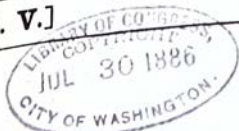


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JULY, 1886.

[No. 7.]



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.

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No favor sways us, and no fear shall awe."*

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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.

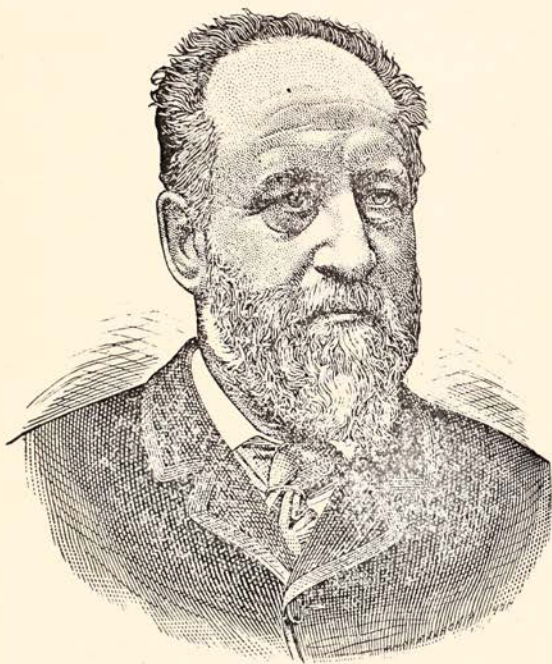
CONTENTS.

Portrait of Mr. Joseph D. Stiles.	frontispiece.
How did She Know of this Ring? Dr. Wm. G. Case.	167
A Child's Clairvoyance. Mrs. Adaline M. Glading.	168
An Apparition. <i>Harbinger of Light</i>	169
An Incident in Mrs. Fay's Circle. Mr. Frederick Atherton.	173
Can Physical Science Explain? Mr. G. W. White.	174
Independent Slate-Writing Through the Mediumship of Fred Evans. Illustrated. <i>Golden Gate</i>	175
Clairvoyance. <i>Hall's Journal of Health</i>	180

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ecstasis. Prof. Henry Kiddle.	183
Dr. Dean Clarke's Rejoinder to W. J. Colville.	185
The Origin of the Song in this Number. Mr. Simon Pease Cheeny.	190
EDITORIALS.—Mr. Joseph D. Stiles (Biographical Sketch), 191; Camp-Meetings, 192, 193, 194; Book Notices, etc., 193, 194.	
Music: "The Spirit-Song."	195





JOSEPH D. STILES.

FACTS.

JULY, 1886.

HOW DID SHE KNOW OF THIS RING?

By Dr. WM. G. CASE, Bloomfield, Conn.

The following simple test made a very strong impression upon my mind at the time, and I will give it for the benefit of the readers of *Facts*: —

Some years ago my wife passed to the other side, and some little time after I had occasion to be absent from home. I was invited to attend a circle, where there were a dozen or more persons present. I accepted. A part of the company I was acquainted with. The medium was an entire stranger to me, and only one person in the room, besides myself, knew of the facts of which I am writing, and these were very far from my own mind at the time. I was seated almost behind the medium, but after she became controlled a short time, turned around to me and said there was a lady present who wished to communicate with me, and held up one finger, on which was a plain gold ring. The thought flashed upon my mind in a moment who it could be; and these are the facts: When my wife was buried, I did not care to remove our wedding ring, and it was buried with her, and she took this way to make herself known to me, and has done so several times since. Now, the question comes up: if our friends do not live after this life, and have a knowledge of things around us, how did she know of this ring?

A CHILD'S CLAIRVOYANCE.

By Mrs. ADELINE M. GLADING, Philadelphia, Penn.

I had always been "a little queer," my people said; subject to strange fancies, they thought, and apt to make prophecies to them unaccountable.

I was brought up in a strictly religious atmosphere, and had never even heard of a ghost, though often conscious of seeing shadowy and strange things.

When I was between ten and eleven years of age my brother married, and brought his wife home to the old farm house, and my mother took us younger children and moved to another farm which she hired. When we entered the house for the first time, a strange fear came over me, and I was chilled to the very marrow. I saw a black shadow, which seemed to follow my mother and myself about for a time, and then disappeared. My mother set apart a little room for mine, promised to make it as cozy and dainty as heart could wish; and, when I went to bed, tucked me up, gave me a good-night kiss, and left me as happy as a child could wish to be. She had not been gone long enough to more than reach the sitting-room when I saw the black shadow in the doorway, filling it, and, as I gazed, taking the form of a man, with his hand held to his throat. He came toward me, bent over the bed to look at me, still with his hand to his throat, and gave a long sigh. I found strength to scream; he vanished, and in a moment my room was filled with all the members of the family, whom my screams had brought to me. I told what I had seen. My mother soothed me, and tried to persuade me I had only dreamed, though I knew she had not been long enough away for me to have slept a moment.

The next day I went to school, and was met by eager looks and questions, as to how and where I slept in the old house, but no hint was given me of any history connected with it. A few nights later the same apparition came as before, with his hand to his throat, gazed down at my face, sighed, and turned away to where there seemed to be another bed, around which other forms seemed bending. Again my frightened screams brought my mother to me, but the shock had been too great, and for several days I was very ill. When I returned to the school the next week, I sought

out one of the scholars who had been so curious to know "how the new girl slept in the old house," and implored her to tell me what was the cause of the inquiry. From her I learned what it seems my mother had known before, but had never mentioned to me, that the man who built the house (which, by the way, had never been quite completed), rendered desperate at the desertion of the bride whom he had hoped to bring home to it, had cut his own throat, and had died in the little room where I saw his unquiet spirit form.

AN APPARITION.

From the *Harbinger of Light*, March 1, 1886.

The following well-authenticated account of an apparition in the "Weld" family, referring (we believe) to a brother of the present governor of Western Australia, has been published in *Glimpses of the Supernatural*, by Dr. Lee; but an old-established Catholic journal, the *Ave Maria*, from which we take it, professes to have it from one of the witnesses, Miss Katherine W. Weld; and the account is not only fuller in detail, but presumably more authentic.

Philip Weld was the youngest son of James Weld, Esq., of Archer's Lodge, near Southampton, and a nephew of the late Cardinal Weld. In 1842 he was sent by his father to St. Edmund's College, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, for his education. He was a well-conducted, amiable boy, and much beloved by his masters and fellow-students.

It chanced that April 16, 1846, was a holiday at the college. On the morning of that day Philip had been to holy communion at the early mass (having just finished a retreat), and in the afternoon went boating on the River Ware, accompanied by one of the masters and some of his companions. A row was one of the sports which he always enjoyed particularly.

After amusing themselves for some hours, the master remarked that it was time to return to the college, but Philip begged to have one more row. The master consented, and they rowed out to the accustomed turning point. On arriving there, and on turning the boat, Philip accidentally fell into the river, and, notwithstanding every effort to save him, he was drowned.

The corpse was brought back to the college, and the Rev. Dr. Cox (the president), as well as all the others, was terribly shocked and grieved to hear of the accident. He was very fond of Philip, and to be obliged to communicate the sad news to the boy's parents was a most painful duty. He could scarcely make up his mind whether to write by post or send a messenger. At last he resolved to go himself to Southampton.

Dr. Cox set off on the same afternoon, passed through London, and reached Southampton the next day. Thence he drove to Archer's Lodge (the residence of the Weld family); but before entering the grounds he saw Mr. Weld, at a short distance from the gate, walking toward the town.

Dr. Cox immediately stopped the carriage, alighted, and was about to address Mr. Weld, when the latter prevented him by saying: "You need not speak one word, for I know that Philip is dead. Yesterday afternoon I was walking with my daughter Katherine, and we suddenly saw him. He was standing in the path on the opposite side of the Turnpike Road, between two persons, one of whom was a youth dressed in a black robe. My daughter was the first to perceive them, and exclaimed: 'Oh, papa! did you ever see anything so like Philip as that?' 'Like him,' I answered, 'why, it is he!' Strange to say, she thought nothing of the circumstance than that we had beheld an extraordinary likeness of her brother. We walked towards these three figures. Philip was looking with a smiling, happy countenance at the young man in a black robe, who was shorter than himself. Suddenly they all vanished; I saw nothing but a country-man, who

had before seen *through* the three figures, which gave me the impression that they were spirits. I said nothing, however, to anyone, as I was fearful of alarming Mrs. Weld. I looked out anxiously for the post this morning. To my delight no letter came. I forgot that no letters from Ware came in the afternoon, and my fears were quieted, and I thought no more of the extraordinary circumstance until I saw you in the carriage outside my gate. Then everything returned to my mind, and I could not doubt but you came to tell me of the death of my dear boy."

The reader will easily imagine how inexpressibly astonished Dr. Cox was at this recital. He asked Mr. Weld if he had ever before seen the young man in the black robe. The gentleman

replied that he had never before seen him, but that his countenance was so indelibly impressed on his memory that he was certain he should recognize him at once anywhere.

Dr. Cox then related to the afflicted father the circumstances of his son's death, which occurred at the very hour in which he appeared to his father and sister; and they felt much consolation on account of the placid smile Mr. Weld had remarked on the countenance of Philip, as it seemed to indicate that he had died in the grace of God, and was consequently happy.

Mr. Weld went to the funeral, and on leaving the church after the sad ceremony, he looked round to see if any of the ecclesiastics at all resembled the young man he had seen with Philip; but he could not trace the slightest likeness in any of them.

About four months later he and his family paid a visit to his brother, Mr. George Weld, at Leagram Hall, in Lancashire. One day he walked with his daughter Katherine to the neighboring village of Chipping, and, after attending a service at the church, called to see the priest. A few moments elapsed before the Rev. Father was at leisure to come to them, and while waiting they amused themselves by examining the prints hanging on the walls of the room. Suddenly Mr. Weld stopped before a picture which had no name (that one could see) written under it, as the frame covered the lower part, and exclaimed: "That is the person whom I saw with Philip; I do not know whose likeness this print is, but I am *certain* that is the one I saw with Philip."

The priest entered the room a moment later, and was immediately questioned by Mr. Weld concerning the print. He replied that it was a picture of St. Stanislaus Kostka, and supposed to be a very good likeness of the young saint. Mr. Weld was much moved at hearing this; for St. Stanislaus was a member of the Society of Jesus, and Mr. Weld's father having been a great benefactor to the order, his family were supposed to be under the particular protection of the Jesuit saint. Also, Philip had been led by various circumstances to a particular devotion to this saint. Moreover, St. Stanislaus is supposed to be the special advocate of the drowned, as is mentioned in his life.

Four circumstances, remarks Father Drummond, tend to make the objective truth of this narrative highly probable. The first is that Miss Weld saw the three figures, but without noticing the

faces or dresses of the two companions of her brother, and without believing that what her father considered to be really his son's face was anything more than a likeness. This precludes deception arising from the "wish to believe." The second is that Mr. Weld himself was delighted when no letter came to him by the morning post. This would prove that he did not voluntarily cling to a delusion. Again, Mr. Weld's not immediately recognizing the picture of St. Stanislaus shows that he could not have known much about the saint; for this picture, though having a special charm of its own, is easily recognizable to anyone who has ever seen a representation of St. Stanislaus. The round, youthful face and the upturned eyes are unmistakable, not to speak of the religious uniform. Pictures of St. Aloysius and Blessed Berchmans are very different, and these, with St. Stanislaus, are the youthful saints of the Society of Jesus. The last, we believe, is the youngest of Confessors. In all likelihood, then, Mr. Weld could not have been thinking of St. Stanislaus at the time, and therefore the likeness to the picture could not have been the work of his imagination. Finally, Philip's second companion was not particularly observed by the father or the daughter.

Supposing, for the moment, that the story was the product of "unconscious cerebration," or any other natural process, it would have been very hard to resist the tendency to explain who that second companion was. And yet no explanation is offered. Needless to add that the mere fact of Miss Weld's having seen anything at all does away with the possibility of a merely subjective phenomenon on the father's part.

The Rev. Mr. Lee, a learned and well-known Anglican minister, speaks of this remarkable occurrence as one of the most striking and best-authenticated instances of a supernatural appearance which has ever been narrated. "The various independent testimonies, dovetailing together so perfectly, center in the leading supernatural fact,—the actual apparition in the daytime of a person just departed this life by sudden death, seen not by one only, but by two people simultaneously; and seen in company with the spirit of a very holy and renowned saint, the chosen patron of the youth who had just been drowned. A more clear and conclusive example of the supernatural it would be impossible to obtain."

AN INCIDENT IN MRS. FAY'S CIRCLE.

By Mr. FREDERICK ATHERTON, Boston, Mass.

Editor of *Facts* :

My first attempt to gain some knowledge of the phenomenon of materialization was prompted by a desire to secure some token of a continued existence from my mother. I was subjected for a time to continual disappointment, but persisted in studying this peculiar and wonderful power.

Finally, at a seance conducted by Mrs. H. B. Fay, two very conclusive facts occurred to me. After those who desired to do so had examined the cabinet and surroundings, I satisfied myself that no earthly human being could, by any possible means, be secreted or smuggled into it, as it stood in the corner of the room against a solid wall. I took my seat and awaited developments. Although no one but the medium entered the cabinet, she had but just time to drop the curtains when they were instantly raised by *two* forms robed in white.

During the evening some fifty or more forms, male and female, appeared and conversed with their friends, several of whom were taken into the cabinet and allowed to handle the medium while conversing with the spirit forms.

While I was conversing at a short distance from the cabinet with my spirit brother, whose appearance was so very life-like that a lady present detected the resemblance to myself, and while I held both his hands in mine, no one being near us, I felt a third hand pulling at my coat-sleeve, distinctly and unmistakably, though I saw none.

At the same seance the mother whom I had long desired to see present an appearance which would offer conclusive evidence to me as to her identity favored me with this opportunity. At her first appearance, the features were not natural. I asked her to return to the cabinet, and try again. She did so, but perceiving no change in the second appearance, I was about to retire to a seat, when she requested me to wait. Passing her hands before her face a number of times, she said: "Now, do you know me?" — and surely enough there was the long-sought-for face, wearing the marks of suffering which it wore in her last illness, her death being the result of a trying surgical operation performed a few hours before.

CAN PHYSICAL SCIENCE EXPLAIN?

By Mr. G. W. WHITE, Rockland, Me.

Editor of *Facts*:

The last week in August, 1885, I think, I purchased a railroad ticket from Belfast to Bangor, and return, to the East Maine Fair. After spending two days at the fair, on Thursday night I rode to Hermon Centre, stopping the night with my old friends Mr. and Mrs. John York. My friends informed me that a fatal drowning accident had occurred that very day in Hermon, two or three miles away, and near the Hermon Pond Railroad Station. A young woman from Newburg, who had been living for some time as a domestic in one of the families near the station (I only recall her first name, Ida) had called that morning at the house of Mr. Hewes, one of the neighbors, and requested the loan of a boat for the purpose of gathering water-lilies. The request was granted, and nothing more was thought of it by Mrs. Hewes, from whom the boat was borrowed, till ten o'clock a. m., some two hours later, when she thought to herself it was singular that Ida had not returned. She stepped to the door, and saw the empty boat floating in the pond. She raised an alarm, and when the boat was reached all it contained was one oar, some lilies, and the unfortunate girl's hat, which showed that it had been in the water, and that in attempting its recovery she had doubtless lost her balance and fallen overboard. After some search the body was found, but life was extinct. As the young woman was an entire stranger to me, I took no special interest in the sad affair, but next day I took the early morning train for the Etna Camp-Meeting, ten miles away, conducted by Spiritualists. I had never visited a place of the kind before. I was doing it partly from curiosity and partly to see some old acquaintances whom I knew were at the meeting.

A few minutes took us past the Hermon Pond Station, where the accident occurred. As I was well acquainted with the locality, I was forcibly reminded once more of the drowning of the poor girl. When I reached the camp-ground, perhaps an hour later, and there met several friends from Hermon, who had been on the ground two or three days, and they asked for the news from their home, I at once related to them the drowning of this young woman. But before I had time to give any details, I was interrupted, and informed that on the morning previous, at about

nine o'clock a. m., and just about the hour this accident must have occurred, a lady present, who presided at the organ during the service, was on the platform in a trance state, addressing those present at the time. All at once she started back, threw up her hands like one in a fright, crying out: "I see a girl fall into the water; her name is Ida, and she is drowning!" The medium dropped into a seat, sat two or three minutes, and then rose to her feet and resumed her remarks as though nothing had happened.

I am not versed in spiritual lore. I have no theories to offer. I have no preconceived opinions that need to be bolstered up. I only wish to ascertain the truth, and to leave each individual free to apply the same as his or her conscience may seem to demand. Now, what are the facts, and what is there unaccountable in the case? This girl borrowed a boat about eight o'clock a. m., and not till ten a. m. did anyone surmise that anything had happened to her. And yet at the Etna Camp-Ground, ten miles by rail and more than a mile by common road, at nine o'clock a. m., and just about the time the accident is supposed to have happened, and which there is no reason to believe any mortal eye saw, this medium describes the scene as an eye-witness would, and calls the drowning girl's name.

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING, THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF FRED EVANS.

From the *Golden Gate*, May 8, 1886.

Our illustration is a *fac-simile* of some independent slate-writing obtained through the mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans, of 1244 Mission Street, this city, at a private seance given to the editor of the *Golden Gate*, and a few of his friends, on Friday evening, April 2, 1886.

There were present at this seance fourteen persons in all, besides the medium and his wife. Six of those present were entire strangers to the medium, who also had no previous knowledge as to the proposed attendance of any members of the circle, with the exception of the writer and two others. There were no ballots written, and care was taken that the names of the strangers present should not be made known to the medium. Therefore no

introductions were had; nevertheless, all present, except two, received messages upon the slate, some receiving two and three. The names given of the spirit friends of the persons unknown to the medium is a most convincing test of spirit power.

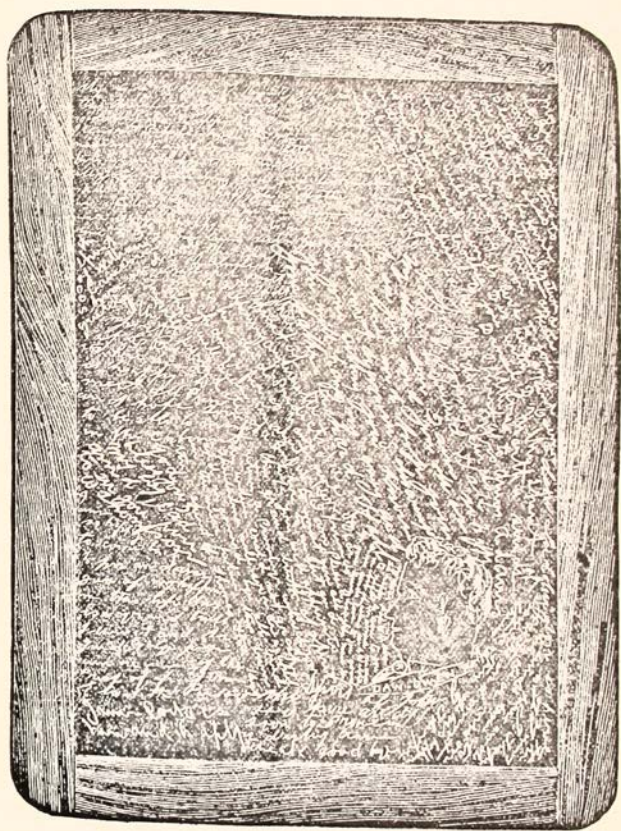
The manner of the writing was as follows: A committee of two was appointed to see that the slates were properly cleaned and sealed. This was done first by thoroughly rubbing the slates with a damp cloth, and then, after placing a few minute bits of pencil between them, they were sealed together with sealing-wax at the edges. The committee then tied a cord around the slates, and hung them to the gas jet in the center of the room. In a few moments the rapid moving of the pencil tips was distinctly heard, and in about four minutes light rapping announced that the writing was completed. The committee then removed the cord and seals, when the inner surface of one of the slates was found written over, as seen above.

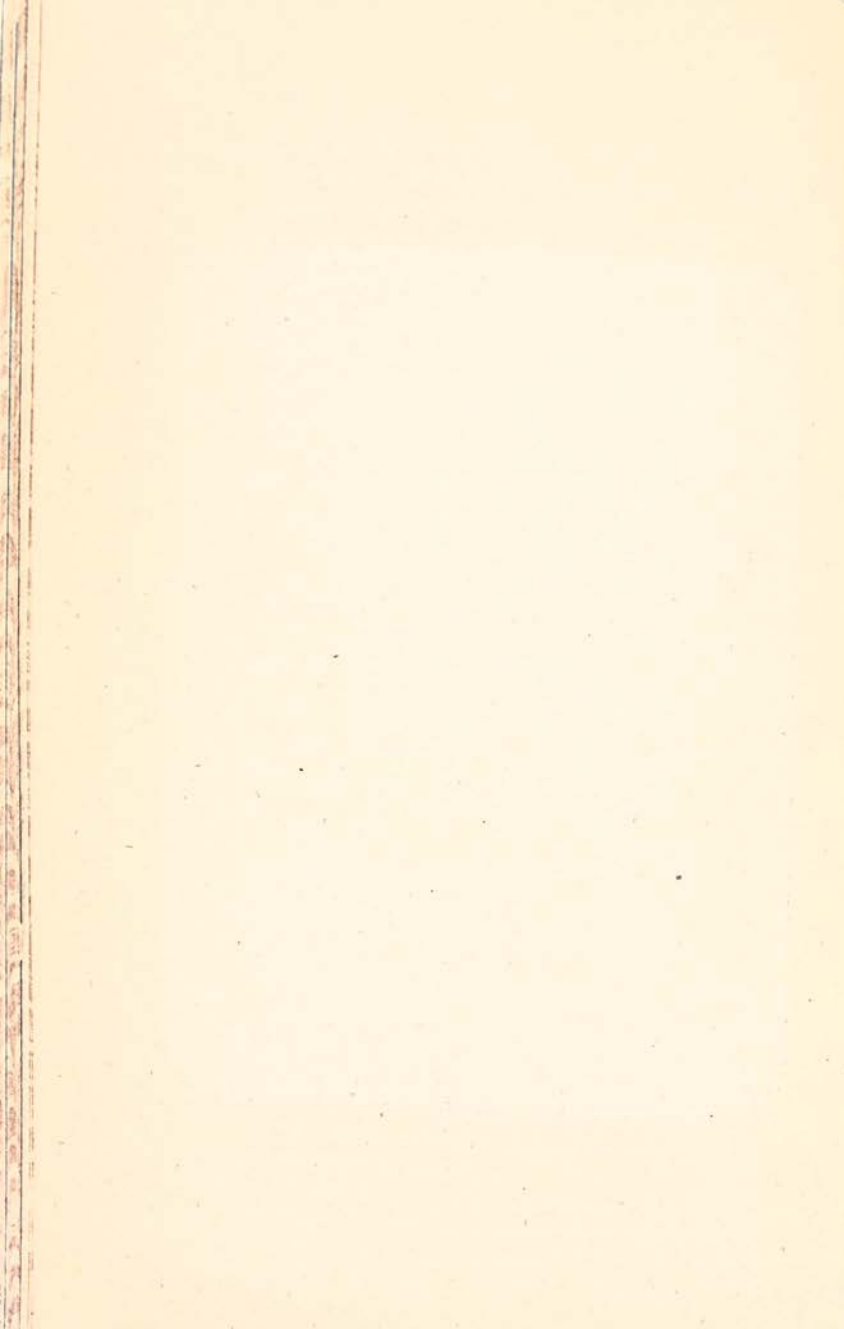
Some of the messages show carelessness of construction; but no more, perhaps, than they would if written by a like number of mortals of average intelligence. The messages show distinct styles of chirography. And what may be regarded as a significant fact is that, as far as known, the writing is the same in appearance as that given by the same spirits through other slate-writing mediums.

Take, for instance, the message in the left upper corner, signed "Josephine." (The word closely resembling "Mother," in the address, was "Mattie" in the original, the name of the wife of the editor of this journal,—evidently a mistake of the engraver.) Mrs. Owen has received messages from her sister Josephine through three slate-writing mediums,—one in New Orleans,—and the writing was alike in all instances. Such, also, is the case with the message in the right-hand upper corner, purporting to come from the spirit father of the writer.

The profile sketch in the lower corner to the right is not a bad representation of a life-size bust of the writer's spirit father, by Anderson, which hangs in our office.

It is not claimed that this writing was done, in all instances, or even in any instance, by the spirit giving the name. Much of it, no doubt, is done by the medium's control, or by spirits skilled in the manipulation of the pencil tips: and such spirits act as medi-





ums for those less proficient in the matter. This explains the poor grammar and orthography sometimes witnessed in communications from spirits who, in earth life, we know would never have committed such mistakes.

That the writing, in the above instance, was produced in the precise manner we have stated, fairly and without collusion of any kind, all present at the seance will affirm to be true. One evidence of its genuineness is conclusive in this, that Mr. Evans could not have known who were to be present, for that was a secret with the writer; hence, there could have been no previous preparation of the slates. Another is in the fact that he never touched the slates after they had been prepared by the committee.

Mr. Evans is a young man, twenty-three years of age, boyish in appearance, frank, courteous, and ingenuous in manner. He was developed as a slate-writing medium only about a year and a half ago. It came to him after several months of daily sittings, and just as he was about to give up the attempt as a failure. His powers have been tested by hundreds of persons, and often under the most crucial test conditions,—sometimes producing the writing within riveted slates; frequently without the contact of hands; and often obtaining messages on slips of paper placed within sealed bottles.

A few months ago he was happily married to Miss Agnes Hance, a sensible, intelligent, and handsome young trance and test medium, and who, since their marriage, has developed a very high order of mediumship for form manifestation. It has only been a few weeks since they commenced holding public seances for this phase of the phenomena; but already are their seances largely attended, and very great interest is taken therein. From the first they have manifested a willingness to submit to every reasonable test condition, even to the extent of allowing the editor of this journal to sit in the cabinet while the materializations were taking place.

That these young and wonderful mediums are destined to make a stir in the world is as certain as that Spiritualism is a mighty truth.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

From *Hall's Journal of Health*, May 1, 1886.

The term which heads this article has been adopted into our English tongue from the French. In its native vernacular it signifies physical clear-sightedness, but by common consent, justified by free usage, it has acquired a signification which leaves wholly out of view the merely *physical*, and, reaching quite over it, takes on the *spiritual*, thus recognizing the existence of an interior perception of remarkable clearness and delicacy, in nowise dependent upon the ordinary organs of sight.

The existence of this faculty in man has been too clearly demonstrated to be longer open to question as a fact. Indeed, it is safe to affirm that it is inherent in all persons, and might be cultivated and developed to a point of great usefulness in very many instances, where it is now suffered to slumber without recognition.

As a class, physicians have been altogether too backward in giving it place as a valuable auxiliary to the healing art, notwithstanding the repeated proofs of its efficacy in this behalf.

The late Doctor Samuel B. Brittan, so well and widely known as a popular lecturer upon what are usually termed liberal subjects, often availed himself of the insight respecting the condition and needs of patients which clairvoyants were able to give him, and his practice as a specialist in medicine was greatly assisted in this way.

One in particular whom he used to consult was the now deceased Mrs. Mettler, whose chief centers for consultation and advice were the cities of New York and Hartford, to which, for a number of years, she paid alternate visits, with the single object of making available her clairvoyant powers in ministering to the afflicted.

I will relate a single instance, as related to me by Dr. Brittan, who, in the course of a lecturing tour, was a guest at the house of a well-known family then residing in Michigan, one of whose younger male members had been bed-ridden for a long period from the effects of a hitherto incurable gun-shot wound.

The doctor brought to New York a lock of hair of the sufferer, and, placing it in Mrs. Mettler's hand, awaited the diagnosis.

It should be stated for the information of such of the *Journal's*

readers as are unacquainted with the fact that the lock of hair served to bring the patient and clairvoyant *en rapport*,—in other words, to establish such intelligibly harmonious conditions between them as to enable the mysterious faculty of the one to discern the physical needs of the other.

Mrs. Mettler gave an accurate description of the patient, affirming that he was prostrated by a severe gun-shot wound in the thigh; giving also a minute account of the accident, and stating among other things that the contents of the gun, on being discharged, passed through a trousers pocket, and carried a large copper cent into the wound, which obviously could not heal until the cent was removed.

This, being communicated to the local medical attendant of the sufferer, was much derided.

He declared that he, who had attended the patient almost daily, and watched the progress of the wound from the beginning, was better able to give a correct diagnosis than a person a thousand miles away who had never seen it.

But was he correct in this opinion? Let us see what followed. A devoted sister had, day after day and week after week, dressed the obstinate wound, which showed no sign of healing. At length she observed that a hard substance had worked its way to the external opening, and by a dexterous use of a pair of pointed scissors she disengaged and took away an old-fashioned *copper cent*. After that the wound rapidly healed, and for aught we know to the contrary the patient is still alive and well.

Another remarkable instance of discovery and relief through the means of clairvoyance occurred in Brooklyn a few years ago. A young lad who had been carefully and tenderly brought up was unaccountably and strangely afflicted.

He was able neither to eat, sleep, or rest, as healthy children do; and, growing worse from day to day, became at length so emaciated and weak from long suffering that there remained little hope of his recovery.

A lady friend who paid the family a visit told them of a renowned clairvoyant of Providence, R. I., and, as she was on the point of returning there, volunteered to take to her a lock of the child's hair, as a means of clairvoyant diagnosis.

The information received was that the boy, whilst sojourning

in the country the previous summer, had drank of a stream, boy-fashion, and thus imbibed a water snake which had continued to live and grow in his stomach, until now it had so poisoned his entire system that it would be almost impossible to save the lad's life. She said, moreover, that she could so treat the child as to rid him of this fatal intruder, but that even then it would almost surely follow that one so completely impregnated with poison would die. It was, indeed, almost a "forlorn hope."

The members of the family were naturally enough skeptical of this diagnosis obtained through such incomprehensible means, but the insistence of the mother, who had for so long and tenderly watched over the fading image of her child, induced his removal to Providence, where he was placed under the treatment of the lady in question. The near result was the passage from the body of the disumpted remains, in three parts, of a *water snake*, which I am informed is still preserved by the family as indubitable proof of the facts above related.

I am sorry to add that the patient survived the treatment for only a brief period, his whole body becoming distinctly marked in spots from the unquestioned effects of the poisoning to which it had been subjected.

It may be aptly asked, why is it, if such things are true, that a means of cure so efficient is not generally acknowledged, and more frequently resorted to?

I am only able to reply that it is considered by the medical profession generally as quite irregular and unauthorized, and a thing to be put down rather than encouraged.

There are, however, some rare exceptions to this rule, but not always generous ones, frequent clairvoyant diagnoses being made from locks of hair, and other means of magnetic concurrence, at the instance of attending physicians, who purposely keep the medium in the background, and take all the credit of the cure.

It is to be observed that the human form of everyone after death is more beautiful, in proportion as he had more interiorly loved divine truths, and had lived according to them.—*Swedenborg*.

FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

ECSTASIS.

By Prof. HENRY KIDDLE, New York City.

IF there is a spiritual as well as a physical body conjoined in our earthly state of being, as we really know there is, it is scarcely surprising that we should, under certain circumstances, have ocular demonstration of the fact. This occurs on the separation of the two bodies, which takes place in several ways, giving rise to various phenomena, among which what is called *ecstasis* (a Greek word, meaning a *standing-out*) is not unfrequent.

Mesmeric subjects often exhibit this phenomenon, their spiritual body with the intelligent soul (together usually called a *spirit*) leaving the physical body temporarily, and passing into the world of spirits, or into a state of existence similar to that of completely-excarntated spirits. Of this Cahagnet's sensitives presented very remarkable examples, as described by him in the *Celestial Telegraph*. Dr. Gregory, in his interesting work on Animal Magnetism, refers to these and similar experiments, remarking:—

“The ecstasies find themselves (and this is said by all, whether educated or not, and, so far as I can see, not only without prompting on the part of the magnetizer, but very often to his great surprise, and sometimes contrary to his belief) in communication with the spiritual world. They hold long conversations with spirits, to whom they often give names, and who, in many cases, according to their account, are the spirits of departed friends and relations. The remarks and answers of these visionary beings are reported by the ecstasies.”

In these statements Dr. Gregory simply related the experience of others: for, as he says, he had not the opportunity of observing the phenomena of ecstasis. I can, however, fully corroborate, from actual observation, all he has stated, having experimented at considerable length with a person possessing this peculiar organization. This was accidentally discovered on his submitting to be magnetized, or mesmerized, by a young physician, who had no belief in spirit, or any world of spirits, being utterly skeptical and materialistic; neither had the young man who was mesmerized any knowledge of, or belief in, Spiritualism or mediumship.

The facility with which he was put into the mesmeric trance was surprising; but it was still more surprising when he commenced talking about,

and to, the spirits whom he saw, and could describe, giving their names and other particulars by which they could be recognized as persons well known to the magnetizer and another person present, though total strangers to the sensitive.

In this ecstatic condition he retained his own personality, not being under spirit control; though his consciousness was, evidently, abnormal, for when out of the mesmeric state he had no knowledge of what he had said or seen or heard in it, unless he was told at the time by the magnetizer to remember it, and then he invariably did so.

The persons whom he thus beheld and conversed with were, in general, deceased, and he invariably represented them to be in the spirit world, giving a vivid description of their condition, appearance, and surroundings. He could, however, also come into immediate and visible relationship with persons still living, and similarly state the circumstances in which they were at the time, these statements being confirmed by information subsequently received from them. This was also the experience of Cahagnet with some of his sensitives. (See *Celestial Telegraph*, Vol. II., page 18, *et seq.*)

Quite frequently, as if to give a farther demonstration of the actual presence of the spirit spoken of, the psychic would bare one of his arms, saying: "This spirit says he will print the initials of his name upon my arm" and then, as he held out his arm, the letters would almost immediately stand out in red, embossed characters upon the skin, remaining usually a minute or two before fading out.

The descriptions given by this remarkable sensitive of scenes in the spirit world were peculiarly interesting,—depicting the natural views of mountains, valleys, and lakes, vegetation, flowers of extraordinary structure, beauty, and brilliancy,—some of which he spoke of as transparent,—also the abodes of the spirits, with their architectural structure, internal adornments, and furniture; also, the appearance of the spirits themselves, their societies, assemblages, family groups, occupations, and amusements. To what extent these were actually objective realities, if they were not wholly subjective impressions, I cannot here discuss. To answer that question fully would probably require a better knowledge of the real nature of spirit and its excarnated existence than we can obtain in our present state of being.

Occasionally the spirits of persons celebrated in earth life would be spoken of as present, and he would, as it appeared, address them, and be addressed by them. At other times, under the guidance of the spirit of his aunt, some years deceased, he would be taken to the abodes of those wretched spirits who were reaping what they had sowed in their wicked, misspent lives. Then, again, he would be carried up to exalted spheres, in

which he would try to shield his eyes from the intolerable brilliancy that encompassed him. Sometimes his exclamations would indicate that he was permitted to catch a glimpse of the creative realm, in which the mightiest processes of physical evolution were being carried forward under the guidance of a peculiar class of spirits, the agents of creative Power and Intelligence.

In speaking of the spirits whom he saw, and with whom he for the time mingled, one of his most frequent expressions was: "They do not walk; they glide." This agrees with what other clairvoyants remark in regard to the movements of spirit forms; but it must be remembered that this young man had read no spiritualistic books, attended no seances, and knew nothing of any pneumatological subject. He was, and still is, an ordinary, common-place person, with scarcely any culture or knowledge beyond his special business, and no spiritual tastes.

Although a German, with but an imperfect acquaintance with English, he would in the abnormal state give English poetical compositions, saying they were dictated to him by some noted poet deceased. This, however seemed to be difficult of accomplishment, and he often complained that the spirit did not come sufficiently near for him to hear distinctly what was said.

He rarely remained in this condition more than about forty-five minutes; and when he was about to resume his normal state he would say: "The time has come for me to go back; I feel the cord [connection that held him to his body] drawing me. Good-by, dear spirits. I will meet you again." Then, if standing, as he often stood when entranced, he would be placed in a chair, remaining in deep trance till the magnetizer, by reverse passes, took off the influence, when he would almost immediately resume his normal state, entirely ignorant, as it seemed, of what had occurred.

As I took copious notes of at least twenty-five sittings with this extraordinary psychic, I may in some future articles, if permitted, give the readers of *Facts* a few specimens of the descriptions referred to, as illustrative of that singularly interesting and suggestive psychical phenomenon, *ecstasis*.

DR. DEAN CLARKE'S REJOINER TO W. J. COLVILLE.

I WAS quite pleased that Mr. Colville honored my kindly-intentioned criticism with an elaborate lecture, and should be better pleased still if he had not taken my pleasantries as "insults."

He was pleased to say that I "misrepresented his position in many important particulars," but I am not aware of that asserted fact, and I fail to find where he has proved it in a single instance. As to which is the

“sophist” the intelligent reader can decide. I used the word “sophistry” as applicable to the doctrines, not the man. Understand me: I am not seeking any *personal* issue, but trying to combat what I believe to be dangerous *fallacies*, for the *good* of Mr. Colville and all who have been misguided into adopting them. Such I believe to be *one* of the objects of *Facts*. Sometimes I deem it better to laugh at absurdities than to use reason out of place. So, “come, let us reason together” where we can, and laugh where we must.

After his personal preliminary, Mr. Colville makes a labored argument to annihilate the troublesome “substance” commonly known as “matter,” whose indestructibility he says “neither Huxley nor any other genuine representative of modern science has ever affirmed,” though he admits that “the eternity of atoms is universally conceded in the scientific world,”—a concession on *his* part that wholly overthrows his former assertion.

What is it, let me ask, that the majority of physical scientists resolve into atoms if it be not what they universally term “matter”? If, as Mr. Colville himself affirms, “the eternity of atoms is universally conceded,” and matter is composed of aggregated atoms, is not “the whole equal to the sum of all its parts,” as philosophy affirms? Again, my contestant helps me to show the fallacy of his reasoning, where he says: “Spiritual philosophy is antithetical to that of materialism, which affirms: “*All is matter, there is no mind.*” If “all is matter,” and materialistic scientists “concede the eternity of atoms” which compose the “all,” is not my original proposition verified by my antithetical brother himself?

But let us see what Prof. Le Conte, of the University of California, in a work entitled *The Conservation of Energy*, declares: “At one time matter was supposed to be destructible, but we now know it only changes from the solid or liquid to the gaseous condition, from the visible to the invisible, and that amid all these changes the same quantity of matter remains.”

The learned author of *The Unseen Universe* says: “The only real things in this physical universe are matter and energy. The one is like the eternal, unchangeable Fate or Necessitas of the ancients, the other is Proteus himself in the variety and rapidity of his transformations.” This is an unequivocal affirmation of the eternal permanence of matter.

J. B. Stallo, one of the most analytic and profound of physicists, in a work entitled *Modern Physics*, says: “The conservation of mass (or, as it is generally termed, the conservation or indestructibility of *matter*) has long been a standing axiom of physical science.” Herbert Spencer, than whom there is no higher authority, affirms: “Either the creation or destruction of matter is unthinkable.”

I might quote almost the entire scientific world to overthrow my disputant’s assertion that “no genuine representative of modern science has

ever affirmed the indestructibility of what can correctly be termed matter." But he has unwittingly admitted the point by admitting that all materialists "distinctly aver everything is matter *originally* and *ultimately*!"

Mr. Colville says: "The eternity of *substance* we concede; but why is not mind the only substance?" etc. "Matter, we say, is only an effect of mind," etc. As he invites me to "carefully weigh these premises, and analyze them." I will do so. In his lecture reviewing my article he said: "Mind is greater than matter; the greater produces the lesser." "Matter, as an effect, may *always* have existed."

If "mind is the *only* substance," then matter, as an effect, is either "produced" out of mind, or created out of nothing. Can mind produce out of itself something "lesser" and totally unlike itself? If mind is the only substance, then matter *is* mind, and was *eternally* so, how then could it be "an effect," or be produced by itself? Can creator and creature be ONE, and of the same age? So Mr. Colville affirms, and it is a specimen of metaphysical logic, *reductio ad absurdum*! When cause and effect, greater and lesser, something and nothing, can be synchronous and identical, then I will admit that such words as "sophistry" and "inconsistency" are verily "abusive epithets," and I shall indeed "hesitate" before again applying them to *such* "a system of reasoning" (?) for they do not do justice to the subject!

The old saying: "Misery loves company," is verified by Mr. Colville, who consoles himself with the assurance that Plato, Berkeley & Co., have sailed in the same unballasted craft. It must be he is the Jonah whom they cast overboard, and whom the "big fish," Christian Science, "sucked in" before he went to proclaiming the destruction of Medical Science! Doubtless when sad experience teaches him the "foolishness of [such] preaching," his "guides" will next comfort him with a gourd!

Some one said of Berkeley: "When he says there is no matter, it is *no matter what* he says." So it is *immaterial* to matter-of-fact scientists what may have been the recondite speculations of Mr. Colville "and countless other brilliant minds," who, while ballooning in ethereal regions of fancy, say: "All is mind, there is no matter"! With the profoundest spiritual philosopher of this scientific age, A. J. Davis, we who take Reason for guide, and Experiment and Experience for tests of truth, are compelled to believe in the *duality* of the Universe. We *do not* believe in the paradox that *conscious* Mind is identical with *senseless* Matter.

I deny that "the greatest intellects of every civilized country from time immemorial have indorsed" the transcendental nonsense that "there is no matter, all is mind." Only a few ultra idealists, and purely speculative mystics, have ever thus ignored sense and reason. The moment science

dawned, such *morning* mists were dissipated from all who love *facts* better than dreamy mysticisms.

“Mind or matter — which? is (*not*) the question of the age” with rational thinkers, but “how are they related, and what are the mutual powers and limitations of each in both worlds,” are practical questions for scientists and philosophers, not for dreamers!

It seems that my serene critic was most disconcerted by my “flagrant and disgusting error” in regarding incurable diseases as necessary passports from this planet. Well, “disgusting” as they may be to our metaphysical *dilettanti*, statistics prove the truth of the assertion of Prof. Hufeland, of the University of Jena, that “nine-tenths of mankind die by the effects of disease.” It seems to have been an inevitable necessity thus far, for the great majority, who have left “corruptible” bodies and “put on incorruption” to have been assisted by the *unclean* hand of disease. If, however, there *is* “no reason in the nature of things why the body of man should ever decay and die,” perhaps (?) the Christian scientists or metaphysicians, at least, may become as ethereal in body as they are in mind, and may blow away on downy beds of thistle-blows to the New Jerusalem, where disease and death shall be known no more!

When our transcendental scientists (?) show their sincerity and consistency in teaching “all is mind, there is no matter” by not doing so for “bread and butter” to feed their flesh-and-blood bodies, they may *show* us a way to Life Eternal by which “neither burial nor cremation will be in order”! But, until Nature’s course is reversed, so that worms evolve into butterflies without “casting their skins,” I opine that nobody (except *quasi*-metaphysicians) will believe the *bizarre* idea that flesh and blood *can* “inherit the Kingdom of Heaven”! In all reasonable probability, until physical and spiritual gravitation cease, transition to immortality will continue by “shuffling off the mortal coil,” and “dust returneth to dust” will continue the fiat of immutable law despite the insane protest “there is no matter” to leave behind.

Another “error of the mortal mind” of Mr. Colville is found in these complimentary words: “He is the prince of sciolists and charlatans who undertakes to speak of science affirming the absolute incurability of any disorder.” Not being an heir-apparent to the throne of absurdity on which these Royal Healers sit commanding “all manner of disease” to depart, I disclaim any of *their* legitimate titles; and, as an humble student of Nature, ask them to produce ONE specimen of a mortal who has conquered the last enemy,” and obtained perfect absolution from “the ills that flesh is heir to” by believing that “disease is only a false belief,” or any other mystical cure ever used by man or angel! If Mr. Colville has found in metaphysics what Ponce de Leon failed to find in Florida, perhaps daily ablu-

tions in his Fountain of Eternal Youth will preserve him as a specimen of Methusalehan longevity! Time will settle that point.

Mr. Colville is gracious enough to dispel my "blissful ignorance" of the meaning of metaphysics, by assuring me that it is "*mind over matter.*" But having told me so many times "there is *no matter,*" I am in as dubious a muddle as before I listened to his luminous lectures. He dinies being a Christian scientist, though he lauds them, and said in his lecture that "Mrs. Eddy's books contained more science [!] than all the medical books we have ever seen." The last clause probably accounts for the preposterous absurdity of the first. The difference in the pathology and therapeutics of Mr. Colville and Mrs. Eddy is that between "tweedledum and tweedledee," as his publications will prove.

Mr. Colville quotes Dr. Holmes as saying: "If all the medicine prescribed by the faculty were cast into the sea, it would be better for man kind, but disastrous to the fishes." How so, according to metaphysics? If "there is no matter," medicine is only a form of spirit, or "mind," which Mr. Colville cannot consistently condemn. And as for the fishes, who would be likely to psychologize them into "an error of belief" so that the medicine could make them sick? That joke has little point in physics, and none whatever in metaphysics.

Mr. Colville's strained effort to account for diseased plants and animals by the old Orthodox idea of original sin (with Mrs. Eddy's modern interpretation) would be amusing were it not pitiful as evidence either of a backward theological tendency, or of a deplorable want of scientific knowledge. Possibly the old saying, "Drowning men catch at straws," is a better explanation. He is forced to admit the existence of animalcules, which Profs. Tyndall, Pasteur, and many other *savants* have PROVED to be one of the most frequent *causes* of *disease* in plants, animals, and man (and *that* is the point in dispute, remember), but solaces his discomfiture by the sage declaration: "Error creates them, truth destroys them"! Prof. Tyndall, by a long series of most careful experiments, traced their origin to "Floating Matter in the Air," a title which he gives to his learned book on the subject, which I commend to my chimera-pursuing friend. As for Truth as a destroyer of these "insects,"—pardon my *naïve* ignorance of its *medical* properties,—but I am of the opinion that a fine-tooth comb and sulphur ointment, when they are on, or under, the epidermis—and various antiseptics known in pharmacy—would, in most cases, be more effectual than either Christian science or magnetism, though I admit the usefulness of both the latter in proper cases, but not as PANACEAS.

Mr. Colville made the main issue on the question of "*no matter,*" but as a philosophical Spiritualist I protest against his joining with Christian scientists in their theory of disease, and in ignoring spirits, and opposing

their usual methods of healing by prescribing medicine, and by "laying on of hands," as he does when he claims to have cured himself, and when he instructs his class thus: "Magnetizing transmits the *effluvia* of the doctor to the *body* of the patient, and is a *physical* process often transmitting disease," etc. How do the words I have italicised harmonize with his theory of "no matter," and with this: "We claim all healing power is spiritual; if magnetism is employed as a therapeutic agent, what is magnetism originally but *mental* power?" These statements are "harmony not understood," at least, by the reviewer. This kind of thimble-rigging argument—"now you see it, and now you do n't"—reminds me of a lawyer's plea for his client who returned a borrowed kettle *cracked*. His first claim was that it was *whole* when his client returned it; second, it was cracked when he borrowed it; third, his client had n't borrowed any kettle at all!

Such are the absurdities and inconsistencies of Mind-Cure as presented by its ablest champions. Let us hope that Brother Colville will soon be disenchanted from obsession by "Christian Science," and then his spirit guides will use him, as heretofore, wisely and well.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SONG IN THIS NUMBER.

By Mr. SIMEON PEASE CHEENY, Lynn, Mass.

Editor of *Facts*:

I TAKE a deep interest in the addition of the musical department of *Facts*. All spiritual work must be supported by music. I herewith inclose a song, which I believe is worthy of a place in *Facts*. It was written by F. K. Harvey, an English author, but is best known among us as "The Spirit Song."

One evening, in the early days of Spiritualism, a circle was being held in Troy, N. Y. Some one began to read this song, when Miss Sarah Burtis, a young lady yet in her teens, was entranced, and *sung* it to a pleasing melody, which Mr. Colby, an expert musician present, made a copy of upon the spot. All were delighted with the new song, and it was sung a good deal in those days, and became a favorite in Southern Vermont.

At a quarterly meeting of the Vermont Spiritual Association, held at West Randolph in the fall of 1869, by request, I sung "The Spirit Song" one forenoon; and during the noon recess Mrs. Lizzie Manchester said to me: "Brother Cheeny, the spirits request me to say to you that if you will repeat 'The Spirit Song' to the Convention, they will give me one to sing in reply to it." I told her I would, and thought no more of it till I was startled by the announcement of the President, Mr. Newman Weeks,

that the exercises would close with a repetition of "The Spirit Song," by the missionary, and a reply from the spirits.—all by their request and promise. You see, sir, we *believed* the spirits *then*.

Mrs. Manchester went upon the platform with me. I sat at the little old melodeon, and began to sing. The thought of my own dear "Mother in Heaven" came to me, as it always does when I sing that song, and I was not through with the first verse, when I felt the heavens were opened, and during the second verse the room was filled with glory; I was lifted above all earth feelings, and seemed floating in the air.

When I ceased to sing, Mrs. Manchester started off with a full, firm voice, using nearly the melody she had with her, and sung "The Reply," which accompanies this. There were, I think, no dry eyes in that audience, every heart was touched, and a new-born delight rested upon every face. The meeting was dismissed, but all remained to talk of the wonders we had just experienced. Mrs. Pratt, a stranger in town, said she saw three spirits standing by us all the time of the singing. One—Achsa Sprague—she knew, who had her hands over the head of Mrs. Manchester while she sung, the other two she understood to be my mother and my wife, and asked if they were in spirit life. I told her they were, and she added: "The song is from your mother, but was presented in form by Achsa."

But how were we to get the song? *We all heard it, but no one remembered a line of it*, and Mrs. Manchester said she had sung a thousand inspirational songs, but *never* could get one repeated. But the next morning she met me with it in her hand, saying: "Just at break of day, the same three whom Mrs. Pratt saw woke me from sound sleep, and said they could give me the song if I would take it *immediately*. I sprang from bed, and into the next room, not even waiting to dress, and wrote these lines as they gave them. They are from your mother."

Here, then, are the facts: a melody from the spirits; a reply from the mother in heaven, and the same three spirits were seen by two good witnesses,—all proving that spirits in and out of the body do hold intercourse with each other.

EDITORIAL.

MR. JOSEPH D. STILES.

THE NAME of the subject of our illustration this month is probably familiar to every reader of spiritual literature. We doubt if any other man has been in the field so long as a platform medium, and we have known none who has given so many names of departed friends as he has

done. On one occasion, where we were present, he gave names frequently, with some incident proving identity, of *two hundred and sixty-five deceased persons in an hour and ten minutes!* What person among us could speak for and accurately repeat a message from that number of people, in a moving throng of living beings, in so few minutes, and wait for his description to be recognized? Not one, we believe, nor do we think Mr. Stiles himself could do it without the aid of his control, "Swift Arrow," in whom he justly seems to place implicit confidence.

Mr. Stiles is a New Englander by birth, and resides at Weymouth, Mass., with his mother. He is a bachelor of about fifty-four years of age. He was educated as a printer, and held a responsible position as proof-reader and critic in some government work, we have heard, which vocation he followed till spirits made it impossible. He being a remarkably good writing-medium, he wrote, in 1854 to 1857, in an unconscious trance state, his great work, a volume of messages from the spirit of John Quincy Adams, which we are told was written in a peculiar, tremulous handwriting, a perfect *fac-simile* of that of Mr. Adams in the last years of his earth life. This book, which is one of the most important of its class, was very interesting, but is now out of print, the plates being destroyed in the great fire of Boston.

Mr. Stiles is an inspirational speaker, never attempting to prepare his lectures, and being naturally unassuming and retiring in nature, and as he has expressed himself to us, always fearful lest some time he might not succeed, he dreads to appear as a lecturer; but we have listened to some purely inspiration lectures given by him which, in matter and diction, we have seldom heard equalled or excelled.

Another prominent feature of Mr. Stiles's mediumship is his improvisation of poems, many of which are long, smoothly-flowing, perfect in rhyme and rythm. It is in his character of test-medium, under control of "Swift Arrow," that Mr. Stiles attracts the most enthusiastic audiences, and becomes one of the foremost exponents of the truth of spirit return.

We know our readers will join with us in the hope that Mr. Stiles may be long spared to a life of usefulness, for his loss would be a real misfortune to the cause of Spiritualism.

THE CAMP-MEETING AT LAKE PLEASANT will commence on July 31st, and continue through August.

This beautiful camp-ground is about half way between Troy and Boston, on the Hoosac Tunnel or Fitchburg Railroad, which issues tickets during the season at reduced rates. Tourists should not fail to travel over this picturesque route. See advertisement on another page.

THE CAPE-COD CAMP-MEETING of Spiritualists and Liberals, under the direction of its genial and efficient president, Dr. H. B. Storer, will open on Saturday, July 10, 1886, at Ocean Grove, Harwich Port. The following speakers are engaged:—

Sunday, July 11. — A. M., Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston.

P. M., L. K. Washburn, of Lynn.

Thursday, July 15. — A. M., Conference.

P. M., Eben Cobb, of Boston.

Friday, July 16. — A. M., Conference.

P. M., Joseph D. Stiles, of Weymouth.

Saturday, July 17. — A. M., Conference.

P. M., Dr. H. B. Storer.

Sunday, July 18. — A. M., Jennie B. Hagan, of East Holliston.

P. M., A. A. Wheelock, of Washington, D. C.

Tuesday, July 20. — A. M., Public Tests, by Joseph D. Stiles. Conference.

P. M., A. A. Wheelock.

Thursday, July 22. — A. M. Conference.

P. M., Mrs. Celia Nickerson, of So. Orleans.

Friday, July 23. — A. M., Conference. Tests, by Dr. Harding.

P. M., Dr. Charles Harding, of Boston.

Saturday, July 24. — A. M., Mrs. Juliette Yeaw.

P. M., George A. Fuller, of Dover, Mass.

Sunday, July 25. — A. M., George A. Fuller.

P. M., Mrs. Juliette Yeaw.

Special trains are expected to run Sundays, July 18th and 25th.

“BY-WAYS.”—This charming publication, a book of about 140 pages, published by the Central Vermont Railroad Co., has just reached us. It is one of the most beautifully illustrated descriptions of Vermont, and the region of the St. Lawrence, that we have ever seen, and for this alone is worthy a place in any library.

As a guide to the pleasure-seeker it is invaluable, presenting as it does the most concise and clear information in regard to the many desirable excursions to be enjoyed in the high-ways and by-ways of Northern New England via this most delightful and well-managed road. From Boston to Montreal is a succession of beautiful views, the memory of which will, no doubt, haunt the dreams of the fortunate beings who have only to choose their way and go where they will, till they are resolved to set out and see for themselves the beauties of these by-ways.

LOOKOUT-MOUNTAIN CAMP-MEETING.— Those of our readers who can do so will, no doubt, find it delightful to attend the Third Annual Camp-Meeting at Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, Tenn., which will be held during August of this year. For ourselves, nothing would be more pleasant than to go to this noted health resort and enjoy the companionship of the Spiritualists of the Southern Association. All mediums are invited, and will be given ample opportunity to hold seances and receive sitters, and tenting space given free to any who will bring their own tents.

For particulars, address G. W. Kates, editor of *Light for Thinkers*, Atlanta, Ga.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.— Having secured the use of the Headquarters's Office at Onset for the season, we are prepared to furnish any books or papers published, at regular rates. Publishers desiring to be represented should address us at once. "FACTS" PUBLISHING COMPANY, Drawer 5323, Boston, Mass.

THE Passumpsic Railroad Company has issued a very attractive and readable novelette, entitled "The Hermit of the Lake; or, the Island Princess." Copies can be obtained of W. Raymond, 296 Washington St., Boston, or will be mailed, free, by addressing N. P. Lovering, Jr., General Ticket Agent, Lyndonville, Vt.

THE FACTS CONVENTION will take place at Onset on Wednesday and Thursday, July 28th and 29th. It is expected that this will be the most enjoyable and interesting Facts Convocation ever held.

FOREIGN TOURS, for independent travel, or in conducted parties, including travel tickets, hotel accommodation, and with escort, carriage rides, transfers, fees, etc.; also, itineraries for a fixed time, or free movements, supplied by T. EDWARD BOND, American Agent, 260 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

ONSET CAMP-MEETING opens Sunday, July 11, 1886. Tickets from Boston to Onset and return \$2.15 for the season, via Old Colony Railroad.

THE SPIRIT SONG.

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

Words by T. R. HARVEY.
SOLO.

Music by SARAH BURTIS.

1. I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest, Then why should my soul be so
2. In thy far - a - way home, where ev - er it be, I know thou hast visions of
3. In the hush of the night, on the waves of the sea, Or a - lone with the breeze on the

sad? I know thou art gone where the wea - ry are blest. And the
mine; For my heart hath re - veal - ings of thine and of thee, In
hill; I have ev - er a pres - ence that whispers of thee. And my

DUET.

mourn - er looks up and is glad. } I nev - er look up with a
man - y a to - ken and sign. }
spir - it lies down and is still. }

THE SPIRIT SONG.

wish to the sky, But a light like thy beau - ty is there, And I

hear a low murmur like thine in re - ply, When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

TENOR. CHORUS.

mf I nev - er look up with a wish to the sky, But a

SOP. and ALTO.

mf I nev - er look up with a wish to the sky, But a

BASS.

dim.

THE SPIRIT SONG.

light like thy beau-ty is there, And I hear a low mur-mur like

thine in re - ply, When I pour out my spir - it in prayer.

THE REPLY.

1

I know we are gone to the homes of our rest,
 But our love is here lingering still,
 I know we are gone where the weary find rest,
 But we're doing the Father's good will.

Thou never look'st up with a wish to the sky
 The love of thy mother to share,
 But the forms of thy darlings come gathering nigh
 When thou raisest thy spirit in prayer.

2

When tossed on the waves of life's billowy sea,
 Worn, weary, and sad art thou grown,
 'Tis then they are ever bright guardians to thee,
 And their blessings around thee are thrown.

Thou never, etc. (as above.)

3

Go on, child of earth, in thy mission of love,
 Be brave and be firm, and be true,
 And the choicest of blessings from our bright homes above
 We will bring, and baptize you anew.

Thou never, etc. (as above.)

JAMES R. COCKE.

Developing and Business Medium; also Medical Clairvoyant.

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RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

LEAVES BOSTON.	ARRIVE AT ONSET.	LEAVE ONSET STATION.	ARRIVE IN BOSTON.
8.00 A. M.	10.21 A. M.	8.15 A. M.	9.50 A. M.
9.00 A. M.	10.41 A. M.	8.35 A. M.	10.30 A. M.
1.00 P. M.	2.34 P. M.	11.30 A. M.	1.10 P. M.
3.30 P. M.	5.35 P. M.	3.30 P. M.	5.50 P. M.
4.05 P. M.	5.45 P. M.	5.00 P. M.	7.10 P. M.
SUNDAYS ONLY AT		SUNDAYS ONLY AT	
7.30 A. M.	9.20 A. M.	6.31 P. M.	8.30 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAIN from Middleboro and way stations to Onset:—

Leave Middleboro at	8.15 A. M.
Arrive at Onset	9.01 A. M.
Leave Onset at	6.37 P. M.

LEAVE PROVINCETOWN FOR ONSET BAY (except Sundays), 6.00 A. M. and 2.10 P. M.
LEAVE ONSET BAY FOR PROVINCETOWN (except Sundays), 10.41 A. M. and 5.45 P. M.

LIST OF SPEAKERS:

Sunday, July 11, A. M.,	Mr. J. J. MORSE.
“ “ “ P. M.,	Miss JENNIE B. HAGAN.
Tuesday, July 13, A. M.,	Mr. J. J. MORSE.
Saturday, July 17, A. M.,	Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES.
Sunday, July 18, A. M.,	Rev. J. H. HARTER.
“ “ “ P. M.,	Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES.
Tuesday, July 20, A. M.,	Rev. J. H. HARTER.
Saturday, July 24, A. M.,	Mrs. R. S. LILLIE.
Sunday, July 25, A. M.,	Mr. CHARLES DAWBARN.
“ “ “ P. M.,	Mrs. R. S. LILLIE.
Tuesday, July 27, A. M.,	Mr. CHARLES DAWBARN.
Saturday, July 31, A. M.,	Mrs. A. M. GLADING.
Sunday, August 1, A. M.,	Mr. A. B. FRENCH.
“ “ “ P. M.,	Mrs. A. M. GLADING.
Tuesday, August 3, A. M.,	Mr. A. B. FRENCH.
Thursday, August 5, A. M.,	Mr. A. B. FRENCH.
Saturday, August 7, A. M.,	Mrs. M. S. WOOD.
Sunday, August 8, A. M.,	Mr. GEORGE A. FULLER.
“ “ “ P. M.,	Mrs. M. S. WOOD.
Tuesday, August 10, A. M.,	Mr. GEORGE A. FULLER.
Saturday, August 14, A. M.,	Mr. DEAN CLARKE.
Sunday, August 15, A. M.,	Mr. DEAN CLARKE.
“ “ “ P. M.,	Mrs. NELLIE T. BRIGHAM.
Tuesday, August 17, A. M.,	Miss M. T. SHELHAMER.
Saturday, August 21, A. M.,	Dr. FRED L. H. WILLIS.
Sunday, August 22, A. M.,	Rev. J. K. APPLEBEE.
“ “ “ P. M.,	Dr. FRED L. H. WILLIS.
Tuesday, August 24, A. M.,	Rev. J. K. APPLEBEE.
Saturday, August 28, A. M.,	Mrs. H. S. LAKE.
Sunday, August 29, A. M.,	Mrs. H. S. LAKE.
“ “ “ P. M.,	Mr. J. J. MORSE.