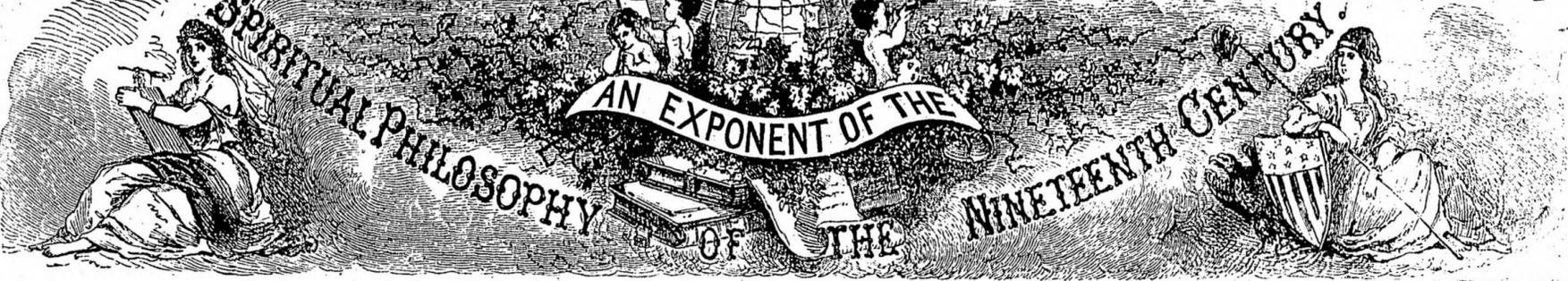


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### A RELATION OF THE APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL.

[The following interesting account is forwarded us by Mrs. Veal, and is, as its quaint style regarding language and typography indicates, an excerpt from a very old work. In these days of spirit materialization it is well to cast a retrospective glance upon the experiences of our ancestors in a kindred (though utterly misunderstood) direction.—Eds. B. & L.]

This Thing is so rare in all its Circumstances, and on so good Authority, that my Reading and Conversation have not given me any Thing like it: It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious Enquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her Death: She is my intimate Friend, and I can vouch for her Reputation, for these last fifteen or sixteen Years, on my own Knowledge; and I can confirm the good Character she had from her Youth, to the Time of my Acquaintance; though since this Relation, she is calumniated by some People, that are Friends to the Brother of Mrs. Veal, who appeared; who think the Relation of this Appearance to be a Reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's Reputation, and to laugh the Story out of Countenance. But by the Circumstances thereof, and the cheerful Disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill Usage of a very wicked Husband, there is not yet the least Sign of Dejection in her Face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring Expression; nay, not when actually under her Husband's Barbarity, which I have been Witness to, and several other Persons of undoubted Reputation.

Now you must know, Mrs. Veal was a Maiden Gentlewoman of about Thirty Years of Age, and for some Years last past had been troubled with Fits, which were perceived coming on her, by her going off from her Discourse very abruptly, to some Impertinence: She was maintained by an only Brother, and kept his House in Dover. She was a very pious Woman, and her Brother a very sober Man, to all Appearance; but now he does all he can to null or quash the Story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her Childhood. Mrs. Veal's Circumstances were then mean; her Father did not take Care of his Children as he ought, so that they were exposed to Hardships: And Mrs. Bargrave in those Days had as unkind a Father, tho' she wanted neither for Food nor Clothing, whilst Mrs. Veal wanted for both, inasmuch that she would often say, Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only Friend I have in the World; and no Circumstance in Life shall ever dissolve my Friendship. They would often condole each others adverse Fortunes, and read together DRELCOURT upon Death, and other good Books: And so, like two Christian Friends they comforted each other under their Sorrow.

Some Time after Mr. Veal's Friends got him a Place in the Custom House at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her Intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any such Thing as a Quarrel, but an Indifference came on by Degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two Years and a Half; tho' above a Twelvemonth of the Time, Mrs. Bargrave hath been absent from Dover, and this last Half-Year has been in Canterbury about two Months of the Time, dwelling in an House of her own.

In this House, on the Eighth of September, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Five, she was sitting alone in the Forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate Life, and arguing herself into a due Resignation to Providence, though her Condition seemed hard. And, said she, I have been provided for hitherto, and do not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied, that my Afflictions shall end, when it is best for me: And then took up her Sewing-work, which she had not sooner done, but she hears a Knocking at the Door. She went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old Friend, who was in a Riding-habit: At that Moment of Time the Clock struck Twelve at Noon.

Madam, says Mrs. Bargrave, I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a Stranger; but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her; which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their Lips almost touched; and then Mrs. Veal drew her Hand cross her own Eyes, and said, I am not very well; and so waved it. She told Mrs. Bargrave, she was going a Journey, and had a great Mind to see her first: But, says Mrs. Bargrave, How come you to take a Journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a fond Brother. Oh! says Mrs. Veal, I gave my Brother the Slip, and came away, because I had so great a Desire to see you before I took my Journey. So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another Room within the first; and Mrs. Veal sat her down in an Elbow-Chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting, when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal, My dear Friend, I am come to renew our old Friendship again, and beg your Pardon for my Breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are the best of Women. O, says Mrs. Bargrave, do not mention such a Thing; I have not had an uneasy Thought about it; I can easily forgive it. What did you think of me? said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, I thought you were like the rest of the World, and that Prosperity had made you forget yourself and me. Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly Offices she did her in former Days, and much of the Conversation they had with each other in the Times of their Adversity; what Books they read, and what Comfort, in particular, they received from DRELCOURT's Book of Death, which was the best, she said, on

that Subject; ever written. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, the two Dutch Books which were translated, written upon Death, and several others: But DRELCOURT, she said, had the clearest Notions of Death, and of the future State, of any who had handled that Subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave, Whether she had DRELCOURT? She said Yes. Says Mrs. Veal, Fetch it. And so Mrs. Bargrave goes up Stairs, and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the Eyes of our Faith were as open as the Eyes of our Body, we should see Numbers of Angels about us for our Guard. The Notions we have of Heaven now, are nothing like what it is, as DRELCOURT says: Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular Regard to you, and that your afflictions are Marks of God's Favour; and when they have done the Business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you: And believe me, my dear Friend, believe what I say to you, one Minute of future Happiness will infinitely reward you for all your Sufferings: For, I can never believe (and claps her Hand upon her Knee with great Earnestness, which indeed ran through most of her Discourses) that ever God will suffer you to spend all your Days in this afflicted State: But be assured, that your Afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in short Time. She spoke in that pathetic and heavenly Manner, that Mrs. Bargrave wept several Times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's Aseetic, at the End of which he gives an Account of the Lives of the Primitive Christians. Their Pattern she recommended to our Imitation, and said, Their Conversation was not like this of our Age: For now (says she) there is nothing but frothy, vain Discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to Edification, and to build one another up in Faith; so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were: But (said she) we ought to do as they did. There was an hearty Friendship among them; but where is it now to be found? Says Mrs. Bargrave, It is hard indeed to find a true Friend in these Days. Says Mrs. Veal, Mr. Norris has a fine Copy of Verses, called Friendship in Perfection, which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the Book? says Mrs. Veal. No, says Mrs. Bargrave; but I have the Verses of my own writing out. Have you? says Mrs. Veal; then fetch them. Which she did from above Stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused, and waved the Thing, saying, Holding down her Head would make it ache; and then desired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did, as they were admiring Friendship, Mrs. Veal said, Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever. In these Verses there is twice used the Word Elysium. Ah! says Mrs. Veal, these Poets have such Names for Heaven! She would often draw her Hand cross her own Eyes, and say, Mrs. Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my Fits? No, says Mrs. Bargrave, I think you look as well as ever I knew you.

After all this Discourse, which the Apparition put in much finer Words than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and as much more than she can remember (for it cannot be thought, that an Hour and three Quarters Conversation could all be retained, tho' the Main of it, she thinks, she does) she said to Mrs. Bargrave, She would have her write a Letter to her Brother, and tell him, she would have him give Rings to such and such; and that there was a Purse of Gold in her Cabinet, and that she would have two Broad Pieces given to her Cousin Watson.

Talking at this Rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a Fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself in a Chair just before her Knees, to keep her from falling to the Ground, if her Fits should occasion it; (for the Elbow-chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either Side) and to divert Mrs. Veal, as she thought, took hold of her Gown-sleeve several Times, and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her, it was a scowered Silk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs. Veal persisted in her Request, and told Mrs. Bargrave, she must not deny her: And she would have her tell her Brother all their Conversation, when she had Opportunity. Dear Mrs. Veal, says Mrs. Bargrave, this seems so impertinent, that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying Story will our Conversation be to a young Gentleman? Why, says Mrs. Bargrave, it is much better, methinks, to do it yourself. No, says Mrs. Veal, tho' it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more Reason for it hereafter. Mrs. Bargrave then to satisfy her Impertinence, was going to fetch a Pen and Ink; but Mrs. Veal said, Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it. Which was one of the last Things, she enjoined her at parting; and so she promised her.

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's Daughter; she said, she was not at Home: But if you have a Mind to see her, says Mrs. Bargrave, I'll send for her. Do, says Mrs. Veal. On which she left her, and went to a Neighbour's to see for her; and by the Time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the Door into the Street, in the Face of the Beast-market, on a Saturday (which is Market-day) and stood ready to part, as soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She asked her, why she was in such Hast. She said, She must be going, tho' perhaps she might not go her Journey till Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave, she hoped she should see her again at her Cousin Watson's before she went whither she was going. Then she said, She would take her Leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her View, till a Turning interrupted the Sight of her, which was three Quarters after One in the Afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at Twelve o'Clock at Noon, of her Fits, and had not above four Hours Senses before Death, in which Time she received the Sacrament. The next Day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a Cold, and a sore Throat, that she could not go out that Day;

but on Monday Morning she sent a Person to Capt. Watson's, to know if Mrs. Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's Enquiry; and sent her Word, that she was not there, nor was expected. At this Answer Mrs. Bargrave told the Maid she had certainly mistook the Name, or made some Blunder. And tho' she was ill, she put on her Hood, and went herself to Capt. Watson's, tho' she knew none of the Family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said, they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in Town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two Hours. They said, it was impossible; for they must have seen her, if she had. In comes Capt. Watson, while they were in Dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her Escutechons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she sent to the Person immediately who had the Care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole Story to Capt. Watson's Family, and what Gown she had on, and how striped; and that Mrs. Veal told her, it was scowered. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, You have seen her indeed, for none knew, but Mrs. Veal and myself, that the Gown was scowered. And Mrs. Watson owned, that she described the Gown exactly: For, said she, I helped her to make it up. This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the Town, and avouched the Demonstration of the Truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's Apparition. And Capt. Watson carried two Gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's House, to hear the Relation from her own Mouth. And when it spread so fast, that Gentlemen and Persons of Quality, the judicious and sceptical Part of the World, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a Talk, that she was forced to go out of the Way; for they were, in general, extremely satisfied of the Truth of the thing, and plainly saw, that Mrs. Bargrave was no Hypochondriack; for she always appears with such a cheerful Air, and pleasing Mien, that she has gained the Favour and Esteem of all the Gentry: And it is thought a great Favour, if they can but get the Relation from her own Mouth. I should have told you before, that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave, that her Sister and Brother-in-Law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, How came you to order Matters so strangely?—It could not be helped, said Mrs. Veal. And her Brother and Sister did come to see her, and entered the Town of Dover, just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her, whether she would drink some Tea. Says Mrs. Veal, I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant you, this mad Fellow (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's Husband) has broke all your Trinkets. But, says Mrs. Bargrave, I'll get something to drink in for all that; But Mrs. Veal waived it, and said, It is no Matter, let it alone; and so it passed.

All the Time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some Hours, she recollected fresh Sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material Thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave, that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal Ten Pounds a Year; which was a Secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her.

Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story; which puzzles those who doubt of the Truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A Servant in the Neighbour's Yard, adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's House, heard her talking to somebody an Hour of the Time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next Neighbour's the very Moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what ravishing Conversation she had with an old Friend, and told the whole of it. DRELCOURT's Book of DEATH is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed, that notwithstanding all the Trouble and Fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this Account, she never took the Value of a Farthing, nor suffered her Daughter to take any Thing of any body, and therefore can have no Interest in telling the Story.

But Mrs. Veal does what he can to stifle the Matter, and said, he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain Matter of Fact, that he has been in Captain Watson's since the Death of his Sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his Friends, report her to be a Lyar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's Ten Pounds a Year. But the Person who pretends to say so, has the Reputation of a notorious Lyar, among Persons whom I know to be of undoubted Credit. Now Mr. Veal is more of a Gentleman than to say she lies; but says, a bad Husband has crazed her. But she needs only present herself, and it will effectually confute that Pretence. Mr. Veal says, he asked his Sister on her Death-bed, whether she had a Mind to dispose of any Thing; and she said, No. Now, the Things which Mrs. Veal's Apparition would have disposed of, were so trifling, and nothing of Justice aimed at in their Disposal, that the Design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so to demonstrate the Truth of her Appearance, as to satisfy the World of the Reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard, and to secure her Reputation among the reasonable and understanding Part of Mankind. And then again, Mr. Veal owns that there was a Purse of Gold; but it was not found in her Cabinet, but in a Comb-box. This looks improbable; for that Mrs. Watson owned, that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the Key of the Cabinet, that she would trust nobody with it. And if so, no doubt she would not trust her Gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her Hand over her Eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her Fits had not impaired her, looks to me, as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her Fits, to prepare her not to think it strange, that she should put her upon writing to her Brother, to dispose of Rings and Gold, which looks so much like a dying Person's Request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the Effects of her Fits coming upon her; and was one of the many Instances of her wonderful Love to her, and Care of her, that she should not be af-

frighted; which indeed appears in her whole Management, particularly in her coming to her in the Day-time, waving the Salutation, and when she was alone; and then the Manner of her parting, to prevent a second Attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this Relation a Reflection (as it is plain he does, by his endeavouring to stifle it) I cannot imagine; because the Generality believe her to be a good Spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great Errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her Affliction, and to ask her Forgiveness for the Breach of Friendship, and with a pious Discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an Invention as this from Friday Noon till Saturday Noon (supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first Moment) without jumbling Circumstances, and without any Interest too; she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent Person, I dare say, will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several Times, if she was sure she felt the Gown: She answered, modestly, "If my Senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her, if she heard a Sound when she clapped her Hand upon her Knee: She said, she did not remember she did; but said she appeared to be as much a Substance as I did, who talked with her. "And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded, that your Apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really see her: For I was under no Manner of Fear, and received her as a Friend, and parted with her as such, I would not," says she, "give one Farthing to make any one believe it: I have no Interest in it; nothing but Trouble is entailed upon me for a long Time, for aught I know; and had it not come to light, by Accident, it would never have been made publick." But now, she says, she will make her own private Use of it, and keep herself out of the Way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says, "She had a Gentleman who came thirty Miles to her to hear the Relation; and that she had told it to a Room full of People at a Time." Several particular Gentlemen have had the Story from Mrs. Bargrave's own Mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best-grounded Matter of Fact. And why we should dispute Matter of Fact, because we cannot solve Things of which we can have no certain or demonstrative Notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's Authority and Sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other Case.

### SEANCES WITH DR. SLADE.

Being desirous of "proving all things, and holding fast to that which is good," I made Dr. Slade a visit Monday evening, Sept. 30th. The Doctor is a cordial gentleman, very earnest and sincere in his manners, and cheerfully gave me every opportunity to explore the room wherein his seances are held. After carefully examining every part of the room, I felt sure that no one in the way was present to become necessary to any manifestations that might follow. We then seated ourselves at a plain black walnut table, taking both hands in each other's. The gas at one burner was at its full height.

In a few seconds loud raps were heard upon and under the table; hands seemed to pat my feet and legs, and gave the bottom of my pants a sudden pull. The chair in which I was sitting was pulled back at least three inches, with my full weight resting upon it; then an empty chair was rapidly moved six or eight feet across the room. I examined, and found that no wire or cord was attached to it, by which it could have been moved. An accordion was beautifully played, the Doctor supporting it with one hand under the table, while he held both of mine in his other hand.

The Doctor then requested me to hold the accordion under the table with one hand, while he held my other hand in both of his upon the table. At once the other side of the instrument was firmly pulled, then pressed, giving full tones, but playing no tune. He asked the invisibles if they would write on the slate. "They would try," was signified by raps. I carefully examined it, and found it to be a common slate, six by nine inches in size. There was no mark on either side. The Doctor then bit off a small point of slate pencil, put it on the table, and placed the slate over it, after which he took my hands in both of his—neither of us touching the slate. Soon a sound of rapid writing was heard on the slate. So strong was the movement that the slate began to oscillate by force of the writing. Dr. Slade then held the slate down to the table by the pressure of his little finger, while we still held each other's hands, constantly talking as the writing was going on. In about one minute the sound of writing ceased. He turned the slate over, when, to my astonishment, the entire side of it was written upon; fifteen lines lengthwise of the slate, straight and regular as the lines in a copy book, were traced in a clear, legible hand. They purported to come from the Doctor's former wife, and read as follows:

MY GOOD FRIEND AND BROTHER BANLOW: We all rejoice to see a mind like yours standing up as a shining light for others. You are doing a great work. Go on and do all you can for human souls. And our noble brother, Thomas G. Forster—we bless him for giving himself to the cause of humanity. The words that fell from his lips last night were like shining pearls, and were felt by all, as coming from the spirit-world—a blessing to those who were so fortunate as to be present. A host of us were with him to give him power to go on.

Bless his beautiful wife! she is a noble soul. Oh, build a hall, and be at home!

I am, A. W. SLADE.

But I have the wonder of wonders yet to relate: The Doctor asked if the spirits could materialize. They signified their willingness to try. He again invited me to carefully examine the room. I did so, even to looking into his wardrobe, but found nothing in the shape of masks or faces. He then bolted the door—the only entrance to the room—and hung a thick curtain across it for a back-

ground; then hung a curtain of black cambric, three or four feet square, about three feet from the background curtain. This black cambric curtain was suspended by a cord that extended across the room. A little above the centre of this curtain was an opening about ten inches square. I was then seated within three feet of, and directly facing, the opening in the curtain, while Dr. Slade took a seat by my side, and we clasped each other's hands. The gas was partially turned down, but not sufficiently to prevent every object from being distinctly seen.

In less than two minutes a form, with dimly outlined features, gradually rose in a halo of light, and occupied the space in the curtain. It was designed to represent a familiar face, it was too indistinct to be recognized. It soon gradually descended out of sight. We silently waited for what might follow. In about three minutes a clearly defined face appeared, rising gradually, as did the other form. At once I unmistakably recognized the features of my sister, and said, with wonder and delight, "Is this my sister?" A sweet smile and bow gracefully responded. "I again asked, "Is this my dear sister Callista?" She again bowed her head much more earnestly than before, forcing her head partly through the opening in the curtain in her response, while a joyous smile illumined her features, which were as distinctly seen and recognized by me as they ever were while in earth-life, though far more beautiful. There was a halo of light about her head, and her complexion was as clear as the finest alabaster. She tarried, I should judge, about ten seconds; and seemed to bid me a reluctant good-by; though unseen, it seemed that she yet remained, and, with me, rejoiced that

The brittle thread of life cannot divide. For those we love still linger by our side.

Thus ended the most delightful seance I ever enjoyed, while I felt to bless Dr. Slade for thus standing on the threshold of time, and there inviting the plodders of earth to meet their angel-friends face to face, and joyously recognize each other.

The Doctor is doing a great and noble work. He is proving our title clear to immortality—the greatest gift from God to man. Though he asks a reasonable fee to those who are able, yet the poor are made welcome, and sent on their way rejoicing.

WARREN SCAMMEL BAWLOW.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Having recently been in New York City, and having, while there, frequently called on Dr. Slade, of 210 West 43d street, it may be interesting to some of your Spiritualist friends to learn concerning a few of the results of those visits.

Dr. Slade received me most courteously, as is his nature, he being a quiet and unassuming gentleman. His room for sittings has no fixtures or cabinet, and nothing whereby any concealment or deception could take place. During the day the room is well lighted, and, on sitting at the centre table with the Doctor, the spirit raps will be heard loud, frequent, and perfectly distinct.

While sitting with him; spirit-hands took hold of me in various ways; were distinctly seen and felt by me on my face, and recognized as those of friends. The Doctor laid a very minute piece of slate pencil upon the table, and then placed a frame slate upon it, resting also on the table. Immediately writing was plainly heard on the under side of the slate, which was in a few minutes covered with lines in distinct styles. "Two of the handwriting I recognized as totally dissimilar in their character. Much else occurred during these visits of a similar nature.

I expressed a strong desire to witness his efforts at materialization; in consequence he appointed a sitting for one evening. On my arrival we entered the same room, and sat on one side of a small square centre table, which was the same one used for the slate writing tests. The only aid was the suspension of a small piece of single width black cambric about three feet long; opposite one end of the table—a square orifice being cut in the centre of the cloth. The gas was then turned low, but not out. Objects could be readily distinguished about the room. After a few moments, a phosphorescent light was shown at the opening, which increased till there appeared a perfect face which I clearly recognized, and afterwards a second as promptly known, both being near and dear friends. The seance was perfectly satisfactory to me, and I am sure there was no deception practiced.

This must be of interest to every Spiritualist, if for nothing more than to prove the rapid strides which are being made toward materialization of spirit-forms. I believe the time is not far distant when we will be able to behold, with mortal vision, the loved ones who have gone before us into that happy spirit-life.

ELEGANCE DOES NOT MAKE A HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there was never a chair too good for a cobbler, or cooper, or king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man, but do we not value these tools of housekeeping a little more than they any words, and sometimes mortgage a home for the unwhimsy you would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garments, house and furniture is a very tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole ship-loads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers of the world could gather together.—Theodore Parker.

A little island in the Connecticut, near Wells River, is a geographical curiosity. The Vermont and New Hampshire State line runs through it; Grafton, Caledonia and Orange Counties corner there, and also the towns of Bath and Haverhill in New Hampshire, and Regent and Newbury in Vermont. One can sit down at a certain point on the island, and be in two States, three counties and four towns at the same time.













