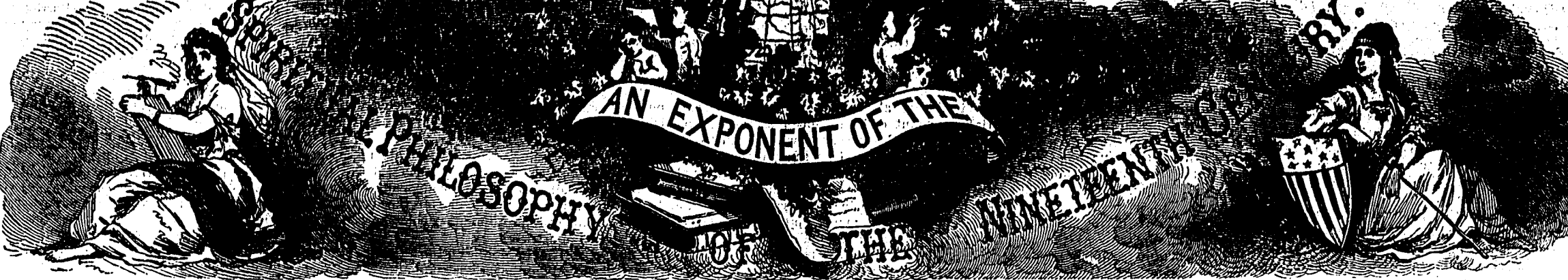


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 71.

COLBY & RICH,  
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1892.

(\$2.50 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.)

NO. 11.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Spiritualism Abroad: Spiritualism in Russia. Literary Department: The Overland Trail. Did the Ghost Kill Him?

**SECOND PAGE.**—Original Essays: In Re Materialization; Miscellaneous Works: Spiritual Phenomena: Mediumship of Father and Son. Poetry: The Reign of Man. May Magazines. The Reviewer: Antiquity Unveiled.

**THIRD PAGE.**—Poetry: A Happy Little Girl. Banner Correspondence: Letters from New York, Vermont, Massachusetts, Maine, California, and District of Columbia. Coming Events. Saw a Vision, etc.

**FOURTH PAGE.**—The Belgian Law Against Hypnotism. Phantasmagoria in Its Own Looking-Glass. Capital Punishment from 'the Medical Side.' "Terrene Facts" and "Phantasmagoria." Turning the Screw. Prof. Lombroso and His Opponents. Proof Positive of Spirit-Communication. The Anniversary, Next Sunday. The Idle Wealthy Class, etc.

**FIFTH PAGE.**—New Notes and Pithy Points. Interesting Séances in Boston. Benefit Entertainment. Birthday Party. Movements of Platform Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.

**SIXTH PAGE.**—Message Department: Questions Answered by the Presiding Spirit, and Individual Spirit Messages given through the instrumentality of Mrs. M. T. Longley.

**SEVENTH PAGE.**—Obituary Notices. Mediums in Boston. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Meetings in Boston, New York, and Elsewhere, etc.

## Spiritualism Abroad.

### SPIRITUALISM IN RUSSIA.

Specially translated for the Banner of Light from "Psychische Studien,"  
BY W. N. EAYRS.

#### The Apparition of Herr Wunschener, the Brewer.

Karl Dignowity of Schlesien says: "Nearly a year ago there died in a neighboring village a brewer by the name of Wunschener, with whom I was on very friendly terms. His death occurred after a short illness; and as I rarely had opportunity to visit him I knew nothing either of his sickness or of his death.

On the evening of the fifteenth of September, tired out by the labor which my occupation of farmer required, I went to bed at nine o'clock. Here I wish to say that I am a man of very frugal habits. Beer and wine are never seen in my house; and on this evening my drink, as usual, was only water. I am consequently in robust health. So, then, I fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow. In my sleep I heard the brewer calling in a loud voice, 'Here, young man, make haste and bring me my boots.' This awoke me, and I noticed that my wife, to please our child, had left the lamp burning. I was much amused at my dream, and thought how Wunschener, the good-natured, jolly old fellow, would laugh when I should tell him of it. While I was thinking of this, I heard Wunschener's voice outside directly beneath my window. He seemed to be scolding some one, and in a loud voice. I sat up in bed and listened, but could not understand what he was saying. 'What can the brewer want?' I said to myself; and I confess that I felt vexed with him for making a disturbance at that time of night, for I was sure that his business with me, whatever it was, could just as well have waited till morning.

Suddenly, and to my amazement, he came into my room, emerging from behind a clothes-press; and, passing the bed where my child lay, he advanced with hasty steps to the bed of my wife. Gesticulating wildly with his arms, as was his habit, he cried out: 'Well, old fellow, what do you say to this? This afternoon at five o'clock I died.' Astounded at this statement, I replied: 'No, that is not true.' But he retorted: 'Just as true as that I am standing here and telling you of it. They are going to bury me Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock. Now what do you think of it?' During this conversation with my visitor I kept pinching myself to determine whether I was really awake or was dreaming.

I asked myself: 'Is this an hallucination? Am I in possession of my faculties? Yes; there is the lamp; there is the pitcher; there is the mirror, and—there is the brewer.' I came to the conclusion that I was awake. Then the thought came to me, 'what will my wife think if she awakes and sees the brewer in her sleeping room?' In my fear lest she should awake, I looked toward her and saw to my relief that she was asleep; but I noticed that she looked very pale.

I said to the brewer: 'Let us talk more softly, Herr Wunschener, for if my wife should be aroused she would feel very indignant to find you here.' He replied in a more quiet tone: 'Do not be afraid; I will do your wife no harm.' I was puzzling my brain to find an explanation of all this, and thought to myself, 'strange things happen sometimes for which there is no explanation to be given.' At last I said: 'Herr Wunschener, if it is true that you are dead, I am really sorry; I will look after your children.' At this, he stepped forward close to me and extended his arms as if to embrace me. I said to him in a threatening tone, looking steadily at him with a frowning face: 'Do not come so near me; it is very disagreeable;' and raised my right arm to push him away; but before my arm reached him he had disappeared. I rose and looked at my watch: it was seven minutes past twelve. My wife then woke and asked me who it was that I had been talking with so loud. 'To my question if she understood our conversation, she replied, 'No,' and immediately fell asleep.

In the morning I received the news that Herr Wunschener had died, that afternoon at half-past four, and would be buried the following Tuesday at two o'clock.

In confirmation of this story, Mrs. Dignowity, in a letter to the editor, testifies that her husband told her on the morning of the 16th

of September that Herr Wunschener had appeared to him during the night, and had given him news of his death.

The second extract which we make is the story of the apparition of a spirit not to announce a death, but to save from death. It is reported by Madame M. von L. of Annowka.

#### OUR MIMI:

##### Or what Restored our Daughter to Health.

"In the winter of 1884-5, while we were stopping at Wiesbaden, my sister's daughter, twenty years of age, died at Jalta, and was buried on the 21st of January in the family vault at Simphoropol. The maiden was the darling of the whole family, but seemed to be especially attached to me. My sister, a widow, already sixty years of age, was deeply affected by her bitter loss. After our return home from Germany, we hastened to visit the bereaved one, and reached her house in Simphoropol on Good Friday. I say we; that is, my husband, myself, and my only daughter, Mimi, then seven years old. She was at the time in perfect health.

On Easter morning we visited the resting-place of the dear and never-to-be-forgotten Sophie. It was a warm, bright, spring day, and Mimi roamed among the graves, reading the inscriptions on the stones. Suddenly she called to me:

'Mamma, see, here is the end of a coffin sticking out.'

The superintendent of the place explained to us the reason of this: 'Yesterday,' said he, 'there were brought here four children who had died of diphtheria, but because it was a festival day at the church, no one was willing to dig the graves. Consequently we covered the coffins only lightly with earth. When the festival is over they will be properly buried.'

While standing near this coffin my daughter must have breathed the infected air, for on the evening of the same day she complained of pain in her temples, dizziness and nausea. The physician, who was immediately summoned, pronounced it diphtheria. From the beginning the disease assumed an unusually malignant character. On the third day gangrenous diphtheria set in, and both we and the physicians saw that the case was hopeless, and that my darling must die. One of the physicians whom my mute despair alarmed, and who read perhaps in my face a reproach that all their skill and experience were powerless to save my only child, said to me, with a sad voice, 'We have done all that we can. God be merciful to weak, mortal man.'

Grief and anxiety had sharpened my senses, and so I heard him whisper to the maid in the adjoining room: 'Toward morning she will have ceased to suffer.' This was at ten o'clock in the evening. Of my grief I cannot speak; it cannot be expressed in words. My only wish was now to be alone with my Mimi.

So I sat alone by the bedside of my darling child, holding her little hands, burning with fever, in mine, which were icy cold, and accompanying with a frenzied prayer every struggle of hers to breathe.

About one o'clock Mimi lay rigid, as if dead. There was no breathing; her features were distorted; cold sweat stood on her forehead. These I felt were the last moments. Then from my breaking heart there sprang the cry: 'Sophie, Sophie, you are now with the Heavenly Father; beg Him, oh! beg Him to spare me my Mimi.'

Immediately I saw lying on the brow of the suffering Mimi a tender, snow-white hand, and I heard Sophie's voice, 'Auntie, dear, trust and grieve no more, see! Mimi is already better.' I raised my eyes to the speaker and saw standing before me Sophie, clothed in a white satin dress; a long white lace veil fell in rich folds from her head to her feet. Her deep black hair was cut short, but one heavy tress hung from the veil over the left ear. A band of fresh and fragrant snowdrops extended from her left shoulder, across her breast, to the right side; a wreath of dewy snowdrops adorned her head; her right hand clasped a bunch of the same lovely flowers, and a golden cross; her left hand rested on Mimi's brow.

This apparition seemed to me at first quite a natural one. I did not think it strange that Sophie should be with me, though I was not able to account for the manner in which she was dressed. I forgot for a time that Sophie was no longer with us. After a while memory returned, and I said to myself, 'But Sophie is dead.' Then looking lovingly upon me with a smile on her face she gradually disappeared as a light vapor; but the hand upon my daughter's forehead remained for a long time visible.

Mimi lay motionless as if dead. Beside myself with grief I arose and leaned over her. What joy! the heart was beating, feebly indeed, but regularly; the pulse was quiet and steady; her breath came soft and easy, and the child fell into a restful sleep. In fact, from the moment in which Sophie appeared, the disease took a favorable turn.

About half-past six Mimi awoke, and said: 'Mamma, I am hungry,' in a voice weak indeed, but clear. For three days she had not been able to speak, and had taken no nourishment but drops of wine and coffee. Eggs, bread and tea were brought, and she enjoyed the breakfast mightily. The physician came, and as the maid opened the door for him he asked in a whisper, 'How is it with the maiden?' 'Why, Herr Doctor,' said the maid laughing, 'the Fräulein is perfectly well. She is just now eating her breakfast.' When he came into the room Mimi said to him, 'See, I am all well again.'

The doctor could not believe his eyes. He examined the throat and found it slightly red, but free of all diphtheritic spots. He begged

permission to call his colleagues to witness this case—the most remarkable in all his long years of practice. He demanded absolute rest and careful nursing, for he feared that a fatal result would follow. But Mimi, after a profound sleep of five hours, would be kept in bed no longer. She was well, and has remained so to this day.

The day after the anxious night in which Sophie had appeared to me, I told my sister how I had seen Sophie. The peculiarity of her dress was then explained by her as follows: 'Auntie Sophie appeared to you just as she was dressed when lying in the casket. At the request of her betrothed she was clothed for burial in her bridal dress. He himself placed the fresh snowdrops on her breast and in her hands.' After the casket had been closed a friend of Sophie's, who had come to the funeral from the interior of Russia, but had been delayed on the way, entered the room, and with tears, entreated to be allowed to say 'Good-bye' to her friend. The casket was accordingly opened, and she placed in Sophie's hands a golden cross, which she wore upon her breast, and said, 'Take this, Sophie, as a remembrance of me.' Two days before her death Sophie begged me to cut her hair, for the weight of her tresses was so great that she could not raise her head, and I did so; but her dear face was so emaciated as she lay in her coffin that I took a long, heavy tress and placed it beneath her left ear to give to her face a greater fullness. Mimi is restored to us, and to the ministrations of Sophie's spirit alone do we owe this restoration.

Herr Aksakow reports a remarkable case of posthumous telepathy, the truth of which was confirmed only after nearly a year's careful inquiry.

"On the 3d of April, 1890, Mrs. E., who was occupied in the counting-room of Mr. Matthews Fidler, an English gentleman residing in Gothenburg, was engaged in answering some business letters. She had just begun a reply to one, and her attention was closely directed to a list before her, when, without her knowledge, the words 'Sven Strömberg' were written on the letter which she had just dated. The name was unknown to her, as well as to those who were in the counting-room; nor could any one be found in the neighborhood who could explain the meaning of these words.

In company with Mr. Fidler Herr Aksakow was engaged at this time in experiments in spirit-photography. These experiments were conducted in two series: one in the daylight, the other in the darkness, by the light of the magnesium lamp. The first series was a failure, the second produced remarkable results. The taking of the photographs was under the personal care of Herr Aksakow's nephew, M. Butlerow, who provided his own camera and prepared his own plates. On one of these plates there appeared a man's face. No one knew to whom it belonged, nor was any explanation to be had of the strange appearance.

At a sitting held in Mr. Fidler's house on June 3d, it was suggested that perhaps some information relating to the strange name that had appeared on the letter could be obtained by inquiry of the spirit who was writing automatically through the hand of the medium. The question was accordingly asked: 'What does the name "Sven Strömberg" mean?' Immediately this answer was returned, 'Strömberg? Oh, yes! I know; Strömberg wanted you to let his people know that he is dead. He died, I think he said, in Wisconsin on March 13th. He could not give this information himself, although he has been trying to do so for more than a month. He says he used to live in Jemtland. Is there such a place? At all events he is dead, and his wife and three children are in America.' To a remark made by Mr. Fidler that 'if he used to live in Jemtland, a province of Sweden, we ought to be able to get the address of his wife,' the answer was made, 'No; he died in America. Some of his friends live about here somewhere. I have forgotten the address, but I will look after him for you.' These replies led us to make inquiry on the 6th of June about the face on the photograph. The spirit asserted that this portrait was that of Strömberg, and added that it was not Wisconsin, but New Stockholm, where he died; it was the 31st of March, not the 13th; that he used to live in Ströms Stocking in Jemtland, and that he left that place in the year 1886. He was married and had three children. He died universally respected and lamented.

So far as information obtained from the spirit-world is concerned, nothing more could be got. Several circumstances connected with this matter were of such a nature as to give to us, says Herr Aksakow, the idea that there was something serious in it, and that it was not worth any further thought. But notwithstanding this, Mr. Fidler set privately to work to unravel the mystery. After a long time and much labor had been spent in collecting information, both in Sweden and America, Mr. Fidler succeeded; he obtained from the Swedish Consul at Winnipeg, Canada, the following letter, confirming the statement made by the spirit at his house in Gothenburg in June: "In reply to your interesting inquiry, I state that a farmer by the name of Sven Strömberg, who emigrated to New Stockholm, Canada, from his old home in Ströms Stocking, Jemtland, Sweden, in 1837, died on the 31st of March, 1890, and left a wife and three children. One who was with him at the time of his death tells me that his last wish was that his friends in Jemtland should be informed of his death."

Mr. Fidler also discovered this curious fact, which accounted for the difficulty he found in establishing the identity of the spirit, namely, the person who gave his name as Strömberg,

was not known by that name in Sweden, but by the name of Sven Errson. He assumed the name Strömberg in America. It is also to be noticed especially as a point of the greatest importance, which absolutely decides the genuineness of the communication received at Gothenburg, that Strömberg died on the 31st of March in New Stockholm, a small settlement in the northwest territory of Canada, from which there is a mail to the nearest post-office only once a week; but yet his name appeared in Gothenburg on the 3d of April, only three days after his death. By no physical means whatever could the news of this event have been transmitted from so distant a place in so short a time. The only solution of the problem is, then, that this is a genuine case of posthumous telepathy. We are promised further details as to the identity of the photograph, in a later number.

## Literary Department.

### THE OVERLAND TRAIL.

BY EDWARD B. PAYNE.

In the summer of 1873 I was thirty years of age—in perfect health and of steady nerve. I was no believer in the uncanny—hardly in the supernatural—and had always pooh-poohed at tales of ghosts, phantoms and visions of all sorts.

It is unnecessary to explain how I came to be traveling in the far West without companions, except for horse, and dog, and gun. Following the general route of the old overland trail, I camped one night in the edge of a considerable forest, and at a point from which I could look forth over a broad, open plain.

It was already after sundown. The good horse was picketed, and having provided a supper for myself and dog from a rabbit which my gun had brought down an hour two earlier, I disposed things for the night, and as the stars came out, lay down to sleep, comfortably rolled in a blanket.

It was probably in the small hours of the night that I awoke, and rose to a sitting posture. The moon was climbing the eastern sky, with not a feather of cloud in her course, and every object stood forth as clearly as in the day.

But it was not for me to contemplate in quietude the rare beauty of the night. In almost the first moment of consciousness my eyes fell upon a slowly-moving object in the distance. It was one of those canvas-covered wagons, the "prairie schooners," so familiar in the early days of overland travel to California.

It was approaching almost directly toward me, and my curiosity was at once aroused. Why any one should be traveling thus, and so late at night, I could not imagine. The movement was heavy, as if the horses were jaded, and the man who walked by their side had a weary step.

Twenty minutes passed, the vehicle approaching nearer and nearer. Still on it came, until within about thirty yards from me it suddenly stopped, and the man looking about seemed to be considering the wisdom of making camp.

At this point I suddenly realized that the approach of the wagon had been utterly noiseless. What could this mean? Was I dreaming? No, I was never more awake. Was this hallucination? No, for the dog, who had been aroused by my movement in awakening, now turned his head in the direction of the new arrival, and uttered a low growl. I laid my hand on him to keep him quiet.

The man now stood by the forward wheel, looking in at the opening of the canvas top, and, though I heard no voice, I imagined that he was speaking to some one within. A woman's head appeared, and, after a glance around, gave a nod of assent, and the man proceeded to unharness the horses and turn them loose to graze. Then after a moment, in which he seemed to be anxiously surveying the trail over which they had come, he helped the woman to alight.

And now their movements greatly puzzled me. The man now stood by the rear wheel, as if searching for some particular spot of ground. Finally the woman pointed to a space between two young trees, and the man, after looking at it for a moment, went to the rear end of the wagon and brought forth a spade. With the edge of this implement he marked off a rectangular space about five feet by two, and began to dig. All this, let it be remembered, was in absolute silence.

By this time my curiosity had turned to marvel. Here was a contradiction of common sense! I could not believe that what I saw was real; these beings must be apparitions. And yet here by my side was the dog, as alert as I, and trembling with an impulse to investigate, while obedient to my hand of restraint.

The digging proceeded, and the soil being soft, some five feet of depth was soon reached, and then the man threw out the spade upon the ground. The woman, meanwhile, had been plucking branches of evergreen, bringing them in armfuls and throwing them beside—"the grave," I thought. And now, with the utmost care and patience, the whole cavity was lined with these sprigs of evergreen, held in place by twigs thrust into the banks on either side.

This done, the man sprang out. The two surveyed their work for a moment, and then, after gazing once more, as if in anxiety, over the route by which they had come, they approached the wagon. Having rolled up the canvas on one side, they lifted out a small mattress, depositing it upon a blanket which they had spread upon the ground.

This mattress was not without its burden. The beams of the lun moon enabled me to see there a slight form—that of a little girl who had scarcely lived out three years. The pretty white hands were folded over the breast. Long, golden curls fell on either side upon the pillow.

The face, which I could see with astonishing clearness, was wonderfully beautiful in its aspect of innocence, and bore a life-like smile, as if in answer to the radiant queen of the sky, who seemed to be smiling too, as she looked steadfastly down upon the living and the dead.

The mother forthwith proceeded to arrange the spreads upon the child, tucking them and smoothing them down as if she were only putting her little one to bed, although while I heard no sob, nor any expression of grief, I could see that her breast was heaving with sorrow, and her face was visited by tears.

The two now knelt on either side, kissing their darling many times, and weeping over

her, though trying apparently to comfort one another in their mutual wretchedness, if perchance there might come in their hearts a calm like that with which the moon was still sending down her beams to illumine the fearful scene.

Then laying hold of the blanket they carried their darling to the grave, and by the aid of the bride-reins let the precious burden down into the place which they had so carefully prepared. Green boughs were scattered over her, until they covered the beautiful form many inches deep, and then the cloths were gently replaced, and a little mound was heaped, and the child transferred from her mother's bosom was sleeping at last in the bosom of that greater mother—earth. The two sad mourners knelt again beside the grave, and seemed to be engaged in prayer, lifting their faces now and then to the sky, as if in its infinite clear depths they saw future hopes.

All this—though I still thought it unreal—had awakened in me the keenest interest and sympathy. But my attention was now suddenly diverted to a line of figures in the distance, somewhat beyond the spot where I had seen the wagon when I first awoke. These were horsemen, who came sweeping on at a rapid pace, as if engaged in eager pursuit. From the manner in which they rode I knew they were Indians.

Ah! I saw it all now, and understood why these spectral visitors had so often looked back so apprehensively in the direction from which we had approached. These pilgrims across the plains had seen signs of savages, and had used the night to push on beyond their reach, if haply they might bury their dead in peace, and find safety for themselves. But the foe had discovered their trail, and followed them, bent on massacre.

I laid my hand instinctively on my rifle, under the edge of my blanket, that I might join in the defense, and was about to cry out in warning of the danger I saw approaching, but instantly bethought myself that this was unreal, a mere vision, calling for no practical action, and I might better let these shadows work out their tragedy to the end. I again restrained the dog, who seemed agitated, whether because he saw what I was seeing, or out of sympathy with my emotion—I know not which.

The two at the grave seemed unconscious of the threatened danger until their enemies were within a hundred yards, when the man sprang up, and lifted the woman also to her feet. They turned toward the wagon, as if to gain its shelter and secure weapons for defense. It was too late. I saw flashes of fire and also a flight of arrows still without a sound, however, to break the calm of the night.

Both the man and woman staggered as if wounded. They stopped and turned face to face, throwing their arms about each other, as if realizing that this was their last embrace. Another volley, and still clinging to each other in the agony of death, they fell together upon the grave of their child.

The Indians were not long in completing their work. Then catching the horses and harnessing them into the wagon, they hastened away, as though themselves in fear of pursuit. I watched them until they disappeared, and then was alone with my thoughts and the brilliant night.

I realized that I had seen a vision, and, though I turned myself resolutely to rest, my sleep for the remainder of the night was fitful and disturbed. When finally I awakened again the sun had risen, and under the influence of that great dispeller of illusions, and in spite of the vividness of the night's experience, I began to think that, after all, I might have been only dreaming, especially when I saw that the space where I had seen the burial and the tragedy that followed was not open and clear, but overgrown with brush and young trees.

Nevertheless, yielding to a curiosity of which I was meanwhile almost ashamed, I soon made my way into the bushes. Parting these with my hands as I went forward, and scanning the ground closely, I shortly experienced a new shock of surprise, for there, in the exact spot marked by the night scene, was a little mound, and over it were the remains of two skeletons.

And now for a retrospective fact, which gave to this weird experience of the night a personal significance. While I was yet a lad in my teens, my brother, twenty years older, had taken his young wife and only child and set out to cross the plains in pursuit of fortune. The mails had brought home tidings of their journey up to a certain point. Beyond this all trace was lost, and we never heard of them again.

I have not been able to account satisfactorily for what I have related. Was this an indubitable intimation vouchsafed to me from another world as to the fate of my relatives? Was it impossible that I should have this vision elsewhere? And if this is the case, then why? Had nature photographed these tragic scenes and preserved their reflection, to reproduce them for an eye that was fitted by some occult law of sympathy to behold? Let the savants answer if they can—I cannot.

#### Did the Ghost Kill Him?

A DARING YOUNG OFFICER WHO WOULD SLAY IS HIMSELF SLAIN.

The most distinguished ghost of all appears to be the black lady of the castle of Darmstadt. In deep mourning she comes to announce the death of some members of the families of the grand dukes of Hesse or of the Bavarian royal family.

The apparition of this lady has, from time immemorial, produced a sort of panic among the troops of the garrison. The boldest sentinels are afraid of her. One day a young officer of the grenadiers solicited from the grand duke Louis I. the favor of acting as sentinel at the door of the chapel through which the mysterious visitor was expected to pass. "If it is not a genuine ghost," he said, "I will cure the practical joker of his nonsense."

It was agreed that the officer should order the phantom to halt, and if it did not obey, fire upon it. The grand duke and a few courtiers posted themselves in the vestry of the chapel, from which they could see the path that, according to the legend, the black lady always followed.

As midnight approached the gaiety of the royal group decreased. The clock struck twelve. Before the sound of the last stroke and died away they heard in the distance: "Eh! Who goes there?" Then there was a shout.

The grand duke and the people of his suite came out from their hiding-place, and ran into the courtyard. The brave young officer was stretched on the ground, dead. Beside him lay his gun, the barrel of which was torn from the stock, and twisted like a corkscrew. There was no wound of any sort on the body. Shortly afterward Louis I. died suddenly in the ducal palace.—*Galignani's Messenger.*



## Original Essays.

## IN RE MATERIALIZATION.

Are Materialized Forms Always Responsible for What They Say or Do?

I do not propose to discuss the existence of the so-called materialized forms. I have had such evidence on this point that I cannot deny them. To do so would be to deny everything. I also know that they are not, as has been suggested by an able writer, effigies, or artistic productions, in the sense that an artist produces a picture or a statue. Certainly no Greek artist ever surpassed in beauty of form some of these embodiments.

However much this may have commended them to my artistic taste, it was not what I was seeking. My interest lay back and behind this. It was in the childlike simplicity and the intense humanity which, under certain conditions, these forms developed. These conditions were obtained by establishing between them and myself a close magnetic relation, which enabled them to rely on me for much of the strength necessary for them to control their temporary bodies.

And yet, with all the assistance I could give them, in my early investigations I encountered many things that perplexed and annoyed me.

Just what all these things were may not interest those pursuing this subject, yet there are things existing more or less in some of these that should be explained, as I know them to be a fruitful source of misunderstanding, and in order to do so I propose to relate an incident in my early experience.

At the first séance which I attended, there came to me a form under circumstances that went a long way toward satisfying me of her identity.

Her personality, both mental and physical, was very attractive. I may as well state here that of the many hundred sances I have attended with different mediums, she has never misled me but twice. She claimed to be a near relation, who passed away when quite young.

In my association with her I noticed at times certain ideas and expressions which strongly reminded me of the medium. They were so out of harmony with her general character that I felt strongly impressed that there was a duality in the manifestations. This led me to decide to visit another séance, under a different medium, for the purpose of seeing if this condition would follow her there.

With my usual frankness, I told her that I was going to another séance, not stating where, and expressed the hope that she would meet me there.

With an anxious and pained expression she told me that she could not come through any other medium; that if I wished to see her I must come here.

This only made me the more anxious to try the experiment. I went to the proposed séance, where I was a stranger, and as a matter of precaution against skeptics I was placed in the back of the room, behind most of the audience, where I would be least likely to do harm.

In the course of the séance I heard my name spoken near the cabinet in a conversation between the manager and one of the forms. It was my impression at the time that he was objecting to the form coming out. I therefore stepped forward, and, as I did so, the form sprang from the cabinet, grasped me by both hands, and pulled me into the centre of the room. She was overjoyed at meeting me, so much so that she could scarcely contain herself. She talked so rapidly that it was difficult to follow her, and remained out so long that the manager complained of it. Throwing her arms around my neck and pulling my head down to her, she said in a low tone, "He thinks he runs this séance, but he don't."

There was no mistaking her individuality; she was the same being who had come to me so often at the other place. I did not feel disposed to mar the pleasure of the meeting by reminding her of the false statement she had made. I met her again at the first séance-room. She had no recollection of having met me elsewhere, and when questioned, stated positively that she never went to the place I named. I left her with feelings of disappointment, not to say disgust. I had no desire to meet her again; but some weeks afterward, when at Onset, I was persuaded by a friend to go with him to a séance held by still another medium, where, to my surprise, she came to me more beautiful than I had ever seen her. As she came forward I was so ungentlemanly as to charge her with falsehood. Without making any reply, she retreated to the cabinet, and as I returned to my seat I said to my friend, "I have put my foot into it now; you will not see any more forms coming to me." I had scarcely sat down when she rushed out, threw both arms around my neck and sobbed like a child.

I do not propose to relate the conversation, except so far as it related to the charge I had made against her. She said: "You think me untruthful." I replied, "How can I think otherwise?" "You will change your mind when you know more about these things. You know that when a person is magnetized he can be made to do what he is not responsible for. When you learn that there are mediums and their controls who magnetize or hypnotize the forms that come through them for their own selfish ends, you will know why I told you what I did. I could not help it. I was not responsible for what I said. The fact that I am here should teach you that. Whenever you see anything in the séance room that reflects the character of the medium, you may be sure that it belongs to her, and not to the spirit who comes to you. You cannot realize what we have to go through in our efforts to reach our friends."

"With the magnetism of the medium and her controls, together with the conflicting emanations from the audience, we sometimes get sadly mixed up. I do not expect you to accept fraud; you can do much to prevent its coming to you. To the magnetic influence of your will, kindly but firmly exerted, either the controls must submit or the manifestations will prove a failure."

During the years I have known her this is the only instance that I have had to call in question her truthfulness. I am fully satisfied that her explanation was correct.

Again, having entered upon the study of this subject, I was willing to go where the truth might lead me. I was satisfied of the existence of these forms. I had seen them dematerialize under conditions precluding any mistake. I had also seen many that I knew were nothing but attempts to deceive; more skillful handling of the curtains and the dropping of the forms at the entrance of the

cabinet. The medium knew of this trick, and when spoken to about it justified it on the plea that it interested her audience. She did not realize that many of the visitors had seen through it, and for that and similar reasons had left her séance in disgust. And yet this medium is one of the most remarkable I have ever known. The question is, why does she mar her otherwise excellent sances with these delusions? Is she, too, hypnotized by an unfortunate control, that so completely overshadows her personality that it is often difficult to distinguish between the two? I have so thoroughly tested this phase of materialization that I have no hesitation in saying that no one can successfully study this subject under different mediums without more or less taking into account this hypnotic control of the forms. It is present in many of the sances, often dominating the individuality of the returning spirit.

It is important to understand the influence that can be exerted by the enfranchised spirit of the medium, acting independently of her physical organization. It depends upon her honesty and the unseen forces that surround her whether deception is or is not used. Her confederates are not, as many skeptics have supposed, on this side of life.

It is a well-established fact that mesmeric subjects when under control, if left free by the mesmerizer to express themselves, are truthful, developing a character above their normal condition. The medium who in her entrancement lends herself to fraud, or knowingly permits deception, must be morally and mentally infected.

Mediums are human, having their faults; but whatever these medial instruments may be, a large majority of them are honest and truthful in the exercise of their gifts, fully realizing that they are in the hands of a higher power for a noble purpose. I do not agree with Mr. Savage that fraud is uppermost in these manifestations. If his conclusions are drawn from personal observation, I can only say that his experience differs widely from my own.

I know that these forms exist for the time being, and that they are as apparent to our senses as any other object; that under favorable environments they develop a character full of mental activity, and are remarkably pure in their affections.

We neither know where life begins nor where it ends. But it is certain that a careful study of this subject brings with it all the force of a scientific conclusion to a probable, if not positive, knowledge of a continued individual existence after we have left the physical form.

Winchester, Mass.

## MISSIONARY WORK.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

The field is open for missionary work. I do not have in view the so-called heathen, about whom our orthodox friends are concerned, and for whom they have organizations requiring vast sums of money yearly to carry on their operations. I have ever distrusted this orthodox missionary policy, for in its results I have never seen that it paid. It is true the missionaries have preached the gospel, as they say, but this gospel has been one of dogmas, the essence of the movement, apparently, being the conversion of the benighted to a creed and a sect. The religion they seek to inculcate is of the hell-fire kind, one of terror and fear, rather than one of benignity and love. The grand, fundamental mistake has been the putting everything on a religious basis, whereas the basis should rather have been industrial, when the ethics of morality might be the better brought to bear, the combined efforts of industry and ethics more certainly and surely unfolding civilization, tending to induce societary order and well regulated government. To stuff a heathen with dogmatic religion and absurd theological absurdities in no way fits him for a broad civilization, an all-sided development, or a well-rounded manhood. The missionary policy finds him a dwarf and leaves him such, though he may glibly recite the commandments, the catechism and the creed. With all his gettings of religion, he gets no intellectuality.

The outcome of missionary work may be seen in the Sandwich Islands. Its teeming population has been reduced to a fraction of what it was, running down to some seventy thousand souls, with a fearful moral decadence, notwithstanding the islands have been deluged with religion. Everywhere, in all lands, these orthodox religious forays have borne similar fruits. All this may be for the "glory of God," but it has not been for the benefit of humanity. There was not virtue enough in the religion carried to heathendom to neutralize the vices which were concomitants.

So the missionary labor and work I would recommend is not on these orthodox lines, nor to be expended in foreign lands. Rather it should be at home, in our own neighborhoods. Chiefly it is to be done through papers and books. For years I have taken two copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT, one to file and preserve, the other to do missionary work. Recently my attention was called to Florence Maryatt's work, "There is No Death." I procured it, found it intensely interesting, recommended it to others, thus securing for it quite a circulation. My copy I have loaned, and kept at missionary work, passing from hand to hand wherever I found an opening. A few days ago a lady, one of my neighbors, came to her door as I was passing by, and asked me if I had any spiritualistic books to lend. I loaned her Mrs. Maryatt's as the one just adapted to her case; and when she has read that I shall hand her "Spirit Workers in the Home Circle," a record of most wonderful phenomena, with pertinent comments and suggestions. Another book adapted for missionary work of the kind I suggest is Miss Abby A. Judson's "Why She Became a Spiritualist." There are plenty of books for circulation in this way, and many pamphlets, pithy and pointed. If our Spiritualist friends will undertake this work, much good may be accomplished at little expense. There is a wide undercurrent of inquiry on the subject of Spiritualism which can be answered best in the way I suggest. Whenever a query is asked or a word dropped that indicates a desire to investigate, hand out a book or pamphlet; thus a way will be opened, thought stimulated, resulting, nine times in ten, in the acceptance of the truths of spirit-existence and spirit-communication. Good friends, become missionaries; thereby you will bless yourselves and bless others.

No other preparation so meets the wants of a debilitated system as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

## Mediumship of Father and Son.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Psychic Phenomena, as important factors in the quest for truth, are eagerly sought after by all earnest investigators in Spiritual Philosophy; and only through a sense of duty have I decided to give to the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT the following facts. I have hesitated about giving these experiences on account of having been associated in business with the persons of whom I am to write; but I know that I am in a position to afford some positive testimony of the sterling qualities and pure motives of these mediums. After a year's experience in business with Dr. D. J. Stansbury, with ample opportunity at all times to test him in his mediumship and in business relations, I have found him to be a man of noble character, who would not knowingly wrong a fellow-being. I have in my possession a score of sances—upon some of them are fine works of art in oil and crayon, others contain communications from many of my friends who have passed to the other life. I will mention only a few of the most important ones.

The spirit-control of Dr. Marion K. Stebbins, a clairvoyant of Brockton, Mass., then in Boston, said to me that she could produce her portrait in oil through the mediumship of Dr. Stansbury, and I promised to give her the opportunity.

I took a pair of large slates that had been in my possession for six months, with my initials cut into them, to Mrs. Stebbins's rooms, and with the assistance of herself and two other persons, we fastened them firmly together, putting eight screws through the frames, and sealing both heads and points. After preparing the slates in this manner, I returned with them to my rooms.

About the 15th of April, 1891, I had some dealings with Dr. Stansbury outside of our regular business, and made him the proposition that I would allow a certain amount of what was due me if he would give me a sitting with sealed slates, and he promised to do so. On the 18th the Doctor came into my rooms, and said it was a good time to have the sitting. I then produced the above-mentioned slates, and we sat down facing each other, without the usual table between us, both having hold of the slates. The Doctor knew nothing of the arrangements I had made, and had never met Mrs. Stebbins. After a few moments of general conversation he spoke of feeling the influence of a lady, and asked if any other person was interested in the slates, and if that person was near—as he felt that the work could not be completed until she was present. We then adjourned till seven o'clock in the evening, when I invited Mrs. Stebbins in, and introduced her to the Doctor. We then sat at a table, with a lamp burning brightly upon it, and placing the slates on top of the table, held our hands upon them about ten minutes, when raps were heard on the slates, indicating that the work was done. I went with Mrs. Stebbins directly to her rooms, and in the presence of those who helped to seal the slates they were opened, and upon the inner surface of one of them was an oil portrait of an Indian maiden in many colors, nearly covering the whole surface of the slate, with the word "Sautee" underneath, which is the name of Mrs. Stebbins's control. Upon the other slate were several communications in different styles of writing.

On July 1st I prepared a pair of new slates in the same manner with screws, using the seal of a South Boston druggist, and one of an odd design. I addressed a note to my wife in spirit-life—saying that I prepared the slates especially for her, and hoped she would communicate upon any subject that would be most interesting to us both—and enclosed it between the slates. I went to Onset to spend a few days and visit Dr. Stansbury, who was located there at the time, taking the slates with me. The day before I left I said to him: "I have a pair of slates I brought from Boston." I produced them, and he examined the seals very closely, saying there was something familiar about them, and he thought we would get good results. He asked me no questions, but was led to believe by the seals, as he afterward told me, that they belonged to some friend of mine. We sat down and held these slates in the usual manner about twenty minutes, and I then replaced them in my grip. The seals were not broken until I reached Boston, when upon opening them I found a portrait in crayon of my wife, with her name signed in full on one of the slates, and on the other a communication of three hundred and thirty-five words upon matters quite interesting to me. It was impossible for the Doctor to have known who prepared the slates or the nature of what was within.

The last week in September I visited Onset again, taking another pair of sealed slates, and held them with the Doctor in the presence of three other persons who were sitting for slate-writing at the same time. The Doctor passed from one to the other, taking hold of the slates a few minutes with each. I saw three of the four pairs opened, and they had writing and works of art upon the inner surfaces. My slates contained a quite perfect picture of my mother (who passed to spirit-life five years ago), as compared with a photograph in my possession, and a short message from her referring to the difficulty of producing spirit-portraits.

I have had several sittings with the Doctor's son, H. Newton Stansbury, of 43 Worcester street, Boston. I had long known he possessed fine mediumistic qualities, but did not expect such grand manifestations as I received at my first series of sittings with him in December. His method of operating was so simple and plain that no person could doubt the genuineness of the manifestations, for in nearly every instance I held the slates myself. We sat at a small table opposite each other. I placed two slates upon the table, one upon the top of the other—after thoroughly cleaning the surfaces—and held my hands upon them, when he only passed his hands around over the frames. I asked no questions, made no requests, did not place anything between the slates. I received upon the inner surface of one, written cornerwise, a communication from an aunt who passed away a year previous, addressed to her husband, who was then living in this city. She asked to be excused for intruding at that time, and wished me to bear the message to her loved one. There were three portraits upon the same surface, one in gold color, one in silver and one in bronze, representing a male, a female and an Indian; marks like rays of light in gold color streamed from one corner across the slate. On several occasions I got various works of art. At one sitting I placed between the slates a plate of tin such as is used

by photographers for tints. A portrait in gold colors was produced upon this, with these words underneath: "Not dead, but living. Owen Meredith." This was soon after the death of Edward Bulwer Lytton, whose name deplumes it was. Those who are familiar with his picture say it is a very natural one of him. On Dec. 23d, the day before I left Boston, I had a sitting under the same conditions, and obtained a very good portrait of my wife, with this communication: "A Merry Christmas to you, my beloved. I shall be with you on your journey West. Be brave, be cheerful. Your Darling Wife, Louisa, from the Spirit-side of Life."

At the same sitting I placed upon two slates, as I held them together, several tubes of artists' paints of different colors, and received on the inner surface of one of the slates an oil painting of a rose in many colors, a good specimen of art-work.

I arrived in Moline on the 27th day of December, and on the 8th day of January my uncle, S. W. Wheelock, passed to spirit-life. I conversed with him several times before his illness upon the possibility of spirit-return, in which he was greatly interested—he having had some experience with Dr. D. J. Stansbury with sealed slates, and a firm believer in this phenomenon. A few weeks after he passed out I sealed a pair of slates at his late residence, in the presence of five persons, and sent them to H. Newton Stansbury, hoping that we might get something from him. In due time the slates were returned, and carefully examined by the several witnesses, and every seal pronounced perfect. On opening them we found on one of the slates a communication signed with his full name, thanking me for the talks we had during his last few days on earth, and referring to the joyful greeting he received in spirit-life from his relatives, mentioning the names of several members of the family who had gone on before. On the other slate was a master work of art in colored crayon, representing a bunch of pansies.

I have made this article longer than I intended, but feel justified in giving this testimony to the world, and recommending to all seekers after truth these grand and reliable mediums.

DR. WM. E. WHELOCK.

Moline, Ill.

For the Banner of Light.

## THE REIGN OF MAN.

BY ANNA MORRIS WHALEY.

It comes in power and glory,  
To write in earthly story  
A Golden Age:  
The time when chains to sever  
Which bind the vast forever  
To written page.

On creeds of nameless terror,  
On dogmas born of error  
Full light to cast;  
To burst their bonds asunder,  
And roll Time's wheels from under  
The buried past.

With hearts all free from malice,  
To lift Truth's holy chalice  
For all to drink.  
Fear's chains forever riven,  
Love, free as sunlight given,  
All hearts to link.

It comes in Time's new morning,  
With light the ether adorning,  
From source divine,  
When ever-present angels  
Are writing new evangels  
From wisdom's mine.

To weak, or poor, or erring,  
It comes, their seared hearts stirring  
To life and hope.  
The wrongs of ages righting—  
Toll glory-crowns, inviting  
To grandest scope.

Hark! from heaven's open portals  
Come warning notes to mortal's  
Enlightened age;  
Which bid each yield to other,  
As fellow-man and brother,  
Earth's heritage.

Which show that toil's sure burden,  
With wait and weal its guerdon,  
No land can bless;  
Nor can the gilded measure  
Of rank or hoarded treasure,  
To earth bring "peace."

Yet not in judgment posing,  
But through all life disclosing,  
Life's tangled skein  
Unraveled, hopes will brighten,  
Man will his burdens lighten,  
The heights to gain.

See, fade the thrones of splendor,  
Where groveling masses render  
Their servile praise;  
"The Home o'er throne or steeple,"  
"The Earth for all earth's people,"  
The watchwords raise!

Beyond all Sinai's thunders  
This living age of wonders  
Will wrongs efface.  
The "Son of Man" it cometh,  
All "power," all "glory," summeth  
To bless the race.

Eternal Law's unfolding  
An era new is molding  
On nobler plan,  
And higher knowledge voicing,  
The world will hail, rejoicing  
The "Reign of Man."

Baldwin, N. Y.

## May Magazines.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—A portrait of John Quincy Adams, engraved by Andrews from the painting by Healy, is the frontispiece. The opening article, from the pen of Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, has for its subject "The Ingham Portrait of DeWitt Clinton." "Colonial Memories and Their Lesson" is the title of an interesting illustrated contribution by Mrs. John Erving. Other papers treat upon "The Youth of George Washington," "Hull's Surrender of Detroit," "Did the Norse Discover America?" followed by Notes, Queries, etc. New York: 743 Broadway.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—"Village Life in Old England" is the subject of the opening article, which, with its twenty beautiful illustrations, brings the reader into close contact with many of the most charming nooks and rural localities of the old country. Next to this Mr. H. J. Perry follows "On the Track of Columbus." Then comes "The Governor's Reception," a very readable, illustrated story by Frances M. Abbott. "Gov. Winthrop's Farm" is an interesting chapter of Old Bedford history, with portraits, facsimiles of old documents and views of ancient buildings. Mr. J. K. Reeve contributes "A Shaker Community," a description of the past and present of affairs at Union Village, O., the writer stating that "the Shakers are all Spiritualists." Several excellent poems enrich this number. Boston: 88 Federal street.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—Charming stories are followed by excellent articles upon practical matters in every branch of domestic life. The tomb of Columbus is shown in an engraving, and described by Mr. Butcherworth. Boston: 50 Bromfield street.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—"A Day in Patti's Castle" (Swansea Valley, Wales), "A Modern Martyr" (story), No. 6 of "Memories of H. W. Beecher," and "Hints from a Mother's Life," by Mrs. Gladstone,

are the leading contents. These are followed by twenty department, each entertaining and instructively filled. Philadelphia: Curtis Publishing Co.

FRANK HARRISON'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE opens with "A Plan for Stenography," and continues with advice, suggestions and instructions of value to reporters in all branches of their professional labor. Boston: Exchange Building, Frank Harrison.

## The Reviewer.

ANTIQUE UNVEILED. Ancient Voices from the Spirit Realms Disclose the Most Startling Revelations, Proving Christianity to be of Heathen Origin. 12mo, cloth, pp. 608. With portraits and other illustrations. Philadelphia: Oriental Publishing Co.

That a man from the ordinary walks of life, wholly ignorant of what before his entrancement he was to speak, and even if he had known was peculiarly unfitted for the task, should deliver these one hundred and sixty addresses, purporting to come from those who lived on earth prior to, during and years subsequent to the opening of the Christian era, is a fact that should entitle this volume to a respectful consideration. The historical data given are in themselves a marvel, and more confirmatory—considering the channel through which they come—of the identity of the controlling intelligences than any other feature of the work.

We are told in the preface that "in order to read the book with the best results, all prejudice and preconceived opinions should be laid aside, as well as the idea of a personal God. It should be remembered that the question of a Supreme Being is not under consideration here, whether termed God, Creator or Natural Law. Nor should the fact that it is involved with Spiritualism be allowed to prejudice the mind, for through Modern Spiritualism, which is simply a continuation of Ancient Spiritualism, intercourse between the two worlds has become an established fact, having been suppressed by priestcraft for centuries."

Very properly the first address is given by Apollonius, held by many and herein asserting himself to have been the Jesus Christ of the Christian Scriptures. Previous to it is an engraving from a portrait painted in 1874 by the highly-inspired spirit medium, N. B. Starr, on the lower edge of which when done was found inscribed: "The Nazarene, by Raphael. N. B. Starr, Medium." In his remarkable communication Apollonius says:

"Nine Epistles were presented to me by Pharoas of Taxila, India (or rather between Babylon and India). These Epistles contained all that is embraced in the present Epistles claimed to have been written by St. Paul; and from what I have learned as a spirit, I conclude that I am both the Jesus and St. Paul of the Christian Scriptures; flattering enough to my vanity, but the ruin of my happiness. It is my duty here to testify to all I can bring to recollection, in order that spiritual darkness may disperse and the light of truth shine. I am known to you moderns as the Anti-Nicene Library, contained documents, some of which are still extant, that fully warrant you in challenging the translators of to-day as to the correctness of their productions. Let them examine if they dare the manuscripts referred to, and we will find what is now being published erroneous in many particulars. They have followed too closely what their ancestors translated without having translated for themselves. . . . Now and here I declare that the Christian Gospels were all prepared by me at Jerusalem, Ephesus, Athens, Philippi, Rome, Antioch, Alexandria and Babylon. In all those countries I preached, and by manipulations and certain qualities developed in me, I healed the sick, restored the sight of the blind and in the way herein set forth even raised the dead."

These statements of Apollonius are corroborated by the spirit of Damis, his pupil and scribe, who says: "I know personally the truth of all that I shall say here. I know that the evidence Jesus and St. Paul port all I say, and I also know that Apollonius of Tyana, my teacher, was the Jesus Christ of the Christians."

Strabo, the great geographer and historian, in his spirit testimony says: "If the records of the past had not been destroyed, Christianity would not have existed to day."

In addition to the above much is given respecting Apollonius and a brief sketch of his life from the "Penny Cyclopaedia," published in London in 1834.

Following the communication of Apollonius is one from Damis, his friend and disciple, corroborating the truth of the statements of the former. Akiba, a Jewish Rabbi, gives a communication, in which he says:

"When I was about twenty years of age I knew Apollonius of Tyana. I met him at Smyrna, where I listened to his teaching, and became a proselyte to some of his ideas, but not to all of them. While he delivered his discourses he underwent that wondrous phenomenon of modern times, transfiguration of face and form, as it is described to have occurred with the so-called Jesus Christ. Rays were seen from his garments, and his face became so bright that the eye could not endure it."

The first of this series of communications was received by Mr. J. M. Roberts, at that time editor and publisher of *Mind and Matter*, in March, 1880. It was from Potamon, a Greek philosopher of the Alexandrian school, who, born into earth-life A. D. 250, passed from it in the year 315, and was as follows: "Sixty—There has never been a religious idea promulgated on earth in latter times, that has not had its counterpart in more ancient religious systems. The principal quarrel of the Christian church have been over the doctrine of the Trinity, or the effort to make three out of one. This has been the occasion of a vast amount of bloodshed. In my day I tried to reconcile these creedal ideas of all religious systems, and to amalgamate them together; but I came into conflict with my efforts that meet yours to keep the old ideas—trying to make a better system or a more systematic religion, I was met by curses, and I ended my life in exile. I was banished because I tried to purify the then existing religious systems. But you have a far better day to work in, because you have the aid of the greatest art of modern times, namely the art of printing, and you can scatter truth all over the land. Keep on with your work, and although you may be persecuted there is one thing, they cannot do—they cannot banish you nor take your life off this day. All the good you moderns enjoy has been the work of men who were infidels to the prevailing creeds and beliefs of their time. And in conclusion, I want to say a few words on the absolute proofs of spirit existence. We dare not accept the masses of the present day absolute proofs of spirit-life, for should we do so they would not perform their mission here. Once in possession of the absolute proof of the after-life, you would find this people becoming a nation of suicides. First they must understand the true duties of mortal existence before they can safely receive the absolute proofs of spirit existence. I am Potamon."

The communications continued to be received until 1888, under the direction and superintendence of Ananiam, the presiding spirit of the band, whose ministrations to Mr. Roberts began as early as April, 1878. Mr. Roberts was a man of fine education and marked ability as a lawyer, and through these communications became a great student in ancient religions, making extensive researches therein, as will be seen by his notes and comments in this volume, generally in full corroboration of the truth of its contents, and of the identity of the communicators. An excellent portrait of Mr. Roberts faces the title page.

## Good Cooking.

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden's "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

A CRITICISM OF COL. INGERSOLL.—It seems to be incumbent on us now to go on and state our own position in regard to Mr. Ingersoll. He is a man whose wide sympathies and wonderful eloquence have come to him from thousands of people, and whose felicitous exposure of many an absurdity has laid all genuine lovers of truth under obligation to him. His is an attractive personality, and his practical benevolence often expresses itself in ways that Christians cannot improve upon. We have heard him at his best, and at his worst, have enjoyed his wit and been shocked by his awful reverberations. We rather like him on the whole, and while we have never heard of his making any sacrifices for the good of his fellow-creatures, we have no doubt he is a better man than many who outlive him.—The Christian Leader.

## For Over Fifty Years.

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



## A HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

Frisky as a lambkin,  
Busy as a bee—  
That's the kind of little girl  
People like to see.  
Modest as a violet,  
As a rosebud sweet—  
That's the kind of little girl  
People like to meet.  
Bright as a diamond,  
Pure as any pearl—  
Every one rejoices in  
Such a little girl.  
Happy as a robin,  
Gentle as a dove—  
That's the kind of little girl  
Every one will love.

—Fashion Bazaar.

## Banner Correspondence.

## New York.

**WATERTOWN.**—Mr. F. N. Fitch writes: "The Spiritualists and Liberals of Watertown, N. Y., have been singularly fortunate the past three months. During February Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving of Westfield, N. Y., was here, and was followed by Mrs. Tille Reynolds, of 1637 6th Avenue, Troy, N. Y. Then came J. Frank Baxter for the first three Sundays of April. Mrs. Ada Foye, of world-wide fame, was here the consecutive evenings, commencing April 26th.

Mrs. Tving was known to Jefferson County people, having attended the State Grange a couple of years before, and being chosen as their ablest speaker to reply to the eloquent address of welcome delivered by the then Mayor of Watertown, and when she came to speak at the Temple it was crowded. Her industry knows no bounds, and her devotion to the Cause is as unlimited. She works literally without ceasing. She is a Granger, a leader in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in short belongs to all known reformatory and benevolent societies, and wears more ribbons and decorations than a Spanish grandee. The Trustees have engaged her for February and March next, her earliest open dates.

Mrs. Reynolds's phases are psychometry, clairvoyance, and answering questions. She is a lady of great personal magnetism and refinement. Her tests were pronounced unsurpassed, and it seems as if there is nothing "in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters which are under the earth," concerning which she cannot talk intelligently. Her answers to questions within the compass of science were always accurate. Such conundrums were hurled at her as "Did any spirit ever go through the earth from one side to the other, and if so, what is the composition of the interior?" "Do advanced spirits believe that the sun will burn out, and that after millions of years something will break up the equilibrium of the solar system, and the worlds come crashing together, and such heat evolve that all the matter in the system will be reduced to gas again, and if so, is it believed that spirits will survive so general a catastrophe?" Like Mrs. Tving she is a tireless worker, that those who sit in the shadow of great darkness mourning as those without hope, may know that "there is no death—what seems so is transition."

Mr. Baxter's audiences were small at first, as it chanced that his coming was not generally known, but before he closed the people came to know his excellent tests, brilliant lectures and unsurpassed music. He is engaged for May, '03, his earliest date available by us. What shall I say respecting the incomparable, matchless, and perfect? I can only say, "It does not please the gods to bestow all gifts upon one," but they certainly have an exception in Mrs. Foye's favor. She unites in herself every phase of manifestation, except possibly materialization and slate-writing, and her tests are beyond all question. It cannot be said that she gets her information from newspaper files or tombstones. Such a falsehood would drop paled as soon as uttered. No two of her sances are alike, but commonly those present are allowed to furnish folded slips, with the name of some deceased friend written within, either there, or before coming. These are tumbled into a pile on a table on the platform, where the lady sits in sight of all. She then, with one hand only, takes up the papers separately, inquiring if the spirit whose name is written within is present, the answer being indicated by loud raps sounding on the wall behind her, and far above her. She then hands the paper to some one in the audience to hold, then gives the name, the paper is then opened, and the person who furnished it asks any desired question, either audibly or mentally. He can write his questions entirely out of the sight of the medium, and receive his answers by raps. No mistake was made either evening. She sees and talks with spirits as living persons. Her hand is frequently controlled, the writing being from right to left, as if some person standing before her seized her hand and wrote with it. She has to turn the paper around to read it.

Mrs. Reynolds could remain only three weeks when here, but it was agreed that if she could so arrange it, she would return in May. Truly the Watertown people are having "a feast of fat things."

## Vermont.

**FAIRFAX.**—Mrs. C. C. Gillette writes: "Mr. Lucius Colburn has returned to Vermont, and his many friends all through his own State welcome him back again after his winter's work in northern New York, speaking and holding circles. The last week in April his time was devoted to holding 'circles' in Bedford, P. Q., with good success. Following that, we were pleased to give him greeting once more to our little right town. Although we have no society, and but a handful of workers who take any interest in our beautiful Cause, yet, by our persevering in keeping up our little gatherings when it is within our power to do so, I find we are stirring an element that is gaining a foothold for The New Dispensation.

Mr. Colburn spoke for us the first two Sundays of this month with good success, and fair audiences, considering the firm hold that 'creed' has over the people of our little village. He certainly is doing a grand work, and reaches many that others cannot. As a medium for private sittings he is one of the best. He is engaged to speak at the State Convention at Tyson the first of June, after which he will speak in the southern part of Vermont through the rest of the month and July, then he will go to Queen City Park for the entire season, where his morning sances have become a popular feature, as well as the most comforting to the many who receive loving and true messages from their friends in spirit-life. Any one desiring to make engagements with Mr. C. for the coming fall and winter season can address him at Manchester Depot, Vermont."

## Massachusetts.

**CAMBRIDGEPORT.**—H. D. Simons, Sec'y, writes: "The Sunday evening meetings of the Cambridge Spiritual Society closed for the season the last Sunday in April. The occasion was marked by the presence on our platform of Joseph D. Stiles, the well-known test medium, who gave us one of the best of his unique sances. As is usual with this medium, many names were given with great rapidity, most of them being recognized. It seems to the writer that each succeeding sance held by him is better than its predecessor. Our meetings have been quite successful in the interest manifested and attendance. The lecture course was opened by Mrs. N. J. Willis, one of Cambridge's well-known mediums. She was followed by Miss Lizzie Ewer, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles three times during the season, O. A. Edgerly, Mrs. Juliette Yeaw three times, Maud Gil-

lette, who gave a very satisfactory slate-writing experience, Mrs. Emma Miner, Edgar W. Emerson twice, and Mrs. C. W. of Watertown three times. Mrs. Tving and others, thus placing upon our platform the best talent our means afforded, and by which we earnestly hope much good has been accomplished."

## Maine.

**LEWISTON.**—"K." writes: "The Auburn Society of Spiritualists having moved the place of their meetings to the Golden Cross Hall, on Lisbon street, Lewiston, held the first meeting on Sunday, May 8th, under very favorable auspices.

Mrs. L. F. Curtis is President, which position she occupies acceptably. Miss Damon fills the office of organist to the satisfaction of all.

The exercises on the above occasion were conducted by home talent, and consisted of speaking by Dr. Warren Bucklin, S. A. Miller, Mrs. L. F. Curtis; readings by F. T. Steward, Mrs. Ellen Parker, Mrs. L. F. Curtis, and others.

## California.

## SUMMERLAND.

—A. H. Nicholas writes: "It seems that by supreme or divine powers mediums are enabled to predict events that come to pass in every detail of their prediction. Things have been correctly foretold in point of time and fact many months and even years in advance of their occurrence. The course of life a person should take, with the time and circumstances of death, are foretold. This leads to the inquiry: Is not the course in earth-life of each person marked out by eternal foresight? And is not the doctrine of predestination true in some respects? One from the spirit-world has said: 'Unto every individual spirit there is carved by the central powers of the same a path over which it, through incarnation, must walk.'"

## District of Columbia.

**WASHINGTON.**—John Eggleston writes, May 5th: "I met her yesterday my old and respected friend, M. C. Edison, President of the First Spiritualist Society in Washington. He spoke encouragingly of the present outlook of affairs from a spiritualistic point of view. They have a splendid society here in the nation's capital, and it has been my pleasure to say a few words to them several times."

## Coming Events.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

There are few thoughtful persons at the present day who would for a moment think of gainsaying the oft proven old adage, "Coming events cast their shadows before." Workmen have been recently engaged in demolishing buildings in the rear of our residence, and also the building next door. On Monday morning, May 2d, within a few yards of the back windows of our parlor, two men were killed by falling from the roof of one of the buildings. One, Mr. Samuel Montgomery, fifty-five years of age, of Union, N. J.; the other, John H. Van Holt, thirty-one years old, of 565 11th Avenue, New York. The sad accident was occasioned by the sudden giving way of a cornice on the front of the building. Van Holt was instantly killed, and Montgomery, who was taken to the Roosevelt Hospital, died that same evening. During the night previous to this accident my daughter was several times awakened by what impressed her as the voice of her angel brother, Emmons Hamlin Watson (the young musician who recently passed from earth), telling her that something terrible was about to happen, and when she questioned as to its connection with our family the reply would be "No," but with the simple repetition of the warning. The same morning, as I passed into the music room and before I reached my daughter, a voice seemed to say to me, "Some of the workmen on that building will be killed to-day." Shortly after breakfast business called me down town. Upon my return about four o'clock in the afternoon, as I left the Broadway car, corner of 43d street, an ambulance came rushing past me and stopped in front of the house next door to us, and hundreds of persons had already gathered in front of our conservatory. At once the whole impression of the morning came back to me in full force, and before entering our house I knew the facts as already stated above were clear to me. Cicero tells us in his "De Divination" that "There is no nation whatever, however polished and learned, or however barbarous and uncivilized, which does not believe it possible that future events may be indicated, understood and predicted by certain persons."

Since my earliest recollection various members of our family have been noted among their immediate circle of friends as being possessed of the power to foretell or predict future events, through visions or dreams. My sister Lydia, who lately departed from earth-life, continually gave proof of this remarkable power. I will relate two incidents of the many which occurred during her life. She was visiting friends at Roxbury, Mass. Upon retiring one night her head had scarcely touched the pillow, and she had not closed her eyes, when our mother (still in earth-life) walked to her bedside, and in a gentle voice said, "Lydia, the funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock." The vision (if vision it was) was so vividly natural, that my sister was not alarmed in the least. The following morning, however, she took the old stage coach which was then running between Gloucester and Boston, a distance of thirty miles (railroads in that locality in those days not having been thought of), and reached my brother's house at Gloucester just as the funeral cortege was about leaving for the cemetery, a young child of my brother Robert having passed away shortly before. My sister knew nothing whatever of the illness of the child, or its death, through any letters or messengers. My brother Robert afterwards moved to Harpswell, Me., and my sister Lydia to Brunswick, Me., ten or twelve miles distant. My brother's wife died very suddenly, her death being brought about by a fall. The night my brother's wife died, my sister, who had received no warning whatever of the accident, saw my brother's son Sidney enter the room. Approaching the bedside he said, "Mother has just died." Shortly after my sister arose in the morning, my brother's son Sidney, who is still living in Harpswell, drove up to the door, with the news that his mother had passed to spirit-life that same night.

But I have not yet told you the sequel to the accident by which the two workmen above alluded to lost their lives. The following morning I had a conversation with the foreman who was directing the demolishing of the buildings. "I knew this thing would happen," said he, "a month ago." I have been in this business seventeen years, he continued, "and the men who were killed had also been engaged in the same business, one five and the other in eleven years. I have never before had an accident where a bone was broken. One month ago I saw this accident in a dream," said he, but of course he looked upon this only as a dream, giving it no credence whatever, until after the sad fulfillment.

One more incident in my experience, and I will close this communication. During my long business career in 14th street, New York City, our institution had become so well known in that locality, and the pecuniary results so satisfactory, I did not listen as attentively as should have been done to the continual promptings of an unseen power which daily, and I might say almost hourly, warned me to leave the premises. I made strenuous efforts to secure a suitable locality in which to transfer the business of our institution. Scarcely a day and never a week passed that myself or some member of my family did not go "house-hunting." After a while we succeeded in obtaining a place which we thought would suit our purpose, and we moved a portion of our goods to the new habitation, but defective fire

flues, which the landlord would not repair, compelled us to again seek other quarters. Although we still held on to our 14th street business. About this time I was unexpectedly called upon to perform at some concert in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. The whole of our business cares then devolved upon my boy, still in his teens. Upon my return, after an absence of a few weeks, I found our darling already afflicted with that terrible miasma so well known to many occupants in fatal 14th street as "typhoid." The deadly poison had done its work, and I now saw plainly that the warnings which I had been constantly receiving for at least a year were about to culminate in the heart-breaking event which followed. A few days after the demise of our darling the authorities took charge of the matter, and compelled renovation of the premises.

J. J. WATSON.

## Saw a Vision!

Harper's Weekly for May 14th contains the following, which—under the caption "Was It Second Sight?" and over the signature of Kate Woodbridge Michaels—indicates that the spiritual vision of a loved and loving child was temporarily opened to behold his father's death in battle:

Among the many curious instances of seeming second sight may be placed the following incident of that saddest tragedy of modern days—the death of Custer and his gallant followers.

The love existing between Captain Blank and his blue-eyed, golden-curlied boy, little "Buster," the pet and darling of a whole garrison, was something to be remembered. Wherever the tall, soldierly figure of the young father was to be seen, unless on duty, that of the child was sure to be close beside, sometimes riding on his father's shoulder, sometimes clinging to his hand, always lifting to his eyes full of passionate love and content.

When the dreaded day came that was to separate those fearless men from the women and children who so loved them, Buster could hardly be torn from his father, and my husband told me that long after the child's shriek of utter misery, his little face, in its intensity, rang in his ears. For some days after the command had marched across the low purple hills, out of the reach of loving eyes, Buster drooped and pined; but he was a child, and the old childish gaiety came back to his eyes, and his laugh, which rang out as happily as ever, almost jarring upon his young mother's ear.

One warm June day at Fort Lincoln Mrs. Blank sat sewing in her tiny parlor, her baby creeping about the floor at her feet, while she chatted with two or three more lonely wives, perhaps of the beloved ones far off across the plains, and their possible return. Suddenly Buster rushed in through the open door, eyes sparkling, hair flying.

"Mamma! I heard him!"

"Did you, darling?" his young mother said, stooping to kiss the little flushed, eager face. "How very nice! I wish he could come home and 's'oot it. Don't you?"

"He's 's'ooting, Injuns," the child went on; "and he'll 's'oot 'em all, and zen he'll come home."

"I'm sure I hope he will," sighed Mrs. Blank. "Run out and play, Buster, and don't go in the sun."

"How Buster does talk about his father!" some one remarked. "I often meet him running along with some one, and child or man, soldier or officer, you can always catch the words 'my papa,' if you listen to him."

Then the talk wandered on, always in a minor key, for there had been quite an interview of time since the last letters, and there was an unacknowledged anxiety, though all felt unbounded faith in the powers of the gallant Seventh.

Presently the sound of a child's bitter crying brought them all to their feet, and Buster ran into his mother's arms at the door, sobbing wildly:

"Mamma," he sobbed, "the Injuns has dot my papa. He's dot more 's'oots in his 'volver; he's 's'ooted it all. Oh, I want my papa, and the bad Injuns has dot him!"

Mrs. Blank knelt down on the floor beside her boy, drawing him close to her heart.

"Hush, Buster," she said, "very gently but firmly, 'you must not be such a silly little boy; the Injuns can't get your papa. General Custer is there; he will take care of your papa, and all the men. Do you think F Troop would let the Injuns get papa? See, you are making us all feel very bad, and papa would say that you were not his brave little lad. Now stop crying and go and play; you could not hear papa's 'volver so far away."

"Yes," the child exclaimed, earnestly, "I tan hear my papa, and I know he's 's'ooted it all!" But army discipline prevailed, and the boy choked back his sobs, nestling in his mother's arms and resting there, strangely quiet, for the rest of the long summer day.

That evening, when the children were both sleeping, and the daily bulletin to her absent husband had been written, Mrs. Blank sat for some moments in silent thought, then drawing a sheet of paper to her, wrote down the date, June 26th, and poured out to her only brother the achings of her heart, and the senseless, unexplained, and terrible "child's" foolish word, the memory of which still stirred him in his sleep, for he sobbed and tossed all night. On the 6th of July, when the whole army writhed and cried out in agony at the news that had come to us, we, to whom Mr. B. had shown his sister's letter, knew that on the 26th of June, Captain Blank had dearly sold his life, and had been found pierced with many wounds, his empty revolver clapped in his stiffened hand. And far away, in his quiet home, his baby boy had seemed to know it.

## AYER'S PILLS

cure  
constipation,  
dyspepsia, jaundice,  
sick headache.

## THE BEST

remedy for  
all disorders of  
the stomach, liver,  
and bowels.

Every Dose Effective

SENT FREE.

RULES

TO BE OBSERVED WHEN FORMING

SPIRITUAL CIRCLES.

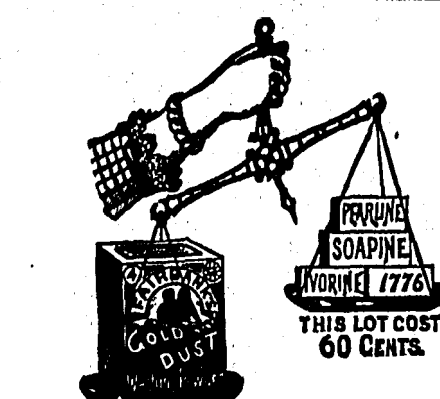
BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

Comprehensive and clear directions for forming and conducting circles of investigation are here presented by an experienced and reliable author. This little book also contains a Catalogue of Books published and for sale by COLBY & RICH.

Consumption and Rheumatism.

A Scientific Statement in Plain Language of their Origin, Treatment and Cure. By DR. DUTTON, A.B., M.D. Cloth, 60 pages. Price \$1.25. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Cures where all else fails. Rest Cough, Spasms, Good. The Best. CONSUMPTION.



LARGER QUANTITY,  
BETTER QUALITY,  
ONLY 25 CENTS.

## Gold Dust WASHING POWDER

IS POWDERED SOAP AT BAR SOAP PRICES. It is sold by every enterprising grocer in wholesale packages (4 lbs.) for 25 CENTS.

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Sole Manufacturers,  
CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON,  
BALTIMORE, NEW ORLEANS, SAN FRANCISCO,  
PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., PITTSBURGH AND MILWAUKEE.

IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING.  
SEND US YOUR ADDRESS on a postal card and you will receive THE FINEST CATALOGUE OF  
**PIANOS & ORGANS**  
IN THE WORLD. It will show you how to **SAVE \$100**  
Satisfaction guaranteed before you pay. **CUT THIS OUT**  
and mail it to us. You will be surprised at the result. But you must do it NOW!  
**CORNISH & CO., (Established 1876) WASHINGTON, D.C.**

## I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to do so, I am now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.  
H. G. ROOT, M. D., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.  
Nov. 28. 25c

## NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS,

With Music and Chorus.

BY C. P. LONGLEY.

We will Meet You in the Morning. Little Birdie's Gone to Rest. Open the Gates, Beautiful World. Echoes from Beyond the Veil with flute obbligato. Sweet Summer-Land Roses. Gentle Words and Loving Hearts. Your Darling is Not Sleeping. Vacant Hands in Little Chair. Back from the Silent Land. What Shall Be My Angel Name? Glad That We're Living Here To-day. Ever I'll Remember Thee. Love's Golden Chain, re-arranged. All are Waiting Here. There. Open Those Pearly Gates. Mother's Love Purest and Best. Use Home Over There. Over the Mountains of Light. The Angel Kisseth Me. Love to Think of Old Times. We'll All Be Gathered Home. Only a Thin Veil Between Us. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over There. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Over There. When the Dear Ones Gather at Home. Home of My Youth. Home of My Childhood. Our Beautiful Home Over



## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookellers, 9 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Modern, and Miscellaneous Books, Tracts, Pamphlets, and Religious Literature. Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by cash or check. When the balance must be paid, O. O. D. Orders for books, to be sent by mail, must be accompanied by cash or check. The amount of each order, we would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—one and two preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express. Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications can be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co., at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for sending the order, which is a cent for any sum under \$50. This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of personal free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. No 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 inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1892.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, No. 9 Bowdoin Street, corner Province Street, (Lower Floor.)

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

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

## COLBY &amp; RICH,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER. LOTTE COLBY, EDITOR.

Communications for publication must be addressed to the EDITORS. All business letters should be forwarded to the BUSINESS MANAGER, in order to receive prompt attention.

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

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have decided to offer those of our patrons, who feel disposed to labor for the extension of the circulation of THE BANNER, a pecuniary incentive, namely: until further notice we will accept Clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00. We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists in its aid and our behalf.

Specimen copies will be furnished gratuitously to canvassers and to those who wish to utilize this paper.

COLBY &amp; RICH, Publishers.

"Myth and Miracle" is the title of a thoughtful discourse delivered in Washington, D. C., May 8th, by W. J. COLVILLE. We have received a verbatim report of this lecture—taken specially for our columns—and shall give it to the readers of next week's BANNER.

## The Belgian Law Against Hypnotism.

We take from the April number of the *Psychische Studien*, Berlin, the draft of the law which has been accepted by the Belgian government, concerning the practice of Hypnotism:

1. He who gives a public exhibition of hypnotism, either in his own person or in that of another, shall be imprisoned for a term not less than two weeks, nor more than six months, and shall be fined from twenty-six to one thousand francs.
2. He who, not a regular physician, shall hypnotize any person who is not twenty years of age, shall be imprisoned from two weeks to one year, and pay a fine of twenty-six to one thousand francs, even if no public exhibition is made of the hypnotized person.
3. In the case of such acts which violate the law governing the practice of medicine, the same provisions shall apply.
4. He who, with the intention to cheat or commit wrong, shall cause any such act to be performed, or order, obligate, release or statement to be signed by a hypnotized person, shall suffer imprisonment. This penalty also attaches to him who shall convert such document to his own use.
5. In the case of the violation of this proposed law, the provisions of Section 85 of Chapter 7 of the penal code shall be applicable.

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies is thus the first legislative body to restrict the use of hypnotism by statute. Little do these legislators comprehend the field opened by hypnotism for the investigation and discovery of the influence exercised by the mind on the body and vice versa, than which no knowledge can be considered more important, since it constitutes the most interesting branch of the science of biology.

An elaborate article in *Light* (London) discusses this matter in a remarkably clear and rational way. The writer sets out with the remark that the hypnotic state is an abnormal physiological one, though transitory. Hence the absurdity of the Belgian minister's affirmation that hypnotism belongs to therapeutics, because it can be used as a surgical anesthetic; which is equivalent to saying that heat, electricity, light, atmospheric air, water, etc., belong to the therapeutic art, and not to the cosmological sciences, since they are all used for therapeutic purposes. The consequence would of course be, if the reasoning of the Belgian minister is followed, that only medical men would be allowed to meddle with or employ these natural agencies.

In fact, in the discussion of the bill to restrict hypnotism in the Belgian Chamber, the Minister of Justice placed himself wholly at the disposal of the medical class. He said: "I have in some measure written the 'Exposé des Motifs' and the Bill at the dictation of the Academy of Medicine. I content myself in such a matter to be merely the obedient organ of the opinions expressed in the deliberations of the Academy of Medicine."

Considering all this, the writer in *Light* asks what title medical art has to a monopoly which subordinates to it science, and gives to it every kind of facility to make of hypnotism any use it may think fit, even if it is for selfish objects. So distinguished a medical man as Sir Astley Cooper says: "The science of medicine is founded on conjecture and improved by murder." Dr. Baker says: "The drugs administered for scarlet fever destroy far more than

that disease does." And the famous Magendie says: "Medicine is a great humbug."

It is extremely offensive even to common sense, says the writer in *Light*, to find that, under such a regulation as that dictated in Belgium, eminent men of science like Tyndall, Huxley and Crookes, and others of similar attainments, should be prevented from acting as they think convenient, to enlarge through hypnotism the field of biological and other knowledge; while the men of the yet conjectural art could use it as they think conducive to their views, not only for therapeutic purposes, but even to retard the propagation of it, always having been opposed to Mesmerism—which they have rechristened Hypnotism—in the most decided manner, and expressing their contempt by calling it charlatanism and imposture.

## Pharisaism in Its Own Looking-Glass.

As the Sunday reformers are so earnest in denouncing the secularization of Sunday by the Sunday newspaper—by unfitting the minds of its readers for worship, and by tempting them to dwell on the contemplation of secular and unholy things—it becomes a matter of special interest to note that very recently a clergyman who is a member of the American Sabbath Union, distributed to his Sunday evening congregation a program of the evening services, on the back of which were printed certain business advertisements of the most pronounced order, together with an advertisement soliciting more advertising. Of course there is nothing secular in this, and of course it was not working at a secular employment for the clergyman referred to to countenance the distribution of them among the seats of his expected congregation.

The *American Sentinel*, in commenting on this transaction, remarks that the publishers of Sunday newspapers do not invade the place and hour of worship, and thrust a copy of their advertising sheets in the face of each worshiper, and revives the old inquiry about the meat and the beam in the eye.

Upon this, the *Sabbath Outlook* joins forces with *The Sentinel*, and procures a copy of the advertising sheet referred to. It (the circular) is named, says *The Outlook*, "The Epworthian," and the issue in question was No. 8, Vol. 1, printed in Chicago in October, 1891. It is a monthly publication, published in the issue of the "Wabash Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church." *The Outlook* also discovers in the same issue an advertisement of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railroad Company, in which are set forth the advantages of that line "between Chicago and all points South," and it concludes that it is fair to infer that such a road runs "Sunday trains."

This issue of "The Epworthian," says *The Outlook*, was distributed at the Sunday evening service of the Wabash Avenue M. E. Church in Chicago, on Sunday evening, December 13th, 1891, and the early comers that evening had ample time to study this page of advertisements, and to ask one of the ushers what would be the rates for inserting other advertisements, inasmuch as a part of the page was blank, with the exception of the announcement that it was "reserved for advertisements."

As a business enterprise it regards this Sunday advertising as a good scheme, helping to pay for the program and to bringing money into the Church treasury. "Think of it!" exclaims *The Outlook*, "The Wabash Avenue M. E. Church putting secular advertisements into the hands of its worshipers on Sunday evening! That is just what Sunday evening theatres do. Do Chicago theatres corrupt her churches thus?"

The baldness of this line of Pharisaism is but too apparent. Bigotry is ever overtaken by its own tricks, and its bedraggled chickens are always coming home to roost.

## "Terrene Facts" and "Phantasms."

At a recent meeting of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research, Prof. William James presided, and superintended the reading of a paper written by Mr. Myers of England on "The indications of continued knowledge of terrene facts on the part of phantasms of the dead." It seems that Prof. James has been taking what he calls a "census of hallucinations," and he proceeded to give a summary of the same. He studied the subject of returned spirits from the "hallucination" side, trying to discover for the Society whether there are "many common, everyday people who have had at any time in their lives a hallucination." His statement was that out of 5,600 persons who have filled out and returned the "hallucination" blanks, 540 persons claim to have had such experiences. And he went on to relate some of the cases reported to him.

Undoubtedly he would have received a much larger number of replies if he had instituted his inquiries on the right basis instead of the wrong one. He has no right, in the first place, to assume for hallucination what is a proven fact: He judges the case, and then proceeds to fit the evidence to suit his pre-judgment. Thousands of perfectly credible persons, whose testimony would be taken in other matters without any hesitation, have had the very experiences described, who evidently would refuse to acknowledge them under the title given them by Prof. James. They believe them to be facts of actual experience—and they truly are. More frequently they are of so closely private a nature that they are regarded as too sacred to be made public, but on the contrary are treasured by the recipients, and numbers of them members of churches at that. Prof. James is altogether too "bumptious" in asking for facts from persons whom he charges in advance with "hallucination."

A lady in Iowa writes regarding Abby A. Judson's book, "WHY SHE BECAME A SPIRITUALIST," in the following terms:

"This book engages the absorbing interest of the reader. The first query that arose in my mind after reading it was, 'How did she dare to do it, nurtured as she had been?' I sought the solution in the pictured face, and read the answer in the luminous eyes that looked so fearlessly into mine. Truly this is a wonderful book. May it be the means of leading many into that glorious Spiritualism that has 'made her so happy.' That tens of thousands of this book may go on their heaven-sent mission to doubting mortals, bringing them hope and light, is my devout wish."

## Capital Punishment from the Medical Side.

The New York Medical Society has given the subject of capital punishment its consideration of late, and we find a sincere approval of its report in *Science*, a weekly scientific journal of London. The Society's report deals with the question almost entirely from the medical side, and comes to the conclusion that inasmuch as it has the advantages of physiological knowledge, and understands the difficulties of being always correct, besides the impossibility of making a positively safe diagnosis in every case of alleged crime or presumable cerebral disease or anomaly, it is opposed to the perpetuation of capital punishment, and hopes that means will be found to protect the community by less uncertain and less inhuman methods.

The Society does not deal with the nature of crime, or of responsibility or irresponsibility, or of judgment and will as cerebral functions, or of the existence or non-existence of a free will and its limitations, except from an anatomical and physiological point of view—in other words, from the scientific one. "Crime," says the report of this medical society, "is an evil impulse that ought to be controlled." Judgment and will are the true controlling powers. A person who is held responsible for his aberrations and wrong-doings, is termed a criminal and punished as such. A person who is irresponsible is no longer a criminal to be punished, but a lunatic against whose vagaries society undertakes to protect itself. Thus the punishment of the criminal and the incarceration of the hopelessly insane are different modes of self-preservation employed by society. Civilized society long ago gave up the theory of revenge or retaliation. The physical and moral health of the community is more the object of its concern than the annihilation of the rebel against the common welfare.

*Science* finds the boundary between responsibility and irresponsibility to be extremely uncertain, and the one thing that forms a puzzling factor to the satisfactory solution of the capital punishment question. There is surely reason for a doubt as to the causation of the criminal act. A man may blunder, but, it adds, society cannot afford to be brutally mistaken where it is at the same time accuser, judge, jury and executioner. And it enumerates the several conditions which are to be taken into account in judging of a person's responsibility for crime. They are as follows: The influence of disease, and conditions of the heart and circulation on the brain and the cerebral functions; the diffuse affections of the brain from various physical causes; and, above all, that inattention of brain which springs from overwork and anxiety. These are adduced as common causes of aberrations with which medical men are conversant from their daily observations of mankind, and which account for very much of what the ordinary and even the judicial mind designates as crime and visits with punishment, sometimes, it would seem, on the principle of retaliation.

## Proof Positive of Spirit-Communication.

The BANNER OF LIGHT for May 14th contained on its editorial page the following paragraph, embodying a request which it will be seen by the subjoined letter has called out a direct and definite rejoinder. Only "psychic researchers" can wriggle out of the conclusions which the perusal of the query and pertinent reply naturally force upon a reflective mind:

QUESTION.—On our sixth page is a message in which the spirit, giving his name as John T. Cox, says he was killed by coming in contact with an electric car, and that he lived in Attleboro, Mass. Who knows anything about him? We do not, neither does our medium. Let us know the facts in the case.

## ANSWER.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light: You asked in the latest BANNER for facts, if any, in regard to a certain JOHN T. COX, who came as a spirit to be recognized, and who was killed by an electric car at Attleboro, Mass.

Now I was not at all acquainted with this Cox, nor did I ever hear of him, but I have a brother, a resident of Attleboro, who was personally acquainted with him, and knew about the accident. Two years ago the present month, while engaged in the old custom of hanging a May basket—or in connection with it, as the others were out searching for him, and he naturally was running from them, as the custom—he is supposed to have undertaken to board the rear electric car (there being two connected together) which was passing at the time, and to have fallen between them.

Other verifications may reach you in regard to this matter, but I felt impressed to let you know at once what I have learned about it.

MRS. G. W. MILLER.

Olneyville, R. I., May 15th, 1892.

## Prof. Lombroso and his Opponents.

That the change in the position which the famous Professor of Psychology at the University of Turin has made concerning the objective reality of the spirit-phenomena should arouse the hostility of some of his associates in scientific pursuits, was to be expected. A certain Dr. Albert Mall of Berlin has come to the front as one of the most vigorous assailants, to whom the Italian professor makes the following reply, which we quote in part from a recent number of a German contemporary:

"I have read the articles of Herr Mall against my first communications concerning Spiritualism; but I hold that any reply to them is useless; for my long experience in scientific researches has taught me the absolute uselessness of polemics in great scientific questions. The basis of the opposition and criticism in regard to every new theory rests in 'Misconceptions'; which is hostility to anything new, and inasmuch as the times are not ripe for the acceptance and appreciation of absolute truth, many thinkers busy themselves with the new theories only in order to find in them defects and errors, but never for the purpose of discovering the right. [The writer here refers to instances in his own career wherein he had been the object of ridicule by scientific men for his advancing certain new theories which to-day are accepted as true, and concludes:] The same fate will attend my investigations in this new field of scientific research; and even were it not so, I would rather wait the verdict of time than that of controversy."

It is the infirmity of certain minds to pluck at the shortcomings, to dwell upon and magnify the errors of others, rather than extol their virtues, their excellencies.

We have on hand several fine Original Stories for publication in THE BANNER as soon as we can find room for them.

## Turning the Screw.

Rev. Hurt Eates Howard, associate pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Cleveland, O., having published an article in *The Arena* on the doctrine of the atonement, was summoned before the Cleveland presbytery to explain himself, inasmuch as his views were taken to conflict with the recognized creed of his church. Another heresy trial appeared to be imminent. But the Cleveland Sunday Leader says it was "skillfully avoided without the sacrifice of dignity or honor on either side" by a "stroke of diplomacy worthy of a Blaine" on the part of the committee appointed by the presbytery to confer with Mr. Howard. After much discussion they invited him to make a distinct declaration of his belief. He did so to their perfect satisfaction, and the committee reported that no further action be taken.

Mr. Howard "solemnly and sincerely" declared that "the aforesaid article does not represent my full belief in the doctrine of the atonement, in that it deals with the atonement on the human side alone"; whereas he believes that "the atonement not only involves a change of character in the believer, but that on the divine side it possesses a legal quality in which the death as well as the life of Christ is essential to the salvation of men."

He further declared that "the construction placed upon my article in *The Arena* by the signers of the overture presented to this presbytery is not such as I intended it should receive." Thus does orthodoxy as it is received by the church feel obliged to whip its men of thought into the ecclesiastical traces, while openly doing as little violence as possible both to its creed and to the convictions of the "heretics" aforesaid.

## The Anniversary, Next Sunday.

Of the Veteran Spiritualist Union in Berkeley Hall, Boston, is likely to be a grand affair, judging from the following order of exercises:

Quartet Song.—Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Longley, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch.

Opening Address.—Dr. H. B. Storer, President of the Union and of the Onset Bay Association, who will also read a letter from the veteran Spiritualist, Dr. J. M. Peebles, regretting his inability to be present, and defining the present attitude he holds to our Cause.

Song.—Miss Amanda Bailey, who sang at Spiritualist meetings forty years ago, the gentleman who was her organ accompanist then, Prof. Phelps, to be the same on this occasion.

Address.—Dr. Joseph Beals, President of the Lake Pleasant Association.

Song.—John T. Lillie.

Address.—Andrew Cross, a veteran Spiritualist of Scotland.

Song.—Charles W. Sullivan.

Address.—Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Song.—John T. Lillie.

Address.—Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson.

Song.—Amanda Bailey.

Address.—Eben Cobb.

Song.—Miss Minnie Sears, organist of the First Spiritual Temple.

Address.—Mrs. H. S. Lake, Vice-President of the Union.

The Museum of Phenomenal Productions will be on exhibition in the rear hall.

Doors open at 1 o'clock, and, on account of the length of the program, the exercises will commence promptly at 2 o'clock. The admission to both halls will be free. A collection will be taken in aid of the benevolent work of the V. S. U.

## The Idle Wealthy Class.

An indictment of London society appeared in a recent issue of the *North American Review* by Lady Jeune, which is causing a pretty lively discussion over there. The papers admit its strictures of a particular class in society are true, but deny that they apply to society at large. The class of people she condemns and shows up are known as the "smart set," idle, vicious and vulgar, aiming at notoriety instead of eminence, and wealth instead of worth. A London correspondent explains that the enormous material development of modern times, and the production and distribution on a large scale, have so vastly increased the number of those who "toil not, neither do they spin," that the democracy with its industrial development is held responsible for what Lady Jeune discourses in her letter, and the least it can do is to counteract these evils. Idle wealth, she alleges, is a curse, and the measures tending to the equalization of wealth which are sometimes spoken of as revolutionary and anarchical, are in reality, under present circumstances, the great forces carried on the side of morality and social order.

## Electric Light Foretold by Spirits.

A correspondent of the *Medium and Day-break* writes that at a séance held in London thirty years ago, Mr. W. Wallace being the medium, it was asked whether electricity would ever be utilized as an illuminator. The reply was: "Yes, it will light your cities, propel your machinery, and warm your homes." At the time this was said the statement was out of the range of possible realization; yet the prediction is now fulfilled in nearly all its particulars, and the prospect is that it soon will be in all.

A recent mail from Europe has brought to us three books, a hasty examination of which convinces us that they deserve a more extended notice than we can give them at present. We shall refer to them at an early day in a manner more in accord with their merits. These volumes are, "La Communione Universale delle Ames dans l'Amour Divin," by "Hab," a pseudonym of Mme. Grange, editress of *La Lumière*, Paris; "Nouvelle Révélation, La Vie, Méthode de la Connaissance," by Charles Favety, Paris; and "I Patti Spiritici e l'Ipotesi Affettiva," by Dr. G. B. Ermacora, Padua, Italy.

Remitting from North Scituate, Mass., the amount of a year's subscription to THE BANNER from Mrs. L. Newcomb, Dr. Geo. L. Newcomb writes: "She has been a subscriber to THE BANNER since it was first published. Mrs. N. will be ninety years of age next August, and always looks for her paper on Thursday of each week, and reads it without the aid of glasses."

See elsewhere the notice of the Quarterly Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association, to be held at Tyson, June 3d, 4th and 5th, of which J. Crossett is Secretary. Please send to THE BANNER a full account of the proceedings, and oblige.

"Echoes from England," No. 48, by our European Agent, J. J. Morse, will be published next week, and THE BANNER readers will find it especially interesting.

Read the call (eightth page) for the Quarterly Meeting to be held at Tonia, Mich.

## The Vaccination Humbug.

The Boston Globe of the 14th inst. contains a report concerning alleged harsh and unwarrantable action on the part of a Port Examiner in Boston regarding the vaccination of immigrants, which should be at once made the subject of official investigation by the proper officials, for its denial or substantiation. If the latter result is reached, we trust that severe punishment may be visited upon the over-zealous operator, who—as it is claimed by *The Globe*—compelled poor women to bare themselves to the waist in plain sight of the men on board, and stand shivering awaiting their turn on the open deck, while "a strong breeze was blowing, enough to freeze the marrow in anybody"—when the captain of the steamer himself expostulated, and said the operation could better be done below deck. Immigrants ought to give Boston a wide berth, if their personal rights are to be thus heartlessly interfered with.

To all these charges the physician doing the vaccinating—a Harvard Medical School student, (fourth year), according to his statement—enters a general denial. We trust, as we have said above, that this matter will be searchingly investigated by the authorities.

## Mr. Colville in Washington.

On Sunday, May 8th, W. J. Colville lectured in Washington, D. C., to one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Grand Army Hall (seating capacity eight hundred) on "Myth and Miracle." We shall print the full text of this interesting and thoughtful discourse next week.

On Sunday, May 15th, his morning subject was (by special request) "Employments in the Spirit-World." He was announced to lecture in the Universalist Church on "Woman in the New Era," Monday, May 16th.

He continues his work daily at 519 Seventh street, N. W., till May 28th, inclusive, and returns to Boston in time for Sunday, June 6th.

Relief Where Most Wanted.—The "small loans bill" will no doubt have passed the Massachusetts Legislature before this comes under the eyes of the reader. An amendment was made fixing a penalty for charging over eighteen per cent. a year. We should think that that amount was liberal to excess. Anybody who cannot get a living by charging that rate for loans, which is one and a half per cent. a month, ought to go out of the business and try something else. It is hard on the needy borrower to have to pay anything like that. Yet many of them have to submit to the extortion of three and five per cent. a month, which speedily eats up the principal and finishes the borrower for good. A fair rate of interest is one thing, and crushing the very life out of a compelled borrower is another. We are glad to see the Legislature taking this matter up, and hope it will pursue it until something is done to prevent a class of Shylocks in the community from preying on the necessities of those who have an equal right with others for help in need.

A German Doctor.—Dr. Weiderhold, Director of the hospital for nervous diseases at Cassel, the capital of Hesse-Nassau—has just been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for maltreating a patient, the wife of Consul-General Zachmann. He admitted in court that he had boxed the lady's ears, beaten her with a stick, and whipped her because of her screaming and moaning as if she were suffering great pain. Her only trouble, he alleged, was hysteria, while her pains were wholly of the imagination. He contended in defense of his decidedly heroic treatment, that the punishment he inflicted upon her was the best treatment for hysteria, and that he had really done nothing but what was for her benefit. The testimony was conflicting in regard to this style of treatment for nervous disease. This doctor acted the part of the true allopath, however. He fought one disease by getting up a different trouble, and pitted the actual against the imaginary.

Dr. J. Edwin Briggs—an old BANNER advertiser, and a skillful clairvoyant and eclectic physician who has had a large practice in New York City for years (and who founded the Health Institute at Troy in 1865)—passed to spirit-life through a disastrous accident which occurred at his home, 111 West 33d street, on Friday, April 23rd; an explosion of naphtha, followed at once by fire, took place, which practically wrecked the building, at a loss of \$20,000 to the owners, severely burned two ladies, killed outright two female inmates, and entirely consumed all the property of the tenants. Dr. Briggs was fatally injured, and was removed to the New York Hospital, where his decease took place on the following Saturday.

Dr. Briggs was a kind-hearted and sympathetic man, and has done much for the relief of human suffering, mental and physical, during his long years of labor.

A Close Statement of the matter of the interdependence of all ranks in society, and the importance of labor as a producer of capital, was given in the heart-felt message from the famine stricken of Russia, through Capt. Sargent of the Philadelphia relief ship *Indiana*, wherein the starving peasantry said by deputation at Libau: "Our thanks to the rich men of America, whose wealth has done so much for us; and love and greeting to the workmen of America, whose labors make men rich and charity possible."

Our own thanks, and those of our medium and our spirit-friends, are tendered to Joseph Heberle of Kentucky, for a donation of lovely flowers to our Circle Room. Thanks are also returned for similar favors on the part of Mrs. M. E. Simons, Cambridgeport, Mass., Leroy E. Thorpe, Abington, Mass., and Mrs. S. M. Ingraham, Windsor, Vt.

Mr. W. Ruby of Louisville, Ky., writes that he has paid for an advertisement of THE BANNER in three of the Louisville papers, *The Post*, *Times* and *Courier-Journal*—hoping that this effort will accomplish the good for which it was intended. We cordially thank the brother for his kindly action.

Dr. Zell and The Princess Charlotte—(by Warren Richardson) a volume of marked interest to psychology inquirers, and highly entertaining to the general reader also—has just reached its third edition. The book is for sale by Colby & Rich, at the Banner of Light Bookstore.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Williams of Springfield, Ill., acknowledge the receipt of books in aid of their work for the Cause in that place from Colby & Rich, and thank the donors for the same. At the time of writing a Children's Progressive Lyceum was about being established, with good prospects of success.

A. E. GILES, Esq., of Hyde Park, Mass., recently visited THE BANNER office, he having just returned from a Southern tour, taken for the improvement of his health—which object, we are glad to note, seems to have been successfully attained.

A report of proceedings at the SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE CONNECTICUT STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION, held in Hartford May 7th and 8th, sent us by its secretary, will appear in our columns next week.

Mr. Henry Laorok, whose letters of Foreign Travel have so often interested the readers of THE BANNER—and who has an article on the materializing phenomena in this issue—is now temporarily located in Boston, at 55 Indiana Place.

Hattie C. Stafford, after a most harmonious and successful season of work, closes her sances on Sunday, May 23rd, and will be at "Rose-Bud Cottage," Onset, Mass., during the camp-meeting.

Mrs. F. M. Eddy is now located at 410 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

Read the announcement of the Anniversary Meeting to be held at Sturgis, Mich., in June next.

To make the hair grow a natural color, prevent baldness, and keep the scalp healthy, Hall's Hair Renewer was invented, and has proved itself successful.



## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

The ceremonies attending the dedication of the Ex. position buildings in Chicago, Oct. 11th, 12th and 13th, 1892, are to be elaborate and impressive. \$300,000 are to be devoted to that purpose. It is expected that the President of the United States and his Cabinet, many of the Senators and Congressmen and Governors of the States, numerous representatives of foreign governments, and 10,000 militia and several thousand United States regulars will be present.

Now that the two gunboats built at Bath have been named after Maine towns, it is suggested that the ram now building there be named after that city. As the vessel is to be used to sink any ship she runs against, perhaps Bath would be as appropriate a name as could be found for her.—*Gardner (Me.) Home Journal.*

Swampscott people, it is said, are complaining because the refuse and garbage from Boston, which is dumped into the sea from scows, is washed ashore on their beaches, and want some way devised to stop it. In view of this state of affairs an exchange remarks, with truth:

"Cities like Boston ought to run a fertilizer factory, and utilize the refuse as far as possible, and cremate the rest of it. The dumping of garbage and sewage is a waste of valuable material, and a damage also to many interests."

A bill has been introduced into the U. S. Senate extending the free delivery system to post offices in towns of 5000 population, or having annual receipts of \$5,000.

A French company is now building a street car line in Tashkent, the capital of Russian Turkestan, where, not very many years ago, any white man who had visited the place would have lost his head.—*New York Sun.*

One of the attractive features of the pottery exhibit at Jones, McDuffee & Stratton's are the decorated plant pots and pedestals used in bay windows and vestibules of fine houses. Burmanott's jardiniere, which hold the common earthen plant pot of the capacity of half a bushel or a bushel, and cost up to \$100, are the fashion.

[A SUGGESTION.]—Why not colonize all the spring pools in Algeria, which has a river of water with ink free and white paper only three cents a pound, the poets might print their own effusions and give the editors a rest.—*The Evening News, Oneonta, N. Y.*

The Arkansas building at the Columbian Fair is to be built by a woman, Miss Jean Longborough. On the ground floor will be a fountain constructed of the many colored crystals found at Hot Springs.

"THE DEADLY PARALLEL."—Looking down from the happy while another is mis-glorious plains of heaven, erable. If one man lives in joy, shall behold with insatiable bliss the awful miseries of our late human kind. "—*Chinese proverb.*

Dispatches from Fuenkirchen, Hungary, say that about noon, May 13th, a waterspout sweeping over the mountains flooded the mines near the city, and about eighty miners were drowned. A most singular accident!

Notwithstanding the constitution of Washington says: "Absolute freedom of conscience in all matters of religious sentiment, belief and worship shall be guaranteed to every individual." A boy was expelled from the public schools of Davenport, Iowa, on being questioned as to his religious belief, by a pious teacher, he confessed that he did not believe in God.—*Boston Investigator.*

"X" is said to be the most unfortunate letter in the alphabet—since it is always in a fix, and never out of perplexity. There is some palliation for this, however, in the fact that it is never in trouble, doubt or dependency.

There's a lazy, lollin' feeling in the deep an' dreamy days. The wind a kiss stealin' from the violets in the ways; An' 'nary red woodpecker are drummin' more an' more. But the best of all is checkers by the village grocery store.

Ahl me; there aint no sayin' what fun is in that game. When a fellow gets to playin' 'till he mos' fergits his name!

Though one good sign of springtime is tax sales on the door. The surest sign is checkers by the village grocery store!

Paper is now being made fireproof, and used as a building material—taking on a polish much like various kinds of wood.

Granite is the lowest rock in the earth's crust. It is the bed rock of the world. It shows no evidence of animal or vegetable life. It is from two to ten times as thick as the united thicknesses of all other rocks. It is the parent rock, from which all other rocks have been either directly or indirectly derived.

If you would wait to speak the truth until you can replace the old decaying formula by a completely elaborated system, you must wait forever; for the system can never be elaborated until its leading principles have been boldly enunciated. Reconstruct, it is said, before you destroy. But you must destroy in order to reconstruct. The old rule of the dead fall—pushed off by the growth of living beliefs below.—*Leslie Stephen.*

DROPS INTO SPRING POETRY.—A great Western daily, which is nothing if not sensational and bizarre in its treatment of all topics coming under its notice, has in a recent issue an illustrated "poem"—stretched along the column heads of one of its pages—of which the following is a specimen stanza in proof of the efficacy of the noble art of advertising:

"If your trouble has a name, Advertise, and it will pay; Never mind the space or price, In the *Courier-Journal* twice—Once will get you a rule, and Three times, sure to find your mule."

A large skating-rink in course of construction in Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, collapsed May 11th. Thirty persons were killed. The architect and the builder were arrested.

"Do I have to stick this stamp on myself?" asked a dupe of the clerk at the post-office. "Oh, no," replied the clerk; "you could not go in the mail bags, and besides, that is a letter-stamp, and you are not first-class male material."—*Es.*

A terrible explosion occurred May 10th in the coal mines of the Northern Pacific R. R. Co. at Roslyn, a small town about four miles from the main line of the road, and 107 miles from Tacoma, Wash. Some 60 men were killed.

The Babcock Printing Press Manufacturing Company, New London, Conn., will please accept our thanks for a unique specimen of the "paper weight" order.

At high noon, May 12th, with impressive ceremonies, the great steel bridge across the Mississippi River, at Memphis, Tenn., was formally declared open for traffic.

SUNDAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—What is the duty of the State in this matter? Clearly, to do what ever conserves the welfare of the majority of the people. The minority have the right to stay away from the Exposition on Sunday, but they have no right to throw obstacles in the way of a majority by influencing popular sentiment by securing legislative enactments to prevent them from enjoying that day in whatever way they may see fit, provided they do not infringe on the rights of the minority.—*Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in North American Review.*

The ten lines of railroad centering in London send out 2,210 suburban trains a day, carrying 400,000 passengers a year.

STUMBLING-BLOCKS. Life's greatest art, learned through its hardest knocks, Is to make stepping-stones of stumbling blocks.—*Harry Lyman Koopman.*

Boston city authorities are going to squeeze the Chinese located here.

Fund for the Destitute Poor. DONATION MONTHS RECEIVED. Mrs. M. D. Bell, \$2.50; Ethel M. Mason, 50 cents; Ira W. Russell, \$2.00; Mrs. Betsey Whitcomb, \$1.50; A. Friend, \$5.00; O. F. E., \$2.00; W. W. W., \$5.00; Jas. H. Taylor, 50 cents; O. M. North, \$2.00; Miscellaneous Contributions from Circle-Room, \$5.00; Mister, \$1.00; A. G. F., \$2.00; S. A. Morse, 50 cents; Bagoywatha, \$2.00.

## Interesting Scenes in Boston.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:  
As Mrs. W. A. Towner, after affording the readers of THE BANNER an excursion to Europe, and further still Eastward, to Athens and Constantinople—by my written account of that trip—now appear on this side, to interview my beloved ones who come from the other side (which, by-the-by, is the right side of the human family) to greet me.

For about a year I had been deprived of the blessing of meeting my dear children and friends who have around me at all times to my conscious knowledge, and whisper to me sweet words of love, I longed to touch them, to see and hear them, in those strains that leave on the senses a vivid and lasting impression. To realize such experience I would travel the world over.

Mrs. Fay very graciously held a séance somewhat to my benefit, lately, when six of my dear ones came with their usual familiar faces, and went through their endearing performance, as if there had not been a long interruption in our communion. Sickens does not seem to affect Mrs. Fay's mediumship—not in the least. The forms came out as numerous, as agile and as prettily as ever, holding forth to the mind the fitting conclusion that there is really no dividing veil or boundary between the two worlds.

Fifty odd forms appeared during the *séance*, many proceeding in twos and threes at the same time from outside the cabinet. That a small white spot on the carpet of the room or on a distant sofa should quickly become a well-organized human form, male or female, with suitable paraphernalia upon it—that I say, is always an interesting fact to witness. The form of the medium was several times brought out by visible spirits.

Whatever may be the course which Mrs. Fay may adopt—perhaps the quitting her arduous labors as a materializing medium, thereby depriving the public of her valuable contribution to the Cause—I would say that her name, like that of dear Fanny Conant, of BARNES OF LIGHT memory will stand enshrined in the hearts of those who have been benefited by her services, and figure also in golden characters in our annals.

At Mrs. Martin's.—On Wednesday night, 11th inst. I was at Mrs. Martin's séance, with some fifteen persons who, like myself, had not been afraid to brave the storm of the night, so as to get to that safe and elegant harbor which Mr. Albino, master of it, keeps always in good trim, as others can testify. For a good number of years this experienced manager, or "right man in the right place," has always been found equal to the difficult position he holds: of having to please all, and at the same time not endanger the health of the *four*, I believe, mediums whom he has had under his care since about twelve years.

This was my second visit to this medium, and to be candid, I must say that I was astounded at getting a great deal more than I expected. Six of my children came and came, and, considering the new conditions they had to battle against, and two of them came a second time. My charming daughters conversed freely, coming to at a time and holding me enlaced in their arms.

Years ago, at séances, many would find fault with me for jesting and laughing aloud with my children at the cabinet. I should be solemn, they said. But none of my folks ever came from the Puritan stock. They were French—and jolly! Returning spirits have been educating Bostonians and others to be cheerful with them, and séances now no more look like mourning-festivals. The bad weeds have been torn out from there as from the ground.

The manifestations at Mrs. Martin's are very strong. Before the *séance* began, the cabinet spirit appeared alongside of her, and took her inside. As at Mrs. Fay's the forms here are often materialized outside of the cabinet; sometimes the process is instantaneous, and at other times gradual. Mrs. Little Margaret ending down her head forward, she shook her half with her hands to make it grow long and thick, and afterward did the same to her white dress to bring it to a proper length. HENRY LACROIX.

FOR NERVOUS DISEASES USE HERRFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. F. G. KELLY, Alderston, W. T. says: "I have prescribed it in a large number of cases of restlessness at night, and nervous disorder, and in cases of indigestion caused by lack of sufficient gastric juice of the stomach, with marked success, and consider it one of the best remedies known to the professional world."

## Benefit Entertainment.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:  
The Helping Hand of the Boston Spiritual Temple was tendered an entertainment by Miss Lucette Webster and some of her pupils Wednesday evening, May 11th, at No. 3 Boylston Place.

The literary and musical part opened with a song by Miss Amanda Bailey, who sang with even more than her usual ability and marvelous execution; this called for another, which was a Scotch ballad of rare beauty, and appreciatively received. Next came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spellbound by the vividness of her recital, and made all feel the race to be so real that we wanted to swing our handkerchiefs for Salvador when he came in ahead. Miss Perkins sang "The Picture," and then came a reading by Miss Amy Davis, entitled, "The Young Martyr," which was also very fine. A song by Miss Jud Kins was next in order; she gave a pleasing ballad, "Marguerite," and was followed by a reading by Miss Osgood of "Clara's Voice," which was also very fine in a manner showing that she entered into tender sympathy with the faithful young wife whose story of fidelity it related. After another song by Miss Bailey Miss Oliver appeared in a very stirring story, entitled, "How," one of the finest of the first series of the evening. Miss Oliver held the audience spell



Message Department.

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS  
Of each week Spiritual Meetings are held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment, free to the public, commencing at 8 o'clock P. M., J. A. Shelhamer, Chairman.

At these Spiritual Meetings of Mrs. M. T. Longley will occupy the platform for the purpose of answering questions propounded by inquirers, having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor. Questions forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, will be presented to the presiding spirit for consideration. In order to be able to respond to the questions of the public, it is necessary that the spirit should be in communication with the friends in the earth-life who have an opportunity to do so.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department are those of spirits who are in communication with the friends in the earth-life who have an opportunity to do so. The Messages are not those of spirits who are in communication with the friends in the earth-life who have an opportunity to do so.

It is our earnest desire that those who recognize the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing the publishers of the fact for publication. Natural flowers are greatly appreciated by our angel visitors, therefore we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their flowers of thought.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages  
GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Séance held Feb. 10th, 1892.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Supreme Spirit, thou Infinite Source of all Life and Intelligence, conscious of our weakness of intellect compared with that mental unfoldment which it is possible for mind to acquire, conscious of our own spiritual blindness compared with that glorious exaltation and illumination of the spiritual nature which it is possible for humanity to reach, we turn to thee at this hour with hearts receptive to thine inspirations, and with the longing cry that we may be united in thought, aspiration and spiritual power nearer, still nearer to thee.

We would at this time be drawn closely into the atmosphere of pure angelic souls, those who delight to do thy will according to the highest dictates of their lives, those who spend their time and their power in blessed service to mankind, those who are the apostles of freedom, truth and human justice, those who are ministers of mercy to the weak, sorrowing and sad, those who bring consolation and peace to wounded hearts, and who are the bearers of the light of sympathy, helpfulness and all holy instruction this hour. We desire to be made pure, so as to be fitted for the companionship and association of such pure lives. May we reach out in sympathy and love, and feel that we are one with those pure souls, and that our own spiritual nature may unfold their best qualities, and that the spirit of brotherly love and helpfulness may be exercised through our own lives. Thus may we attract to ourselves the good and beautiful, and may we be prepared to walk and talk with those who gather here from angel-life to minister unto human need.

We pray thy blessing and bestow the benediction of all pure spirits to be with us.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

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

Ques.—(By A. H. Livermore Falls, Me.) Does the use of anesthetics tend in any way to the development of mediumship?

Ans.—Whatever tends to stupefy the external avenues of sensation in the human body is not to our mind beneficial for any other purpose than the human system, and this applies to the spirit and its development as well as to the organic form.

It may be necessary, in the experience of surgical science or psychology, to apply anesthetics to a patient under the doctor's care, and this may be sanctioned from the standpoint of mercy, that the patient may not suffer the tortures of pain while passing through a surgical operation; but we should not recommend the administration of anesthetics for any other purpose than as agencies of medical or surgical science. Certainly we would not advise one who desires to develop mediumship to resort to any such course as this, because we believe that the entire being of man, physical and spiritual, should be acted upon naturally by those intelligences who approach from the spirit-world in order to stimulate into activity whatever medial qualities may be possessed by the sitters. The very best pieces of mediumship, and their most useful work, are developed naturally and slowly through the processes of growth.

One on earth can provide the spirit attendants with favorable conditions for the development of medial powers by bringing himself into a harmonious state, by taking care that his associations on the mortal side are of a like character, and that his own habits and mode of conduct are pure and of that nature which will be liked by the good spirits to him, also by sitting at regular intervals either alone or with one or two individuals who are in sympathy with him in his desire to communicate with the unseen world, and by seeing to it that his apartment is well ventilated and his surroundings as far as possible so attractive as to be pleasing to himself and his friends as well as to those spirits who may congregate about him. By pursuing such a course as this, involving the presence of pure spirits, and seeking earnestly for the unfolding of the highest gifts, the sifter will be likely to afford his spirit-friends those conditions which are best conducive to the development of those qualities which he seeks to unfold.

Q.—(By T. E. H., Atlanta, Ga.) When spirits pass out of the mortal body from sickness, where do they go? How long do they stay? and why? and how long after leaving the mortal body before they can return and communicate to friends left behind?

A.—While some who pass from the mortal form have the power to return almost immediately and communicate with friends on earth, others may not have the strength or the opportunity of doing so for a long time. Very much depends upon the habits and character, also upon the magnetic qualities of the spirit, and likewise upon the facilities afforded him on the mortal side as to how soon or how late he may communicate with mortal friends through medial agencies.

Where do spirits go who pass out of the physical form because of illness? Some of them remain right in contact with this material life. They have not been weaned from the external activities of existence; they have not desired to pass out from contact with matter; their inclinations and tendencies are earthward, and they live in touch with the physical environments of their former friends and associates. Others pass out directly from the physical atmosphere into that of the spirit-world, which is its loveless and purely airy existence, lightful home to those spirits who reach upward after having passed through the experiences and the discipline of mortal life.

Some spirits remain in contact with earth a very long time before they have any desire or attraction toward a spiritual life, or the world of spirits. Others, as we have said, pass immediately on, but they can return and communicate with their friends on earth whenever an opportunity on this side is afforded them so to do, and they can likewise exercise a watchful influence and care over their friends, and assist them in meeting life's trials and the perplexities which hedge their way.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

John Arnold.

[To the Chairman:] Good afternoon, sir. I would like to give my greetings to relatives and former friends of mine in the city of Providence, R. I. Years have passed since I went out of the body, and it has taken years for me to persuade myself to approach a medium and speak in this manner; but a relative, William Arnold, who tried this years ago and reported it well to me, has many times tried to induce me to come for myself.

I do not know, sir, as I shall reach any friends who care to hear of me, but I shall at least give my experience of myself in taking possession of your medium, and that will certainly be worth the trial. I would say, however, to those who have known our family in the past (and most of our people have gone to the other world):

We are not dead; we are active men and women on the spirit-shore. We were so here when in the body. Each of us had our experiences, and each of us lived out our own energies through active ways, so that we made ourselves felt and known while we remained on earth. It is gratifying to be able to report that this energetic power continues with us in the spirit-world, and that all who are active, or who desire to be active in useful ways on earth, find the power and opportunity of expressing their energies when they pass from this physical form.

I have taken quite an interest in the progress of Spiritualism in Providence, because I know now that it is a truth, and I have known it for a long time. I have seen some whom I remember walking about in the city in the past, who were rather side-bound in their opinions of a future life, becoming slowly permeated with the spiritual truth which communication between the two worlds has brought to man, and it has pleased me to mark this sign of progress in the lives of those who in the past were rather prone to hold to old opinions. To them I have not been willing to manifest in this way, yet I have been willing to work for the advancement of spiritual light and understanding, and I feel that I am company with others, have exercised a little influence in that direction.

I am John Arnold.

Dr. J. M. Holt.

You will, Mr. Chairman, I am sure, give indulgence to the old veteran who returns from the spirit-world to express himself to dear ones in the mortal form.

During the years that have passed since I went from the body, I have been doing my best to help on the work of Spiritualism, for it is a glorious work. I have not been an idle man on the spirit-side of life, but I have been busy in studying new forms and methods of work and operation through magnetic lines of labor, and I have, sir, been very active, together with other spirits, in trying to be of use to those who come to the other world sick and in affliction. Now it is true that there are those who come to spirit-life sick and in need of a physician, in need of counsel, ministrations and wise treatment, for they are distorted and warped, and they bear many ills of the spirit that need to be cured before they can come up to an understanding and enjoyment of the true life.

There are dear ones on earth whose feet are near the spiritual shore, who have borne the heat and burdens of life for many years, and to whom I feel closely attracted in sympathy and love, and to them I send my greetings and affection. I trust that they will believe that the old man holds for them a most warm and loving regard and respect, and that whenever possible he sends to them his influence of magnetic light, trusting it will be like a mantle of warmth and power to shield them from the adversities of physical existence.

I bring my greetings to the good friends of Vermont, particularly to those in Bridgewater, and I hope they will believe that those of our towns-people who have gone out to the spirit-world are alive, in active association and companionship, and that they all feel glad when it is possible to send a word, or even a wave of thought, to those who linger on the mortal side.

I would especially, Mr. Chairman, bring a few words of counsel and affection to my beloved daughter at this time. She will see them in your paper, and I trust that they will prove helpful to her, for I know that her spirit has gone out to her friends in the higher life, asking for a renewal of their sympathy and protection, that she may receive larger rays of magnetism and power from those dear ones who have been accustomed to stand by her side.

I know, my dear child, that you have had many strange and trying experiences through your earthly life. I know that no one can understand as well as yourself what the discipline has been which has come to you. I know, also, that some of the experiences of the last year or two, from both sides of life, not brought, however, by the nearest and dearest of your home and heart, but through comparative strangers whom you have sought to bless, have been painful and hard to bear, but I wish to say that all will be well for you. Strength will be given, and a light will be shown you that you may pass on, gaining new powers in the coming months, while doing your duty in loving labors for a dear soul who will soon join us on the other shore.

You have done well in the course pursued the present season in entering conditions that have been familiar to you in past years, and in reaching magnetisms that belong to your life, and that are brought to you from both sides, spirit and mortal. I trust you will assist you in the work to be done by-and-by. But remember, child, that you must pay heed to the promptings of the spirit, and when these come to you full and strong, obey them, even though your charitable heart should feel that you are not dispensing to others that which perhaps they crave of you. Injustice has been done. You have been preyed upon by others who had no right to thus reach into your life; and that is why I speak as I do. Have no fear but what you will clear things up, and the abundance of your rich life to those who can really understand it, but I do desire that you should not be brought into contact with spirits who are mischievous, and who are working only for their own selfish ends. Take heart, and be of good cheer. The right will come, and the blessed influence of the old home-life and guardian circle will be returned to you with force and with might. Dr. J. M. Holt.

Jane Parker.

I am Jane Parker, and that is the name by which I was called on earth. I did not call myself Jennie, or any of these new-fangled names, but just plain Jane, and I came back from the spirit-world in just the same way.

I had friends here. I left them in Rochester, N. Y. I have been trying a good while to come back and speak for myself about the things of the other world, and also about some things belonging to this world. I left some affairs rather tangled up. I know, that belonged to the material life. I suppose I ought not to be saying anything about them, as I am a spirit, but they are sort of bother me a good while after I got out of the body. I want to see them straightened out and be made to go just as I thought they should. [To the Chairman:] Well, I couldn't get much of a hand into these matters, and so I had to let them drift; but you see, sir, it took me quite a bit to get away from them and find out what the spirit-world is. So I could understand what your manager said about some spirits living in the earth-life after having gone out of the body, and some going to the spirit-world.

I thought myself a pretty good sort of a woman when I was here. I tried to live as near the light as I knew how. The light was a pretty dim one, I have found, but I thought then it was a good, bright, steady light, and a good guide for my actions. Perhaps I was a bit narrow and prejudiced, but I have been trying to grow out of that state and to look at life more broadly.

I thought I would come back and see if any of the old folks remember me, and if I could get to hear something of the spirit, what it is and where it is after the death of the body. If they would like to hear from me, and will open the way, I will be very glad to come right straight back to them and give them a part of my experience. I'm not going to give it to the public, for the public had nothing to do with me, and I have no desire to tell them what I know from my own observation concerning these things; but if any one who has known me cares to give me an opportunity of meeting them, I shall be very glad to come.

[To the Chairman:] I am very much obliged to you, sir, for opening this way to me.

Henry Gray.

Henry Gray is the name by which I was known on earth, and the one which I claim now. I come from the city of Lowell, speaking as one who is on earth. Of course I have my abiding-place in the spirit-world, but the friends here know nothing of that, and I do not wish to tell them. I do not do them the least good, for they could not hunt it up upon any map that they are familiar with.

I have been interested a good while in mechanics, and I have been studying a system of mechanics as applied to external, practical life,

even though I have been outside of a mortal form. I presume that those who may have known me in the past will wonder why I should speak of any such pursuit as this when I am a spirit; but, bless you, we are not deprived of the opportunities of exercising our faculties and of living a life of activity, either physically or mentally, or forming the association which might bring other human beings into the world burdened with the same limitations and deformities which the parent possesses. But this is not the rule of guidance for the great mass of humanity, nor did the Nazarene teach this either in his example or through his utterances. If the great Supreme Ordainer of all Life had decreed through natural law that it were best for mankind to live a life of celibacy, then would this law manifest itself throughout the human race, and there would have been provided some other means of propagating the race.

The Nazarene came to earth under the guardianship and guidance of intelligences from the spiritual world. He was placed here to perform a certain work for his kind. It was necessary that he should meet with special experiences, and pass under a discipline peculiar to his own life and times. In order to best perform that which spiritual work through his agency, his spirit-attendants undoubtedly provided such conditions for him as they could, and led their charge onward in the course which he pursued. No doubt it was best that he should not enter into the family relation, or form a conjugal union with any one on earth, for his mission was for mankind—for the many, not for one, or for the very few. His influence was diffusive, going out largely to his fellow-men, at it in diverse ways. His magnetic forces were drawn upon by his spiritual attendants, that they might be conveyed to many others in helpful, healing ways, so that the afflicted were benefited, the wounded were made whole, the morally and spiritually ignorant and blind were made to see and receive instruction. But because the Nazarene chose to live a life of celibacy, perhaps feeling that he could thus best perform his work according to spiritual guidance, it does not follow that it was intended that the race, or that any considerable number of the race, should follow that example.

In taking upon one's self those responsibilities and duties which the establishment of the conjugal relation brings to the intelligent, discreet human being, an individual may perhaps gather to himself or herself such beautiful and strengthening influences of life, and may acquire such experiences as will tend to enlarge the nature, cultivate the spirit, and bring out the best qualities of character. Through the formation of the enduring ties of home-life, the very finest attributes of human nature are developed and find expression; but if one is called upon, as was the Nazarene, to perform a life-work, denying himself those associations which others may enjoy, because he feels a duty pressing upon him, then will he, through following that line of conduct and of labor, best fit himself to enjoy the spiritual world. Yet, again, those who intelligently, and with a love for the responsibility devolving upon them, enter the conjugal relation with the desire to do their whole duty, and to express their spiritual nature, which is the love nature, in their home-life and toward their companion, will certainly develop from within that which will fit them to enjoy and understand the spiritual life beyond.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Capt. James L. Thomson.

[To the Chairman:] Good afternoon, sir. I am very glad to come to your meeting and to express myself. I hope my words will reach my friends in the West, in the State of Ohio, and in Kentucky, for I have friends there.

I feel that I am not forgotten, though a few years have passed since I went out of the body. I was called onward in the summer of '86, but I have not been asleep since that time, and I have kept track very well of what has been going on; so you will tell my friends in Lowell, Ky., that I feel myself an active man, and more interested perhaps in the workings of affairs with which I was concerned than I would be now were I in the body. I am interested in the affairs that belong to the working-men, to the people at large, who, by their own honest efforts, are doing much to create the wealth of the world, and I have been privileged to approach strong, earnest minds in the spirit-world, and to be engaged in studying their questions, and who are doing their very best to evolve some plan which may be expressed after a while for the betterment of these human toilers.

Tell the boys of the old Lodge Kenta that I have not forgotten them, and I give them my greeting. Changes are coming into the lives of some of them, I know; but this is a world of change, and it is a good thing, too, because change is what takes you along over the road up to a higher point, and brings some new light better to your life. In speaking of the Lodge, I mean that of the "Ancient Order of Workmen," and I have a good feeling for others outside of that, which I hope they will receive and consider as coming from me.

I want to send my greeting over the river from that place to Mr. Lookout, and tell those there that I feel myself strong and happy, and glad to come with a greeting of remembrance and good will. I hope they will consider me as dead, but think of me as one who is alive, but is just struggling along a little further over the upward road, seeking the new camping-ground. I am Capt. James L. Thomson.

John Hill.

[To the Chairman:] John Hill is my name, sir. I would be a very old patriarch if I resided here now. I had a good life, with experiences, hard work and discipline. I met changes in that life and picked up what I could by way of strength and information, and I feel that it all did me a great deal of good.

I have known of this place a long time from other contacts with me who have been here, but I did not speak myself, and now I take it as a great privilege to have the opportunity of saying a few words to let the good people of Ogden, N. Y., know that I am a living man, and as active a one, too, as I was through the days of my earth-life. I would have them feel that those who are taken from the earthly form are not crippled up, nor are they lost to all remembrance and consciousness; but they are strong and well, and have plenty of life to express according to their own energy and talent.

I was a native of Vermont, and though many long years have rolled away since I moved about in that locality, I have a fond feeling for the old Green Mountain State.

I would like to get spiritual knowledge to those who are ready for it if I can, because I feel it is better than book-learning on this side, for it prepares you to meet what is to open before you through the eternal years.

I will not linger, Mr. President, because I see others crowding up around you who have a right to speak. I thank you for your goodness.

Mary Arnold.

More than thirty years have passed since I left the physical form to take up the robes of immortality. Many events have occurred since then. Many experiences have come into the lives of my friends, and most of them have passed onward to the spiritual world; yet a few remain, and I have such kindly sympathy and affection for them that I would if possible illumine their path with the light of the spirit-world, that they may see clearly these things which belong to the heavenly life, and which are abiding with us.

I went from Chicago, and many changes have taken place in that city since I lived there. It hardly resembles how the place I knew thirty years ago, for it has grown immensely and has made rapid progress in many directions. Spiritualism has a hold there, even in that city where so much materiality, and worldly influence dwell, for the spirit-world has its mediums and workers there, and I have at times been able to approach some of them sufficiently to note the marks of advancement and to see the various changes which have taken place.

[To the Chairman:] Give my love to my

friends, sir, and tell them the spirit-world is beautiful. I can say so after all those years, for I find more and more satisfaction in it; I find more and more a fitness of things there, as if I were growing more closely into the life of the spirit, and feeling myself more at home. I would like to tell my venerable friend, Solomon Jewett, that I have visited him in his California home; that I have been with Eldred, that I have been up the Kern river, visiting Bakersville, and have many times brought to him, in company with his own dear ones, an influence that I thought might be a help to him in his declining years. I would say that his friend, Silas Wright, desires to have his greeting and love conveyed to him with the assurance that when the mortal change shall come to him he will be welcomed home by the same friend, and given such a greeting as a remembrance of the past will insure to him from that great spirit-soul. Mary Arnold.

W. F. Rogers.

[To the Chairman:] I see that your visitors come from different places, some of them from far off, and I make bold to try to speak, though this is strange to me.

I need not be surprised if I get mixed up in my effort to make myself known, because I have felt a great deal since that sudden shock came to me which sent me from the body, yet I am not ignorant of what has happened, or where I am. I know that I am a spirit out of the body, and that while I was attending to the duties of my office there came to me a sudden, swift experience, which hurled my spirit from the mortal clasp. I also know that I am surrounded by spirits who are active men and women, and I have been attracted to a school in the other world where the laws of electricity are studied closely, and where those who are interested in this science can gain information how to proceed in the application of the electric force to human invention for human uses.

You will excuse me, sir, if I do not make myself quite clear, because I feel a little strange in coming this way, but I was told it would assist me to get free from the unpleasant conditions that I feel when I try to come back in contact with earthly life. My friends say if I do not a little bit mixed up, you will understand the cause, but I will do the best I can.

I have friends in Salt Lake City, and it was near that place I went out.

A beautiful young spirit who left earth when a child, and who belonged in Salt Lake City, has induced me specially to come here. She has shown me the way, saying that she knew how spirits could come back and get a clear notion of earthly things, leaving the confusion of ideas that may trouble them on this side. Her name is Fanny Randall, and I speak of her because I feel grateful for the service she has done me.

Now, sir, just tell my friends I am all right as a spirit. I'd like to have lived longer. I had a good many things in my mind to work out. It was not just standing at my post and attending to matters that I expected always to be, but I had ideas in mind that I wanted to develop and work out for myself. Those ideas still live, and I think they may be expressed in some way in the future. W. F. Rogers.

George L. Chapman.

What beautiful flowers you have here! They are so sweet they bring me strength to try to speak through your medium, that I may reach the loved friends I left on the earthly side.

It seemed as if me to go from this life at such an early age. I was in my eighteenth year. I had love to hold me here with parents and friends, and I had not much, you might say, to draw me onward to the spiritual world, an untired world, but in passing out from the body such a great light and joy, which I cannot fume come to me, with the sight of flowers, and the sound of music, that I did not feel unhappy or strange for a single hour.

I am now about twenty-four years old, and during the years that have passed since I went to the Summer-Land, I have been finding so much to learn of life and its conditions of growth there, so many things to see and enjoy, and so many temples of art and concert halls to explore. The places I have visited have been helpful to me, especially a great garden of flowers, where the children are cared for and trained, and where they have their schools.

Oh! this is all so beautiful that I find would tell my friends, but language fails me to express all that I have seen and learned and experienced in my spirit-home. Tell them that I am happy, and that I look forward to the time when each one will also find happiness in that pleasant world. I do not feel sad that I went; I think it was for the best, but I do feel as though the greatest happiness of all would come if each one of my friends could know of this beautiful life on high.

I belonged over in Charlestown, but I went away from the body in the far West, in Dawson County, Nebraska. That is in the central part, I think. Distance is nothing to a spirit, so that I could be immediately with those who were here, even though the body was far away.

I am George L. Chapman. My mother's name is Mary, and my father's is Edwin.

Charles Nelson.

I feel glad that I have got in, for I think this is the ninth time that I have tried to take hold of your instrument and have been in some way sent back—not that any one told me I could not come in, but I felt as if I had received a shock from a galvanic battery when I

[Continued on seventh page.]

friends, sir, and tell them the spirit-world is beautiful. I can say so after all those years, for I find more and more satisfaction in it; I find more and more a fitness of things there, as if I were growing more closely into the life of the spirit, and feeling myself more at home. I would like to tell my venerable friend, Solomon Jewett, that I have visited him in his California home; that I have been with Eldred, that I have been up the Kern river, visiting Bakersville, and have many times brought to him, in company with his own dear ones, an influence that I thought might be a help to him in his declining years. I would say that his friend, Silas Wright, desires to have his greeting and love conveyed to him with the assurance that when the mortal change shall come to him he will be welcomed home by the same friend, and given such a greeting as a remembrance of the past will insure to him from that great spirit-soul. Mary Arnold.

W. F. Rogers.

[To the Chairman:] I see that your visitors come from different places, some of them from far off, and I make bold to try to speak, though this is strange to me.

I need not be surprised if I get mixed up in my effort to make myself known, because I have felt a great deal since that sudden shock came to me which sent me from the body, yet I am not ignorant of what has happened, or where I am. I know that I am a spirit out of the body, and that while I was attending to the duties of my office there came to me a sudden, swift experience, which hurled my spirit from the mortal clasp. I also know that I am surrounded by spirits who are active men and women, and I have been attracted to a school in the other world where the laws of electricity are studied closely, and where those who are interested in this science can gain information how to proceed in the application of the electric force to human invention for human uses.

You will excuse me, sir, if I do not make myself quite clear, because I feel a little strange in coming this way, but I was told it would assist me to get free from the unpleasant conditions that I feel when I try to come back in contact with earthly life. My friends say if I do not a little bit mixed up, you will understand the cause, but I will do the best I can.

I have friends in Salt Lake City, and it was near that place I went out.

A beautiful young spirit who left earth when a child, and who belonged in Salt Lake City, has induced me specially to come here. She has shown me the way, saying that she knew how spirits could come back and get a clear notion of earthly things, leaving the confusion of ideas that may trouble them on this side. Her name is Fanny Randall, and I speak of her because I feel grateful for the service she has done me.

Now, sir, just tell my friends I am all right as a spirit. I'd like to have lived longer. I had a good many things in my mind to work out. It was not just standing at my post and attending to matters that I expected always to be, but I had ideas in mind that I wanted to develop and work out for myself. Those ideas still live, and I think they may be expressed in some way in the future. W. F. Rogers.

George L. Chapman.

What beautiful flowers you have here! They are so sweet they bring me strength to try to speak through your medium, that I may reach the loved friends I left on the earthly side.

It seemed as if me to go from this life at such an early age. I was in my eighteenth year. I had love to hold me here with parents and friends, and I had not much, you might say, to draw me onward to the spiritual world, an untired world, but in passing out from the body such a great light and joy, which I cannot fume come to me, with the sight of flowers, and the sound of music, that I did not feel unhappy or strange for a single hour.

I am now about twenty-four years old, and during the years that have passed since I went to the Summer-Land, I have been finding so much to learn of life and its conditions of growth there, so many things to see and enjoy, and so many temples of art and concert halls to explore. The places I have visited have been helpful to me, especially a great garden of flowers, where the children are cared for and trained, and where they have their schools.

Oh! this is all so beautiful that I find would tell my friends, but language fails me to express all that I have seen and learned and experienced in my spirit-home. Tell them that I am happy, and that I look forward to the time when each one will also find happiness in that pleasant world. I do not feel sad that I went; I think it was for the best, but I do feel as though the greatest happiness of all would come if each one of my friends could know of this beautiful life on high.

I belonged over in Charlestown, but I went away from the body in the far West, in Dawson County, Nebraska. That is in the central part, I think. Distance is nothing to a spirit, so that I could be immediately with those who were here, even though the body was far away.

I am George L. Chapman. My mother's name is Mary, and my father's is Edwin.

Charles Nelson.

I feel glad that I have got in, for I think this is the ninth time that I have tried to take hold of your instrument and have been in some way sent back—not that any one told me I could not come in, but I felt as if I had received a shock from a galvanic battery when I

[Continued on seventh page.]

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. As much FOR INTERNAL AS EXTERNAL USE. In 1810. Originated by an Old Family Physician. Think Of It. In use for more than Eighty Years, and still holds the position of a Household Remedy. Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel. Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Cholera-Morbida, Diarrhoea, Lameness, Sprains in Body or Limbs, Hurt Joints or Strains, will find in this Old Anodyne Relief and speedy cure. Should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Croup, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps and Pains. It will cure any family without notice. Delays may cost life. Always use Johnson's Anodyne. Price, 35 cents per bottle. 60 cents per dozen. Express paid. L. B. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

NO WONDER The manufacturers of common stove polish are excited to see a new product that will outdo them. It is called ENAMELINE. The improved stove polish is a ready-made, no dust, no dirt, no burn, no smoke, no smell, no stain, no waste. It is a beautiful gloss. Being in form of a paste it is easy to apply. It is a dealer's duty. Try one box, 5 and 10 cents, or a dozen for 50 cents. Write to J. L. Prescott & Co., No. Berwick, Me.



[Continued from sixth page.]

approached closely, and I was hurled back out of the atmosphere around you. So you see it is not so easy to get here as some people on this side seem to think. Perhaps I was not ready, or the time had not come; I do not know. Perhaps I had not more experience on the spirit-side. However that may be, I am here to-day to tell my friends that I have come particularly to reach them.

I am not a prophet, nor a doctor, nor a lawyer. I was just a plain, practical man who tried to do his work the best he knew how. Sometimes it was rather bungled, and sometimes it was better finished; but I turned it out the best I could, and I suppose my experience was much like that of others.

My name is Charles Nelson. I was not an old man when I went from the body. I had not quite reached a half century on this side, but I could not stay here any longer—that's the truth of it. I did not put myself out, nor want to go; but somehow strange conditions came over me, and the body was out, so that I found myself on the spirit-side; it is just as well.

I have seen a good deal of life since I went over. I have seen the inside track of some things in material life that I could not see here, and I have seen the inner condition of people who were about me, but whose interior nature I did not know. So you see we get information from two sides and have the advantage in that way.

I do not know as there is anything more to say. My friends may want me to tell them of my spirit-world, but they could not understand it. They have not yet begun on the alphabet of Spiritualism. There is no use feeding strong meat to babes that are not out of their swaddling clothes, and it is no use for me to give them knowledge of the spirit-life and its activities when they have not begun to understand that spirits live as men and women, as workers in the busy hive of spirit-life, or that they can come back and intelligently communicate with their earthly friends. When they have found that out to their satisfaction, they will be ready to receive something more from the other side of the great river of life.

My friends live in Springfield, Mass.

George W. DeFoe.

[To the Chairman:] You will pardon me, sir, if I encroach upon a moment of your time, for I almost feel that I do intrude, as it is not many months since I presented myself to you, giving what I could with the hope that it would reach my friends, not only those of my home-life, but also former business associates. I stated that when my message was published it stated that I came from Brunswick, N. J. Whether that error occurred with myself or with some one concerned in receiving what I had to say I cannot tell, but, sir, it should have been New Brunswick, N. J., and you will kindly make the correction.

I would not have thought this sufficient importance to intrude were it not for the fact that I wish to express my great joy and thankfulness that my companion has joined me in the spirit-world. I did not know when I came to you that in such a little while she would step into the glory of the heavenly life. I did not know that the vital forces were so nearly expended, although she spent the last part of her life in the body, and that she would be ushered into the world beyond, and gather for her own comprehension something of its light and truth.

I have, sir, been studying closely ever since I appeared here, something of the laws of life and association of that other world. I have met with strange experiences, and I have learned more of human thought and human methods of expression than I ever knew before. I have learned more, also, of the effects, shadowy or otherwise, which are entailed upon a human spirit, the life spent in the body, its deeds and its expressions, for I have come in contact with many spirits, some of whom are wise and exalted, others of whom live in the shadow, and are in need of enlightenment and strength.

I will not longer tarry. I am George W. De Foe.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.  
Feb. 28.—Emma Lillard; Wm. H. Marshall; Susan B. Chamberlain; A. Pratt; James M. Donahue; Freddie Archer; Geo. W. Winslow.  
Mar. 1.—Col. M. W. Milliken; Gen. Samuel H. Roberts; Mary Richardson; Susan Burnham; Joshua Currier; Geo. Parsons; Ida May Dodge.

Messages here noticed as having been given will appear in due course according to routine dates.  
May 6.—William H. Merrill; Alice Leonard; Samuel Jackson; William E. Dunbar; Mary Donovan; Ethel Owen; Caroline Watson.  
May 10.—William Boardman; William Wells Brown; Samuel Francis; Nannie Hartley; S. R. Gray; Edna Walte; Charlie Carter.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From the home of his son, N. S. Henry of Lake Pleasant, Mass., April 19th, 1892, Eben Ripley, aged 81 years and 6 months.

He had been for many years a confirmed Spiritualist, and was a constant reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT from its first publication. A close reasoner, logical, and with a firm and brave faith in convictions, he kept pace with the progressive and spiritual thought of the age, and was an honor to the cause he espoused, being able to give an intelligent reason for the knowledge, rather than a blind faith, which was the joy and peace of his declining years of increasing physical weakness and suffering.

The thought of going gave to his heart no pain, and he conversed with his friends about it as calmly and clearly as of an ordinary journey, almost impatient for the call that should give his spirit passage from the body. At the last, a smile of welcome greeted the "Silent Messenger," while to loving earth-friends who tenderly watched beside him he calmly said: "I am going now." He leaves an aged wife who will sadly miss his material presence, but the parting will not be long. A devoted son and daughter, one sister, and large circle of friends are left to mourn his seeming absence, but they know he still lives and loves them, and "only a narrow strip of sea divides" the funeral was attended by the writer, at the request of the deceased.  
CLARA H. HANES.

From his home in Easton, Conn., on Monday, May 24, Elihu N. Taylor, in the 74th year of his age.

Mr. Taylor was a much-esteemed resident of this place, and in the fullest sense a man of the highest verities and of untarnished honor. He was outspoken and fearless in the expression of his opinions, and did not hesitate to oppose that which he believed to be untrue, nor to advocate that which he believed to be right.

He was a firm believer in the philosophy of Spiritualism, and he was one of the first to give it a fair trial. He was thoroughly conversant with its teachings, and he had taken from reading the BANNER OF LIGHT, which he had taken from its beginning.

His health had been unusually good to within a few days of his transition—which occurred soon after an attack of pneumonia.

He leaves a wife to mourn the loss of his physical presence, and she has the sympathy of many friends in this her sad bereavement.

The Rev. Mr. Dunlap of the Methodist Episcopal church officiating at the funeral, which was largely attended by relatives and sympathizing friends.

The writer has known Mr. Taylor for many years, and can bear witness that he had no fear about the change, which he must all experience once or later.  
B. EASTON, Conn.

From his residence in East Claridon, O., on the morning of April 26th, Asahel Armstrong, aged 74 years and 1 month.

He had been unable for years to attend to orthodox teachings, and was what the world terms an "infidel"; then he became interested in Swedenborg's writings, finally, after the translation of a loved daughter, he longed for a personal knowledge of a world beyond, and became, by reading and investigation, convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, and joyfully welcomed to the death of his wife.

Services were conducted by the writer.  
MYRA F. PATINE.

On the morning of April 29th, from her home in Akron, O., Mrs. Harriet G. Payne.

La Grippe, culminating in heart disease, made her a great sufferer. Mrs. Payne was born in Fredonia, Chautauque Co., N. Y., and was in her 76th year. She had been a Spiritualist for over forty years—being convinced of its truth by the "raps" which came to her home Jan. 18, 1850, since which time she has found great consolation in the knowledge that Spiritualism brings the longed-for personal knowledge of a world beyond, and became, by reading and investigation, convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, and joyfully welcomed to the death of his wife.

From the home of her parents, in Winnetka, Cook Co., Ill., in the forenoon of May 7th, Hazel Morrison, aged 6 years 10 months and 14 days.

She was an ardent admirer of wild flowers, and after the coffin was lowered to its last resting-place, with wild flowers covering it, it was said: "We deposit in the family relic place the body of a beautiful flower, but we leave the fires and lights are gone from it, and we leave it to the tenants of decay; but the loved one, in her spiritual embodiment, lives a higher, broader and more beautiful life."

## AT THE CAPITAL.

Political Excitements Largely Overshadowed.

A Most Interesting Interview with a Number of Prominent Officials—How the Strains of Public Life are Overcome.

The absorbing excitement of Congress and the interest caused by varying schemes and various measures have been overshadowed of late in Washington by the revolution of the alarming death rate among public men, and the additional fact that in nearly every case the cause of the death can be traced to one source. Congressman Springer's dangerous and long-continued illness, the sudden death of Senator Plumb, and Mr. Blaine's constant ill health, have mustered from the grave the memory of an army of public men who have died in the harness.

Senator Beck dropped senseless in the Potomac Dépot on the exact spot where President Garfield was shot.

Secretary Folger worked to the last, and died without warning.

Secretary Windom died while speaking at a banquet.

Secretary Chandler was found dead in his bed at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

Senator Tom Corwin expired at a reception while talking with Salmon P. Chase, Ben Wade, Senator Schenck and John Sherman.

The Hon. Hannibal Hamlin died at the club while chatting with his friends.

Minister Pendleton passed away while seated in a railroad train.

Senator Charles Sumner, Massachusetts's pride, died suddenly, working faithfully to the hour of his death.

Senator Simon Cameron feels the mysterious ereptions of paralysis, and falls in the arms of his friends.

Salmon P. Chase passed peacefully while seated at his desk with his pen in his hand.

It has dawned upon the public men of the country, the heads of departments in Washington, and discerning people generally, that there must be some one great reason for all these untimely deaths.

It was with a view, if possible, of solving this question that I called upon a number of prominent men, the results of which are given herewith. It is well known that one of the nation's greatest men is Gen. B. F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, and that no man in Washington has worked harder, more persistently or more effectively. His timely and efficient work in building up our national defense when the question of war with Chili was being agitated, must necessarily have brought a great strain upon his system.

He was found, however, at the head of the Navy Department, and in very good humor. Referring to the subject, Gen. Tracy said:

"I am in good health and spirits at present. Several years ago, however, I was attacked by a disease with the idea that I had uric acid in my blood that I took good care and good medicine to prevent its increase or continuance."

"May I ask, General, what course you adopted?"

"I had heard of many things, and I tried to try one especially. I found it all that I desired, and, although that was some time since, I am, as you see, well to-day, although I am still taking the same medicine, which is Warner's Safe Cure."

Colonel Daniel Crockett, Chief of the First Division of the Comptroller's Office of the United States Treasury, said:

"I have had an unusual opportunity to watch the condition of public men and the strains which public life brings. Many prominent men have died, and, while this may also be true of other walks in life, it seems especially true of Washington. My experience has shown that one remedy has proven more beneficial for the strains of life in the case of public men than any other known discovery."

That remedy is Warner's Safe Cure. The most remarkable instance of its power is that of Mr. J. Henderson Wilkinson, the well-known pension attorney. His restoration to health through its use was simply marvellous. I myself believe in it implicitly."

Congressman J. C. Belden of New York, when approached upon the subject, said:

"Ex-Governor Alford of Syracuse, N. Y., and also ex-Speaker of the House, furnished the most wonderful instance of the fact that the public man could withstand the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

"Ten years ago I was ill—very ill with a disease pronounced by my physician to be incurable. I had the strains of public life and yet live to a green old age. Few men have ever been sicker than Senator Alford was, but he is now hale and hearty. His recovery is due entirely to Warner's Safe Cure, which is certainly an commendation of any discovery that could be required."

Mr. L. H. Eggleston, Judiciary Division, Comptroller's Office, United States Treasury, said:

## Mediums in Boston.

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.  
May 11.

Dr. Abbie K. M. Heath,

Medical Clairvoyant, Test and Business Medium.  
Specialty, Abent Treatments and Advice by Letter.  
Send lock of hair, give full name and age, state whether married or single, also no person to handle the letter before sealing, and enclose \$1.00 and stamp. Sittings daily, 10 to 12 P. M., at 350 N. Washington St., Boston. May 10 to 6.

Mrs. S. S. Martin,

55 RUTLAND STREET, Boston. Séances Sundays and Thursdays, at 2 P. M.; Wednesdays, at 8 P. M.  
GEORGE T. ALDRID, Manager.  
Apr. 28.

J. K. D. Conant,

Trance and Business Psychometrist.  
SITTINGS daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Séances every Sunday evening at 7:30; also Friday afternoons at 2:30. No. 11 Union Park, Boston, Mass., between Shawmut Ave. and Tremont street. With hold Suburb or Private Séances.  
May 21.

Osgood F. Stiles,

DEVELOPING, Business and Test Medium, also Clairvoyant Physician. Sittings daily, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Development of Mediumship, at 10 to 12 P. M. Magnetic treatments also given by Mr. and Mrs. Stiles. 675 Tremont street, corner Union Park.  
1w May 21.

Miss Jennie Rhind, Seer.

SITTINGS daily, with business advice. Circles Monday at 7 P. M.; Thursday at 3 P. M. Advice by letter. State in own hand-writing, age and sex. Enclose \$1. 164 Washington St.  
May 21.

Spiritual Science.

GEO. D. EMERSON will cure the sick at any distance without charge. Specialty: The given up, and seemingly dying. Address by Telegraph only. 68 Allen St., Boston.  
May 21.

Mrs. Webb,

ASTROLOGICAL MEDIUM from New York. Consulted from May 10th until June 22d at 354 Columbia Avenue, Boston. 9 A. M. until 6 P. M.; and Tuesday and Friday evenings. Readings, \$2.00.  
May 14.

Miss A. Peabody,

BUSINESS, Test and Developing Medium. Sittings daily. Circles Sunday, Thursday evenings, 8 o'clock. Tuesday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Six Developing Sittings for \$4.00. 1641 Washington street, opposite Davis street, Boston.  
May 21.

Hattie C. Stafford,

48 Worcester Street, Boston.  
SUNDAY, Thursday and Saturday, 10 A. M.; Wednesday, 8 P. M. Newton Stansbury, Manager.  
May 7.

William Franks,

BUSINESS CLAIRVOYANT. Magnetic Treatments given. Will hold Circles Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock. Will go out to the country. Sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. 314 Shawmut Avenue, Boston.  
1w May 21.

Mrs. Hattie A. Young,

TRANCE, Business and Developing Medium. Sittings daily. Ladies 25c, 50c, and \$1. Gentlemen 50c, and \$1. 22 Winter street, Room 18, Boston.  
4w Apr. 30.

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 8, Boston.  
1w May 21.

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham,

MEDICAL, Business and Tests, 247 Columbus Avenue, Suite 5, Hotel Wauquoit, Boston. Will answer calls for platform tests.  
May 7.

Adelaide E. Crane,

TEST and Business Medium. Magnetic Treatments. 178 Tremont street, Room 15, Boston. Hours 9 to 5.  
May 7.

Mrs. A. Forrester,

TRANCE, Test and Business Medium. Also Magnetic and Clairvoyant. Sittings from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. 181 Shawmut Avenue, one flight, Boston.  
May 7.

Mrs. Fannie A. Dodd,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN and Test Medium. No. 232 Tremont street, corner of Eliot street, Boston.  
May 21.

Miss Helen A. Sloan,

MAGNETIC Physician. Vapor Baths. No. 178 Tremont street, Boston.  
Apr. 30.

Miss J. M. Grant,

TRANCE MEDIUM. No. 84 Bosworth street, Banner of Light Building, Boston.  
May 7.

Carrie M. Lovering,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. 267 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. Controlled by the late Lemuel Spear.  
Apr. 23.

Mrs. Hettie Clark,

MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT. Business and Test Medium. 276 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass. 2w May 14.

PSYCHOMETRIC and Business Reading, or

all questions answered, 50 cents and two stamps. MARGUERITE BUELL, 147 Washington street, Boston.  
May 12.

MRS. J. C. BUELL, Inspirational and Medical

Physician, 34 Tremont street, cor. Hanson, Boston.  
May 7.



