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FACTS

Devoted to the Statements of Mental and Spiritual Phenomena.

*"Pledged but to truth, to liberty and law,
No favor sways us, and no fear shall awe."*

CONTENTS.

Our Opinions on the Subject of Investigation.	i
Changing the Form of FACTS.	ix
The New Musical Medium. Prof. Henry Kiddle.	1
Various Forms of Materialization at the Seances of Mrs. Bliss and Mr. Rothermel. Mr. Elisha Morse.	3
Knots Tied in an Endless Cord. Mr. James Lewis.	6
Mysterious Transportation of Dr. Henry Slade. Mr. J. Simmons	8
Independent Music and Materialization. Prof. W. W. Clayton.	9
Full-Form Materialization. Mrs. Charlotte A. Coleman.	11
Slate-Writing. Mr. A. S. Plumb.	12
Independent Slate-Writing. Mrs. Soule.	12
A few Connected Links in a Chain of Facts. Mrs. Julia A. Dawley.	13

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FACTS.

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OUR OPINIONS ON THE SUBJECT OF INVESTIGATION.

The success of any enterprise depends largely upon the individual efforts of its leaders, and the soundness of their principles and policy.

The FACTS journal has, and we hope will always have, a settled course of action. Our plans in the main, and our ideas of investigation, are the same as when we began the publication of the FACTS magazine, nearly two years ago. We are not disposed to question the rights of others to investigate any science as they desire; and, therefore, of those who feel that no investigation of spiritual science is of value except by the methods of rigorous physical demonstration, we claim an equal right to prosecute our investigations in the manner which we prefer, and this certainly belongs to all investigators in any department of knowledge. Nor do we admit that our method of gathering facts by receiving all credible evidence, and placing a judicious reliance on human testimony, is at all inferior to the method of those who think that the testimony of honorable, intelligent citizens is of little value, and that the only parts to be relied on are those which are gathered under rigid and extraordinary precautions, as if all parties to phenomena were destitute of veracity and honesty. We do not think that spiritual phenomena should be treated on any other principles than those of common sense and prudence which govern us in business transactions, in the administration of laws, and the acquisition of geographic and historic knowledge. We do not sympathize with that statement which assumes that if there is the remotest possibility that any spiritual phenomena may be an error, therefore it must be false and fraudulent,—or, in other words, we do not assume that every spiritual phenomenon must be considered fraud and delusion until we have evidence as strong as mathematics to prove its truth. There may be skeptical minds that demand such a policy, but if it had been generally pursued it would have greatly retarded the progress of spiritualism, and hindered or damaged its chief supporters. Equally unreasonable do we consider it to demand that every witness of spiritual facts should be an expert in physical science, for spiritual and physical

sciences are as distinct as chemistry and music. A professor of physical science may be profoundly ignorant in spiritual science, and unfit to give valuable testimony, while one who has no knowledge of physical science may be an expert in the spiritual, and worthy of implicit reliance. We attach no value to the reports of self-opinionated individuals who consider themselves qualified to judge of the whole subject of modern spiritualism because they have attended one seance, which, if not what they expected, or perhaps not free from untruth, was beyond their comprehension. Ignorance is always to be deplored, and we are not for one moment attempting to show that an ignorant man is more valuable to any cause than an educated one, but we do claim that ignorance on any subject is a good reason why such a person should not profess to teach, or even express his opinion, until he has investigated, although he may be an honored investigator in some other branch of scientific research. As we have said before, it does not require scientific investigation to say the moon shines; nor is it required to make a man believe he knows his friend if he sees him at a seance; therefore, we publish the evidence of others as they profess to have seen it, and while it is a fact to them, it is of more or less importance to others, as each mind sees it to be valuable. Nor shall we allow for one moment the vexed questions of the day, which belong to humanity at large, to enter into our work on mental and spiritual phenomena. We hold that the acceptance and investigation of these laws, from a scientific standpoint, has nothing whatever to do with a man's life or morals, admitting that the more beautiful the conditions, and the more elevated the taste and character of the investigator, the better the quality of the phenomena, but not more conclusive as evidence of immortality, or of more importance to science as a foundation on which to build; therefore, our investigations will be as practical as the circumstances will admit. We shall wait patiently to know the truth, and not judge hastily of evidence of which we are not absolutely certain, but shall not refuse to publish descriptions of phenomena which we are satisfied are genuine, even though we know that under some other circumstances the medium has been fraudulent, or that his moral character is bad. Our duty will be to obtain from all sources, so far as possible, the evidence of immortality, and we believe that evidence to be as valuable to science in establishing the truth when coming from a spirit whose earth life was corrupt, but well defined, as if from an exalted spirit of light, even though the medium may be as bad as the spirit was while in earth life.

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FACTS.

THE NEW MUSICAL MEDIUM.

To the Editor of *Facts* :

Without the knowledge which we have acquired within the last few years of spirit control, the phenomenon presented by Mr. James R. Cocke, the newly-developed musical medium, would be regarded simply as an inexplicable prodigy. Here is a young man, blind from his earliest years, who has received only the most meager outlines of a musical education, suddenly found to be able, while in the trance state, to improvise and perform, with marvelous execution, on the piano or organ, the most difficult compositions, possessing a high order of excellence, and illustrating or reproducing the styles of the most eminent masters of musical art,—of such geniuses as Beethoven, Bach, Von Weber, Chopin, &c.,—composing and performing pieces almost endless in their number and variety.

That he is used by the spirits of departed musical celebrities simply as a human instrument, or as the means by which they may express again to mortal ears, and in sensuous tones, the ideal productions of their undying creative genius is not a mere hypothesis, since the controlling influences not only announce their presence by name, but cause the medium to assume the prominent characteristics of their former earthly personalities. Thus each comes speaking his native language; and Beethoven, for example, exhibits in a very touching manner the physical disability of extreme deafness, from which he suffered during the latter part of his life.

The medium is also controlled for song as well as instrumental performance, male and female voices and styles being presented through him; while there is often an improvisation of words, as

PERSONATION AND MATERIALIZATION, WHICH?

We wish to write more of the positions taken by mediums, which by many are considered fraudulent. Some cases there may be, and probably are. Mediums should feel that this is their cause, and whatever brings discredit on spiritualism is a disgrace to them, and the only way to rectify this is to make sure work for truth and justice. Let there be no more questions; make everything as plain as possible. We do not mean by this that mediums can explain the mysteries of this undeveloped philosophy, which, like other sciences, has an origin beyond our conception, and of which even the spirit world are not able thus far to give us explanations of such a character as to satisfy our leading investigators; but we desire that no possible doubt shall be entertained by any body of the honesty of our mediums.

Personation is as good of its class as materialization, and it is accepted as a spiritual manifestation, but is not understood when appearing at materialization seances, where people are looking for materialized forms from the spirit world; so, when a spirit comes out of the cabinet using the form of the medium, we at once feel that there is fraud, especially if on examination we do not find the medium in the cabinet.

We find in most of these cases that we are deceived only in this, the mediums do not understand these laws, consequently cannot explain them, but are simply acting at the dictation of the spirit.

Materialization, a most wonderful phenomenon, and the highest phase possibly of spirit expression to mortals, must ever be in our opinion a mystery as to its causes, while as a *fact* it is too well known not only by our own investigations but by thousands of reliable witnesses whose intelligence and honor cannot be questioned. Then, evidently, our true course is to watch carefully that we be not led into temptation, and deceive our own souls, but try the manifestations we are witnessing, whether they be personation or materialization. We should not object to our spirit friends using the material elements in the best way they can to make themselves known to us, but try to understand more of these laws.

Truth, in its highest form of expression, should be the object of every spiritual medium and investigator; and as discord and inharmony will drive our loved ones from the family circle in earth life, so will inharmony in the spirit circle drive out the best results.

(Continued from February FACTS.)

Day by day tests came that made the communion as real as the ordinary experiences of external life. No room was left for doubt. One day Charles said that the sisters at home had found the key to her drawer, and had taken his locket, which they thought made the fits more frequent. Charles counselled her to let it go, as he wished her to "*give up everything, as it would benefit her spirit.*" He found a ring he gave, and which was taken from her hand the day of the funeral while she was entranced. Again and again he told of changes at her home, which we invariably found had been made. In fine, Charles *lived* with us really, joyously, and we had no more doubt of it than of our infant child whose prattle we could hear with the external ear. The details of that life would make an interesting story, for all circumstances were favorable for the most real and interesting intercourse. Her clairvoyant perceptions were very accurate and were tested by physicians, and confirmed by *post-mortem* examinations when she disputed professional diagnosis.

One bright autumn day the four sisters were braiding palm-leaf hats in the front chamber before an open window, when a small piece of paper was seen to float in the window and drop upon Samantha's hand, and immediately she was entranced. On this paper was the following communication. I preserve the form and some peculiarities :—

"Reclaim yonder sinner for it is in *your* power
Speak kind words to him
Give him the earthly affection of thy heart
Care not for the world's censure
And one star shall be added to thy heavenly
Crown.
You have often wished from the heart that
Some guardian spirit should direct you
I condescend,
But delay not for your time is short."

For some time before this Samantha had been prescribing for a young man who had been quite intemperate, and at first she thought he must be the "*sinner*" referred to. But all the time her mind reverted to a young man engaged to her cousin by the name of Edwin, of whom no one knew any wrong. For two days she was anxious, feeling she must do something, and yet not

with typhoid fever. The next train took me to her bedside, but no earthly skill could save her. She grew daily worse until she passed away. With her dying breath she uttered the words: "Mother, mother, mother," in the exact tones I had heard on the night of my momentous vision.

A few days after her burial I was walking, lonely and sad, through a quiet lowland where there were no dwellings in sight; suddenly I seemed to feel the presence of some one. Upon looking around I saw my child standing by my side. She was as tangible to me as any human being I ever saw, and the words as distinctly uttered by her as she lovingly tried to console me, telling me not to grieve, as she had only passed into a state where all must go, but that it did not keep her from me, and she would stay with me almost all the time. Although I still deeply feel the loss of her bodily presence, I have never mourned as before. She often impresses me with her spiritual nearness, love, and affection so tangibly that I have no doubt about the fulfillment of her promise.

I would say to the reader, I am glad to give the testimony of my belief, yea, more, my *knowledge* of the possibility of the spirits of the loved dead to remain with us and tangibly manifest their existence under proper condition.

EDWIN RICHARDSON.

87 Mathewson St., Providence, R. I.

MATERIALIZATION AT THE SEANCE OF MISS GERTRUDE BERRY.

By MRS. JULIA A. DAWLEY, Editor of *The Voice of Angels*.

On the afternoon of Saturday, Dec. 29, 1883, I attended for the first time a seance for full-form materialization at No. 1 Arnold St., Boston, the medium being Miss Gertrude Berry. The seance is held in an upper room, in which were seated on this occasion, about twenty or twenty-two people, I being the last to enter. The genial conductor of the circle, Mr. Geo. Albro, requested anyone who wished to do so to examine the cabinet before the young lady should enter it. Another lady and gentleman, perfect strangers to me, as were all in the room, and myself, proceeded by the

aid of a lighted lamp to do so most thoroughly. The little room used as a cabinet contained only a lounge and a chair. The only window covered with oilcloth firmly secured against the glass, the green blinds being also closed, thus excluding every ray of light in the third story, with no roof or balcony between it and the busy street below, and would hardly be used in broad daylight by the most barefaced confederate as a means of entrance. A small closet opening into the room, empty save for an unused frame for the leaves of an extension table, was thoroughly and vainly searched for false panel trap-door or scuttle, or other means of communication with the outer world, and the door closed and locked.

The floor, ceiling, lounge, chair, and carpet of the cabinet-room being examined carefully with like result, the door leading to the hall was closed, locked, and sealed in our presence, the gentleman placing upon the paper some private mark, which paper and mark were found intact at the close of the seance.

Perfectly satisfied that whatever human being entered that room must go through the doorway of the one in which the sitters were, over which hung curtains of black cloth, we resumed our seats and awaited results.

The medium, dressed simply in a well-fitting, plain brown dress of some soft-clinging woolen material, came into the room, stood an instant before the curtains, her face turned toward us, then passed between them alone. The lady at the organ played a simple prelude, a few voices joined in singing, all eyes, we venture to say, being, as ours were, fixed on the curtains, which suddenly parted, and out slipped a form in white, which was recognized by the gentleman to whom she advanced, and who held a whispered conversation with her.

For nearly two hours, form after form (we counted thirty-two, and many more came) issued from that room,—large and small, male and female, in various dresses, nearly all able to talk, and one who sung; sometimes two at once standing in the middle of the open space before the curtain, all seemed to be recognized, tests and names being freely given.

No personal friend came for me, but on the appearance of one apparently stronger than the rest, a tall and powerful woman, she signified her desire to show the medium to some one in the

circle and pointed to me. Much pleased at this mark of confidence, I rose, placed my left hand in her right, which closed over my warm one as cold as the hand of death, and, led by her, I passed between the curtains into the pitchy darkness of the cabinet. Uncertain whether to turn toward the chair, I stood, my hand still clasped in that of the spirit form, when she said quite distinctly: "She is here on the sofa," and led me a step or two forward. I stooped to the lounge which was just before me, and, *my left hand still lying in that of the form beside me, which I could see distinctly, with my right I certainly felt the soft, warm hair and smooth warm cheek of a living, breathing human being.* There could be no mistake. It was not a dummy, and if my sense of touch is ever to be trusted, it was a woman's hair, and cheek, and chin. As no human being except Miss Gertie and myself had entered that room since I saw it empty, I see no reason why I should not affirm that I placed my right hand on the MEDIUM, *while my left was held by the materialized spirit* which stood patiently waiting for my verdict. I thanked her for the opportunity given me. She bowed and smiled in answer to my words, and, turning, held up the curtain and stepped back, allowing me to precede her to the room I had left. Whether she followed me I do not know, as I stood a moment before resuming my seat, to tell the waiting company what I had seen and felt.

A few minutes later, by permission of a spirit who seemed to be the conductor in the cabinet, Mr. Albro entered it with a light, and, returning, reported the medium lying quietly asleep upon the lounge, as I had described her.

35 Laurel St., Somerville, Mass.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH SUCH FACTS.

Editor of *Facts* :

The following extract from a letter written by a practising physician in Savannah, Ga. (educated in a German University), to a friend, not a spiritualist, residing in Tenn., is deemed by me worthy of a place in your columns.

"In your letter, you asked me in regard to Spiritualism. In order to give you a satisfactory answer, I should have to write

many more pages than I have time for just now,— may give you more in the future upon special questions you put on this important subject. For today only so much. I was an enthusiastic student and apostle for materialistic natural science for more than thirty years. Did not believe in an individual existence after death,— this view we nearly all imbibe in the German Universities. But about ten years ago I had the opportunities, together with a few brother physicians and a smart lawyer, to thoroughly investigate two mediums, one a Massachusetts gentleman spending a few months here, and the other a physician of this city (present coroner). These investigations were carried on in our homes, precluding the possibility of aid from confederates; and, besides, we put the mediums under such restraints that their own activity was out of the question. Also, we frequently could prove by depression of heart's action (pulse) and temperature that the mediums *could only be passive instruments for some invisible, intelligent actor or actors*. Under these circumstances we observed the following:—

1. Manifestations of *mechanical force*, in the moving of heavy objects without the possibility of the medium coming in contact with such objects. (Medium sewed into a suit used for violent insane people, and tacked with hundreds of tacks on floor and walls.) Some such motions, however, could not have been produced even if the medium would have been free, as, for instance, when *half a dozen* instruments were played at the *same* time, or when *ponderous* objects were violently shaken, that I, with all my might, could not move.

2. Performances which we mortals have not the power at all to perform; for instance, a trace-chain having been wound around the medium from head to foot, the seven intersecting links having been attached by seven padlocks, the hands of the medium fastened behind his back by secure handcuffs, and in a few minutes the whole dropt off, the medium was free, pulse and temperature depressed considerably. Or another; I put *my* overcoat on medium, sewed collar together under the chin, sewed right sleeve in crossed arm to the left side, and *vice versa*, ends of the strong flax thread well knotted. In one and a half minutes my coat was off. In the same length of time it was put on. Stitches perfectly intact.

3. Manifestations of intelligence, by writing messages under the most varied circumstances, in all of which the medium could not have done the writing." Submitted by

J. MADISON ALLEN.

Home School, Ancora, N. J.

WADE HAMPTON'S EXPERIENCE WITH J. V. MANSFIELD.

By DR. DAVENPORT.

I was in Boston in 1857, and at that time a man came to the hotel to see the Davenport brothers, who were then with Dr. Gardiner. This man gave his name as Wade Hampton.

To make my story understood, I must take my readers back to some time before the gentleman came to Boston, his home being in the West.

The landlady of the house where he boarded came to him one day, telling him of a young lady that was in the house sick, under very mysterious circumstances. She said she was destitute, but that her parents were well to do and respectable. The young lady died and was buried.

When Mr. Hampton came to see me, he wanted to see a good medium. I took him to Dr. Mansfield. I told him to write a letter to his mother and seal it. This being done, we went to see the medium, but he was busy and could do nothing for my friend at that time; but, said he: "Leave your letter, and I will see what I can do for you, and you may come again and get it," which he did.

This seemed at the time to be satisfactory, until some friends of his denounced Mansfield as a fraud, telling him that the letter had been opened and read. I said to Hampton: "Test the medium; write another letter and see the result." This he did, all the while denouncing the medium. But when he received the answer he was greatly agitated, and when we were safely at home again, he told me of the young lady that had passed away out west.

The letter was from her, thanking him for his kindness in burying her body and placing at her grave a headstone. She gave to him her name, and he was perfectly convinced that spirits do return and manifest after what we call death.

WARNED AND SAVED FROM HARM BY SPIRIT POWER.

By MR. WILLIAM FLEMING, Pittsburg, Pa.

For many years my heart has been filled with joy that I have lived in the beginning of modern spiritualism. I thank our Heavenly Father that he gave me knowledge of this truth.

My knowledge came with the Fox sisters. Before 1848 mesmerists were going through the country, and I thought I could do that. I tried and found I could, but not without years of study, and that was my introduction into spiritualism.

Many years ago a great fire burned over sixty acres, and thirteen hundred buildings were destroyed. Before this happened I was standing on the corner of 5th Avenue and Wood Street, April 10, 1845, and I saw all the fire engines and everything. Another thing that gave me a basis to work upon was this: in 1859 I had some business between 6th Avenue and Wood Street. I lived in the fifth ward and had started for home. When near a place called Strawberry Alley a voice said: "Do not go that way," and seemed to want to stop me. I paid no heed. Again the voice was heard, and it seemed as though some one was tugging at my coat to keep me back. I reasoned against it. Still I heard the voice, I should think, eight or ten times. I could not fathom it nor see any danger. I saw a sign hanging between two poles. I came in front of the Eagle Hotel, and next a portico, and seemed suddenly to be pulled into the vestibule. I was no sooner there than I heard the cracking of timber, and thought the back of the house was falling. I realized I had been saved, for the sign had fallen to the sidewalk and was shattered to slivers. I had been taken out of harm's way by a power higher than myself. Thus the truth of spiritualism came to me.

PREDICTIONS AND WARNINGS.

By MR. A. C. ROBINSON, Lynn.

In 1854 I was at Newport to lecture against spiritualism. The Baptist church was filled to overflowing. After the lecture a gentleman in the audience came to me and said: "Either you are or will be a medium. If you are not one, you will be in three

months." "My dear sir," I replied, "you are far from the mark. I have studied under Sunderland, and I know there is nothing in spiritualism."

In three months I was in Providence, where I received a communication saying that, on a certain night, I should receive something from the spirit world. I retired, and almost as soon as I had lain down, I heard raps on the head-board. I began to investigate. Then at the foot of the bed; again at the head; then to the bureau; then all around the room. I went back to bed, when the foot began to rise. The head rose also till, finally, the whole bed was raised several feet, and I with another man were rocked in the bed in mid-air.

At another time I was in Rochester waiting for a train, when I heard a voice say: "Do not go." The voice was repeated. I heeded the warning, and went to see some people who lived in that city. I could not see why, but did afterwards when the son of the people where I was, came in and reported that the express train had run off the track. I now said: "If I was warned, why were not others?" And I afterward found on inquiry twelve persons who had been warned, but did not heed the warning.

PROPHECY AND EXPERIENCES IN PSYCHOMETRY.

By PROF. A. B. SEVERANCE, of Milwaukee, Wis.

About three years ago, I was traveling on the cars in company with my friend A. D. Williams, of Whitewater, Wis. We were talking of spiritualism, when a gentleman, sitting near, asked me what I knew of its phenomena. I told him, among other things, of psychometry, and some of my experiences in that branch of the spirit manifestations. After listening, he inquired: "Can you read me?" I replied: "Easily." I then said to him: "You are a professional man, I think a doctor. You have traveled north, south, east, and west as a lecturer on physiology and kindred subjects. You, at one time, was engaged in the business of sheep raising in Texas, and you lost money thereby. You had a long litigation at another time with a woman, and she won the suit in the end. You own land in Minnesota, and are going there now." I told him many other things, all of which he admitted was correct.

Some years ago, T. N. Boor, who was employed in the patent office in Washington, was with his wife visiting at our home, when they received a letter from a friend. After reading it, they proposed that I should see what I could tell of the person. I took the letter and, after giving her traits of character and peculiarities of disposition, said: "This lady is engaged to be married, but she will break the engagement; but within two years will marry a man of position and wealth, and he will be in government employ; will travel much in this country, and she will accompany him. He will be sent, in some official capacity, to Europe. She will mingle with royalty, and be introduced to crowned heads." After listening to these statements, they remarked: "This is very strange, Mr. Severance. You have given her character correctly, but the prophecy is very improbable. This is a very obscure individual, a girl who works for a small salary and knows of no relations." The reading was so remarkable that they wrote it down, and a few years later I met Mr. Boon again. He referred to the incident and said: "When they returned, they gave the reading to the young lady. When she reached the prophetic part, she threw it down pettishly, exclaiming: "I will marry Charley." But she did not. Something occurred to break up the match, and later she married a man in government position who possessed great wealth, and they together had traveled in Europe, and mingled with the nobility," thus verifying my prophecy.

About five years ago I went to Minneapolis to attend a convention, in company with my wife, Doctor Severance, who was engaged to speak there. At the intermission I was handing a man one of my circulars, when another man, observing what it was, remarked: "Yes, I know about that; I have had some of Mr. Severance's readings." The manner in which he spoke led me to think I had made a failure in his case. But I was soon relieved by his relating the following facts. Several years before, while living in the western part of Wisconsin, and at the time a church member, he happened to see a paper containing my advertisement, and, to test the matter, he wrote me for a delineation which he received in due time, correct in every particular, speaking particularly of some peculiarity in their social affairs unknown to any but themselves. His wife at this time was in Missouri, spending some time. During the time she passed south, she

chanced to meet a person who had received a reading from me, which induced her to write to me for one. After her return home, one evening she was talking with her husband on the subject, when he told her of his writing to me and the result, reading her his own communication. She then told him of her writing also, and on comparing them, the descriptions of their social conditions were remarkably alike. They then wrote me further and investigated in other directions, until at the time alluded to they were both spiritualists.

I also examine disease by this method, and might give you many facts in my experience, but will not occupy any more space.

WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

By MRS. KATE STILES, Worcester, Mass.

My daughter, who had passed to spirit life from consumption, was the means of making me a spiritualist. I know now that she comforted me when it seemed as though I could not bear the separation longer. She spoke to me not in words, but by her influence thrown around me, and which prepared me for the time when I could more fully realize her presence. This she accomplished in a year and three months, when she made herself known to me by controlling my hand to write. Then I could only sense her presence, while now I see her as plainly as anyone in the physical form.

On one occasion, not long after this, my husband had gone away, but I expected him home on the five o'clock train in the afternoon, as he had telegraphed to me to that effect. On the morning of that day, while I was preparing dinner, I said to a lady who was with me: "I am going to Boston on the one o'clock train." I made all necessary arrangements to do so, leaving my work to be finished by my friend. I was seated in the car before I realized what I was doing, then I began to question the expediency of my movements; for, thought I, my husband will be home tonight, and how foolish this is; but a voice said: "You will meet him at the depot in Boston." I arrived at my destination, but did not meet my husband where I expected to; but, as I left the station, and was about to take a horse-car, I saw him. Of course, he was surprised to see me, at the same time pleased, for, said he: "I have been thinking of telegraphing for you to come and stay

over Sunday with your sister." My brothers and sisters were all together that day in a reunion, and, had I staid away, I should have been the only one missing; but my good spirit friends came to me, and, as it were, compelled me to go to Boston.

A SPIRIT PROVING ITS IDENTITY.

By MRS. KATE STILES, Worcester, Mass.

The knowledge of spirit return was manifested to me at a sitting I had with Mrs. Wildes, of Boston. She was controlled by a spirit calling herself my daughter. To prove to me her identity, she put her hand in my pocket, saying: "Don't be troubled; it is all right." She took my pocket-book, opened it, took from it the notice of her death, which I had cut from a newspaper, and said: "Mother darling, here is the evidence of my *death*." Her presence gave evidence of her continued *life*. She has been to me at Mrs. Bliss's and Miss Berry's, where I have received tests that have come home to me, and brought me joy.

EXPERIMENTS IN INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING WITH DR. HENRY SLADE.

Editor of *Facts* :

The following statement may be of interest, not only to believers, whose faith in spiritual phenomena is founded upon honest and intelligent investigation, but also to those who are searching for more and still more evidence of an assertion that power unseen and not yet explained, can act through the human body, thus conveying a knowledge superior to that possessed by the chosen instrument. The case is briefly this:—

The first day of August, 1883, my wife and myself had a sitting with Dr. Henry Slade, at Onset Bay, Mass. After having witnessed several physical manifestations (a chair being lifted from the floor, the slate taken out of the doctor's hand and immediately appearing at the opposite end of the table, too large to admit the thought that his arm could reach it even if he had made an effort to do so, which he most decidedly did not), the two new slates brought by us were put together with a little bit of Faber

pencil between them, and then placed on my left arm. The doctor held them there with the thumb and the forefinger, while the other hand rested with ours on the table. A scraping sound was at once heard between the slates, indicating that a writing had commenced. This lasted two or three minutes, and then came three tiny raps on the slates. They were opened, and the communication, as shown on the copies which I send you, were found on Nos. 1 and 2. The Latin is a quotation of a religious character. On slate No. 2, the four first lines commence a communication in classical Greek, but interrupted, as the English message from one of the doctor's controls, Dr. Davis, states, because the writing spirit was unable to control any longer, promising, nevertheless, *to continue some other day*.

A fortnight later, the 17th inst., at Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass., we had another sitting with Dr. Slade. The power was at first very strong, so strong that the slate held under the table was shattered into many pieces with a loud crash. The writing on the other (No. 3) was produced a few moments later. In what language it is, I have not yet been able to ascertain.

Dr. S. requested me to go over the way and buy two more slates, and, as soon as I had brought them, he placed them in the usual way on my left arm. The writing commenced immediately, and continued without interruption for *six or seven minutes*. The copies Nos. 4 and 5 show a very elaborate Greek communication of twenty-six lines. *The promise was thus fulfilled, and the continuation of the first essay at Onset Bay given.* As a proof, it suffices to compare the Greek on slate No. 2 with that on No. 4, and it will be seen that the first lines correspond exactly in both places. As the Latin, it is a compendium of faith, which I intend to translate verbally when at my leisure. Though seemingly pure classical Greek, I should call it "ecclesiastical," as in the Greek church of our day all the prayers are read in classical Greek, or, as this has undergone several changes during early Christianity, it may, perhaps, be found more appropriate to refer it to what is generally understood as "Monk or Cloister Greek." *It is also an item of the greatest importance that the writing on both slates (Nos. 4 and 5) was produced in so short a time, six or seven minutes, while it would take myself or any scholar AT LEAST TWENTY MINUTES TO COPY THE GREEK TEXT ALONE.*

¶ Commemoratione obtinuit through Dr. Henry Hodge

Regula quidem fidei una annuo
est, sola immobilis et inextinguibilis,
credenda scilicet,

In unicum Deum omnipotentem,
unum conlatorum: Et Filium
ejus unum Christum, natum
ex Virgine Maria, crucifixum sub
Pontio Pilato, terrena de resurrectione
mortuis, receptum in coelis, sedem
nunc ad dexteram Patris, venturum
judicare vivos et mortuos, per
carnis eternum resurrectionem.

Ex Lib. de Virg. velunt. c. 1.

Lo de Mont

66

¶ H. H. Peterson 1911 Thomas & H. H. Peterson

No. 2. Communication. Received through Dr. Henry Hoyle.

Ἡ γὰρ ἐκκλησία: καίτοι καὶ ὁ
ἀκούσας, ἐν ᾧ πρὸς τὸν
τῶν ἀποστόλων καὶ τῶν οὐρανῶν καὶ τῶν ποταμῶν
ἐν ᾧ ἐν τῷ θέν, καὶ ἐν τῷ

Learn that the spirit that
has just written the above is
not-able to hold control
he says he will finish it
some other day -
this is all we can able
to write for you now
I am truly & Devoted

at least May 1883

Dr. J. H. Hoyle, per Amos A. Carter

At both times the communications were received in broad daylight, about four o'clock p.m.

The slates are in my possession, were seen by many people at Onset Bay and Lake Pleasant, and were immediately photographed.

According to promise, I have the pleasure to forward you translation of the Latin and the Greek texts.

While at first considering it possible to meet a pure classical Greek, I have found my supposition to be right when calling it "ecclesiastical." Owing to this, and also to a want of clearness of some words, I may have committed a few philological errors, but, if so, that will neither change the sense of the communication nor detain me from rendering its translation public.

As to the identity of the writer, and the quotations made by him, I am not as yet certain, but, continuing my investigations, I hope some future communication may reveal it to me.

TRANSLATION OF LATIN TEXT. (Slate No. 1.)

"There is, indeed, but one rule of faith, fixed and unchangeable, namely, that of believing in one almighty God, the founder of the world, and in his son, Jesus Christ, born of the Virgin Mary, crucified under Pontius Pilate, raised on the third day from the dead, received in heaven, now sitting at the right hand of the Father, and who will come to judge the living and the dead through the resurrection, even of the flesh.

From the book of the (*veiled?*) Virgin, C. I. L. DE MONT."

TRANSLATION OF GREEK TEXT. (Slates 4 and 5.)

"There is, indeed, one church, though dispersed even to the limits of the whole world, the church which received from the Apostles, and from their disciples, the belief in one God, the almighty Father, the maker of heaven, the seas, and everything therein, the belief in Jesus Christ, the son of God, who was made flesh for the salvation of others, the belief in the Holy Spirit, which through the prophets taught divine providence and conviction, the birth from the Virgin, the passion (suffering), the resurrection from the dead, the allegiance (?) to those who had reached (inhabit) the heaven of the beloved Jesus Christ our Lord, his coming from heaven in the glory of the Father, to gather together for himself all things, and to raise up all flesh of all mankind, when (in order that), to Christ Jesus, our Lord, and God, and Savior, and King, according to the good pleasure of the invisible Father, every knee

shall bow in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, and every tongue shall confess to Him, and He will render just judgment among them to the spirits of evil, and will send the angels who transgressed and were in rebellion, the impious, the unjust, the unholy, the blasphemers of men, into the everlasting fire; but to the just, and to the holy, and to those who have kept His commands, and continued in His love, to these, indeed, having granted from the beginning life, on account of their repentance, will He bestow immortality, and will obtain for them eternal glory.

L. DE M."

The public is, as myself, indebted to the ready kindness and particularly fine mediumship (reading of the most ancient languages) of Dr. James Cooper, M. D., Bellefontaine, Ohio, for the following translation of the characters on slate No. 3, and, as an additional interest, I also publish the doctor's letter.

"Admit us to your hearts, O friends, for, as the wanderer on the desert, when he sees the green oasis in the distance, renews his courage and struggles on, so are we, of Lauka's Isle, encouraged in our efforts to open communication with our brothers of today by this success."

N. B. No name is signed or given in connection with the communication.

TRANSLATOR."

"BELLEFONTAINE, Ohio, Oct. 21, 1883.

DR. H. G. PETERSEN:

Dear Sir and Brother,—

Yours of the 17th inst., covering photo of slate containing characters obtained through the mediumship of Dr. Henry Slade, received, and I have given them a sitting with the enclosed result, which is a literal translation as I believe.

There came with the letter three male spirits who claim to have lived on Lauka (the island of Ceylon) some four or five thousand years ago. They are true *Aryans*, rather small in stature, about five feet four or five inches, well formed, with large foreheads, finely-cut features, black hair and eyes, the hair wavy or inclined to curl, light-brown complexion, and noble expression of countenance.

You will probably like to know how I get the translation. In this way. I place my left hand on the card, when the writer or writers present themselves. I see them almost as distinctly as I see mortals, and being passive in their hands, they impress me with the translation, word by word, correcting any mistakes that



How Communicators Passed through Dr. Henry Stale

ἡ αὖν γὰρ ἐκκλησία, καίπερ καθ' ὅλης οἰκουμένης
ὡς περὶ τὴν δὲ παλαιάν, παρὰ τὴν τῶν ἀποστόλων
καὶ τῶν ἐκείνων καθ' ὅσον προλάβουσα τὴν εἰς ἐναθεῖν,
ἰατρὰ παντοκράτορα, τὸν πνευματικὸν τῶν οὐρανῶν καὶ
τῶν θαλάσσης καὶ πάντα τὰ ἐν αὐτοῖς τίτιν. καὶ εἰς ἓνα
χριστὸν Ἰησοῦν, τὸν γινώσκοντα, τὸν ἐκκεκωκυῖα ἐπὶ
τῆς ἐκείνης αἰτίας. καὶ εἰς ἰουδαίον, τοῦτον τὸν
ἐκ παρθένου γεννηθέντα, καὶ τὸ πάθος, καὶ τὴν θάλασσαν
ἐκ νεκρῶν, καὶ τὴν ἐνδοκίαν οὖς τοῦ οὐρανοῦ ἀνάγκη
τοῦ ἡγιασμένου χριστοῦ Ἰησοῦ τοῦ κυρίου ἡμῶν, καὶ ἐκ
τῶν οὐρανῶν ἐν τῇ δόξῃ τοῦ Πατρὸς παρουσίαν αὐτοῦ, ἐπὶ
τὸ ἀνακεφαλαιώσασθαι τὰ πάντα, καὶ ἀνωστήσαι πᾶσαν
ἐκκλησίαν, καὶ ἑαυτὴν ἀνδρώπολιν, ἡνὰ χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ τῷ κυρίῳ
ἡμῶν, καὶ θεῷ, καὶ σωτῆρι, καὶ βασιλεῖ, κατὰ τὴν
ἐνδοκίαν τοῦ Πατρὸς τοῦ δοῦντος, ἡνὰ γένει καὶ
ἐκκλησίαν καὶ ἡμετέραν καὶ καθ' ὅσον, καὶ πᾶσα
ποιήσεται τὰ πᾶν πνευματικὰ τῆς ποικίλης, καὶ
ἀγγελῶν παραβολῆς, καὶ ἐν ἀποστολῇ γεγονότας καὶ
τοῖς ἀποστόλοις καὶ ἀδελφοῖς καὶ ἡμετέροις καὶ βλασφημοῖς τῶν
ἀνθρώπων, εἰς τὸ αἰῶνα τὸ πᾶν, ἐπὶ τοῖς δεξιαῖς καὶ
δοξαῖς, καὶ τὰς ἐνδοκίας αὐτοῦ τετηρημένοι καὶ ἐν τῇ

of Eddy Massant 1783 An 1783 Valentin 781 Remont 781
Montague Mass 1783

may be made by nods, signs, or using my hand and pen, or pencil, to strike out the incorrect word.

If you have any means of comparing this writing with Sanscrit, I am impressed that you will find a resemblance, for these spirits claim that their language is related to the ancient Sanscrit. * *

* * * * *

Hoping this may prove satisfactory, I am yours for truth,
JAMES COOPER, M.D."

As soon as I had received the above letter from Dr. J. Cooper, and without alluding to his translation, I wrote to the distinguished philologist and archæologist, L. Lévy-Bing, Paris (France), whose learned reading of the strange inscription on the Grave-Creek stone in Ohio, U. S., has weight among scientific men.

This is a translation of part of his letter, in reply to my inquiry, with regard to the characters on slate No. 3.

"* * * * Without being able to affirm anything concerning these strange characters, I suppose that they may refer to Sanscrit, that is to say, to one of the more or less approaching archæical forms, or perhaps to an altered or lost Indian idiom. At all events it is impossible to certify their identity by means of alphabets discovered and deciphered by science. * * * *"

Apart from the marvel of the writing itself, several suggestions have doubtless presented themselves to the intelligent readers as to the contents of the above communications or quotations.

With regard to the Latin and Greek texts, we find the Catholic faith strongly expressed in the dogmas of eternal punishment and pre-ordination. If we believe it to originate from the spirit L. de Mont, who was perhaps himself an ecclesiastic, we also ask ourselves if he still holds this opinion, as we have known many spirits to do for quite a length of time, and if his intention has been to emphasize it on the occasion thus offered him. It may be so; but I think not, sincerely hoping that so uncharitable and cruel a view of our future destiny may have lost its ecclesiastical infallibility and charm to him when confronted with a sublimer and purer element of divine love. In my opinion, these dead languages, with which the medium is entirely unacquainted, were chosen as stronger means of proving the reality of the phenomenon, and this in more than one way. We have the record of

experiences by men of science and authority, as, for instance, Professor Zöllner and his learned colleagues, etc., that independent slate-writing has been given and been manifested in different modern languages, of which the medium was equally ignorant. Supposing now that L. de Mont was a Frenchman or an Italian, he would have had no difficulty in writing to us in those languages with which we were at least familiar, and to the rendering of which the medium himself had proved no obstacle. Instead of this a Greek quotation of considerable length is given.

The difficulty has been doubled. First, the Greek *letters* themselves, which it requires, as any collegian knows, a longer time to write, owing to their separate and pieced-together construction. Second, the memory of the Greek *text* itself.

How many of our college professors of Greek in the present time can *write* this language from memory? But very few, so few that only those exceptional ones who pride themselves in knowing by heart a certain quantity of Homeric verses, etc., could enter the contest.

It seems, therefore, to me that there has been a decided intention on the part of this supramundane writer not of hinting about creed and dogma, but of proving, as stated at the commencement of my report, "*that power unseen can act through the human body, thus conveying a knowledge superior to that possessed by the chosen instrument,*" on a principle similar to that of electricity, which must, to become useful, have the aid and co-operation of intelligence.

Though the strange characters on slate No. 3 have not found scientific interpretation, yet I consider it of great interest to notice the coincidence of Dr. Cooper's remark with that of the scientist L. Lévy-Bing, eventually referring them to "*one of the more or less archaical forms of Sanscrit, or to an altered or lost Indian idiom.*"

In concluding, I wish to say that the private letter to us on slate No. 5 is quite correct, and that I most cordially invite all who feel interested, whether as believers or as skeptical and critical investigators, to communicate to me their views and ideas with regard to the above facts.

DR. H. G. PETERSEN.

33 Somerset St., formerly 721 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

My dear Mother and Father - I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am very glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this finds you the same. I am your affectionate son, Harry Steele.

ἀγάπη αὐτοῦ διακείμενη. τὸς μὲν ἐπ' ἐρχῆς δὲ ἔκ
μεταβολῆς, ἡμεῖς χαρισάμενοι, ἀγαπῶντες ἀποστολὰς
καὶ δόξαν αἰωνίου περισπούδου - L. H. M.

My dear Mama-and-Papa- you see I have
learned to write in English. It gives me
so much pleasure to see you as you are
Grandma-Peterson is present with
me. She says give each of you her blessings
I shall be with you much of my time.
This is my first letter to you. Good
success before you. I am your
loving son - Willie

My dear Mother and Father - I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am very glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this finds you the same. I am your affectionate son, Harry Steele.



Photograph of Spirit Children.— See March No. (1884) of FACTS for description.

FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

IMMORTALITY

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE MODERN WORLD.

REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE'S EASTER SERMON.

In view of the fact that yesterday was Easter, Rev. Minot J. Savage, pastor of the Church of the Unity, deferred the delivery of his sermon on "Woman's Sphere," one of the course on "Man, Woman, and Child," and spoke on "Immortality from the Standpoint of the Modern World." He took for his text the following passages of Scripture:—

For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures;

And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures;

And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve;

After that he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep;

After that he was seen of James; then of all the apostles;

And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time.— *I Cor. xv. 3-8.*

"If a man die, shall he live again?" asks the old poet author of the book of Job. And it is safe to assume that no other one question has so long and so deeply stirred the heart of man. Since the first father, mother, friend looked down on the first white, dead face, and wondered what it all meant, until today men have tried to lift at least a corner of the leaden curtain of darkness and silence. They have peered, they have listened. Some have said they caught the sudden gleam of a face, or the swift beckoning of a hand; or that they heard a low whisper out of the stillness. Others have taken all these things to be only the subjective impressions of an excited brain, or a longing fancy. So, after all these thousands of years, a large part of the world is waiting and asking still.

For perfect clearness and accuracy of thought, we need, from the outset, to bear in mind one important distinction. Even if we could prove to demonstration that some soul had survived the dissolution of the body, we should not then have established immortality. This means endless continued existence. And it is, at any rate, quite conceivable that a soul might continue through many such changes as that we call death, and still come to an end at last. This distinction, however, is important only for clearness of thought. If we could be quite certain that this first stupendous change does not mean the cessation of conscious, personal existence, the most of us would confidently take our chances as to the results of any future crisis

beyond that. To this one point, then, let us address ourselves, and see how it looks from the standpoint of the modern world. The disciples of Jesus claimed that he reappeared to them after his death; that they saw him, talked with him, and made themselves sure of his identity; and all this on more than one occasion. This is the most notable instance of the kind on record, for it was made the foundation stone of a great religion, and this religion is the one which has coincided with the greatest civilization of the world. Paul says: "If Christ be not risen, then your faith is vain,"—the basis of Christianity is gone. We will take this claim, then, as our starting point. Let us refresh our memories with the outlines of the familiar story. Jesus had been with his disciples for three, to them, precious years. They had come to believe that he was, indeed, the promised Messiah of their race, who was to establish on earth a perfect condition of human society which they called "the kingdom of heaven." But at last, disappointed and dismayed, they find him in the hands of the Roman power. This power, urged on by the influential and official portion of his own people, has put him to an ignominious death, the death of a common criminal. This is Friday afternoon. And now, as we see in the case of the two friends who, through the cool of the evening, walked to Emmaus, the disciples have given up all hope. With an undertow of exceeding sadness and disappointment, we hear them saying: "We trusted that this had been he who should have redeemed Israel." But it is plain that the trust is gone. They read in the cross only one more terrible failure. But on Sunday morning they are startled by the report that somebody had seen him alive again. He suddenly appears to the wondering little company, though the doors be shut; and, after a brief conversation, as suddenly vanishes again. At another time he eats with them, and shows them his wounded hands and side, telling them he is no spirit only, but has flesh and bones like themselves. And then, long after, when they supposed him to be with God in the skies, he appears to Paul in a vision, and he talks of having "seen" him, as truly as had the rest of the apostles. As the immediate result of these "appearances," their hopes revive again. In the confident assurance that they are the disciples of a living master, they start out to preach their "good news," that the reign of death is ended; that Jesus is only withdrawn into the heavens for a little time, and that he will quickly return to reign over the kingdom of their grandest hopes. These later expectations, we know, have not been fulfilled. But our concern, for today, is only with this story of the reappearance. Let us, then, note two or three things concerning their report. What is the nature and value of their testimony? Reverently, and with perfect frankness, we must deal with this from the standpoint of the modern world. Though they be Jesus's own words, we cannot agree with them, when he says: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet

have believed." We do, indeed, believe many things which we have not seen; but when it is a question of material fact, like the alleged coming to life of the dead, this is no matter of legitimate faith, but calls for adequate evidence. We must respect Thomas, then, for being a doubter until the proof was forthcoming. The world has suffered too much by "taking things for granted" for us any longer to consider it a virtue. As then, we look over the evidence of the four gospels, we find it confused and extraordinary. No matter if it be on minor points,—as, for example, as to whether it was Peter or Mary Magdalen who first saw him; or as to whether it was before light or about sunrise. The Holy Spirit does not make mistakes as to matters of fact. This much, however, may well be said. Though the contradictions are utterly inconsistent with divine inspiration, they are not such as to necessarily impeach the accuracy of the story from a merely human point of view. These variations of detail are only such as we are all familiar with in the testimony of honest people concerning things that we know are true. But if Jesus actually reappeared, it is a fact of a very strange and unusual kind. And extraordinary facts require extraordinary testimony, both as to quantity and quality. You may reasonably believe almost anybody when he asserts facts of common, daily occurrence. But when a person asserts that very strange and unusual things have happened, it is only common sense and common sanity to demand a proof that is adequate. People may be very honest and yet very greatly mistaken. Were not this principle adopted in our courts, justice would miscarry much oftener than it actually does. Have we, then, here in our New Testament, reasonably satisfactory evidence that Jesus really appeared to his disciples after his death? Frankly, we must admit that we have not. We do have abundant evidence in the records and in the history of Christianity that the disciples honestly believed that he was still alive after his crucifixion. But for this belief the course of human history would have been changed. But Christianity is not the only religion that is rooted in what seems so doubtful a soil. Had not the followers of Mohammed believed in his supernatural claims, had he not believed in them himself, it is doubtful if there would have been any Mohammedanism. A similar thing may be said of Buddhism, of Mormonism, and of many other movements in human history. But what is the precise nature of this testimony? To give us rational ground for belief today we need a great deal of remarkably good evidence. And it is hardly too much to say that we do not have it. We are not sure of the testimony of one single eye witness. The gospels are anonymous, and contain only heresay. We cannot trace one single witness to his home, find his name, his standing in the community, his carefulness as an observer, or his means for a knowledge of the facts. The apostle Paul is the only even apparent exception to this state-

ment. He tells us, in what are undoubtedly his own words, that "last of all, he was seen of us also." But this supposed seeing was long after the alleged ascension into heaven. It was on the occasion of his vision on the road to Damascus; and he distinctly tells us in another place that he had never known Jesus "after the flesh."

The church does not help us any in this matter, for all her Easter ceremonials, and even the date itself, are older than Christianity, and are palpably borrowed from pagan sources. On such testimony then as the New Testament furnishes us for so stupendous a claim as the reappearance of Jesus no modern court would convict a criminal of petit larceny. A thousand times more evidence in favor of spirit return in the modern world is offered us by the despised and outcast body of spiritualists. And yet thousands believe an alleged fact 1851 years old, while rejecting a good deal better testimony for similar alleged facts on the part of their next-door neighbors. In the next place, if the orthodox claim be true, and Christ was God, his rising from the tomb, after lying in it only two nights, would hardly be good evidence that we shall rise from our graves after having gone back to dust for thousands of years. A wholly exceptional case like this is hardly good ground on which to base a common hope for our common race. But, once more, if he was a man like ourselves, and if we can find reason to think he really did appear to his friends after his death, then we may reasonably hope. For one such fact would prove that death is not necessarily the dissolution of our personality. If one man survives the shock, then

"We are (not) such stuff as dreams are made of, and
Our little lives are (not) rounded with a sleep."

Then we might shout, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" But for this ancient story, alas! we have no such satisfactory evidence. Do you not want such evidence? I most certainly do. Yet there are in this modern world many true, sweet souls who, like Harriet Martineau, say they have had enough. They do not quarrel over much with life; but they get tired and only ask for sleep. I, too, get tired, and often I feel oppressed with "the weight of all this weary world." But still I want to live. The wonder and the love of all this conscious existence are very strange and very sweet to me. The mystery and glory of the world sweep over me at times until I feel, for days together, like a child at a show, looking with wide-eyed wonder at the visible embodiment of an endless fairy tale. Even if this is all, I am glad with every breath to be alive. And do not think that this is because I walk through no darkness and thrill with the agony of no sorrows. Few perhaps are more sensitive; for, if I know the heights of heaven, I have also walked the gloom of hell. But I have stood on sunny mountain peaks of experience when

one swift moment's ecstasy was pay enough for years of sorrow. I need no heaven, then, as payment for earthly trials. So I have no sympathy with the doleful wail of Tennyson:—

* * * "Shall he,

"Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the true, the just,
Be blown about in desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?

"No more? A monster, then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime
Who tore each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him."

But I want still to live and labor and think and love. What will the world be in a thousand years? I want to know, and to help on, if I may, in whatever sphere, the process of evolution. I want to travel this wondrous universe, explore its deeps, and stand on its light-crowned heights. So, standing here on the lower one of

* * * "The world's great altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,"

I want to climb and see if the mystery resolves itself, and so find the key to this great enigma of life. Let us, then, address ourselves anew to our problem. It is 1851 years since the alleged appearance of Jesus. How stands the matter today? Though the church claims that Jesus was God, and that he came on purpose to establish a divine kingdom among men, only a small part of the human race knows anything about him, and but a fraction of even this small part accepts the claims that are made on his behalf. From the church's standpoint it looks dreadfully like a disastrous failure.

The average Christian seems but half in earnest about it. Paul says: "To die is gain," and "to depart and be with Christ is far better" than to live. But church members today do not at all act as though they really believed it. Very little is the apparent consolation they find in the hour of death. With crape on their doors, they wail over going to heaven as though it were the last great disaster that crowns with gloom a Christian's life. I think it will be the honest testimony of both doctors and ministers that the Christian dies no more peacefully than another man. I have just learned that my old father of ninety, after more than seventy years of active work as an orthodox church member, is now mourning by the day over the fear of going to hell. "Miserable comforters are ye all" may we well say of this great promising group of orthodox doctrines that claim to speak for God. After these 1851 years, then, we find a world divided, so far as our purpose needs to take account of it, into three great camps. On the one hand is the great army of science. Its greatest leaders are agnostic,—they

simply say: "We do not know." In personal conversation with Herbert Spencer, he has given to me his opinion that, concerning the matter of a future life, science can neither affirm nor deny. "Evolution," he says, "does not necessarily touch the question. It stands just where it did before." Such, in substance, also, is the opinion of Huxley, of Tyndall, of John Fiske, and the other great exponents of modern thought, both in Europe and America. Personally they may believe or doubt; but no wise or cautious man among them will claim any scientific warrant for positive affirmation either way. At the other extreme stands the great army of spiritualists. In spite of frauds and delusions, which are only too numerous; in spite of all the "exposures," false or true; in spite of learned "explanations" of all the strange phenomena,—it is still true that this army is on the increase. Converts of science, the church, and the world are swelling their ranks. Only still more evidence of depravity, thinks the church; only another swelling toward the flood of the overturning tide of popular superstition, thinks science. In any case, it is true the tide is rising, whatever be the cause. Scientists, philosophers, physicians, statesmen, novelists, poets, artists, jurists, people of every rank and country, are declaring their conviction that those we call the dead do live, and that they can send back proofs of both their existence and their identity. Between these two great armies stands traditional orthodoxy. It possesses the advantages of neither side, and between them, as though they were upper and nether millstones, its crumbling and inconsistent material is in danger of being ground to powder. It has neither the logical method of science nor the present-claimed proofs of spiritualism. It drifts down the current of the centuries, swept on by the force of tradition. But, like an iceberg at sea, however bravely it may glitter, it is getting into latitudes too light and too warm for it, and is destined to melt away. The great question of the modern world is as to whether this is a material or a spiritual universe. And this question the church cannot help us to settle. Science has a vast body of truth capable of constantly repeated verification. Spiritualism has a large body of asserted truth that she at least claims to be able to prove by ocular and tangible demonstration. As against those, orthodox Christianity has only the traditional testimony of certain unknown men long since dead. In talking with one of America's best-known literary men the other day, he expressed his conviction in, as nearly as I can remember, words like these: "The battle, it seems to me, has got to be fought out between the agnostic scientists and the spiritualists. Orthodoxy is now only a tradition, and does not count." So far as this great problem of continued existence is concerned, I agree with him. Let us see, then, if we can justify this opinion, and see where a rational man may stand in this modern world. A few words more as to the orthodox position. As fine a morality and

as profound and tender a spirituality of character as the church can show are found today on every hand outside its walls. It has no monopoly of the anti-materialistic philosophy of the world. As a church, then, it contributes to the solution of our problem only an alleged fact of reappearance after death, testified to by inaccessible and unknown witnesses. Science rules the testimony out of court, and declares it to be incompetent. While spiritualism, on the other hand, claims that she can offer a thousand similar facts, testified to by living witnesses, at the same time she rejects the body of doctrine that the church has built up. Even if her asserted facts be granted, either science or spiritualism can assimilate and use it for their own purposes, while rejecting all else that is special or peculiar. We will leave it out of account, therefore, and see what the others have to say. We pass, then, to consider the attitude of science. I take science first, because if it can prove that the belief in continued existence is not true, or that, even if it is true, we can never find it out except by dying, why then of course the discussion is at an end. In speaking of the attitude of science I need to define myself. The spirit of dogmatism is not confined to any one section of humanity. So we need not be surprised to find scientific dogmatists as well as religious ones. Men like Clifford and Haeckel and Buchner, are ready to declare very vigorously that all hope of future existence after death is absurd. But in so doing they violate the spirit of science and go beyond the facts. When they say such things, you may comfort yourselves by reflecting that you are listening to their individual voices, and not to the voice of science. For it has gone to the utmost limit of its legitimate warrant when it has modestly said: "I don't know." But this is by no means the end. For, in the first place, the belief has the field, and it has a right to retain it until it is driven out by fact and argument. And, in the next place, all that science knows on the subject is open to the investigation of any intelligent man; and he is at liberty to put his own construction on the facts, so long as he does not contradict any established principle of reason. And it is my opinion that the facts and reasonings of science are by no means all on the side of doubt. Let me hint a few points for your consideration. To my mind, it is much that science cannot disprove the "hope" that

* * "Springs eternal in the human breast."

Then this hope itself is a fact, a fact produced by, and springing out of, the universe, a fact that must be accounted for, at least, before it is rejected. And though some of the forms that this hope has assumed may have been explained, the fact itself has not. The dominant science of the world is anti-materialistic through and through. The demonstration of the law of the persistence and correlation of forms demonstrates the immateriality of mind. Thought and feeling, that which is the highest and most distinctive

in man, the materialist can give no rational account of. Mind—an insoluble mystery—is found in company with matter—an insoluble mystery; and that is all that science knows about it. If any man shall confidently attempt to “explain” either of them to you, you may set him down at once as an ignoramus. Since, then, science cannot explain mind as the result of putting together cunningly-devised particles of matter, it cannot assert that this same mind will cease to be when the material particles are taken to pieces. It is open to any man to say that he has never seen any mental action that was not associated with a brain. And then it is equally open to you to tell him that there are, doubtless, a good many other things he has not seen, which things may, nevertheless, be true. Col. Ingersoll said the other day: “I don’t know much about it, for I live in one of the rural districts of the universe.” That thought may well make all of us modest. Then again, science demonstrates that the invisible and intangible forces of the universe are mightier than all we can see and handle. And it proves that all so-called facts and phenomena are the outcome and product of an unseen and eternal energy that we cannot think of or figure as material. It only needs to make this eternal energy prescient and loving, and we have the God of the highest thought of Jesus,—He who is “spirit,” and who is to be “worshiped in spirit and in truth.” And once more, for all that any man knows to the contrary, this earth may be surrounded, encompassed, and accompanied in its mighty sweep through space by an invisible, intangible, though intensely-active world, a world beautiful in form and color, and peopled by wise and loving intelligences akin to ourselves. On what looks like indubitable evidence, science asks us already to believe as wonderful things as this. For example, the interplanetary and interstellar spaces seem to us quite empty. But the undulatory theory of light, which science regards as established, asks us to believe that this apparently empty space is filled with a lumeniferous ether that Prof. Stanley Jevons says is “immensely more solid and elastic than steel.” The pressure of this ether upon each square inch of the earth’s surface has been calculated by Sir John Herschel to be about 17,000,000,000 pounds. “Yet,” says Prof. Jevons, “we live and move without appreciable resistance through this medium, infinitely harder and more elastic than adamant.” Beside the difficulty of imagining such facts as these to be true, the passing of matter through other matter, the wonders of clairvoyance or magnetism, or any claimed power of mind over matter, seem easily credible. In presence of such facts, Prof. Jevons adds: “All our ordinary notions must be laid aside; yet they are no more than the observed phenomena of light and heat force us to accept.” We know that the ordinary pressure of the atmospheric air upon our bodies is about fifteen pounds to the square inch. And through this the wave movements that we call light, when they are translated into consciousness, beat

upon the sensitive nerves of the eye at the rate of from 500,000,000 to 800,000,000 of millions of times in a second. By so wondrous a process do we perceive the beauty of a rose, or answer back the glances of one we love. "We see, then," says Prof. Jevons once more, "that mere difficulties of a conception must not in the least discredit a theory which otherwise agrees with facts; and you must only reject hypotheses which are inconceivable in the sense of breaking distinctly the primary laws of thought and matter." And Dr. Young, the discoverer of the universally-accepted theory of light, commits himself distinctly to the opinion that other inhabited spheres may be all about us. It is, then, strictly in accord with all we know that the soul may be represented as saying:—

I know there are voices I do not hear,
And colors I do not see;
I know the world has numberless doors
Of which I have not the key.

Science, then, does not negative such a belief; and she compels us to accept a universe quite as wondrous. If one will believe only plain and simple things, he will believe very little in a universe like this. To the wise man it is all wonder. Leaving science, then, let us pass to what is known as modern spiritualism. Without fear or favor, I shall try to treat this fairly, as I endeavor to all other subjects.

And at the outset let me remark that it is too big a factor in modern life to be ignored. Thousands and thousands in Europe and America believe in its central claim. There are thousands of silent believers who do not like to be called knave or fool, and so keep still about it. Like Nicodemus, they come by night "lest they be cast out of the synagogue." It is my conviction that, whether true or false, it ought to be investigated by competent minds. If it is true, ignoring it will not blot it out. If false, the thousands of deluded victims ought to be helped to find it out, and so be delivered from its bondage of error and folly. What are some of the attitudes that men take toward it? Crowds of people pooh-pooh it as all nonsense. Many are afraid of it with a sort of superstitious fear. Many, like Prof. Phelps, of Andover, admit the claimed facts, but say "It is the work of the devil." Many look at it askance because it is not "respectable," just as churchmen in England would have nothing to do with Darwinism until Darwin himself was buried in Westminster Abbey. Now it has been recognized by "society," and they will condescend to look at it. In the presence of a great fact, it seems to me that all these attitudes are unwise. And whatever else we may say about it, that large masses of people do believe in spiritualism is a fact. It is a fact big enough to touch and shape a large part of our modern life. Do you wish to know my own attitude toward it? I have nothing to conceal, and am willing to tell you

frankly, I would like to believe its central claim. That is, I would like to know that the continued existence of the soul was demonstrated as a fact. I hope to believe, but I would like to know. Beyond that, I have no prying curiosity. If I never had a single message from beyond, it would give me great content to be demonstratively certain that there is a beyond. I count my faith as very strong already. I doubt if any clergyman in Boston has a stronger belief. But if any man says he knows, on the basis of any old-time doctrine, I know that he is saying what he does not know. If he says he feels quite certain, so do I. But that is not the dictionary meaning of knowledge. Tennyson frankly sings: —

"We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see."

All men who are perfectly frank and open, inside the pulpit or out, must join in the poet laureat's song. Let us then turn and look at spiritualism, and see what is the form and outline it presents to us. As to any alleged impossibility attaching to its central claim, science can have nothing to say. It can only ask for adequate proof. There is nothing in it out of accord with the faith of those who already believe in continued existence. That our friends, if they still live and love us, should want us to know it, is only what we should expect. It reduces itself then to a question of fact. The most obtrusive fact that presents itself to us, as we look at spiritualism, is a large amount of what, it is charity to believe, is self-delusion, and what one is fairly compelled to believe is outright fraud. This is repellant and disgusting, and all honest believers can do their cause no better service than by helping to exterminate and destroy this whole horde of conscienceless parasites. To trade thus on the most sacred affections and hopes of the great army of the afflicted is the basest of crimes. The next fact for us to notice is that, in spite of all this, it continues to live and grow, having among its adherents some of the wisest and best men and women of the age. The story goes that many years ago a man went on a visit to Rome. He was amazed and disgusted at the corruption he found there; and yet he returned a convert. When asked to explain the apparent contradiction, he said: "I became convinced that nothing short of a divine religion could carry such a load of evil and live." Perhaps in such a reflection, some of the better spiritualists may find some consolation. For better ones there are by the thousand. And they repudiate and fight against the frauds and delusions as vigorously as anybody. And it is a noteworthy fact, well known to historical students, that almost all the charges made today against the common run of spiritualists were equally made against the common run of the early believers in Christianity. To establish this claim [that the dead do live and can communicate with us] there is a body of evidence that would be regarded as conclusive proof of any other proposition what-

soever. Yet I find no fault with this incredulity so long as it is honest and sincere. For if it is true, doubt will not destroy it. And we can all much better afford to wait than we can afford to be deluded. It is worth next to consider as to just what might be regarded as adequate proof. Physical manifestations, however startling, are not enough. The phenomena of hypnotism, of mind-reading, of clairvoyance, of magnetic healing, all these, however well established, would fall far short of proving spiritualism true. And yet, by the unthinking, they are all classed indiscriminately together. One fact, and one alone, can establish it, and that is undoubted proof of the presence and activity of an intelligence that is not that of any of the embodied persons present. I can conceive of evidence that might be regarded as satisfactory. And if such evidence were forthcoming, I see no reason why either religion or science should hesitate to accept it. As to religion, it would only be proof positive of her every-day assumptions. As to science, I see no right that she has to turn her back on any fact. And since she is all the time dealing with invisible forces the nature of which she cannot explain, it could be only arrogance that could lead her to disregard one of these because it seemed to be intelligent. To go back now for a moment to the early Christian claim with which we started, it is worthy of remark that, if the modern world shall ever demonstrate the fact of spirit return, it will make it perfectly reasonable for us to believe that Jesus actually did return, and that his disciples saw and talked with him. In that case, however, it would be no miracle; and it would not necessarily be any evidence in favor of the special dogmas of Christian theology. It would also be a rational explanation of a thousand other claimed facts of human history. Here, then, the matter stands. I have no quarrel with those who cling longingly and lovingly to the hope, even if they can give for it no sufficient reason. Neither have I any quarrel with those who claim that they have found adequate proof as the result of modern investigation. Only, for their own sakes, and for the sake of others, I would have them thoroughly "prove all things, and hold fast" only "that is good." Neither can I have any quarrel with those who tell me they think this life is enough. Such a state of mind is little affected by argument. But as for me, though I find this life very sweet, I do want another. And though I cannot go so far as to say: "This one is not worth having if there be no other," I do say that dust and ashes seem a somewhat poor and impotent conclusion for such a magnificent, grand, terrible life drama as that we are playing here on this old earth.

"So strange, so deep, so wondrous life appears,
I have no words, but only happy tears.

"I cannot think it all shall end in naught;
That the abyss shall be the grave of thought.

"That o'er oblivion's shoreless sea shall roll
O'er love and wonder and the lifeless soul."

No, friends, I expect to keep on. I have no fear of death, and I do not regard the grave as my final home. Rather do I look upon it as a low-arched gateway through which I hope to pass into the brighter sunshine of another life.

Meantime, whether we feel assured or not, the best thing we can do is to build ourselves after the plan of a large and noble life, so that, if death does fulfill our hopes and lead us across the threshold of a higher existence, we may be ready to enter it with all the advantage of the best life-training here.

"Learners are all at school,
Eager youth and weary age ;
Governed by the self-same rule,
Poring o'er the self-same page.

"Life the lesson that we learn
As the days and years go by ;
Wondrous are the leaves we turn
On the earth and in the sky.

"Oft our sight with tears is blurred
While we strive in vain to tell
What may mean some harder word
Than our wisdom yet can spell.

"But we read enough to trust
That our grand hopes are not lies,
That our hearts are more than dust,
And our homes are in the skies."

[Reprinted from the *Boston Herald*, April 14, 1884.]

We, as spiritualists, are certainly under obligations to Mr. Savage for speaking so boldly on this subject in the above sermon, and while tens of thousands of people who know these truths to be absolute facts are to be found, yet few ministers in the pulpit are like Mr. Savage, honest enough to say what they think; but, on the other hand, do assert these phenomena to be all fraud without investigating. And those who profess to have investigated, either intentionally or ignorantly, have been to some advertised show on public platforms, where some weak or dishonest medium has been induced to pretend to expose spiritualism, because he could make money faster in that way, being well-supported by *Christians, infidels, and materialists* who are anxious to put down what seems to them to be their common enemy. No other class of people we have ever met, are so critical in their observations, or know so well how to investigate spirit phenomena as the *harmonious spiritualist*. Our prayer is, give us honest *teachers and preachers*.

MRS. KATE IRVING'S RECENT VOLUME.

The truth is for all. The great difficulty is to make people know it while society is so tied up with creeds and dogmas. It is a pleasure to find a publishing house independent enough to undertake the publication of books on so important, and at the same time so unpopular, a subject as that of spiritualism. We are glad to have the privilege of noticing the late work of Mrs. Kate Irving on spirit phenomena. It well deserves a place in every library, and will undoubtedly have a very large circulation, giving as it does some important statements of phenomena which will be read by many who would not buy the standard works on spiritualism. We are glad to know that Carlton & Co., of New York, have published it, and hope that other houses will be ready to follow. Mrs. Irving has certainly done a good work for the cause; and while nearly every description given might be duplicated by ten thousand or more spiritualists, yet they are all interesting, and the pleasing manner in which they are written will do much to cause people to read.

WHAT THE BOSTON 'COMMONWEALTH' THINKS OF
'FACTS.'

The following notice from the Boston *Commonwealth* of April 12th we reprint, that our readers may know what one of the most interesting literary journals is willing to say for the truth of this science. It is, indeed, a source of gratification to every fair-minded investigator that some of our best journalists are willing to speak the truth, though upon subjects that are unpopular. We agree with our friend the editor that "there is a heap of fraud lying around loose." *Were it not so we should have no use for works on spiritualism to prove its phenomena, as the world would have received it as truth long ago.* Wherever we find human nature, we expect more or less deception, and spiritualism claims nothing for its phenomena beyond natural law, therefore, when perfection is reached on the physical plane, we may reasonably expect perfect spiritual manifestations. Until that time let us receive whatever of truth may come to us, always waiting and hoping for more light on a subject the laws of which, at most, we know but little of.

The sermons of Rev. Mr. Applebee, which are full of intellectual, moral, and spiritual teachings, are printed every week in the *Commonwealth*, and should find a place in every family circle.

"*Facts*, for March, has eight or ten hard nuts in spiritualistic phenomena for the doubters and skeptics to crack, and we hope they will do it and yet save their teeth for others doubtless to come. All we can say is the phenomena at present are inexplicable. But there is a heap of fraud lying around loose."

MATERIALIZATION AND DEMATERIALIZATION.

By DR. J. D. MOORE.

Full-form materialization is to me as much of a fact as a rap. I was made a convert to it by seeing the last form step from the cabinet at the first public materializing seance ever held by the Berry sisters. It took place on these grounds last year.

At the seances of these sisters, who are among the very best materializing mediums in the country, forms come out strong, and are more perfect in their "make-up," or representation of friends, and dematerialize in a more beautiful manner, than at most seances which I have ever attended. These are characteristic peculiarities of their seances everywhere.

To speak of but one of them: a form stepped out of the cabinet, and, after being recognized and staying out several minutes, was led by the friend to different parts of the seance that all might have the privilege of seeing her beautiful features and hair distinctly, was requested to step into the center of the room and dematerialize. This she did, sinking down apparently into the floor till nothing was seen but a fleecy cloud upon the carpet. After this had remained for a moment stationary, she reappeared as he had disappeared, and, after bowing as gracefully as a *prima donna*, reentered the cabinet.

Miss Helen C. Berry is now holding a series of private seances daily for a scientific gentleman, with no one present but his wife, the conductor, Mr. Albro, and Miss Sinclair, the organist. There seances are held for the purpose of obtaining historical and scientific knowledge. I am permitted to know nothing concerning these seances except that the most marvelous results are obtained by him beyond anything he had ever before received.

[We have never seen the time when the opportunities were so good for investigation as they are at Onset Bay today. Many of the best mediums are here, and, with the perfect *harmony that exists*, good results are obtained. A beautiful dematerialization also occurred under the best conditions at the seance of Mrs. Gray and her son, Mr. De Witt C. Hough, on Tuesday evening, the 22d, at which we were present. A full form stood with her friend, Rev. Mr. Sherman, of E. Providence, R.I., and dematerialized while holding his hand, four or five feet from the cabinet.—ED.]

Onset Bay, Mass., July 23, 1884.

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EXAMINATIONS BY MRS. C. M. MORRISON'S MEDICAL BAND AS FORMERLY.—For medical diagnosis by letter, enclose lock of hair and one dollar. Give the age and sex. Terms for magnetized remedies will be sent with the diagnosis. Address P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Office, 4 Jackson Place, Dorchester District. **H. B. WILLCOX, Secretary.**

"THE VOICE OF ANGELS."—A semi-monthly paper; devoted to searching out the principles underlying the spiritual philosophy, and their adaptability to every-day life. Now in its ninth volume, eight pages, will be issued as above at 35 Laurel Street, Somerville, Mass. Price, 5 cents for single copies; per year, in advance, \$1.50. Letters and matter for the paper must be addressed as above. Specimen copies free. **JULIA A. DAWLEY, Publisher.**

DR. R. C. FLOWER,

1762 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Extracts from an article in the Boston Sunday *Globe*, entitled: "MIRACLES, IF SUCH THEY ARE," showing the wonderful power that Dr. R. C. Flower possesses to diagnose disease, and to heal the sick. The writer says, "No professional man is better known; his opinion in critical cases is regarded as final."

A distinguished physician of Boston, of over 40 years' practice, said: "I regard Dr. Flower the most wonderful of living physicians, and one of the most wonderful of men. I have called him at different times to see 21 of my patients, after I, with other physicians, had regarded them as incurable. Of these Dr. Flower, after examination, pronounced four as incurable; the other seventeen, in his judgment, if certain treatment was observed, would recover; and to my surprise they did, while the four died. I tell you, sir, there is a destiny in Dr. Flower's diagnosis of disease; he reads the internal condition of a patient the same as *you* would an open book. As a rule the diseases of the doctor's patients are of the worst kind. I have seen him make over 200 examinations, and all without asking a single question. The doctor treats all kinds of disease,—lameness, cancers, tumors, scrofula, heart, nervous, spinal, kidney, and rheumatic diseases; and all with the same good results."

An educated Frenchman, from Rue Le Duc Nazareth, Paris, came to see the doctor about his rheumatism, from which he had suffered for over sixteen years, and which had twisted his feet out of shape. "Well," said the doctor, "since you have come so far to be treated, we will see if you can be cured in half an hour." After a few manipulations the doctor said, "*You are well now.*" The Frenchman, to his surprise, walked as well as he ever had, and exclaimed, "My God! my God! what have you done?" What sort of a man are you? Where did you come from, and how did you do it? The best physicians at home pronounced my case incurable." He then handed to Dr. Flower 10,000 francs, which was more than double the doctor's fee.

A Mrs. F. C. Baily, from near Memphis, Tenn., who had five cancers, and who had been given up by four of the leading physicians of the south and west, who had said she could not live over sixty days, came and implored the doctor to save her. He took her case reluctantly, but in ten weeks and two days every cancer was removed, and today she is in excellent health.

Another wonderful cancer cure was that of a Mrs. W. H. Shaw, of Portland, Maine. She said: "I wish every sick person could know what Dr. Flower has done for me; for to come into his presence is health, and to touch is cure."

The wife of a leading Unitarian minister, of Boston, writes: "My dear Dr. Flower, I can never express to you my sincere gratitude for your successful treatment of my case. Oh, what a relief I have experienced; my life is a pleasure now."

Rev. J. W. Phelps, a Methodist minister of Chicago, who has been a patient of Dr. Flower's, advised a lady of Bloomington, Ill., who had nearly lost her eyesight by scarlet fever, to visit the doctor. Dipping his hands in water, he held them over the eyes for a few minutes, then taking them off said quickly: "Open your eyes," when, to her astonishment, she saw with both of them, and in two days the inflammation had all gone, and she could see as well as she ever could.

These are but a few of the many, many cases that have been cured by this truly wonderful physician, and are facts given in an unvarnished way. *Call it what you may, but when it comes to a man standing in the presence of a dying patient all eaten up and wrecked with pain, making a prophecy as to the future of the patient, and then go to work to fulfill his own prophecy, which is apparently the changing of natural and inevitable results; I say, when it comes to a man doing this constantly, it calls for the honest investigation of the public, rather than sneering from professional rivals.* Dr. Flower's greatest powers are seen in desperate cases and moments of great emergencies. He is frequently called from the city to various, and at times to distant, points to consult with other physicians, or, as a last resort, to save the life itself.