. As a matter of fact it is our business with clear eyes to see the truth and with fearless lips to speak it."

And then the speaker goes on at some length to give his "points" how "this little earth" came into existence; "was it suddenly created, or has it become what it is by a series of progressive changes which we call growth?" That is, by and through evolution. He admits the evolution of man as a theory, but does not give a very strong view of why he thinks so, although perhaps he has given as much as his congregation can digest at the present time, for which he is to be thanked by all liberal people. Here is the best thing he said upon the subject:

"Evolution, instead of teaching Jesus as an impossible kind of being—neither man nor God—teaches that he was the highest manifestation of the religious life on the earth—the divine in the human—the religious crown of the race up to this hour; God in man, reaching up from beneath, instead of God outside of man, reaching down from above."

But to let our readers know more upon this important topic, we shall copy into the next issue of THE BANNER a fine disquisition by a learned writer, "E. M. W.," on "The Prenatal Life of Man," appearing in the Advance Thought.

## A Useful Messenger Spirit.

It is well known to most of THE BANNER readers what a useful spirit the Indian maiden Lotela is. She has been for a long time and is still doing the good work assigned her by the angel-world in behalf of humanity.

We have recently received a note from her, through the instrumentality of her special medium, Mrs. M. T. Longley. She says she has been working of late for the spirit band in a special direction, and has visited many places to aid undeveloped mediums. She has visited one of this class, she says, who resides in Memphis, Tenn., and helped her to become developed, as she told her medium that she would. She says that when the said lady was in great trouble last spring, and remarked that she wanted to die, Lotela assured her that assistance would be rendered her by the spirit-world workers. She is now happy, as she is fully aware of good spirits are guarding her, and that she is especially cognizant of the fact when Lotela is at times present helping her. She has written to Mrs. Longley, acknowledging how much satisfaction she has derived from this circumstance alone.

Thus the good work goes on, especially from the higher standpoint, of which the world at large has very little, if any, knowledge. We have had many experiences in this line and other lines, therefore know whereof we speak. Should we write up these varied experiences in detail, it would astonish the outside world, and even many Spiritualists who have a knowledge of spirit-return. Not only have these instances occurred in the direction under consideration, but also in matters appertaining to governmental affairs as well, which many public men who were written to fully endorsed, and privately acted upon.

If Dr. Lyman Abbott's lectures in the Lowell Institute course are any indication of the amount of thought and interest existing in religious problems to-day, we may decide, says a contemporary, that there is an immense growing study of our present creeds and theological conditions. Beliefs are being revised in a liberal way, and still with a liberalism that is helpful and broadening rather than radical.

## Emma Hardinge-Britten.

We have been waiting for some time to say a good word for this noble, veteran worker for the Cause of Modern Spiritualism, who is still using her facile pen in her paper, The Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng. She is a wonderful medium, and has accomplished a vast amount of good in voicing the teachings of the angel-world, and is still at her post of duty.

Her arduous labors in behalf of the Spiritual Philosophy in America, also, are not forgotten. The good seed she has sown has borne excellent fruitage. Her tollsome journeys among the Spiritualists in our country villages are well known to us; and the words of encouragement she gave them when they were but few in number—to persevere in the good work—are fully appreciated.

A new generation of Spiritualists has come upon the stage since Mrs. Britten lectured here, but many of them know of the grand service she has accomplished for the Cause. But why is it, we would ask, that The Two Worlds is not better patronized by our people to-day? It is a talented journal, and should be in the household of every Spiritualist in the land.

In looking over a recent number of her paper we find the following communication, which voices our own sentiments fully in regard to this talented lady and the valuable work in which she is still engaged:

"DEAR MADAM:—I have been waiting to write to you a long time to thank you for your great work for Spiritualism. I have read in The Two Worlds your most wise and noble speeches and answers to questions, and know your hard labor is spreading the truth and how bravely you fight against your enemies. In truth, I often pity you. Fight on, dear lover of the Truth, and thou shalt win the crown thou so well deservest."

## A Centre Shot!

It rarely happens that so much good sense and keen repartee are joined in so few words as are contained in the following editorial paragraph—sent "God-in-the-Constitution" big by—which we encounter in The American Sentinel (N. Y.), of Jan. 28th. It will certainly be difficult for the two Pharisaic parties mentioned therein to "explain" themselves out of their self-created contradictory positions:

"The Christian Statesman has always insisted that in order to make this a Christian Nation the Constitution must be so amended as to place all our Christian laws, institutions and usages on an undeniable legal basis in the fundamental law of the land; but now Dr. Herrick Johnson rises up and argues that the World's Fair should be closed on Sunday because 'the Nation is Christian, Christianity is embedded in our national laws, and is recognized in our national usages and appointments. We issue proclamations of thanksgiving, appoint chaplains, administer oaths, and open Legislatures and Congresses in the name of the God of the Sabbath.' Now if The Statesman is correct it destroys the Doctor's argument; and on the other hand, if the Doctor is correct The Statesman is without a mission, and has only been fighting wind-mills, in these many years."

## Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

Last Sunday closed a very successful engagement with the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, Berkeley Hall. His lectures made a profound impression on thinking minds. His poetical improvisations were much admired. He goes from this city to the Society ministered to regularly by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond in Chicago.

Mrs. Richmond will address the First Society of Spiritualists of New York during February and March. We congratulate the Chicago Society upon having secured Dr. Willis, and can safely assure the friends there that they will receive a rich treat, intellectually and spiritually.

## "Swedenborg, the Seer, Sage and Theologian."

A lecture bearing the above title, delivered in New York City by the eloquent inspirational speaker, Walter Howell, and reported specially for THE BANNER, will appear in our next issue.

The friends of common justice in Virginia recently secured the passage through the House (Richmond) of a bill providing for female physicians in the female wards in the insane asylums; but the Baltimore American of Jan. 30th says "a lobby of male doctors" defeated it—by their bitter opposition—in the Senate. Up to their old unprogressive tricks again!

Attention is called to the announcement on our fifth page, concerning the reduction in price of Epes Sargent's fine works, "PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY," and "THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUALISM," also Kardec's "BOOK ON MEDIUMS."

Peace with honor has at length been achieved between Chili and the United States, for which all good people in both countries are unquestionably thankful. Our sister republic should now be favored as much as possible by this Government.

A REVISED EDITION OF THE DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF spiritual and other publications on sale by Messrs. Colby & Rich at the Banner of Light Bookstore has just been issued, and will be sent free to any address on application.

We would call attention to the fact that there is a large front room in Banner of Light Building—admirably arranged for physician's or medium's office—to let at a reasonable price.

THE LYON BANNER for January is a special New Year's number, and in addition to exceptionally interesting contents, has a four page supplement, containing three interesting stories. Mr. Morse, with the assistance of his daughter Florence, is making this monthly deservedly popular. Liverpool, Eng.: 30 Needham Road, Kensington.

An account of the celebration of the one hundred and fifty anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Paine and an extended synopsis of the address thereat by Robert G. Ingersoll, reported for THE BANNER OF LIGHT, are unavoidably deferred until our next issue.

Just as we were going to press we received from Hudson Tuttle a memorial article, containing intelligence of the decease of Mr. R. Pond at Norwalk, O., and Mrs. Olive E. Gould (wife of Prof. H. Day Gould), at Cleveland, O. We shall publish it next week.

We are sorry to learn that Bro. Edwin Wilder—a Spiritualist veteran at Hingham, Mass.—has had a serious struggle with La Grippe; but we are pleased to be able to announce his convalescence.

Thanks are returned for a donation of flowers for our Free Circle-Room Table, from Mrs. Ingraham, also a basket of flowers from Mrs. Weston of Boston.

"Constantinople" is interestingly written about, in the present issue, by our foreign correspondent, Henry Lescroix.

## Reception to Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

A socially pleasant and largely-attended reception was tendered to Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis by Mrs. M. A. Pope and her daughter, Mrs. Olapp, on Friday evening, Jan. 29th, at their residence, 375 Columbus Avenue—the occasion being a sort of "good speed" on the part of his many friends hereabout to the Doctor on the conclusion of his labors for the Boston Spiritual Temple, meeting in Berkeley Hall—which termination was reached Jan. 28th.

Mrs. O. F. Pratt, Treasurer of the Helping Hand Society, was delegated to preside, and performed that office in a graceful and appropriate manner. A welcoming of the people in attendance, she introduced the Dr. Willis, who lastingly sang a vocal selection—Mr. Wm. Boyce, Jr., accompanist. Miss Edith Oliver, a talented young elocutionist, rendered "Smiling the Hook," and—encored—a humorous bit of verse to the pleasure of all. John W. Day of the Boston Herald or Lighter was introduced, who briefly referred to Dr. Willis's unjust persecution by the Harvard College authorities in his early youth; bore testimony to what Dr. Willis had done for Modern Spiritualism as speaker and writer in the past, and wished him success in the coming years. He closed his remarks by delivering the following:

ACROSTIC-SONNET.  
BY JOHN W. DAY.  
Defender of our Truth in earliest days,  
Which is thy worth, and poor our highest praise.  
For thy youth's hopes dissolved in ashes cold—  
Ere long thy spirit soared above the world.  
Thou wert a true and noble friend to all,  
Who loved the Cause of Freedom and the Fall.  
Thou hast traced man's pathway on to deathless gain;  
We, thy nineteenth century's sharpened pen,  
Inspired, see surer paths walk in men  
Like thee—thy guiding star's light shining  
To us, thy noble spirit's voice we hear,  
In early years may yet thy guidance cheer.  
—Sergeant to the Cause in the Land Divine!

A. E. Tisdale expressed his happiness in meeting with Dr. Willis, of whom he had pleasant memories as a friend, and a high opinion as a worker—considering him a tower on the spiritual platform dedicated to "wisdom, strength and beauty." Fine instrumental music was then artistically executed by Prof. Frank M. Davis—violin, accompanied by his wife and son.

The ever popular Lucette Webster greatly interested and amused the people by her rendering of the twin recitations "Maria in Heaven," and its appendix. Mrs. Olapp then read the following letter:

Boston, Mass., Jan. 29th, 1892.  
To Mrs. M. A. POPE AND DAUGHTER:  
I am in receipt of your request that I attend a Reception to be tendered to Dr. F. L. H. Willis, my personal friend, and a great worker in the Spiritual Cause, at your residence, on Friday evening next.  
Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be present, and to do so in the name of our rank and file of friends. It is my worthy brother, Dr. Willis, who is a true man in every sense of the word; but I cannot attend, I am sorry to say, as I am going to my home with La Grippe, as Dr. Willis already is aware. But in spirit count me in attendance.  
Fraternalty yours, L. COLBY.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 27th, 1892.  
DEAR MRS. POPE:  
I regret very much my inability to be present at the reception to Dr. Willis, which you are to tender him on Friday evening.  
I was to a severe cold on my lungs I have been confined to the house since last Friday, and have had to suspend (temporarily) my banner work in consequence.  
Please to convey my warmest regards and respects of my guides, and Mr. Longley and myself, to Dr. Willis, and assure him that we should have considered it an honor to be present at his reception referred to.  
Cordially yours, M. THURBERG LONGLEY.

Similar letters, expressive of high estimation of Dr. Willis, and regret on the part of their writers that they could not be present, were received (and were also read by Mrs. M. A. Pope) from Mrs. David W. Craig, Mrs. Sarah P. Billings (daughter of Col. W. D. Crockett), H. F. Advers, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, et al.

Mr. F. L. Young gave a piano solo with good effect. Mrs. Pratt, after paying a high compliment to Dr. Willis, said to the ladies, "I have been very much interested in the spiritual power, and (though they did not understand the source) were pushed by it into a revision of their ultra-denominational standards; while scientists in regard to matter and spirit, were examining into the claims of the spiritual phenomena upon the world's attention. He felt to prophesy that in the next ten years we were to see even more startling manifestations of spirit-power than ever before."

Dr. Willis closed his eloquent remarks with the following poetic improvisation:  
Ye who've had a grand revealing  
Of the immortal power of love;  
Ye whose hearts have thrilled with feeling,  
And whose souls have soared above;  
What care ye for words of scorn,  
While the glowing hours within ye  
With the love of angels burn?

Welcome, then, this blessed revealing  
Of a love death never can reach;  
Though an hundred years be past,  
I'll stand true to the end of each teach.  
Blessed be our God forever,  
That of earth's lowly ones and weak,  
Oft He makes the chosen channels  
Through which the great truths speak.  
Blessed be His name forever,  
That through the darkness of death's night  
He has brought the living light.  
That made the grave forever bright!

For this truth almost too mighty  
For the world's dark throbbing heart,  
Offer we this night our homage  
To the angels who are near;  
On those wires celestial leading,  
From our hearts to heaven's own shore  
Send our prayers and love's fervor,  
To the loved ones gone before.

Hark! the tender, sweet responses,  
Gently stealing to us now;  
"We are with you, oh, our loved ones!  
Even as you are, in our brow."  
Then exultant with the chorus,  
With your souls the anthem sing:  
Where, oh, death, is now your sting?  
That made the grave forever bright!

Messrs. John Lane and Wm. Boyce, Jr., then executed a beautiful duet (encored), with cornet and piano.  
Appreciative remarks were made by J. H. Lewis, M. C. Chaffee and Mrs. M. A. Pennington, Vice-President of the Cambridge Society (for which organization Dr. Willis has spoken at past times); after which the formal meeting resolved itself into one of a conversational character, friends on taking their departure uniting in the best of wishes for the Doctor's success in the coming years.

## Laconics.

## NO. II.

## BY TYPHO.

Many noxious weeds are to be found in the garden of Nature. They are like the microbes, which travel from place to place, seeking whom they may devour.  
Oh, Hypocrisy! what evils are perpetrated by thy disciples!  
The humble are the cream of the earth. They live while others die.  
Vanity and sensationalism mar the beauty of many otherwise would-be goodly characters.  
Poverty and crime go hand in hand.

THE CHURCH OWNED.  
Some people die and go to glory,  
While others leave for Purgatory!  
The man or woman who wines, at night, generally whines the next morning.

We would really like to see a real genuine person's grade. It is a scarce article in every community.

Some of our genuine physical mediums are like fleas. When you think you have your hand on them they are not there. That's the cause of much trouble.

The Common grabbers are Liberty's robbers.

## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

Mr. Furber, who recently passed to spirit-life, gave his whole time to the Boston and Maine Railroad. That was the main thing that carried him off. For years he has carried his theory of personal supervision to a killing degree. Whether it was a wreck or a legislative move, or a freight tangle or a pass, he did it in person. "It was well enough when the road was smaller, but the load became too great to carry."

African savages have the best teeth in the world, and one reason for this fact is that they take such excellent care of them, cleaning them several times a day for this purpose. They use a short piece of wood, which becomes softened by rubbing in the mouth. Thus the message of a tooth-brush is: "As I remember my teeth constantly, so I often think of you."—Ez.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who was in London and England with Henry Ward Beecher was in Brooklyn and the United States, has passed to spirit-life.

Janitor (in artist's returning from a vacation):—There have been so many callers since you left that I have been obliged to wash the names from the slate twice to make room for others.—Fingende Blätter.

The one hundred and fifty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, was celebrated under the auspices of the Ingersoll Secular Society in Paine Memorial Hall, Boston, Sunday morning and evening, Jan. 28th.

It sounds like an echo of the past to read the protest and remonstrances of a town in France, protesting the gravest dangers to the republic because a woman has been employed in the public schools to teach a class of small boys.—Ez.

Lee & Shepard of Boston, it is announced, are about to bring out a remarkable book under the title "Dreams of the Dead." The author holds that those whom a majority of judgment calls dead are aptly beginning to live.

There is no chance of war, of course, but the late unpleasantness has not been without good results, says the Boston News. It has given us a good array shown us how barren of coast defenses we are, and waked up the government to making preparations for any future attacks that may be made on us.

Eighteen hundred pounds of gold are used every year for filling teeth in this country. It is worth over half a million dollars, and is so effectively at it it were dropped into the ocean.

The "philosophical cogitation" of the Atlantic Globe sagely remarks: "Inquisitive people who ask questions they shouldn't ask make flaps."

## Independent State-Writing Phenomena.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
HOLLY J. NAYLOR, President of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, requested me yesterday to send you a statement respecting the independent state-writing, through the mediumship of Mrs. Mott-Knight, for the society at Carnegie Hall the past two Sundays.

This lady has recently taken up her residence in this city, having as I understand, recently resided in California. She is of medium height, and a rather slender form for one from whom organization it would seem necessary for the invisibles to draw the requisite magnetism for a public exhibition of state-writing. She has a very pleasant way of gaining the attention and good will of an entire audience, and her every action is above suspicion while giving these public test séances.

Sunday, Jan. 24th, as on the previous Sunday, the desk was removed from the platform to make room for a table around which half a dozen intelligent-looking ladies and gentlemen took their seats, skeptics as well as believers having been invited to do so. Every slate was carefully examined, and two of them read by the company close to the under surface of the table. By the repeated expressions from the participants it seemed as though a very powerful force was necessary to produce the writing that could be heard beneath the table-top. Several of the chairs in which the company sat were wobbled by the force of the writing. The sitting occupied about twenty minutes; much longer, Mrs. Mott-Knight said, than for a private one, and at its close a number of messages were found on the upper surface of the slates, which were read by the company. The first one was addressed to myself, thanking me for having developed the granddaughter of the spirit-writer as a medium.

At the close of the development of the granddaughter and the name signed to the communication had been forgotten by me, until my memory was refreshed in this manner by the invisible grandmother. The other messages, as well as those of the previous Sunday, were pronounced as wonderful as the first. Under strictly test conditions he received two messages from his wife (my daughter), recently translated to the other shore, that were very satisfactory. His great surprise was that there was a third communication addressed to him of a personal nature from my father, and his name, Geo. W. Cadwell, signed thereto in full.

He would like to state for the benefit of strangers who may be in this city over Sunday, that meetings are held here in Carnegie Hall, corner Seventh Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street, every Sunday, forenoon, afternoon and evening; and that Mrs. Mott-Knight has sittings daily, at 36 West 24th Street.

Respectfully,  
New York, Jan. 25th, 1892.  
J. W. CADWELL.

## To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

Among the many mediums doing good work in this city for the cause of Spiritualism, that unassuming lady, Mrs. Mott-Knight, has long been known to credit to herself and honor to the Cause she so nobly represents. On Thursday evening, Jan. 21st, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Robertson, 100 West 31st Street, a number of investigators met to receive evidences of her independent state-writing mediumship.

The conditions under which manifestations took place were as follows: 1. The parlors were well lighted. 2. Each person brought his own slate. 3. Questions were written on slips of paper by each sitter prior to entering the room. 4. The slates were placed on the table, and during some portion of the time, while writing was going on between the slates, the hands of the medium were placed as to remove all question as to the occult nature of the agency producing the writing, one hand being held full, whilst the other was placed over the hand of the sitter, and not touching the slate. All present received good evidence of the truly marvelous power of Mrs. Mott-Knight.

After the light faded, Mrs. Knight consented to sit awhile in the dark. A yard of paper was brought into the room, some sheets torn off and thrown upon the floor. Lead pencils were also laid near the paper. The medium's hands being held by two gentlemen, one on either side, the slates were placed on the table, and immediately the manifestations commenced. Writing could be distinctly heard taking place upon the floor, and other sounds not interpretable by us. When the lights were eventually turned up, the written messages, and pencil drawings, some of which were identified by visitors as departed friends' faces and busts. Every one seemed delighted, and on retiring many expressed themselves as having spent one of the happiest evenings within their recollection.

Persons living in New York and those visiting the city should call upon Mrs. Mott-Knight, and receive for themselves evidences of another life and messages from their loved and lost. Her address is 36 West 24th Street, New York City.

Mrs. Knight has been giving public demonstrations of her psychic powers at Carnegie Music Hall and other places, and those who have witnessed the phenomena through her mediumship will bear testimony to her validity. Give her a call, and make her feel that mediumship is still appreciated even in this modern Babylon. Yours most sincerely,  
New York, Jan. 22d, 1892. WALTER HOWARD.

## Ordination in the Legislature.

Mr. Hobson of Lowell has introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature a bill authorizing the formation of corporations for advancing education and the ordination of such of their members as shall choose this disposition of their remains.

"Mr. Walter Howell has been with us during January. He is a very forcible and exceedingly interesting speaker. He handles his subjects in a very able manner." So writes Mrs. Mary A. Newton of New York City.

Mr. Emma Rod Tuttle has a touching poem on our first page. Read it to yourself and to others.

Read the "Banner Correspondence" this week carefully.











(Continued from sixth page.)

for an old sea-faring man? [You are welcome.] Well, they told me to come right in here and I'd find a place.

I think I went out in a hurry. I got my sailing papers pretty quick at the last. I didn't expect the clearings quite so soon. I thought I should stay awhile longer on shore and look after things. Somehow, I feel as if I'm not attending to the business or to the work that I was best fitted for, and that is why the accident happened to me. It was a different sort of work from what I'd been into all my life, but I don't find any fault.

I give a long, clear call across the spiritual waters to my friends on this side in the good old State of Maine, and would tell them I've landed on a beautiful shore, I've entered a serene harbor where no rocks or breakers barred the way. Tell them I haven't been voyaging very much since I went across, but I've just settled down in my new little land, looking for where all is bright and calm and beautiful; but I don't keep still—no! I could not do that. I have to be here and there and at different points, looking after what is being done, and wanting to take a part, too, in affairs.

Well, I've taken many a voyage to Africa, I've been to the Western Islands, and I've sailed over many seas. There have been rough storms, and there have been calm waters. I've seen the experience all up in the voyage of life, and I feel as if I've begun to sail along over the sea of existence, and I don't know where my barque will go by-and-by, but it is all right under the Great Captain's orders, and I feel that nothing can be wrong when he is in control.

[To the Chairman:] Well, now, sir, I won't keep you by my talk. I just thought I'd like to tell my good folks at Rockland that I'm all in good condition, that I'm alive, and never have been more so than I am now. Give them my love, and tell them I'd like them to live such a life here that they'll be proud to meet me when they come across to the other shore. I am old Captain Oliver Pillsbury.

**Florence Marsh.** My name is Florence Marsh. My people live in Boston, and I used to live here. I have been gone some years. I was not twenty-five when I passed away, and I do not feel any older now than I did then. In fact, I feel stronger and in better condition, because I was feeble for quite a while before the deliverance came.

I am here to bring my love to my friends, and to tell them I have many times tried to reach their lives with a knowledge of the eternal world. I can look back over my earth life and remember many things connected with it, my plans and experiences. I know what my friends did for me, bringing me many offerings of their kindness, and showing me in many ways their loving regard. I would not have had the comforts that were mine had it not been for those good friends, for I had not the financial means to make my last days without care; but my friends were kind, and I did not suffer for anything except that health which they could not give. In the spirit-world I have that, and I am with kind and loving angels, whose lives flow smoothly along, and all is harmony and peace with me.

I want my friends here to know this, and to understand that, while I look back at the past with love for them and with an interest because of its associations, I have no desire to return to it. I do not wish to take up the mortal life, for I am satisfied. I used to have a dear friend of mine, when she came to call on me in my sickness, a beautiful hymn that had the line, "I am satisfied," as its refrain, and I say to my friends that is my refrain in coming back now. "I am satisfied" with the land that I have found.

**Peter Daly.** [To the Chairman:] Shure, ye don't know me? Well, now, Oi don't know ye, but they said it would n't make no difference.

Oi'm Peter Daly, and Oi used to live in Brooklyn. Do ye mind where that is? [Yes.] Yis, sir; Oi'd a family there, and Oi'd loike to find them very much, but Oi don't know just how ye're going to do it.

There's Ellen; she's me ould woman, ye know. Well, Oi left her on this side, and she's had a pretty hard time to get along, but Oi'm thinking that she's getting along just as well without the ould man as she did with him. And, thin, there's Tom; he's me boy. He's grown. Oi know he's grown, because, don't ye see, it's quite a while since Oi wint out. And there's me little girl; she's quite a lass now.

[To the Chairman:] Oi'd loike to see them all, if ye can get me to them. They said ye could; but Oi don't quite understand it. Oi heard thin sayin' as how a spirit comes here, and ye get him to his friends, but Oi don't know how ye do it, sir. [We print your message in the paper.] That's it! Ye print the message in the paper. Well, thin, Oi gives the message, and ye prints it in the paper. Oh, well now, well now! Oi did n't think that was it at all, but Oi'm after being obliged to ye for taking what Oi'm saying. Somehow Oi got the idea that ye takes us by the hand, by the main body, and blows us through a sort of a shaft until we get to our friends, but ye haven't come to that. Oi thought ye papie was getting along pretty fast with yer improvements and inventions if ye could do that.

Well, now, ye sort of sends a letter? Yes. It's a kind of a post office, is it? [Yes.] Oh, that's it. Oi think ye for giving me the information, because Oi don't loike to be so stupid loike. Oi was an ould fellow, and Oi had to wurk hard to get along. Ye don't despise me for that? [Not at all.] That's good. They told me, "No matter, Peter, how hard ye had to wurk, ye put yer best foot foremost, step up smart, and ye'll be taken care of." Ye do n't despise the poor, ignorant, trucking man, and so Oi'm glad to come, and if ye could happen to get me a couple of words of the folks, why, Oi'd be that pleased Oi'd niver forget ye, niver; and if ye wants a helping hand over on our side, Oi'll be glad to do all Oi can for ye.

Thin ye prints a paper, and ye talk for the dead folks in it. I see, Well, that's sort of wonderful now, is n't it? I used to think that the priests knew something about the dead more'n they lets on, and somehow it seemed to me that they sort of had a private communication with the unseen world, they sort of had a hold on it, a kind of monopoly.

[To the Chairman:] Ye're not a priest, now, are ye? [No.] Well, ye're pretty good. Ye're just about as good as one, Oi knows ye are. Oi don't have the use for them that I used to have. I see plenty of them on the spirit-side, a plenty of the fathers, and they've got plenty of wurk to do, too; but they do n't do it for me, for Oi'm going to on me own hook now.

Oi thought I was about time to hunt for the family up on this side, and Oi could make them know Oi come back, and am feeling pretty good and strong, and am getting school-learnin' in me spirit-life, why, it might help him on a bit to think what they're coming to after a while, don't ye moid. Good-day to ye.

**Elizabeth Beals.** I trust I shall reach my friends, my children in St. Louis. That is their home. I have been told in the spirit-world that there are meetings and mediums in that city, and perhaps I can sometime find a way to reach my loved ones and the family up on this side. I know I know Oi come back, and am feeling pretty good and strong, and am getting school-learnin' in me spirit-life, why, it might help him on a bit to think what they're coming to after a while, don't ye moid. Good-day to ye.

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but no such sight met my eyes. I had to unlearn many things that had grown to be a part of me, but I do not think it took me long. I saw so many friends I had known living such natural, homelike lives, and I saw so many different objects around me that seemed a part of our new existence, that I could not help feeling that this was the real life, and what I had hoped for and expected was only a delusion of the mind.

I would like my friends, my children especially, to know of these things before they pass away, that the shock may not come to them just the same as it came to me as a spirit.

I feel as I take hold of the medium the same old conditions coming upon me that were mine when I passed away; but I do not wish any one to think of me as afflicted in the spirit-world, for there all the old weakness is gone, and I am well.

**Fanny E. Hodges.** [To the Chairman:] Do you think you could find T. D. Hodges of Marblehead, Conn.? [I will try.] That is my father, and I would like him and mother to know that I am well, and happy in a beautiful world.

I went away about a year ago—I think a little more. It was hard to leave this earthly life, and it was hard for my dear ones here, to have me pass away, but I am strong now. The fever is all gone, my head is clear, and I am happy in the spirit-world where there is so much music and song, and I can hear and see and talk and move about and be strong, and have pleasant associations, and know that by and by those I love on earth will join me in that heavenly home.

Oh! if I could make them know of this—that I have been lifted out of all things that are weakening into the clear light of the immortal world, it would make me happy in my spirit-home. I have a home that is bright and pleasant. I have flowers there that bloom sweetly, and all is congenial to me; but I come back with ever so much love to the dear ones here. I want them to be comforted, to feel that all is for the best, that the Father's love is extended to them and to me, and that we are all within its divine embrace.

I am assisted to come by the good spirits here, and helped to speak in this way. I am glad, and I am very thankful indeed.

My mother's name is Mary. I am Fanny E. Hodges.

**INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.**  
Nov. 27.—Charles Partridge; Thomas M. James; John Bonner; Mary Ann Morse; George Allen; Black Hawk.  
Dec. 1.—Capt. J. S. Holmes; John Chase; Julia Kennedy; Felix Clark; Mary Ann Powers; W. D. Northam.

Messages here noticed as having been given will appear in due course according to routine date.  
Jan. 22.—Henry R. Mullen; Hollis Bowman; Harry Kennedy; Sarah Martin; B. H. Carter; Charles F. Johnson.

**"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."**

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

A Wonderful Medicine for Indigestion, Want of Appetite, Flatulence after Meals, Vomiting, Sickening of the Stomach, Bilious or Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Cold Chills, Fluency of Head, Lowness of Spirits, and All Nervous Affections.

To cure these complaints we must remove the cause. The principal cause is generally to be found in the stomach and liver; put these two organs right and all will be well. From two or four Pills twice a day for a short time, the disease will be removed and the sufferer to sound and lasting health.

Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

**Less Clinkers  
Less Cinders  
Less Smoke  
Less Ashes  
Less Coal  
Less Soot  
Less Dirt  
Less Gas**

**KEM-KOM IS GUARANTEED.**

**More Health  
More Heat  
More Fire  
More Air**

25 cents buys enough of your grocer to treat a ton. As easy to apply as water.

**Kennedy's Medical Discovery**

Takes hold in this order:

**Bowels,  
Liver,  
Kidneys,  
Inside Skin,  
Outside Skin,**

Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

**You know whether you need it or not.**

Sold by every druggist, and manufactured by **DONALD KENNEDY,** May 16, 1891, ROXBURY, MASS.

**CONSUMPTION.**  
I have 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 their names and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. O., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

**DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED**  
By a new and infallible system of treatment. Whispers only by F. H. H. 534 Broadway, N. Y. Write for book of proof.

**OPIMUM**  
Morphine Habits Cured in 10 Days. No Pain. No Pay till Cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

**CATARRH**  
Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best. Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail. E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa.

**THE BEST  
COUGH-CURE  
and anodyne  
expectorant,  
AYER'S  
Cherry Pectoral**  
soothes the  
inflamed membrane  
and induces sleep.  
**Prompt to Act  
sure to cure.**

**Mediums in Boston.**

**DR. HENRY ROGERS,**

THE gifted medium for Independent State Writing, and Spirit Pictures, is giving Sittings daily. Diagnosis of Disease and Prescription by Independent State Writing, including one month's treatment, \$5.

**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 morbid or inharmonious conditions of mind and body. Price of each, postage free.

Send stamp for Circular and Free Sample to DR. HENRY ROGERS, 236 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 7.

**JAMES R. COCKE,**

24 Worcester Street, Boston.

Gives Sittings and Treatments daily from 9 until 6. Six Sittings for Development for \$4.00 in advance.

**PATIENTS VISITED AT THEIR HOMES.**

Jan. 22.

**Mrs. S. S. Martin,**

55 RUTLAND STREET, Boston. Sittings Sundays and Thursdays, at 3 P. M. Wednesdays at 2 P. M.

GEORGE ALBRO, Manager.

Jan. 23.

**Osgood F. Stiles,**

DEVELOPING, Business and Test Medium. Sittings daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Development of Mediumship a specialty. Test Circles Wednesdays, 8 P. M., and Tuesday afternoon at 3. 8 Dwyer Street, Boston. Magnetic treatments also given by Mr. and Mrs. Stiles.

Feb. 6.

**J. K. D. Conant,**

Trance and Business Psychometrist.

Sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Sittings every Sunday evening at 7:30, also by letter. State in own mind, 10 Union Park, Boston, Mass., between Shawmut Ave. and Tremont Street. Will hold Public or Private Sittings.

Feb. 6.

**Miss Jennie Rhind, Seer.**

Sittings daily, with business advice. Circles Monday and Tuesday at 3 P. M. Advice by letter. State in own mind-writing, age and sex. Enclose \$1. 1064 Washington St.

Feb. 6.

**Hattie C. Stafford,**

53 East Concord Street, Boston.

SUNDAY, Thursday and Saturday, 2:30 P. M. Wednesday, 3 P. M. Newton Stansbury, Manager. 2w Jan. 23.

**Miss A. Peabody,**

BUSINESS, Test and Developing Medium. Sittings daily. Circles Sunday, Thursday evenings, and Tuesday at 8 o'clock. 38 Dwyer Street, Boston. Magnetic treatments also given by Mr. and Mrs. Stiles.

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**Mrs. A. E. Cunningham,**

MEDICAL, Business and Tests, 247 Columbus Avenue, Suite 8, Hotel Wauquilt, Boston. Will answer calls for platform tests.

Jan. 16.

**Mrs. M. E. Johnson,**

BUSINESS and Test Medium. Hours 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings, 8 o'clock. 41 Winter Street, Room 6, Boston.

Feb. 6.

**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 Jan. 16.

**Adelaide E. Crane,**

TEST and Business Medium. Magnetic Treatments. 84 Bowdoin Street, Room 4, Boston. Hours 3 to 5.

Feb. 6.

**Mrs. C. T. Crockett,**

MEDICAL and Test Medium. Vapor Baths and Magnetic Treatments. 34 Hanson Street, Boston, Mass.

Jan. 23.

**Mrs. E. E. Welch,**

MAGNETIC Massageist, is located at 6 Worcester Square, Boston, Mass. Patients visited at their homes.

Jan. 23.

**MRS. CHANDLER-BAILEY,** 26 Cazenove Street, Boston.

Tests, Sittings, and Business. Near Albany R. Station. Circles Monday and Saturday evenings and Friday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Platform test speaking. 1w Feb. 6.

**Psychometry.**

MRS. C. P. PRATT, 123 Dartmouth Street, Suite 1, Boston.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, 10 till 5. 4w Jan. 23.

**Dr. M. Lucy Nelson,**

MAGNETIC, Massage and Steam Baths. 33 Boylston Street, Suite 6, Boston. 5w Jan. 16.

**Miss Helen A. Sloan,**

MAGNETIC Physician. Vapor Baths. No. 178 Tremont Street, Boston.

Jan. 16.

**Miss J. M. Grant,**

TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 84 Bowdoin Street, Banner of Light Building, Boston. 4w Feb. 6.

**Carrie M. Lovering,**

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, 648 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. Controlled by the late Lemuel Spear. Feb. 6.

**DR. JULIA CRAFTS SMITH,** 25 years' successful experience. Gives free Clairvoyant Examination Thursdays to ladies. 15 Warren Avenue, Boston.

Jan. 9.

**PSYCHOMETRIC and Business Reading,** or all questions answered, 25 cents and two stamps. MARGARET B. BOWDIN, 142 Washington Street, Boston.

Jan. 23.

**MRS. A. S. HAYWARD** will furnish paper magnetized by Spirit Dr. A. S. Hayward. Price \$1.00 per package. Address 31 Magnolia Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Jan. 16.

**MRS. KNOX,** Test, Business and Medical Medium. Sittings daily. 36 Common Street, Boston.

Jan. 16.

**MRS. J. C. EWELL,** Inspirational and Medical Physicist, 642 Tremont Street, cor. Hanson, Boston.

Dec. 12.

**MISS L. M. WHITING,** Massage and Test Medium of Massage. Formerly with Dr. Munroe. 17 Tremont Street, Room 16, Boston. 4w Jan. 23.

**J. L. WYMAN, M.D.,** Magnetic Healer. 130 State Street, Boston. 1w Dec. 23.

**DR. A. H. RICHARDSON,** Magnetic Healer, Waverley House, Charlestown. 1w Sept. 23.

**DR. JULIA M. CARPENTER,** 393 Warren Street, Boston, Mass. 1w Jan. 2

**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. DORRIS, San Jose, Calif. 1w Jan. 23.

**MRS. JENNIE GROSSE,** Business, Test and Medical Medium. Six questions answered by mail, 50 cents and stamp. Whole Life-Reading \$1.00. Magnetic Remedies prepared by spirit-direction. Address: Westmoreland, Mass. Feb. 6.

**MRS. DAISY WILDER,** Readings, Business and Test Medium. Hours 10 to 5 daily, except Sunday. Mr. W. Anderson evenings. 145 Shurlock St., Chelsea, Mass. Nov. 23.

**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. All Persons, therefore, suffering from any chronic malady or affliction, and who wish immediate relief and a permanent cure, are respectfully invited to call for 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 Plasmid, improves sight and hearing, increases mental energy and cures all brain and nervous diseases. Send for Pamphlet. Oct. 10.

**SOUL READING.**

Or Psychometric Delination of Character.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish to have their person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; mark the past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful in the material and mental spheres; of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married. Full delineation, \$1.00, and four 2-cent stamps. Brief delineation, 50c, and four 2-cent stamps. Address: MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE, 1300 Main Street, White Water, Walworth Co., Wis. Oct. 2. 6m

**HALF-A-JIFFY**

**COFFEE MAKER.**

MAKES COFFEE UNSURPASSED WITHOUT ATTENTION

ONE SELF-POURING POT.

That pours by pressing the lid, as illustrated Get list.

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Jan. 23.

**The Psychograph,**

OR

**DIAL PLANCHETTE.**

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55 RUTLAND STREET, Boston. Sittings Sundays and Thursdays, at 3 P. M. Wednesdays at 2 P. M.

GEORGE ALBRO, Manager.

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**Mrs. A. Forre**



