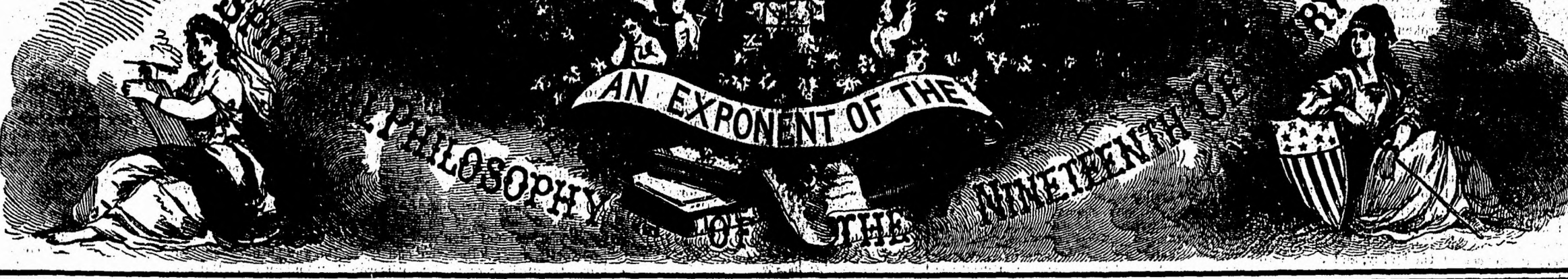


# BANNER OF LIGHT.

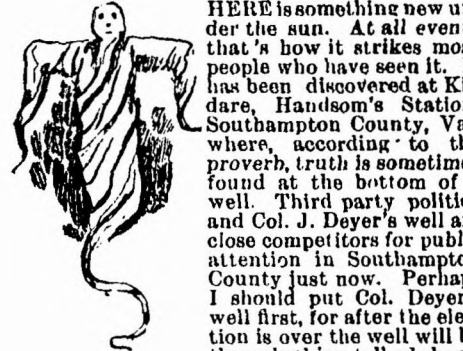


VOL. 72. COLBY & RICH, Boston, Mass. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1892. (\$2.50 Per Annum, Postage Free.) NO. 9.

**THE TRAIL ON THE MESA.**  
Over the mesa, bare and brown,  
Under the blazing southern sun,  
A worn old trail leads forth from the town  
To the dwelling of those whose toll is done.  
A little cluster of graves, forlorn,  
Forgotten, lonely, unkempt and still;  
White round the cactus and through the thorn  
The narrow trail creeps over the hill.  
Somebody's lover, somebody's friend  
Under each wooden head board lies;  
Somebody's drama played to the end,  
To praising mortals or weeping skies.  
Sins and sorrow and love, now past;  
Strength to conquer and fault to fall;  
These things have known, and then, at last,  
The slow, sad journey over the trail.  
The sun is riding home to his rest,  
The gates of the great coral swing wide;  
The trail leads on to the heart of the west,  
Over the crest of the great divide.  
—Florence E. Pratt.

[From the New York Herald.]  
**Sights Uncanny Seen in a Well.**

ALL INVESTIGATORS BAFFLED.



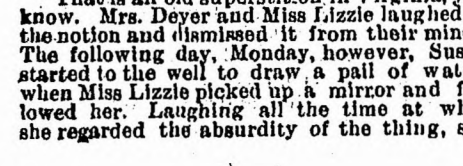
HERE is something new under the sun. At all events that's how it strikes most people who have seen it. It has been discovered at Kildare, Handson's Station, Southampton County, Va., where, according to the proverb, truth is sometimes found at the bottom of a well. Third party politics and Col. J. Deyer's well are close competitors for public attention in Southampton County just now. Perhaps I should put Col. Deyer's well first, for after the election is over the well will be the only thing talked about, as it was before the conventions were held. It is good evidence of the remarkable nature of the well that it should divide interest with politics, for Virginia is one of the doubtful States, and feels its responsibility.  
Last May—to be precise, May 2d—the wonderful properties of the well were discovered, and its fame has been growing ever since. A few days ago upward of three thousand people visited the well, and saw all manner of uncanny things in it. They all swear they did, at any rate, and what is more, believe what they say. I heard of the well in Norfolk, some fifty miles away, and was assured by ex-Congressman George Bowden that he had seen the face of his father reflected in the water of the well in broad daylight. Mr. Kenton Murray, of Norfolk, who occupies the position of Secretary to Gov. McKinney, told me that he had met and talked with a number of people who had visited



A FACE FREQUENTLY SEEN.

Col. Deyer's farm, and had seen in the waters of the well the faces of relatives who were dead, coffins, and other things not pleasant to contemplate. Mr. S. S. Nottingham, the publisher of the Norfolk Landmark, confirmed the statements made by Mr. Murray and Col. Bowden.

**HOW DISCOVERED.**  
A few days afterward I met Colonel Deyer, who after a while reluctantly told me how the peculiar properties of his well were discovered, and evidently nettled at my look of incredulity, said: "I shall be pleased to have the representative of *The Herald* come out to Kildare and investigate the matter thoroughly."  
As Colonel Deyer's story of his well is the best one, I repeat it as he told it in the presence of Mr. Murray, Mr. Bain and Mr. Nottingham.  
"The first of last May," said Colonel Deyer, "our house servant, Susan, said to my daughter, Miss Lizzie, 'You know, Miss Lizzie, if you takes a looking glass on the first of May and goes to the well, and holds the mirror over the well, back down, the face of your future husband will appear on the surface of the water.'"  
"That is an old superstition in Virginia, you know," Mrs. Deyer and Miss Lizzie laughed at the notion and dismissed it from their minds. The following day, Monday, however, Susan started to the well to draw a pail of water, when Miss Lizzie picked up a mirror and followed her. Laughing all the time at what she regarded the absurdity of the thing, she



REFLECTION OF AN OLD MAN.

held the mirror in the position indicated, and Susan looked into the depths of the well at the same time. In an instant, she and her mother declared, they saw a hand wearing a diamond ring steal across the patch of shadow thrown on the surface of the water by the face of the

mirror, and in alarm Miss Lizzie dropped the glass into the well. They fished the mirror out, and spent that afternoon holding the mirror over the well, and saw a number of things—faces of people, flowers, and a beautiful white casket.  
**COULD FIND NO EXPLANATION.**  
"I was away from home at the time in Richmond, and when I returned a few days later my wife and daughter told me of the occurrence. I laughed at the story exactly the same as you gentlemen are doing now, but did not laugh when that afternoon my daughter took the mirror and proceeding to the well held it in the position described and bade me look. In a minute or so a shadowy something appeared on the surface of the water, apparently rising from the bottom of the well, and I distinctly recognized the face of a neighbor who had been dead for two years. I looked around to see if my wife and daughter were playing tricks on me, but saw they were just as much startled as myself. All that afternoon I spent looking in the well, and saw a number of objects.



LOOKING DOWN THE WELL.

am not superstitious, and I do not believe in spirits, so I tried to find a natural explanation of the things I saw in the well. Every theory I advanced was in turn exploded, and I am just as much in the dark to-day as I was six months ago.

"The negroes about the place spread the story in the neighborhood and the neighbors began to come to see the well, and from them the news of the queer sights to be seen got carried all about, over into North Carolina, for instance, until lately people drive from miles around, some coming a distance of fifty miles just to see the faces and things in the well. All this is a great source of annoyance to me, for the well is the one situated nearest the house, and we have not lived in comfort since the facts about the well got out."

Col. Deyer told the story in a way that strongly impressed one with his entire truthfulness and sincerity. He evidently believed what he said. If there was any humbug about the well he was no party to it.

**PLAINLY VISIBLE.**

Col. Deyer has a war record, too, and his title is a genuine one. For four years he fought on the Confederate side, and often in the thickest of the fray. I did not question his veracity, but the old saying holds true, "seeing is believing," and I at once resolved to see the well for myself. I took the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad from Norfolk, and devoted two days to an examination of the well.

I arrived at Kildare after a drive of a mile through the woods, during all of which I was regaled with stories of the peculiar things the driver had seen in the well. At the station I had the same experience. The station agent



MISS DEYER.

and a helper were all witnesses to the uncanny things the well made visible.  
Col. Deyer was not expecting me, because I had not telegraphed my arrival, but he welcomed me, and in response to my asking to be shown the well, at once called his daughter, and together with his wife we proceeded to the well, which was situated about sixty feet from the house and off to one side. A colored man servant who stood near looked in the well with us, and as Miss Deyer held the mirror he exclaimed:

"Foah Gawd, dere's a bottle!"  
"What kind of a bottle?" I asked.  
"A green bottle wid silver on de top on it." He was right. Rainily gleaming on the surface of the water, but still distinctly visible, I saw a champagne bottle appear, and then mysteriously sink into the depths of the well. The rest of the party saw the same things. The bottle was only one of a hundred different objects inanimate and animate that appeared on the surface of the water of the well during the forty-eight hours I spent examining it.

**FICTION BEATEN.**  
The sorcerer who summons up "spirits from the vasty deep" in fiction is disconcerted in this instance by a young Virginia beauty, who brought up flowers, jewels, bottles, coffins, visions of old ladies and young ones, venerable men and smooth-faced boys, hands with the blood dripping from their wounds, bodies of dead men and women, and other queer sights that few, perhaps, will believe can be seen in that well unless, as I did, they see them for themselves.  
But Miss Deyer is not the only one who causes faces and other things to appear on the

surface of the water. Others do it as well as she. That proves that it is not the girl who is haunted.

It is a curious fact that the faces and objects that appear in the well can only be seen in the daylight, and the brighter the sun is shining the more distinct they become. In all the haunted houses I remember utter darkness was essential before the ghosts would condescend to roam around, and clank chains and do other blood curdling things.

Colonel Deyer's well is just an ordinary well, such as you find on almost every farm in Virginia, similar in appearance to fifty-one other wells on the plantation. The other wells, however, will not reveal a face. I tried them all, and so have others. The causes that bring these curious shapes to the surface of the water in the "spook well," whatever they may be, are missing in all the other wells on the farm. I cannot explain why it is so, but just have to give it up, as I did fifty theories that suggested themselves to me during the hours I spent peering down in the well, climbing

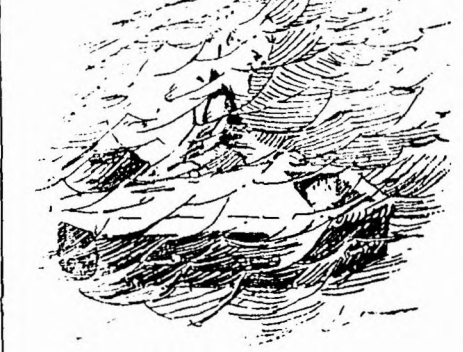


LOOKING DOWN THE WELL.

down into the well, and examining every inch of ground for mirrors and other devices known to tricksters and so-called mediums.

**PASSING STRANGE.**

I left Kildare considerably more astonished than when I arrived. The story of the old gentleman who, after listening to a tough yarn of which the narrator said, "It is true, for I saw it myself," replied, "Well, I must believe it, then, but I would not believe it if I saw it myself," occurred to me. I saw the well my-



THE WHITE COFFIN.

self, I saw the things I have described therein, but I am utterly unable to account for them.

One of the faces seen was that of the old gentleman with a skull-cap. I saw it as distinctly as I have seen my own countenance in my mirror.

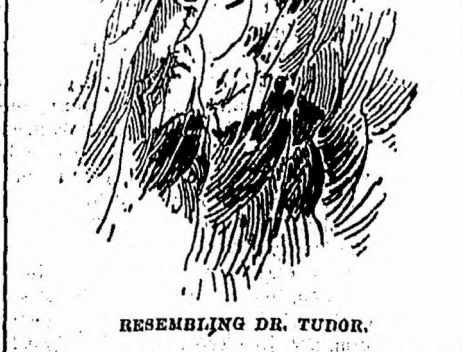
"Dr. Tudor," said Mrs. Deyer, and "Dr. Tudor," echoed Miss Grace Pettit of Norfolk, one of the party engaged in looking in the well at the time.

"Describe Dr. Tudor," I said.  
She gave me a description of him which in the most minute particulars corresponded to the face that appeared in the well.

Imagination plays a large part in these sort of sights, and to make sure that what I saw was not influenced by the exclamations of people about the well I had the group write on a piece of paper a description of what each member saw in the well. There was a startling correspondence between them all.

"I see a white coffin," "I see an old man looking at a white coffin," "I see a coffin and an old man," were the words they wrote. What I saw was a white coffin with a figure of an old man looking down at it. In a minute the coffin passed away from the shadow on the water, and Miss Pettit said, "I wish it would come back with the lid off."

Look! I screamed Mrs. Deyer.  
There was the coffin with the elliptical lid gone, and under the glass could be distinguished the face and shoulder of a young girl. The sight was too much for the nerves of Miss



RESEMBLING DR. TUDOR.

Pettit, and with a little sigh and a shudder she sank in a heap fainting.  
All this time Miss Deyer had been holding the glass. I took it, and holding the back of the mirror toward the water, awaited developments. It came in this shape: A hand holding a calla lily rose from the bottom of the well, and remained in sight a full minute.  
[Continued on eighth page.]

**Literary Department.**  
**LED.**  
Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,  
BY MRS. EMMA MINER,  
Author of "Bars and Thresholds."  
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**CHAPTER XVIII.**  
**Explanations.**

A few days after the interview with Mr. Chase, during which Harvey was present, a servant brought Eunice a card bearing his name.

Several minutes passed before she could gather courage and firmness to go down to meet him. When she entered the parlor Mr. Chase saw at once that she had made some new decision, and felt he was in danger of losing his ground.

"Well?" said Eunice, quietly.  
"I have come to ask you for more help for you know who."

"I have only one answer for you. I refuse to give it."

Eunice's words were low, but determined.  
"Surely you cannot be so rash! Think of the consequences!"

"I have thought of them."  
Eunice grew pale as she spoke.

"Also of the consequences to others, as well as yourself?"

"Yes, I have thought of all. I will hold no further communication with you, and decline to see you from this time," and without other words she passed out of the room.

Mr. Chase stood for a moment the picture of astonishment, then left the house, muttering, "It cannot be. It is only a freak of hers. She will get over it in a day or two, but it interferes with my plans just now."

If Burton Chase could have believed for one moment that what he thought was not true, he would not have sat down to smoke as quietly as he did, after reaching his room at his hotel, or have been so much at ease the next hour.

Eunice returned to her room. She called her maid, and bade her assist her in packing one large trunk with necessary articles of clothing. There were no fine dresses, no jewelry in it. The maid wonderingly obeyed.

She then sent a note to Harvey's office. It was a request for him to come home, as she had something of importance to say to him.

Much surprised, and quite unwillingly, he obeyed the summons.

He found Eunice white as a statue, and evidently making strong efforts to control herself. She began to speak in a low tone.

"I have sent for you because I have something to say to you."

"In some things I have deceived you, but not in the way you have supposed."

"You married me supposing my name to be Eunice Benning. I am an adopted child. My own true name was Eunice Stearns. There was trouble and disgrace in my father's family. I wished to keep all this from you and the world."

Eunice paused from sheer lack of strength. Harvey did not interrupt her.

"I had a brother older than myself, and I did not know for many years what had become of him. Now I know he is living, and what he is, but not where he is at present. Mr. Chase is implicated with my brother in various crimes. Just how much, I do not know. He became aware that he was my brother by the merest chance—I mean Chase became aware—and has been using the knowledge ever since to persuade me to help my brother to various sums of money which I got from you on several pretences."

Eunice pressed her hands to her throbbing head for a moment, and then continued:  
"I dared not refuse Mr. Chase, because I did not want my brother exposed, and because I felt in some way Chase would manage to fasten all the crime on him. I knew if disgrace came to him, it would come to me. But I could no longer bear the trouble and worry. This morning I saw Mr. Chase, and refused to have anything more to do with the matter. Now he will betray us. I am ready for anything now, Harvey. I have told you all—positively all."

Harvey was still silent. He was dumb with surprise.

"And now I mean to go away somewhere, no matter where. I will not burden you with any more of the disgrace than I can help. You have been kinder to me than I deserve, but now that you know all, I know you will have lost your respect for me. I shall go away this very day; am nearly ready to go now."

Eunice arose weakly, and turned to leave the room.

"That is all," she said, as she moved toward the door.

She had left the room before Harvey could collect his senses enough to speak. He followed her instantly, and saw her standing by the trunk, which was already packed.

"Eunice! Eunice! You must not go! Dear child, what are you thinking of? Do you think I will let you go from me like this?"

Eunice turned to look at him.  
"I am glad you have told me all. Now I can take measures to bring Chase to justice!"  
She was still looking at Harvey, apparently

unmindful of his last words. She saw that he forgave all—all her deception, and the trouble she had caused him.

With an outward movement of her arms toward him, she fainted at his feet. When she recovered, she told Harvey all the particulars concerning her brother, so far as Mr. Chase had informed her.

After a little reflection, Harvey said:  
"We must try to find your brother, Eunice. I have no idea that Chase will make anything public concerning these matters, for he would know very well that he would be discovered to be implicated. He imposed upon you, and took the advantage of making you think so."

"He frightened me badly enough about it," said Eunice with a shudder.

"Now, if we can find your brother, perhaps he can be helped. If he knows he has some friends who will be true to him, it may be of some encouragement to him."

"Oh! if we only could!" exclaimed Eunice.  
"I'm sure you could if anybody, Harvey!"

Harvey sat for a few moments in deep thought. "I would like to take you away from all these scenes, Eunice, especially from this city—to some place where Chase cannot reach you. He will have no call to Haskinsville now that the railroad is finished, and I think he would see it was for his interest now to keep clear of the farm. At my mother's you will be safe from his persecution, and find the rest you need. Had you better go soon?"

"Oh! Harvey! I don't know! I'm such a poor weak thing without you!"

"Well—I will stay a couple of weeks with you, and meanwhile be trying to find your brother. Of course my business will suffer, but you are of more importance to me than my business. Suppose we go to-morrow?"

And the next day found them on their way, journeying by the new railroad.

They took a carriage from the station, and as they were alighting, Jack was the first to see them. He recognized them at once, although he made no sign; while they were not aware they had ever seen him before.

Jack shut himself up in the barn to compose himself and plan a line of action.

"I won't run, I can't run! I'll just stay here and face the music, and see what comes of it. She will never suspect I am her brother!"

Nobody suspected what part Jack had borne in the sad occurrences of the recent troubles, and he went faithfully about his work, awaiting the developments he felt sure were about to come.

A week passed, and Harvey received a letter forwarded to him from New York. The contents caused him to look grave and stern. He motioned for Eunice to go into another room. She followed him wonderingly.

"Eunice, I have received a letter—a very important letter from Mr. Chase."

Eunice started at the sound of that dreaded name.

"In it he affirms that he has some reliable and convicting evidence of your brother's crimes. He also says that your brother is under this very roof, and Jack Martin is the man!"

Eunice did not faint, as he expected she would, but grew pale.

"This places us in a peculiar position. Now, there is only one way to do: that is, to call in the family, and tell them the whole story. Then Jack must be called in, and we will see what he has to say for himself."

Eunice assented.

"But I must prepare you for one thing, Eunice. Chase says your brother was concerned in the Haskinsville Bank affair, so far as Ned is concerned."

Eunice moaned piteously.

They were very soon together, Ned with them, as he was just getting able to be down stairs.

Then Harvey made a statement of the affair as he understood it. There was hardly a word spoken among them, but all felt sympathy for poor Eunice, who sat there with streaming eyes.

Then Jack was called in. "All eyes were turned upon him, eager to hear what he had to say."

Jack began to tell his story, feeling there was no chance for him to escape or evade anything.

He confessed all the offences in which he had been entangled with Mr. Chase, who was continually planning and involving him in his fraudulent schemes, and then pocketing the larger share of the profits. He confessed all the details of their defeated plan for the bank robbery, and that it was himself who had struck Ned the blow.

Harvey obtained sufficient evidence to convict Mr. Chase of being an accomplice in the attempt to rob the bank.

"If these matters can be hushed up, I can prevail upon Chase to leave the country for his



own sake. All depends upon Ned. If Ned chooses to prosecute Jack for assault, the whole affair must come out," said Harvey.

All eyes were cast upon Ned, as he turned toward Jack.

"If Jack will agree to keep clear of all such work in the future, I will not stand in his way on account of my broken head. It seems to me to be better to help him. I will, for one," Jack cried like a baby. Eunice sat holding his hand as if she meant never to let it go. All shed tears.

Of course no one knew what Mr. Chase would do; but Harvey wrote him a letter, and gave him an opportunity to leave the country. There was still one more person to hear from, and that was Jim Crane.

It was a week before Jim could obey the summons. He came, little dreaming what was in store for him, but was overwhelmed at what he saw and heard. He, too, came under the good influences of the family, and agreed to live honestly.

"Chase has had me in his power the last five years," he said, "and I could not seem to free myself from him. But if he leaves the country there is no one else who can make any trouble for me."

"I think you had better stay here for the present," said Mr. Haskins to Jim. "It will be safe for you until something favorable comes up. There's no knowing what may happen if Chase should once get eyes on you before he goes away."

Jim could only thank him with a hearty shake of the hand.

It was a strange group seated in the farmhouse parlor that evening.

"Now what do you think of your mother's message, Jack?" asked Mrs. Haskins.

"It all came true enough! How little you thought that 'E.' meant Eunice, and 'C.' stood for Chase! But I knew. And Stearns is really my name; but I confess I was scared when I saw it staring at me from the paper," and Jack took the paper from his pocket to show to Eunice.

"There's one thing I cannot understand," said Millie; "that is, why I never saw Mrs. Stearns until Jack came. I never saw her while Eunice was here so long. Ned did, but he was entranced, and had no recollection of it."

"I wasn't entranced once during my long sickness," said Ned, as if the thought had just occurred to him.

"Let us hope the rest of the prophecy will come true, and the rest of your life be a little more pleasant," said Mrs. Haskins. "As for that Chase, there's enough in him to make a good man of him, if somebody could only get at it. I confess I bear a kind of grudge against him for all he has done, but I'll try to give him his due, for all that."

"You seem to keep the old proverb in mind, mother," said Harvey, laughingly. "Who knows but the good angels will reach him somehow, and turn his feet into better ways?"

"I think we might all pray for it," said Millie, earnestly. "I'm sure I will for one."

"Just pray for me, too, while you are about it," said Jack, with a dismal attempt at a smile; "I'm going to start out on a new track, and I'm going to begin by being a Spiritualist. It has been the means of putting me in the way of making a man of myself."

Jim Crane looked inquiringly from one to the other, as if wondering what it all meant.

Jack showed him the message, and the newcomer looked surprised. Mr. Haskins led him to the bedroom, where he showed him the written prophecy of the bank trouble.

"Can it be possible? It seems too good to be true!" he exclaimed. "I wish some spirit would find my mother for me," and he sighed heavily.

Mrs. Haskins looked at him questioningly.

"Fact is, I ran away from home when I was about twelve years old. I had a step-father who was pretty harsh with me. When I went back to the place, about four years afterward, she had left the place. The old brute had died, and she had married again and gone away. Nobody knew where she went to. I don't know whether she is dead or alive."

"I don't see any reason why we cannot find out something concerning her," said Eunice.

"It is late now," said Mrs. Haskins; "let the matter rest until to-morrow, and then we will see what can be done about it. We will take it up in good earnest."

And so they separated for the night.

Mr. Chase duly received his letter from Harvey, and, after thinking the matter over for an hour, decided that the chances were really against him. He decided to leave the city at once. He wrote to Harvey: "I leave the United States to-morrow."

Harvey read the short but important letter aloud. All were delighted.

"I feel sure he will stay away for his own sake, which is all that will avail in that quarter," said Harvey. "Now we are free to go on and shape our lives as best we may."

When Harvey and Eunice returned to New York Jack went with them, and found employment at Harvey's place of business.

[To be continued.]

#### For the Banner of Light. LIFE'S WORK.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERS.

Labor, art, worship, love, what more hast need  
To build thy temple, and surmount its dome?  
Had Egypt more, or Saracen, or Rome,  
To shrine his gods, or symbolize their creed?

In Moslem mosque, or Rome's great Parthenon, lo!  
These were the primal forces of the whole.  
Build we less perfect for the God-like soul  
Than pagan devotees would blindly go?

Nay, life's great monumental arch each day  
I, too, must fashion, from its basement raised,  
Column, entablature and dome, each graced,  
By these great building stones along life's way.

Let not mine altar rise a shapeless mass,  
Defaced by atmospheric change and rust;  
But let it speak such reverential trust  
As pulses even in a blade of grass.

For love all worshipful cannot contain  
Its boundless faith; but struggles to express,  
By thought and deed, life's best and sweetest dream;  
Type of the perfect shaft it would attain.

Oh! Love, the counterpart I strive to be,  
Here in this chamber of my soul, thy shrine.  
I bow before thee, waiting for a sign  
Will own the work I build in love for thee?

It is unknown to those in the love of self and the world that there is so great happiness in doing good to others.—Swedenborg.

**Sickness Among Children.**  
Especially infants, is prevalent at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable is the Gall Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

## The Spiritual Ventriloquist.

### From Earth to Heaven, and from Heaven to Earth;

AN EXPERIENCE OF A SPIRIT.

A Discourse delivered through the Organism of  
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,  
At Chicago, Ill., Sunday, Sept. 14th, 1902.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

#### INVOCATION.

Oh! Thou Eternal One, perfect, divine, infinite, source of every bounty and blessing; Thou only God; the vast illimitable space declares the glory of Thy creation, unnumbered worlds and suns proclaim in syllables of brightness, in anthems of glory, the wonders of Thy existence, and even this small earth, this speck of dust amidst the glorious constellations, reveals in its manifold forms of life the perfect and minute order of Thy creative law; but whether atom or sun do speak in syllables of light or in depths of shade, the voice of Thy eternal love is manifest; still more and more the divine life merges and melts all in the perfect whole, and order, harmony, and divinity are there. The soul in its own realm praises Thee for the consciousness of life eternal, for all the tokens of Thy divine presence, for that silence that is greater than any voice, for that power that is within and above; and every heart turns in homage unto that wonderful shrine, praising Thee for its heights and depths of experience, for all that comes into the heritage of each individual life. May those who walk in the shadow perceive the lessons of the hour; may those who are in the midst of triumph understand that their trials are before; may all climbing those heights see the still further heights, and perceive the wisdom and love that shape all to the divine purpose, and bring out of human life triumph, harmony and peace. May Thy praises be sung within the soul, and the anthems of paradise be upon all hearts, until they shall sing the triumph of the skies.

#### DISCOURSE.

To journey into the shadows alone, to pass out of the light of day and the light of loving eyes, and the consciousness of all sweet sounds, and all the beautiful silence of nature; to feel that one must pass either into annihilation, or what lies beyond death, unaccompanied; to know that the hand-clasping must cease; to know that the bending forms above the couch must no longer be seen; and that whatever lies beyond must be encountered alone: Such is the first thought when the consciousness of the change called death sweeps in and through the mind, and such the pervading feeling, that into that dark, that uncertain change of which we know nothing, one must pass absolutely unaided on that sea upon which the spirit must sail to reach the far-off haven—that there is no one to guide across this narrow stream; one must cross the deep silence to reach the far-off shore, with none to extend a helping hand, and if it is oblivion, to go down into that silence absolutely alone.

Such were the thoughts, such the emotions, when the great tide of death swept in. Gradually the knowledge of religious training, the teaching of early childhood and later manhood became more and more distinct, and whispering the name of our Lord Jesus, there seemed to rise, first distinct mountains, clothed in the sunlight; then the outlines of a far-off city, with great spires of light that pierced the azure depths beyond, glistening in the light like dazzling sunshine, whose source was invisible, radiant, divine and perfect; there were domes of splendor that seemed as rounded orbs of silvery flame, and vast and unnumbered mansions dimly outlined at first, but more and more distinct until at last appeared to the vision a beautiful city, walls that were high and resplendent with glowing light, temple domes and spires piercing to the sky; and were heard wonderful sounds, like distant choirs of music or murmuring waters, or like the winds high up among the pine-trees, that sounded like the voices of angels. Then I beheld one form of light followed by another and another, each arrayed in snowy whiteness, with sweeping wings of wonderful power and might, bearing harps of gold, on which voiceless fingers discoursed sweet music. One by one they came through the soft depths of wonderful space, and the thronging hosts that were beyond seemed but waiting the summons to also descend. Far, far as the ken of the spirit could reach were numberless forms, each wearing raiment of light, wings of splendor, and bearing harps of gold; and there in a transcendent space that was all brightness the glorified presence of the Son of Man was perceived; in majesty of beauty, in solemn and awful splendor, clothed upon with a brightness that seemed infinite, with a power and wisdom and greatness that one could not view; in utter, absolute despair the spirit of the one addressing you tried in vain to grasp the wondrous scene; great throbbings of joy, unspeakable delight and happiness swept in and through every fibre of the being, and as the hands were outstretched in supplication and awe, the spirit waited to receive the crown of light. Ineffable and divine moment! for all the sights and sounds were a confirmation of that religion that had been the hope and trust of earthly life, and when these forms drew near the exultation and exaltation were complete.

Bending to receive the crown, the spirit suddenly awoke to the knowledge of what was passing upon the earth. Close beside the body, from which evidently the spirit was severed, friends were bending and weeping; the man of God was discoursing concerning the beauties of holiness and the certainty of the heaven of the blessed; and without a doubt passed as to the fate of him whose form rested there; the man of God, appointed to minister to those in sorrow, sealed the sacred office and service with the prayer and sacrament of perfect trust and faith. To be there in the midst of those ceremonies, to be conscious of the thoughts of those bending there, to realize that their tears were of such sorrow as only *hope* that there may be a meeting in the future time beyond the skies, to understand that forever, as far as human life was concerned, there was no touching, no possible method of reaching them; was the most appalling thing.

First, to attempt to recall the vision; but there was naught but empty space; next, to endeavor to reënter the form—that was hopeless; one might as well try to be absorbed into stone or solid oak; next, to touch the sorrowing friends, and endeavor to make them understand the presence; but their minds were impervious to the touch as was the dead body to the reawakening of the spirit; then to call with all the strength of voice, and find only empty air—no sound, no vibration! Then to think: Why, this is death, and I am not in heaven!

Where were the angels, where the vision of the glorious citadel of light afar off—the wonderful place of brightness? where the angels who were descending to meet the spirit, and where the Divine Life that shone in the midst

of that surpassing splendor? Had I been deceived, was it the beguiling hand and work of Satan who had betrayed by this wonderful vision into a song of joy but to leave the soul desolate? The seal of hades had not seemed to enter there; was it, then, to be the fate for the sins of omission and commission?

How everything was remembered then, standing close by the mortal tenement in which the mortal life had been—every act and word was felt; ay! every thought became as palpable as a living thing, and rose up accusingly or benignly. All was made as clear as if the thoughts had been traced in living letters or carved on imperishable stone.

Was this death and all of the future life; or was I, like the ghost in Hamlet, doomed for a time to walk the earth to atone for sins done in the body? Was I then earthbound? Was that to be my fate? Would I haunt the places where I had been and frighten little children, and set gray-haired sires and dames to feel that demons of darkness were around, and would breathe like sighing winds through deserted rooms? Was I to be a haunting terror to those with whom I had lived, and who had no room for me in their consciousness though the affection still remained, who would not hear if I cried aloud? Or, if I moaned, would I be like the wind discoursing such solemn sounds as would frighten young children and make women start up with a startled cry? Oh! what was I? Was I, being dead, alive? Or what, in this state, could I be?

Then, with great urgency, like that which seizes a man in peril, not so much for himself as to solve the mighty problem of that great urgency, I impelled the space to answer.

Then, as suddenly as the disappearance of the first vision, came an added vision. All friends who had passed from sight through death were there, as smiling and conscious and wonderfully loving as if no time or space had divided us. Where were you? I asked my mother, when I cried aloud, and when I did not see you? "I was here." And where were you? I said to those friends who so suddenly appeared to me. "We were here." Then why did I not see you? "Because you had no thought to see us. Your image of Heaven was the picture of your imagination, the dream of your theology; the vision of childhood grown to maturity was such as must first find expression." Then is there no Heaven? "Not like that," they answered, and with such assurance on the calm faces, and such happiness of expression, that I knew we could not be in hades. Then how is it? I said; are you those angels whom I saw coming to bear me away, or am I here only for a little time, possibly that I may minister to those who are left behind? But they will not hear me. "No, they will not hear you if you cry aloud; but the thought of ministry is that which will impel them to hear. You were crying for yourself, and it reached them not. You think of them now, and lo! it reaches them."

Just then the one who was nearest and dearest looked up from her sobbing and pain of heart, and asked one who stood near, "Do you suppose that it is ever permitted that the loved and gone before can be near?" And the friend answered, "I do not doubt it." The first flash of intelligent sympathy, the first knowledge that thought is palpable and can reach another without voice, the first lesson in the power of the spirit was mine.

Then, I said, if you did not come to bear me unto heaven, is not that beautiful vision that I saw most true? "Alas!" said my mother, "it would be a most unhappy thing were it true, and your vision of heaven could be realized would be more fatal to your happiness than the fear of hades." Explain, I cried; I do not understand. Heaven could not be a place of misery. "Yes, such a heaven, shut in by walls, saved by that which another has won, and accepting the eternal blessedness of a paradise that you have not gained, and seeking to be blessed while others are in sorrow, discoursing music that comforts no weary heart, singing hymns of praise that bring gladness to no desolate lives, shut out from all knowledge of those you love, selfishly enjoying a kingdom of heaven that you have not attained by any merit of your own, accepting this boon at the fearful cost of another, would you, my son, be happy?" Then what shall I do? Am I to be plunged into hades because I did not know of this? "Not so, you are to be as you are. Look upon the kingdom you have fashioned."

And all at once as all these visions came, another curtain or veil was removed. I saw myself in a twilight atmosphere, not dark, and not very bright; neither uncertain to the vision, but dim, and pervaded by a soft light. I saw forms or images that at last I recognized as the conjurations of my own life—an exact repetition of the wishes, hopes, desires, aspirations and unfinished resolves, dim outlines of purposes unfulfilled, vague suggestions of things unaccomplished.

I had once been in an artist's studio where there were many sketches and fragments of unfinished pictures, bits of sculpture, that needed something to complete them. Why, I said, this looks like that studio. "It is your life," answered my gentle monitor, "accepting the lesson of fragments and sketches of unfinished pictures, they are the things that you aimed to do but did not accomplish. To do and to aspire are different things, and all these fragmentary expressions are but portions of those aspirations that are incomplete."

And then I saw that the twilight was my own state; that these outlines of things were that which I had promised or hoped or desired or resolved to do, and had failed. Here and there were one or two shining spots, that indicated more completeness, and a point of light above the rest, something that gleamed out bright and fair and more clear; but that which filled me with humiliation was the knowledge that there were many more that were still in deeper shadow; that not only were there the dim outlines, but some chaotic with the lack of purpose, and presented more of shadow than even of imperfect fulfillment of purpose; and that the vagueness and dimness of many more states were reflected as palpably as though each thought and each endeavor and feeling had been revealed; but gleaming above them all were a few points of hope and love, certain defined aspirations, emotions and feelings that had been true, and that had guided and helped all along the earthly way; and there in dim outline, veiled, because so uncertain, was the vision of the religion that I had held on earth; but so dim, not like the vision I had first had. Then I perceived, appearing out of the shadow, many of the endeavors and fixed impulses that had been a distinct and guiding purpose, although not the dominant purpose of my life.

My gentle monitor and guide explained to me these strange visions of my own creation, and said: "Now, how does it seem?" And I

answered: "It seems as real as life—so familiar; if I could live it over again, every purpose would be so distinct and well outlined that there would be nothing indefinite, there would be no unsatisfactory or unfinished work." "My son, your regret is useless. What has been unaccomplished you have eternity to accomplish, and that which has been done that is unworthy you have eternity to blot out." "But will it not cling to me forever?" I asked. "Nay, only as long as imperfections can cling, for, beside the Great Perfection of the Universe, imperfection can only last until it is outgrown." "How shall I grow, then? In this my own dim existence, there seems to be nothing but what is aimless and purposeless; no fully-formed purposes, or desires or attainments, and all seem like the empty air." Then the voice, just like that which spoke in childhood, and gave encouragement to the task that had not been well done, at least not perfectly, said: "But you can try again, and ever try until accomplishment is won." "And can I do this here?" "Yes, you can do this here and now, for the present; elsewhere and at another time your future work will be made known."

So, beginning there, close beside the forms of the loved ones, the vacant place filled, but unrecognized, the loving thought forever extending, but only sometimes reaching the consciousness of the loved ones, the great endeavor to do them good, which was not always crowned with success, then and there to begin the work for that kingdom of heaven that in the foolish vanity of the earthly egotism, and the pampered, falsely educated mind, I had hoped or dared to dream was to be gained at a single bound.

Oh! how sad for spirits if that kingdom were to be won; how terrible the prison of an eternal state of happiness that knows no consciousness of having attained it; how infinitely preferable the small beginnings of doing for others, how wonderfully brightening the pathway and the atmosphere when lighted by an unselfish thought.

With such humility, and such teaching and guidance, I then found myself ready to move out a little. But here the most amazing complication occurred: I thought of many of the friends on earth whom I might benefit, and whom I might approach in thought, even though they did not know I was there. This made me pause and thither; for no sooner did one person enter my thought and pervade my consciousness, and I approach that one, than another would come into my mind. When I would approach that one I would think of another. Then I saw that my mother smiled, as did my monitor and teacher, who said: "You must learn to conserve your efforts, to concentrate your aims and purpose. Spirits are impelled by volition. The wish is law, and that wish will force you to all and each of these in spirit of whom you think. Do that which you wish to do at one time, and finish it." It suddenly some unfinished business left behind me on earth came into my mind, I found myself in my office; then some trivial affair came into my thought, and I found myself utterly unable to move or control even the minutest and smallest portion of those affairs; and gradually by these little lessons I learned the wonderful power of spirit: that spirit is potent, that it is life, and that if I thought intently I was not only making expression of thought, but moving in accordance with it.

There was no heavy weight of form to carry, no bulky surrounding to accompany me, but what I felt and saw, for the time being I was, and was with the one whom I thought of.

Then I learned to grow more careful; these changeable moods, and their results, made my efforts more concentrated, and caused me to turn in the direction of the one whom I wished to serve at a particular time; not to allow these wandering thoughts, emotions and purposes to take aimless possession of my mind and spirit.

Thus beginning at the smallest beginnings I wrought a change in the household, penetrated through every sorrow, pain and regret, and wondering of that far-off hope of immortality. I gladly observed the thought growing clearer and clearer that the presence of the departed could be near; that perhaps I was in the room; that possibly I might care for and aid in strengthening the loved ones; that the beloved children might be assisted in their pursuits; that those to whom I had failed to fulfill my kindly purpose in earthly life, as I had intended, could be aided still; that their minds could be strengthened, their purposes guided, and even their thoughts directed in proper channels.

Oh! how I labored with this, to you impalpable but to me palpable something; my thoughts to govern, my will to direct, to aim my purposes in the direction I wished, and so to strengthen the habit of thinking clearly and correctly. I then understood why all the visions of my life, the twilight and dimly-outlined shadows, had presented themselves to me.

Supposing the thoughts of your lives were thus pictured in palpable forms before you, how many real, clearly-defined aims and purposes would be revealed? The treadmill of toil does not enter into spirit-life; that which you do day by day, the going to the office or the labor at a certain hour, the performing of your work mechanically, and the returning home again. But the aims of life, how undefined and unfinished they are! If they were carved in stone how crude they would be; if they were presented in a picture, how devoid of outline; chaos would seem orderly compared to these. The faint nebula that you see in the sky would seem perfect in form compared to these.

How wonderful that the average human life is so devoid of purpose! Great minds have an aim, great reformers have a purpose, geniuses persevere in the fulfillment of an object, and sometimes talent clothes itself with firmness and fixedness of purpose, and bears one on to resolutely do a certain thing; but most people float aimlessly along. Circumstances alone decide what they shall do and be. Their places and positions in life are not won; they do not start out with any aim, and do not attain any object.

Oh! for this knowledge of making one's thoughts distinct, even if one is in a mistaken direction; for a distinct mistake is so much better than vagueness; that, which is formed in the mind shall be distinct and palpable, even if in the form of an error or mistake. It is just as bad and faulty to do a thing that is incorrect, and do it poorly, as to do a great fault in this regard as to do a good thing and do it imperfectly. That which people need is correctness. But oh! if I could only have thought of this on earth; if I had known of it; if I could have had one clear purpose, distinctly outlined; if I had done something definite! It seemed as though my whole life, with a few exceptions of emotions and as-

pirations that were held in the exalted chambers of the soul, was void, all else seemed so vague.

But beginning, as I said before, with those who were nearest and dearest, distinct lines of light and life and purpose came to me. I could not transcend in spirit states any one of those highest attitudes of my earthly expression, there did not seem to be born any new desires that were beyond those of my highest aims on earth; no aspirations beyond those of my highest aspirations here.

I said to my gentle guide: "When will it be possible that I shall take in grander and larger views, wider scope? Will I not see and feel more?" "Nay, that which is to be done now is the fulfillment of what was left unfinished, to make distinct that which was dim, to fill in the outlines of those forms that were scarcely traced, to gain the knowledge of which you had the phantom or shadow; and if there are other heights for you, they must come afterward. But there can be no new heights until each step is taken that leads to the height which is outlined in your life."

Oh! then I knew the meaning of all the neglect and carelessness of thought; I knew the meaning of failing to do the best at each given point in life; I knew the meaning of not holding a purpose with a definite, distinct will. I knew the meaning of all that vague restlessness and discontent that settles upon human lives and makes them long for something that is not defined; I knew that step by step as carefully as every petal of the flower is formed, with as great and distinct a purpose as the wing of the butterfly is painted, must be unfolded every distinct object in human life.

Nature and the Deity that planned nature do not lose these minutest things in the whole. There is no imperfection in the wing of the insect that you cannot see with the natural eye. However small the object, however infinitesimal, it is still perfect, and in human thought, an aspiration, a purpose, a vague and general desire for good does not answer. Every step must be taken, each separate purpose must be clear and distinct, every insignificant duty well performed; you cannot skim over that which seems to be the least and unimportant, to reach and grasp the larger height. Step by step the traveler reaches the mountain height, and step by step the spirit reaches the final goal. To-day's neglect will not gain to-morrow's victory; to-day's duty unperformed will not bring triumph another year. By-and-by the great things must follow; the doing to-day of the smallest things of the Scripture was made plain. I had not been placed in charge of many things, because the few things had not been fulfilled as well as they should have been.

I saw the meaning of the "talent" that should have been cultivated, the one talent that others might follow. I could see how wonderful and intricate this divine purpose that makes the soul aware of its own possession by testing each individual capacity, and trying and measuring each individual thought here. No sudden leap into the galaxy of stars, no glorious journeying through the skies until the knowledge of the earth is finished.

I thought, when I found finally to my relief that I was not to be in a fixed heaven, with limited walls, with any barrier between me and space, then I can soar through space, I can visit the other planets, I can, at least, investigate those flaming orbs for which I have had a great aspiration. I had great aspiration to do great things; but the earth that I inhabited I did not know anything of, that which I should have known and might have known, the scenes I came in contact with day by day through the avenues of the senses. But the eyes did not see, the ears did not hear, there was no perception of all these wonders of life that were around me. How could I visit the stars? I had no thoughts upon which to soar, I could not form a distinct purpose to go; there seemed to be the baffling of my wish. I could not go on the wings of imagination, and the aspirations were not outlined sufficiently for me to mount the steps of space. I must build my pathway to the other stars by the knowledge of this one.

Whoever thinks to leave this world, and enter another, having just breathed a feeble human existence here, will find that as long as there is a thought unfinished, a duty unperformed, an aspiration unfilled, or a life that can be benefited here, there will be no pathway to the stars, and the glorious lines of space will not be traversed.

The traveler visiting a distant land is ashamed to own that he has not seen all of his own country. The American is chagrined that he has not seen Niagara, the vast Mississippi, the plains of the West, the lovely blooming land of the sunset slope. So does one feel when one plumes the wings for Paradise, and expects to be received into the companionship of angels. How feeble are the claims, how narrow and limited the powers that expect to enter the kingdom of heaven and abide there.

Oh! to go back and traverse the earthly pathway with that knowledge! to do the things that have been left undone, because a definite aim was unknown! to fulfill the possibilities that might have been fulfilled on earth, if one were only alert, and alive, and aware!

Dreaming dreams for human welfare, while humanity is starving for the bread of life; aspiring to great and wonderful truths while the Golden Rule lies neglected at one's door; taking up the glittering baubles of glass while the diamond in its outward casing is passed by neglected—such is human experience, such the average human life; and mine was no exception.

But my life was mine; and now each portion of the kingdom of heaven that I attain, I find in some human heart; in sympathy with some human life; in doing for some human being; in endeavoring to benefit some existence here—materially and spiritually; in strengthening the hands that toil; in aiding the mind that strives; in giving definiteness to indefinite purpose; in ministering to those beloved; and in ministering to those unknown, and to uplift if there is found a lowliest child of earth; but who can be more lowly, ay! who can feel more absolute humility than the one who is conscious that he has ignorantly allowed all the treasures of life to slip through his hand, while he was grasping at the one fiction of his own importance in immortality?

Ay, it comes to one in that singular and wonderful state that follows the severance from the mortal body; it comes when one is called upon to face that which is supposed to be the eternal inheritance. How glad I was that I could not go to any heaven with my life that seemed so small, nor take the meagre possessions of earth and offer them as those that were to last forever! How glad I was that I was not englobed in that shining city, amid those dazzling towers of light, with my handful of unimportant spiritual possessions!











## MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

**Banner of Light Hall, 9 Newbury Street.**—Spiritual meetings are held every Tuesday and Friday at 8 P. M. Mrs. M. L. Longley occupies the platform. J. A. Belknap, chairman. These interesting meetings are free to the public.

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## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

"Man wants but little here below,"  
What's such a saying worth?  
None are so green as those who know  
Man really wants the earth.

The items of the new Army bill in Germany having gotten into the papers in advance, (probably through the active tenacity of the modern daily press in the Fatherland, even as State papers get "stolen" in Uncle Sam's dominions, the Kaiser is reported as very wrath, and threatening vengeance on the party who gave the information.—If caught!

England has decided to hold on to Uganda. With France usurping Dahomey, and England appropriating the term "Sudan" for her African empire, it is hardly a memory. But Africa may yet be the scene of a bloody war between two great European nations who are watching each other's operations there with jealous eyes.—The Record.

Fifty-seven Esquimaux, who come to exhibit at the World's Fair, have reached Chicago. There was a freight car also containing twenty Esquimaux dogs and a lot of Esquimaux paraphernalia.

"FINE SCENERY."—Hobson—"How did you like the scenery you saw out West?" Judge (of the *Hodge Patent Medicine Company*)—"Sublime! Sublime! There were miles upon miles of magnificent rocks bearing the advertisement of 'Our Nourisher, the Only Reliable Blood Purifier.'"—Chicago Tribune.

The three longest rivers in the world are: The Mississippi, 4,675 miles; the Amazon, 3,944 miles, and the Nile, 3,600 miles.

The Kilmra phylatists have formed a combination to regulate fees for professional services. Their charges will, of course, be raised. With the competition caused by the annual productions of the various medical colleges and the increased use of proprietary medicines, the income of the phylatists has been materially lessened.—hence the combine.—The National Advertiser.

Mrs. Potter Palmer announces that there will probably be a World's Fair newspaper, to be edited and printed by women, and sold on the grounds; each succeeding day having one article on a different department of the Exposition, and the paper to be conducted generally in the interests of women.

Pennsylvania is full of Trusts, including its coal combining with steel, and a dollar a ton from the people above the fair price they ought to charge. In that State there have been sixty strikes this year, but the workmen have succeeded in only two. The great Trusts combine to put them down. It is estimated that the losses to workmen in these efforts have amounted to over \$2,000,000.—Weekly Times, Hartford, Conn.

The minister was calling for recruits for temperance work. "In one little town," cried he, "there's seven thousand gin mills; that's where we want to go, brethren." "Yes, yes," shouted a red-nosed, sleepy individual in the rear of the church, "let's go now!"

"Jinks!" "Do you suppose it's true that a number of Italian priests are running bootblack stands in this city?" "Fikins!" Very likely. Being unable to reign in Italy, they doubtless prefer to come to America and shine.—Truth.

The fourth annual fall tournament of the Union Croquet Club was brought to a close in New York City Oct. 29th. Mrs. Duke winning the prize offered by the Club—an elegant silver-plated mallet—by the handsome record of nineteen games won and one lost. This lady is the wife of Dr. Dumont C. Duke, the grand magnetic healer, of 231 West 43rd street, New York.

We have tested this gentleman's mesmeric powers on several occasions, and hence recommend those in need of medical treatment to call upon the Doctor.

The Consensus Fund has been enriched by the receipt of two cents, which the sender acknowledges having made some two years ago, by re-using a postage stamp that had not been cancelled. This is almost two cents' worth.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Quabbin, the Story of a Small Town, with Outlooks upon Puritan Life," is the title of a book by Francis H. Underwood, L.L.D., soon to be issued by Lee & Shepard. Its subject leads one to expect a story of much interest, and the reputation of its author is an assurance that the expectation will be realized.

The next race on bicycles. Machines don't feel, and if a few riders died it would be just retribution.—Waterbury American.

Life has a cut representing two small boys; the one has a kite inscribed "HAY YER GOT A BASE BALL NINE UP THERE?" which he is preparing to "fly" with a ball of twine bigger than himself. The other remarks: "My gracious, Harry, but that's a bulky kite. We'd better readin' on it?" To which the kite-flyer responds: "The astrophysicists say that Mars is inhabited by intelligent beings, and I'm a koin to find out."

A ton of coal yields nearly ten thousand feet of gas.

At a late meeting of the San Francisco Board of Fire Commissioners, it recommended the payment of \$110 to James Tompkins, whose carriage was wrecked Feb. 13th, by the falling of a phantom fire engine, and to the number ten to the falling of a phantom engine tearing along the street upon that occasion, all the companies in that city claim to have not had their engines out.—The Summerland.

Col. W. M. Strachan, of the Ninth Regiment, M. V. M., was thrown from his carriage Oct. 30th, while out driving in Waltham, his summer residence, and died Oct. 31st. He was a prominent member of the Scotch fraternity.

BERLIN, Oct. 31st.—Emperor William, the Empress and three of their sons visited Wittenberg to-day to take part in the reconsecration of the Schlosskirche, the church on the door of which Luther nailed his theses on the occasion of the reformer's four hundredth anniversary. After the service the Kaiser, his wife and the other dignitaries proceeded to Luther's house, where he inspected the apartments which the founder of the Lutheran church had occupied.

The following bulletin was in front of one of our churches yesterday:

WALK IN, FRIENDS!  
EVERYBODY INVITED  
To The Noon Day Meetings.  
TAKE FRONT SEATS!  
and Help in Singing.  
GLAD TO SEE YOU!  
—The Boston News.

It is not too much to say that the woman who wears a dead bird as an ornament bears a mark of her own heartless or thoughtless humanity. We think the clergy are responsible for this inhuman freak of fashion. We appeal to them to their duty in the matter, and to their power to banish thoughtless cruelties which are a disgrace to humanity. What a farce it is for a congregation of Christian people to join in litanies, imploring the Divine Being to "have mercy upon us, miserable sinners," while one-half of their number is adorned with trophies of merciless slaughter inflicted upon myriads of God's most beautiful and most helpless creatures.—Our Animal Friends (New York) for September.

An exchange records that Gov. Pattison of Pennsylvania, while rambling in the suburbs of Philadelphia, ventured to sit on a rustic bench beneath a tree on private grounds, whereupon a child informed him that he was trespassing upon her father's property, and politely escorted him off the domain!

AT A NEW MILFORD FUNERAL.—The clergyman who officiated at a funeral in New Milford recently, made the service very brief. One reason for this was the hint dropped in advance by a neighbor, who said: "He is not here to be buried, but to be cremated, or, worse, to be cremated. It was a boy, killed all his life, and don't you forget it!"—New Milford Gazette.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT CROP this year sold for more than fifty million dollars. If you want to know how it is raised and at what profit, address California Bureau of Information, Box 1238, Boston, Mass.

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(Continued from first page.)  
**LOTS OF FACES.**

During that afternoon a great many faces appeared. Once the back of a negro man, who had apparently been flogged, with the ashes bleeding, was the spectacle presented. There was something very peculiar about some of these visions. I noticed, for instance, that the head and shoulders of a man or woman would appear in one position, go away, and reappear again and again in half a dozen different positions. A profile view would be presented, a rear view, front view and top view even. It seemed as if a recognition was eagerly sought. I noticed that the flesh generally exhibited the peculiar appearance presented by the skin of drowned people.

Miss Deyer, who has acted as a medium for most of the people who have visited the well, scouts the idea that she alone can get the phantom faces in the well, and I fancy she is right. She has held the glass so long that her hand is staid. I noticed that when Miss Pettit acted as the medium her hands trembled so that nothing could be distinguished.

The use of a mirror might lead some to suppose the objects seen in the water were reflections from objects lying about the ground or place. I thought too soon. I had the mirror held below the edge of the square box that surrounds the well, totally shutting off everything outside of it, and still the aquatic visions appeared. I thought that perhaps it was the mirror that did the trick, so I procured a piece of window glass, and covering it with dark cloth, went to the well at eight o'clock in the morning, and tried it, and with the same result.

The morning experiment was taken without the knowledge of Colonel Deyer or his family.

**WHAT THE WELL IS LIKE.**

The well itself is the one, as stated before, that supplies the household with drinking water. It is supplied with water by eight springs, and generally has about eight to ten feet of water in it. When I was there the depth of water measured just eight feet. Above that to the top of the well the distance was twenty-two feet. The diameter of the well is three and a half feet. So clear is the water that the white sand bottom can be plainly seen when the sun is shining. I saw the bottom distinctly and noted a few things that had fallen in it. The walls of the well are of red brick, covered with moss, and over the well, hanging from the end of the well-sweep, hung a bucket that might have done for the model of the "old oaken bucket" of our country. Colonel Deyer told me that the well was on the plantation where he bought it in 1863, and he understood that the well was originally dug in 1800.

The well has been cleaned every year, and the time for cleaning the well is at hand now, but Colonel Deyer says: "If that well is cleaned I will have to do it myself. There is not a servant on the plantation that will go near that well alone, and as to going in it no money would induce them to make the venture."

## Two Lectures by Mrs. R. S. Lillie.

Sunday morning, Oct. 23d, at Berkeley Hall, the following questions were passed to Mrs. R. S. Lillie from the audience for the consideration of the spirit-guides, under whose inspiration she spoke substantially as follows:

"All the good that has transpired in the working of evolution, solving the problems by nature's laws. Eternal law governs all, and eternal justice must be the final end, and eventually will reign everywhere. Man's judgment may be warped by the standpoint of the individual taking the view. The man of capital will take a different view of the labor question than the man who performs the labor, and it is not possible to decide unless both sides are heard.

Eternal justice will finally regulate all things. Good shall be the result of evil. The great law of compensation requires that if a man wrong another, the wrong shall return upon himself, and every good deed shall bring its appropriate reward. The evil-doer shall be overtaken by his evil deeds, and further on justice will be meted out to him. This sense of eternal justice is what gave rise to the old dogma of eternal torment, and the creation of a devil that the vengeance of God might be appeased. Go forth and tell the people Spiritualism says that the whole doctrine of eternal torment is untrue.

The labor agitation is the effect of the heaven of justice working out a better state of things. Take slavery, for instance, brought here in the early settlement of our country; it became so firmly established that many even in the church, were inclined to think it right, under the teachings of the bible, which said: "Servants, obey your masters"; and this went on until the evolution of ideas made such a division among the people that slavery had to succumb to the power of infinite justice. Massachusetts carried out the slave law for years by returning the slave to his master, even while such men as Theodore Parker were preaching and praying against it, calling for justice; and in the process of evolution men began to see the terrible evil, and take fearful measures to do it away.

There are two questions before our country to-day—the Labor Problem and the Woman Question; and the latter is the more important, because the mothers control the minds of the coming generation. There is a cloud in the labor question that is sometime to break over us. Just as far as the laborer is a slave to the power of men, he will be wronged by them. Justice then will rule, and in time be wrought out through mankind whether they will or no. Our soldiers in the late war did not see that they were enlisted to carry out the demands of infinite justice by freeing the slaves. They enlisted to put down rebellion, but justice was at work all through the war to bring about the freedom of those held in bondage.

Again, injustice is being done when our children are placed in an early age, instead of being in our public schools where they should be, coming up fitted for life and its duties. Infinite justice will in time bring forth infinite measures that shall right all the wrongs of the world. Jesus of Nazareth taught this truth when he went into the synagogues and called those in power "hypocrites," "liars," etc., taking from the humble walks of life fishermen, and commanding them to leave their nets and follow him."

At the evening meeting, Mrs. Lillie spoke upon our knowledge of the way those have gone who have passed on, and gave a recital of some of the means by which we obtain that knowledge, in considering which she said, in part:

"Spiritualism has proved to us that there is an intelligence which tells us to a certainty of the future. Men have been experimenting before the dawn of Modern Spiritualism, through what was known as Mesmerism, particularly through the boyhood of Andrew Jackson Davis. Many say that Spiritualists ignore the bible, but it is not so; yet we believe in a revelation to man through the great book of Nature, and in a harmonious relation of natural law which reveals to us the certainty of a continuous life. This revelation has been followed by phenomena and manifestations that give proof conclusive of life eternal.

Truth is what we are seeking, and we find first that man is a spirit passing through this life, and entering through the gateway called death into the life beyond. I speak of Andrew Jackson Davis as the great seer of the nineteenth century, having a spiritual power very much like that of Swedenborg, and his writings have been given to the world without any parallel except those of Swedenborg.

Just beyond the thin veil which separates this world from the other, there are hundreds of spirits of the so-called dead who are anxious to give us proof that they live.

A line of marked experiences has been given to the world the past two thousand years, dim at times to be sure, but yet certain. Man has been held in a bondage of fear, a false idea of life causing him to expend his energies in a wrong direction, and he has been seeing the need to emancipate him from this terrible fear of an eternal hell. Man was born to be up right, not to cringe to priests and be in a continual servitude to them. I believe in an overruling, intelligent power, call it what you will,

that controls all things; nothing comes by accident. As human souls we go through life governed by Nature's laws.

Wonderful cures have been performed by the mediums of this century, not exceeded, speaking with all due reverence, even by Jesus of Nazareth. His cures were performed by the same spiritual power that works through our healing mediums of to-day. As a last resort, skeptics will send for some one who has this healing power, and will believe.

Spiritualism is increasing in power and influence, and wonderful gifts are being bestowed upon the mediums of to-day, by means of which they give to persons the names of their spirit-friends who stand around them, even though entire strangers, giving proof that the dead live, and that there is no such thing as death. Nature's laws will explain all these things further on, and we say that spirit is the life of all things; nothing is a barrier to spirit-power.

Another power of spirit has been to materialize, as it is termed, the bodily form so that the spirit may be known; false representations may be made, but materialization is a fact! Do you believe that Jesus with Moses and Elias, stood upon the mount of transfiguration? They were to all intents and purposes materialized forms, and have their counterparts in this nineteenth century. Independent or direct slate-writing is another proof of an intelligence beyond. So we see the gates of light and truth are opening wide.

Another thing: Homes have been entered by this spirit-power where the doors were closed by the dead, and mediums controlled the withstanding bars, and the bars of the church—controlled by spirits, and many of our workers are chosen from among the children of these church people. All these things settle the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

**HEATH.**

## Home Materialization.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

For some time I have been anticipating a visit in my own home from my spirit-friends, through the wonderfully-gifted medium Mrs. W. H. Allen, of 496 Washington street, Providence, R. I.

On the evening of Oct. 6th Mr. and Mrs. Allen came, accompanied by a lady and gentleman. At eight o'clock we formed a circle in front of a small closet in my dining room, which would hold a chair, previously fitted for my wife when we held our home circles on Tuesday evenings. Twenty-three forms manifested. The bright cabinet spirit that resides at Mrs. Allen's came, and walked through the rooms with me in the full light, interested in noting the surroundings. Sarah, my first companion, came in the same manner, and said, "This heaven on earth to be able to come back, and walk and talk with you in your own home." May Blossom, a control of my present wife, appeared, and told us the unspeakable joy it gave her to be there in the home of Love and Truth. It was an evening long to be remembered, and showed that when conditions are harmonious, Mrs. Allen possesses the same power abroad as at home.

A number of years I walked alone in my beautiful faith, and would like to add the incident which led to my wife's conversion and subsequent development as a medium. Sarah had always assured me that my companion would yet walk with me in the light, and said: "You do not know what we spirits are doing for you, or what wonders we can accomplish." Persuaded at last to accompany me to a séance at Mrs. Allen's, the form of a child came out, falling upon the floor. As I stooped, it raised its arms without hands and put them around my neck, and I would like to add, kneeling down, she said, "mamma." As my wife took hold of the arm, the hands of the child began to form in my wife's hand. Then she gave a message to my wife, saying, "Grandma told me to tell you." This was our first evidence that a child, having no earth-life, continued to grow in spirit-life; and from that hour my happiness has been complete. As May Blossom remarked, a home of love and truth.

**G. W. MILLER.**

## MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

**The First Society of Spiritualists** holds its meetings in a new and spacious hall in the Carnegie Music Hall Building, between 66th and 67th streets, on Seventh Avenue, entrance on 67th street. Services Sundays, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Henry J. Newton, President.

**Knickerbocker Hall, 44 West 14th Street.** Meetings of the Ethical Spiritualists' Society each Sunday. Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, speaker.

**Adelphi Hall, 62 West Street and Broadway.** Lectures and sittings every Sunday at 3 and 8 P. M. Mr. John William Fletcher, regular speaker. A. E. Willis, Secretary, 268 West 43rd Street.

**The Psychical Society** meets in Spencer Hall, 114 West 14th Street, every Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Persons interested in mental and spiritual phenomena and phenomena invited. J. P. Sulphur, President, 26 Broadway.

**Adelphi Hall.**—Mr. Fletcher in his address upon "The Hereafter, or The Spirit-World," was profoundly interesting this afternoon. To many the subject of the life hereafter is a matter of mere speculative philosophy rather than a desperate question that is really known. And yet science is compelled to speculate first and then deduce facts afterward. Her many theories are as dependent for substantiation as are those of any other branch of thought. Although we know where we speak, and are asserting what we do not individually experience, we are aware that many there are who will take exceptions to our conclusions.

Theology has declared, without any claim of authority, that the "other life" is far away; that there are two conditions of existence, the one of earth-life, the other of absolute misery—the Spirit-World declares that man takes up life as it is laid down, and the soul's condition of development settles the surroundings of life beyond the veil. A man is called successful who achieves what he has set himself to do; he may have sacrificed every tender emotion of which he was possessed. When he passes on, he leaves behind him everything, and stands poorer than the beggar in the street. If, however, a man can take with him the result of doing good deeds of kindness, shown, though he may still a pauper's grave and be instantly forgotten by the world, he finds himself blessed by those things that endure. All life is marked with incompleteness, each individual is endeavoring to express that which is within him, and the spirit-world he is bent upon realizing the same thing.

In the evening the largest audience of the season listened to "How to Investigate Spiritualism;" in which Mrs. Fletcher recounted many of the séances held at her own home, attended by Alfred Russel Wallace, Prof. Crookes and others. Miss Grace McCarthy charmed all who heard her beautiful singing. Miss Karman recited with great effect "He and She," and a remarkable séance brought the interesting meeting to a close.

Next Sunday the subject will be, in the afternoon: "The Spirit-World," in the evening, "Joan of Arc; Was She a Medium?" followed by a séance. It is an encouraging sign that the "Banner of Light" and "The Soul of Lillie," and the **BANNER OF LIGHT** are sold at each lecture. **A. E. WILLIS.**  
 Oct. 30th, 1892.

**Carnegie Hall.**—The subjects of the morning discourse last Sunday were furnished by the audience, in considering which it was shown that man's conception of God as the Infinite is in accord with his own unfoldment, and the attributes of his God more or less anthropomorphic; hence the Hebrew God Jehovah was a jealous God, a consuming fire, one who destroyed his enemies, etc. An interior meaning might be drawn from the text, that in the sense that wrong carries within itself its own punishment, thus working out the law of the human way of expiation. Redemption is the lifting up of the soul to a more perfect life; not an escape from the consequences of errors of the past, but seeking to live so that no more evil shall result.

Unfoldment among mankind cannot be uniform or alike; equal gifts and unfoldments in every faculty would not give that variety indicative of the Infinite. The afternoon meeting was made interesting by the remarks of Mrs. W. H. Allen, who spoke of the late Ammonia M. Spencer, who passed to the spirit-world recently, of whom he spoke as the pioneer of women speakers and of Spiritualism, and of her great courage, charity, and constant helplessness to the lowly and the fallen. Other speakers followed in the afternoon. Mr. Howell referred to the need of Children's Lectures among Spiritualists, and Mrs. Williams to the frequent return of Nettie O. Maynard through her cabinet in company with the spirit-friends of the deceased. Mr. Howell worked in the early days of her mediumship. Mrs. Magpie Fox Kane gave her usual interesting rapping séance.

The longer we know him, the greater our respect and love for his many admirable qualities, and especially for his absolute uprightness, and we cordially endorse and recommend him to all spiritual workers as a worthy and eloquent exponent of the highest spiritual philosophy. Our correspondents are directed to send a copy of this resolution to the spiritual press, with a request that it be published.

The resolution was seconded and unanimously approved. Mr. Howell's lecture was upon "The Need of a Moral Inspiration." He emphasized the need of an inspiration to enable our day and generation to deal with the great problems, differing so vastly from the problems of the past days of inspiration, which were suited to the conditions then existing, but not to those of our times. A vigorous, aggressive but just manhood is now needed; not that of Jesus alone, but something more, to solve and adjust the great industrial problems now before us.

**The New York Psychical Society.**—Wednesday evening, Oct. 20th, this Society held another of its enjoyable and profitable sessions at Spencer Hall, 114 West 14th Street, and was largely attended, as usual.

The exercises consisted of singing appropriate spiritual songs by the audience, with piano accompaniment; announcements of the movements of different established mediums; narration of personal experiences, and experiments in slate-writing and clairvoyant tests.

Prof. Nelson, a new-comer to the city, discoursed intelligently upon the principles of Psychology and Spiritualism, and in future meetings will occasionally demonstrate and lecture.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher followed with remarkable life-readings, and tests of spirit presence, which were promptly recognized and warmly applauded.

Many new and earnest faces are observed in these meetings every Wednesday evening. Such undeniable proofs as are here afforded merit all the public interest they naturally excite, and are bound to result in conviction and comfort.

**Dandruff** is an exudation from the pores of the scalp that spreads and itches, forming scurf and causing the hair to fall out. Hall's Hair Renewer cures it.

## MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

**Lynn.**—The Children's Progressive Lyceum met at Exchange Hall, Market street, at 12 M. Conductor T. J. Troye in the Chair. Opening exercises: singing by the school; invocation by Mrs. M. A. Adams; music by Mrs. Hayes; fifteen minutes devoted to instruction of groups; harmonica solo, Amy Adams; recitations by the following: Harry Cheever, Grace Hinds, George Garland, O. A. Adams, Charles F. Adams, Ella Garland, Charles Adams, Julia Aderton, Blanche Aderton, Linwood Hurd, Winnie Aderton, Mabel Cheever.

Remarks by Mrs. Butler; recitation, and remarks by Mrs. Hines on Cruelty to Animals.

**Cadell Hall.**—Mrs. Kate R. Stiles (Boston) occupied the platform afternoon and evening.

**Evening.**—Subject: "Come and let us reason together." The lecture was supplemented with recognized spirit delineations and messages.

**Farragut Hall.**—On Sunday, Oct. 20th, Mrs. Jennie E. (Lynn) and Mrs. Prentiss occupied the platform. Fine speaking, and recognized tests and readings. Next Sunday Mrs. A. A. Wilkins (Boston) will speak here at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. H. H. Adams, Conductor.

**Lowell.**—Mr. E. J. Bowtell (Boston) occupied our rostrum Oct. 20th, and took for his subject in the afternoon, "Is Life Worth Living?" and in the evening gave personal experiences. He had good audiences. He is a very eloquent speaker, and will be greeted with still larger attendance on his next appearance in Lowell [Jan. 8th].—Next Sunday Mrs. E. C. Kimball (Lawrence), test medium, will be with us. Slugging (Haverhill).

**Malden.**—Oct. 23d Dr. Willis delivered an address, gave tests and answered mental questions—making it very interesting to the audience. Oct. 30th Dr. Drisko (Lynn) lectured upon the subject, "Man and His Destiny." Mr. W. S. Potter is interested in a Lyceum here. Sunday, Nov. 6th, C. Fannie Allen will be with us. **MARY E. THOMPSON, Sec'y.**  
 No. 3 Orient street.

**Manchester and Bradford.**—Willard J. Hull (Buffalo, N. Y.) occupied the Brittan Hall platform for the second time, successfully, last Sunday. His theme in the afternoon was "Constructive Immortality," and was ably handled. In the evening the theme was "The Malevolence of Churlishness."—Next Sunday Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding (Charlestown) will be the speaker. **E. P. H.**

**Brockton.**—On Sunday evening, Oct. 23d, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen spoke for our Society. She gave entire satisfaction, and was greeted with the largest audience of the season thus far. **EMMA BOOMER COOPER.**

**Worcester.**—Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes gave us logical and instructive discourses Oct. 30th.

The Woman's Auxiliary will meet at residence of Mrs. J. B. Lamb, 82 Portland street, on Friday afternoon, Nov. 4th.

**New Bedford.**—The meetings held by the First Spiritual Society during the month of October have been well attended, and more successful than usual at the opening of the season. Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mr. Joseph D. Stiles, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason and Mr. F. A. Wiggin have occupied the platform. For November we are to have Edgar W. Emerson and Mrs. R. S. Lillie. **Sec'y.**

**Cummington.**—Florence Sampson writes that on Sunday, Oct. 9th, Mrs. Cella M. Nickerson spoke with success for the Progressive Society. "Oct. 23d Mrs. Clara Banks addressed the Society afternoon and evening, which closed the meetings for this season—our season for holding meetings being from May 1st until Nov. 1st."

**Chelsea.**—D. Anderson writes that the Developing Circle last Sunday was largely attended. At the evening meeting (7:30) interesting exercises were joined in by Mrs. Vornbrock, Mrs. Walter Anderson, Mrs. George Anderson and the Chairman, Mr. W. Anderson.

**Lawrence.**—Pythian Hall was crowded, Oct. 30th, to hear Dr. F. H. Roscoe (Providence, R. I.) both at afternoon and evening. The people were pleased with his remarks and answers to questions.—Next Sunday Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock will be our speaker. **L. E. GOSS, Sec'y.**

## CONNECTICUT.

**Hartford.**—We commenced our meetings one week ago, as announced in THE BANNER'S columns. We had a good audience in attendance, and very harmonious conditions. Oct. 30th the audience was much larger, and the interest seems to be increasing. Our home mediums are doing a good work.

Next Sunday Mr. A. E. Tisdale commences a six-weeks' engagement with us. **J. W. BROWN.**

**Norwich.**—Splendid audiences greeted Mrs. Carrie F. Loring in Grand Army Hall, Sunday, Oct. 30th, both afternoon and evening. The afternoon was especially interesting, the controlling spirit giving some personal experiences relative to life in the spiritual spheres; also speaking encouraging words to the workers of the Norwich Spiritual Union and the Children's Lyceum. The usual test séance followed each evening, the day after the next, and the evening, leaving a marked impression upon the minds of the hearers.

## RHODE ISLAND.

**Providence.**—The Spiritualist Association met in Columbia Hall, No. 248 Weybosset street, Oct. 30th at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. (Progressive School at 1 o'clock.) Mrs. C. Fannie Allen was the speaker. She treated her subjects (given by audience) understandingly, and was much appreciated.—Sunday, Nov. 6th, Mr. J. Frank Baxter will be with us.

**The Progressive Aid.** Wednesday evening, Oct. 20th, with Mrs. S. M. Klug. A very interesting meeting. The following took part: Mrs. Hines, Mr. Patch, Mrs. Klug, in tests, etc. Mrs. Goodrich, Mrs. Humes, Mrs. Klug, in tests, etc. **Mrs. J. M. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.**

## Cleveland (O.) Notes.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:  
 As reported in my last, affairs are active in the spiritualistic circles of this city, and this winter promises to be a memorable one in both public and private work. Many home circles are being held for the investigation of psychic phenomena. Public meetings are being held by the Spiritualist Society on the East and West Side in addition to the "Independent Course" of lectures in Army and Navy Hall every Sunday evening.

Mr. J. R. P. Cooke, a former scholar of the Lyceum, and an author of some note, assisted by Mrs. Cooke, gave an entertainment under the auspices of the Cleveland Progressive Lyceum in Royal League Hall, Sunday evening, Oct. 10th. A versatile and choice program was presented, and much appreciated by those present. Mr. Cooke is a conscientious student, and displayed much improvement over his last public effort before the Lyceum. The Mandolin Club, as usual, received much applause for its very artistic performance.

The Most-Used Spiritualist Lyceum in the city was held Sunday night, Oct. 23d, the occasion being the joint séance tendered the Children's Progressive Lyceum by Mrs. Elsie Moss, the materializing medium, and Mr. H. E. Cooke, the spirit-photographer and psychograph medium of this city. Both mediums were successful in obtaining manifestations, and considering the emanations and conditions, mental and physical, of a large promiscuous audience, the séance was pronounced good by members of those present, and especially it was especially so. Much credit is due both of these mediums and workers in the Cause for their generosity in volunteering their services in aid of the Lyceum's treasury. At a subsequent meeting of the Lyceum, an officer of some note, assisted by Mrs. Cooke, gave an entertainment under the auspices of the Lyceum, and was much appreciated by those present. Mr. Cooke is a conscientious student, and displayed much improvement over his last public effort before the Lyceum. The Mandolin Club, as usual, received much applause for its very artistic performance.

The West Side Lyceum.—Mr. Will E. Miner gave a very fine entertainment under its auspices at Weber's Hall, 483 Pearl street, Friday evening, Oct. 28th, assisted by Mr. Frank Rice, violinist, and the Oratorical Lyceum. The West Side Lyceum is a very successful and popular organization. Their semi-monthly sittings, on the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month, are just the place for Spiritualists and investigators to spend a pleasant and profitable winter evening.

**Gould's "Independent Course of Lectures."** at the Army and Navy Hall, have been fairly well patronized by the general public, but nothing like the excitement would be expected in a city as large as Cleveland. Mr. J. Frank Baxter, the well-known medium and very versatile public worker, has occupied the rostrum on Sunday evenings during the month of October, and has been much of the time during the week of his lecture. The lectures are well received, and Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, the well-known medium, was the guest of Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, and the last week or so of Mr. C. B. Gould.

**Peter L. O. A. Keeler**, the well-known medium for independent slate-writing and other phases of phenomenal Spiritualism, arrived in Cleveland yesterday, and is staying at The Hollenden; purposing to remain here the entire winter, should circumstances warrant him in doing so. His services while in Cleveland will be secured by all who are as yet undecided as to the absolute genuineness of the phenomena, as well as by confirmed Spiritualists.

**Lake Brady Association.**—Everything is now permanently settled, and the transfer of the title-deeds of the two miles and seven acres of this beautiful camp ground has been legally made to the Association, so none need longer hesitate and hold back from subscribing to the stock that is now being offered by the Association. The stock is being offered by Capt. B. F. Lee, the President, and Dr. Edwin Foster, the Treasurer. Let there be no lukewarmness on the part of Ohioans who have been so long waiting for this opportunity. All can afford to take at least one share of stock for \$10.00.

**Wedding Bells.**—The very prepossessing (Miss Gertrude A.) and only daughter of our beloved Pope (I. W.) was united in wedlock on Thursday evening, at her late home, 101 Kenilworth street, to Mr. Ralph W. Lee, a well-known medium and Spiritualist. The happy couple will be made. That their happy union may be fully attained through this seemingly blessed union, is the wish of all Cleveland Spiritualists for Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Pope and the newly married pair.

**Sunday Evening Conferences** at Royal League Hall, under the management of the Lyceum officers, will be held this winter. It is proposed to organize and hold meetings for the investigation of psychic phenomena. These proposed Sunday evening meetings will do much to aid investigators and foster the growth of Spiritualism in this city.

Oct. 29th. Fraternally yours, **THOMAS LEFS.**

## OHIO.

**Cleveland.**—The fourth lecture and séance in the series of Gould's Independent Lecture Course was given Sunday evening, Oct. 23d, before a good sized audience.

The lecture delivered by Mr. Baxter on "Spiritualism and Morality" was unquestionably one of his best, if not the best thus far in the course. The speaker's statements of a week before that in proportion as people become better educated and cultured, and less and less unhampered by creed, crime and wrong decreased, and that Atheists, Materialists, Free Thinkers and Spiritualists are rarely found in our prisons, was questioned; and one individual who did not believe in Spiritualism, like a man, said: "I would not be afraid to let the matter rest upon a challenge to look up the impartial report of the city (Cleveland) work-house on the subject." It must have been a great success, and to the astonishment of the clergymen of the city, who were following Sunday evening in the question, Mr. Baxter, with the report in hand as printed and sent out, read therefrom, page 82, table No. 12, that on Dec. 31st, '91, there were in the work-house, Catholic, Protestant, Christian, and of different denominations, 154; Jews, 6; Universalists, 3; Free-Thinkers, 1; Heathens, 1; Infidels, 6; and Spiritualists, 0. He held also the tabulated reports of this city institution, having got them that week from the City Hall, for several contiguous preceding years, ready to read, saying the proportions of each to each were about the same, and that to his surprise he had hunted in vain for even one Spiritualist. It was educational and amusing. Good applause greeted the speaker for the concise method in which he overcame the doubt. It is safe to assume that men who make lecturing their work are likely to be posted in the matter in hand, and to know where the matter stands.

Mr. Baxter was announced to lecture again in this course on Sunday evening, Oct. 30th, and promised to continue his work, and conclude it in this city for the present, with a lecture on "Humanity versus Christianity."

The séance which followed the lecture Oct. 23d was full of interest and points. While Mr. Baxter disclaims all idea of presenting himself before the public as a test medium, yet the many failed to see why so many of his statements made did not fail to qualify him to assume such a position, for in instances the proofs of spirit interference and direction were indubitable.

Mr. Baxter was booked for Willoughby, O., again the following week. Rev. Minot J. Savage follows Mr. Baxter in the Gould course, but being unable to absent himself from his pulpit on a Sunday, was named to give his lecture on a week-evening, Thursday, Nov. 6th. Mr. Savage, holding offices on Theosophy in the city, will give an extra lecture in Gould's independent course, one on that theme on Sunday evening, Nov. 6th.

There are at present in the city, lecturers, Baxter, Savage, Minot J. Savage, and a number of mediums, Win. A. Mansfield, P. L. O. A. Keeler, H. E. Chase; materializing medium, Mrs. Elsie Moss; occult telegraphing medium, Mr. Rowley; besides several private test and business mediums, among whom none is better or more sought after than John Standen, of excellent repute and with local fame.

"A town with one street and a few alleys," is the way a Chicago man sizes up New York City.

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## Ladies

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