



half an hour after the advertised time for the seance, the medium being in a very exhausted and forlorn state, both in body and mind, owing to the vexatious delays she had been subjected to, besides a prolonged fast since morning. There had just twenty persons collected to attend the expected seance, among whom were some regular hard-shell skeptics, who made no secret of their lack of faith in the materialization of spirits. On her entering the seance room Mrs. Ross said she would keep her engagement and hold the seance if the company desired, though she felt that but little if any satisfaction would be given under the unfortunate circumstances. Mr. Ross again and again suggested to the company the propriety of postponing the seance, but said his wife would abide by her decision. A few manifested a willingness to depart, but a large majority quietly insisted upon the seance being held in accordance with its advertisement, which had brought several there from long distances.

Throughout the evening the captain cabinet had stood open before the company present, and subject to the inspection of all; and when to this was added the evident wish of both Mrs. Ross and her husband to forego the twenty dollars ready to be paid them for those present for the seance, there seemed little room for even the most pronounced skeptic to hang a doubt upon respecting the entire honesty of Mr. and Mrs. Ross. Just as Mrs. Ross was about taking her seat under the curtain I observed to her *clerc* that she must be a most powerful medium if, under the untoward circumstances, the seance proved a success! At this point she intimated to me a desire to give up holding the seance! Said I, "You have gone too far now, and all you can do is to enter the cabinet, and pray to the higher powers to assist you out of your trouble!" The company had all been seated in a double row, and when I handed my dollar to Mr. Ross I considered it so much money thrown away. The results that followed I think must have disappointed nearly every person present. Instead of being an utter failure, the seance proved to be a pronounced success. It is true the forms came out rather weakly, and seldom passed more than a few feet from the curtain, but then they were so varied in sex, height, size, age and costume that it seemed impossible that the most determined disbeliever in spirit power should doubt their genuineness. About midway the seance an old gentleman present who, previous to the arrival from Providence of the medium, had expressed great doubts of the reality of spirit materialization, although he said he had been for years an investigator, remarked aloud to me that what he then saw had worked a change in his convictions. Mrs. Ross looks like a strong, healthy lady, and it is probably owing to this fact in part, at least, that her spirit guides were enabled on this occasion to concentrate sufficient power in her organism to counteract the inharmenous and other harmful conditions present.

AN ANCIENT ARABIAN SPIRIT.
On Thursday evening, the 17th Feb., I attended a private seance held for materialization of spirit forms at a private residence on Tremont street. Like most or all seances held by the medium then present, all that occurred was of the most beautiful and harmonious character. There were fifteen forms presented, a majority of which were distinctly identified by sitters in the circle. One spirit lady came arrayed in a magnificent white costume, having in front, from the breast to the bottom of the dress, at regular intervals, eight bright red stripes, some two inches in width, all of which were disposed in herring-bone order, somewhat in the shape of a letter V, the angle, however, being more obtuse. This spirit remained out a distance from the curtain several minutes.

During the seance a most remarkable Oriental male form presented itself, clothed in peculiar and nicely-fitting costume of a bright mixed silvery color, which, after walking out, he presented to each of the company to feel of and examine. It seemed to be a very rich satin or brocade. The spirit wore white stockings, and slippers laced about the ankles with red tape. When asked in turn whether he was of the Egyptian, Hindoo, Persian, and several other Eastern races, the spirit shook its head to each and all. His face was of a swarthy complexion, and wonderfully intellectual. From the first moment I regarded it, the face looked familiar to me, and I soon determined that it might be an Arabian of great wisdom who, for several years, used to converse with me through the instrumentality of that wonderful medium, the late John C. Grimell, of Newport, R. I. I saw that both the features and expression of the face strongly resembled those of a spirit photograph which I obtained some years ago, and supposed it to be that of my old friend, the Arabian chief, who passed from earth, as he alleged, in the southeastern part of Arabia some two thousand years ago. In point of acuteness and intelligence I think this alleged Arabian exceeded all spirits I ever heard of or read of. The oral communications I received from him I think would, if taken down in writing, have made a volume of a thousand octavo pages, as instructive and eloquent as any that have been written by seers. On asking the spirit if he was an Arabian, he assented with great alacrity, and regarding me with an expression of cordiality and pleasure, he shook me heartily by the hand, whilst in answer to my questions he fully corroborated my surmise that he was no other than my old and loved friend, the Arabian chief, whose photograph I have in my possession. At the time I thought the complexion of the materialized spirit seemed too dark for that of an Arabian, but, singularly enough, on the following day, in passing up the north side of Bromfield street, I noticed in a shop window a great number of colored portraits of the different nations and tribes of men, among which was that of an Arabian, which, whether truthfully delineated or not, was apparently of the exact complexion of the spirit who claimed to be of that nation as above related.

BOTH SPIRIT AND MEDIUM EXHIBITED IN FULL GASLIGHT.

On the evening of Sunday, the 20th Feb., I attended a private seance given by Mrs. Fay at a lady friend's house in Tremont street. Some twenty and more spirits materialized their full forms, in varied costumes, some of them very striking and picturesque. In the course of the evening a tall female spirit-form set the folds of the curtain wide apart, so as to exhibit the entire form of the medium as she sat on a sofa. The spirit next walked out to the gas-light, a few feet distance only in front of the medium, and raised the burner its full height, showing both spirit and medium as plainly to all present as if they had both stood in sunlight.

At this seance my daughter Anna stood outside the cabinet, in a good light, and manipulated her dark hair, for the gratification of the company present, until it increased several times in volume and reached to the floor. Anna

stood outside the curtain for some minutes, her hair touching the floor all the time.

DEMATERIALIZATION.
At this seance a small white cloud appeared on the floor, just at the edge of the cabinet. Very slowly it ascended until it assumed the form of a rather tall female, clothed in white. The spirit beckoned me to the cabinet, and by whispers and signs intimated to me that it was my sister Isabella, who passed away some forty years ago. Isabella took my hand in hers and then began to sink, as it were, into the floor, carrying my hand in hers until it lay on the carpet, when her hand dropped from mine apparently into the floor.

What I have written conveys no adequate idea of the hundreds of unique, striking and beautiful phases of the materializing phenomena that occurred at the seances I have referred to in the foregoing synopsis, nor can the pen or the imagination of any living person convey or conjure up in their fancy anything from the realms of beauty comparable to many of the scenes that were witnessed by all present. But such things can only be witnessed in perfection where there is perfect harmony between the sitters in the circle, the medium and the spirits. A thought strikes the mind of an entranced medium with all the force of a blow inflicted on the physical body, and one malignant or over-cavilling sifter at a seance will often be fatal to the manifestations.

Boston, Feb. 22d, 1881.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OH, DO NOT GRIEVE.

BY E. R. PLACE.

Oh, do not grieve for souls ascended;
More truly than before,
Their lives and ours are fondly blended,
With no dividing shore.
Yea, they are with us yet, and nearer,
Unfading still their love;
The wisest guardians, seeing clearer
Our pathways to the above.

All hail, the great awakening glory,
A new world's golden morn;
Farewell, ye hollow myths and hoary,
In ancient darkness born.
Now languid Hope, dim-eyed and pining,
Feels her dull torch aspire,
While angel groups, in white robes shining,
Send down celestial fire.

No night unstarred, no valley dismal,
Awaits the pilgrim way,
O'er whom is shed the flame baptismal,
From shore to shore of day.
Oh, bleeding heart! thy deep affliction
Is but the summer shower;
In peace receive its benediction,
Of sweetness and of power!

MATERIALIZATIONS ARTISTICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It may be starting high to call it "artistically considered," and necessitating gravitation before I get through the article, for the writer is no artist, does not pretend to be one; but the *Banner*-readers know he is generally more inclined to present the picture of his subject rather than give the monotonous detail of facts, trusting they will see the facts through the picture presented; that, then, is the apology for my high assumption in the way of title.

I have just received a letter from a friend, who is a good, sensible Spiritualist, asking me "true inwardness" as regards materializations. He is rather inclined to think them fraudulent, and would be very glad to think otherwise, as he does of other phases of the manifestations. I took my pen and began to write an answer, and almost instantly the sweet lips of Leigh Hunt popped into my mind—

"How sweet it were, if, without feeble flight,
Or dying of the dreadful, beautiful sight,
An angel came to us, and we could hear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening, in our room."

I will pause to say here that this poet has lately purported to communicate with me rather singularly; I do not claim, however, that he had anything to do with the popping in of that poetic thought, but the coincidence set me thinking, and during the pause I remembered that I had received several other letters from other people, also, on the same subject; and I had been questioned orally, also; and I thought it would save time to write an article for the *Banner* instead of the letter, and that would answer the many with one effort. The following, then, is the outcome of the thought. I am not vain enough, let me add, to suppose the public care anything about my opinion, or "artistic considerations," for I am no authority. I seem, however, to have got a bearing among the reading Spiritualists—at least such men as the late Eps Sargent and others have said so—I write this to any who are listening to me, and the others can very easily skip me if they choose.

My friend Hazard, after reading what I wrote in a late *Banner* of Mrs. Ross's seances, which was certainly favorable to her mediumship, said I only half endorsed her, or was only half a Spiritualist; well, if I am not a whole one, then the best are only fractions. If I cannot recognize spirit-friends who claim by nods to know me, and whom I ought to know, and would know if they came in unquestionable shape, as if they expected to be recognized, no politeness or courtesy on my part to the spirits, or to the medium, will lead me to say I do. I have good, strong, enduring eyes, though I wear spectacles, and I am inclined to believe in the evidence of my senses. I will give all possible credit to the evidence of other people's senses (spirits or mortals), that I can, but my own senses "boss the job" for me, if I may use that homely phrase, and my senses by experience and observation, as well as my logical convictions, favor the fact of the materialization of spirit-forms. I must own, however, notwithstanding my affirmation in favor of the phase, that I do not feel as if I was in the presence of resurrected dead when observing, handling, embracing, or kissing these materialized apparitions. I am not sensitive or gushing in my nature, and cannot say there is any ecstasy in these delicate touches of the "loved and lost," as there ought to be, fresh from heaven. I know there would be, in some cases, if I knew, or if I felt in my heart a recognition of their presence. My testimony in favor of any of these manifestations is the testimony of the intellect, or the head—not the heart. To make myself understood, and to do justice to the mediums, whom as a general thing I consider honest, I must present the matter in different ways, even at the expense of repetition, or in a word, to give my friend who wrote to me and inspired this article, and others who desire it, my "true inwardness"; I must add my cogitations also. I think in what follows I will not contradict myself, but intelligently answer my inquirers in giving my opinion

of this phase of the manifestations, which seems to be coming more and more to the front, and to a certain extent dividing the spiritualistic camp. I have no fears, however, for the unity of Spiritualism, from two facts: *first*, the basic truth of the survival of the man and his return, through the manifestations; on that point Modern Spiritualism is and must be a unit; *second*, that the spirits are at the head of this whole movement, and will not see it divide essentially or collapse. Ambitious exponents who fail in leadership may retire in disgust, but the drop will not be missed, the volume of the stream will flow steadily on, widening and deepening as it flows.

I am hospitable to the spirits, whether invisible or apparent; have no fault to find with their way of doing things or presenting themselves; perhaps in the latter, which is the matter now under consideration, they are doing the best they can. I am doing the best I can to accept them. If I cannot see in the dark like a cat or an owl, the fault is not mine. I feel that I do see as well as those who recognize, without a peradventure, the presence of the departed brother or sister with unmistakable clearness; and sometimes I think the same form, on another occasion, is recognized with equal clearness by another person, as the latter's brother or sister or well-known friend. Suram I of that direct recognition of the same spirit than I am that either recognized the form they claimed to be; not that they made false pretences, but the wish was father of the fact. It seems to me that if I was a spirit I would not materialize in any doubtful manner; if I saw two persons, not related, both recognizing me as their brother or friend, I should feel that I was a spiritual impostor, and would keep invisible until there were more unmistakable conditions. That is my opinion as a mortal; of course I cannot tell now what I would do as a spirit. My spirit-friends know what I want, and they know, also, that I will have to be satisfied with what I can get, and I certainly am. I am glad that I am perfectly satisfied that neither confederacy nor acting, on the part of the medium, can always account for these apparently substantial apparitions, and the deduction must be that they are what they claim to be—denizens of the other world. When I have attended these materializations, or some of them, I do not think I am patronizing fraud on the part of the medium; sometimes I know I am not; and, if there is any, I think it is often on the part of the spirits than on the medium. When I go to a seance of this kind, I go hoping and believing that, sooner or later, I will have evidence that will satisfy my heart as well as my head. I do not propose to dictate or even to suggest to the powers behind the throne what they ought to do, but—if I may be allowed to think out loud—I would say, if one of these very human, ponderous, material-looking apparitions would, after coming out, dissolve into empty air in our presence, in the room, as they are presumed to be in their retirement, then my heart would beat a tattoo of satisfaction. I would, figuratively speaking, put the shoes from off my feet and recognize the spot as holy ground. Of course, equally good evidence is positive recognition. Thousands testify to perfect recognition. Blessed are they who are thus satisfied. I never yet recognized one, in an objective sense, and though present often at positively claimed recognitions, I have never believed such testimony, and I have tried to account for such ready recognition, and wondered whether the persons had telescopic or clairvoyant eyes, or telegraphic minds.

I have seen about all of the materializing mediums who have lived or visited in these parts. I don't think of but one in this vicinity that I have not pretty critically examined, and the facts in most or all of them would seem to warrant either transfiguration, or materialization, or both; oftener transfiguration than the latter, and it also may be said it is hard to tell where the former leaves off and the latter begins, as in both the apparition seems to be somehow the product of the medium, and either kind is a wonderful phenomenon, and in either case the apparition may be a bogus brother, or sister, or friend, and yet be a spirit manifestation. I will not waste any time, however, theorizing, but confine myself, as I have begun, with materialization. That a spirit can materialize a human hand, with rings on its fingers, and needle-roughness on its forefinger, and as palpable to the senses as any human hand can be, I am sure of as I am that I am now writing with one; and if a hand can be materialized, why not the whole form? So, besides, then, the evidence of my senses, I am logically convinced also, but as I have said, though intellectually convinced, I do not have a feeling or a realization that I am in these presences dealing with the dead, using the word in its usual significance.

Lately my experience has been with Mrs. Ross, and so as not to be diffuse I will base my argument on her seances. In some respects hers are better than others, and some respects not as good, but will average as well as the best. I have found this satisfaction from such experience, that there cannot be a confederate, nor can it be the medium acting the parts, because the medium would have to be eight inches, sometimes, taller than she is; that fact I have proved by measurement; that being so, I don't see how the apparitions can be anything else but materializations; and yet, as I have said before, I don't feel that I am in the presence of departed spirits, the souls that are marching on, whose bodies lie mouldering in the ground. A friend who was present said to me afterwards that he should think the medium would have no objection to have her cuffs stretched, so that she could not use her hands; then if the apparitions appeared he would be perfectly satisfied. I don't see any objection either, unless it might disturb her. I remarked that I was as satisfied that it was not the medium as if her hands were secured; nothing would be any more convincing except my positive recognition of a departed friend, or the dissolution of one of the solid-looking apparitions in my presence. I do not know even then if I should have the feeling within that I ought to have in an interview with a departed spirit, but I think I should have. I am waiting for and ready for the experience. I cannot help saying, though, that the solid hands and grip, the substantial bodies, even their natural breathing, so like a mortal, do not conform with my ideas of spirits, but I don't know as I ought to expect them to adapt themselves to my notions; but for all that I cannot help having notions, and if I am giving my "true inwardness" of the matter I must of course express them.

In other phases I find the control of a medium, when communicating from a friend of mine, writes or speaks in the first person singular, as if that control for the time was my friend. I have also known the control, and perhaps as often, to assume to be some familiar friend of mine,

when he or she was not, and when my friend was not round. The integrity of the spirits cannot always be depended upon. Now these assumptions may be, and very probably are, extended into the field of apparitions or materializations. It has occurred to me, and I see it has to others, also, that the guides or controls do the business. Washington, John Brown, or Brother James, or Sister Nancy, do not take on forms and thus manifest, but these controls, who may be adepts or experts by study and practice, model the forms, perhaps gather an idea from the minds in the audience; sometimes it is materialization, and sometimes it is transfiguration, and sometimes, I think, when the material is wanted, or the conditions, and it is more or less safe, the spirits cheat, and often the medium is perfectly innocent of being used. I do not say this is so, but may be so; and even if the adepts or guides are artists, and produce forms—read Sister Marys, or models of Sister Marys—they are wonderful manifestations, and by what I have said I do not mean to convey the idea that they are not and may not be the embodied souls of the departed that they claim to be. Certainly, in a seance where I am sure it is not the medium acting a part, or a confederate aiding her, as I have said of Mrs. Ross, I think people are justified, and I am justified, in giving the spirits the benefit of the doubt and consider them spirit-forms.

Let me illustrate the remarks just made with an experience from another phase. I have told the story before, so I will be brief. I bought two slates, and took them, new and clean and unopened, to Watkins, the slate-writing medium, laid them flat on the table, my hands on them, and he sitting *vis-a-vis*. I heard the pencil writing under my hands, and when it stopped, a very plain message from an aged relative of mine filled one of the sides of the closed slates. It was one of the most perfect evidences of an invisible spirit I ever had; but I said to the medium I knew the man well, and he wrote a perpendicular, bold hand, and this was not from him, either in writing or form of expression. Watkins wanted me to try again; so I closed the slate and the spirit wrote on the other slate, which was clean, and said, in beginning, he would try and write more as he used to; still he failed as before in the quality of his message, and it was not my friend. It was very clear that the spirit heard me refer to my friend's style of writing and tried it on. The spirit committed forgery, but I forgive him, for the intrinsic proof of a spirit presence, even though he was a bogus one; it answered Job's great question affirmatively. Now if that spirit could have materialized, and if it had been dark, perhaps he would have shown himself, as near as he could from my mind, as the apparition of my friend. I can only say even then it would be a wonderful phenomenon, and the manifestation would delight me; but I have a strange aversion to shedding tears before invisible strangers, supposing them to be cousins, sisters or aunts; so I keep dry as well as open eyes. I am hospitable to spirits, and am very happy to know they are present with me now and always; and I am sure I am somewhat influenced while writing this article, and I know my influences approve of what I say in this connection. I am glad the materialization phase is taking well with the people, and that the mediums of that class are increasing; and some ministers and very intelligent people have recently become Spiritualists by what they have seen of the materializations of spirit-forms. I have been converted before in other ways, so this last phase is not needed by me. Still I go, and I watch, and I hope, and perhaps some day the light of these ethereal forms will touch my soul, as they already have my head, which I consider level, and I am always going to try and keep it so.

It does not seem to me as if the spirits tried to appear at these materializations in their most recognizable shape. Why does Fannie Comant come in a white, airy rig, that she never wore in life? Why not come dressed as she is in her portrait? Why does my sister come (who claimed to appear by a nod of recognition), with a white cloth covering part of her forehead, and with her chin hidden by the superabundance of her decorations? Not a particle of her black hair visible? Who can tell any one by their eyes, nose, and mouth, minus the usual surroundings? I could not tell my sister in that way, if she came to me in daylight; perhaps they cannot come as we would wish. I propose, then, to take a half a loaf and wait, and try to consider it bread, so long as my neuteness cannot detect the mundane source. I hope I do not offend the spirits, and I know I do not my friends, if I cannot assume the virtue of knowing them by their say-so, expressed by a nod, when I ask if it is so-and-so, and they nod affirmatively.

Seems to me I have given my "true inwardness" on this subject, and that I consider the apparitions as the work of spirits. I have never recognized one visually; I have never seen two forms appear at the same time, or the medium in the cabinet while the apparition was in sight, though I have been present when others have, or said they could, but I thought it rather a doubtful see; therefore when I endorse them as being what they claim to be, it is an intellectual endorsement. I owe it to my understanding to say so; from the evidence that I have that there is no confederate, and knowing no woman of five feet can appear as a spirit-form of five feet nine, and therefore she is not acting a part, and the logical possibility favors it also; for if a hand can be materialized, which I positively know to be a fact, a form is not impossible.

I am making this article longer than I expected, but I will add in closing, that I think these materializations will both increase and improve, and that the time will come when spirit-forms will walk the earth visibly far oftener than they do now, and the whole subject be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Discoverers.

One of our readers asks us who is the greatest discoverer of modern times? It is a difficult question to answer, as it depends much upon the opinion of the individual as to what discoveries are the most important to the race. In our view, Prof. Buchanan of the New York Eclectic Medical College, is the greatest discoverer, as he discovered and has developed the sciences of Psychometry and Anthropology. In the long run, we think these sciences will benefit the race more than any discoveries in physical science. We are aware that there are men of a materialistic turn of mind who will spend years investigating into the nature and habits of the tumble-bug, and who ridicule investigations into the nature and habits of the human soul, but for our part, we believe that the soul of man is of more importance to the race than the nature of the tumble-bug. It is largely a matter of taste, you see. The life-long deliver into the bug question may pass as a great scientific with modern scientific societies, school teachers and Orthodox ministers, but in the long run, the discoverers of the science of the soul will be recognized as the greatest benefactors of the race.—*Worthington (Minn.) Advance*.

Reminiscences of Theodore Parker.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The interesting "Anecdote of Theodore Parker" in the *Banner* of 22d January called to mind an incident of the winter of 1850-51 that I spent at Rome, when I rambled about the city with Mr. Parker about three days of each week, and often to the Pincian Hill.

He not unfrequently spoke of his deceased mother. On one occasion he remarked that he had never disobeyed her excepting in one instance, and that she simply remarked, "My son, you will live to lament this." Mr. Parker's voice faltered as he spoke, and he immediately turned from me, and so stood about a minute in silence, apparently overcome with emotion, and probably in tears.

He was quite aware of his approaching end—that he must pass away in the prime of life—but was always cheerful, highly sensitive to the ludicrous, and very often merry. On one occasion he said to me—we were seated by the parapet, on the Pincian, at the time: "I care not for mere death, but regret that I cannot live ten years longer to accomplish the work I have already cut out"—or to such effect. It seemed to me he was somewhat consoled for the time when, in reply, I reminded him that one like himself could never hope to be within ten years of the end of his projected work, however long he might live.

Mr. Parker was not a believer in "spiritual manifestations," though at one time he was convinced of their genuineness by a medium who moved a table under circumstances that he deemed superhuman; but he soon thereafter performed the same feat himself at his own house (doubtless by virtue of his own unconscious mediumship), and thereupon concluded he had been deceived by a charlatan. But he none the less, on that account, approved and defended doctrines of Spiritualism. Mr. Parker mentioned the circumstance to me about 1855, when our discussions of the subject were not infrequent, and myself a confirmed believer.

During that same winter he frequently spoke of Mrs. Cora Hatch, whose lectures he always attended when circumstances would permit. He considered her by far the most remarkable speaker he had ever known, and told me that it seemed to him "as if she must be possessed of some mysterious mode of power that enabled her to avail herself of all the intelligence and intellectual ability of her entire audience."

It was only a very short time after Mr. Parker's death, at Florence, in 1860, that I was awakened at night, in a hotel at Bologna, by a noise that I supposed must be in some bakery that might be in the neighborhood, where men were kneading with leaping feet; such was the extraordinary effort that was necessary to break lumber sound as mine is apt to be.

I soon discovered, however, that it was in my chamber (a very large one), and that Mr. Parker was demonstrating his presence at its furthest extremity from me. Upon recognition he immediately came to my bedside, when I at once asked him (vocally) what he thought of spiritual manifestations now that he had opportunity to see for himself. He replied, "I must confess that you were wiser than I upon that subject."

During this shadowy interview I asked him if his family had yet left Florence. To my great surprise, he replied that they were already in Paris, and would sail for America in a very few days.

At that time I supposed this statement could not be correct, and that the spirit of Mr. Parker must have anticipated an event that he knew was pending; and so I continued to believe for twenty years, until when, in June last, I learned from one of the party that the spirit's statement was entirely correct.

Jos. P. HAZARD.

(Mr. Parker's intimate acquaintance and friendly relations with the writer of the above may be inferred from the fact that he expressed a wish that his funeral at Florence should be a private one, with the exception that three persons he named should be invited to attend, one of whom was Mr. Jos. P. Hazard.—*Ed. B. of L.*)

The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism.

Another more than two years ago, as Mr. Sargent reminds us, Mr. Gladstone, with reference to the subject of this book, said, "It is a question, in the first instance, of evidence; it then follows, to explain, so far as we can, such facts as may have been established." That in a very simple and luminous manner, gives the keynote to this very admirably written, in some respects, important book. Science is concerned with phenomena and the explanations of them; and all prepossessions, prejudices, arbitrary prejudgments, and foregone conclusions, are specially attributed to the scientific method. "The man who claims to be scientific, who imagines that he knows all the laws of nature so thoroughly that occurrences like clairvoyance and direct communications take place without transcending the boundaries of scientific recognition, is himself under a hallucination more serious than any which he affects to deplore." "The neglect or undervaluing of the phenomena of spiritual phenomena, Mr. Sargent attributes much of the superstition and most of the wild delusions and specious 'revelations' of the past; and to that neglect or repudiation must be specially attributed the pernicious assumption 'that all that comes from the unseen world, certified by seeming miracle or preternatural power, must be from God or from God's angels.' Scientific investigation would have shown that these supposed divine interferences or revelations were more or less orderly or disorderly incomings of spirit influence, to be taken for what they are, and not for what they are not. Hence the profound truth that is probably studied and interpreted, unthinkingly with delusions self-generated or imposed by others, Spiritualism is the same safeguard against all superstitions and delusions of the unseen world as is much within the sphere of universal nature as our own.

Mr. Sargent refers to an undoubted fact—that multitudes are convinced of the reality of spiritual phenomena who do not care to say anything about it. He mentions two of the late leading Unitarian ministers of America as types of a large class. He says:

"I have myself been present at a seance with two eminent Unitarian clergymen, now deceased—the Rev. Dr. Hall, of Dorchester, Mass., and the Rev. Dr. George Putnam, of Roxbury—both of whom admitted to me that they accepted the phenomena of spiritual phenomena beyond all possibility of collusion or trick." "Both these reverend doctors, while admitting the genuineness of what transpired, evaded themselves from saying anything about it publicly, or in print. Such it would involve them in controversy; that it was too 'big a subject' for them to take up at their age; that they could not investigate further without giving to it more time than they could spare from their pastoral duties, &c." On the next page he refers to the estimable Bishop of Rhode Island, of whom he says: "To those in his confidence he has many times expressed which, if accepted, make credible the reappearance of Christ in the room with closed doors."

Here and there we notice some hard but very fair hitting in reply to leading materialists and atheists. Huxley, for instance, says Mr. Sargent, "would have the world think that he is faithful to the experimental method"; and yet he points blank, on a *priori* ground, denies everything in relation to spiritual phenomena as "confoundingly as any seer." With very different feelings he quotes the remarkable words of the great thinker Kant: "I confess I am much inclined to assert the existence of immaterial beings in this world, and to class my soul itself in the category of these beings." "We can imagine the possibility of the existence of immaterial beings without the fear of being refuted, though at the same time, without the hope of being able to demonstrate their existence by reason. Such spiritual beings would exist in space, and the latter notwithstanding would remain penetrable for material beings because their presence would imply an acting power in space, but not a filling of it, i. e., a resistance causing solidity."

The book is not, however, a book of splendid theories. It is preeminently a book of facts, evidence, and results of prolonged, patient and truth-loving search; and while we have no hesitation in commending it to teachable and inquiring minds, we fully endorse its author's statement, that "the time for the facts of this volume could be dismissed as coincidences, delusions, or frauds."—*The Truthseeker, (London) Edited by the Rev. John P. Hoppa.*

"The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. By Eps Sargent. Boston (U. S.): Colby & Rich.

marking that death was but the beginning of life. He leaves a wife and two small children, who miss his earthly covering; but they know he is still with them and watches over them, and that their loss is his gain.

S. A. L.

[Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, twenty cents for each additional line is required, payable in advance. Ten words to a line.]

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SPECIAL NOTICES.
 In quoting from the *Banner of Light* care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents. The latter are open to the expression of imperfect free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. We do not hold our correspondents responsible for communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer favor by drawing a line around the article he desires especially to recommend or present.
 Notices of spiritualist meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the *Banner of Light* goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

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THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM has broadened the universe, extends from the highest spheres of angelic life to the lowest conditions of human ignorance. It is as broad as Wisdom, as comprehensive as Love, and its mission is to bless mankind.—John B. Bump.

Washington's Spirit.
 It is highly instructive to note the numerous pretexts and excuses which are offered, on this side and that, to get rid of the admission of the simple truth of Spiritualism. Men are not apparently ashamed of practices in this respect which they would on no account be guilty of in any other. As if a matter of such supreme interest and importance to the human race as the fact of spirit-communication were to be pushed aside as of secondary, or even of no real influence and value.

We were led into this very natural reflection in reading one of Mr. Josiah Quincy's "Leaves from Old Journals," now in course of publication in the *Independent*, in which he says that his father, while occupying for a single night the room at Mt. Vernon in which Washington died, saw distinctly the spirit-form of the Father of his Country. "If I gave the particulars," says the writer, "I should feel bound to give a full explanation of them by Dr. Hammond, or some other expert in cerebral illusion; and this would occupy too much space for an episode. It may be worth while to say that nothing my father saw, or thought he saw, was useful in confirming his faith in a spiritual world. His assurance in this matter was perfect. He believed that brain action (if that is the correct expression) was at times set up in us by friends no longer in the flesh, and that his own life had been guided by these mysterious influences. Shortly before his death he spoke of reunion with those he loved, as men speak of what they know, not as they speak of what they hope or believe."

The apologetic strain in which the writer of the above introduces the final statement that his venerable father felt perfectly sure of reunion with those he loved, will not fail to be noticed as in the same spirit with the numerous other expressions to the same effect by those who really believe in spirit-communication, yet do not wish it to be thought of by others in connection with themselves. It is a wretched way of reaching the truth, and nothing could more lamentably show how strongly entangled people are in the meshes which lingering superstition has woven for their feet. The best minds cannot claim to be free from these old influences. Instead of proving anything, however, against Spiritualism, this habit only explains and emphasizes the need that exists for the presence of a new power, like that of Spiritualism, to clear away these fogs of the mind and impart a consistent courage to the reason.

Knowing the humorous tendencies of Mr. Quincy, the son, it is not so difficult to understand the "true inwardness" of his reference to Dr. Hammond as above, or to doubt that he must have Dr. Beard in his thought at the same time. The bare idea of obtaining a satisfactory explanation of this reported vision by resorting to the nonsensical theories of the above two gentlemen, is too ridiculous to be seriously entertained. The writer must have made his allusion to them only with a sly purpose to excite a smile at their expense. They are evidently ambitious of making a reputation by trying to account for what they are incapable of comprehending. No one in his senses pays any serious heed to their theoretic extravaganzas.

It was not long since that the Boston *Transcript* remarked as follows: "What used to be known as mesmerism, what has more recently been known as hypnotism, Dr. Hammond now 'prefers' to call significationism, but the public will 'prefer' not to follow him. It does not seem that Dr. Hammond's experiments reveal anything unknown before, except hard words." The last assertion contains the marrow of the whole subject. If both Dr. Hammond and Dr. Beard were to keep on in the direction in which they have set out to the end of their days, they would reach no more satisfactory conclusions than they have done already. Mr. Quincy unquestionably is convinced to this effect, as well as the rest of us, if he does not say so. He could have intended nothing more by his reference to Dr. Hammond than to "chaff" him on the subject which the latter deems so perfectly easy of explanation. He is careful, it will be noticed, before he gets through with the narrative of his father's "assurance in this matter was perfect." In other words, that he knew he had seen the spirit of Washington. He likewise believed that his own life "had been guided by these mysterious influences." He spoke of reunion with loved ones, not merely as if he believed, but "as men speak of what they know." That

is admission enough, and throws the *hypnotists* and the *significationists* wholly into the shade. We can only add, as seriously as the subject at this stage admits of, that if Drs. Hammond and Beard "prefer" to be known to the world as *significationists* rather than *Spiritualists*, nobody will correct them, the distinction. But it is no company for Mr. Quincy to keep.

We quote in this connection what the *Catholic World*, of Baltimore, says of this recital of Mr. Quincy respecting his father and the spirit of Washington. The *World* remarks, to begin with, that men are always trying to lift the veil that conceals from mortal eyes what is hidden in the mystic depths of the other world; but it adds, that "there is no getting away from this kind of inquiry; all classes are equally curious, from the wisest and most learned to the simplest and most ignorant." After copying the story as given by Mr. Quincy respecting his father, the *World* remarks that "the elder Quincy saw Washington then, as he believed, and he was Spiritualist enough to accept as a fact the influence of the departed spirits upon the living." Then it proceeds to quote from a back number of the *Methodist Quarterly*, as follows:

"Our first historical 'thicket' is the phenomena in the Wesley family of rappings and other manifestations, from no corporeally human source, under all conceivable theories, by the most skillful investigators, and set all theories at defiance which did not admit their supernatural character. The invisible agents of these phenomena acted with intelligent reference to the treatment they received. They had a palpable influence in producing that supernaturalism in the character of John Wesley, by which he became the apostle of the eighteenth century. They are unquestioned historical facts, irreconcilable with the theory of the mechanical 'course of nature,' as excluding all supernatural interference. There are, therefore, intelligent beings, invisible to man, who do, probably under certain permitting conditions, to us unknown, interpose in mundane affairs."

Therefore the *Catholic World* concludes, and rightly, that John Wesley was a Spiritualist. "In all ages and in all countries," admits the *World*, "there have been spirit manifestations, true or false, supernatural or at variance with natural phenomena." It then refers to the well-known case of Socrates and his demon, and quotes freely from Cardinal Manning's essay on Socrates; among the rest, that Socrates "fostered philosophy in the hands of the physicists, or physical theorists, and of sophists. If thought the physicists to be vainly curious, if not impious, in trying to discover what the gods kept secret; he thought the sophists to be venal, superficial, and immoral." Also, "he extirpated the conceptions of God and of morality from the region and philosophy of matter, and set them in the sphere of mind." Yet "he brought down philosophy, as Cicero says, from heaven to earth, to the market-place and the streets, and the homes and the hearts of men." Withal, concludes the *Catholic World*, "the Puritan Quincy, the Methodist Wesley, the Pagan Philosopher Socrates, all had, or believed in, communication or relations with the spirit-world. These partial glimpses in all times and places, seem to be odd scintillations from the established doctrines of the Catholic Church in regard to the Communion of Saints, which embraces, on the one hand, prayers for the dead, and, on the other, prayers by the spirits in heaven for their fellow-creatures yet making their pilgrimage." Here is a pertinent admission of the fact, fast becoming universally recognized, that disembodied spirits and mortals sustain really undivided relations—the main difference on this point between the relative positions of the church commentators and the rapidly awakening public generally, being the scope of that relationship—comparatively circumscribed as it is by the first, while it is daily more and more widely outbroadened in the conceptions of the latter class of minds.

Spiritualism at Law—Information Needed.

Light, the new spiritual journal in London, speaking of the Fletcher trial, reports that Judge Hawkins said, setting aside testimony, which was waiting, from eminent men as to their knowledge of Spiritualism, that the case would have to be judged by the jury in the light of "ordinary experience."

We gave last week extracts from this same journal, wherein the position was editorially taken—in substance—that as matters now stand in the United Kingdom it was impossible—unless the laws governing the giving of evidence, and the rulings relative to what evidence consisted of, were radically changed—for Spiritualism and its public instruments to secure a fair trial or an adequate hearing in a British court of justice. (?)

One of the most significant results of the Davies-Fletcher case so recently closed—and in regard to which the language of *Light* was used—has been that it has awakened the attention of the believers in the New Dispensation in Great Britain to a greater degree than ever before as to the harness of statutory and prohibitory enactments with which they are really and hopelessly girt round about. In regard to this condition of affairs, *Light* admits virtually—and probably voices the opinion of the greater number of English Spiritualists—that it sees but little hope for the amelioration of existing conditions save in the increase of popular information concerning Spiritualism—its phenomena and teachings.

While invoking the aid of the courts for the settlement of mooted questions it is self-evident that the parties so invoking must not look to these tribunals for right reason, but for law, still it is also patent that law, as a system, can be kept right with reason only by the enlightenment of the public mind—which enlightenment tends to practical results at last upon the statute-books, through the recurrence of test-cases, and the self-sacrificing efforts of the few who in every country and community seek for honest legislation as the "pearl of great price."

By a curious coincidence (and as an echo, as it were, of the editorial declarations of *Light*) in the same number of that paper to which we have referred, appears a letter signed by "the author of *Friends in Council*," and headed "A Plea for Candid Investigation." It begins thus: "I wish I could persuade men of science and men who have peculiar gifts of investigation and examination, that that would be most desirable for them, and a worthy employment of their gifts, to examine what, for want of a better term, we may call Spiritual Phenomena."

The name of that author is Arthur Helps. For many years—and he may be so still, for aught that we know to the contrary—Sir Arthur was private secretary to Queen Victoria.

Mr. Eglington Going Home.

Information reaches us, via Philadelphia, that William Eglington purposes embarking for England, May 14th. He, however, intends to return to the United States later in the season.

The Fletcher Case—Additional Particulars.

In a recent issue we reprinted a brief telegram which had been received from England by the American daily press regarding the proceedings against Mrs. Hart-Davies for perjury. We now submit the full details, as far as known up to date of going to press. We are indebted to the *Edinburgh Scotsman* for the account, which runs as follows:

"THE SPIRITUALIST CASE—ALLEGED PERJURY.—Mr. Edward Lewis applied to Sir James Ingham at the Bow Street Police Court, London, yesterday [April 23d], for a summons against Mrs. Hart-Davies, the prosecutrix in the celebrated Spiritualist case, on three assignments of perjury. Having referred to some facts of the case, already well known, he stated that the value of the property which Mrs. Fletcher and her husband Mr. Morton had been accused of obtaining had in America been put at \$150. In this country it was first put at £1000, and rose gradually until at the Central Criminal Court it was put at £10,000. They alleged that this value was utterly preposterous, and was merely put forward to create an undue impression in the minds of the jury."

At the trial, too, although seventy or eighty letters from the Fletchers to Mrs. Hart-Davies had been produced, and a notion of another, written by Mrs. Hart-Davies to them in reply, had been brought forward. The letters of Mrs. Hart-Davies, if they could have been found, would have tended greatly to explain the reasons for the transfer of the property. The Fletchers alleged that these letters had been stolen by Mrs. Hart-Davies on the day when, accompanied by Dr. Mack, she went to the Fletchers' house in Gordon street, and took away her property. He (Mr. Lewis) would be able to call witnesses to prove that was the case, although Mrs. Hart-Davies had distinctly denied it on oath. Mrs. Hart-Davies had also distinctly sworn that when she was discovered from her husband she had not committed adultery, although by the advice of her friends she had allowed it to appear so. He (Mr. Lewis) would be able to bring forward her own letters, and other most positive evidence, to show that she had committed adultery. Sir James Ingham granted the summons asked for."

Light (of London) refers to the above matter in a brief paragraph, saying that its editor is not informed as to the party "at whose instance this step was taken." It adds, and we think our readers will agree with the position, since Mrs. Fletcher was convicted (?)—if she was on any evidence outside that of that nominally-by Justice Hawkins—excluded-witness George Second—on the sole and unsupported "say-so" of Mrs. Davies (such testimony for the defense was not contemptuously brushed aside by the besom of judicial insolence, having had its month closed by temporary legal proceedings instituted for that purpose), "if it is made by friends of Mrs. Fletcher their failure to substantiate it will damage her more than ever. On the other hand, if they are sure of their facts, nobody can blame them for attempting to show that Mrs. Fletcher has been convicted on the evidence of one whose testimony was unworthy of credit. Nay, more! all who know, or think they know, that Mrs. Davies did not speak the truth will be moral cowards if they do not come forward and say so. If Mrs. Fletcher is really innocent, it is cruel that she should be allowed to suffer because some of those who profess to be her friends have not the necessary courage to give evidence in her behalf."

The following correspondence explains itself. Our Philadelphia friends, it will be observed, have held to the real cause of Mrs. Fletcher's conviction (?)—the witchcraft statute. We said in our issue of April 30th, "Whatever technicalities may have been resorted to by the Judge, whatever points may have nominally been abandoned, and whatever qualifications in the treatment of the case, apparently instituted, the real spring of the final action of both jury and judge, it is quite apparent, was the spirit and essence of this old law—statements to the contrary notwithstanding." And we have seen no occasion to change our mind since that date; while our view of the potency of this statute (as a power behind judge and jury box) if not in itself more in factually prejudicing Mrs. F.'s case continues to receive additional endorsement on every hand.

COPY OF LETTER FORWARDED TO MRS. SUSIE W. FLETCHER, FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Dear Imprisoned Sister:
 The undersigned officers of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, by the authority of that chartered body, hasten to extend to you the sympathy of its entire membership, and to say that the intelligence of your imprisonment, which has but just reached our ears, by our hearts and minds with grief and surprise.

The resort for your condemnation to a statute which the enlightened world regards as a relic of gross bigotry and ignorance, was confessed inability on the part of your prosecutors to find evidence sufficient to convict you of the wrong originally alleged against you. It was when a belief in witchcraft sent hundreds of thousands in Europe to the gibbet and the stake, and in our own country the fearful judicial condemnations of witchcraft, which began in New England, were but an exhibition of the ideas and a repetition of the measures already been in vogue for centuries; but it is hard to credit the fact that in enlightened England to-day a woman can be condemned to imprisonment with hard labor for the "crime of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment and conjuration" when in sober fact she did but believe and teach what all the churches in Christendom claim communion between spiritual and mortal beings. We assure you we shall do whatever may be in our power to alleviate your sad condition, and we have every reason to believe that notwithstanding you may seem alone, you will be aware of the presence of those who are able to sustain and strengthen you in your trying situation, and release shall be obtained.

It is hardly need say to you ours is perhaps the largest and oldest association of Spiritualists in America. From the earliest times since the advent of Modern Spiritualism we have held meetings, and societies for the advocacy of our faith are now spreading over our great country, and the sympathy, sympathy, prayers and efforts will be yours as well as ours. While we deeply sympathize with you, we are not unmindful of him who, though outside prison walls, must be almost as great a sufferer as yourself, and we shall in the coming month, as in the last, welcome him to our homes, our lectures and our platform; and we feel that, though deeply stricken, he will have strength given to devote himself yet more fully to the great redemptive work to which we believe heaven has called both you and him. May the courage and faith, dear sister, which took you across the stormy Atlantic, alone, from home and friends, to seek your prosecutors, remain with you until the heavy affliction shall be seen by you to be the divine method of out-

"Judge Billings, of Louisiana, in responding recently to a generous testimonial from the Jurors of the United States Circuit Court, made the following remarks concerning jury trials generally, which we quote for the benefit of the particular jury who tried Mrs. Fletcher in England. They certainly were representatives of the 'prejudice of the community' referred to, and as regards the rest of the paragraph, it is the most delicious piece of sarcasm, as applied to their action and verdict, which it is possible to conceive of. 'Juries may, and undoubtedly do, often err. They should be selected intelligently, by the very manner of their selection, representative of the intelligence, the industry and the prejudices of the community on which they are to sit as a rule, and the great majority of cases, their conclusions are wise and right. It is not for nothing that we have heard of the wisdom of a jury, if for no other achievement, for devising such a trustworthy and salutary agency in the administration of law—a repository of memory so trustworthy and salutary that, after the lapse of upwards of nine hundred years, we have not materially improved upon its method of organization, or its efficiency, or its reliability.'"

working the best good of the cause you cherish and have so effectively promoted. With confidence and hope in this dark hour, we remain yours fraternally.

J. E. LAMING, Pres.,
 JOSEPH WOOD, Vice Pres.,
 JAMES E. SHUMWAY, Sec. Sec.,
 EDWARD S. WHEELER, Cor. Sec.
 Philadelphia, April, 1881.

REPLY.

To the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia:
 LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Dear Friends: Your letter of sympathy to Mrs. Fletcher has been handed to me, and I desire to express the deep appreciation with which I received it, and to say that it has been forwarded to her. She will be unable to reply to it for the present, but I know that she will value highly your kindly help in this dark hour, and be strengthened to bear her cross until deliverance shall come. A nature like hers is strong to suffer, realizing as she does the truth of her cause. Her last words, "All for Spiritualism," plainly show how closely wedded is her heart to the work of the spirit.

I have also to thank you most sincerely for the many letters of sympathy which I have received, and to say that I fully appreciate your noble action in placing me upon your platform in the midst of this battle; when the truth is known, you will find that you have not judged wrongly.

I remain, very truly, your brother,
 WILLIAM FLETCHER.
 Philadelphia, Pa., May 2d.

The following passage from a letter written by a gentleman residing in Cincinnati, and enclosing to us a scurrilous article on Spiritualism and the Fletcher case as printed in the Cincinnati *Commercial* of a late date, is given as a specimen of the epistles which are now frequently received at this office:

"Fairness or justice on the subject of Spiritualism seems to be out of the question with the press of this country or England. Yet the *Commercial* claims to be a paper of liberal thought and independent position. The impression of many right-thinking minds here, non-Spiritualists, is that both Mrs. Fletcher and Mr. F. are very much misrepresented in this whole matter; that all the articles given to the Fletchers by bill of sale, or other instrument, were promptly returned on demand, after their arrival in America, and that Mrs. F. returned to London without compulsion, simply to establish her fair reputation."

The Coming Camp-Meetings.

Although it seems an early date in the season to refer to the summer meetings which have become so fixed and prominent a feature of Spiritualism in New England and other sections of the United States, yet so rapid are the preparations being pushed, and so marked are the exertions being made to render the several enterprises worthy of the popular favor, that justice to the hard-working managers demands that brief notice be made of what they are doing:

ONSET DAY GROVE.
 Already preparations for summer life by the seashore are rapidly going forward at this beautiful place. Several new cottages are in process of building, and the necessary repairs and alterations of the pavilion and restaurant are being made.

The opening day of the season will be observed by a Basket Picnic on the 17th of June next, and that will be a favorable opportunity for parties intending to locate at Onset to secure lots for building, or to arrange for lodgings and board.

The speakers and media who are to participate in the Camp-Meeting exercises are as follows: The time assigned to the various speakers will be hereafter announced: Prof. S. B. Britton (Editor-at-Large), Miss Lizzie Doten (author), Dr. H. B. Storer, Mrs. Emma Paul (a superior inspirational speaker, of Vermont), Dr. L. P. Greenleaf, Mrs. Anna Middlebrook-Twiss (one of the first and ablest trance speakers of America), George A. Fuller (splendid trance lecturer), Mrs. Nellie L. T. Brigham (ditto), W. J. Colville (the eloquent trance speaker), L. K. Washburne, Jennie B. Nagan (the young poetical improvisator and lecturer), Dr. George H. Geer (inspirational speaker), Mrs. R. Shepherd-Lillie, of Brooklyn (inspired medium), and her husband, Mr. J. T. Lillie (vocalist and organist), Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, N. H. (who gives tests from the public platform similar in character to those of Mr. Baxter), Ex Rev. George A. Chalmers, and others. The Onset May season—it is announced—opens with prospects of success even brighter than ever before.

LAKE PLEASANT.
 Harvey Lyman, Esq., writes us from the Camp-Meeting grounds at this place that himself and wife have now located for the summer at their pleasant cottage on the bluff, we presume. They found on arrival "Mr. Norris Henry and family on the ground, who kept their post through the long cold winter and guarded the buildings, so that no damage has been done. He will receive the thanks of all interested. I understand Mrs. Annand D. French, of Boston, will open the hotel in about four weeks, to receive visitors. Mr. Stedman is now on the ground at the restaurant near the depot, and is ready to afford food to the hungry, and rest to the weary. I am here with a team, ready to build cottages or make repairs, beautify the ground, and to carry to and from Miller's Falls to the grounds all at a moderate and reasonable price."

We printed a few weeks since the list of speakers engaged for this Camp-Meeting, and a reference to it will show that a brilliant array of eloquent and mediumistic talent has been secured for its sessions. "Lake Pleasant," too, has excellent prospects; and the immense crowds which have heretofore attended while it is in progress will be duplicated, if not surpassed, before the close of the meeting for '81.

NYANTICK, CT.
 A communication from George W. Burnham, Esq., of Williamstown, Ct.—President of the State Association of Spiritualists—tells us that there is a strong probability of a camp-meeting being held at Nyantick Village, in the town of East Lyme, the present summer. Mr. Burnham makes a strong appeal (which we shall print next week) to the Spiritualists of Connecticut to sustain their Association in this undertaking. The Committee having the matter in charge propose to hold a basket picnic at this place on Thursday, June 9th, if the weather is favorable, otherwise the trip will be deferred to the 10th.

P. G. Leymarie.

Editor of the *Revue Spirite*—and one who has in days now gone by been called upon in his own person, and because of his official position, to bear the persecution of legally-entrenched bigotry—writes us from Paris, France, under a recent date, as follows:

"Please announce in the *Banner of Light* that American mediums for materialization, and for direct writing also, will be well received in Paris, because we are a Republic, because our Society will protect them, and shield them completely in affirming their worth as mediums."

That "Pharmacy" (?) Law.

Which was the latest hiding-place of the "Regular" Allopathic feline, was rejected by the Massachusetts House of Representatives, on May 6th, by a vote of ninety-six to eighty-eight. The freedom of medical practice is not to be interfered with this year at least, Messrs. M. Ds. What new shift will you resort to before the next Legislature?

An interesting account of phenomena recently witnessed in the presence of Mrs. Fay, of Boston, by Abbot Walker, Esq., was put in type for the present issue; but its appearance is unavoidably delayed till next week.

We learn, just as we go to press, that our old contributor, Mrs. H. N. Greene-Butts, of Hopkedge, Mass., passed to the higher life on the 6th inst.

Dr. Babbitt's New Work on Religion.

This elegantly printed and illustrated volume of 365 pages is now on sale at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, and is highly spoken of by those who have seen it. We shall print a review of the work at an early day. A. E. Newton, Esq., expresses his views regarding it in this wise:

"DR. BABBITT—My Dear Sir: I have read the advance sheets of your new book, 'Religion as Revealed by the Material and Spiritual Universe,' with great interest. It impresses me as a very able and valuable effort in a much needed direction. It comes at a time when many superficial and self-styled radicals and free thinkers, together with some so-called Spiritualists, are confidently proclaiming that all conceptions of God and of Religion are early superstitions unworthy of further toleration by rational minds."

"Your extended and marvelous discoveries of late years in the realm of the hitherto hidden operations and finer forces of the universe, as set forth in your previous works on *Light and Color* and *Thermodynamics*, have eminently qualified you to deal with one portion of your task; while your personal knowledge of and experience with the spiritual phenomena and revelations of modern times have enabled you to apply these with telling force in establishing your positions. . . . Your portrait of the popular conception of God, as taught in the church where you as well as we received our early training, and your contrast of human life and death under the domination of the old religious ideas with the same in the light of modern revelations, is especially effective, and will be appreciated by thousands on whom the new light has dawned. May your work be the means of bringing the grand more 'out of darkness into light.' Yours fraternally, A. E. NEWTON."

On our second page this week will be found an interesting reminiscence of Theodore Parker, from the pen of Joseph P. Hazard, Esq. The cemetery at Florence where the earthly body of Mr. Parker was buried was, at the time of his departure from the physical, a retired spot on the outskirts; but the growing city has reached and encircled it; the grounds around it have been levelled; it is bounded by splendid boulevards, and the cemetery is now a beautiful knoll, thickly studded with monumental and memorial marbles and overlying by cypress trees and a few pines. No American who reaches Florence fails to visit the grave of the great iconoclast of musty creeds and giant wrongs.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Mr. Franklin Smith, printed in our last issue, as it furnishes an opportunity which seldom occurs to procure several works of the earlier literature of Modern Spiritualism, which are out of print. Mr. Smith can be addressed at Dedham, Mass., by all wishing further particulars.

On our eighth page will be found the report of an interesting séance had with Dr. Slade by a valued correspondent of ours in Washington. The same authority informs us that Dr. Slade left Washington on Friday, the 6th inst., for Philadelphia, to remain there one week.

The first number of the *Advance and Review*, to be hereafter published quarterly at No. 713 Sanson street, Philadelphia, by James A. Bliss, has been received at this office. We shall refer to it again next week.

NEW INSPIRATIONAL MUSIC.—The Saratoga Springs Quilkester and Banjo Solo, by Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, can be purchased at Oliver Ditson & Co.'s music store, 451 Washington street, Boston.

Just as we go to press we are in receipt of "Echoes from Everett Hall," Brooklyn, which we shall print next week.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

(Matter for this Department should reach our office by Tuesday morning to insure insertion the same week.)

Little Fowler was at last accounts at the Brainard House, Williamstown, Ct. From thence she was to go to the City Hotel, Providence, R. I. She then proposes to return to Boston.

Mrs. Wells, of Salem, was to speak for the Spiritualists of Newburyport, Mass., meeting at 48 State street, that city, on Sunday afternoon and evening, May 8th.

Mrs. Augusta Dwinelle, the clairvoyant medium, has removed, as will be seen by her card in another column, to 131 Tremont street, Boston.

Prof. A. E. Doty will respond to calls to lecture and attend funerals in Washington, D. C., and vicinity until June 15th.

Mrs. Clara A. Field will speak in West Duxbury, Mass., Sunday, May 15th; in Portsmouth, N. H., May 20th. Will answer calls to speak wherever her services are desired. Address, 19 Essex street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Jennie Rhind spoke in Good Templar's Hall, Haverhill, Mass., last Sunday; she will speak in Mechanic's Hall, Lynn, May 16th. She may be addressed at 19 Essex street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. L. E. H. Jackson will go to Fitchburg, Mass., between the 9th and 22d of May, by way of Troy and Greenfield, Mass. Any one desiring her services by way of lecturing, or otherwise, can address her, at once, P. O. Drawer 139, Hudson, New York.

Capt. H. B. Brown has most of the evenings engaged in Vermont this month between the 14th and 23d. He will be at West Pawlet, Vt., the 22d, and those wishing his services can address him till that date there. He will pass over the Bennington and Rutland and Fitchburg Railroads to East Fitchburg, Mass., where he speaks Sunday, the 29th, and on the 30th, Decoration Day, he will give the oration at Barre, Mass. Would like a few week-day engagements on this route. He would also like to engage for Sunday, June 6th. Address as above, or at his permanent address, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

L. K. Conkey, M. D., will speak morning and afternoon, Sunday, May 22d, in Hatchville, Mass. Will hold public séances every Thursday evening at his residence, "Payne Mansion," Marshfield, Mass. Wishes engagements to lecture Sunday.

J. Wm. Van Namee, M. D., is now located at Davis street, Boston. He will for the present hold social receptions at his residence on Thursday evening of each week.

On Sunday, May 23d, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of East Boston, will occupy the platform for the Braintree (Mass.) society.

T. Warren Lincoln, alias Carbonell, alias Mansfield, alias Warren, et cetera, on Sunday evening last, humbugged the people of Boston under the guise of "Miss W. Teanle, from London, assisted by three of the best mediums in the world," at the Howard Athenaeum. Scarcely anything was done that was advertised in the handbills, and the deluded were uproarious for a time with dissatisfaction; but the shrewd operator informed them that he did not care a fig for their clamor, as he had got the best of the bargain. This was simply a second edition of the Elder Vawdrey hum.

A noble ox stode proudly by,
 In yonder Quaker town;
 Upon his back was Jesus's fly,
 And near his tail, a clown!

A correspondent, writing from Washington, says, "We have had the look-jaw here of late very bad." This is just what the whole country thinks. But now that the "jaw" has been broken, it is to be hoped that the healing process will speedily begin.

The British steam sloop-of-war "Doterrel" blew up in the Strait of Magellan, April 25th, and out of 126 men on board only 11 were saved.

The Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston—has a highly readable table of contents. Henry James gives in this number an article wherein his own peculiar views of Carlyle are voiced with no uncertain sound. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and H. James, Jr., continue their serials. Whittier contributes a characteristic poem in "Rabbi Ishmael." J. T. Trowbridge contributes three sonnets. Those who wish to know somewhat of Japan and its prospects had better read E. H. House's paper on "The Martyrdom of an Empire." The "Study of an Old Southern Borough," by W. H. Page, and "Correspondence with a British Gentleman," by Richard Grant White, are attractive in their special directions. Eugene Scribner, the French novelist, is exhaustively treated of in his dramatic and other works, in the present number; other matter of value finds presentation, and the departments generally are of sustained interest.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., 283 Washington street (corner School street), Boston, furnish us with the May number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, and ST. NICHOLAS, which periodicals they have regularly on sale. SCRIBNER'S ILLUSTRATED leads off with a striking picture (full page) of Thomas Carlyle—articles on the same theme by R. W. Emerson and George Saltzbury occurring further on; papers, made bright with the highest order of pictorial art, are presented on "The Wild Sheep of the Sierra," "In and Out of London with Dickens," "Among the Esquimaux with Schwatka," etc.; "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer," is further elaborated—the present being the seventh paper; "The Mute of the 'Bounty'" are referred to in their modern guise quite interestingly by Rosalind A. Young; and much other matter of attractive interest occurs this month. This magazine is certainly a bright jewel in the crown of periodical literature.

"A Fearful Responsibility," a serial story by W. D. Howells, will begin in *Scribner* for June.

ST. NICHOLAS has as its frontispiece "Just Before the Summer," a pretty and suggestive engraving; one might suppose "The Bottomless Black Pond," by John Levee, was written as a satire on the treatment generally given by the solists of the present day to Spiritualism and its revelations—the brave but humble explorer of the pond being a representative (sub rosa) of the honest investigator who pushes out and solves the mystery, and finds everything as he proceeds onward to be in accordance with the provisions of natural law; Mrs. Oliphant concludes her really valuable literary sketch of "Mary, Queen of Scots"; "The Prince of Hildesheim," "Adventures in the American Tropics," "Walters from the Gulf Stream," "Stories of Art and Artists," and "The King and the Clown," are taking sketches, and are made additionally attractive by excellent pictorial illustrations; the little ones are well cared for, and the departments comprise in their entirety a perfect bonanza of good things for the readers of this popular favorite.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for May—M. L. Holbrook, M. D., publisher, 13 Light street, New York—contains a consideration of "Our Common and Slight Ailments," Rheumatism being the one spoken of, which, though it may be common, is not very slight, in the opinion of some we know of. An article, sound and sensible, upon "Pre-natal Culture," by Josie Johnson, M. D., ought to be read with profit by every one. Remarks upon "Vaccination" show the folly of the practice, and its inefficiency as a protection against disease. Other articles go to form a very readable and instructive number of this excellent monthly.

RECEIVED: VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE for May—James Vick, seedsman and florist, publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

THE YOUNG SCIENTIST, for May—office, 14 Day street, New York City.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

New Era Hall.—The Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum meets in this hall, 176 Tremont street, every Sunday at 10½ A. M. J. H. Hatch, Conductor.

Fairfax Memorial Hall.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 holds its sessions every Sunday morning at 11 A. M., and Sunday afternoon at 2 P. M. J. H. Hatch, Conductor.

Berkley Hall.—Free Spiritualist Meetings are held in this hall, 4 Berkeley street, every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 3 P. M. J. H. Hatch, Conductor.

Highland Hall.—The Roxbury Spiritual Union holds its sessions in this hall, 75½ P. M. J. H. Hatch, Conductor.

Engle Hall.—Spiritual Meetings are held at this hall, 616 Washington street, corner of Essex, every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 2½ P. M. J. H. Hatch, Conductor.

Ladies' Aid Society.—The Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society will hold their meetings at the Lyceum, 718 Washington street, every Friday afternoon and evening. Business meeting at 4 o'clock. Mrs. A. A. Perkins, President; Mrs. A. M. J. H. Hatch, Secretary.

Pembroke Rooms.—44 Pembroke street.—W. J. Colville holds public receptions every Monday at 8 P. M., and Friday at 3 P. M., and lectures on "Art Magic" on Fridays at 8 P. M.

Chelsea.—Spiritual Harmonical Association holds meetings every Sunday at 3 and 7½ P. M. in Temple of Hymn Hall, Old Fellows' Building, opposite Hollis Church Station. Next Sunday afternoon, spiritual evening meeting; in the evening, N. J. Colville will occupy the platform.

The Ladies' Harmonical Aid Society meets every Thursday afternoon and evening in the same hall. Mrs. G. G. Gleason, Secretary.

NEW ERA HALL.—Every seat in the auditorium was filled yesterday, and every group well represented. The exercises as usual were interesting. The orchestra played some choice selections previous to the opening of the Lyceum by singing, followed by recitation of the Silver Chain recitations, Banner March, and recitations, vocal and instrumental music by the following parties: Rebecca Ryan, Marie Burrage, Sadie Bennett, Bessie Stevens, Claudia Russell, Hattie Rice, Jennie Lottrop, Miss Hattie Colville, a former pupil of the Boston Lyceum, recited "The Polish Boy" with fine effect. Mr. George W. Cogswell sang "The Bird Song" from "Batterly B," which received merited applause, and in response gave a second selection. Capt. Richard Holmes being present, favored us with a brief address, closing with a poem. Mr. J. H. Hatch also spoke words of cheer. The physical exercises and Target March closed the services of the day.

During the forenoon, the Lyceum paid a short visit to the old Lyceum in Fane Hall, returning before the close of our Lyceum, much pleased with its visit.

On Monday evening last, at a meeting of the Association, it was voted by a large majority to hold a banquet on Monday evening, June 6th, when an entertainment will be provided for the pupils, assisted with a banquet to be provided by the ladies, closing with Caterer Reed. This will be a fitting closing of the anniversary exercises, as every scholar in the March at Music Hall on the day previous will be provided with a complimentary ticket.

It was also voted that the annual Picnic be held at an early day, a committee being chosen to provide for it.

Mrs. Hattie Richards having met with an accident, preventing her from participating in the active work of the Lyceum, has tendered her resignation; and Mrs. Helen E. Baxter was elected to fill the vacancy.

The Lyceum Sewing Circle is actively at work making preparations for the coming year, which will be held early in the fall. This branch of the Lyceum has accomplished during the past season much work in quiet way, and is entitled to much credit for the same.

Secretary Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum.
Boston, May 12th, 1891.

PAINE HALL.—The session of the Lyceum was more than usually interesting to-day. A marked increase in the size of the audience was noticeable. The free admission works to a charm, and Boston Lyceum No. 1 starts anew in the race, with many new and zealous workers in its ranks.

We noticed with pleasure the face of the Conductor of Shawmut Lyceum among the visitors; also a number of his co-workers. This is as it should be.

Prof. Alonzo Bond is at work with us again, and made his appearance with his daughter, Mrs. Mary Bond, long absent to-day. Although the building is no longer in the hands of Mr. F. L. Union, the Lyceum will continue to hold its sessions in Fane Hall as heretofore.

Next Sunday with an increased orchestra we hope to entertain in even greater measure all who may wish us; and hereafter there will be no scarcity of instrumental music to entertain and cheer.

Recitations were given to-day by Flora Frazer, Alice Bond (whom we are glad to welcome on our platform again), Miss Clara Elliott, Gertrude March and Jennie Rickard; the latter rendering in truly splendid style "The Polish Boy," we predict for her a brilliant future as an elocutionist. Songs were rendered by Alice Southern, Susie Willard, Louis Buxton and Jennie Smith—who is a rising star in the Lyceum constellation. Miss Gertrude March, the versatile, gave a performance on the musical globe which elicited great applause, and three also made her appearance in answer to calls from the audience. We must give special notice here of the varied powers of this little miss; for one so young she certainly stands in our ranks, and is destined, we think, to take an enviable position on the stage as an imitator and musician.

Mrs. Stokney gave a poem, and after the calisthenics, which were led by Helen M. Dill, the Lyceum ad-

joined the Target March, from the lateness of the hour, being omitted. F. L. OXFORD, Cor. Sec.
Children's Progressive Lyceum.
Boston, Sunday, May 12th, 1891.

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At a business meeting not long since, the ladies voted to devote annually the last Sabbath in the month of May to a Memorial Service, in memory of our departed members; therefore, it is expected that on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, May 20th, the services will be of an unusually interesting nature.

Sunday, May 19th, Mrs. Frank Barker kindly offered to lecture, sing, and if favorable, exercise his mediumship for the benefit of the Society.

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"Whereas, We are to-day called upon to reconsider the removal from our midst of our beloved friend, Mrs. Mary F. Starbird, one of our long members, who early espoused the spiritualistic faith, and for long years has lived in the full and complete possession of a continued state of life beyond the gateway over which she has written 'Death'—a life more real—free from human limitations, and therefore more divine; and trusting that she has gained a blessed entrance to that life immortal, be it so, that we will cherish her memory, and strive to imitate the cheerful, unflinching heroism with which she met the trials incident to human life, and which were so thickly strewn in her path; and that we will endeavor to live consistent and true to our own convictions."

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"Resolved, That we extend to her children and friends our affection and sympathy in their bereavement, and that we will endeavor to live consistent and true to our own convictions."

joined the Target March, from the lateness of the hour, being omitted. F. L. OXFORD, Cor. Sec.
Children's Progressive Lyceum.
Boston, Sunday, May 12th, 1891.

LADIES' AID SOCIETY.—With the present month the active labors of this Society will terminate for the season, and their efforts will be put on record for posterity, with renewed vigor, to continue the work in which we are engaged. Not a few of its devotees in this anticipated rest, as no small amount of zeal and enthusiasm is demanded in gathering one afternoon in every week for those less favored than ourselves.

At a business meeting not long since, the ladies voted to devote annually the last Sabbath in the month of May to a Memorial Service, in memory of our departed members; therefore, it is expected that on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, May 20th, the services will be of an unusually interesting nature.

Sunday, May 19th, Mrs. Frank Barker kindly offered to lecture, sing, and if favorable, exercise his mediumship for the benefit of the Society.

Friday evening, May 20th, Mr. W. J. Colville gives his services as lecturer for the good of the Society.

It is not often our sad duty to chronicle the transition of two members in the short space of one week, but now it is, for the death of our friend, Mrs. Mary F. Starbird, one of the oldest and best known among us.

Message Department.

Public Free-Circle Meetings.
 Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, corner of
 Franklin street and Mulberry Place, every Tuesday
 and Friday afternoons. The hall will be open at 2
 o'clock, and services commence at 3 o'clock precisely,
 at which time the doors will be closed, allowing no
 entrance until the conclusion of the service, except in case of
 absolute necessity. The public are cordially invited.
 The messages published under the above heading indi-
 cate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their
 earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—non-
 quently those who pass from the earthly sphere in an unde-
 veloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition.
 We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by
 spirits in these columns that does not comport with his
 her own. All express as much of truth as they perceive
 in them.

It is our earnest desire that those who may recognize
 the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by in-
 forming us of the fact for publication.
 As our angelic visitors desire to behold natural flowers
 upon our Circle-Book table, we solicit donations of such
 from the friends in the spirit-world who may feel that it is a
 pleasure to place upon the altar of spirituality their floral offerings.
 Miss Shestamer wishes it distinctly understood that she
 gives no private sittings at any time; neither does she re-
 ceive visitors. The friends who wish to communicate with
 her should apply to the editor of this department, in order to
 ensure prompt attention, should in every instance be ad-
 dressed to Colly & Rich, at 100 N. 2d St., Philadelphia.

**Messages given through the Mediumship of
 Miss M. T. Shestamer.**

Source held Feb. 10th, 1881.

Invocation.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy
 name; thy Kingdom come; thy will be done on earth
 as it is in heaven; give unto all this day their daily
 bread; forgive our trespasses as we forgive those who
 trespass against us; lead none into temptation; but
 deliver all from evil. Thou art the power and the glory,
 forever and ever. Amen.

Clara Feige.

[To the Chairman:] Is this a children's meet-
 ing? Yes. Can you send my love to my
 mamma and to my papa? He lives way off in
 Baltimore. I was five years old when I died. I
 don't like to say I died. I haven't been away a
 year, and my mamma feels real bad about me.
 I don't want her to. I want 'em all to think I
 am really happy. I've got a real pretty place
 where I live. I go to school every day. I tried
 to come back real hard and I couldn't, and it
 made me cry. I want my mamma and papa to
 know all about it. My papa's name is Freder-
 ick, and my mamma is Mary. They lived on
 Water street. Does you want to know my name?
 It is Clara Feige. Will you send what I say
 home? [Yes.] I'll bring you some flowers.

James Ryder.

Lived near San Francisco. My brother and
 I are here to-day, and we both wish to send our
 love home to our parents and all our friends. I
 used to belong to the Lyceum in San Francisco,
 and I would like to send my love to all who
 gather there from week to week, and tell them
 I am often with them, and I sometimes feel that
 I make myself known. I was twelve years old
 when I passed to the spirit-world—it was on a
 day of rejoicing. I met with an accident that
 caused my death. I was welcomed to the spirit-
 world, and found that I could attend a Lyceum,
 day by day, as beautiful and natural, only
 larger, than that we had in San Francisco. I
 attend the Lyceum every day, and there seek
 to learn something more, in order that I may
 grow and advance, and I propose one of these
 days to be able to return to some medium and
 be of use as an assistant to those who are seek-
 ing to communicate with their friends in the
 mortal. I remember what my teacher said to
 me and to my associates this morning. She
 said: "Knowledge is not a gift freely bestowed
 upon all alike; it is a treasure found only by
 diligent labor and earnest study. One may go
 through a forest, pecking to the birds, pluck-
 ing the flowers, casting pebbles into the brook,
 and thus while away a few sunny hours; but he
 who follows after and closely examines plant,
 stone or blade of grass, and gathers up these
 treasures and takes them to his home, in order
 to study them, will receive all the enjoyment
 the previous stroller has possessed, while he will
 also receive treasures of knowledge which will
 benefit and be of blessing to him through all
 his future life. So it is with knowledge: one
 may go through life spending many hours in
 idleness; he may while away the months and
 years carelessly, and may say that his life has
 been a pleasant one, but if profiteth him nothing
 unless he brings active exertion and culti-
 vates his spiritual perceptions, in order to gain
 knowledge that will last him through all the
 coming time." And so we are seeking to learn
 something. There is a debating society, in our
 sphere of the spiritual world, for young people,
 and to this we belong in order to develop our
 own capabilities and energies, that we may be
 able, at some future time, to come out into the
 world and perhaps be of assistance in develop-
 ing mediums. I wish to send my love, as I said
 before, to all. I shall communicate with all
 our dear ones nearer home. My father's name is
 John Ryder; my brother's name is John; my
 name is James. I was called "Jimmie" Ryder.

Carrie E. Hatch.

I have not been gone very long. I lived in
 Rockland, Mass. I was told I could come here
 and speak if I wanted to, and so I am here to-
 day. I want to send my love to my friends and
 tell them I have a nice home; I don't want to
 come back here to live. I felt real bad before I
 died, but now it has all passed away, and I am
 so happy. I do not want to come back to where
 it is so cold and unpleasant; but I want every-
 one to know I am living in a nice place, where
 every one is kind and good. Grandfather is
 happy, and I like to be with him. I think some
 good times are coming, and I can come back
 by-and-by to those who are left here closer—
 that is, where they are, and talk to them. If I
 can do that, and if the spirits with me can
 come, why, we shall be perfectly happy. I have
 only a few words to say, but I thought perhaps
 it might do some good if I came here, away
 from home. My name is Carrie E. Hatch. I
 was eleven years old.

Ada E. Fillebrown.

My grandfather is here with me. He is real
 nice, and he wants me to send his love to all the
 folks. I am going to send mine, too. I was six
 years old when I went to the spirit-world. I
 am nine now. I have been growing ever since.
 I am getting tall, too, just like the flowers.
 They grow up, don't they, as children do? We
 have a real good time; we go to school every
 single day. In the Lyceum the other day—it is
 about two weeks ago, I guess—my teacher said
 they were going to let the little children come
 here, pretty soon, then she guessed we would
 have to have one from her group to go, so they
 let me come. Wasn't that kind? I am de-
 legated from them. I want to speak for all the
 little children that belong to the same class of
 the Lyceum that I do. They all send their love
 to all friends; they are all happy and nice, and
 don't want their mothers and fathers to cry for
 them at all; they will find them all again by-
 and-by when they too go to the spirit-world.
 My name is Ada E. Fillebrown. I guess my

*Pronounced by the spirit as spelled Ade.—Re-
 porter.

folks will see my message, because they read
 your paper sometimes. They are in East High-
 gate, Vt.

Phebe Clawson.

[To the Chairman:] Don't you want me to
 tell a clear, straight story? I guess I've got it
 all right. I said it over and over to myself be-
 fore I came, so I could talk it out straight. My
 name is Phebe Clawson; my mother's name is
 Epsa Clawson. I passed away to the pretty
 spirit-world six years ago. I was five years old
 when I lived here, and I have been growing
 since then. I want to say I have grown a great
 big girl. I can come back home, and often do.
 After I went away I came back, and I found I
 could play with my little sister. I think she
 felt I was there playing with her; I used to
 have real nice times; it didn't seem lonesome
 one single bit, it was all so pleasant. I came to
 my mamma and papa, too. Why, it was just
 like home all the time! Though they could not
 see me as they used to, they knew I could come
 back—that I was not way off. It used to make
 me feel good—it always makes me feel good. I
 was sick only just a little while. I did feel aw-
 fully—all hot and bad in my face, and all over.
 They said it was fever. I felt awfully, but I
 soon got away from it to where it was nice;
 where the flowers were growing, too. I guess
 that is all I have got to say, only I lived way off
 in Minnesota, in Saratoga. That's a good way,
 isn't it? Thank you for letting me come.

Jessie May Spaulding.

[To the Chairman:] Can I come? I don't
 know you. I don't know any one here. My
 name is Jessie May Spaulding. I died, and they
 shut me up in a box, but I got out of it. They
 could not keep me there, could they? They put
 flowers over Jessie, in her little hands, and all
 around her, and oh! such a lot of flowers! But
 the prettiest ones were outside the box, and I
 got out after them.

I wanted to come, and a real kind lady said
 Jessie might come and speak. I ain't afraid of
 anybody; there won't anybody hurt me. I
 never was afraid. Mother said her Jessie was
 an awful chatterbox, she didn't see what she
 should do with her! When she had callers I
 would go right up and talk to them—and she
 thought I used to tell too many things! But I
 used to like to see all the people come, and the
 nice ladies, too.

My papa's name is John. It is just like mine
 —it is Spaulding, but it is John. My mother's
 name is Jessie, too, but it isn't May. I was
 born in May, that's why they called me so. I
 don't know how I came so far; it is way, way
 off where I did live—where my mamma lives.
 Do you know where it is? Did you know I was
 a little girl? Can you tell where I do live? Well,
 I'll tell you. I lived way off in Skawgo
 (Chicago). Isn't this Boston? My papa used
 to say that some day he was going to Boston,
 and he used to tell Jessie it was an awful long
 way; he didn't know whether he would go or
 not, he might get "chawed up" in the cars.
 Now I have got here first!

I did feel real bad, but it was only a little
 while. I woke up in the night, and couldn't
 chatter at all; my mamma came, and she put
 something horrid around Jessie's throat. Yes,
 she did; then it kept getting worse and worse,
 and then I guess I went to sleep. The next
 thing I see I was putting me in a box. I
 thought that wouldn't do at all, so I just came
 right out of it. I guess they will be glad, don't
 you? Grandma takes care of me, and she
 wanted me to send her love too.

Carrie Gurney Snow.

[To the Chairman:] Please may I come? I
 want to tell my mamma that I am growing up
 a big girl. Please tell her I can talk plain now.
 It is just about three years since I died. I felt
 real sore round here, [putting her hands around
 her throat, and over her face]. I want to send
 my love to my mamma and papa, and tell them
 their little girls are growing. Please say I have
 a real pretty home, and I have got a little baby
 here, too; she wasn't alive when I was here,
 but she has come since, and I have got her, and
 she is real cunning; she is going to grow nice,
 too. And tell mamma not to cry at all; because
 we have come, and we want her to feel good—
 feel that we are in a nice place and all safe in
 the spirit-world. If she feels that, she won't
 cry any more, will she? I think perhaps she
 will feel all nice, if she hears from her little
 girls. My name is Carrie Gurney Snow. My
 mother's name is Helen F. Snow. I want her
 and papa to feel that everything is all right.
 They live in Winchester. I thank you for let-
 ting me come. Tell mamma, Lena will grow
 just like Carrie.

Ralphie Fay Jones.

I was a little baby when I died. I could say
 "mamma." I am most four years old now. [To
 the Chairman:] Don't you think mamma will
 like to hear from me? She knows I am come
 back. Do you want to know what I am called?
 I am Ralphie Fay Jones. They call me Ralphie
 where I am; it is Ralph, you know, don't you?
 I have got a little brother, and I think every-
 thing of him; he was only so big when I went
 away [measuring with his hands about thirteen
 inches]. Wasn't that little? [You were not
 much bigger.] I was more than a year old.
 The lady says I was a year and a quarter, but
 my little brother was only that big. I do think
 he is splendid, and I want my papa and my
 mamma to know that I can come back. I went
 with them, a long time ago, where the spirits
 came out; I wanted to come awfully. There
 was a spirit lady there, her name was Julia;
 she said she would try to make my mamma and
 papa know I was there. I saw the spirits come,
 and mamma felt good, too; then that made me
 feel good. I have come round lots and lots,
 but I go to school, I do. I go to school a little
 while. My mamma's name is Mary Jones. I
 lived only a little while here; it was in Great
 Falls; way up in New Hampshire. Good-bye.

Lizzie Strong.

I would like to send a message to my mother
 and father. My father's name is Orrin Strong;
 my mother's name is Fanny; they live in Gerry,
 in New York State. I was all the little girl
 they had. They felt real bad when I went to
 the spirit-world, but I think they can feel that
 I can come around them, and come home fre-
 quently, so that makes me feel better—but I
 wanted to come over so much and send them
 my love. I was ten years old when I went
 away. My name is Lizzie Strong. I would
 like to say that many spirits send their words
 of love to my parents, and wish them to realize
 that I am guarded in the spirit-world; that we
 are all together, happy, and that we often re-
 turn, not only to the dear old home, but also to
 places where spirits come and manifest. I am
 trying to learn to be a messenger for mediums,
 so that I can come and control some medium,
 and give messages from the spirits who cannot

themselves manifest to their friends on earth.
 A great many spirits are unable to control a
 medium, but they are able to give their mes-
 sages to some messenger-spirits, so I am trying
 to fit myself to become. I think, perhaps, by com-
 ing here, I shall be able to understand better how
 to control a medium. There are two mediums in
 New York, near where I lived, who I think I can
 control pretty well; by-and-by I hope to do bet-
 ter; then, perhaps, I shall be able to be a mes-
 senger-spirit and give words of love and advice
 from other spirits to their friends. I think my
 friends will feel glad to know that I am trying
 to do this and to hear from me here.

Herbert Tower.

[To the Chairman:] My name is Herbert Tower.
 My brother and I are here together, so you
 see if I speak it will be like giving two mes-
 sages, won't it? Well, Clattie and I both send
 our love to our folks. We are just as happy as
 we can be in the spirit-world. It is so nice to
 think we are together all the time! And I tell
 you, when we got there and found we were
 never going to be separated, why, it was just as
 jolly as could be; it was no worse than going off
 to school together. I tell you we have good
 times. My mother is here, and my grandmother;
 they send their love, too. Mother says, "Be
 sure and remember me to Luther and Emma,
 and tell them we all bless them for their interest
 in the spiritual cause, for their efforts to
 give light to others." I think I have got it right,
 and I want to say for myself, and for Clattie,
 too, we are just glad we didn't live here any
 longer. We think we have got the best place,
 after all; but I tell you it was awful hard get-
 ting out! The smoke and fire were bad, and we
 were all right pretty quick, and I tell you we
 were welcomed finely. But all the folks felt
 so bad—I mean those here felt so bad, that it
 seemed to come to us like a cloud of smoke and
 wrap us all around. By-and-by they began to
 feel easier; then the cloud cleared away and
 we were all right. My father's name is Henry C.
 Tower. I want my message to go to Rutland,
 Vt. It will go anyway, sir, for some of my
 folks read your paper. That makes it easier for
 me to come, I think. I am much obliged to you
 for letting me come. I was ten years old and
 Clattie twelve—two years difference. Good-
 by.

Sadie Jenkins.

[To the Chairman:] I am Sadie Jenkins. I
 live in Philadelphia when I am home. I isn't
 home much; I guess I live around everywhere.
 [You can go anywhere, now, can't you?] No—I
 can't. I can go most anywhere. I can't go way
 across the water—and I want to. Don't you
 know why I can't go? Because the teacher
 say it isn't time. I guess I must grow big, so
 that I won't fall over; first, don't you?

I have got an auntie who lives in Philadelphia;
 her name is Sadie. No it isn't either, it is Sarah
 Jennie Lawrence. I want her to know that I
 am round everywhere, only I isn't going across
 the water yet—because I can't, that's why. I
 want auntie to know that I see her put the
 little buff slippers on my little feet; I see her
 go and get her some white and make me a dress,
 and it was all worked way up. I see her do it;
 then she tied a white ribbon around and put
 some little pink flowers on it. Wasn't that
 pretty! She curled my hair right round on her
 finger, then she kissed me and said, "Good-by,
 darling," and she didn't see me no more. I
 guess she will, sometime. And then a man
 came—a good man, I guess he was, but he was
 tall and straight; he had a long face on, and he
 stepped in, just like—oh, I don't know what;
 they used to tell me not to walk so, or they'd
 think I was walking on egg-shells, afraid of
 breaking them. He walked so. He shook
 hands, and then he stepped up beside me, where
 the flowers were, and he said, "Suffer little
 children to come unto me, for of such is the
 kingdom of heaven." I heard him, and I guessed
 he meant Sadie, didn't he? I don't want to go
 to him. I'd rather go with my auntie, but I
 guess he was good, I guess he was. Then they
 went away, and then I went away, too. And I
 found my own mamma. Wasn't that nice? She
 was brought away just as I was—she was
 brought away when I was a little, tiny, tiny
 baby. Now she has got me again, so she has.
 She wants auntie to know about it, too, and
 feel we is—[aside to a spirit:] I wish you
 would come and say it yourself; I can't say all
 the great, long words. Tell her it is all right.
 I guess she will know it is Sadie, don't you?
 Oh, I is so glad! Is this a meeting? Do you
 have little girls talk in meeting, over—just the
 same as the Lyceum? I has n't spoken no piece.
 It is all funny. I can speak a piece:
 "Mary had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was white as snow,
 And everywhere that Mary went,
 The lamb was sure to go."
 I spoke that for auntie, I did, and auntie said I
 was a good girl.

Charlie Russell.

[This spirit made a great effort to control, but
 could only speak a few words in a whisper, giv-
 ing his name as Charlie Russell.]

Nellie Sunshine.

That little brave that just came, he couldn't
 get all he wanted through the medly, and he says
 he must come again. He came a long, long way,
 he did, just on purpose to send his words in the
 good sheet to his friends, but he no could do it
 good, and it was hurting the medly's brain; so
 the good brave here say that he no doubt next
 time he will succeed all he wants—give all he
 wants to. I has been trying to come a long,
 long time. I keep coming to the door and rap,
 rap, rap, but no can get in. My medly she not
 feel good, because she feel disappointed. Now,
 because the little children, all papposes has
 come, it has helped me to come. I've just come
 a minute to say the little one will come again
 some time and do better, and to send my love to
 medly and tell her she going to be all right. By-
 and-by she will find the flowers blooming for
 her sweetly, the clouds passing away, and all
 things renewed. It seemed a good time for me
 to come and give a word of cheer. Now I think
 I can be excused. Please say it is Nellie Sun-
 shine, to her medly, Anna.

Harry Woodward.

I want to send my love to my mother. My
 name is Harry Woodward. I am a little boy,
 and I was in the water—I was drowned. That
 wasn't bad. And then my papa found me—he's
 a spirit—he found me, and took me out, and
 took me to a nice home. Wasn't that good?
 I have two uncles that are good to me, too, in
 the spirit-world, and my nice old grandpa—they
 are all just as happy, and they all send their
 love. I want to send mine to my mamma. I
 lived way off in Colorado—that's a long way.
 It is nice out there sometimes, and I guess my
 mamma will feel glad that I have come, and
 that I send her my love. She knows the spirits

can come. I want to tell her we come close to
 her, and we try real hard to make her feel us.
 Papa, he guides her quite nicely; he feels very
 much encouraged, and he tells me to say he
 feels that by-and-by mamma will see that all
 has been for the best; that she is going to make
 some changes, so it appears, and they will be
 all for her good; not to feel bad, whatever oc-
 curs, but to feel that we are always with her,
 helping her, because she feels all alone, and we
 do n't like to have her. So I guess she will feel
 better now, don't you? Once in a while when
 she can get something from the spirits, and feel
 that they are around her, then she feels so
 happy and glad. I want to tell her that papa is
 getting a real pretty home ready for her, and
 by-and-by she will be with us. Then grandpa
 will say, "Bless the Lord," won't he? Do you
 want to know my mamma's name? It is Hattie
 I. Woodward. She is in Wheatland, Col. I
 guess I am happy now.

George Wilson.

My name is George Wilson. I lived in a great
 big city—I lived in New York—and I used to go
 out in the streets. Mamma used to say: "Look
 out, George! you'll be lost, or run over, or
 something. You do try me to death!" I never
 was lost, I never was run over, and I guess I
 never "tried her to death," because she is liv-
 ing now, and I went first. I was nine years old,
 I got an awful cold. I guess she'll say that was
 something I couldn't help, anyway. I got it
 going to meeting, you know. There was a big
 snow-storm, and I asked my mamma if I could
 go out coasting. She said, no, the weather was
 too bad; I would get cold; I couldn't go. I
 didn't get a chance to sly out; I would if I
 could. The next day was Sunday, and she said
 we must all go to meeting. We went. I lost
 my scarf on the way, and got a cold and sore
 throat. I am real glad it was going to meeting,
 ain't you? I don't care; I am better off. That's
 what they say—they always say "they are bet-
 ter off." I guess I am. I don't go coasting. I
 like to go a-sleighting, too, but I never get a
 chance.

You know mother—she is gloomy, as gloomy
 as can be, half the time, and when the people
 come in to see her, to talk to her, she is dwell-
 ing on her "misfortunes." Won't she be dis-
 pleased with me for saying this! I think it will do her
 good. I tell you why. She don't know it makes
 people think: "She is so gloomy, wrapped up in
 the death of that child! I don't think I'll go
 there again. It isn't pleasant to hear her al-
 ways complaining." If I tell her of it it is only
 what other folks would do, only they do n't dare
 to. I can see what they think when they go.
 Father, he do n't feel comfortable—I am getting
 the big words down, I tell you; I go round to
 the big schools now. He comes home evenings,
 and when he do n't read the paper and go to
 bed, he goes out and stays so late that mother
 gets all worried, and she thinks he is going to
 "try her to death." I think it is getting pretty
 bad, and I asked the man here if I could come.
 He said yes. If I had been big he would n't have
 let me come. I am glad I ain't big!

They go to church every Sunday, they do;
 they'll think it is awful wicked to read one of
 your papers, but I don't care. I know a lady,
 and she knew me; she reads your paper; she
 lives in New York, and she will know just who
 I mean, because her name is Susan. I guess no
 other Susan knew me; I don't know any other,
 anyway. I want her to do the paper up that
 has my message in it in a brown paper and send
 it to my mother. I want her to put a great big
 black mark around where my words are and
 send it on the sly to my mother, because then
 she won't know where it comes from. Perhaps
 she will. No matter if she does know who Susan
 is. I shouldn't wonder if she'll be asking if
 George would come again. That's the way they
 do. I'll come, sure, and I'll tell you just what
 they do at home. Now please say I send my
 love. I am afraid they will think I am naughty,
 but I think that is just the kind of words they
 want. They know I was just like this all the
 time. Mother knows she used to say I did "try
 her to death." That will make her know it is
 me, won't it? I send my love to mother and fa-
 ther. Tell them that if mother will feel more
 cheerful and father won't poke his head into the
 papers every evening, perhaps I can come, and
 perhaps if they will sit down to the table and
 be kind of sociable they will know it is me. I
 don't want to come when one is gloomy and the
 other is reading the advertisements; there's no
 fun in it.

I wanted to be a good boy; but I used to be
 cutting up awful pranks, and the school-teacher
 used to stand me in the corner and take a big
 paper and pin it over my face. I couldn't help
 it, anyway. She used to say I never could learn
 anything. I learned how to come back, and
 that is more than a good many do! I am going
 to be real good now for the rest of the year.

Cora L. Witter.

I am Cora L. Witter. I can't talk good, but
 I can send my love to mamma and grandpa and
 little brother, and oh, so many. I can come
 back home; yes, I can see mamma. Oh, I can
 come better now, to her. She don't feel so
 awful gloomy, she is a little better. I can come
 to grandpa real nice. I think that grandpa can
 feel me sometimes, if she only will think so. I
 don't want her to think it isn't impressions,
 because it is. I am going to keep trying to come,
 [To the Chairman:] I mean to you. Perhaps
 by-and-by I can come like the big folks; I do n't
 feel bad now, over here. My throat is all well.
 I want you to send my love, and tell mamma I
 am trying to come to her all the time, and I
 come and put my arms around her neck tight,
 and kiss her. Tell her I put my face close to
 her face, and I want her to feel it is I. And I
 guess she will, because grandpa feels hopeful.
 My mother is real cheery. Do you know her?
 [No.] Then why do you take so much interest?
 [You gave me a message to send to her, and she
 was very much pleased with it.] Tell my mam-
 ma I am all well, now. I do n't feel bad no
 more, and I am going to come again sometime,
 because the gentleman says I can, all I am a
 mind to, when the way is open.

Mrs. Annie Wood.

Many years have passed since my departure
 to the spirit-world, yet I have ever taken an in-
 terest in all that pertains to the welfare of hu-
 manity. I have taken a deep and abiding inter-
 est in all that pertains to the welfare of my
 loved ones, who are yet in the mortal. Since
 my departure to the spirit-world I have wel-
 comed friends and dear ones to that immortal
 home where we reside, rejoicing in the grand
 life which is before us; but we do not pass our
 time in outward rejoicing, for the great joy of
 the spirit is manifested in its work, and they
 who would dwell in perfect peace and happi-
 ness must labor without ceasing for either their
 own advancement, culture of their own spiri-
 tual nature, or for the growth, advancement and

instruction of others. Those who work for
 their own advancement, who have a desire to
 progress and grow spiritually, will certainly ex-
 tend their love, their sympathy and assistance
 to others.

I wish to send my message to my dear son in
 the mortal, and say to him: My dear boy, we
 see your spirit friends, guides and helpers are
 with you constantly, guiding you in your jour-
 ney of life, bringing to you home influences of
 love and peace, that permeate your spirit, and
 make you feel as though you had renewed your
 life, and was again living over the experiences,
 only beautified, of youth. We wish to assure
 you that we constantly bring these tokens of
 affection from the spirit-world, that they may
 be felt, through you, by those linked to you by
 ties of tenderest affection. Although they may
 not accept the teachings and glories of spiritual
 truth, yet if you receive them you cannot help
 imparting their influence to those with whom
 you associate, and we bring you strength and
 encouragement for your work; we bring these
 that you may feel to press on; that you may feel
 that all is well; that the sweet star of promise
 shines above you; that all the prophecy which
 has been given you will be fulfilled in the future.
 Your work has been extended in the last few
 years; you have grown spiritually, you have
 expanded in many ways, you have received
 much from on high that has been of blessing to
 your spirit; your influence is felt for good
 abroad, as well as by those more intimately as-
 sociated with you, more thoroughly than it has
 ever been before in your earthly life. I wish to
 bring you these words of encouragement and
 cheer, that you may feel that your parents are
 with you, strengthening you, guiding you on
 for the future. The dear little one who comes
 to you so frequently, sends her message of love,
 with a beautiful basket of white lilies, a token
 of purity, of affection, as a fitting gift to come
 from her spiritual home. She blesses you
 always with her sweet, childlike tokens of affec-
 tion; she brings to you always encouragement
 from day to day; she is still interested in the
 welfare, and influence, and progress of the little
 paper, and she wishes to extend your interest to
 it as much as possible. Do all you can for its
 usefulness, for the spreading of its work and in-
 fluence, use your powers for its advancement,
 and in this way you will be assisting the dear
 little child who waits for you in the spirit-
 world. Your guides and teachers also desire
 this; they see your work, and they bless you.
 In the future we shall all meet, and welcome
 you in our beautiful home in the spirit-world.
 Mrs. Annie Wood, to Joseph Wood, of Philadel-
 phia. April 15.

Special Notice.

BY THE CONTROLLING SPIRIT, IN REGARD TO AD-
 VANCING SPIRIT MESSAGES.
 A few words, Mr. Chairman, I wish to say, in behalf
 of the hand who control this circle, as likewise the expression
 of my own ideas that we consider it best not to advance
 spirit messages given here, unless there is something im-
 portant in the message which demands immediate publication.
 We are forced to speak in this way, because we are
 receiving many requests from friends in the mortal that
 certain messages which they see announced for publication
 in your columns may be advanced. If we allow this

New York Advertisements.

DUMONT C. DAKE

1 (near Broadway.) New York City. Jan. 1.

Mrs. Lizzie Lenzberg,
Medium, 351 West 34th street, New York.
March 26.

MRS. C. H. DECKER, 265 East 36th street,
New York City. Medium. \$1.00 per
monetary per page, letter size; personal interview, one dollar
per hour. March 26.

PRACTICAL PSYCHOMETRY.
DELIN. T. S. of Characters from Letters, Autographs,
Photographs, etc., terms \$2.00; the same with prophetic
readings, \$3.00; Psychometry from Orns, with interpretation
of the same, \$2.00. Mrs. M. A. GILL, 112 E.
10th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. April 23.

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name,
age, postpaid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.,
Nov. 13.-1906

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WE are now offering a special line of Carpets which are well worth the inspection of all buyers.

100 Ps. Royal Wiltons	at \$2.25,
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	Usual price, \$2.00
500 " Best Body Brussels	at \$1.25,
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Usual price, \$1.00

600 " Ex. Superfine at 75 and 85c.,
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Special Line English Sheet Oil Cloth at \$1.00.

These goods are of the best quality, and warranted, and are sold much below the market value.

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Samples sent when desired. 616w—March 19.

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OR
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DR. ABBIE E. CUTTER'S

ELECTRO-MEDICATED AMULETS.

A POSITIVE protection from Infection in all Contagious Diseases, such as Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Yellow and Erysipelas, Small Pox and Measles, Infected Ulcers, and all other diseases. Guaranteed to cure, without any medicated absorption. Price by mail, 20 cents; postage free. Address **DR. ABBIE E. CUTTER, East Warham, Mass.**

April 2, '90.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best ever invented. **Automatic Family Knitting Machine**, with **Knitting Attachment** for **Knitting** **Stockings** and **TOP** complete, in 25 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. For full description, send for **Illustrated Circular** to **Knitting Machine Co.**, 69 Washington Street, Boston.

Scientific Astrology,

or

NATURAL LAW.

"THE universe is governed by law." Were words like these uttered by the immortal Franklin, Esq., would the completion of a design, drawn at the conception and birth of the individual on the threshold of the Solar System by the laws of nature and the pre-ordained grandeur of Nothing in the universe ever did or ever will happen by accident, or by the caprice of the artist? No, the artist is competent, with remarkable accuracy, to conceive, sketch, and execute man's destiny for himself. I will not, therefore, consider myself a fortune teller, but a natural law man. *the place, sex, date of birth (giving hour of the day), and 5-6-7. postage stamps.* I will give them in return a personal and proper, and sensible, and useful, and true, and a personal *sending me \$1, with same data as above, and one postage stamp.* I will write briefly in answer to every six months, that may be suitable. Any one *sending me \$2, data as above, and two stamps.* I will write an outline of his life, and a few words of advice. Any one *sending me \$3, data as above, and three stamps.* I will write a full *life, viz: Nicholas, his character and time, also his post-^{script} diseases, years past and future, good and bad. Post-^{script} up to date.*

is cold-blooded and tame. In fact, all important birds in the bird world are cold-blooded and tame. The few warm-blooded species proportionate to the labor required, I will waive naively for any one *without charge*, who will secure me the following number of eggs:

The most sensitive may be assured that no statement will be made of the names of the donors, and that the eggs will be put out to test in the places in the pathway of the fitmum where flowers may chance to spring.

For any more profit and advantage, I solicit a test of the science.

OLIVER MEN GLODD.
Student in Astrology,
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of which has its own special character, as follows:

1. THE SOLAR SIDE, which gives a fine imitation of the sun by radiating brilliant spots of light while in use. This is admirable for those who desire a cheering effect.

2. THE LUNAR SIDE, for a cheering but soft light.

3. THE STARSIDE, for a soft, steady, and brilliant light.

4. THE SHADOW SIDE, with the softest light of all, especially suitable for reading and writing.

5. THE ARTIFICIAL LIGHT SIDE, by artificial light extensively.

Beautiful and soothing to eye and nerves, being of a humanizing and cheering effect, and giving a pleasant light. It is the only physiological shade, and presents four grades of light in its solar, lunar, stellar and shadow shades.

Price for Lamp Shade, in cardboard, 25 cents; or for tin, 35 cents. Shade for window, in cardboard, 10 cents; or for tin, 15 cents.

For sale by COLBY & HUGH.

PRICE REDUCED.

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SCIENCE is unable to explain the mysterious performances of this wonderful little instrument, which writes intelligent answers to questions asked either aloud or mentally. It is a small, portable, and easily used instrument, which writes answers to questions asked either aloud or mentally. It is a small, portable, and easily used instrument, which writes answers to questions asked either aloud or mentally.

some of the results that have been attained through its agency, and an investigation will be made from time to time. Investigators who desire practice in writing mediumship should avail themselves of these "Planchettes," which are sent to them by mail, and are not subject to cancellations from deceased relatives or friends.

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NOTICE TO RESIDENTS OF CANADA AND THE PROVINCES.—The "Planchettes" are not for sale between the United States and Canada. **PLANCHETTES** cannot be sent through the mails, but must be forwarded by express, at the purchaser's expense.

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April—Gail

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