



FACTS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Devoted to Mental and Spiritual Phenomena,

INCLUDING

Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Mesmerism, Trance,
Inspiration, and Physical Mediumship; Prayer, Mind, and
Magnetic Healing; and all Classes of Psychical Effects.

SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS; \$1.00 PER YEAR.

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

PUBLISHED BY THE
FACTS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Corner Bosworth and Province Streets.

P. O. Box 3539.

BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:

COLBY & RICH, Publishers of the 'Banner of Light.'

100,000 Sample Copies of FACTS, including Hotels, Reading-Rooms, Steamboats, and Camp-Meetings.

FACTS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Post-Office Box 3539, Boston, Mass.

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All editorial or personal matter should be addressed to L. L. WHITLOCK.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single Copies, 10 cents; \$1.00 per year.

Postage free to all parts of the United States. To all places which belong to the Postal Union, 24 cents per year. To all places not included in the Postal Union, 48 cents per year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

\$25 per page for 5000 copies.

15 1-2 " " " "

10 1-4 " " " "

Less space at the rate of 50 cents per line (width of page) for 1 month.

Liberal discounts for long time. Circulation guaranteed, and proof furnished when desired.

We shall continue to send *Facts* to subscribers until forbid.

We are always glad to receive descriptions of any phenomena suited to our magazine.

To Subscribers.—We intend to make important improvements in *Facts* the coming year, and, by so doing, give our subscribers the worth of their money, *without a premium*, believing that most of them would prefer the improvement of the magazine to any premium we could offer.

Our intention is to add to our present collection of photographs those of other mediums, speakers, and prominent persons of interest. From these our subscribers will be allowed to select any one picture for each yearly subscription by *paying 25 cents extra*; and to any person who will send us a new subscriber with their own, with \$2, we will send any one desired. These pictures are worth from 50 to 75 cents each.

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E. GERTRUDE BERRY.

FACTS.

OCTOBER, 1886.

SEEING THE SPIRIT OF ONE STILL ON EARTH.

By Mrs. LOOMIS HALL, Boston, Mass.

Once, when I was living in the West, I saw the spirit of our old physician, Dr. Higgs. He came to me and said: "Your mother passed away on the third of May." I had not heard from my mother for three years, but could not believe him. He looked as though he might be a materialized spirit. I said: "I cannot believe it." Suddenly my father, who died in 1861, seemed to come up from the floor, from a little round light to a full-grown person, and there, alone with me in the room, stood the two forms, as real as any person now before me. My father said: "My child, your mother is with me. She came at ten o'clock on the third of May. You have often wondered if materialization is true. Here I am. Touch me and see." I reached out to touch him, but he went down, as though through the floor, as suddenly as he had come.

Soon after I went home to Scranton, Penn. On arriving there, I asked of almost the first person I met if Dr. Higgs was dead, and was told he was alive and well, but my mother had gone some time before.

I went to see the doctor, and he told me how, sitting one day in his office soon after my mother's death, he fell to thinking of me, and wondering if anybody had told me she was gone, and while thus putting his mind upon me, he had become almost or quite unconscious, and when he came to himself again he knew he had seen me. He described the room to me where he had seen me, and I believe he certainly was there, though he is still alive, or was when I last heard from him.

A CONVERT TO SPIRITUALISM.

By Mr. CAMP, Onset Bay, Mass.

I have resided in Onset for the past two and a half years, during most of which time I have been fighting Spiritualism, believing it to be full of fraud, and unworthy of belief, reading and telling all the facts I could gather against it. But in view of what I have recently experienced in my own life, I feel now that the fact is I cannot say what may not be done by spirits who have left the mortal body.*

Six months ago, for the first time, I sat down at a table with a friend with whom I had been talking about the manifestations by table-moving, remarking to her: "This table won't move, you may be sure, if I do n't move it." But we were hardly seated when it began to rock violently. Each accused the other of producing this result, but both knew it was not ourselves. I asked if it would spell out anything. I had told nothing of myself, my past life, or future plans, and was a stranger here. But through the movements of that table names and incidents were given that no one but myself could have known.

My eyes were opened, and I was set thinking. Day after day we two sat alone, with doors closed and locked, taking every precaution against deception or misleading, investigating this matter. Sometimes the table would rise up on two legs, and, with the others on my shoulders, go prancing round thus, as a little child rides pick-a-back, as, indeed, the little child whose messages came to me through the use of the alphabet, with the tips of the table, used long ago to do.

Again, my hand would become controlled, and I would write a long string of words, without knowing the meaning of them, or what I was writing. When all was done I would be utterly overcome, and almost lifeless for a time.

The lady had been for eleven years a sufferer from lameness, unable to get around the house in which she has lived here in Onset during that time, as is well known, without crutches or cane, or by pushing a chair before her, her limbs being covered with fever sores; and when, after these manifestations had been going on for a while, I was directed by the spirit of my father, who was a physician in earth life, to ask to see them, great rolls

of proud flesh were visible. I asked the spirit (for I had become a believer by this time) if anything could be done to relieve her. He said: "We will examine, and let you know;" and then, by his directions, given sometimes by spelling out, sometimes through writing, a course of treatment was commenced which has resulted in the complete cure of one of the diseased limbs, and the other is so nearly cured that the lady uses no crutch nor cane, and danced last night at the entertainment, with no apparent difficulty.

I cannot fight against Spiritualism longer since these experiences have come into my own life; but here, in presence of many who have heard me denounce it, declare it to be true.

IS BELIEF IN SPIRITUALISM DEMORALIZING?

I want to relate one other incident. A few days ago we were told to sit at the table next day, as my brother wanted to tell me something. We did so, and he gave me the following communication:—

"Last Saturday," he said, "six or eight men were standing in a group down by the Association building, and one asked: 'What are fools and blockheads made for?' and one old man made a reply. It was not fit for me to speak here; but *I heard it*; and, to prove I heard it, *will tell you, and make you write it down*, and then you go to the man that is lying in a hammock, where the lady lives who owns the parrot (*I do n't know his name*), and ask him what was said."

At noon, I found the man in the hammock; asked him the question, and, before he had time to answer me, showed him the paper. He looked amazed, and said it was exactly the reply made, though I had never heard a word about it, save from the spirit.

Does a belief in Spiritualism demoralize a man? I answer a thousand times, — No! If we know, beyond a shadow of doubt, that we are continually surrounded by living, *listening*, observant spirits, who are cognizant of our every word or act, that the pure spirits of our little children, our wives, our mothers, and the bright angels are about us constantly, shall we *dare* be less careful for our words and deeds than if we had not this belief? No,

Spiritualism does not demoralize a man, but makes him truer, cleaner, and purer than he would be perhaps without it; and he who believes with his whole heart will let his conversation be such as he would not be ashamed to have spirits hear, and his belief cannot but make him a better man.

THE POWER OF SPIRITS YET IN THE BODY.

By Mrs. S. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

I have been reminded, while listening to the foregoing story, of the rejoicing in heaven over one who repents, and am interested in this subject of listening spirit friends. Disembodied spirits do hear, and so might we, whose bodies still hold our spirits, if we would put ourselves in proper condition. I will give an illustration of this power from some experiences of my own.

A few years since, when I resided in California, a new and unusually heavy power settled down upon me for about six months. I could do any kind of spirit work required of me, but seemed thrown into what I call an interior state, or condition. If my name were called, I could be aroused, but, if undisturbed, my body seemed in a semi-conscious trance. But my spirit could treat patients who came to me, or could go to them, and they seemed to feel and know it had been there. I could hear and repeat conversations occurring twenty blocks away, my attendant taking notes of them, which would afterward be verified.

On some occasions, I have gone in spirit from San Francisco to Santa Cruz; and, being seen there as a disembodied spirit, it was thought by my friends in Santa Cruz that I was dead.

In short, for three years and more I lived so much in spirit spheres that I seemed hardly to belong here. On one occasion, during this time in which I experimented so much in these directions, the longing to see my mother from whom I had been absent for many years, and who was living in Wisconsin, came over me with such force it seemed as though I could not bear it. It was not home-sickness, but genuine heart-sickness. I shut and locked myself into my room alone, sat down, called the dear spirits to assist, and soon passed off into a sleep, as I suppose. I

felt a sensation as though I passed over my body, and drifted out into immeasurable space. I began to feel afraid, and as though I should fall, when some one — a stranger to me — approached and drifted along with me until all fear was gone, and I knew I was on the way to my old home. I saw my mother and my sister, who were busy about the supper; my mother was making cream biscuits, and, when they were done, said: "I wish Sarah was here to have some of these, she was so fond of them." I thought how queer they should talk of wishing me here, when I am here. When all was ready, I sat at table and ate supper with them. They talked about me, and I wanted to talk to them, and wondered they did not speak to me, since it seemed as though I could not talk till they should speak directly to me. But I heard all they said, and while I was there made certain discoveries which I certainly could not have made in any other way.

Next day I wrote to them, told them of my visit, of what I had discovered during their conversation in regard to affairs of which I should otherwise have been ignorant, and thus convinced them of the truth of what I said. They became believers in the power, which they had told me was an evil one when I had shown signs of it in my childhood; and when, a little later, my mother passed on to spirit life, she came to me in California less than twenty-four hours after her decease, and told me of it herself.

I declared next day that I had seen her, and knew she was gone from earth life, spite of the assurance of my friends that if it were so a telegram would have been sent me, and was, therefore, not shocked nor surprised when in due course of mail a letter reached me with full particulars of her death and burial.

There is a possibility before all persons of becoming able to free themselves at times from the body, and where an embodied spirit can get free to heal or comfort or help another it has even greater power than one that has left the body to decay while its spirit has been wandering in the spirit world. I know these things from constant demonstrations received and recorded. At first, as I have stated, my own body was left, on such occasions, in an almost deathlike condition; but after a while, perhaps six months or so, there came to me a spirit, who announced herself as one sent to hold my body, and keep it from harm, till my spirit comes back to it, which is, I believe, just what is done by what is called

cabinet controls. While my own spirit is gone on any errand, she holds and protects my body, and can speak or act with it as easily as I myself can use it.

Those who have seen Mrs. Stevens under control of her wise and helpful spirit guide "Starlight," and watched with interest the care and tender anxiety with which, when she has finished speaking, "Starlight" seems to watch for her medium's return, and her joyful little cry of, "There she comes!" a moment before she gives a little gasp, and opens her eyes again with the medium's *own* expression in them, will not doubt that Mrs. Stevens gives in the above recital a fact in her own experience of mediumship. — ED.

"MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES."

From *The New Thought*, Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 7, 1886.

This is the first line of the title of one of the most wonderful books we have ever read,—a book which we now have in press for John Brown, of San Bernardino, Cal. We did not take our pen at this time to give anything of the size, shape, or contents of the book; this will be done in due time.

Our present purpose was to relate a little experience. We will begin by saying the substance of several chapters of this book has appeared in some of the Spiritualist papers; more of them in the *Spiritual Offering* than any other. From reading those, we knew the book would be very interesting, and intended, when it was out, to get some of them for our own use, and to sell.

We were surprised one day by the receipt of a letter, asking if we could get the book out, and if we were willing to bid on the job. We wrote back that we were not prepared for book-work, but that, if Mr. Brown desired us to get his book out, we would fit our office up for it, and do the job. We here stated the style of type, paper, and binding, and told him what the book would cost him. In due course of mail we got the answer that the job was ours.

When the manuscript came, a letter accompanied it, which said that Mr. Brown had taken our letter to Dr. D. J. Stansbury, a

slate-writing medium ; he laid our letter on two slates, which were sealed together, and remarked that there was a letter which contained a business item, which he would like his spirit friends to look after, and if they had any advice, he would be glad to receive it.

When the seals on the slates were broken, the following message was found written between them :—

“Dear Friend and Fellow Co-worker in the Cause of Humanity: The time has arrived when you are to give to the world the thoughts that have been given to you by the higher intelligences. We advise you to give the printing into the hands of our trusted agent, MOSES HULL ; [we capitalize as per copy.—ED.] and we guarantee a faithful performance of the contract. We will supervise the press-work, and make the book a success.

“Faternally,

BENJ. FRANKLIN.

HORACE GREELEY.”

This spirit-indorsement was as unexpected as was the original invitation to print the book. Not only for the sake of our own honor and pride, and for the sake of the author, but on account of our spiritual indorsers, we will get out a job which, in every sense, shall be first class.

We thank the spirits in this world and the other for this and every kind remembrance.

MATERIALIZATION.

By Mrs. O. L. PENNELL, Boston, Mass.

I had never believed in materialization. I wanted the spirits to come directly to me ; but I afterwards changed my mind.

A gentleman invited me to attend a seance, and, after many forms had appeared, I was called to the cabinet. A form stood there who said she was my mother. I said nothing, but mentally prayed that if it was my mother she would offer me her left hand, which she did, and called me by my full name, which very few knew, as I was named after the ocean and my mother,—Oceana Louise. The particular test of my mother's left hand was this : Years before, when the children were small, she used to join with

us in our sports, and help with the work. Once, while cutting hay, she lost two fingers by the machine, and when she gave her materialized hand, two fingers were gone. She handed me a rose, and, as she did so, she said: "I shall never forget when you picked this rose from the bush under my bedroom window," and the rose was, indeed, a *fac-simile* of one I had picked while her body lay in the coffin, and which I had placed in her hand.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S DEATH-BED.

By Mrs. ISA WILSON-PORTER, Lombard, Ill.

When I was young I was opposed to Spiritualism. My father had exacted from me a promise not to join any religious sect; but when I was sixteen, and my grandmother passed away, I began to think of a future state. We heard raps, and I saw a man who told me to see G. W.; say to him: "Shadrack Newell is here, and she will leave you tonight." I repeated what I had heard. "I am going home," said my grandmother, "to William, who has waited so long."

My mother came, and I was sent for the rest of the family. We put the old grandmother in bed, and all sang: "Shall we Gather at the River?" *Five independent voices sang with us.* She raised her hands, and said: "Oh, Will!" and again we heard the raps. My mother said: "Mother, do you want anything?" "Yes, Mary," she said; "open the door and let me out." Then we heard voices calling: "Good-bye, Mary; good-bye, children; we will come again,"—and they were gone, and the grandmother had breathed her last on earth.

THE OPEN LOCKET.

By Mrs. AMANDA COWAN, Brockton, Mass.

Editor of *Facts*:

I invited a few friends to sit to see what we might get in the way of physical manifestations. I clairvoyantly saw the husband of one of the ladies standing in front of her. I did not notice what he was doing in particular until I heard him say "Locket."

Not knowing what he meant, I did not say anything until he spoke again about a locket he gave his wife. Then I spoke to her, and asked her what there was about a locket her husband gave her. She, looking for it, found it gone; but, searching for it, found it in her lap opened. In the locket was a lock of his hair, and a picture of a baby that was in the spirit world. The spring that held the locket to the chain, and the locket itself, was very hard to open; and with the clairvoyance, clairaudience, and the power that it took to open the locket, we consider it a very wonderful manifestation of spirit power, and we had many other wonderful manifestations of which I have not time to relate. As I had been searching for two years for true manifestations, I was convinced in my own house; and I would say to those who are investigating, do not be discouraged, for the time may come that you will find out that there are true manifestations under conditions where there is no chance for fraud, and be convinced as I was.

Editor of *Facts*:

I send you an account of direct spirit-healing, which, if you think of interest, you can publish. The person upon whom the spirit operated is my son, a young man in his twenty-fifth year, a printer by trade, and is now living in Birmingham, Ala.

Yours truly,
 ALLEN F. HALL,
 Assist. Editor *Light for Thinkers*,
 Atlanta, Ga.

DIRECT HEALING BY A SPIRIT.

This gentleman has been suffering since January last with a complication of diseases. He has tried the best medical skill of Atlanta, Ga., his present home, all seeming to do him no good.

One night, in the early part of the month of August, he retired early, after suffering terrible pains in his throat from its ulcerated condition. While he lay there, sleepless, a pale blue light pervaded the room, and a noise, similar to the fluttering of a bird, was heard; he then heard some noise by his bedside, followed by a guttural sound of "Ugh! ugh!" He looked up and saw standing by the side of the bed the ugliest Indian that he could conceive

of; the sight nearly frightened him out of his wits, but that soon passed away. The Indian then said: "Pale chief much sick, but I make him well." He then clasped the gentleman's throat with both hands, and kept them there about ten minutes, after which he rubbed his back about the same length of time. He then left, promising that he would return at 1 a.m. every night until the cure was effected. He kept his promise, and the gentleman was cured, and is now in better health than he has been for a year.

The first application of the Indian's hands to his throat took away all the pain, and he enjoyed a good night's rest. We would add that the gentleman is both clairvoyant and clairaudient, and thus saw and heard what took place. These are *facts*.

INDEPENDENT WRITING, ETC.

By Mrs. Dr. ANDREWS, Jacksonville, Fla.

We had heard raps about the house, and received communications from the spirits through mediumship, but the first direct writing came to me in Vermont one morning in my room. I was sitting on the floor dressing my feet, and discussing with my sister a plan for getting up a party for a drive to the mountains. I had been forbidden to go by the physician, who thought I could not endure the fatigue.

Suddenly a card appeared before me, which I recognized in the sunlight as one of my own, and which, as it lay before me, was covered with a message, saying I should go, that the view would be beautiful, and the drive would do me no harm. I went, and after that time it became a common occurrence to find messages written upon paper which we left in places as we were directed to do for the use of our unseen advisers. A favorite place was under the bureau. We used to mark the paper to be sure it was the same. Sometimes the message would be in the middle of the pad, sometimes upon the top. Often, in our business trips, the messages would be found giving us directions. Once they followed us persistently, declaring we should have no peace till certain papers were signed. When we were at Lake Pleasant we used to find messages, written on pieces of paper, in our pockets.

Then there was a long interval, in which we heard nothing from our invisible friends. We went to Florida, where we often heard the raps. Finally, one day, we were sitting around the table sewing on our crazy-quilt, when we heard raps, and began to call the alphabet for questions. They said they would bring us some pieces for the work. "Now?" we asked. "No," they said; but that night we two heard raps on our head-board, and were told to sit for manifestations next day. We did so, and an Indian spirit made an appointment for the following day. We were detained by visitors in the office, and were a little late, so that it was nearly eleven when we went to the sitting-room. We heard raps, and looked about the room, but saw nothing unusual. There was positively nothing on the lounge. We were called away, but were not five minutes gone from the room. When we returned, there lay on the lounge a little package containing four pieces of silk, and another paper containing a message, with a postscript purporting to be from the spirit who had promised to bring the pieces, saying: "The blue is from mother, the pink from grandmother, the drab from a friend, and the white my own." As there had not been anyone else in the room to our knowledge, we suppose they were sent, as promised.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED BY SPIRITS.

Related by Dr. E. W. HOPKINS, Boston, Mass.

The medium, Mr. W. H. Church, who resided in Canada, was giving seances for physical manifestations. I observed that he seemed to act queerly, as though something in his brain was not quite right, and questioned him as to his physical condition. In reply, he told me that, one night some years previously, on his way home from a seance, he was followed, knocked down, robbed, and left senseless; was picked up, taken to the hospital, his skull being broken, was trepanned, and discharged as cured. But since that time he had been subject to fits, sometimes having two a day. On making an examination, I declared my opinion that the disturbance was caused by the piece of silver falling or resting upon the brain, and advised magnetic treatment. The band of spirits

controlling Mr. Church assured him (through his own organization) that they would cure him if he would follow their directions, and have the persons whom they would select sit with him for the purpose.

The parties chosen were Mr. Arnold, agent for the Grand Trunk Railroad, Toronto; Mr. Crawford, of Toronto; the wife of the medium, and myself.

The circle-room in which the private seances were held was kept perfectly dark all the time, and no person ever entered it except at the time of the seance, the key being left on the inside. When the seance ended, and all were out, the key was heard to turn in the lock, and mysterious sounds as of persons moving about were sometimes observed. For three weeks these five persons sat as directed, holding seances for the purpose of gaining strength for the operation about to be undertaken. Finally, at the end of that time, the announcement was made through the lips of the medium that all was ready. He was laid, or laid himself, upon the floor; the four silent witnesses watching in breathless interest in the total darkness, with clasped hands, heard sounds as of persons walking around, a noise like that of taking instruments from their cases, and at last the voice of one asking for water, but directing that no mortal should break the circle on any account until directed to do so. The seance was held in the daytime. As one of the spirit attendants, hitherto invisible, walked to the door, unlocked it, and let the daylight stream in for an instant, we four sitters saw the medium lying on the floor, and a female figure pass through the door. No one moved. She was gone a few minutes, returned with a wash-bowl and pitcher, which we heard set down upon the floor by the medium. We sat quietly waiting for some time longer, when we were told to break the circle, the work being done.

We examined the skull, found the silver drawn into its proper place, no skin being broken, and no trace of any mortal having been in the room except ourselves, and the bowl and pitcher which had been brought.

I was with Mr. Church a year after this occurrence, during which time there was no further disturbance, and when I last heard from him he was entirely well.

Mr. Arnold, who sat with us for this work, who had become

much attached to the medium, was once walking in Toronto, and fell, severing a certain muscle, which accident made it impossible to draw his leg up at the knee. He was taken to the hospital, surgeons made examination, and declared the case incurable, the ends of the fractured muscle having separated half an inch. He met Mr. Church, who declared, under influence of his guides, that Mr. Arnold could be cured. Mr. Arnold sat with the medium four hundred times, during which the invisible operators said they put in the cavity a substance like India rubber, which, becoming attached to both ends of the broken muscle, would finally contract, and could be gradually withdrawn, bit by bit, until the ends of the muscle were brought together and united again. When this result came about, by whatever means it may have been done, Mr. Arnold was able to lay aside his crutches, and walked with only a cane until his decease, which took place some time since.

TESTS AT LAKE PLEASANT WITH MAGGIE NELSON.

By Dr. WM. H. VOSBURGH, Troy, N. Y.

Editor of *Facts*:

In the summer of 1883 I was at the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting. Mrs. Maggie Nelson gave public seances at Association Hall every Tuesday and Friday morning. I occasionally called in at her meetings, but on the occasion of which I am about to speak was seated in the auditorium in the grove listening to the remarks of different speakers in the morning conference, when somebody touched me on the shoulder, and, turning round, I greeted a lady of my acquaintance. She said: "Mr. Vosburgh, have you a sister in spirit life named Eurette?" I answered: "Yes." "Well," said the lady, "she just returned through Maggie Nelson, at the hall, and gave her name, Eurette Vosburgh, and remarked that she had a brother on the grounds, W. H. Vosburgh, a magnetic healer." The lady stated that nobody seemed to recognize the spirit, so she herself arose and said she knew me, and would report to me what the spirit said. Mrs. Nelson never knew me, nor any of my family.

In the summer of 1882, a gentleman was on his way to Boston

on a business trip, *via* the Hoosac Tunnel route. He was from the far West, one of the territories, I think. On arriving at Greenfield, Mass., in the morning, he noticed a great throng waiting there, and overheard them talking about Lake Pleasant, and the many remarkable mediums there. On making inquiry, he learned that at Lake Pleasant was a great Spiritual Convocation, or Camp Meeting, held annually through August, and that the mass of people he had met there were going seven miles by a local train to that place. He had never seen anything in the line of spiritual manifestation, and believed the claims set forth absurd and nonsensical, but revolving the subject in his mind, he decided to take a day or two and see what he could learn. He therefore joined the company. On arriving, he walked up through some of the beautiful avenues, and read the names of many mediums. He did not know a person on the ground, and meeting a Mr. Bowman, a Spiritualist, he asked him who was the best medium at the lake. Mr. Bowman informed him that that was a pretty hard matter to decide; that there was a great many good ones there; "but," said Mr. Bowman, "Maggie Nelson holds a public seance at the hall this morning at ten o'clock, and I consider her about as remarkable a medium as any of them, and I would, therefore, advise you, to go and see her, and if you should not get anything yourself you will see others read like an open book."

The hour came, and so did the stranger. The rush was great, and in searching for a seat, and before becoming seated, his name was called aloud by the spirit control of Mrs. Nelson, and he was beckoned to a seat by her side. The stranger rather hesitatingly moved forward to the platform, and sat down by her. The spirits then commenced unravelling his affairs; told him his business to Boston; the county-seat and name of the town where he resided; names and deaths in his family, etc., the truth of which, word for word, he acknowledged, she holding him in deepest amazement for twenty minutes.

When the interview had ended, the stranger stood up before that deeply-interested audience, and spoke as follows:—

Ladies and gentlemen,—This to me is certainly a most remarkable experience. I am a stranger in your midst, yet through this lady many names, dates, and circumstances occurring in the

past have been revealed to me, and I am compelled to state that, if this is Spiritualism, I am a Spiritualist from this hour."

I desire to say, Mr. Editor, that I was one of the audience, witnessed the scene, and afterwards gathered all the facts.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

By Mr. H. FRANK LAMB, Cleveland, O.

Editor of *Facts*:

My wife being away from home, I had retired to my room alone, and was lying on my back, with my right arm under my head, when I was awakened by feeling a hand under my arm, which pushed me across the bed. Looking up, I saw a person sitting on the side of the bed at the foot. I gazed at it a while, and finally said: "What do you want?" when it disappeared, and I fell asleep again. How long I slept I do not know, but I was awakened once more by some one walking by the bed. I was wide awake, could see nothing, but felt hands under the bedding, lifting the whole up, and sliding me out on the floor. I examined the room carefully, thinking somebody was playing a trick upon me, but found no one, and the doors all fastened as I had fastened them before I went to bed. I was entirely well, and very busy at my trade, that of a fresco painter, and never felt any effects from the whole affair.

THE FIRST SITTING.

By Mrs. MAY MOZART, San Francisco.

It was about six years ago that Spiritualism came and made itself a fact to us. The first evening my husband and myself sat at a table a spirit came, gave his name and a general description, but we supposed he was alive in his own home in Philadelphia. He said he was in spirit life. So we sent a message, asking: "Is George — well?" The answer came: "He passed away on such a date;" which was the very day he had announced his presence through the medium in California.

A TRANSFIGURED BODY.

Related at Facts Meeting, Onset, August, 1886, by Mr. BROWN, Worcester, Mass.

A friend, who was seven years in our family, passed to spirit life. I began to attend circles, and for ten years got nothing. But I have seen her a hundred times since then. Last night and today she materialized and dematerialized outside the cabinet. She said to me (calling for more light): "Do you know me?" "Yes," I replied. "Is there anything unnatural about me?" "Yes; you are too stout," I said. "Well," said she, "I am Harriet Phillips in Helen Berry's body. Look at me well. My dress is lace, my hair dark, and I do n't look like Helen." It was all true, and yet while I stood looking at her something like a cloud seemed to arise between us, and there stood Helen in her brown dress, and three bouquets upon it, as when she went into the cabinet.

SPIRIT PLAYMATES.

Related by a gentleman at Onset, August, 1886, who desires not to have his name mentioned, but who is well known.

Sixty years ago I was put out to live in an Orthodox family, with old people, in Northern Vermont. I had to play by myself, there being no other family within three miles where there were any children, and the farms between had been left deserted.

I used to go berrying all alone. One day, when I was eleven years old, I went and began picking berries, when there stood two boys, beautifully dressed, who said they came from up here. I forgot my old clothes, and we played tag all the afternoon, played and picked berries till it was time for me to go for the cows. But I had no berries, and no excuse. Something said to me: "Tell the truth." So, when I got home, and was asked why I had no berries, I said: "I have been playing with boys." "Who were they?" asked Mrs. Clapp. "I do n't know," I replied. I heard the old folks talking about it; and next day when I was sent out Mrs. Clapp said I must get some berries this time. The children came again and picked berries with me. I asked their names. They told me Henry and Charles Talbot. So, when I went home again, I told Mrs. Clapp who they were. She said: "Do n't go there again; those boys died forty-two years ago, and were buried right there."

FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

GOD'S WRECKS.

By HORACE M. RICHARDS.

THE following poem was written in Franklin Square, Philadelphia, Penn., March, 1873, on the occasion of seeing and assisting a drunken woman who was sitting perfectly helpless on one of the benches; and on being asked by a passer-by who she was, the reply instantly came from my lips: "She is one of God's wrecks." And before I left the square I was given the poem (as I always felt) as a return for the kindness shown the woman.

HORACE M. RICHARDS.

Canst thou chain Old Time in his march from the past?
Canst thou stay the Simoon's death-dealing blast?
Will a sweep of thy hand send backward the tide
To the sources that channel the steep mountain's side?

Will darkness return?—the sun cease to shine?
Or Nature revolt to obey words of thine?
Will thy voice hush the music of unnumbered spheres?
Will it lengthen or shorten the incoming years?

Will spirits that have fled their earthly abode
Reinhabit their forms at thy beck or thy nod?
As well might thou try all these to control
As to stay the march of a human soul.

Though born in sin, and raised in despair,
The soul of a God lies slumbering there.
Then *this* be the lesson, O man, in thy pride:
Gods wrecks that now drift down humanity's tide,

Thy brothers, thy sisters, are all in His care,
The highest, the lowest, His love equal share;
And souls that seemed buried in sin's deepest tomb
In their hearts hold the germ of blossom and bloom.

EDITORIAL.

E. GERTRUDE BERRY.

THE portrait in this month's *Facts* represents one of the Berry sisters, well known not only to our readers but to thousands of others who have been astonished and convinced of spirit return through her mediumship. She was born in Boston, Mass., in the year 1861, and has had the advantages of a good education, and, like her sister Helen, has improved these opportunities, both being ladies of refinement.

She commenced her public work as a full-form materializing medium at Onset Bay Camp-Meeting in the summer of 1883, and at that time her controls gave positive evidence of fine mediumistic talents. In 1884 she was married to Mr. E. T. Johnson, of Providence, R. I., but has always retained her maiden name in her public work, we suppose for two reasons: first, that she had already become very popular and successful under that name, and, secondly, her natural aversion to publicity. In fact, she is so retiring and domestic in her nature that she shrinks from public gaze, and there is but little doubt that her wonderful success can be largely attributed to her quiet home-life. Neither of the Berry sisters knew anything of Spiritualism until within the last few years, and their principal controls were friends of theirs in earth life, thus showing, as is frequently the case, that persons having good mediumistic ability live to mature age without knowing or developing it. In this case great credit is due to Mr. George T. Albro, who was a friend of both of the gentlemen who now control these sisters. He not only has fine developing powers, but is unquestionably one of the best of business managers.

In the fall of 1885 they fitted up the house they now occupy, No. 55 Rutland Street, Boston, taking for their seance room the large front parlor. The cabinet is simply a wooden frame, covered with cloth, and stands in the center, a few feet from one end of the room, and we understand is always open for inspection. Under the best conditions we have frequently seen very fine manifestations, proving materialization to be a fact, and still hope for other and, if possible, more convincing proof of spirit power through this gifted medium.

OUR SUMMER WANDERINGS.

DURING the past two months ending September 15th, Spiritualist Camp-Meetings have been held in various localities in the United States.

The value of these meetings, and their influence upon Spiritualists as well as upon the health and comfort of the tens of thousands who have attended them, cannot be over-estimated. People of all classes, from the *savant* to the humblest and most unpretentious artisan, have met on common ground to study the phenomena of Spiritualism. Many of these persons, having little or no opportunity for such investigation at home, or being afraid or ashamed to be identified among Spiritualists *there*, gather at these meetings, where many of the best mediums are to be found, and become the most enthusiastic, though not always the most careful, investigators.

In our short experience we have known of a great number of instances where such people as these — many of them ministers — have investigated, accepted the truth, and gone to their work prepared to teach that which they have received.

The phenomena of Spiritualism does not in any way interfere with Christian work, nor teach anything which any Christian minister may not with propriety preach from his pulpit, and it is a great pleasure to us to see such persons so interested in its investigation.

A passing sketch of some of the features of the camps we have had the pleasure of attending this season may not be uninteresting to our readers. Three days of each week, during the Camp-Meeting, we have spent at Onset, which we see no reason to doubt, as a summer home for Spiritualists, will, for some time to come, lead all other sea-side resorts on account of its beautiful location, safe boating and bathing facilities, ample shade, and easy access. Hundreds of summer residences, many of which are also well adapted to all-the-year-round use; scores of business places, several of which are open during the winter; a public school; a kindergarten, and a Spiritual Lyceum of which any city might be proud,—all combine to make this a very desirable home.

The meeting commenced here on Sunday, July 11th, and closed on the last Sunday of August, the longest session of the Camp-Meeting which has ever been held. Many of the very best mediums for different classes of phenomena remained the entire season, while others made a shorter visit, so that opportunities for investigation here were unsurpassed.

Our visit at Lake Pleasant was a hurried one, but we found a great improvement over those of the last few years, both in social harmony and general comfort. The Association has completed arrangements to buy the grounds which have hitherto been leased from the Fitchburg Railroad, and we understand lots are to be sold, which will, no doubt, be advantageous to the growth of this old and prosperous camp. It has one great advantage over all other Camp-Meetings with which we are acquainted. The Fitchburg Railroad has been specially considerate toward it, not only by paying

liberally toward the employment of the popular Fitchburg band, and the various improvements carried out, but also by running excursion trains from all directions, at low rates, thus making it an inducement for people to come there.

Cassadaga Lake, a few miles from Dunkirk, N. Y., which has an altitude of eight hundred feet above the level of Lake Erie, is a beautiful spot, comparatively smaller than either of the afore-mentioned camps, but with a social and systematic management which we have not seen equalled. The auditorium, which is entirely covered, is light, airy, and artistic. The platform, spacious and well finished, is furnished with a piano and other drawing-room furniture, and decorated with flowers, ferns, etc., which are kept fresh by a committee of ladies who have made this duty their special office.

A new feature — the credit of which is due to Mrs. Skidmore, wife of the President of the Association — is a spiritual library, to which this lady has made valuable contributions, and for which gifts of books are solicited.

A pleasant sail up the Penobscot to Bangor, Me., past the two new camp-grounds, Temple Heights, and Verona Park, both beautifully located, meetings at which had already closed, followed by a railroad ride of twenty miles to Etna, brought us to a station, about a mile from which we found a wonderful demonstration of enthusiasm. The auditorium is in a pleasant grove, on private grounds belonging to Mr. Daniel Buswell, clustered around which are several comfortable cottages, all of which, on the evening of our arrival, were filled to their utmost capacity, and we found lodgment at the hospitable home of Mr. Columbus Buswell, a short distance from the place of meeting.

Early on Sunday morning people began to come, until, at ten o'clock, fields, roadsides, barns, and groves were filled with vehicles and horses, hundreds of them having come from twenty miles or more away. It was estimated that from nine to ten thousand people were present. Gazing upon this immense crowd thus gathered in this comparatively isolated spot, away from even a village of any pretensions, young and old met together, with no allurements for revelry, but simply to hear and see this spiritual Camp-Meeting work, we realized as never before the magnitude of the work which ought to be done in the country, and the possibilities of such a method of evangelization when people put their heart into it. We said, having heard some one remark upon the danger of jealous feelings creeping in where the camp-grounds were so near each other, that there need be no such feelings, for there is work enough to be done, and no reason why such meetings should not be held at some place on every fifty square miles of territory.

On Sunday, September 12th, we visited Queen City Park, about three

miles south of Burlington, Vt., one of the most charming spots in New England, on the bank of Lake Champlain, with the Adirondacks in full view on one hand, and the Green Mountains on the other. This park, formerly owned by the Central Vermont Railroad, and used for excursions, was purchased by the Vermont Association of Spiritualists. There are already a large number of very good, comfortable cottages, some even handsome ones, which are occupied during the season by their owners. Many improvements have been made upon the grounds, and a pleasant and comfortable hotel erected. This comparatively new camp has many natural characteristics which will be likely to make it one of the most popular and attractive Camp-Meetings in New England.

From Burlington we went, *via* the Central Vermont and Passumpsic R. R.s to Newport, Vt., where we took the steamer *Lady of the Lake* for a sail upon Lake Memphremagog, one of the most charming sheets of water, surrounded by exquisite and grand scenery, on the shore of which are many beautiful summer residences, notably among them being those of Sir Hugh Allan, of the Allan steamship line, and Mr. Molson, the banker, of Montreal. A flying visit to the White Mountains, and home, *via* the Lowell Railroad, terminated our summer wanderings.

We have been thus explicit in regard to routes, etc., in the above sketch, knowing many of our friends are interested to know of the details before making arrangements for their next season's outing. Most of the New England Camp-Meetings may be reached with a special excursion ticket, which is arranged and for sale by Dr. E. A. Smith, of Brandon, Vt., President of the Queen City Park Association, at greatly reduced rates.

We have intentionally omitted mentioning names of speakers, mediums, managers, etc., in the above, because it is impossible to mention in our brief space half of those whom we have seen. Suffice it to say, we have met only courtesy and kindness from each and all, for which we desire, at this time, to extend our hearty thanks and appreciation of the many favors shown, and valuable assistance rendered us, in our endeavors to collect and disseminate facts.

OUR FRIENDS will observe that the ADVERTISING CARDS, heretofore printed in small type, are at present in a larger and more attractive form, although this, of course, involves more expense to us, our prices for insertion remain the same per line.

Mediums find this uniform style of advertising advantageous, and we hope to have a complete list of mediums' cards in our next issue, when they will have become settled in their winter homes. The circulation of *Facts* for the next three months will be larger than ever before.

“AMERICAN SPECTATOR.”

THE following we quote from the prospectus of the *American Spectator*, sent out with the second number of that valuable new monthly. We have made arrangements to send the *Facts* magazine and the *American Spectator* for one year for one dollar and fifty cents, and will send a *sample copy* of the *Spectator*, free, to anyone who desires it. DR. FLOWER, with whom our readers are already acquainted, is at the head of this new journal, which is sufficient guarantee of its excellence, and we advise our subscribers to avail themselves of this opportunity to secure *Facts* and the *American Spectator*, by sending us one dollar and fifty cents:—

“Probably no paper has ever scored such an instantaneous success as the *American Spectator*. Its reception by the people has been something phenomenal in journalism. Our friends from all parts of the land have been sending in great numbers of clubs of from five to one hundred names, accompanied by the strongest words of welcome and expressions of appreciation. Some of our friends, however, have not as yet sent in their subscriptions, and with this issue we mail a few thousand copies of the *Spectator* to those who as yet have not subscribed, but whom, we believe, after reading this number, will wish to join the *Spectator* family before our next issue.

We desire to call your attention to

THE TABLE OF CONTENTS IN THIS ISSUE.

On the first page will be found Dr. Flower's second paper on 'Home Life,' together with articles by the associate editor, and other contributors to the *Spectator*. On the second page will be found another paper by Dr. Flower, on 'Popular Hygiene,' also another instalment of the 'Practical Talks on Common Diseases,' this number being a full, comprehensive description of various kinds of sore throats, and how to cure them. A paper on the 'Treatment of Boils,' with carefully prepared formulas for the same. An article on 'Insomnia, or Sleeplessness in Children,' and how to overcome it. An excellent formula for a syrup for whooping-cough. All these articles have been prepared expressly for the *American Spectator*. While in addition to this, and pertaining to the health department, will be found an able article on the value of water in the treatment of typhoid fever, from the *Phrenological Journal*; a number of the best formulas for corns, taken from the *American Druggist*; 'How to treat Ringworms Successfully,' from the *American Medical Digest*; the value of 'Lemons in Sickness,' and an excellent paper, entitled 'Health-Hints for the Aged.'

IN THE FIRESIDE DEPARTMENT

will be found a graphic pen-picture of that strangely beautiful, historic character, the 'Maid of Orleans,' prepared for the *Spectator* by the associate editor; an interesting historical story, 'Known by His Hat,' together with a number of interesting articles.

On the editorial page will be found several articles of interest from the pen of the editor and associate editor, among which we will specially mention Dr. Flower's article on 'The Cause of Temperance,' his words on the 'Death of a Little Child,' and the editorial on the 'Zenith and Nadir of Spiritual Evolution.'

On the sixth page will be found a continuation of the 'Leisure Moments with the Poets of the People,' together with Gov. Ireland's able article on 'Texas'; also, a number of choice selections that will prove both interesting and instructive.

THE 'HOUSEKEEPER'S DEPARTMENT'

will be found exceedingly interesting to all our lady readers, and we believe that they will agree with us that we are giving them each month a compilation of real practical information of the greatest value. Our Humorous Department will be found bright and enjoyable by all those who love the sunshine of mirth, and we trust this will include all our readers. We think you will find this number far superior to the last, and it is our determination to make each successive issue of greater value than its predecessor. Now, if you will stop a moment and consider what we are giving you, we are satisfied you will feel that the sixty cents spent for a year's subscription could not be spent in any other way so as to bring in so much useful information, and bright, elevating entertainment.

Dr. Flower's papers, that will appear in each number, on 'Popular Hygiene,' alone, if published in book-form,

COULD NOT BE PROCURED FOR LESS THAN TWO DOLLARS;

the same may be said of the 'Practical Talks on Common Diseases,' as well as Dr. Flower's series of papers on 'Home Life'; also, the series of papers known as the 'Leisure Moments with the Poets of the People.' Besides these features, the vast amount of choice literature for the home, the great amount of practical information to housekeepers, to be found in their special department, the brilliant compilation of witty and humorous articles, all unite to make the *Spectator* one of the most interesting and valuable papers published."

USE COMMON SENSE.

PSYCHOLOGICAL and kindred phenomena are becoming more and more interesting to all intelligent students of natural laws, and the remarkable phenomena which are constantly coming before the public are attracting, and are worthy the consideration of our best minds. We do not intend to contract this statement to mean any branch of these phenomena, but to include all, whether they indicate intelligence in the physical or the spiritual body.

Much which has been called Spiritualism is not of disembodied spirit origin, and much that ought to be so recognized is believed by those who know but little of the subject to be due to mundane laws. Scientists, who have studied the sensitive formation called the brain, know that certain well-defined conditions produce phenomena of a peculiar class, but do not understand its workings further than these effects. Now, if these are not combined with any special characteristics which prove mental action of an entirely different character from that of the person, or subject, then, indeed, is there no reason for special interest in the phenomena; but if they show a special and well-defined individuality, or intelligence, not belonging to the medium or sensitive, then, indeed, are we socially and philosophically communicating with intelligence of whose origin we can only judge by its intelligence. Everything is known by this rule, in mind and matter, as we speak of it.

The mind proves so much of its individuality as is necessary, and to those who must know more perfectly its identity, it proves its individuality by its personal characteristics; these belong to all classes of persons alike. The worst specimen of man has his own characteristics, and by them we learn to know him; and if we see them, whether in earth or spirit life, we recognize the man. Therefore, as we have often written, spirit phenomena are not in any way more holy than each special case makes them. Its importance depends upon the conditions or circumstances under which it was obtained, and the value of it, and should be placed upon the same plane as any other valuable information. The lawyer makes a price for services, not by the time it requires, but by the importance of the case and the ability of his client to pay. The preacher leaves one parish for another because his services are better appreciated, or his new congregation are rich and able to pay more. In short, supply and demand is the only true standard of values, and the medium who gives extraordinary satisfaction should be rewarded accordingly, as other professional experts are.

We once knew, personally, a case where a private medium gave information which led to the direct recovery of a seal-skin cloak, valued at \$400. A detective had been employed, but had obtained no clue to the thief, although he had been paid a large sum for his services. With the

information given by the medium, the cloak was found without trouble, and yet nobody thought of paying the medium one cent. This is not a rare case. Thousands of beautiful communications are given by mediums everywhere for which they never receive one cent; but if one charges for a private sitting of an hour two to five dollars, or more, they are accused of extortion, while a regular M. D. will make several visits in one hour, and charge fully as much for each one, or for some surgical operation of a few moments will charge many times as much. Sensitives should be well paid for their services, but not expect to extort larger amounts than they have agreed to charge, and sitters should always know beforehand what they have to pay, as they would in any other business transaction.

From the *American Spectator* for September, 1886.

Extract from words spoken by Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, beside the grave of a child:—

“Birth brings the infant life into a world of possibilities and consequences very great, vastly greater than could have been though the life be just as real, confined, and fettered within the womb; and could another still within the womb behold the utter disappearance of the life we now call a new life born, birth would be a death wrapped in annihilation’s shroud. So this little life, which to the lives remaining seems to have entered death, perpetual death, enters a life which, by contrast, maketh the past life a life of servitude.

“Death is birth, a change through which passeth the mortal life, as did this spirit-child, from darkness into light, from the enslavement and stagnation of the mortal to the liberty and progress of the realms of mind.

“Shouldst thou hear an unseen footstep, or the rustle of an angel’s wing, know that it is a loved one who would leave naught undone to make happier thy life on earth, and perfect thy entrance to the angel home. Know this, sad heart, that death at most is but a change. Life is eternal; like the flowing river, not a stagnant pool, it flows on forevermore.”

“LIGHT FOR THINKERS.”—This valuable journal has been removed from Atlanta, Ga., to Chattanooga, Tenn. We hope this will be an advantage in all respects, and that the people of the South will support the official journal of the Lookout-Mountain Association as liberally as it deserves.

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

DUET AND CHORUS.

SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET.

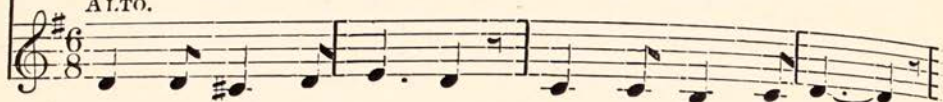
HERBERT LESLIE.

Allegro.

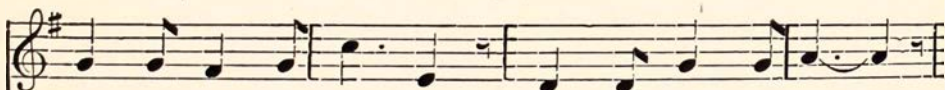


1. Hand in hand with an - gels, Thro' the world we go,
2. Hand in hand with an - gels, Walk - ing ev - 'ry day,

ALTO.



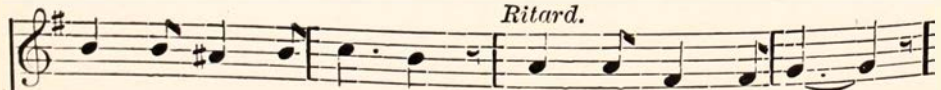
Bright - er eyes are on us Than we blind ones know.
How the chain may bright - en None of us can say,



Tend' - rer voi - ces cheer us, Than we deaf will own
Yet it doubt - less reach - es From earth's low - est one



Ritard.



Nev - er walk - ing heav'n - ward, Can we walk a - lone.
To the lof - tiest ser - aph Stand - ing near the throne.



HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

QUARTET. *a tempo.*

Hand in hand with an - gels, Some are out of sight,
 Hand in hand with an - gels, Ev - er let us go,

Ritard.

Lead - ing us un - know - ing, In - to paths of light.
 Cling - ing to the strong ones, Draw - ing up the slow,

Ritard.

a tempo.

Some soft hands are cov - ered From our mor - tal clasp,
 With e - lec - tric love pow'r, Thrill - ing all with fire,

Soul in soul to hold us With a firm - er clasp.
 Soar we thro' vast a - ges, High - er ev - er high - er.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
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