

# 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."*

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(From *Spirit Voices*.)

## MATERIALIZATION SEANCE BY THE GUIDES OF MR. AND MRS. JAMES A. BLISS.

By MRS. G. DAVENPORT STEVENS, of Boston, Mass.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 23, 1884, a large company of invited guests assembled in the seance room of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Bliss, 121 West Concord Street, Boston, Mass., to celebrate the advent of Christmas with spirit guides. The walls had been tastefully trimmed with holly and evergreen, and the cabinet, of historic interest, newly hung with draperies of a rich crimson tint. Numerous gifts from faithful friends covered the tables to overflowing, and flowers in profusion, of rare beauty and fragrance, greeted the eye and senses on every hand, and their sweet lives breathing welcome in bud and blossom.

At 8 o'clock, everything being in readiness, Mrs. Bliss entered the cabinet, the lights were turned to a soft dimness, and led by the soft tones of the organ, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," arose from the lips and hearts of those sitting in happy expectation of spirit visitors.

"Miss Blueflower," the piquant little spirit so well known to many now as the cabinet control, was promptly at hand to inspect the offerings of love and friendship from mortals to spirits. Her delight was unbounded, and her solicitude for the safety of her personal gifts decidedly amusing.

When the cabinet draperies parted, and the magnificent figure of famous Lucille Weston stood revealed in a superb costume of white, that outshone in richness and elegance anything fashioned by mortal skill, there was a general murmur of admiration. Advancing with smiling face and outstretched hands, she cordially welcomed her many friends, passing around the room as she did so, and stopping to praise the thoughtfulness and generosity that had prompted mortal friends to demonstrate their sympathy and respect for the spirit guides and their mediums, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. After a lengthened stay, she returned to the cabinet, and sang with exquisite expression, "Flee as a Bird to yon Mountain."

Capt. William T. Hodges, the head and director of the cabinet band, served his country in the late rebellion by the sacrifice of his young and promising life. His slight, erect figure was dis-

tinctly seen in full uniform coming from the cabinet towards the table, on which rested a large Christmas-cake weighing ten pounds. A beautiful bouquet of lilies and ferns was presented to him, which he acknowledged in his own dignified and courteous manner. Turning to Mr. Bliss, and saying that later in the evening he would return to cut the cake for the guests, he saluted all, and disappeared from view.

The "Little German Doctor" has become so well and deservedly known as an eloquent and powerful control that the moment his presence was announced there was a general desire to give him an ovation. He is of slender build, rather short in stature, and exceedingly energetic in speech and manner. His hair and whiskers, worn long, are dark; his forehead high, broad and intellectual. I have sat under his instruction, and grown to love his noble, unselfish soul, that seeks to spread the light of true understanding throughout the world. It was therefore a blessed moment as I clasped his dear, helpful hands. It has been for some time an established fact that materialized spirits frequently enjoy partaking of earthly drinkables and eatables; consequently it was proposed that the "German Doctor" be invited to accept a glass of wine, and drink to the health and prosperity of all present. The "German Doctor" smilingly consented, and Mr. S. S. Goodwin and Mr. Charles Rice joined glasses with him.

After this strong and wonderful spirit had expressed his appreciation, and bowed an adieu to the company, Harry Montague, so beloved in earth life as a friend and an ornament to dramatic art, came from the cabinet in perfect form and feature. Following him, in her quick, vivacious way, came Adah Isaacs Menken, the glorious impersonator of Mazeppa, and the misunderstood victim of a brilliant career, that made her an idol of the public until, worn with weariness of soul and body, she sank down to repeat her artistic triumphs no more. Purified by spiritual conditions, she now works for the weak and suffering of earth,—happier than ever her once wounded and craving soul dared it possible to believe could be her portion in the hereafter. Another spirit of brightness and beauty, lovely Helen Western, next appeared, accompanied by her little daughter Sallie, who sang in a sweet, childish voice, "My Maryland." The well-known organ manufacturer, Mr. Smith, was called up to the cabinet to meet the

materialized form of his wife, who, taking his arm, was led forward and introduced to the company. Sister Josephine, who has recently passed to spirit life, came out and sang an *Ave Maria* with sweet and tender feeling.

When the figure of Capt. Hodges again appeared and came towards the table in the center of the room, on which rested the Christmas-cake, there was a merry burst of laughter from the cabinet, and Lucille in a different, but not less beautiful, costume, ran out past him, and seizing the heavy loaf, lifted it high above her head and whirled lightly around the room. Singing snatches of a gay song, she did not seem to feel the heavy weight, but restored it with perfect ease to its resting-place. Capt. Hodges took the knife lying in readiness, and as his quick, nervous hand rapidly thrust it into the frosted richness, there was a continuous sparkle of electricity from the blade. Dr. Bliss held the loaf while the Captain distributed slices to his many friends. During this, "Billy," a keen, young spirit of wonderful wit and strength, made several trips out of the cabinet, followed by Mrs. McCarthy, an excellent old dame of simple speech but strong character. Many illuminated spirits showed themselves; many were friends, relations, or spirit guides.

As the seance drew towards a close, Mr. Bliss was controlled by Capt. Hodges, Patrick, and Blackfoot, in turn, and an interesting prospectus was given of the new Mediums' Camp Meeting, of Rindge, N. H., to be held in June and July of this year. The National Developing Circle and *Spirit Voices* also came in for a due share of helpful promise, and assurance was given those interested that their earnest efforts were appreciated.

It was an occasion to fill one with wonder, and I found myself flying on the wings of imagination into the stern, puritanical history of early New England, and contrasting it with the liberal and enlightened progression of today, that makes Boston the American center for the disciples of Art, Religion, and Science.

Although it was not our pleasure to be present at this seance, we can heartily indorse Mrs. Bliss as a materializing medium. We have attended many of her seances, and met some of the spirits above mentioned, also listened with pleasure to some very fine singing by them.—ED.

## MRS. FAY'S MATERIALIZING SEANCE FOR "FACTS" CONVENTION.

By MRS. L. L. WHITLOCK, of Providence, R. I.

On the afternoon of March 6, 1885, a very harmonious circle gathered in Mrs. Fay's parlor to greet those who might, through her mediumship, return in materialized form to hold communion with earth friends. After examining the cabinet, Mrs. Fay entered, and the light in the chandelier was extinguished, leaving only the one commonly used for the seances. The curtains had hardly dropped over Mrs. Fay—who was dressed in black—before a form, entirely in white, stood just within the parted curtains, and asked to have the gas lighted in the chandelier. This having been done, a number of forms appeared, some walking directly to the friends they wished to see, while others gave their names, which were recognized. The lights were then all extinguished, and we were touched by warm hands throughout the circle, and three and four simultaneously, Mrs. John F. Wood receiving a hearty kiss.

During part of the time a tall form stood just at the curtains, which gave place to a small child that seemed to float to a little boy sitting at my right hand.

After these physical manifestations a number of illuminated ancient spirits appeared that were very tall, the first of whom came to Dr. Thomson, and claimed to be one of his guides,—this fulfilled a promise made by the spirit to the doctor about six weeks before. The next form that appeared was his wife, who was nearly as tall as her husband. The lights were then turned on, and form after form, of all sizes, both male and female, came from the cabinet. One walked to me, and, taking both my hands, led me into the cabinet, and placed one hand on the head of the medium, which I drew down over her face to her shoulder, the spirit all the while holding my other hand. She then parted the curtains for me to pass out, and led me to my seat. After this, two or three of the circle were led into the cabinet, and all testified that they knew that Mrs. Fay was in her chair. Some of the faces were very distinct, there being no lace or covering over them. Mr. Whitlock's father materialized very perfectly, as all would say could they see a small card picture, taken without his collegiate robes, it being the only one of the kind we

have. As he came from the cabinet I recognized him, having seen him at Mrs. Fay's before, and went to greet him, when he gave me a message to bear to "Lewis," as he said. While I was talking with him, he asked me to pull his whiskers to see if they were false. I did so three times, he saying: "Pull harder," which I did, but they seemed to be firmly rooted, and perfectly natural. He then returned to the cabinet.

When the seance was nearly through, a lady came from the cabinet to Mr. E. A. Bracket, and sat in the chair next to him, carrying on quite a conversation, in low tones, of a private nature, she being, as he said afterward, his son's wife. This, to him, was very gratifying. Soon after, a German doctor, who controls Dr. Thomson, appeared, walked to the center of the room, and called for some handkerchiefs, which were handed him, but not until he had shown his hands to all in the circle, that they might see that they were empty. After holding the handkerchiefs a few seconds they were returned, wet with perfume.

After this the seance closed, forty-one forms having appeared. As three or four friends of the medium were standing near the door, which was now open, throwing in a strong light, three forms in succession, of different size and features, parted the curtains, and remained long enough for all to see them distinctly.

Taking this, as a whole, it was a very fine seance, the details of which I could hardly deal with at the present time; but I have taken some of the most interesting points to give to our readers. Perhaps it would be well to state that there were one or two forms that dematerialized while talking with their friends.

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### A WARNING HAND.

By MR. A. L. HATCH, of Astoria, L. I.

Editor of *Facts*:

I receive each month your *Facts* magazine, and a most readable and well-conducted one it is.

If you will not consider me as trespassing too much on your valuable space, and not think me too egotistical in presenting certain facts that have come under my observation in my quiet home, and once little family, but now all gone from me to that brighter

land, I will recite one more of the wonderful and beautiful things that have been shown and explained to us by the angels themselves.

My wife and I lived and labored too much, I fear, for our daughter and only child, Lizzie Florence, so that when she to womanhood had grown, God—as we once might have thought in his great anger, but now we know in his great mercy and goodness—caused our loved one to be translated to that real life, where she could do her work; for she has told us since leaving us that it was necessary for her to go, so that she might do her work, as she could not do it while here; and a part of that work would seem to be to return in material form to convince the living that to die was not the end.

As the mother and daughter were always close companions in life, all little incidents that happened to Lizzie would be related to that ever-watchful mother.

Some two or three years before she left us, in 1877, Lizzie would often say to her mother: “Mamma, there, did you not see that hand on my shoulder?” Or, when dressing to go out, she would start, exclaiming: “There, mamma, is that hand again on my shoulder! Do n’t you see it?”

Her mother would reply: “No, Lizzie, I can’t see any hand.” Or, should the inquiry be repeated, the mother would say: “My dear, that hand may be that of your guardian spirit, who wishes to guard you against doing something, or going somewhere you should not.” But such replies were seldom satisfactory to Lizzie, who then knew nothing of the guidance and guardianship of spirits.

To us the days and months had lengthened into years since our home had been happy and cheerful with our loved one’s laughter and merry song; when on a beautiful evening in September, 1879, our sorrowing hearts wept tears of joy in once more seeing her return again as an angel bright in our home that she had loved so well. Few were more blessed than we, and our lives that had been so darkened by our supposed loss were once more made full of sunshine. How often have my wife and I wished that others could but see and be as happy as we. In the many comings of our angel Lizzie, and her conversations with us of one and two hours at a time, this inquiry arose, and the mother asked this

question: "My angel, Lizzie, what about that hand that you so often would ask me if I saw it on your shoulder?"

"Why, mamma, that was an actual materialized hand that I felt. I was a materializing medium in life, but I did not know it." Thus we learned from the spirit itself this great fact, that she was a medium through whom the spirits could have visited us in form in our home, but it became necessary for her to become a *spirit* to reveal that fact to us,—a loss, and yet a gain.

How many are there still in the form who feel the hand on their shoulders, but heed not its import, namely, that the watchful spirits are ever near!

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## FOREIGN SPIRITS PROVING THEIR INDIVIDUALITY.

By MR. JAMES N. SHERMAN, Rumford, R. I.

Having been an investigator of Spiritualism for nearly two years, and having read facts given by others with much profit, I hope I may interest your readers by relating some of mine. When I commenced these investigations, I did not believe in the consciousness of the dead, and my only hope of a future life was in living again. I have been a believer in the Bible from my early days, and a member of the church for forty years. I am now about 68 years of age. I have, in times past, taken the liberty to think for myself, and I still claim that right, knowing that a man cannot always believe what he would, but is compelled to believe what he has the facts to sustain him in. He may be mistaken in his evidence, and change his mind when other testimony is brought forth.

In giving my experiences I shall try to make them as clear to your readers as possible. I commenced my investigations with an earnest desire to know the truth, appreciating that whatever might be my conclusions the facts would remain the same. I have attended one hundred and thirteen seances for full-form materializations, and have the minutes and dates of what I am about to relate, and also many witnesses to prove my story.

When I was a young man, in the years from 1835 to 1839, I visited a number of the islands in the Pacific Ocean and became acquainted with some of the inhabitants. There were three

men, natives of these islands, on board our ship, of whom I learned some of their language. I came home in 1839, but the three men remained. On the evening of February 23, 1883, at Mrs. Wm. Allen's, 268 Washington St., Providence, R. I., a seance for full-form materialization was held, a number of forms came to their friends, and a gentleman to me. I approached the cabinet, but did not recognize him. He seemed very glad to see me, and tried to make me understand something by pointing up, then down, and laying his hand on his head. I asked him if he had fallen. He bowed in reply. I asked if it was on board ship. He again bowed assent. I then asked if it killed him, and instead of answering, he laid my hand on one of his knees, which was much larger than the other. I then called him Billy Marr, the name of a man who fell from the mainyard of our ship, and a native of the Island of Rodman. He seemed satisfied, and left. Here I would say that the man named fell from the mainyard to the deck, and was lame ever after. Again, March 27, 1883, at Mrs. Allen's, Billy Marr came for the second time, and I spoke to him in his native language. He answered in the same. He came again at the same place, April 6, 1883. I had a piece of cloth with me, which was made from the bark of the tapper tree, and such as he wore when he was a child sixty years ago, and which I had brought home with me some forty-five years before. I took this from my pocket, saying; "Billy, I have something for you." He took it in his hand and repeated the native name, a number of times. The medium did not know what it was, much less the native name of the cloth. Billy then began to talk in English, as well as in his native tongue. I asked him if he could bring a woman in the native costume of fifty years ago. He said he would try. He came again at Mrs. Adams's dark seance, and asked through the medium what I had in my pocket. I said to him: "What have I got?" And he answered: "A piece of my *breeches*," referring to the tapper cloth.

Sunday, September 16, 1883, at Mrs. Allen's, a select company was present. Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Dennison passed into the cabinet. They were not entranced, but were covered with lace. While the two were there I was called to the cabinet with my wife, the curtains were held open, and the two mediums were plainly seen. While we were standing there, a form materialized

from a small white spot on the carpet and disappeared, but came again, and bowed to us. I asked if it was sister Mary. She bowed, and threw a kiss to me. At this point Mrs. Dennison left the cabinet, and Mrs. Allen remained and was entranced. Many forms came to their friends, and among them my spirit wife to me. Near the door there came a form, the curtains were opened, and to my surprise there stood a woman in the native costume of the Pacific islands of fifty years ago. I spoke to her in her own language, she answering in the same, not thinking it was anyone I had ever seen, but supposing it was some of Billy Marr's friends, as he had said he would try to bring a woman, and I felt sure he had done so. September 18, 1883, at Mrs. Allen's, she came for the second time. I took her hands, and asked what island she came from. She answered New Hever, which is one of the Marques islands situated near the equator, 10 degrees South, 140 West. As I did not recognize her, she told me what was done when her mother came on board the ship, at the same time swinging her hands and making a noise like the firing of cannons. I would here explain that in 1836 the Queen of the islands, with her attendants came aboard our ship, and among the company was her daughter, who thought the cannon were useless until the balls were shown and explained to her. This spirit came from the cabinet, and repeated the circumstances which occurred at that time, and it was in this way that I recognized her as the Queen's daughter. There is another person living who was present at the time, and remembers the circumstances. She came again September 29th, and also Billy Marr, who said he sent the Yeney. October 17th, she appeared at Mrs. Ross's in her royal robes and danced, appearing very happy. In October she came at Mrs. Allen's, giving me "Perfeney" as her name. She walked around the room with me, and gave to three persons pieces of her dress, which was like that I had brought home with me forty-six years before. November 1st, Perfeney came at Mrs. Ross's and said she would give me some cloth like that I had received at Mrs. Allen's previously, and on the 5th of November at the same place (Mrs. Ross's), she allowed me to cut four pieces from her dress while she held it. I gave a piece to Mr. Whitlock and others, retaining one myself, and it corresponded exactly with that received at Mrs. Allen's. She then showed us

how to eat "powey." She seemed to dematerialize to her waist, when she began using her hands, as though eating from a dish on the floor, this being her custom at home.

About this time Mrs. Maud E. Lord related her experiences in Slade Hall, Providence, after which she gave some tests. She stepped from the platform and said to me: "I see eight spirits around you. The bodies of two of them have been moved since they were buried." I asked if any were foreign. She answered immediately: "Two of them, and they have been with you a great deal lately." In the evening she gave a seance under test conditions, with such manifestations as lights, voices, and materialized hands of different sizes that touched us. A hand took me by the collar and nearly pulled me off the chair. I asked who it was, and the spirit answered in a loud voice, "Billy Marr." Mrs. Lord then said that was a foreign spirit who died across the water of yellow fever; but he answered, "No, ship-fever." I give this as it verifies the seances at Mrs. Allen's and Mrs. Ross's. Several seances pass without much importance. On March 7, 1884, I met Judge Nelson Cross at Mrs. Allen's. These foreign spirits came again, and he examined their clothing and seemed much interested. At Mrs. Allen's, April 27th, my spirit wife came and said the Queen was coming. Soon she made her appearance, dressed in what seemed to be light silk, with her head and waist ornamented. She was the ruling queen at New Hever when I was there in 1836. On May 9th, at the same place, the Queen came again, dressed as before, and danced. About this time, at a private seance, a little girl said to me: "I see standing at your side 'Maria': she has a bunch of flowers in her hand, and says her Royal Highness, the Queen, and the Princess honor you.

This is especially valuable to me, coming as it did from this child.

At Onset Bay, July 22, 1884, at Dewitt C. Hough's seance, my spirit sister came and gave the sign she had promised before I left Providence, also the two foreign spirits, the daughter first and then the Queen, who saluted me in her native language. I then led her some feet from the cabinet, and introduced her to the company, where she dematerialized while I held both of her hands. Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock, of Providence, were present.

At Blackstone Hall, Providence, in December, 1884, Mr. Edgar

W. Emerson, the test medium, said: "I see two foreign spirits, mother and daughter, the mother was Queen and the daughter was princess." Then he stated things that transpired forty-eight years ago at New Hever many thousand miles away, and of which he could know nothing, as I was a stranger to him. I will now close this story so wonderful to me, hoping it may induce others to investigate, and our spirit friends to do all they can, to assist us in our investigations.

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### MRS. WHITNEY'S SEANCE AT THE FACTS CONVENTION.

By MR. L. L. WHITLOCK, of Providence, R. I.

As my time was very much occupied by other duties, I asked Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Boston, to take the chair, fearing I might be wanted during the seance. My own knowledge, therefore, of this seance is not so accurate in minor details as I wish, as I was not in the hall all of the time.

The cabinet used was substantially a shelf suspended about eighteen inches from the floor by four upright sticks about four and a half feet high, the shelf furnishing a place to put bells, musical instruments, etc., upon. The two ends, back and top, were covered with black cloth; the front was open. Outside, and in front of the cabinet, Mrs. Whitney was seated, with her hands full of flour, and another black curtain fastened around her neck, so that only her head was visible. This completely covered the front of the cabinet by the ends of the curtains being pinned to the one that was over Mrs. Whitney. This left the front of the cabinet open a few inches above the medium's head and shoulders, where were frequently seen hands, bells, and other articles which had been placed on the shelf. This cabinet was put up before the whole audience by Drs. Crocket and Richardson, of Boston, in full gas-light, and while I was upon the platform.

Among the especially interesting phenomena which occurred was the disappearance of water from a glass, which was filled over half full, and passed into the cabinet, and, when returned, no water was visible, and no trace of water could be found about the cabinet. A second time the glass was passed into the cabinet

empty, and returned with water in it. After which, a glass of water, with a bunch of beautiful pansies, were handed from the cabinet; these appeared as fresh as though just gathered. Several ladies and gentlemen were allowed to go upon the platform to examine the flowers, some of whom were the recipients of pinks, rosebuds, etc.

Two leaves, torn from a pad of paper, were handed from the cabinet, on which were written messages. The first from my sister, as follows:—

“SPIRIT-LAND.

“*Dear Brother*,—I am pleased to be able to present a few *facts* from the above address: 1st. I am not dead. 2d. I am able to communicate with my brother. 3d. I am happy to say that you are not deluded. If you could see the hosts of spirits assembled here to meet friends and relatives, you would indeed be happy to know how many hearts you have made glad by this opportunity. You will meet with success this season. The West *needs you*. I wish I had time to tell you all about my home, and how it seems to live without a material body, and how wonderful it is to travel to more beautiful worlds than ours, and how curious it is to visit worlds inferior to ours. We go to other planets, material, too, in some worlds that have progressed to a high spiritual plane. We are as natural in form, and our work and pleasures are not unlike earth’s.

By kindness of guides, with love, SARAH.”

On the upper left-hand corner of this slip of paper were the words:—

“Bless you, my boy.—G. C. W.”

these being my father’s initials.

The second is a message the medium wished me to deliver, and it reads thus:—

“*Dear Wife*,—I am so happy to be permitted to reach you through this avenue. These are unquestionable *facts* of immortality. I send this greeting by politeness of Mrs. Whitney’s guides. May good spirits ever guide you. PHIL PERKINS.”

Just below, on the same card, was the following message:—

“I am here, too, and send love.—LIZZIE.”

## A BANKER'S STORY.

By MR. SAMUEL MCCLEARY, of Watervliet, Albany County, N. Y.

The following was a life-giving, heart-cheering incident witnessed by me some two years since at Lake Pleasant, early one morning, while strolling in Lyman Street. The day previous I had listened, with much interest, to the experience of a man in the Fact-Meeting, at the Hall; and meeting a man in my walk, I saluted him with a "Good morning," supposing him to be the same of the day before, but soon learned my mistake. "I wink at such mistakes," I said, "for here we are presumed to be acquainted, and oftentimes at sight." "I have noticed that," said he. "I never was in such a place before where there appeared to be so much harmony and good feeling, with such a crowd." "Then you can't live very near here," I remarked, "for probably there are few within fifty miles of this place but that have been here sooner or later. "Well, I do n't live near here. I have come, probably, not less than fifteen hundred miles to attend this meeting. I live in Princeton, in the northern part of Missouri. I am a banker, at home; and I will tell you what brought me here: I had a son, who had arrived at manhood, that I had spared no pains to educate, and, particularly, in my business, so that he could relieve me, from time to time, from the duties devolving upon me. One evening, as he was riding out on horseback for air and exercise, he was thrown from the horse upon a pile of timber, and suddenly killed. My wife and I could not reconcile ourselves to it, the blow was so overwhelming. We had been Universalists up to this time. But this fondly-cherished belief could not 'roll the mists away,' and so," said he, "I told my wife to pack my satchel, as I would start the next morning, and if there was any truth in Spiritualism I would travel until I found it. I first went to New York, and had a sitting with Dr. Mansfield, and from thence came here, and since my arrival have had sittings with Dr. Slade. Such," said he, "is the history, in short, of my being here. I have been made happy, for I am perfectly satisfied that I have heard from my son, and that he is not dead."

This was early in the morning, as before stated. We seated ourselves in a retired spot (he appearing to be attracted to me in a strange manner), and our talk led off on psychology. I asked

him if he had ever given any attention to it. He said he had never seen anything of it. I told him that I attempted to probe the subject some years ago under the tutorage of J. B. Dodds, J. Stanley Grimes, and others, and had, at the eleventh hour, come to the conclusion that I had all along been examining Spiritualism, and did not know it; but am now fully convinced that was the case, and that psychology was about the first stepping-stone, not yet having copartnered with the supramundane.

I have come across one subject, however, on the ground that puzzles me, and have called the attention of two old professors to it, and they are puzzled also. It is like this: he will close his own eyes by a downward pass, and can only open them by an upward pass with his own hand. That man is Mr. A. W. Caswell, of Gardner, Mass., and well known to all old campers. While we were describing him, Mr. Caswell happened to be passing on the other side of the street. We called to him, and he came over. I said: "I have been telling our new-found friend something about you as a psychological wonder; will you be kind enough to show him?" He immediately went through the performance, when a powerful influence took him. He grasped the stranger's hand, shook it heartily, and said: "Father, how glad I am to meet you here." The father's eyes filled with tears of joy there in Lyman street, as he exclaimed with unspeakable joy, "*This, this* is the best of it all." The banker's name is Wm. M. Speers, cashier of the bank of Princeton, Mo.

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### A SPIRIT RETURNS IN OPEN AIR.

By MR. JOSEPH D. STILES, Weymouth, Mass.

In the year 1852, in the month of June, two weeks after my father passed away, a remarkable manifestation of spirit power occurred in the presence of my sister Harriet, who was a medium, which thoroughly convinced us of the ability of departed spirits to return to the scenes of their earth life. My youngest sister, Mary (now Mrs. Nelson E. Hayden, of Braintree, Mass.) was also an excellent writing medium, and through her mediumship we received many tests of spirit presence. On an evening of the month above named, my sister Harriet and a young man who was

waiting upon her were standing at the door of the house where we then lived, had their attention drawn to the sliding door of the barn, which stood at the right of the house, and to a figure standing in the open space, dressed in light garments suited to the great heat of the evening. My sister said to her husband-elect: "Well, I guess we can stand here as long as he can." In about half an hour (this figure remaining there all the time) my now brother-in-law left for his boarding place. My sister, recollecting she had some articles drying upon the bushes in front of the house, went out to get them, when this figure left his standing place, floated in the air to the spot where my sister was, waved his hand (if I remember rightly), turned again, and disappeared behind the barn. My sister, her face white as the driven snow, rushed into the house, and before she had the opportunity to relate the circumstance, the hand of my other sister, Mary, was guided by the unseen powers to write out the sentence, "Harriet, you have seen the spirit of your father." The circumstance made a deep impression upon our minds, and while many caviled at it, and called it a freak of the imagination, to us it was a beautiful reality, which has lost none of its beauty and power, even at this remote distance of time.

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## A FEW CASES OF HEALING BY SPIRIT POWER.

By MRS. C. P. PRATT, of Providence, R. I.

Perhaps there will be no more fitting time than now to give you a few facts which have been ours to experience in regard to healing "by laying on of hands," especially as this is the question which is being agitated by our medical profession just at this time.

I will mention some: When Mrs. Michael Killen, of Harmony, R. I., brought her little daughter—who had been given up by the regular physicians of Providence as having an incurable hip-disease—to Dr. E. A. Pratt, of Providence, then residing in Milford, Mass., she could not stand on her feet. The physician who controlled Dr. Pratt said: "Your physician might call this hip-complaint, but I find she has had a fall, and slightly bruised the flesh near the bone. She will get well." And while laying his hands

on the lame hip, gave some simple directions to be followed. The next week she could stand on her feet. After two treatments of this kind, she walked from the cars, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, and, after the fifth treatment, could walk with perfect ease, and has remained perfectly healthy up to the present time.

Again: a poor widow called upon Dr. Pratt to know, if possible, whether her boy, who was suffering from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, could be made better. He could not turn himself in bed at the time. He received one treatment from Dr. Pratt's powerfully magnetized hands, and next day he walked a short distance in the sunshine, and was restored.

And, again: a lady who had been suffering for some months from what her physician called an aggravated form of dyspepsia, and failed to get relief from the treatment. At last he said: "I find my remedies do not have their usual effect, and I am puzzled to know what to do." He recommended a change, and with much difficulty she was removed to Milford, where her sister resided, and called in Dr. Pratt to see what he would say. He gave one treatment, and from that time she suffered no more inconvenience.

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One feature about them, however, deserves to be noticed. Sometimes, while lying awake, an involuntary listener to their tattoo, I was provoked to the use of a little sarcasm, or what school-boys would call "chaff." I would, for instance, address the hypothetical agent and bid it "be quiet, and not disturb honest people in their beds," or I would challenge it, if it had any request to make or any complaint to lay "to come out and do it in a manly, straightforward way." Somehow or other these remonstrances were not well received. They always led to louder, more hurried, and if we may use such a term, more passionate knocking. The reader may smile at the notion of any connection between any wild words and the intensified rappings, and I do not wish to assert that there must necessarily have been any connection. I simply state the fact that, coincidentally with my challenge, the rappings intensified. I do not theorize; I tell a round, unvarnished tale. Possibly it was a coincidence and nothing more.—*Proceedings of Society for Psychological Research, July, 1884.*