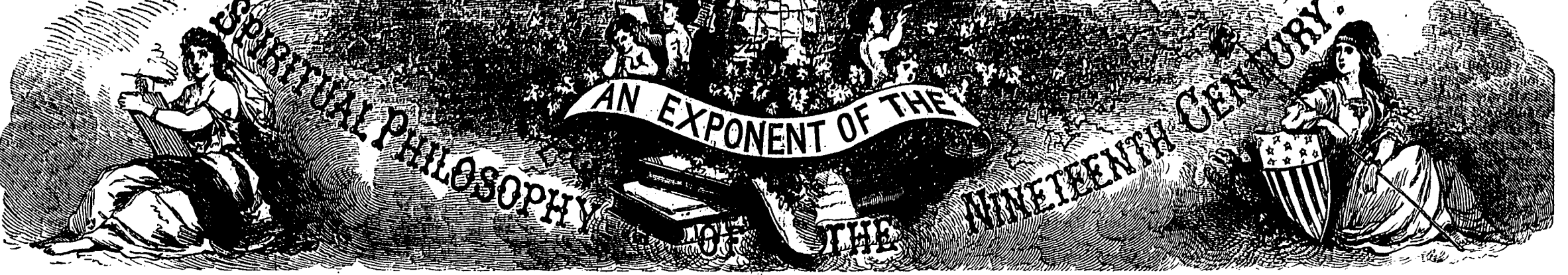


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 2.

Written for the Banner of Light. FRIENDSHIP.

I've watched in the early morning light,
When the sun kissed buds, so pure and bright,
Still trembling beneath the luscious dews,
Welcomed the morning's golden hues.

I've seen the old gable ablaze with bloom,
When the sweet morning-glory adorned the old home;
How brilliant its coming, how precious its stay,
How happy was childhood in that far off day.

O! how the heart bounded in rapturous song;
How sweet was the summons to wander along,
Through field and through meadow, o'er hilltop and dell,
To gather sweet daisies and lovely bluebells.

But oh! sweeter still were the heart throbs that told
Of a love pure and simple, but precious as gold;
The friendships of youth, like the sunbeams of morn,
Shed joys on the pathway that ne'er can return.

But still, like the sweet morning-glory at best,
How fleeting its beauty, how changeable its rest;
For long ere the days of our childhood were run,
The vision had vanished, the sunbeam had gone.

Yet, 'e'en as we wander through life's mystic ways,
The sweet name of "friend" lends a charm to our days;
And though 'tis true changes may shadow our bliss,
We cling to the memories that cluster round this.

But ah! 'tis when childhood and youth have gone by,
When life's sterner duties true ends shall desecry,
When the frost of the autumn has mellowed the sod,
That true friendship stands forth like the strong good rod.

Chicago, Ill. "ALFAR OF PRAYER."

Some Facts and Thoughts Concerning Psychic Phenomena.

BY SIDNEY DEAN.
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IF the purported message of Zebona, the liberal spirited Israelite, recorded in the last paper, awoke the spirit of criticism and raised more questions than I have yet been able to answer satisfactorily, the accompanying message of the double-titled "Ahtoonah-Teetoonah" caused a revolt. Admitting its chronological correctness, its age of mental infancy, moral and religious swaddling-bands, ignorance and superstition, credence in traditional myth changed, toned, or intensified by the narrator, travelling story-teller or teacher—admitting all these, I could accept this statement of "the origin of man," and "the origin of evil," as no more mysterious or wonderful than the myth of Eden as recorded in the Jewish scriptures.

But the historic statements, together with an evidently forced explanation of the use of a double appellation or name—given in answer to my cross-examination—brought my credulity up to the point of revolt. Speaking metaphorically, I took this infant of ages on my knee, laid his head upon my breast, and bade him prattle, prodding him with questions, but never disclosing by positive feeling, tone of voice, or the nature of the question asked, that I doubted his veracity. When he gave his name as "Ahtoonah," in his description of himself and of his social condition in the earth-life, I accepted it without question. But when, at the close of the translation, the same influence wrote his name "Teetoonah," the herdsmen and hunter, my voiced criticism was quick and incisive. The appended explanation was prompt, for there was appended to the whole, in a corner of the sheet, this: "Ahtoonah-Teetoonah," the latter his signature, the former what he was called; and then the influence retired.

This is one among the many minor difficulties connected with these purported hieroglyphical writings and their translations. All of the facts are given as they were disclosed, in order that other minds than my own may form their own opinions as to the phenomena. This little incident fortifies my assertion that I am not the author of these messages, for if I had invented this last communication two differing names would not have been appended to the two sections of the translation of a unit message.

The myth itself is unique. It carries the figure forward to completion, and deduces the proper moral lesson with greater ease and with less evident friction and contradiction of statement than the sacred myth of Eden. The birth of man from the ground or earth, the descent of the soul from the sky, the blackbird out of the night, the contest, with the supremacy of evil, are simply parallels of the Eden myth, and in their leading statements could have been born of one matrix. The second white dove seems like the fulfillment of the voiced promise of Eden after the moral tragedy had taken place, to be found in the Christian doctrine of the descent of the Holy Spirit for the redemption of the man-soul from its condition of hates. There are other parallels which the reader can find for himself.

But what impressed and affected me most profoundly was the manifestation of childish mentality in the fully developed physical man occupying a position of honor and influence among his fellows, who, as I reason, must have been upon an equal or lower plane of mental development. The child, mind of to day believes in his "Santa Claus," "Kris Kringle" and fairy tales, and after its evolution into manhood still accepts the irrational and the irreconcilable as facts, though to him "mysteries." And they are "mysteries" simply because the prejudices and the ignorance of his childhood forbid his acceptance of facts and their reasonable and logical conclusions.

Intensifying my sympathy was the too evident truth—if this message is to be credited—that the growth of the intellect on the supernal side of existence is not necessarily rapid,

and the conditions of mental development not, in all cases, even the equals of those to be found under the evolutionary processes of the mortal environment. The correctness of these conclusions depends entirely upon the truthfulness of this narrative and of others, such as that of "Zebona," already given. The reader can reach his own conclusions. The amanuensis does not take kindly to myths; does not necessarily accept as truth all that is communicated through the phenomena. He believes that intelligence and knowledge are circumscribed by conditions in the supramundane existence as they are in this life, and that each individual, using his best reason, judgment, moral and intuitional sense, must form his own opinions, and develop his own nature and character.

With this bit of moralization upon this strange message, I now describe and transcribe it.

It is composed of nineteen compounded, intricate and elaborately cut characters. They are each bold, sharp, pronounced. Nothing like them has ever appeared under my pencil. There is a striking uniformity which convinces of alphabetical design and expression. Upon the completion of the last figure, the pencil wrote in English:

"Note our language, and see how we wrote our alphabet in the ages long dead and unknown to history. It was an alphabet of signs, made from material shapes and forms that we beheld in Nature, and combined for convenience. We had no written history of our own. Our spoken language was mostly in gutters, with an occasional vowel sound, as you term it. From this language as a root, sprang the languages of all the nomadic tribes of earth before the Noachian deluge. The Phœnician root of the Hebrew came from our language. Noah and his sons wrote on bark and spoke in our sign-language. There was a deluge, and I was physically destroyed by it. I was not personally acquainted with Noah or his sons. I lived in Eden, and our nation was very populous. We were chiefly herdsmen, warriors and hunters. We lived in huts principally, though some spent their lives under trees. My name was Ahtoonah, and I was head of my tribe. I will say in your English what the line means:

"There came out of the ground a man. There came out of the sky a bird. The bird brought a soul to the man. He put it in the bosom of the man, and the man thought, felt and loved. And there came a black bird out of the night. And the black bird, with a long, sharp beak, struck at the man's soul and rent it, making a place for itself to lay its eggs. And when the brood was hatched out they were black and bad, and lived in the soul."

And another white dove came from heaven and cooed softly to the soul, asking recognition and love. And man, the soul, and man who came out of the ground, has the good and the bad in him. The black bird's group sting him, peek him, and cause him to be angry, and to hurt and kill. The second white dove shows him the good and soothes his ruffled soul. The doves were from the heaven of the good being who opened the earth and took out the man, and who sent the two white doves. The black, raven bird, was sent by the spirit of all evil from his chamber of crime, and blackness, and torture. Man should hear the cooings of the white dove and so be happy in himself. TEETOOONAH, the Herdsman and Hunter."

I am impressed with the conviction that another and more modern spirit than this infant of centuries officiated in this translation, if any credence is to be given to the message as a whole. There are marks of vigor and breadth of intellectual comprehension entirely foreign to the child-likeness and lack of vigor manifested through the whole performance, save during the writing of the translation. It is a puzzle, and I do not understand it.

Boston, January, 1893.

The "Anxious-Seat" in Spiritualism.

Do we have it? Yes, and no. We do not have the letter—the form. Thanks to clearer light touching the moral status of human nature, in its necessities and requirements, we are spared the misleading arguments and exhortations which urge us to begin a religious life upon a false foundation; false in that we are misdirected as to our real needs, and also in that we really find—the seeking itself being only a selfish effort to reach a selfish end. And then we are spared, also, the public exhibition of our manufactured penitence—the result of misleading appeals to our fears—together with our ignorance of the real state of the case. For if it were true that there is any "wrath to come" from which to flee, then fleeing would not save us, since it must all be lodged within ourselves, and to escape it we must first divorce effect from cause. We cannot flee perdition, when perdition is within us.

Yes, we are saved the specious suppositions, terrifying, abnormal appeals, which summon us to make ourselves whole, morally and spiritually, by one plunge into a fountain which never had any existence save in the exuberance of a heated imagination. And one, indeed, if it were as proclaimed, could have no more power to change the leopard-spots in human nature, than the waters that flow toward the sea in any summer brook.

Still we do want, and must have, somewhat of that which pertains to the penitent form, in Spiritualism. What, then, is that somewhat we need? We need the better part of its spirit—its teachableness, its passivity, its mental condition of receptivity. What is the state, the condition, the mental attitude, which the spirit-world, and true science alike, teach as essential to advance in knowledge and spiritual power—the positive or the negative? Certainly the negative. Our attitude must be that of learner. When we get beyond that we cease to grow. We dwarf and dwindle and mummify. We maintain the freshness and vigor of our spiritual atmosphere by fresh supplies.

I am, indeed, but a young student of this—to

me—new philosophy. It therefore becomes me to speak modestly my opinions in the presence of those much better informed than myself. Still I cannot help the conviction which has so often forced itself upon my attention, as I have associated with professed Spiritualists, since I have found the truth and the life, viz: that with not a few, who are manifestly weak and languishing, the real reason why they are so dried up at the roots is because they are receiving no moisture at the top. We must continue to draw from spiritual sources fresh nutriment all the while, if we would maintain vigor and strength. The balsamic fragrance and the aroma of the ripening fruit attest, in every case, the constant absorption of those maturing elements which naturally send them forth. So, in the expanding, maturing life of the spirit, we must have fresh and constant supplies. Hence the importance of holding ourselves in such condition as will prepare us to receive. It is not when we are puffed up with our conceit of knowledge that we are prepared to receive the larger information, but when we have conscious lack, and are reaching out in all humility for that which is higher and clearer.

A sense of our poverty urges us on to harder striving for the good we would possess. The very worst calamity that could happen to a Spiritualist next to gross immorality is to reach the conclusion that he has arrived at the top-most round in the ladder of spiritual knowledge. To come to think that he knows it all will eventually become ruinous to his better self as well as very uncomfortable to others. One of the most blessed truths of our Spiritualism is that we may never cease to rise in the knowledge of that which enraptures and satisfies. Onward and upward we may mount forever and for aye. Endless progression in understanding and all spiritual unfoldment. This is one of the great truths of the spiritual universe we hold so tenaciously in our belief. Therefore the necessity even for the passive, teachable spirit.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit," said the Christ. Not the poor-spirited indeed, nor yet the mean-spirited, who shall inherit the kingdom of heaven, but those who are sensible of their deficiency. The humble and teachable, they are conditioned to embrace the heavenly riches. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted," but he that exalteth himself shall be abased," is the law of the spiritual universe. It is an unvarying as the relation between cause and effect. There can be no exception. Self-conceit is death to further advance in knowledge and growth.

Yes, the spirit of the anxious seat is the proper one for true, earnest Spiritualists. Not only is it essential to advancement to a progressive life, but it is the most becoming in our relations with the spirit-world from whose infinite resources we derive all our increase.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," wrote Pope. And we have seen what direful results have flowed from partial knowledge. The differing creeds and quarrelling sectarianisms of the so-called Christian Church are a standing monument to the fact of their lack of comprehension touching the real teachings of the Christ.

Spiritualists will be liable to a like failure unless, indeed, we go on to know more and more the great truths that underlie the moral elevation of the race. We are called upon by the spirit-world to give expression to those great, those all-important facts of the spiritual universe, as they affect the condition and the destiny of mortals. We are not at liberty to jump to hasty conclusions like the credulists of former ages or of this age.

We are to hold ourselves ready to receive and communicate new and added information. It is undoubtedly true that the oldest and the wisest have only begun to understand the truth in its fullness and blessedness. The doors and the windows of the great storehouse of spiritual truth and light are opening more and wider every day. The spirit-world, with all its treasures of exalting, immortal hope, is impinging on the mortal as never before. And it is clearly apparent that some of the initial stages in the unfolding of the Spiritual Philosophy are to be left behind for the things that are before. The spiritualistic movement itself is finding its true poise and moral balance, and moving grandly toward the higher levels of moral and spiritual unfoldment. Surely this is no time for true Spiritualists to be inattentive or undiscerning. Now is the bright full day, nearer than at the dawn. Spiritualism is marshaling its forces on every hand for the redemption of the race; to give them liberty through the truth. New allies spring up at its call on every hand. Skepticism is declining for want of objections, and bald materialism dying under the power of the facts of the immortal life. It is the hour of our golden opportunity to show to non-believers the blessedness of this truth as revealed in practical life. The highest moral levels are in demand to-day, and that form of truth which shall produce the highest, noblest, purest type of character in actual life shall win the faith and heart of mankind.

Let us, then, as those who in sympathy with the spirit-world desire the spiritual unfoldment of humanity, be zealous to rise to the highest possible levels of knowledge and spiritual power, that we may do all we can to help on the triumph of the truth. But to this great end let us never forget that the only way to exalting knowledge is through humility. I understand, therefore, it is, I modestly urge all true Spiritualists to abide ever, not in the form, but in the true, humble, teachable spirit of the "anxious-seat."

E. ANDRUS TITUS.

Literary Department.

THE DISSECTING-ROOM MYSTERY.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY EBEN COBB.

PART ONE.

IN the autumn of 18—, while sojourning at the White Mountains enjoying the wild pleasures afforded by that picturesque locality, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman between whom and myself a more than usual intimacy was formed.

He was English by birth, and had spent most of his life in London. His strong, reflective mind was richly stored with the fruits of untiring study and keen observation. Being many years my senior, his genial as well as instructive discourse won for him my respect and high esteem. We were sitting together one evening, in company with his most amiable wife, when our conversation turned upon the supernatural. I disclaimed acquiescence in all theories that in any way supported the then prevailing claims of the spiritual, or witchcraft, phenomenal order. I must confess that I took the position I did more to give my learned companion the impression that I had a mind above what I supposed he would most assuredly consider fanaticism, than from any decided conviction of my own. I was therefore somewhat surprised, as well as mortified, that I had taken so decided a stand when he informed me in a thoughtful, though most emphatic, tone that he could not agree with me.

"I will tell you," he continued, "of a case that came under my own observation, and after you have heard it you can form your own opinion as to whether I have cause, or not, to credit some of the accounts given of the manifestations usually classed as the supernatural."

THE STORY.

Many years ago, at the age of eight-and-twenty, about an equal compound of business and pleasure called me from my home in London to the gay metropolis of France. Two very particular friends of mine, a gentleman and his only daughter, were to accompany me. I may as well tell you now that the daughter of whom I speak and this good lady by my side, my ever loved wife, are one and the same.

The morning was set upon to start for Paris, but when the time came my male friend found that he would be obliged to defer the date of his departure. Some business matters of importance, which had unexpectedly claimed attention, rendered it absolutely necessary for him to delay his visit one week. As it was imperative that I should start at the time first set upon, it was arranged that I go to Paris at once, and after attending to my urgent duties await their arrival, which would be just one week later than my own. I accordingly took my leave of the lady, sadly disappointed at being deprived the pleasure I had anticipated in her blissful company, and started upon the trip.

I stood upon the steamer's quarter, and watched the receding land until the shores of old Kent began to grow dim and hazy. I turned away, half wishing I had waited until one dear soul I was leaving behind could have borne me company. Not feeling in the mood of mingling with those about me, I lit a cigar and strolled toward the forward part of the boat. As I passed a pile of bales and boxes which were stored upon the deck near the prow, I heard a long, labored cough that sounded like the last struggle of some shattered human wreck to retain yet a little longer a hold upon mundane life. I stepped back, and there, in an opening between several large bales, lying upon a few coarse gunny-bags which had been spread out for a litter, lay the most emaciated form I had ever beheld. The sufferer was a man not far from sixty years of age. He had a large, heavy-built frame, and must have been in his prime a person of more than ordinary physical power. He was dressed in the garb of a sailor. His red flannel shirt and duck trousers were soiled and worn. The flesh was wasted away from his face and hands, and there appeared to be nothing between the protruding bones and the dark, weather-worn skin that covered them. His eyes were sunk deep in his head, and as he turned them toward me, there was a strange lustre in their blue depths that seemed out of harmony with his wan and haggard features.

I saw that the smoke from my cigar had caused the coughing, and instantly throwing the offensive intruder over the vessel's rail I approached nearer to his side.

"You need n't have done that," he said in a hoarse, rattling voice; "this old hulk of mine is hardly worth the wasting of a cigar like that."

"You seem to be suffering," I remarked in a kindly voice, at the same time taking the cold, bony hand in my own; "can I do anything for you?"

He looked at me for a minute, and I saw two big drops roll down his hollow cheeks. He made a feeble effort to press my hand, and with a sad shake of his head his eyes closed and he remained silent.

I had a bunk prepared for him in the sailors' cabin, and assisted him to it. I procured such light food as I thought might nourish him,

which, together with a few generous sips of wine, appeared to revive his wasted vitality. He complained of a violent pain in his head. A series of magnetic passes with my hands he assured me gave him great relief. I tended him continually until we reached Calais, doing all in my power to alleviate his suffering. [He had been failing in health for many months, and was obliged to leave the last vessel in which he shipped with a final farewell to ocean life. He knew of no relatives except a half-brother who had formerly lived in a small inland town in France. He had but slight hopes of finding even this one person.]

I took the poor man into the cars with me at Calais, and paid his fare to Paris. When we reached there he appeared to be much changed from the state he was in when I first found him upon the steamer's deck. I offered to interest myself in enlisting the attention of some person who might be going toward the locality for which he was destined. He assured me he felt so much strengthened by the attention I had bestowed upon him that he would be fully able to continue on alone.

Upon my pressing him he reluctantly confessed that he had not so much as a son in his possession. I forced him to take such a sum as I thought would be required to carry him safely through, and once more taking his withered hand in mine I bade him a kind adieu.

Tears gathered in his eyes. His tall, massive frame, that towered high above mine, shook with earnest emotion.

"You have done to me," he said, still holding my hand, "what man has never done before! My arms are weak now and I can never repay you here! But mark you! if this old wreck has got a soul it shall follow in your wake as sure as there is a God in heaven!"

I left him feeling in my heart that I had done one act toward carrying out the Golden Rule.

I had several acquaintances in Paris, among whom was a young medical student, in whose company I had enjoyed many pleasant trips among the hills and vales of old England. I promised him upon his last leaving London that upon my next visit to Paris I would, during my stay, make my home at his apartments. I sought his residence, and at once received a hearty welcome.

On the afternoon of the fourth day after my arrival, I took a stroll through the lower precincts of the city in order to acquaint myself, by direct contact, with the state and customs of its indigent and corrupt classes. Evening was fast approaching. I had seen enough of the dark background of life, and was retracing my steps toward more healthful quarters, when my attention was attracted by one of the most dilapidated pieces of structural deformity and ruin I had ever beheld. Coupled with it was the impress of human degradation that attached itself to the pile of unseemly rot. Such an extreme opposite in art, from the pure and sublime, for the moment riveted my attention.

I stepped into a deeply-arched doorway and gazed upon the picture before me as though it were an ideal production upon Nature's easel in ugly caricature of her noble worth. As I was thus occupied, I heard footsteps upon the sidewalk, near where the gathering shades of evening almost concealed me from view.

The approaches proved to be two men. They were rough-looking fellows, and had more the appearance of cut-throats than of well-disposed citizens. They stopped exactly in front of the arched doorway in which I was standing, and I instinctively drew back—or was drawn back—still further into the shade. I think now that my own instinct had nothing to do with the movement.

They stood for some moments conversing in a low undertone, when one drew a small folded note from his pocket, of a delicate pink color, and handed it to his companion, at the same time giving some directions, which he who received the note marked down upon its back. They then separated, and left the spot in different directions. There was something not only wicked but absolutely demoniac about the one that had received the note and mysterious instructions.

I shrank back as far as possible, nor did I venture from my hiding-place until their footsteps ceased to strike upon my ear.

I could not tell why it was so, but the sight of that evil face left an impression of terror upon my mind. I wished I had not seen it, for its presence had cast a gloom over me which I could not shake off. I thought it foolish at the time, and tried to laugh away the inebriety. I whistled and hummed over every lively air that I could recall, but the effort was productive of no relief. With a strange sadness resting upon my heart I returned to my apartments.

I found Hubert, my friend, waiting for me to accompany him to the opera. I was glad of the opportunity thus presented to divert my thoughts away from the fearful nightmare that had obsessed them. I was soon in readiness to attend upon his invitation.

I am passionately fond of music, and never was there a finer array of talent upon the stage than was presented at that evening's entertainment. But let the scene be what it might—nor did it matter what characters were in view—one evil shadow appeared to enlist my attention, and by its dread presence blur the harmony, as well as beauty, of all before me. I was glad when the opera was through.

My companion noticed my seeming indisposition, and remarked upon it. I assured him that it was nothing of a serious nature, and that he need take no alarm.

The next day I felt much better, and had the satisfaction of believing that the inexplicable dismay which had so mysteriously stolen over me was losing its hold.

"We are to have an extra session to-night," informed Hubert, as we were enjoying our after-supper smoke. "If you were in the right turn of mind I would attend and take you along with me. But as your present feelings would not be consonant with the gist of our night-meeting, I will absent myself upon this occasion and bear you company."

"What is the nature of your night sessions?" I inquired. "Any secret connected with them?"

"Oh, no! not so far as you are concerned; although we do not generally like to have much said about them outside. It is simply this: we students have the privilege of occasionally purchasing a subject for our independent study. We are allowed the use of the dissecting-room during the first hours of the night to test our ability upon our own property, untroubled by the dictations of the worthy Professors."

The very mention of the dissecting-room seemed to act like a charm upon my deranged nerves.

"Would not my presence be looked upon by your classmates as an intrusion?" I asked.

"By no means. On the contrary, those who are to be present this evening are, I think, without an exception, friends of mine to whom you have already been introduced. I expressed some doubt of my being there this evening on your account, and their earnest desire is that I induce you to be present with us."

"I am with you, Hubert!" I cried, grasping him by the hand. I was anxious to start. An irresistible force seemed to be drawing my mind in that one direction. My whole being was bent intently upon one object—the dissecting-room!

I hurriedly paced the floor, fearful that quiet might renew the horrid state of mind I had just been so marvelously delivered from.

My friend soon informed me that the time of departure had come. I instantly joined him, and we started for the college. Several times on the way Hubert was obliged to caution me against walking at such a furious gait, adding that we were still early. He stopped at a cafe, where by agreement the student party were to meet, and to my extreme joy they were all in waiting.

Ten minutes' walk, and the college was reached. We halted by a small rear door, which opened from a narrow court, and not apparently used for the general affairs of the institution. A small bell-knob, which was deeply sunk in the stonework at the side, was pulled by one of our party, and after a short delay the bolts upon the inside of the door were heard to move. After being challenged, the way was thrown cautiously open by a short, round-shouldered, sleepy-looking individual, and we were admitted, one by one, into a long, arched entry-way. Then up stairs, flight after flight, through a labyrinth of passage-ways, and having no other light to illumine our travel save the smoky lantern which our guide carried in his hand. At last we stopped before the door that shut in the solemn silence of the dissecting-room.

"What luck?" asked one of the students, as the man was hunting from among a large bunch of keys the one that was to disclose to me the interior of that place of ghastly revelation.

"Luck enough," growled the keeper; "I got one, as I promised. It's on the fourth table at the left; and let me tell you one thing, he's the ugliest looking customer I ever pumped wax into."

Hubert and his friends made up a liberal fee which was immediately placed in the janitor's hand. This proceeding had a remarkable effect upon his movements; the key was quickly found, placed in the lock, and the way was clear.

I had stood with considerable impatience waiting for the moping fellow to find his key, and had known the awful cause of his prolonged search I would gladly have handed him out an hundred francs to expedite the operation.

But at the moment the door swung back upon its hinges, the intense desire I had felt, from the first mentioning of the subject by Hubert, to be within that room, now opened to my access, seemed to die entirely away. As the party followed in after the dull, smoky lantern, whose feeble rays revealed nothing to which my eyes could give tangible shape, I instinctively drew back and leaned against the door-frame for support. A sensation of faintness came upon me, and a coldness stole in and pervaded my whole body. For a time my sight left me, and the dim lantern, as well as the group around it, vanished entirely from my vision, and although my eyes were wide open I could see nothing.

Hubert's voice called for me. Gradually the cloud left my eyes; the cold feeling gave place to a warm glow, and once more I felt in my normal state.

"Come! come!" exclaimed my good host, who, by the bright glare of a large hanging lamp which had just been lighted, had discovered me, "you don't look to me like the man who a short time since was urging me on at such an impetuous rate. You do not now appear quite so eager for the enjoyments of this occasion."

The students quietly smiled, and one with whom I had become quite familiar kindly assured me that the ill feeling would soon pass off, and that half-an-hour's acquaintance with the unoffending occupants would give me as strong a nerve as any of their company possessed. I thanked him for the offered assistance, feeling at the same time that my appearance, intimidation proceeded from some cause far different from what he had anticipated.

I assumed a gay air, and walking toward where the students had assembled I commenced to survey the premises. I found it to be a long hall, which I judged from the form of the ceiling and the position of the windows above our heads, to be the upper story of the college. The sides were lined with stalls, which gave the place more the appearance of a market-house than anything I could call to mind for comparison. Each stall was furnished with a long, stout table, upon many of which, in different

degrees of dissection, lay stark bodies of both sexes, old and young.

I did not experience that subdued feeling of awe so natural to a person when in the presence of the dead. The unfeeling jargon of the janitor, coupled with the lively, careless conversation of the students, gave a cast of business to the scene, and the forms around me appeared like so many molecular aggregations that Nature had formed on purpose to feed the rapacious cravings of the scalpel.

"What 'yer going to back after to-night?" asked the janitor, as the party gathered around their subject.

"We are going to explore in the vicinity of the septum ventriculorum at this bitch, old Night-Owl," answered one of the students.

"Where is the sep-what-de-yeer-call it?" inquired the Owl.

"Not a mile from the heart," replied the student. "But why do you ask that? Who ever heard of Old Ghoul, inquiring into anatomy before? Do you think of trying your hand at the work?"

"No," mumbled the Owl; "but I was in hopes you'd make a dive first for some kind of optical machinery, or inside smelling apparatus."

"Why so?" chimed a number of the students, as the claimed breath, evidently moved to extreme curiosity by the janitor's unusual expression.

"Why so?" repeated the Ghoul, in gruffer tones than before, "because I want to see that ugly head-piece of his spoiled in some way. I've been in this place for twenty years, and I can say that 's the first mug that's ever made me feel shaky."

This confession brought a loud laugh of derision from the students, and Hubert proposed that they take a fair look at the features which had so discomposed the usual gravity of the janitor.

My attention had been so engaged in taking a general view of the surroundings, that I had not particularly scanned the special body to be operated upon at that gathering. The Owl's remark, together with Hubert's proposition, caused me to draw near in order to witness more closely the result of Hubert's suggestion. The subject lay upon the table, with its chest thrown up by a block of wood placed under the back, which, together with the naturally well developed muscles of the arms and legs, presented the appearance of a Hercules in strength.

"I do not profess to be a connoisseur," I remarked, "but I should say that this anatomical structure is perfect."

"Grand! grand!" added one of the students, at the same time feeling with his hand the large muscles that heaved up about the breast and shoulders.

"Well, gentlemen," spoke one who appeared to be the Professor *pro tempore* of the party, "we must get at work."

"Let us turn this phiz up to the light," added Hubert, "just to give Old Owl one more shock before we commence."

"Up with it!" cried the whole company. "Let's see the face!"

Hubert went to the upper end of the table, and taking hold of the thick, coarse hair, raised the head, which the block had caused to lay over in the shade, so that the strong rays of the lamp fell full upon the before-hidden features. The merriment that had been occasioned by the janitor's confession was instantly quelled, and all present stood appalled, as they gazed upon the fiendish visage that Hubert had brought to sight.

I was riveted to the spot! A shudder passed over my frame, and a cold sweat started from every pore. It was the same face that, two days before, had thrown its dread spell upon me when I stood in the arched doorway upon the street!

"Why don't you laugh now?" asked the "Owl," looking around upon the silent group. "Is there anything there to joke about?"

The students gazed upon one another, but said nothing. There was a pallor upon their cheeks that showed plainly how strangely they were affected.

"It is a hideous face! For God's sake drop it!" ejaculated the "Protem."

"In the name of heaven, Hubert, drop that head!" came from another student in a hoarse whisper.

"Let go your hold! Let the head back!" came from their united voices.

The head fell back heavily upon the table, making a dull sound as it struck, which seemed to echo in doleful vibrations through every stall in the room.

"What ails you?" spoke one of the students, addressing Hubert, who stood gazing down upon the fallen head, a visible tremor at the same time shaking his entire person.

"I did not hold the head!" he answered, in a tremulous voice; "it staid up of its own accord; when it fell my hands were not near it!"

"Strange!" whispered the whole company simultaneously, and they stood as though undecided as to whether they would proceed with the dissection.

"What shall we do?" asked the yet pale "Protem," nervously grasping his scalpel.

"Go on," said one, with attempted firmness; "this is but some freak of the fellow's neck. There may be a quirk in the joints. Let us proceed with our work."

"So say I," joined in Hubert; "but before we commence I propose that we send Owl off for a flask of brandy. There is something oppressive about the air here that I never noticed before."

Hubert's suggestion met with a unanimous approval, as they all acknowledged the same feeling of annoying enervation. The janitor was furnished with funds and despatched upon his mission, receiving a few francs for his own pocket to quicken his movements.

"Ha!" exclaimed Hubert, addressing me, "you take the palm for nerve, after all. The face did not appear to affect you as it did the rest of us."

"I imagine not," I answered, and I spoke the truth. Had their attention been directed to me at the time they were gazing upon that horrid picture, I am sure my appearance would have equally astonished them. The trembling I first experienced ceased; a defiant will-power controlled my nerves, and I felt my veins burn like streams of hot lead. My muscles became rigid, and seemed possessed of more than giant strength. My face was wrought into an expression which I know must have portrayed the extreme of ferocity, as though some external entity were venting, through me, the most intense desire for vengeance upon the inanimate body that lay-stretched upon the table.

I had one awful purpose which I was bent upon executing. It was to sever that hideous head from its trunk!

The janitor returned with a flask of generous size filled with brandy.

Through politeness Hubert first handed it to me, remarking that it might help me to keep awake. I took a few swallows, thanked him for the courtesy and returned the flask. The students then took each a generous draught and commenced their work.

I stood by for a goodly time and watched them intensely as they progressed in their work of dissection. My interest suddenly began to abate, and with a deep yawn I left the table. I had made a second application of the flask, and felt, instead of the invigorating tone which brandy usually gave to my spirits, a sort of dull stupor; and I became so drowsy that it was with difficulty I kept my eyes from drooping.

Hubert saw that I began to show signs of weariness. He informed me that one of their number would soon, from necessity, depart; and if I felt inclined I could accompany him, as he passed directly by our lodgings.

I assured Hubert that if I felt so inclined I would take advantage of his suggestion.

I strolled down to the lower end of the hall, leaving my friends deeply absorbed in their—to them—fascinating exploration. I leaned upon a vacant table and listened for a while to their conversation until it finally ceased to claim my attention, so heavily did the unnatural lassitude weigh upon me. I yielded to the temptation offered by the broad table-top, and lounging upon it I was soon off in a sound sleep.

How long I slept I know not, but when I awoke all was silent. At first I thought I was at Hubert's house in my own bed, but an aching in my limbs, and a consciousness that I was lying upon some hard surface, caused me to realize my situation.

The lamp had been extinguished and all was total darkness, save where a weird light struggled in through the windows above from the waning moon. I called loudly for Hubert, but received no answer, save the hollow reverberations of my own voice. I groped my way to the door and found it locked. There was no alternative, I must patiently wait until morning and make the best of my situation.

I could not understand why Hubert had gone and left me there, but I knew it must have been unintentional on his part, and the most I could do was to suspend judgment until I could receive a solution of the enigma from his own lips.

I no longer felt that I was in a mere dissecting-room. The absence of the students, the hush of travel in the street below, the awe-inspiring silence that reigned on every side, and the sadness of the spectral moon, impressed me with the dread feeling that I was alone with the dead! entombed in a vast sepulchre, the sides of which were lined with the cold, ghastly relics of mortality! The silence was painful, and I walked the floor that the sound of my own footsteps might drive off the oppressive trepidation that stole upon me.

(To be concluded.)

THINGS WORTH RECORDING.

BY OBSERVER (MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS).

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

The recent death of Abby Hutchinson Patton, the beloved singer of New England, brings before us some pleasant scenes from the long ago. The Hutchinson family won for themselves a position among reformers that ought to be remembered and cherished. One of them at least was a remarkable sensitive, a medium. He avowed himself a Spiritualist, and enjoyed his faith with the same enthusiasm that characterized them all in the promulgation of their principles. For whether they served their fellowmen as Temperance Reformers, Friends of the Slave, or Patriots, they stood up nobly to the front and avowed in song their convictions. If we are not mistaken they were all avowedly sympathetic with our faith.

We remember well the sunny New England autumn day when we first saw them. Their manners were so simple, their bearing was so unaffected, their greetings were so hearty, that one felt at once that there was with them a power for good. This simplicity became eccentricity at times with some of them, but it seemed like the eccentricity of interior power—an expression of a life hidden within, and greater than all ceremonies.

They sang as birds sing, because the music was in them. Without training, they began to make melody, and so wonderfully did their voices harmonize, the public at once gave them the highest honors. The concert halls were crowded when they were to sing. They espoused the anti-slavery cause, and sang at the meetings that William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips addressed. When the storm of opposition bade fair to result in a mob, a sweet song would calm the assembly, and the brave words could again be uttered.

As early as 1845 they visited Great Britain, and no popular vocalists were ever treated with more kindness. They were entertained by the Howitts, by Dickens and Miss Martineau. They could reckon among their friends John Bright, Douglas Jerrold, Mrs. Norton, and other men and women distinguished in the world of literature and art.

It is not our purpose to review their lives, but to draw attention to the fact that this "Band of Brothers," as they called themselves, with their charming sister, could, by the power of their voices tuned in harmony, and their hearts responding to noble purpose, make an enviable reputation for themselves, and aid the world in many directions in its struggles to subdue evil and conquer ignorance.

They were patriots in the highest sense of the word; they were reformers of the noble type, and gave their testimony as adherents to a liberal philosophy and religion.

What part did these courageous singers bear in the emancipation of the slave, in the temperance reform, in the establishment of sentiments that created love of home, of their native State, and of the grand New England scenery? Who shall tell? Certain it is they did their work nobly, and were a power in the land of their birth; and it is a pleasure to render to them this brief tribute, and enshrine them among those whom our hearts delight to honor.

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

It is estimated that no fewer than seventy million Europeans wear wooden shoes. Bass wood is ordinarily used for the sabots, but willow is the best material. Poplar, beech, and birch are also used.

Careful Preparation

Is essential to purity of foods. It is wisdom and economy to select those that are pure. The Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is prepared with the greatest care, and infants are assured the best. Grocers and Druggists.

FREEDOM'S AHEAD.

"She's coming, she's coming!" said he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!"
Freedom's ahead!

—Robert Buchanan.

Though our eyes may not behold her,
She is coming on her way;
For her cohorts have followed her,
Through the night and through the day.

East and west they flash the warning,
North and south the message flies:
Lo! it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Courage! see the future looming,
With its issues grand and vast;
Let the dead the dead entombing,
Idly wait the vanished past.

Not for us lament or mourning,
Triumph flash of base oppression:
Lo! the sun of healing rises,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Freedom! let our torch but linger
On thy spotless garments' hem;
Let thy pure anointing finger
Blindness, self-imposed, condemn;

Not in vain, the east adorning,
Shall the sun of healing rise;
Lo! it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Yet for us from heaven descending,
Doth the glorious vision gleam—
Pearl and gold and vapour blending—
Shall we hold but a dream?

Lo! the angels have forerunners,
Lo! immortal the forerunners,
And the seer never dies:
Lo! it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Though our eyes may not behold her,
She is coming on her way;
For her cohorts have followed her,
Through the night and through the day.

Lo! it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

—Frances M. Milne, in San Francisco Star.

Banner Correspondence.

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—"W." writes as follows in reference to darkness in high places: "The last hours of the Fifty-second Congress were in part given up to eulogies of statesmen recently dead, and some phrases used in the speech made by the late Senator Gibson in the Record. March 13th, a curious state of 'invincible ignorance' concerning the life beyond."

In the Senate the late Senator Gibson was the subject of these addresses. Mr. Wolcott said, near the close of his speech: "He has traveled the way of all men born of woman, the great souls and the little. 'One event happeneth to them all,' and from none has yet come a voice our ears can hear." Mr. Voorhees said: "We yearn to penetrate the future with the beloved ones who are torn from our clinging arms; we long to lift the veil of mystery which hides them from our embrace; we knock at the tomb, and would wrench its iron bars apart to keep unbroken the fond relations of time and sense. What sad heart has not in some desolate hour cried out:

"Oh! wanderer in unknown lands, what cheer?
How dost thou fare upon thy mysterious way?
What strange light shines upon thy distant day?
Yet leaves me lonely in the darkness here?"

Oh! bide no longer in that far off sphere,
Though all heaven's cohorts should thy footsteps stay;

Break through their splendid, militant array,
And answer to my call, oh! dead and dear!

I shall not fear thee, howe'er thou come;
Thy coldness will not chill, though death is cold;
Thy regiments, set aside all there, or a breath;
Speak the old, well-known language or be dumb;

Only come back! Be near me as of old,
So thou and I shall triumph over Death."

All is vain. Hollow echoes, like dismal, unmeaning sounds from dark, untenanted caves of earth, respond to our intense and constant calls so long as we are guided by no other inspiration than our own.

Mr. Mills reminded us of Gabriel's trumpet in this way: "He died with the ashes of his fathers in the beautiful green at Lexington. There his country and his kindred consent for him to rest until the Author of his being shall awake him from his tomb, and bid him rise at the dawn of a new day and put on immortality and eternal life."

In the House the late Senator Kenna was eulogized. Mr. Alderson dragged in the old allusion to "that bourne from which no traveler returns," and Mr. Wilson, speaking in the same vein, complacently, aside all the claims of Modern Spiritualism by saying: "We tremble as we contemplate our inevitable departure to that undiscovered country from which not one single, solitary explorer has ever returned to tell to the living the tale of his travels."

A Washington editor used to call the Senate "The Fog Bank" and the House "The Cave of the Wonders." It would seem from this showing that the Senate is the fog bank, where the light of newly-revealed truth cannot penetrate, and that the House, in truth, a windy cave, where eyeless fish wander around in the darkness and insist that the sun is not shining outside."

Ohio.

CINCINNATI.—John Mullen writes: "The cause of SPIRITUALISM here is on the upward course, making itself felt in almost every household, reaching into the darkest recesses of ignorance and superstition, adding its light, so that its rays are bringing sunshine to many who are bewailing the seeming loss of their loved ones before. What a truth and a blessing to mankind Spiritualism has been and is. Never before in the history of Christianity has there been such a desire on the part of man to personally know the truth rather than accept the hearsay of others. The present is an enlightened age, one of reason, of free education and free thought. Old Theology has lost its sway because its priests have failed to adapt the teachings of Christ. When Christ was upon earth he gave freedom to all; he did not say to one, because you are ignorant you are not to teach and preach the gospel. On the contrary, it was such he chose, knowing they had hearts burning to do good; that with them the spirit of love reigned supreme. Those of us who have read the bible know how much good those poor preachers did not by learning, but by a desire of being and doing good. There was no money consideration with them in those days; it was the true spirit, which Spiritualism has come to revive."

Christ also gave freedom to women; to a woman he first appeared when he arose from the dead, and he made that woman the first preacher of the resurrection; and it did not take long for her to go to work; for she started right off, telling the good news to every one she met, proclaiming the truth of immortality; yet not long ago these ministers of the gospel, who claim to be followers of Christ, would not permit women to have a hearing, assuming they were not competent, and that it was not becoming for a woman to stand before a multitude to preach the glad tidings of great joy. Perhaps they were a little afraid they would lose their positions; together with their princely salaries, if the women were permitted to preach. But preachers of this kind are few and far between. Behold those whom you mourned as dead, listen to their voices singing the familiar songs in your ears they sang when in mortal forms. Spiritualism knows no creeds, observes no ceremonies, but hails with delight all those whom the spirit-world have chosen. The only essentials necessary are love of humanity and a desire to do good. It matters not whether you be man or woman; in

the ranks of Spiritualism are to be found women as earnest in the Cause as any man can be, doing their work fearlessly and with love for humanity. As Love is our motto, let us with love teach this glorious gospel of salvation to the world, not forgetting that our friends are constantly near us, impressing us with their presence, and, as the artist puts his brush down and admires his work, so shall it be with us when we have finished our work; we shall look back with pleasure on any good we have left behind."

Maryland.

BALTIMORE.—Ann Mathews writes: "In gratitude for the light and comfort afforded by the blessed truths of Spiritualism, I desire all the world to know that I love its teachings, and I believe all who have been similarly blessed should make known the happiness it gives them. Over six years I have read the BANNER OF LIGHT and attended séances and lectures. From all these sources I have received overwhelming evidence of the nearness of my dear departed ones. In fact I have seen of my dear departed ones, and heard so much of this beautiful truth that no power can shake my confidence in spirit return and in spirit communication. My whole being has been made to leap for joy too often by kind words from loved ones passed over, to doubt; they tell me of their constant care, so that the burdens of life grow light, and old age is replaced by youth. Grant, ye blessed ones, that this glorious truth may spread like fire in dry stubble, and the BANNER OF LIGHT, irradiating truth, wave over earth's remote places until the yoke of Creed is broken and all mankind shall be free."

The Theosophist for February contains the eleventh chapter of Mr. H. S. Olcott's "Old Diary Leaves." It gives full particulars of the cremation of the remains of Baron de Palm, Dec. 6th, 1876, at which time there were no facilities for its accomplishment in this country or in England, and no precedents to follow, unless the Eastern method of open-air burning was adopted. An instance of the adoption of this occurred in 1816, when Mr. Henry Laurens, a wealthy gentleman of South Carolina, ordered the executors of his will to burn his corpse, disinheriting his family of his estate should his request fail to be complied with. The body was accordingly burned on a funeral pyre in the open air on his own plantation. In the presence of his family and near relations. In 1876 it was announced in the public prints that Dr. LeMoine, an eccentric but philanthropic physician of Washington, Penn., was constructing a crematorium for the incineration of his own body. Mr. Olcott immediately wrote to him, requesting the use of it when completed for the purpose he had in view. The result was that the body of Baron de Palm was cremated thereon on the 6th of December of that year, in the presence of members of the Board of Health and men of science, a very complete account of which, in all its details, Mr. Olcott gives in this issue of The Theosophist. So general were remarks upon the event made by the press, that Mr. Bromley, in a New York Tribune editorial, said: "Baron de Palm has been principally famous as a corpse." Of other subjects treated upon in this number are "Od and Electricity," a review by a Sinhalese Buddhist of a book on Buddhism, "Psychometry," "Balzac on Music," and a continuation of "True Welsh Ghost Stories," Madras, India. For sale by Colby & Rich, Boston.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from White-Smith Music Pub. Co., 62 and 64 Stanhope street, Boston, the following: Vocal: "Oh, that I could be loved," waltz-song, words, Clifton Ware, music, D. L. White; "Only the Stars Could Tell," for soprano, also contralto, and in duet, Geo. Cooper, James Fairchild, "Swing Me High," waltz-song, Chas. C. DuChemin; "My Love," soprano, also contralto, V. G. C. Keyes, Campbell Tipton; "The Andalusian Maiden," Mrs. Mayhew, W. Hutchinson; "Take It On, Boys," (comic) Auckland Brunetti; Instrumental: Camille Dauterive's "New American Barri Dance" (four hands); "Dance of the Andalusians," "Polka Dance," Theo. Bonheur; "The Golden Rod" (guitar, also polka) F. E. White; "El Penseroso" (violin, mandolin and guitar), by C. Blanco, arranged by A. H. Plate; "Boat Song," Chopin, opera, by M. Moszkowski, arranged by B. D. White; "Promenade for orchestra from '1492,'" by Carl Pfeiffer; "Promoter's Pocket Instruction Book," by Prof. L. H. Elmwell, Boston's popular promotor.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is just what you want for a spring medicine—superior to all.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

LYNN, Mass.—Spiritualist Fraternity holds meetings at Lynn, Mass., 54 Munroe street, Sundays at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 p. m. Mrs. E. I. Webster, President; Mrs. M. J. L. Longue, Secretary. Children's Lyceum meets Sundays, 12 m., at Exchange Hall, 18 Market street. T. J. Troye, Conductor; Miss S. S. Collier, (18 Smith street) Secy.

WORCESTER, Mass.—Association of Spiritualists, A. C. L. Hall, 566 Main street. Lectures at 2 and 7 p. m. Children's Progressive Lyceum, at 12, Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., President; Woodbury C. Smith, Secy. Meetings at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 p. m. The Andalusian Maiden, Mrs. Mayhew, W. Hutchinson; "Take It On, Boys," (comic) Auckland Brunetti; Instrumental: Camille Dauterive's "New American Barri Dance" (four hands); "Dance of the Andalusians," "Polka Dance," Theo. Bonheur; "The Golden Rod" (guitar, also polka) F. E. White; "El Penseroso" (violin, mandolin and guitar), by C. Blanco, arranged by A. H. Plate; "Boat Song," Chopin, opera, by M. Moszkowski, arranged by B. D. White; "Promenade for orchestra from '1492,'" by Carl Pfeiffer; "Promoter's Pocket Instruction Book," by Prof. L. H. Elmwell, Boston's popular promotor.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—First Spiritualist Society, C. L. Leonard, President, Worthington street. Spiritualist Ladies Aid Society, Mrs. T. M. Holcomb, President, Mrs. J. B. Wood, Secretary, Florida street. Meetings at the hall in Foot's Block, corner Main and State streets, every Sunday at 2 and 7 p. m. Sociables Thursdays, afternoon and evening.

CHICAGO, Ill.—The First Society of Spiritualists meets at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard, corner Ogden Avenue, every Sunday at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. Speaker, Mrs. Cora L. Richmond.

CLEVELAND, O.—The children's Progressive Lyceum meets regularly every Sunday, 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. at Washington Hall. Everybody welcome. Charles Collier, Conductor; Edward Mapes, Secretary, 129 Dear street.

MAINE, N. Y.—First Spiritualist Society meets Sundays at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 p. m. Henry Van Buren, President; L. C. Deostel, Secretary, 846 Prospect Avenue.

MAINE, N. Y.—First Spiritualist Society meets every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. at the Spiritualist Hall, 101 E. 11th street. Chas. A. Zipp, Secretary, 1405 East Madison street.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—First Church of Spiritualists, 6 Sixth street. Meetings Sunday, at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. President, N. C. Schenckel, Secretary, J. H. Lohmeyer, Secretary.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Progressive Spiritualists' Society, 1111 1/2 Main street. Meetings, Sundays, 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m.; Thursdays, 7 p. m. and 8 p. m. Mrs. Edie F. Josselyn, President.

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cialty of French café porcelain.

Message Department.

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

Of each week Spiritual Meetings are held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment, from 8 o'clock P. M. to 10 o'clock P. M. J. A. Shelhamer, Chairman.

At these Spiritual Meetings of Mrs. M. T. Longley will occupy the platform for the purpose of answering questions propounded by inquirers, having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor. Questions forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, will be presented to the presiding spirit for consideration. Besides, excommunicated individuals anxious to send messages to their relatives and friends in the earth-life will have an opportunity to do so.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them the life of the body in which they lived, and that they live—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence, and that it is the duty of the living to strive to reach that state by the aid of the spirits who have passed on. It is the duty of the living to strive to reach that state by the aid of the spirits who have passed on. It is the duty of the living to strive to reach that state by the aid of the spirits who have passed on.

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

Natural flowers are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitors, and we feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spiritually their floral offerings.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to COLONY & RICH.

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Seance held Jan. 3d, 1893.

(Continued from last week.)

N. T. Adams.

[To the Chairman:] Are you acquainted in Jewett City, Conn., sir? [No.] Well, that is the locality that I feel home in turning my thought to the mortal life.

Although time is passing, I do not feel, as yet, altogether familiar with the spirit-world and its surroundings, but I am very well satisfied with what it has given me.

I was a man of business energy. I was connected with the cotton industry; was familiar with the workings of mills and manufactories, and I think I can say that I employed my energies to the full during my career on earth. But time brings changes to man as well as to communities, and the time came for me to pass out of the physical condition into the spiritual life. I felt that I was more familiar with things upon this physical side than I was with spiritual affairs, and so at first I did not feel quite at ease. Seeing myself still a man of energy, I wondered what I should find to employ my powers, and how I could adjust myself to the new life.

I came back occasionally into contact with friends and old acquaintances on this side, to see if I could not take hold of old lines of thought and activity; but while I could do this in a spiritual sense, I could not at all in an external way; and so I began to learn my first lesson, which was that I was done in a large measure with the things of earth, and ready to take up the concerns of the spirit-life and see what I could make of them. I have been quite busy since then getting into line, and I am ready now to express my satisfaction with the conditions of the spirit-world. I have a desire to come back here and offer the old life. I am very well pleased to allow others with new energy and fresh blood to go on with the business enterprises of this world, and for myself to take up those which belong to the other life.

Well, sir, the thought has come to me occasionally of late that it would be pleasant for me to return in some such way as this and send out a word of greeting and regard to old friends. They are all doing well, and I am sure that some of them will soon pass over the same road that I have trod. I shall meet them when they come to our side, and I anticipate with pleasure our reunion there; but I would like them to know something of the journey they are to take before they enter upon it. So I tell them that this spirit-world gives to a man opportunities and power for the outworking of his best energies and abilities, and when one finds himself embowered by this great spirit life, he is still a person of intelligence, thought and mental activity, and he has left nothing with the clay except that which is of matter and which belongs to the physical line entirely.

I am, sir, N. T. Adams.

Annabel Howard.

I came here to your last meeting, and really thought I would be able to speak, but the service closed before I could get close to the medium. So I came again to-day, and had the good fortune to come so very near that the spirit in charge was a helping hand. I am very grateful for this.

I have tried for a long time to come here and say a few words, that my friends in Providence, R. I., might know I had come back. They are not all believers in Spiritualism. One or two of them sometimes go to the meetings of Spiritualists, and they are very much interested whenever a medium is on the platform that can tell of the spirits who come from the other life; so I have noticed that these friends of mine are growing in knowledge of this thing. They do not understand it as well as I wish they did, but still they are getting light upon this subject, and it makes me very happy to think that any of my friends can really have an idea of what life is after death.

I have been away a long time, and have become quite weaned from the affairs of earth. I did not at first feel reconciled to going from the body. I had here a great many associations that held me for a little while, but have long since laid them aside—not the ties binding me to my friends in affection, but those of personal matters that belong to the material life; and I am now reconciled, yes, and happy in all that comes to me from the spirit-life.

Tell my friends that I think of them with love. I am anxious to have them seek to understand the other life, and if I can do anything for them in their search for knowledge of a spiritual nature, I shall be glad to do it. When they think of us who are in that other world, it helps me to come to them, and I believe that some of them can become developed as mediums so that we can reach them closely and give them tokens of our presence and our love.

My name is Annabel Howard.

Jeremiah Cahill.

[To the Chairman:] Time passes, and I have to pause to reckon up the months and years to realize how many have gone by since I went away. I think, my good sir, it is high about three years since I was called home to the great country beyond.

I had a long life in the body. I saw the years come and go away up into the nineties, and I had many experiences, some of shadow and some of sunshine. My business energies and faculties were called into active expression through many years of effort, and I think, sir, I made my place among my fellows.

I have an attraction here at the North through family ties and affections, and it pleases me to come here to your public meeting and send a warm wave of love and sympathy to those who are near to me. I would like them to feel that though time here impairs the expression of mental powers, and also lays its hand upon the physical faculties, in the spiritual world time brings no decay. Why, I feel as strong and full of activity and cheer as a young man can who feels the best blood of his being coursing through his veins. I am happy to report that I am in the prosperity of my old age as I was in my best days. Tell them that I am right smart, and I am busy trying to get some light into the darkened places around them.

for there is a spiritual darkness that needs to be driven out by the rays of truth coming from the immortal world. I am anxious and ready to bring some truth from that world to brighten up the minds of those who are ignorant concerning the great existence beyond.

I come with a friendly heart and kindly greeting, and I reckon that my name will be remembered even if it may not be believed that the old man has come from beyond the tomb. I want, sir, to give my love and greeting not only to the friends in Kentucky, but to dear ones of my family in these parts. Jeremiah Cahill.

Laura Rathbun.

When I told my friends—my spirit-friends, I mean—that I was coming here, some of them smiled, shook their heads and said, "You will never get in there, for we have known of persons who have tried for years and have not succeeded in making themselves understood." But I said, "I am going, and I know I shall sometime accomplish what I wish if I have to try a good many times before I succeed." Then they said to me, "Be sure you do not forget your name, because a good many who go there find they cannot communicate their names, and so have to stay outside." Therefore I will give my name now. It is Laura Rathbun, and I do not intend to forget it. My mother used to say that I was self-willed, and that is what I suppose my spirit-friends mean when they say that I am positive. I think it is a part of my nature, and that it has helped me to come, because I was determined that I would succeed sometime.

I send my love to my mother and friends who live in Boston. I used to live at the South End, but my people have met with changes, and have moved several times since I went away; yet those that I hope to get nearest to live in this city, and I think they will hear that I have come back. I shall work just as hard to make them know it as I did to get here, and I think I shall succeed.

I went away when young. I had many pleasant things here. I had more beautiful things in my life than my friends have had since I went away, because they have met with reverses in their material affairs, and do not have as many of the comforts of life as we used to have. I want them to know how I have sympathized with them and been sorry for their misfortunes, and how I have wished I could pay back in kind some of the many lovely things that I have had from them. I could not, because I had no material possessions to give, but I have brought in some of the things that I think I have been understood. I was going to say, but not exactly that, because they did not know that I could come in this way. My influence has, however, been received, and it has done its work in giving a quieting, helpful condition. That has pleased and encouraged me. I have also brought spirit flowers many times, hoping their fragrance and sweetness would bless the lives of friends who are here, and I am sure that such efforts of a spirit are not all wasted, but that some of them must have effect in the outward as well as in the interior life of the friends on earth.

I cannot tell how many years have passed since I went away, but I know a good many have gone. Life has been sweet to me there. I went to school many years, and when I felt that I need not go any longer in the way of getting the education that young spirits must receive, I found there were larger schools to attend, for there is always something new to learn something to try to grasp and understand, and greater fields of knowledge opening before us all the time. Why? everybody goes to school in the spirit-world, not perhaps with in four walls to be talked to by teachers set up for the special purpose, but they all go to school just the same to learn of the higher truths which those in advance of them possess and are ready to impart to willing students.

I bring my love to my friends, and I shall try again to communicate through a medium, and I shall not here, but I shall keep working till I get what I have to give from the spirit-world through such avenues as will make it understood by my friends on earth.

Report of Public Seance held Jan. 6th, 1893.

Spirit Invocation.

We return thanks today, O Spirit of Love and Life, for all the blessings of this day and hour. We praise thee that we, as conscious, intelligent beings, have the opportunity given us to associate with our kind, thus enlarging our minds and growing in our conception of existence and its purposes. We praise thee that in this present generation, while the closing years of the nineteenth century being closed by humanity, we are enabled by the aid of the past, take into our minds an understanding of the world's history, and, becoming encouraged by that which has been, press onward toward other heights of achievement and unfoldment from year to year.

We are thankful that the gates of immortal life are open, and that those who have passed beyond the shadow and valley of death, having gone through the conditions of physical suffering and trial on earth, can return from the higher life and come into communication with friends of earth. We are thankful that the means are multiplying on every hand for the dissemination of great truths. We are thankful that human kind is being lifted up by the thought and the desire to assist humanity by throwing out the chains which have bound it, the chains of slavery and persecution, of injustice and wrong, and are reaching out to higher planes of thought, effort and achievement.

But we would know more of these things, we would learn more of the possibilities of the spirit, that we may put forth greater efforts for growth, progress and unfoldment; and to this end we would come under the ministrations of wise souls from the world beyond, those who have known sorrow, who have conquered the conditions of time and space, and have reached the heights of victory and peace in another life. From them we receive inspirations that shall quicken our minds to new understanding; from them we receive ministrations that shall bring peace and harmony to our souls and help us to generate that beautiful atmosphere which will be felt by our associates, and which will not only bless our own lives, but benefit those with whom we may come in contact.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now attend to your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—[From one in the audience.] Where do our souls come from? Where do the souls of animals go when they die? Is reincarnation a necessity or a choice?

Ans.—Let us first define our interpretation of the word "soul." To our mind, as we understand the term, the soul is that vital principle or flame of being which is of itself from the Infinite Life.

We are told by all religious teachers, of whatever denomination of theological thought they may be, that all human beings possess a spark of the divine within themselves because all human beings are created by God. We recognize in that statement a great truth, and to our understanding that spark of divinity which theologians mention is the vital principle called the soul, that which animates the being of man and gives him power of expression and of thought itself. Whence, then, does this vital spark spring? From the great source of all life and power. It is an offshoot of or flame from the great living light of Deity itself, and it is this flame which kindles into active thought and consciousness the life of humanity.

We are not so egotistical in our conclusions as to assert that only humanity is vitalized and endowed with this vital flame of Deity; for we believe that every form and manifestation of existence is also endowed with that same living principle drawn from the parent fount of all being. Therefore we naturally pass from a consideration of the soul-life of humanity to that of the animal kingdom, and we recognize the fact that there is a soul-principle animating the form of animal activity, and that this vital flame of being is also drawn from the great source of all life and power. We believe, therefore, that the animals which we believe must have been created through the operation of law by the Divine Mind, else that mind could not be omnipotent.

Spiritualism teaches that the vital flame or principle of life animating the animal form, after it has become vitalized by certain properties which we may call spiritual and intelligent, passes, at the death of the body, into the great life of the spiritual world, and many retaining efforts have been made to show that with them in the spirit-life the favorite animals which they loved on earth. It may have been a horse or a canine friend; it may perhaps have been of the feathered tribe, a little sing-

ing bird, and the intelligence returning from the other life with evidence of personal identity declares that he or she has that favorite which he or she loved on earth.

We are not to suppose that these spirits who were honest here have degenerated in the spirit-life, or that they are remaining in their statements. It is true that there are forms of animal life in the other world, and the vital spark of active being, and we may also say, intelligence which animates those forms there, have passed into them from the animal kingdom here. It is merely the outworking of the law of progress in the animal creation just as it is in the life of humanity.

Let us say in passing, Mr. Chairman, that while we interpret the word "soul" as meaning the vital flame or principle of life which is drawn directly from the central source of all power and life, we make a distinction between that word and that of "spirit." Spirit, to our understanding, is that ethereal formation of elements and principles in life which is animated by the flame or soul, and which gives to the soul the power of making itself intelligently understood. Without spirit, soul might remain only as a vital flame, a ray of light, generating or expressing no intelligence or any line of active consciousness and thought; but with spirit for its vehicle of expression, the soul is enabled to permeate every part and point of that spirit, and of manifesting its intelligence and conscious animation. The mortal body is to the spirit what the spirit is to the soul, merely a vehicle of manifestation through which the spirit mentality, made up in all its parts as a conscious entity vitalized by the soul-principle, demonstrates its power in external ways upon the planet earth; and when the corporeal frame is dissolved into its original elements, the spirit remains as a conscious entity, still vitalized by the soul-principle, and is able to accomplish its work with even greater power than it was when under the limitations of physical conditions.

Your questioner desires to know if the law of reincarnation operates as a necessity or as a choice.

There are advanced intelligences in the higher life who have made this law of reincarnation a life-study, we might say, and from some of these minds we have gathered much information concerning its operations. We become convinced that this law of reincarnation is to be a knowledge that the law of reincarnation is a necessity for some spirits; that there have been thousands on the earth who were not in any sense quickened in an understanding of life sufficiently to take hold of the occupations and associations of the spirit-life, and therefore they needed the experience and discipline of earthly conditions to vitalize their ideas and intellect, and bring them into a state of activity. These students become convinced that, for instance, that certain tribes of remote times are to be found in the spirit-world, either in the condition in which they existed on earth or in a more advanced state; that, like the Bushmen of Africa, there are no spirits to be found in the spirit-world who correspond with them; and these students declare that such have been reincarnated upon some portion of the earth to undergo an experience in contact with matter, and to come into a condition in which they may more readily grasp the spirit of the spiritual world. We are also told that those who have passed out of the body in a state of idiocy, even among our more advanced people, have the power of coming under the operation of this law of which we speak, and receiving a new birth and experience upon the earth which will enable them to develop qualities and characteristics which will be helpful to them.

Some spirits claim that this is an arbitrary law—at least they think so—and that the spirit must be brought under its operation whether it desires to or not; but others claim that this is not so; that no intelligent spirit need ever be reincarnated unless he has some mission to outwork, or a great desire to be thus reincarnated. We are also informed that whenever it is necessary for one to pass through this discipline, the desire is born within him to reach the earth and learn the lessons of this life, and he craves the experience of returning and passing through such an experience; and, therefore, the necessity creating the demand, the demand creates the desire, and the law thus works in perfect harmony for all concerned.

Q.—[By H. F. Sturdevant, Steamboat Springs, Col.] Will the Controlling Intelligence delineate the conditions, occupations and loves of children in spirit-life?

A.—It would, Mr. Chairman, take a volume of words to fully delineate the life, occupations and loves of the various sections of the little children who pass into the spirit from this earth. Their states and conditions may vary according to the necessities of their beings, just as much as conditions among mortals vary according to circumstances; but all children who pass out of this life into the other world are taken in charge by some wise and tender spirit who cares for them and gives them such training as they need for the unfoldment of their best powers.

We have schools and training sanitariums in the spirit-life—sanitariums for those who are weak or who have been neglected, and whose nerve forces are very feeble in quality, and schools for those who need such training as will develop the best and strongest powers of the mind. There are also nurseries for the infants who pass out of the mother-arms of material life into the great beyond.

These schools are under the direction of not only wise spirits, but those who are qualified to enter into sympathy with the growing mind of the child, to understand its wants and its questioning, and to give not only such advice and instruction as may be continually called for, but also such magnetic force as will serve as a source of strength to the outreaching mental faculties, and give them proper guidance and sustenance.

There are in attendance at the nurseries tender and loving souls who are full of the spirit of motherhood, and who are gentle and loving and are bestowed upon the little ones taken in charge, so that there shall be no violent clinging to external conditions, no sudden rupture of ties that would rend the little sensitive life. The conditions surrounding the children are such as beauty alone can make. Flowers, and singing-birds, and music, and all beautiful sights and sounds are provided as an environment for the little ones who pass into the spirit-life, and the love of spirit may be unfolded and all tendencies that are of a carnal nature may be repressed and at last made to die out entirely.

The sanitariums of the spirit-world are not filled with objects that would annoy or increase any disorder or disturbance. There are no signs of sickness or of doctors' hospitals there. There are only flowers, and music, and sunshine, and beautiful things to attract the attention, and those who attend the little ones do not come with potion and drug and with surgical instruments, but with magnetic relays of forces that are imparted from their own cheerful, healthy beings to those who are in need of such ministrations. So the friends of earth-life may believe that the little ones are well guarded and cared for.

What are their occupations? Why, these are varied. All children must attend school, and become trained in the law of discipline and of information that will bring out of us we have said, the best qualities of heart and mind; and children who have passed away knowing nothing of the intellectual training of earth may return to you long afterward, expressing in speech and manner the highest form of cultivation of mind and of heart, because they have received instruction in the schools of the higher life. Some little ones serve as messengers from the spirit world to the living, and are made of mercy and love into those who are needy and afflicted, messengers of peace and good-will, of sunshine and cheer to spirits who are bowed down by a weight of woe and suffering brought on by their own adverse conditions and desires, or messengers to earth, bringing comfort and consolation to bereaved hearts, shedding silent influences upon mourning souls, and making the whole atmosphere of bereavement a place of peace.

Parents on earth who mourn may be comforted by the thought that their children are not torn from their arms completely. They have only been transplanted as blossoms of

beauty to the lovely garden of immortal life, where the sweetest graces of the spirit may be unfolded and grown; and these little ones are permitted to return to the mother-love and the father-heart, bringing their silent but sweet and potent influences of heavenly purity and gladness to brighten and cheer the lives of those on earth. Through their errands they are growing in the tender affection of earthly parents, and are more and more attached to them, growing partly in the machine of the spirit-world and partly in the parental and material life on earth; and so when death shall come to the parents here, they will find their children, and rejoice in the beauty and glory of the heavenly life.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Stanley Holt.

[To the Chairman:] I don't feel good, an' that nice man that was just speakin' to you said I was one of the children an' I might come in. I feel good in the Summer-Land, an' I have flowers there all the time like these, some bigger ones an' some littler ones, too. [Indicating the flowers on the table.] I've sometimes brought back flowers from the Summer-Land to make the people here feel good an' rested; but now when I come I feel kinder choked and hard to breathe as I did before I was away when I'm in the Summer-Land, an' we call it, because it's so warm an' bright an' flowery, I don't feel it hard to breathe or swallow, an' I can talk an' am all right. Don't you think that's good? [Yes.]

I'm a little boy, I am. I was five years old when I went away. I'm over seven now, an' I'm going to school just as the man said the children do, an' I think I've been learning a lot of things. I would just like to say to the people here that I try to be a good boy, an' I get along real nice. Every day I learn something about the great, big world—I mean this world—an' the great, big world where I live, too. They say there are ever so many great big worlds full of people, an' sometimes when I get to be a man, older than any man that lived here, perhaps I can go an' see some of those worlds. I hope I can, 'cause it's so nice to go around an' learn everything that's going on, is it?

You want to know where I lived? [Yes.] Why I lived in Medford, Mass. You know such a place? [Yes; it's not far off.] I feel awful sore in my throat. Do you think I'm going to be sick again? [It will all pass away in a few moments.] They said it would, too.

I lived in Medford, Mass. My papa's name is Frank.

[To the Chairman:] What are you writing for? [I am taking down the names you give, for your friends can read them.] Oh, yes? Then you say I lived in Medford, Mass. I saw some pretty flowers from the spirit-world where the children live, an' where it's summer all the time—not awful hot, but nice an' warm an' shiny? I'm glad to come back, an' I'm glad to live there, an' I think some everybody will be all together, an' we'll be just as jolly as we can be. Do you want to know my name? [Yes.] It's Stanley Holt.

Something big come in my throat. I couldn't say a word, an' I couldn't swallow, it felt so bad, but I can now.

I didn't want my mamma to cry, but she did. I want her to feel real good, the same as I felt good when I got away from the bad feeling.

Daniel Newhall.

[To the Chairman:] You have just been listening, my good friend, to a little one of the present generation, and now I step in as one who belonged to past generations, who gained experiences in this mortal life, taking part in its concerns and leaving an impress in certain lines upon the place where I lived, and who then passed on for others to follow in my footsteps. Many of the house of Newhall have lived and passed on since I was born, but I think it is well for one of the old school ones in a while to come back in this way to let you people know that the line is open not only for those of the present day, but also for any who choose to come who have taken part in the affairs of mortal life and understand its experiences.

I lived many years ago in the city of Lynn, right here in Massachusetts, and I still feel interested in the old place; but changes have come since I went away. The old homestead remained a long time in the hands of the family, I understand, but the time came when it also had to pass through changes and go its own way as all things must do in the material life.

Well, sir, I have given welcome to a good many of our people since I went on. I had many things to learn. I did not know about your Spiritualism, and what it would do for humanity, but I went right to work to learn about it. I have been learning something of its workings, and I feel that I am a good many years, so I do not feel just like an old fogey if I did go out so long ago.

I thought I would just stop around here, see what was going on, and speak a good word for the Newhalls that have passed on to the spirit-life. I want to tell those who are here that they have no idea of the great family that is over yonder, each one busy with his own concerns and working out his own life-interests, and that the house of Newhall is all moving in harmony according to their light. I do not mean that all who have gone on in the years past are in one place, or all together. No; they are scattered, all doing their own work and getting their own experiences; but they are all alive and well, and that is a good deal to say.

I know there have been many changes in methods of thought and work during the years past, and that not only the city of Lynn but Boston itself has changed in the last few years, reached out and spread in various directions; taken up new lines of business enterprise, and come under the operation of new inventions and discoveries, so that you people move on faster now than we ever did. It is a very good thing, and I am not sorry for it. I feel that it is all right to pass along, getting all the information you can, and profiting by the discoveries of science and by art, so as to make the best of what is within your grasp.

I might as well say in passing that I was conducted to this place by Isaac Newhall. He has found a good thing along this line, and I thought I, also, would like to get a peep into the mortal life. I like it much indeed.

You can just say that I am old Daniel Newhall, and people will wonder what in the world has brought him back.

John McLeod.

Not long since I was conversing with some friends on our side of life, and we concluded to make up a party and come to your Circle Room, with the hope that one of our number, at least, might find an opportunity of communicating through your medium. It falls to my lot to-day to be that one, and I am very happy, because I have endeavored to manifest on your platform before, but could not succeed in making myself known.

I wish to say to the good friends in Providence, R. I., and in other places, whom I have known and cared for, that I bring them affectionate greeting from my spirit-home. It is all that I hoped it would be. Its conditions are very much what I had reason to think they would be. I am not at the highest point of observation and development by any means, but I am thankful to say that I am striding along over the road of progress, and at every turn I find some new prospect and some good fulfillment to encourage me to make further advancement.

I have with me here to-day Albert Messenger—the old gentleman—William Foster, and others who desire me to be greeting to friends, and to let them know of their continued watchfulness and care from the spirit-side.

Just now, as I speak, another spirit from the city of Providence (if I can make such a statement) wishes me to give his greeting to his friends, and to say that Henry Parker has not lost any of his old time energy. He thinks if he has the opportunity of presenting himself through mediumistic agency, he can reveal something that peculiar method of his in business lines which he displayed on earth. He is very much interested in studying the law of spirit-control, and hopes sometime to manifest himself to friends who do not believe

in Spiritualism, and have but little hope of a future life.

Mr. Chairman, it does me much good to be here. It does me good to go among the old friends in the meetings, and feel the warm wave of magnetism going out from them when they talk over affairs concerning the spirit-world and the friends gone on. It makes me feel very near to them, and I hardly recognize a dividing-line between us. We of the spirit-life are very anxious to know how they are, we have every sympathy and friendliness of feeling for them, though we have passed from the mortal flesh. John McLeod.

Nettie Savage.

My name is Nettie Savage, and I used to live in Boston with mamma, Ella and Will. I want them all to know that I have come around this way, and perhaps they'll find out all about it. I don't know whether they can tell about spirits coming back or not, but I guess perhaps they do know something about it.

I came here three different times before this a good while ago, but I saw such a crowd of people I got afraid and went away. To-day an old lady in the spirit-world, that my mamma used to know, named Jenkins, said that was coming here to hear what the good spirits had to say. I told her I wanted to come, too, and she said I might. I didn't think I could come in and talk, 'cause you have so many men and women to come and take up the time, but I heard somebody say that little girl could come along. I'm ever so glad to come; and I thank you, too.

Please say, will you, that I got real nice and strong when I got out of the shell? I heard somebody say, my mamma or some one, when they looked at that part of my that was all white. "Well, she was a mere shell, wasn't she?" I wasn't the shell, but I left the shell off, and I myself wasn't that way at all. I wasn't cold and still. They put the shiny things on the shell's neck, and I saw 'em do it. I want 'em to know I did, and I was glad it wasn't me, 'cause they were going to put that away in a box, and I didn't want to be put in a box.

I went—I don't know how far it was, but I went somewhere with a beautiful lad, who said she was "auntie," but I never saw her on the earth. She must have gone to the spirit-world long before I was born. She had lilacs all around her head, and that was her name, too. She took me to the spirit-world just like that the little boy was telling of, where there were flowers and singing-birds, and I had no thought of the old body that was so weak.

I was sick a good while before I went away. They said I pined away. I didn't eat anything, and didn't hardly breathe; but I stayed until I couldn't stay any longer, and then I went to the spirit-world. I haven't had such a bad time there. I've had just a real nice, good time, and that's why I wanted to come and tell about it. I do see some spirits that don't have a good time, and I don't believe they come back and tell of it, 'cause they're ashamed to. I'd be ashamed to come back if I wasn't having a nice time and tell of it. I think they'll be all right some time if they try long enough and hard enough to climb up where it's bright.

I want to say that old Grandma Jenkins sends her love. She hasn't had the chance to come, and I don't know she ever will. She's alive and well, and just as good as she ever was, and everybody that knew her thought she was a good old saint, for I heard 'em say so.

Mrs. Lizzie Knox.

It seems beautiful to me to be allowed to say a few words to my dear friends.

How strange it seemed to me to find myself alive in the spirit-world, with the same thoughts, and myself almost the same woman that I was here, and yet changed because I had passed through a great change. I could hardly realize it for some time, but it was all true, and beautiful, and I feel that I have lived this life which cannot be taken away from me.

Many times have I tried to impress the dear ones of our home-life with a knowledge of my presence, and to have them feel that I could not be far away while they were here on earth, but that I must come to try to help them, to bring them happiness and comfort and peace from the spirit-world where I find so much peace. It is rest there, but not rest in doing nothing. All are busy, but do not find a disturbing state with the earth. There are so calm and quiet in their work that the very atmosphere brings a soothing influence, and I felt so strong when I came into it, as if I truly had—as I did—a new life and new power.

My object in coming is to send my love to dear ones here, and try to have them feel that there is nothing to dread in the thought of death. When it comes it does not approach one as an enemy, but I think it comes as a friend, because all that I gave to me was a new life and new associations that have proved sweet. Therefore I am sure no one need fear it.

There are many on the earth that I would like to meet and talk with, some very near to me in my own family and others with whom I have had pleasant associations. Perhaps sometime I shall be able to meet and talk with them. I hope so, because I feel that I can tell them something of the spirit-world, and perhaps I can gain from them some knowledge of this world and its affairs since I passed away.

I lived in Malden, on Pleasant street. I was Lizzie Barrett, but when I passed away I was Mrs. Lizzie Knox. My husband was Albert.

William Jacobs.

I will not take up much of your time, but I really cannot afford to let this opportunity pass by, because I have watched for it for years, and this is the first moment I have seen the way open for me to come and say a word.

My friends will not be looking for me, I dare say. They have no idea, probably, that it is possible for spirits to come back from beyond the grave and speak an intelligent word that can be

