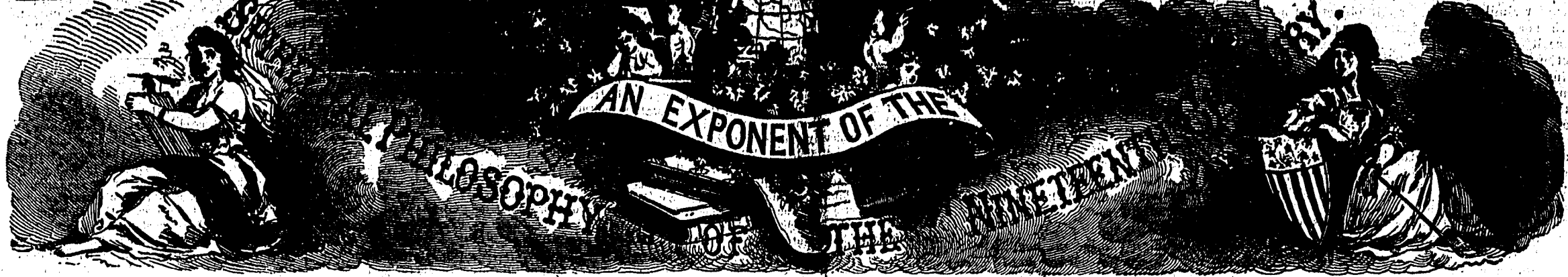


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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HARMONY'S DREAM.

BY EMMA J. GOMPF.

The name of the town does not matter—it is in the southern part of Connecticut, and as pleasant a place as one would wish to see.

The three sat in Harmony's little "parlor" at the close of a cool day in the early summer-time, just as they had been grouped for a twilight chat scores of times in each of the many years of their acquaintance. Three girls who were good friends.

The burning wood crackled and blazed, and the blaze leaped chimneyward as they watched it, and then, as over and over again in the past, their eyes followed its half-dying and again brightening. This fire-light of Harmony's held a peculiar relation to the three; it was much like an orchestra at a play. When there was joyousness on the part of the girls, they felt it emphasized in the cheery chimney-roar; if it happened that there was a gap of silence in the room, the dull flame kept unobtrusive company; if a shadow oppressed any or all, unmistakable comfort was to be found in the low murmur of its burning. Indeed, this wood fire was almost an intelligence in itself, and brought the three girls into closer companionship.

The three: There was tall, slender, dark-eyed, olive-skinned, bright Eulalie Wood, whose fearless, honest way of meeting every person and every happening was her greatest charm; Violet Gray, golden-haired and petite, whose face would remind you of nothing so much as of the bell-blossom of a delicate lily; and—Harmony. No one ever made much progress in describing Harmony Alvord. Sometimes I think I can analyze her, feature for feature, and name shades and expressions regarding her, but I always fail—these things are so small a part of her!

Eulalie caught up the fire-tongs and gave a half-burned stick a little poke; then she settled herself more comfortably in the great easy-chair.

"Harmony," said she, "there's a queer look on your face to-night—what is it? We're waiting."

A slight flush swept over Harmony's face; it was short-lived, but sufficient to tell of her embarrassment. Violet—"sweet Violet" she was called—observed, and in her characteristic way quietly went over to the piano and struck a few low chords.

But Eulalie—"Come! Harmony. Don't you think we know your countenance? There is something new here, and you must tell. Violet, come here and be quiet. If it is something pleasant, Harmony, we want to know it; if sorrow, you have no friends so true. I cannot quite tell which."

There was a firm persistence in Eulalie's words and manner which bespoke even more than her strong friendship for Harmony—but neither of the others knew it.

Violet continued playing until she heard Harmony's voice; then she knew there was no need for the music.

"It is nothing," Harmony was saying, "nothing; or—not much; not worth your listening to. Only—a dream. I suppose it has left an impression on my face which you, dear friends, are quick to discover."

Violet played again, a lighter strain.

Then said Harmony, "If it is worth hearing, you have the right to hear it. Possibly it is."

"Harmony," came from the piano, in Violet's gentle tones, "did not we three agree, long ago, that the honest thought and experience of any conscientious human being were well worth knowing by others as consolations?"

"That is true, my dear," replied Harmony. "Well, I will tell you: Last night I was to the world asleep—dreaming. You know what we call this sleep: I—my soul—left the body, temporarily. I went away. It was a somewhat long journey that I took, and a strange one to me. I wish I could show you the beautiful region that I remember so well—I don't know where it is. Magnificence and delirious exultation intermingled—great old trees, moss-covered rocks, wild flowers, and as far as the eye could reach into the distance, a mass of fresh-green swaying fern-fronds.

"I left the roadway, and wandered slowly in among the trees of the deep wood. As I moved the song of an occasional wood-bird rang out with the clearest, most joyful sound I have

ever heard, and I wondered if I had in some way entered Paradise itself. 'Surely,' thought I, 'there is enchantment here, and some great good will follow from my coming.'

"I stood looking upward at the branches of the trees, so old, so majestic, when suddenly I felt a thrill and a rush as of many a voice of the Long-Past, through my own being. I was filled with the Presence of the old wood. I lingered long and listened to the voices, until I felt strong—in the strength of pure spirit."

"When I left the wood and continued my journey, I did not feel alone—the Presence accompanied me. On and on, through shaded vales and over hills, with the rose-tint in the western sky fading, and the quiet of evening falling.

"As dusk came on I found myself—at my journey's end."

Harmony paused. Her eyes, always unfathomable, were even more so than ever before, in the faint glow of the well-burned embers. She made a movement as if to arise.

"And at the end?" Eulalie's tones were searching-clear, and she bent forward toward Harmony.

"At the end," said Harmony, a little unsteadily, "I stood before a large, comfortable-looking structure, a country hotel, I should think. On the veranda were several ladies and gentlemen."

Harmony reached up to the mantel, and took a match from the case.

Eulalie caught her wrist in a detaining grasp. "There is more," said she.

"One looked at me as I approached—a face I can never forget." The match broke forth in a blaze, a flood of gas-light filled the room, and Harmony Alvord stood erect.

"A song now," said she; "come, Violet."

A wonderful depth of sweetness attuned Harmony's voice as she sang.

A few evenings after there was a gathering of congenial friends at Eulalie's home. It was one of her "evenings," as she designated the modest little affairs, with a humorous air of pretentiousness. Albeit, one of Eulalie's evenings was always eagerly looked forward to, and each and all of her friends were sure of acquiring at Eulalie's one more of the real gems for Memory's casket.

The especial beauty of being a friend of Eulalie's lay in the fact that all her other friends were sure to be your friends when once you met them. There was that in Eulalie that drew all about her that should know each other—like the different parts of a fine architectural structure, all these people needed each other.

Eulalie knew many people well; Harmony Alvord very few. Eulalie lived in the world, was of the world, in the best sense: her pure, noble character was plainly stamped upon her every act and thought. Harmony would never evoke such a statement, simply because she was not understood by people generally. A few among her acquaintance were aware of a marvelous influence emanating from Harmony, attracting them in a mysterious way—they could never tell what the influence was.

Harmony was at this gathering of Eulalie's. And her father, Dr. Alvord, too. Since the death of Harmony's mother, long years before, when Harmony was only a child, the doctor had been his daughter's chaperon or companion in her social enjoyments. The doctor was much beloved by all the young people, and great was the disappointment whenever he was prevented from joining them in their merry-makings. There was no one quite like the doctor, in their opinion.

A shadowy figure, of fine-gold hair and filmy white drapery, in the recess of the bay window, was Violet Gray. The doctor sat not far from her.

Robert St. Clair, attorney-at-law, tall, broad-shouldered, with fine, frank blue eyes that looked straight at one, exactly as he moved in walking—Robert St. Clair was present. He stood at a little distance from Eulalie as she received.

Eulalie was tireless in her endeavors for the perfect enjoyment of her guests; moving about from room to room, thoughtful for all, she had little leisure. Once, however, she stopped for a moment to look at Robert St. Clair, his strong figure outlined against the wall-drapery. Just to look at this man gave one a clearer idea of real manliness; made a fellow-being a little truer to the best there was in him. The close observer could see at once, looking at St. Clair, the unusual combination, in his personality, of finest, strongest intellect and tenderest affection. A charm there was about him, but no mystery—it was perfectly plain where in lay his attractiveness: Robert St. Clair was mentally keen and powerful, morally high as the stars, and in friendship honest and true.

Eulalie was at her best that evening, and as St. Clair caught her glance her dark beauty struck him as never before; there was a lustre in her brown eyes that was new to him. Dr. Alvord noticed it too, then looked over at Violet and smiled.

"A game of whist!" cried the doctor across the room. "Eulalie, where's a table? Ah! right here, in this corner, cozy as you please."

"Now for the partners: Violet, we two will beat—here, St. Clair, find somebody and play with us."

It was at that moment that Harmony approached. Robert St. Clair did not see Harmony with half the vividness that illumined his gaze as it dwelt on Eulalie; but he was hardly conscious again that night of Eulalie's existence.

Violet and the doctor played well, and won. They always won when they were partners. The doctor laughingly declared that it was a

matter of mental conversation and mind-reading, that it was utterly folly for any two to play against them.

Harmony did fairly well, but luck was against St. Clair: no one ever had poorer hands than he, and nothing would change the tide the whole evening long.

Eulalie seemed very unlike herself as her guests, one after another, bade her good-night—Violet and the doctor, Harmony and Robert St. Clair among the last. The hue of her eyes had deepened until all brilliancy was gone—only the dusk like a starless night was left. The sweet face of Violet Gray was shadowed as she, alone, noticed the change.

The doctor reined in his horse one morning before Eulalie's door.

Then he walked leisurely along the pathway, humming a snatch of a tune, stopping for a moment here and there to examine a blossoming shrub. Stepping up to the porch he seated himself.

The windows and doors were open, and the doctor peered through the screens as he rapped on the floor of the porch with his cane. He never troubled himself to stand and ring the doorbell on a summer's day at Eulalie's. His first idea was always to make himself comfortable.

"Anybody sick here?" he called, through the screen door. "I'm drumming up patients. Business is dull—at this time of the year."

A ripple of laughter from within, then appeared Eulalie, with a welcome beaming in her face that only Dr. Alvord could inspire. Behind her came Violet Gray, who was making a morning call. The blue of Violet's eyes was contrasted this morning with the most delicate of rose-color—Violet was blushing prettily. And her embroidery silks had become suddenly tangled—the doctor's call was a surprise!

Eulalie did not stop on the porch, but ran down the steps and out on to the lawn. Bright patches of flowers bloomed here and there, and Eulalie dipped her hand among them as she flashed back a smile at the doctor.

"I think it more likely that you are drumming up a *boutonniers*," said she. "I'll give you some of my choicest pansies." And the doctor's coat was soon adorned.

"I have been thinking," said the doctor, after a few moments, "of an enjoyable outing we could take—our own little party, you know. Guess what it is!"

"Oh! what is it, doctor? A steamer excursion?"

The physician's nose went up.

"An outing," I said.

"A camping expedition in the woods, where we could fish, and bathe, and—"

"And be eaten alive by mosquitoes, and get short of provisions, and catch rheumatism—pshaw! Nothing like that," replied the doctor.

"Well, what is it?" asked the girls, eagerly.

"Do tell us?"

"Simply a coaching trip up over the Berkshire hills, in Massachusetts," answered the doctor, and then waited for their comment.

He was not disappointed.

"Oh!" they exclaimed; and "Lovely!"

"Splendid!" "Delightful!" was the chorus, as the idea burst more fully upon them.

The physician looked very complacent. And he looked handsome, too, in the eyes of the girls. Dr. Alvord was fifty years old, and gray to an extent that would be considered alarming by some; but, in his case, each silvered hair was an added line toward perfect beauty. There are such people, you know, beside whom a person any younger seems not half so beautiful.

"But how—when shall we go?" began the girls, eager to lay plans. "And who will go, doctor?"

"Oh! I'll arrange it all," he answered. "You just go ahead and get your dresses ready—and be in a hurry, too. And be sure and have warm flannel—none of your nonsensical silks and muslins. We shall be out in all sorts of weather, and in an atmosphere decidedly different from home. No thin shoes, either. Get the thickest leather you can find, and the heaviest soles. We will go in our own style, Bohemian-like, and leave Lenox and those ultra-fashionable towns for the last day or two. We will just go for the pure enjoyment of the scenery, the air and the solitude."

"How can you leave your patients?" asked Eulalie, as if anxious to encounter any obstacles at once; then she added, mischievously, "the ones you are drumming-up, I mean."

"I am going to take them with me; that is what I was drumming them up for." And the doctor arose and strode down the walk in very good spirits.

"You really will go?" called Eulalie, watching him as he stepped into his carriage.

"Just see whether I will!" returned Dr. Alvord, looking back as the carriage turned the corner.

It was not an unpleasant morning when they started. The sky was not perfectly clear, and the probabilities were that in the two or three days to elapse before they had traversed the route marked out, there would be a decided rainfall. But the doctor said he had calculated it just that way, so that by the time they reached the hills the sun would necessarily shine—there would be no excuse for it to do otherwise.

These calculations, much to the amusement of the rest of the party, proved to be correct. For the first three days cloud, rain, fog and drizzle enveloped them; then, as they began to ascend the hill roads, the sunshine burst forth in marvelous splendor.

Nothing could have given the coachers such pleasure as this special trip. Eulalie's eyes regained their brilliancy, and a dash of red soon appeared in her usually pale cheek. Violet, who was of the frail, ethereal type, seemed to be a good subject for the physician's fatherly care; at any rate, if to watch her continually lest a day's ride be too arduous, and to cut short the hours of travel to suit her strength—if that was Dr. Alvord's duty, he fulfilled it most faithfully.

One day Harmony astonished them all by exclaiming, as the horses were about to take one of two branching roads, "Not that way, father! Not that road—the other!"

"The other!" replied Dr. Alvord. All eyes turned in surprise on Harmony. "Why, what do you know about the road? You have never been here."

"I don't know," replied Harmony, in a rather low tone. "I don't know why, but it seemed as if we ought to go to the left. Of course you know best, though."

"The left it shall be, then," said the doctor. "It makes little difference in the distance, and we shall reach a stopping-place in good season."

How the merry company chatted! How they enjoyed each mile of the lovely scenery! The doctor wrapped Violet's shawl about her shoulders, so that no breath of wood-damp should reach her. St. Clair was sitting beside Harmony. No one would have thought of wrapping Harmony in the folds of an extra shawl—Harmony, the picture of health and strength. Dampness, disease, weakness, none of the common ills of life found lodgment with Harmony Alvord.

Eulalie was looking ahead. Suddenly the color left her face and she murmured aloud. The call of a bird had drawn her attention to a transcendently beautiful spot by the wayside, where fern-fronds and wild-flower blossoms fringed the edge of a wood. "Ah!" said she, "this is—Harmony, look!"

Robert St. Clair felt a little nervous tremor at his side. Harmony was looking.

It was past the close of the day when the coaching party arrived at the Mountain House in Blandford. Lights shone from all the windows of the old hostelry, and guests were moving slowly about, some in conversation, and others silently enjoying the quiet of the mountain evening.

The coachers were very weary. They stood for a moment on the veranda, taking a last breath of the pure out-door air before entering. The doctor was looking down at Violet with a tenderness that was more than fatherly, and which he did not attempt to disguise.

"Pardon me," said a voice beside Harmony, "I think this is your glove—"

The gentleman stopped speaking, suddenly, and looked closely at Harmony, as if trying to recall her identity. The next moment he bowed with exceeding reverence, and then withdrew.

But just at this time Harmony Alvord did what she had never done before—succumbed to what is popularly known as a swoon; she never called it that.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the doctor, "Harmony is all tired out. Who would have thought it of her!"

Eulalie's eyes were luminous with a mingling of sympathy, tenderness, exultation.

Robert St. Clair turned toward her and said, in his direct way, "You are stronger than she, after all!"

Eulalie was radiant.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR NEW YEAR GREETING.

BY MARIETTA F. WILLIS.

We send to all mankind to-day
Our New Year Greeting, and we pray
That Heaven may have for them in store
E'en greater blessings than before;
But if perforce new sorrow comes
To cloud their now so happy homes,
May heaven give strength to each to bear
What is allotted to each share;
For clouds and rain must come to all
The flowerets, lest their petals fall
'Neath too much sunshine, though so fair
When rain has freshened all the air.
And human flowers are oft more blest
By care and pain than joy and rest.

For often by the chastening rod
Man's heart is nearer drawn to God,
And sorrow wounds the heart to pray
As it ne'er could when light and gay.
And yet, I do not wish to show
That we had best be full of woe;
But take each trial as it comes,
Make joy and gladness in our homes;
Bear pain and grief with patient heart,
Still bravely doing our best part,
While unto heaven oft we pray
To guide and help us on our way.

And now our kindest wish we send:
May angels' lives with yours be blended
So closely, that you'll almost hear
Their benedictions, sweet and clear,
And sense their sweet lips closely pressed
To your fond lips, so glad, so blest;
And feel your darlings' arms around
Your necks, so softly, gently wound,
And hear their music, low and sweet,
Lifting your souls their souls to meet;
E'en see their faces, oh! so bright,
All radiant with heaven's own light.
Oh! may your dear ones gone before
Bless all your lives forevermore,
Cambridgeport, Mass.

A girl in Dexter, Me., possesses a faculty, which mystifies her friends. When blindfolded and provided with a photograph, she can describe the person, or object portrayed in the picture, and she will also describe the objects in any picture or print after merely running her finger-tips over the surface.—Truth Seeker, New York.

Original Essays.

SPIRIT GUIDANCE.

Some Singular Men and Teachings; Lorenzo Dow and His Inspirations, etc.

BY M. R. K. WRIGHT.

How true it is that some men and women are subject to the influence of strange emotions, and the manifestation of remarkable impulses and powers of mind. In every age of the world, and in every country, there have been both political and religious prophets and reformers—men and women who have taken the initiative in thought and general progress, and who have stirred up the sleepy and unapprehensive multitudes of the common people by the force of their genius, inspirations and personal magnetism. These leading advocates of new ideas and convictions have been persons of intuitive purpose, of restless activity, of unyielding ambition and will. When honest, they have pursued the straight line of conscientious desire and a self-satisfied judgment. They have been the impressible subjects of imperative mental demands, and the devoted exponents of original views and opinions, new doctrines and revelations. They have taught advanced and progressive theories, and have stood in the fore-rank of all promoters of social, moral and intellectual advancement and change.

St. Patrick was a representative exponent of principles of temperance and habits of purity. His opinions were deeply stamped upon the minds of the people of his own age and country, and his work and character are still held in the highest regard and veneration by all Catholic religionists and temperance-loving communities.

Charles Fourier devoted his life to teaching doctrines of social reform. He believed that the condition of mankind might be improved by a union of interests. Mr. Fourier was an untiring advocate of his own well-studied conceptions of social and domestic harmony, and although his ideas never proved to be practically successful, and he died without realizing his hopes and promises, his inspirations were, no doubt, mainly correct, and the sincerity of his effort to better the social state of the world has never been questioned even by those who have regarded him as a visionary propagandist of the social order. William Wilberforce, while at school in Yorkshire, England, at a very early age, became deeply impressed with the terrible nature of the traffic in human beings, and for forty years of his life did everything in his power to abate the crime and shame of slavery. At first his views met with strong opposition, but being eventually successful in his work he was universally esteemed and honored as an earnest benefactor of the colored race.

It is hardly possible to tell from whence the influences come that prompt, guide and govern the human mind in its many varying modes and moods of action and conduct. All new movements are conceived in the psychology relations of sense-control, and whether right or wrong, successful or otherwise, they present marked evidence of intellectual design, foresight and character, and especially when viewed from the standpoint of history and the natural aptitudes of the human intellect. Martin Luther's life-long service to the cause of religious reform, and the zeal and restless energy of John Wesley and his co-worker of the Protestant faith, are decided instances of the manifestation of this extraneous power as exerted upon persons of sympathetic and inspirational susceptibilities.

Jemima Wilkinson asserted that her mission was pointed out to her by the Divine Spirit. She said she heard a voice from heaven calling her to go and preach to the world. She followed the counsel of this unseen visitant, and went forth to teach the doctrines for which she entertained such devotion, and which gave her the distinction that she subsequently enjoyed. Joanna Southcott claimed to have had very much the same kind of spiritual advice and experience. She said that her mission was that of a prophetess and an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence. She was to labor for the establishment of a new and holy kingdom upon earth, and she proved the sincerity of her belief and purpose by the zeal and earnestness which she displayed and the sufferings she endured in her religious and public efforts and life.

The ordinary mind is not apt to understand or realize much concerning the object, or application of that psychology law that prompts and awakes the thoughts and purposes of men and women who labor under the conviction that they are the chosen agents of heavenly command, and who believe in their appointment to some exalted and useful mission. This state of mind is subjective, and, however much it may lead to mistaken ideas or teachings, it is surely of ultra-natural origin.

Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, was as sincere in the belief of his divine opportunities as were any of the old Bible prophets. Like them, he tells us of angelic guidance and communion. Hear what he says: "I was praying for additional faith in the promises of the Scriptures, when, on a sudden, a light, like that of day, only far purer and more glorious, burst into the room. I was shocked at the appearance of this light. In a moment a personage stood before me, surrounded with a great glory. This messenger proclaimed himself to be from God, and informed me that I was chosen to be an instrument in his hands

to bring about the purposes of a New Dispensation.

There is a close likeness presented in the experience of all spiritually-minded thinkers and ages of the prophetic class, and the same law of mesmerism actuation seems to be involved in them for similar or concurrent objects. One of the most remarkable instances of personal sincerity and belief in the guidance and protection of heaven, in a spiritual or apostolic point of view, is afforded in the case of Emanuel Swedenborg, the Swedish Seer. He claimed to be in constant communion with the dead for many years of his life, and was, by special permission, in frequent social intercourse with angels and "the Lord." Swedenborg's honesty has seldom been questioned, but a close analysis of his doctrines and teachings involves the question of his want of self-analysis of his own opinions and impressions, or as to whether he was not led into a trap of intensely mystical visions for ulterior and inscrutable reasons. Certainly in what he reveals in regard to a future life he has exceeded the measure and power of all the prophets, and laid a foundation for the needful study of psychology and the laws of intra-mental action.

It was quite different in the case of Lorenzo Dow, the eccentric Methodist preacher, who figured so conspicuously in this country as a traveling missionary in the early part of this century. This enthusiastic advocate of John Wesley's views—colored and changed by his own idiosyncrasies of thought—was naturally of a kind and prayerful disposition, yet as stubborn and independent as an anchorite. He had the most unbounded confidence in his numerous dreams and visions, and faithfully followed their intimations and suggestions. He wore long hair, and was extremely awkward in his personal appearance and manners. In his narrative of his early-life experience he tells us that while he was engaged in prayer upon one occasion, a "voice" advised him to go forth and preach the gospel. He was very reluctant to follow this counsel, and there and then entered the protest of inability, but "the voice" urged him on to duty with encouraging words. On the 20th of January, 1796, he had a very impressive dream. He says: "I thought I was in a strange house, and that a messenger came in and said to me, 'there are three ministers who have come from England, and who will, in a few minutes, pass this way.' I followed the messenger out, and he disappeared. I ran over a wood-pile, and jumped upon a log to get a good view of the ministers. Soon they came over a hill from the west toward me. The foremost dismounted, and the others, one on a white and the other on a red horse, disappeared. I said to the first, 'Who are you?' and he replied, 'John Wesley,' and he walked toward the east. Turning round, he said: 'You are called to preach the gospel; linger not between hope and fear.' I listened to his words with amazement, and turned partly around to consider, when, looking again in his direction, I noticed he had gone, and I saw him no more."

How like the abnormal realizations of the old time seers! While most of them attributed such experiences to the direct agency of a Divine Being, it would appear upon comparison of many cases, and all the facts at our command, that these influences and visions are rather the product of some interested and discerning spirit, some departed friend or relative, than the work of an Infinite Creator.

While in Ireland, in 1799, Mr. Dow became very much disheartened and discouraged. Speaking of his feelings at that time, he says: "I saw nothing but death before me. I had no money to get back to America. I had no trade. The family I was stopping with could not be expected to entertain me long. My feelings were terrible. I laid down in despair and fell asleep. I dreamed that I saw a person put me in a bowl of meal. It leavened and leavened until it ran over the ground; then it leavened until it ran under the ground and a long distance in every direction."

"This dream," he continues, "strengthened my confidence in God, and I thought my way might possibly be easier than I expected, although unknown to me. While we were at family prayers a Scotch soldier came in and invited me to preach in the barracks, which I did several times. I soon preached in other barracks. At one place a revival was started, and a society was formed, and I was soon quite well engaged; thus verifying my wonderful dream."

Some time after his return to America Mr. Dow visited the State of Virginia, and upon one occasion when preaching took his text from Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," to the great discomfiture of his Christian friends, some of whom got up and left the house where he was discoursing. Speaking of himself and his appearance at that time, he says:

"I was looking rather ragged and dirty; my pantaloons were worn threadbare, my coat and jacket were worn through, as also my moccasins, and I had only the smallest part of a dollar left."

While in Tennessee in the spring and summer of 1803 the attendance at his meetings was very large and enthusiastic, and in some places the people were attacked with the "jerks," with extraordinary manifestations of grunting and swooning. Concerning these peculiar phenomena he says: "I regarded it a work of Divine power intended as a sign of the times, and given to convince people of the reality of the gospel." While in Liverpool in 1803 he restored the speech of a person who had been dumb for years; and upon many occasions his followers were specially benefited by coming in contact with and receiving his personal influence. He suffered all the pains and privations so common to the early apostles, reformers and sages, preached out of doors, was imprisoned, hunted and hooted at by threatening crowds that stoned him in the streets, and from whose hands he several times barely escaped with his life. Christian ministers for a long time discouraged his preaching, and shunned his presence and his meetings, as well as supported all sorts of opposition to his methods of work and general sentiments. Throughout his entire career he was honest and earnest, yet extremely irregular or eccentric in his actions and utterances, and truly it may be said that he was a martyr to his own peculiar ideas, religious conceptions, convictions and inspirations.

Notwithstanding his tenacious Methodist prejudices, and the conventional methods of faith and discipline which had been impressed upon his very plastic temperament by the church or by his service to it, we find Lorenzo Dow was a man of very liberal and progressive views, and he gave as much evidence of spiritual guidance in his life and teachings as many of the ancient or modern seers and prophets.

TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS.

The leading article in THE BANNER of Dec. 6th, with the above heading, was a very suggestive one, containing several points which the thoughtful reader may elaborate to a profit. But I shall only note one at this writing, i. e., that "society has no right to punish crime, because it cannot decide the degree of any individual's intentional guilt in the commission of any crime whatever."

I have long held this opinion, and its correctness has been more apparent from year to year, with my experience in intercourse with society and its methods of handling the irregularities of its members. The core of our so-called penal legislation has been vengeance, based on the grim dogmas of Orthodox theology. God would punish, for that purpose having created an ever-burning hell of fire and brimstone, with an omnipotent devil, who is not only the jailor and tormentor in charge of hell itself, but a ravager at will on the earth, where he is ever going forth as a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour. Such being God's machinery and methods of dealing with the wicked, society made its code more or less belittling and brutal, that it might inflict pain solely and simply as a punishment. So our prisons were made as gloomy and uncomfortable as possible, and their inmates treated with a harshness and brutality akin to the dealings of God in his administration of divine and human affairs. But these things are of the past, and prison discipline has steadily humanized and improved as the thought and good sense of the people have outgrown the dogmas and polity of Orthodox theology.

I conceive that the only true course is to cut loose altogether from the idea of vengeance; eliminate altogether from our criminal procedures the idea of punishment as such, that is, subjecting a man to just so much deprivation of liberty or estate, as a measure compensating the crime the offender may have committed.

No judge or jury ever make a critical analysis of the mind of the culprit they may have before them, or trace the subtle influences, ante and subsequent natal, which have been the motive and main-springs of his acts. Let me illustrate: Some years ago, a gentleman connected with the management of the correctional institutions and pauper asylums of the State of New York, found a name so common and frequent that the fact caused him to query how it had happened. He entered upon an investigation which proved quite laborious, involving much time in the examination of records covering quite a territory. He persevered, and as a result found that some fifty years before a woman by the name of Jukes had an illegitimate child, from whom had sprung a progeny numbering a hundred or more, all belonging to the destructive and dependent classes. This is a record which should cause society to pause and ask itself many serious questions, mainly this one: Was it not possible to have prevented this stream of crime and pauperism which had so insignificant a beginning?

Pertinent to the foregoing facts permit me to quote ex-Governor Seymour of New York. At the session of the Prison Association, of which he was then President, held in Baltimore some ten years ago, in his opening address he said:

"It is a hard thing in any community to find an indictment against any man, for any crime whatever, which is not at the same time an indictment against the community itself."

True, eminently true. Take our criminals as they run. Begin with their childhood and trace them up through infancy, youth and adolescence to maturity, and see if they have not legitimately blossomed and fruited as destructives or dependents. At the same time you will find that the community, in a great majority of the cases, might have instituted preventive measures and saved them to themselves and society, made them fair, average citizens.

Under such circumstances as I have set forth, am I not correct when I say that no judge or jury can rightfully assume the function of declaring the punishment to be meted out to a culprit whom they may have before them? They cannot measure his mental or moral responsibility; they have no laws whose power can reach and bring to view the recidivistic agencies which have produced a criminal, and unless they can do these things, there is no right to punish. Society has a right to protect itself, but in doing this it must see to it that its policy shall not make a bad matter worse by brutalizing its victim, to make him an Ishmaelite when he shall have served his sentence and be sent out from prison into the community.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.
60 Bailey street, Providence, R. I.

IDIOI, GENIUS AND PROPHET.

BY W. A. CHAM.

May not the following obituary possess certain merits not always characteristic of those written for the occasion: namely, long consideration, later developments, and test of time?

Popular obituaries do not always wear well, because wanting just these time confirmations of verity. We would forestall the criticism—"too late in the day"—by entering the plea that we do not write from pious duty, but through a very worldly motive, simply to present the subject as a psychological study. The facts are from our own observation, and the word of mouth directly from the brother of the subject, who lived in the same home and noted his ways more than sixty years. The brother, still living, is Mr. Edwin Lane of Hampton Falls, N. H. We offer no other certificate of the truthfulness of this account:

GEORGE G. LANE,
IDIOI, GENIUS AND PROPHET.
Died Feb. 18th, 1883, aged 66 years.

We cannot believe that God, or Nature, ever blunders, though often his works to our dim creature seeing and knowing appear like carelessness, or mistakes, as when in pity he beholds the idiot, or innocent helpless creatures starving by the millions, because through nature's law or God's purpose a thousand are born where only one can be fed. But even in these very facts of existence we sometimes catch glimpses of nature's beneficent meaning later on, discovering in the idiot's life a law of righteousness and equal promise of eternal good; in the starving millions of animals the hope as well as the sadness of evolution and heredity.

Nature, in what are called her "sports," or abnormal products, often gives us hints and promises of life altogether beyond the ordinary, but destined through the progress of the ages to become the common possession of mankind. The subject of this paper was, we think, a case in point. Let us consider him briefly as an idiot. He was a little below ordinary height; when standing upright, commonly stooping very much as he walked, his long arms and hands hanging far forward, one could easily imagine that stooping a little more he might have touched his hands to the ground for support as some quadrumanous animals do. His body was long and heavy, his legs very short,

so that in walking he made the lifting, jerking movement characteristic of animals trained to walk upright. Physiologically speaking he had a finely developed forehead, large and full. The occiput rose into a peculiarly high point, with a deep depression on each side. He had a good appetite, was healthful and strong—so much for the physical man. His manners marked the idiot. His speech a stranger could not understand, being a compound of grunts, and half stammered words supplemented with uncouth gestures. He would move about the farm picking up things here and there, piling them in strange places, soon moving them again, seemingly without purpose or use. I saw him once standing in the horse-stall, his head bent over the manger soberly and diligently chewing hay, evidently quite seriously thinking himself at home in the business. While eating his ordinary meals he would eat voraciously a while, head low down, then stop and grunt, lifting his head sideways, quickly glancing up as if startled, then go on again. On funeral occasions at the house he was very serious, sharply watching and imitating others, apparently that he might becomingly conform, shedding tears and applying his handkerchief to his face duly with the mourners. He was not altogether deficient in musical taste and ability. He would sit for hours with a board two or three feet long resting on his knees, and rub ribbon-blocks over it in various ways, producing different sounds in a kind of method of his own, forming a crude harmony at times. In this he found great enjoyment, often leaning back in his chair and laughing heartily at some strange combination of sounds.

In warm weather he found an instrument of grander proportions, using the whole side of a long, old-fashioned barn, rubbing the pet ribbon-blocks up and down as far as he could reach upon the different boards, that gave forth each a somewhat different sound. In a crude way he seemed to play upon the various boards, as an organist touches the keys of his instrument. After years of this kind of performance, the boards on the side of the barn were worn in many places quite thin. His education, if we may so call it, was limited to learning most of the letters of the alphabet, so as to know them singly at sight; but he was unable to form them into words or to distinguish words, so far as could be discovered. He could count as far as five or six, beyond that he became confused in the way we understand as counting. Thus far the idiot.

THE GENIUS.

This man on one side was plainly an idiot; on another, he was not a genius, since he possessed certain senses and mental powers peculiar and superior on certain lines, even to the greatest intellects. In what we call the natural development of the mind? Let us keep clearly in view that he could not read the simplest sentence, that he did not understand a single printed word as we do, that he could not count, or mathematically calculate after our manner or understanding, yet he had a decided literary taste and wonderful mathematical powers and knowledge in certain directions. He manifested great interest in books and papers, in perusing which he spent much of his time, and plainly found intense enjoyment. While reading he did not hold the paper with column perpendicular, but horizontal, reading always from right to left. If any one gave him book or paper with page or column perpendicular, he at once shook his head, and placed it with column horizontal. While intently perusing his paper he would stop occasionally, lean back in the chair, and laugh as if much amused. That he gathered some peculiar impression, entered into some understanding of what was in the paper, was proved in many ways. He would be greatly interested in some part, and carefully lay the paper away till his sister came to visit them at the old home, when he would eagerly go and get the paper, and, pointing to the part that had interested him, would say: "Read—Read." There was another peculiarity about his reading. He would begin to read when it was growing dark, and continue till hardly anything was distinguishable to others in the room. At first thought, one would naturally suppose that he could not see, or really read, but was simply, ap-like, imitating, or indulging in some kind of idiotic amusement. One simple fact among many others destroys such a supposition. He carefully kept the old papers filed away in the garret, hundreds of them in different piles. If, by chance, an article happened to be spoken of by the family in conversation as having been in a certain paper, six months or a year before, and the desire expressed to see it again, this man would go to the garret, and from a pile of a hundred, in total darkness, select the one containing the article mentioned, and bring it down to the family to read. This he did again and again, yet he could not read a single word as others commonly read.

The mathematical powers of this man were very wonderful in certain directions: Without a moment's seeming thought he would tell the dominical letter for any year, past or future, that might be named. There appeared to be no limit to his power in this line. He seemed to go through no process of calculation, but at once saw or mentally grasped mathematical results, as by some more inward or subtle power of apprehension! His brother again and again proved the correctness of his answers, although the mathematical result that the brother obtained by a half-hour's "hard figuring," this idiot genius attained in a moment. Strangers to test him would often tell him their age, the day of the month they were born. He would immediately tell the day of the week; also the day of the week their birth-day would be in any year to come. Asking him the day of the week that Christmas or fourth of July would fall upon in any year, whether in the eighteen hundreds or three thousands, if so long they exist, he would tell correctly without a moment's apparent calculation, and yet he could not count or reckon in the ordinary way more than a child three years old. His particular literary preference seemed to be for almanacs, often having three or four at hand which he studied and compared. When it came near the end of the year he was anxious and urgent to get the new year's almanac.

THE PROPHET.

If we mark quite plainly the idiot and the genius in this man, let us consider also whether he was not somewhat of a prophet, in this, that he foreshadowed or foretold in his extraordinary traits certain higher developments of sense and intellect to be attained by mankind. He certainly possessed a clear vision of things in what to our common seeing is total darkness. Because of his abnormal physical development he had prematurely come into the use of some finer seeing organ of vision.

Imprisoned, and with dim dulled senses, in many ways as to the body of this world, might he not have seen and thought at times, in a dim, faltering way through the eyes and mind of the finer spiritual body, growing from, enfolding and permeating this grosser common one we consciously wear and know?—through his very idioi, or partial death as to this world, being born a little into the consciousness and use of the more perfect ethereal or spiritual organism, which the sound and sane can know in fullness of power and light only as they are born through death into the upper world of higher sense and life. Thus he foresaw a little where we are blind. Idiot as he was on one side, yet prophet of higher sense and life on another. Nature through sad inheritance, or arrested development, sealing his mind and senses in many ways to the delights of this world, was, then, not altogether unkind—opening to him through her eternal law of compensation that higher world and life, sealed in the main from us by the very soundness and completeness of our grosser bodies.

He could not read the printed page as we do; he grasped not its thought as we do; poor idiot on this line, yet somehow he read! May it not be that the printed page gives impressions of one kind to common sight and understanding, and another, finer kind to subtler senses and clearer understanding; just as the trees, flowers and animals wear ethereal forms of higher beauty and diviner thought, around and in the ruler ones of this world's matter which the spiritual seer discerns.

We looked long into the idiot's dead face; pondering his sixty-six years of strange life, we questioned, Are God and Nature just and kind to such? We pictured this idiot malformed, beastly in many ways, shut out from this life's chief delights of love, intellect and noble striving, standing beside the beautiful man or woman rich and strong in all this life's most delightful powers and wealth of intellect and love, and ques-

tioned again: *Oh! God and Nature!* Is there no mistake, no blundering, no ill-will, no injustice to this poor idiot?

We look more deeply into this man's life, and catch dim, flitting glimpses, hear far-off tones and voices of the soul's being just over the borders of our grosser world of sense, and we begin to discern how this idiot might possess the beginnings of higher powers, senses and conscious life than we know. So the unfortunate of this world felt, heard, saw and thought in dim, feeble ways that great upper life, beyond death to most of us, the fortunate children of Nature. If this be true, as we think the higher science more and more confirms, then we see and know, "as through a glass darkly," how he too was equally fortunate, folded about and on-led by the same soul of beneficence as Heaven's blessed. In that great morning awakening after death, which then will stand the best grown, the happiest, most hopeful child or children of the new world—the idiot or we?

I have read in that idiot's dead face and life this answer: In some ways we, in some ways he—and so I write beneath his death:

IDIOI, GENIUS AND PROPHET.

Where God and Nature withhold the good, the joy and beauty of life on one side, they open the way and give more freely and richly of life in some other, higher way of the soul, thus vindicating the eternal justice and divine compensation of the Over Soul.

Points Current.

He Has Located Hell.

Fifty-two Miles Underground, and Full of Burning Brimstone.

"Hell, or hades, or gehenna, or sheol, or the inferno, or whatever you want to call it, is a lake of fire and brimstone, exactly fifty-two miles below the surface of the earth at sea level, and has the cubic contents of 542,000,000 miles."

That is the statement made yesterday by the Rev. C. A. A. Taylor, D. D., educational and financial traveling agent for the Florida African Methodist Episcopal conferences, Indianapolis Freeman representative and general preacher.

"I have come to this conclusion," he continued, "after a most painstaking investigation into the most comprehensive literature of science, philosophy and theology; of libraries in Paris, London, New York and Boston, together with a minute investigation into the Holy Scriptures."

"I base my belief on the Scriptures. In the first place Christ always speaks of hell as being down and not up. Again, it is often and everywhere spoken of in the Bible as being a lake of fire and brimstone, and if it is not why should the Bible say it is? You notice where the Bible says that when Christ was three days in hell he lifted up his eyes. How could he look up if he was not already down?"

He then got at his conclusion by estimating the increase of heating gas wells and coal mines. Besides this volcanoes are gradually preparing a place for the unregenerate who persist in disobeying divine law. The holy book says that at the coming of the judgment the earth will be rolled together as a scroll and burned with an unquenchable fire. This means that the interior will be so emptied out that the crust will break in and the friction caused by molecular disintegration will create the heat which will consume the world and leave only the lake of fire. The good will escape by being called to heaven.

"The Bible says the sun moves around the earth and does not say that the earth is round. For that reason I believe the earth to be flat, or at least not as round as the scientists believe it to be."—Chicago Tribune.

Legends of Sunken Cities.

Plassy, in India, Has Been Covered by the Hooghly.

Dozens of cities and not a few inconsiderable towns mentioned by ancient writers have partially or wholly disappeared beneath the waves of the restless oceans. One of these was Bangala, which stood near Chittagong, and which appears to have given its name to Bengal. Ptolemy mentions a seaport called Komaria, which stood in Comarin in India. Of this, the sole relic is a rock in the sea, having in its center a well of fresh water. Plassy, the place where Clive gained his greatest victory, has been swept to the last vestige by the river Hooghly. Ravenspur, on the east coast of England, was long since swept away by the gradual inroads of the channel.

Town Bank, near Cape May, N. J., is so called from a town which once stood on the coast, but which is now covered by the waters of the Delaware bay. Wales also has its lost cities, which tradition has placed in Lake Bangor. The famous city of Is was somewhere along the coast of Brittany, and various places are now pointed out to the tourist as its original site. There is said to be a sunken city in Germany somewhere in the island of Rugen; on calm days it is even said that one may hear the bells of the city as they are being rocked back and forth by the waves. W. Muller's famous lyric is based on this old superstition. The first stanza of this exquisite little poem runs as follows:

Heard the faint bells of the sunken city
Peal once more their wondrous evening chime;
From the deep abyss there floats a dirge,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

In addition to these I might mention Amalfi, the sinking of which is celebrated in a poem by Longfellow; and Savanna-la-Mar, which went down in a West Indian earthquake and was immortalized by De Quincey. The ancient city of Babel, which tradition has placed in the Persian Gulf, was sunk in the sea, where the houses and spires were plainly visible for years. The waters of the Indian ocean now flow and ebb over the site of old Calicut, the place from which our "calico" takes its name. According to De Peyster's "History of Caranais," the town and port of Scaphont, which stood on the shore of Flanders, was overwhelmed and swallowed by the sea in the year 1334.—St. Louis Republic.

Edison Defines Ampere and Volt.

The following question was put to Thomas A. Edison by John S. Wise, in a recent lawsuit, in which Mr. Edison gives a pretty clear definition of the words "ampere" and "volt," which are much used about this time:

Q.—"Explain what is meant by the number of volts in an electric current?"

A.—"I will have to use the analogy of a waterfall to explain. Say we have a current of water, say a foot wide, and I have a fan-belt wheel, and allow a thousand gallons per second to fall from a height of one foot on the turbine, I get a certain power, we will say one horse power. Now, the one foot of fall will represent one volt of pressure in electricity, and the thousand gallons will represent the ampere, or the amount of the current; we will call that one ampere. Thus we have a thousand gallons of water, or one ampere, falling one foot, or under one volt of pressure, and the water working the turbine gives one horse power. If, now, we go a thousand feet high, and take one gallon of water and let it fall on the turbine wheel, we get the same power as we had before, namely, one horse power. We have got a thousand times less current or less water, and we will have a thousandth of an ampere in place of one ampere, and we will have a thousand volts in place of one volt. We will have a fall of water of a thousand feet as against one foot. Now the fall of the water, or the height from which it

falls, is the pressure or volts in electricity, and the amount of water is the ampere. It will be seen that a thousand gallons a minute falling on a man from a height of only one foot would be no danger to the man, and that if we took one gallon, and took it up a thousand feet and let it fall down, it would crush him. So it is not the quantity or current of the water that does the damage, but it is the velocity or the pressure that produces the effect."

January Magazines.

THE ARCADE.—"Human Progress; Past and Future," is the subject of the leading paper, from the pen of Alfred Russel Wallace. It is marked by the deep thought, perception of newly revealed truths and broad, expansive culture that characterizes all that emanates from that source. Prof. Januarius of the National University of Greece at Athens contributes a graphic and authentic picture of womanhood in the land of the crescent, in an article under the caption, "Mohammedan Marriage and Life." Richard Hodgson supplies the first of a series of psychological research papers, treating upon "Premotions," those to follow are from M. J. Savage, B. F. Underwood and others. Hamlin Garland, of whom a portrait is given, commences a story, "A Spill of Office," dealing with life and conditions, social and political, in the West. D. G. Watts contributes an appreciative article upon the writings of Walt Whitman, a portrait of whom is the frontispiece of this number, and current topics are ably discussed by Ex-Gov. Sheldon, Henry Wood, E. P. Powell, Chas. Schroeder and others. Boston: Arena Pub. Co., Copy-right Square.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January opens with Mr. Crawford's serial, "Don Orsino"; Henry James contributes a fine article of reminiscence and criticism on James Russell Lowell; the paper on Boston by Emerson is full of characteristic phrases which will long live in the memory; Miss Edith M. Thomas furnishes "a fond and unscientific observation of our winged friends"; Thomas William Parsons has a poem, "Down by the Shore in December"; Walter Crane in a paper "Why Socialism Appeals to Artists" defends the socialistic opinions of divers of the modern aesthetic school in England; a glimpse of the life of an English thinker is afforded by the publication of a collection of letters from John Stuart Mill; "The Creed of the Old South," by Prof. Basil Gildersleeve, is a statement of the political creed of those who fought on the southern side in the civil war; Herbert D. Ward narrates a short tale of seashore life; other articles not here enumerated, good reviews, etc., close the first number of the year. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publishers.

THE CENTURY.—A portrait of the famous French musical composer, Gounod, is the frontispiece. Dr. Wheatley contributes the first of a series of papers on "The Jews in New York," finely illustrated; there is also a brief article on "The Jewish Question" in general. J. R. Dodge, of the U. S. Agricultural Department, deals with "The Discontent of the Farmer," reviewing the causes that have led to it, and stating the reasons of its present decrease. Capt. E. S. Godfrey, one of Gen. Custer's troop commanders, gives an article on "Custer's Last Battle," in which he advances a new theory in regard to Custer's movements, based on personal knowledge and other sources. The unique novel, "The Naulahka," is continued, and short stories are Viola Roseboro's "Bentley's System" and a "A Battle in Crackerdom." The poetry is of rare excellence, Mr. Aldrich contributing five short poems in a group entitled "Interludes." New York: Century Pub. Co.

WIDE AWAKE.—A feature of this number is the story of "The Boy Who Built a College," Leland Stanford, Jr., and the famous University at Palo Alto, Menlo Park, Cal., with portraits and illustrations. Additional chapters are given of the marvelous story, "The Lance of Kananah," by Abd el Adnan. Celia Thaxter is the author of the opening contribution, a Norwegian story in verse, "Gudbrand's Good Luck." An entertaining account is given of a "Double Christmas at St. Martin's," and in pages that follow, "The War of the Schools" reaches its end. Of the other attractions are "The Strawberry Feast at the Long House," "Two Schoolmasters," and new chapters of "Jack Brereton's Three Months' Service." Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

ST. NICHOLAS.—Two new serial stories are commenced: "Two Boys and a Girl," and "When I was Your Age." The frontispiece is a finely engraved reproduction of a painting, "The Little Maid of Spain," Helen G. Cone supplying accompanying verses. The "Tee Wahn Folk-Story" of this month is "The Revenge of the Fawns." Brander Mathews continues his "Tom Paulding," Chas. E. Carryl "The Admiral's Caravan," and in the way of completed stories the readers are given "The Pink Gown," by Mary Davey. Numerous attractions in prose, verse and illustrations in addition to the above render the opening issue of the new year one that will please all. New York: Century Co.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—The frontispiece is a fine etching of a very rare engraving made in Holland three hundred years ago, and the opening article part first of "The Enterprise of Christopher Columbus; A Critical and Common Sense View," by Arthur Harvey, President of the Canadian Institute. Of its illustrations is a map of the world as known to Europeans in 1400. "Was America Discovered by the Chinese?" is considered in an interesting paper by Dr. A. R. Glover, in which he gives what evidence there is of the discovery of this continent in the year 488. Valuable information upon various points of history is given on the remaining pages. New York: 748 Broadway.

NOTES AND QUERIES.—Included in this month's contents is "An Abacadabran Invocation." Other subjects treated are, "Poems of the Epic Circle," "Astral Origin of the Hebrew Alphabet," and "The Discovery of America Foretold" in the age of Nero. Manchester, N. H.: S. C. & L. M. Gould, Boston: For sale by Colby & Rich.

The blood-cleansing qualities of Ayer's Sarsaparilla render it invaluable in skin disorders.

A Veteran Spiritualist Passes Away.

MRS. PAMELIA M. CUSHMAN of Euclid, O., passed to the invisible Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1891, after an illness of three months.

This very intelligent and highly esteemed woman was one of the Pioneers of the Western Reserve, both in the material and spiritual sense; the name of Coleman (her maiden name) being well known as that of one of the oldest settlers. Sister Cushman was a pronounced Spiritualist, and highly respected by all who knew her, both outside and inside the ranks of Spiritualism, was a life-long reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT; she regularly attended on all the anniversary and festival convocations of our people in Cleveland until the past two or three years, when prevented by old age. Mrs. C. loved to tell of the decay of the creeds and the growth of Spiritualism, being familiar with it from the time of the Rochester rappings.

Knowing that her earthly life was nearing its end, she calmly awaited transition, and rejoiced at the prospect of joining her well-beloved husband, Harmon Cushman, who passed to spirit-life two years since. The funeral services were conducted by Mr. A. B. French of Clyde, O., opening with her favorite poem "I Still Live," and after a beautiful rendition of "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," by Mrs. Tracey, Mr. French gave an eloquent address on the philosophy of death, and the fidelity of the ardent sister to the cause of Spiritualism that made a deep impression on the friends present, many of whom, not being Spiritualists, were completely carried away by the beautiful and able presentation of his theme.

Mrs. Cushman leaves a son and daughter (Ernest H. and Gertrude), who live in the old homestead in which they were both born. A consciousness that their loving mother was fully prepared for the higher life assuages in a large measure the great grief they would otherwise feel at her departure. —THOS. LEES, Cleveland, O.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. ROSS, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Дневничное.

Colorado.
COLORADO SPRINGS.—Mrs. E. C. Kimball announces that efforts are being made by

New York.

Missouri.

for crimes, etc. Yet no sooner is a person convicted for some trivial misdemeanor, as, for example, vagrancy, or being found sleeping on store windows or steps of public buildings, supposed to be intoxicated, etc., etc., [a lesson of misdemeanors by statute] than he is imprisoned, forced to do labor on the streets, whipped, kicked and tortured in fact. If convicted, a man not his rights as sacred by the Constitution after such conviction, as before? Yet, the treatment accorded their wards by the keepers of our prisons is often of a kind to horrify

Maine.

Illinois.

[From the London Medium and Daybreak.]

In the Solomon Islands a "good quality" wife quoted at 10,000 coconuts!

MAGEE'S EMULS

a new
plan. **or Smell. Easy to use.**
Your Dealer Keeps It
or send a cents for sample to
J. L. PRESCOTT & CO.,
NORTH BERWICK, MAINE. **5 & 10**
cts.

BY PHILIP F. HUXFORD.

Consumption carries

cod-liver oil.

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop the attack for a time and then have them return again, but a permanent radical cure. I have made the disease of FALLEN CONVULSIONS or EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long cure. I have a warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases.

170 pages, good clear type. Price 25 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

Consumption and Rheumatism
A Scientific Statement in Plain Language of their
Treatment and Cure. By GEO. DUTTON, A.B., M.D.
Cloth, pp. 60. Price \$1.25.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

We fully agree with our respected correspondent from Grand Rapids, Mich., that it is not only desirable but in the interest sense expressive and correct to designate all societies and organizations of Spiritualists as such, using the term in its noun or nominal sense instead of an adjective sense. The instances of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union as a ready illustration of its meaning. A Society of Spiritualists is more than a spiritualistic society, and it is wholly right and correctly expressive so to name them at the time of organization. It means real Spiritualists, and nothing less than that should be intended.

China has a population estimated at 350,000,000, which is nearly equal to the entire population of Europe. The Chinese national debt is one of the smallest, amounting to only \$38,500,000.

It is whispered that in obedience to the covert hints and winks of England and Germany, Chili is just as stubborn as ever. It looks as if there was to be no redress for Uncle Sam and his sailors, except through gunpowder freely applied.

The programme of the (Boston) Franklin Typographical Society's Entertainment, the first of last month, in aid of its fund for the benefit of its sick members, is a neat and appropriate souvenir of the occasion. Its contents are highly creditable to the compilers' good taste, and of a character that will insure its preservation by those who have copies.

In Upper Burma during a drouth Lieutenant Piche ascended a hill fifteen hundred feet high and fired off two charges of gun-cotton of thirty pounds each. Rain ensued immediately.

"OAK GROVE FARM," Boston, Mass., will accept our thanks for a copy of "Christopher Columbus Almanac for 1892."

Two persons were instantly killed, two fatally hurt and nearly forty injured by a railway accident on the Monon route near Crawfordsville, Ind., Jan. 11th.

Dr. Graves is to be changed the first week in February—Judge Rising of Denver refusing all stay of judgment.

According to the Boston Record, "Pardon Dunlap," ex-Governor Long's personal view. He thinks the time has arrived to give the prisoner his freedom. Many other citizens of Massachusetts think so too.

A severe explosion Thursday, Jan. 7th, at shaft No. 11 of the Osage Coal and Mining Co., Krebs, I. T., imprisoned over two hundred men in the debris; many of them lost their lives.

The increasing use of chocolate and cocoa has brought a demand to the china dealers for cups and saucers and pots for that beverage as distinctive as cups for tea and larger cups for breakfast coffee. Jones, McDuffee & Stratton have an attractive exhibit of this cup that cheers but not inebriates.

Current reports aver that the "Messiah dance" is again in process among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

ANOTHER WAY.—TOMSON (who has just sung): "Does your friend Wilson sing, Mr. Johnson?" Johnson: "No, he makes himself disagreeable in some other way."—Yankee Blade.

"THE ASSAULT ON HELL," is what a New York daily calls the present liberal movement among theologians.

It is more dangerous for Chinese heathens to kill Christians in China than for Caucasian Christians to kill heathen Chinsamen in some other parts of the world. Forty-two heathens of Pakow, China, who were guilty of killing Christians, have been beheaded there. The news from China ought to be closely studied in Nevada, Idaho, Colorado, Oregon and California.—N. Y. Sun.

FOR CONSTIPATION USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. J. R. FORTSON, Kiowa, Ind. Ter., says: "I have tried it for constipation with success, and think it worthy a thorough trial by the profession."

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Lynn.—Mr. F. A. Wiggins of Salem lectured and gave some very remarkable tests, which were well received, and nearly all were recognized by some one in the audience. Mr. Wiggins has few equals as a lecturer and test medium. He will be with us again in March.

Jan. 10th, Dr. Geo. Dutton of Boston delivered two of the most scientific lectures ever brought before a Lynn audience.

The singing by Mr. Churchill was pleasing to all. 21 Ingalls street. Mrs. H. H. LEWIS, Sec'y.

The Lyceum and the Spiritual Fraternity have united to hold a Fair for mutual benefit. We shall open the Fair on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 26th, and continue the next afternoon and evening.

All articles or contributions in aid of this enterprise may be sent to me, as Secretary of the committee.

These Societies, with the Elmside Associates, will hold Anniversary exercises at Exchange Hall on Sunday, April 30, and we hope to see a delegation from the surrounding towns. Programme will be given hereafter. Mrs. E. B. McBRILL.

63 Lowell street.

Newburyport.—Jan. 10th we had for our speaker Mrs. C. F. Loring of East Braintree. Her subject in the afternoon was "The Old and New," which was well treated. The lecture was followed by reading of articles brought up by the audience, to the perfect satisfaction of their owners.

In the evening the medium spoke on "The Art of Healing," and gave a graphic and interesting account of how she was shown by the spirit-world the human system, with its nerves, veins, arteries and diseases, and how the mind of the human system could be cured by magnetic treatment. She advised the audience to "save" their bodies before trying to save their souls. This was followed by reading of articles and tests of spirit presence. Mrs. Loring is a fine medium, for spirit is to manifest through. Her next date with us is Feb. 14th.

Next Sunday Miss S. Lizzie Ewer of Portsmouth is to be with us.

Mrs. A. M. Knight was here most of the week, had numerous sitters for slate-writing—and has a well-known interest. F. H. F.

Worcester.—Sunday, Jan. 10th, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller took for his afternoon subject: "Some of the Commands of God," and in the evening a review of Rev. Dr. McCullough's book "Beyond the Stars," which contains many thoughts and statements commonly accepted by Spiritualists.

Next Sunday Mrs. Mary Knight-Lyman of Boston will be with us. Jan. 22d Mr. Charles W. Sullivan of Boston will give an entertainment for the society. GEORGINA D. FULLER, Cor. Sec'y.

5 Houghton street.

New Bedford.—Sunday afternoon and evening, Jan. 10th, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding, test-medium of East Somerville, spoke in Pythian Hall for the First Spiritual Society to two good audiences. The tests given were positive and accurate, without any hesitancy in placing the same in the audience, and all were recognized. We would advise spiritual societies desiring the services of a good test-medium to correspond with Mrs. Harding. SEC'Y.

Haverhill and Bradford.—Joseph D. Stiles of Weymouth spoke before the Spiritualists of Britton Hall last Sunday, giving very interesting discourses, with messages from one hundred and sixty spirits purporting to be present—representing various localities beside Haverhill. Nearly all were recognized. Edgar W. Emerson will speak here next Sunday. E. F. H.

Chelsea.—Mrs. Geo. F. Anderson (of Chelsea) occupied the platform of the Spiritual Society last Sunday, and gave some of the best tests of the season. Sunday evening, Jan. 17th, Mrs. Mary O. Bagley, the well-known platform test-medium, will be with us. E. S. WELLS, Chairman.

Lawrence.—The meetings at Pythian Hall last Sunday were addressed by our regular speaker, T. Grimsbury. Two lectures were given by his guides, full of grand spiritual teachings.—We hope to have Mr. De Southwell next Sunday. F. S. E.

Fitchburg.—Miss R. F. Lyon's report regarding the good work of Bro. Edgar W. Emerson, the annual election of officers, etc., will appear next week. Mrs. Hattie O. Mason will be the speaker and medium in Fitchburg next Sunday.

MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

The First Society of Spiritualists has moved from Adelphi Hall, and will hold its regular meetings at a new and spacious hall in the Carnegie Music Hall Building, between 5th and 6th streets, on Seventh Avenue, on Sunday, Jan. 12th, at 2 P. M. and 8 P. M. Henry J. Newton, President.

Knickerbocker Conservatory, 44 West 14th Street.—The new Society of Ethical Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Speaker, Mrs. Helen A. Brigham.

Arenaum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, N. E. corner 5th Avenue.—The Progressive Spiritualists hold services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Speakers, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher (258 West 34th street) being the invited speaker.

Adelphi Hall, West 34th Street, East of Broadway.—Meetings will be held here regularly on Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Speaker, Mr. J. F. Snipes, President, 28 Broadway.

The Psychical Society meets every Wednesday evening, at Spencer Hall, 114 West 14th street. Good speakers and mediums always present. Public cordially welcomed. J. F. Snipes, President, 28 Broadway.

Carnegie Hall.—An appreciative audience greeted Walter Howell at this hall last Sunday, and listened with attention and pleasure to his earnest utterances.

He spoke in the morning upon the question, "Do Christians believe the teachings of Christ?" illustrating his lecture by many telling points, showing the probable reception Jesus would receive at the hands of Christians should he appear in New York City as he did in Jerusalem, preaching and healing the sick with a license and in freedom from the cruel and brutal treatment and persecution suffered by healing mediums who try to use their beneficent powers was shown, and the comparison made of the diploma-protected ignorance permitted to poison or kill with his drugs as many as his stupidity occasioned, while the veritable healer, by the same power Jesus used, was imprisoned.

The conference at 3 o'clock was very interesting. Magna Fox-Kanva was present, and gave the audience an exhibition of the wonderful power exercised through her raps, and writing from right to left rapidly, which in itself would be remarkable. This writing has to be read by holding up to the light and looking through the thin paper, so as to be correct, and the audience received by several in the audience and others of a general character. The raps were loud and distinctly heard in the remotest corner of the hall. A committee ascended the platform and tested the raps, which came at their request, upon his sitting-room, upon the table and the speaker's desk. The fact was acknowledged by skeptics as well as Spiritualists. The electrician of the Carnegie Building asked that the raps come upon the door of the ante-room while he stood inside with his ear to the door and his hand on the knob. The raps came near it, and the raps replied to the request loud enough to be heard by all. This gentleman, not being a Spiritualist, was present only in connection with his duties in the electric lighting of the place. He was asked about the raps, and when he was told that the raps certainly came as requested, upon the door; he both heard them and felt the vibration, "but," he added, "I don't know what produced them."

Mr. Howell related the obtaining of a small landscape painting, which he had seen in a picture gallery in England some years ago, the card being a business card taken there by himself, and from which he tore a corner just before placing it for the experiment. The picture was produced in less than three minutes, and when done fell into the hands of the artist, who was told to place it in the picture gallery, and the picture was found to fit the card upon which was now the painting. This he now has, with the colors the same as when produced.

Mr. Robertson related, at the request of Mr. Henry J. Newton, President of the First Society, a noteworthy occurrence at a private materialization séance held at his home Monday evening, Jan. 4th. The séance was one of a series of test séances held in Mr. Newton's house, where all conditions are under his control. There were nineteen ladies and gentlemen of the highest character, some prominent and all well known in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson being among them. The medium, Mrs. Roberts, came from her home at once to a very close chamber, and a committee consisting of Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Robertson disrobed her. Noting that she had no other than the fewest necessary garments upon her, and no white or light color in any of them, the committee entered the room, and the door back chamber having a hard wood floor, and at once locked her into the test-wire cabinet or cage. This wire cabinet is placed against the solid wall of the room, and consists of two compartments, one the cage and the other the cabinet. The cage is made of a strong jointed wooden frame nailed to the floor, having wire netting securely fastened upon all sides, including the door; upon the door were three Yale locks having three separate keys in possession of three different persons. The wire cage was interwoven with several cords, which, after the door had been locked with the Yale locks, were tied and secured with sealing wax. Perfect test conditions in every respect were thus established. Soon forms came freely from the spirits, and the cabinet was opened. Mr. Robertson stated that his purpose was only to speak of the test conditions and of one feature of the phenomena.

Just before the séance closed, the little cabinet spirit control called Mrs. Robertson to the cabinet, and in a laughing voice, asked her to kiss her, the materialized spirit. She did so, and instantly, like a flash, she disappeared, and at the same time with a rush the medium came bodily through the wire door into full view. She was given a seat in the open part of the cabinet. The lights were turned up, and the seals and locks examined and found intact. Nothing had been broken or injured, but the medium's shoes were upon the floor of the locked cage. It was suggested that she remove them. She did so, and a male voice from the cabinet said "Yes." The lights were turned down, and the medium was again entranced. In a moment the same voice said: "The shoes are here beside the medium." The lights were turned up, and the shoes were found beside the medium. Mrs. Robertson stated that as she approached the cabinet she felt something like a cord pulling her from the right side toward the medium. The instant she kissed the cabinet-spirit this cord seemed to break and release her. She complained of a very sore, smarting, burning sensation. On getting home her mother and Mr. Robertson examined her side and found a red, inflamed and abraded spot an inch long and irregular in width. This was sore for several days.

All the forms coming from the cabinet were more or less clothed in white, some of them in illuminated white; and when the medium was brought through the wire cage she had no white, being as when she was locked in.

Last Sunday evening at the First Society Mr. Howell gave an interesting and able lecture upon the biblical question by Paul, I Cor. xv. 35: "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?"

The audience was very large, and the lecture and their pleasure and satisfaction to Mr. Howell at the close of the service. This excellent and highly inspired speaker is winning many friends this winter in New York and Brooklyn by his scholarly and profound knowledge of the Bible, and his clear and convincing arguments to tollers and seekers after Truth and Light.

[A summarized report of Mr. Howell's lecture last Sunday morning, from another correspondent, we hope to find room for next week.—ED.]

Adelphi Hall.—There was a large audience at the afternoon session, and Mr. Fletcher gave a stirring address upon "Ingersollism and the Clerical Controversy," in which he contended that the facts of

religion sustained the same relation to nature as the facts of science, and that unless theology could build upon the foundation of fact and reason, it must pass away like any other fallacy that might be pleasing enough to the fancy, but not an essential to human life. Thomas Paine raised the theological issue. The Church, unable to meet the issue, hurled its invective against the man. Theodore Parker, in a more positive way, took up the same line of thought, and was equally condemned; yet to-day every liberal clergyman in the land is repeating Parker's words without the grace of giving him the least credit for it.

Robert Ingersoll is a man of this kind; he is a product of this age; the clergy hate him because they cannot answer his logic. He is ploughing deep furrows in the field of thought, and it remains for the Spiritualists to sow the seed of immortality therein.

Mr. Fletcher then proceeded to give somewhat over fifty remarkable descriptive tests, which were simply inexplicable.

In the evening another large audience followed with interest and applause the lecture upon "Death from a Theosophical and Spiritualist Standpoint."

West Sunday Mr. Fletcher speaks upon "Ingersollism" in the afternoon (and gives a séance); and in the evening upon "What Spiritualists Believe"—followed by tests.

He lectured before a crowded house in Spencer Hall, New York City Wednesday evening, and held a large public séance on Friday evening at Youkers. A. E. WILLIS, Sec'y.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence.—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met in its rooms, 18 and 20 West Block, 70 Weybosset street, Thursday, Jan. 7th.

Supper at six o'clock. Mrs. Waterman presided, and a goodly number attended. Good manifestations were obtained—the guides of Mrs. St. Omer giving direction to the circle.

Thursday, Jan. 14th, meeting afternoon and evening, as usual. All are invited. Mrs. M. A. WATERMAN, Acting Sec'y.

The Spiritual Association holds meetings every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. at Columbia Hall, corner Broad and Richmond streets. Progressive School at 1 P. M. Conference meetings were held Jan. 10th. In the afternoon, after opening remarks by the President, Mr. B. K. Ames, the following persons took part: Dr. Briggs, Mr. T. J. Fales, Mrs. Susan M. King; in the evening Mrs. Mary A. Goodrich and Elder J. N. Sherman were the speakers. Mrs. Sarah E. Humes gave satisfactory tests both afternoon and evening. Jan. 17th Dr. Geo. A. Fuller of Worcester will occupy our platform.

No. 33 Daboll street. SARAH D. C. AMES, Sec'y.

After eating, does your food distress you? *Abco's Regulating Cordial* gives instant relief.

VERMONT.

The Annual Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association will be held at Waterbury, Vt., Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 15th, 16th and 17th, 1902. Convention opens at 2 o'clock P. M., Friday, in the Waterbury Hotel Hall.

In addition to Vermont speakers, we have engaged E. W. Wilson of Boston, Mass., a fine lecturer and platform test medium.

All members of our Association are especially requested to be present, as business of importance is to be transacted. The Central Vermont railroad will offer the usual facilities. (See small bills.)

A cordial invitation extended to all. Those having dues please remit to the Treasurer, Janus Crossett, Box 33, Barre, Vt.

By order of the Board of Managers, JANUS CROSSETT, Sec'y.

CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles.—The Spiritualists here have formed an organization called "The Los Angeles Spiritual Society," which holds meetings Sunday afternoons and evenings in G. A. R. Hall, 6104 South Spring Street. A. B. Street, Pres. (P. O. Box 1427). E. W. Fortune, Sec'y.

What folly! To be without BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Sign the Remonstrances! To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Every week I look to see what THE BANNER contains about the Medical Laws, and I have come to look upon it as the only reliable paper upon that subject. It may be well for the readers of THE BANNER in Maine to remember that the dentists secured a registration law from the last Legislature, and the dentists, Messrs. Shaw and Swanton, gave as reasons why they granted it that "there was too much quackery"—and that the dentists had large petitions, while the opposition had but few, and made none any objections. The latter is about true, as the only remonstrance was sent in by myself from Bath, while the dentists sent in petitions from the various towns in which they lived. The results show that the dentists were organized, and evidently had the doctors for their "band."

Here we have the example of how the doctors have prepared the way to try and spring a doctors' registration upon the next Legislature. First, dentistry was a part of the doctors' and surgeons' work; then it was taken from them by the "quacks" and inventors who made it a distinct profession, and now it is back upon the doctors' rule again. Next they will say to the Legislature: "You have given the dentists a law, why not give the doctors one?" and they will get it, unless there is an organization formed now to remonstrate.

I would advise that every irregular doctor and doctor sign a remonstrance petition, or send their names to me, and authorize me to copy them on my petition—of over eleven hundred names now. Then each one have a petition of their own, and if they only get and sign a weak one, they will have a number of names on each petition, all which will make a formidable remonstrance when combined together. Any person who will send me authority to sign his or her name on mine, can do so by postal card, as mine is a general petition, with names from all over the State of Maine, and will be kept, and a copy sworn to before a justice sent in to each Legislature, so that the hurry of working up one each time will be avoided. And as we are now on our way every day and the old ones are unchanged in their opinion, it is always up to date and ready for service.

109 Front street, Bath, Me. DOCTOR ROUSE.

(*It appears that this bill, even after being obtained, does not quiet the souls of the "Regular" dentists. The *Levee* (Me.) *Journal* thinks the State Dental Registration law, which was passed last year, is a long, hard campaign, is not amounting to much after all. The examining board has registered at its meetings three hundred and four dentists whose names have been filed with the Secretary State for record. Of these, three hundred and three registered upon their affidavit of previous practice, claiming the right under this law to continue in Maine. One, only, was added to the list after having passed an examination. "About fifty of these persons," says the secretary of the board, "are not in regular practice, but have merely complied with the law." Terrible in the extreme!)

Novelties in China Chocolate Cups and Saucers.

We have recently landed, direct from the Royal Worcester Porcelain Company, new models and decorations of Chocolate Cups and Saucers. Also COCOA POTS from Doulton, Wedgwood, Dresden and Haviland (seen on the Main Floor).

Sold in separate pieces, in dozens or in sets, with porcelain Tray. Novelties in Bonillon Cups and Saucers from Minton's, Royal Worcester and Doulton. (Main Floor).

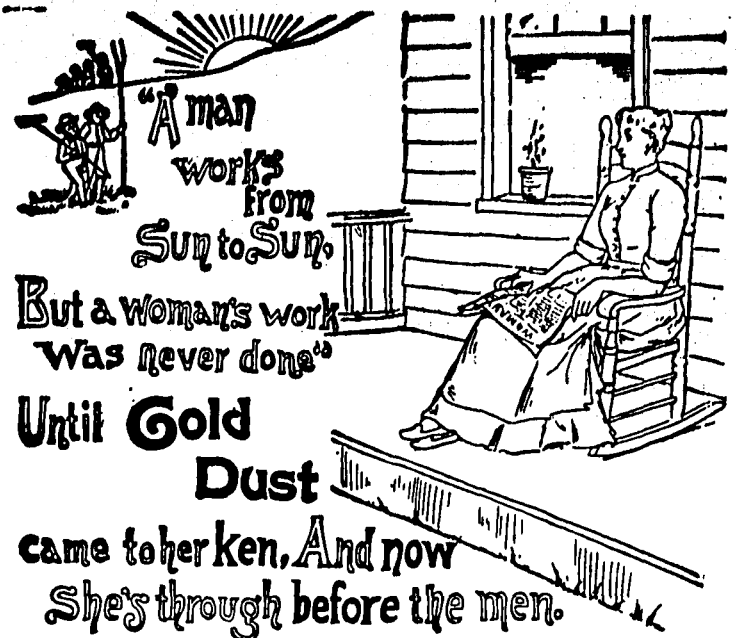
We have also new and attractive China Bureau Sets, consisting of Brush and Comb Tray, Odor Bottles, Trinket Stand, Powder Box and Ring Stand. New shapes, handsomely decorated. (Seen on Main Floor).

New China Engagement Cups and Saucers, just landed, of novel designs; never before seen in this country. (May be seen on third floor. Take the Lift).

In the Dinner-Set Hall will be seen an extensive display of new models and decorations; also the old standard patterns. SERVICES COMPLETE. Also COURSE SETS.

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To Correspondents.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return canceled articles.

C. W. H. NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—Better maintain silence for the present.

J. S. G. WASHINGTON, D. C.—We are unable to give you the data you desire. As far as our remembrance extends Dr. Henry Slade was one of the first—if not the first—mediums to bring this phase into public notice. The best method of obtaining a knowledge as to whether one has gifts in the direction of independent slate-writing would be, we think, to begin sittings with perhaps a friend or two, in private, and continue them till the development sought is—if possible—obtained.

Heavy Purchase of Tin Plate. Among the recent heavy purchasers of tin-plate is the firm of J. L. Prescott & Co. of North Berwick, Me. The manufacturers of the popular modern stove polish called Enameline. This firm is, we are informed, now using two tons of tin-plate per day, their last purchase amounting to \$35,000.00, and such is the demand for their goods they are unable to keep the market supplied, although their works are running to their fullest capacity.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at 46 Avenue B, Vick Park, Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 2.

A. J. Davis, in his office, 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday. Treatment of new cases by mail discontinued. Jan. 2.

J. J. Morse, 80 Needham Road, Kensington, Liverpool, will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the *Universal Postal Union*. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 for six months.

James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London, Eng., is agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keeps for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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COLLEGE SONGS. The greatest compilation ever made. Over 200,000 copies already sold. All the popular songs; over 100 in number. LATEST EDITION REVISED TO DATE.

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American Song and Chorus Book. 68 of the best American songs, each with a ringing chorus, 216 pages.

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OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, 423-463 Washington Street, Boston.

C. E. DITSON & CO., 867 Broadway, N. Y. Jan. 16.

FULL AND COMPREHENSIVE INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO MEMORIZE. Ancient and Modern Miracles by Memorism. Also, IS SPIRITUALISM TRUE? By PROF. J. W. OADWELL, for thirty-five years the most successful Mesmerist in America. Ancient and modern miracles are explained by Mesmerism, and the book will be found highly interesting to every Spiritualist.

It is the only work ever published giving full instructions how to memorize, and the connection this science has with Spiritualism.

This edition also contains Prof. Oadwell's Modern Spiritualism, a Belief in the Bible, and makes a book of 22 pages, paper covers. Price 50 cents.

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Healing Medium, Magnetic, Botanic, Clairvoyant, &c.,

WILL mail this Treatment of Diagnosis, Prescriptions of needed advice and remedies, Magnetic Healing Papers, &c. to correspondents. Letter Correspondence, upon receipt of a lock the patient's hair or recent writing, statement of sex, age, full name, residence, description of illness, \$1.00 for a trial, or \$2.00 for a full course. Fuller services are required. Letter Address, P. O. Box 909, Lewiston, Maine. Dec. 19.

AGENTS WANTED FOR Dr. Stansbury's Specific Remedies. Send for Circulars. Testimonials. Terms. To DORNBURG & WASHBURN, Olmstedville, N. Y. For sale by COLBY & RICH. Jan. 2.

TO LET. A Large Front Room in Banner of Light Building, admirably arranged for Physician or Medium. For particulars and terms, apply at Bookstore No. 9 Bowdoin street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 17.

School of Sensitives. "WHITE STAR" Developing and instruction at a distance. Letters asking for advice upon Mediumship must contain 28 cents. Psychometric Readings \$2.00. Sittings, Reading and Developing at the Rooms. Mediums: Mrs. F. B. WYCKOFF and Dr. FRED BROCKBROOK. SAMUEL BAKER PRATT, Director, 161 W. Brookline st., Boston, Mass. Jan. 16.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Towne, MAGNETIC Mind and Massage Treatments, also remedial treatments. New location at Hotel Aldrich, 107 Broadway, Boston. Hours 10 to 1. May 9.

MR. CARLYLE PETERSILEA will give six readings from his books, "THE DISCOVERED COUNTRY," and "OCEANIDES," a Psychological Novel, combined with Piano and Vocal selections of a high character, introducing at the same time explanatory remarks regarding the music and its most salient points. Terms satisfactory. Please address: CARLYLE PETERSILEA'S MUSIC SCHOOL, 62 Boylston street, Boston, Mass. Jan. 16.

ASTROLOGY.—Would You Know the Future? Accurate descriptions, important changes, and advice free. Send date and hour of birth, with stamp. No callers. P. O. Box 7031, 67 Revere street, Boston. Jan. 16.

LOVE FOR LIQUOR CURED.—Secret Free. Address A. WILLIS, Parkville, L. I., N. Y. Dec. 28.

MRS. B. F. SMITH, TRANCE MEDIUM, holds sittings daily, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, at Vernon Cottage, Crescent Beach, Revere, Mass. Terms, \$1.00. Hours, from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Oct. 17.

ASTHMA CURED. Dr. TAFT'S ASTHMA CURE. THE DR. TAFT BROS. CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y. Jan. 16

Message Department.

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

Of each week Spiritual Meetings will be held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment, free to the public, commencing at 8 o'clock P. M. J. A. Shelhamer, Chairman.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS, AND THE GIVING OF SPIRIT MESSAGES, will occur on the same day, and the results be consecutively published in this Department of THE BANNER.

At these Spiritual Meetings of Mrs. M. T. Longley, occupy the platform for the purpose of answering questions propounded by inquirers, having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor. Questions forwarded to this office by mail, or through the chairman, will be presented to the presiding spirit for consideration.

Mrs. Longley, under the influence of her guides, also gives exhortations, and sends messages to the relatives and friends in the earth-life an opportunity to do so.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate the spirit's carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from this mundane sphere into the otherworldly condition, eventually progress to the state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that do not comport with the teachings of the Bible. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest desire that those who recognize the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us of the facts for publication.

Natural flowers are fully appreciated by our angel visitors, therefore we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality a gift of such nature. Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to:

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Seance held Nov. 10th, 1891.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Supreme Ruler of the universe, thou God of nations, thou Spirit of all life, we approach thee this hour bearing our aspirations and our songs of praise. We lift up our hearts before thee, for we are thy children, and we desire to imbibe the atmosphere of thy tender love and of thy divine truth. May we feel, pulsating within our very lives, something of thy great power, and gain a comprehension of thine activity and animation. May the consciousness of thy presence be with us, in filling our souls with new light and understanding of eternal truth.

We recognize thee as the Eternal Parent of all existence, the Father and the Motherhood from whom we have sprung, from whom we draw vitality, and unto whom we shall return. We realize, Father and Mother, that thou hast drawn our life and activity from thee, so must we have in a measure partaken of thine indwelling and of thy divine existence. Would that we were empowered to send forth through external manifestations, evidences of thy divinity, which belongs to us as thy children; would that we in our daily walk and conduct, were able to manifest our aspirations, were enabled to manifest our relationship to thee by sending forth high and holy influences and by doing good at every step. Father and Mother, we earnestly desire advancement, may progress onward through experience because of discipline, and that, although we may fail and make mistakes, still may we have through thy grace, and thy loving-kindness, to become more like the angels and to do that work which thou hast assigned him, manifest more and more of heavenly attributes and unfold higher and higher spiritual qualities from year to year.

We ask that at this hour we may come into conscious communion with blessed beings from the higher life. May we receive from them the inspiration and the aid of their sympathies that shall be to our souls like the warm sunlight to the budding flowers of earth-life; may we gather from these celestial visitants wisdom and inspiration, and a stimulus to our own effort that shall be like rain to the thirsty earth on a heated day; and may we also send forth from the depths of our own souls, as they are quickened by the influence and aid of the angels, a gentle influence and a quiet atmosphere of welcome and cheer which shall be of use to them in their good work for mutual helpfulness. We ask that in thine own good time all the seeds that are sown in our hearts and earth may germinate, grow and unfold in beauty for the blessing of the race.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now attend to your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—(By Mrs. C., in the audience.) Are there not bands of spirits on the spiritual side of life who are engaged in reformatory work, and who are named as the "wonderful plane"? How can I, who am also engaged in this work, attract the attention of those bands, so that they may aid me in my work for woman? Is it probable that I do receive such aid though not cognizant of it?

A.—There are hosts of spiritual intelligences, pure-minded and exalted in character, who are laboring earnestly for the amelioration of human woe and suffering, for the freedom of man from the bonds and shackles of servitude and ignorance. These spiritual intelligences generate a magnetic aura of a high quality, which is sent out from their lives in an influence of helpfulness toward humanity. This atmosphere of helpfulness and beauty reaches down into earthly existence, and wherever it can, makes an entrance into mortal homes, mingling with the atmosphere of individuals on earth, and performing a certain work.

Some of earth's children receiving this magnetic strength are stimulated in their efforts to be of kindly use to the world, and others are personally benefited by having their interior qualities strengthened through its reception, and are thereby enabled to make greater effort to rise above the environments of earthly life and experience, which may have dragged them down into degradation or fastened upon their souls the chains of ignorance, error and folly. In many other ways are earth's people benefited by the high influence of spirit-intelligences who are working for the reformation of society and the regeneration of unhappy spirits and minds that are held in bondage.

There can be no individual on earth who feels the crying need of humanity for more light, more freedom, more justice, and who, through this sense of what is demanded, sends out a sincere desire and makes an earnest endeavor to help the unfortunate and to befriend the needy, but that attracts to himself or herself such intelligences from the higher life as those of whom we speak.

Certainly there are bands of spirits who are working for the advancement of mankind, who have in mind reformatory measures calculated to benefit or to uplift humanity, and who exercise every power and every energy of their beings toward the one great end of seeing these reforms adopted on earth. Such spirits undoubtedly find their strength to do work in contact with physical life through such individuals as our questioner who is present, and who seeks to be of use to her kind; and certainly such an aspirational, earnest soul on earth will attract to herself influences from above who will bring assistance and encouragement, even though this fact may not be understood in the mortal life.

The time, no doubt, will come when these intelligences who work unselfishly for mankind will find better conditions for making their power known on earth than they have to-day. They will, perhaps, be able to send their instrumentalities here greater evidences of their work and mission to mankind; but, none the less, our friends in the present day may know that all the great and good souls who have lived upon this planet, sending an influence abroad for high and noble labor in behalf of humanity, though they have passed to spirit-spheres, still work on in the same cause, still hear and respond to the cry of the suffering heart, and to the cry of the oppressed, and may be to the world as a benediction, crowding though she may be by external persecutions and oppressions, it matters not. Wherever a soul is cramped and denied the opportunity and privilege of expanding its higher qualities, the cry goes forth from such a soul will be heard and answered by spiritual presences, who will at all times do their best to bring enlightenment and good cheer.

Q.—(By J. M. K.) A medium is partially controlled, and what is said by her comes through impression only. How much can it be relied upon?

A.—A medium of this class may be highly sensitive and so acted upon by unseen intelligences as to receive at first hand information from the spirit-world through what is called impression, this being the transmission of thought from the spirit-attendant to the medium sensitive; and if the medium is sufficiently negative or susceptible to the spirit-attendant as to remain passive in his hands, thought and will to the world to reflect his thought and to give to the world the reflection of a stream of water that is ruffled will not clearly reflect the shadow of whatever is cast upon it from the bank; but a stream of water that is calm and placid will clearly reflect the shadow, and give to those who gaze upon

it a knowledge of what that image is. So a medium whose mind is passive and in what we call a negative state, will be able to distinctly reflect the thought or impression of the spirit standing by her side as he casts that thought or impression upon her mind; but if the medium is mentally disturbed and troubled about many things, then will her mind become so flurried that the impression cast upon it by the spirit-attendant will be broken, uncertain in its appearance, and not easily discerned by either the medium or friend who may come to her for instruction.

One can best judge of these things, Mr. Chairman, by close observation and experience. If your correspondent finds that these strong impressions which come to her are largely correct, then has she every reason to place reliance upon them; but if, on the other hand, she finds them uncertain and unsatisfactory, then she may know that it is necessary for her to cultivate a more passive condition, to put aside all disturbing thoughts, and to remain as negative as she possibly can, in order that her spirit guides may do their best work with her organism.

Controlling Spirit, for Mrs. Fanny Conant.

Before we make way for personal intelligences to take control of our medium this afternoon we wish to say that our co-worker, Mrs. Fanny Conant, stands with us upon the platform to-day, and desires us to give her warm love and greeting to her Shaker friend who is present. She also bids us say in her name: "Sister Carrie, I have many times thought of you with tender affection, and have looked back to the past to our close association and the sympathy that existed between us, and to me they are as fresh as yesterday. From my home in the spirit-land I stretch out my hands in greeting to you, assuring you always of my continued regard; and when you join me in the higher life, you will look back as I do with rejoicing, knowing that our experience and association have cemented the ties of friendship and sisterly love between us that can never be severed. I am so glad you have come among us again to bring your influence and good cheer to this our home, for we can make use of it in our work, and I trust bring to you a blessing in return."

The same good spirit desires us to give her greeting and love to all her associates and friends of earth, that they may know she still lives and cares for them, that her work is enlarging year by year in the spirit-world, connected as it is with this life and with the life beyond in bringing spirit-intelligences into communion with the intelligences of earth. She finds a high reward in her effort in the satisfaction that comes to her from the knowledge that tears are dried and human hearts made glad by this grand reunion with each other that she, as a humble instrument, has been able to afford to human souls.

Graham H. Chapin.

[To the Chairman:] I give you greeting, sir. (Good afternoon.) I would like to give greeting to all the world, for in coming to this place from the great spirit-world, a sense of the responsibility of life settles upon me. I think of the grand thing it is to know one's self to be an immortal spirit, to realize that one has passed through death and still finds himself a living man, and that one can step into a spiritual kingdom and there behold evidences of life on every hand that seem indestructible and eternal.

This world that I now inhabit presents its forms to me that are, I am assured, aged old; and what is more, it presents human beings to me that I know have lived centuries and gained wisdom and experience. So I say, it seems a solemn thing to me to realize that I am an immortal being, and to know that death is merely a sign of the brain to frighten children with, as it is understood, but as it is in its completeness, it is a beautiful process of nature through which man throws off that which is old and burdensome to gain that which is desirable and full of vital strength.

[To the Chairman:] I come, sir, because I would like to reach those who have known me, or know of me in Rochester, N. Y., as well as in other places of the great Empire State. I feel it a duty to present myself, and through some public channel declare that I am not dead and never have been.

In times past I was, in a measure, prominent in my circle and among my townsmen. I do not speak of it because of any gratification it gives me to do so, but merely to announce that I have been well known, and I would like to be known now as one who lives and breathes and has a being in the spirit-world, and that I never be quenched, but that seems to unfold more and more under the light of the heavenly sun.

My friend Holly desires to extend his greetings with mine, and to assure our friends that we are cognizant of many things that take place in this world of matter. Changes have occurred in the family life and social relations, as well as in business circles, since we ascended to the other world, but we have not been denied all knowledge of these. Certain interests and ties are of mutual thought to us, and we send out a greeting from the spirit-world that all friends may know we are as brothers there.

I give you my name as Graham H. Chapin.

David R. Leach.

Years have gone by since I lived in the physical form. More than thirteen, I think, have rolled away from the summons came to me, but I believe that I am still remembered in the interest in the spirit-world and in inhabitants if I come here and say a few words.

I was known in North Londonderry, N. H., and near by, and I wish to be known there still. I took an interest in my fellow-men, and tried to show that in the disposition of my effects when I passed from the body. I wanted the young to read and to grow mentally, to learn and to gain freedom of thought, and I also wanted others to gain strength of mind and body; and so I thought over what I had best do with my affairs. Well, I would like to the best of my judgment, and I do not know as I would do any different now. I feel satisfied with things on this mortal side, and I am quite satisfied with things in the spirit-world. It is possible there for one to take a firm grip on the things which he has, and swing himself by earnest effort into things that are better and which he has not, and so he can make his way from point to point, all the time growing into brighter conditions which are helpful to mankind.

I give greeting to those who have known me. I would like them to understand that the gates of the eternal world are wide open, and that all sorts and kinds of human beings can come back from the spirit-life to make themselves felt or heard on earth. I am only one of the great number that come, and I count myself well off in being able to speak in this way to-day.

[To the Chairman:] Call me, sir, David R. Leach.

Nancy B. Bates.

I am told that I may come, and I am happy to do so, because I wish to have my friends know that I am well and strong now. I have got rid of the complications and the pains that were a burden, and in the spirit-world I feel capable of taking hold of large interests and making them my own.

I want my friends to feel that it was so much better for me to go when I did, because I could not get well, and it was best that I should be free from a troublesome body. There are many things connected with earth-life that, if I could have been strong and well here, I might have enjoyed taking up and caring for; but I feel it is all well, and I have no desire to come back and go through the experiences of earth again.

I send my love to all, and tell them that I believe we shall meet on the spirit-shore, where there are no misunderstandings and all things are made plain. My father wishes also to send his love to the friends from the spirit-world, and have people understand that he is all situated and doing a work in which he is interested, and which is a help to himself as well as to others.

I lived in North Weymouth, although I did

not pass away from my home. It was in the summer time when I went, and it was beautiful summer when I opened my eyes in the spirit-world, not heated, not debilitating, but calm and serene. I am Nancy B. Bates.

Thomas Smith.

My name is Thomas Smith, and in earth-life my home was in North Weymouth, Mass. So long a time has gone by since I lived on earth that I have no right, I suppose, to claim a residence here; but then I like to hold on to the old places and the old associations in a certain way, because it gives me a kind of strength that is good for me.

I had many things to learn after I went out of the body—things about the spiritual nature of man and the immortal life which he finds in the spirit-world. I had to learn all the realities of the spirit, and in coming into association with friends on that other side who had outgrown their false notions of God and of human life and destiny, I found some of the rough corners knocked off, and I began to be polished up in my opinion of life and its laws. So I come back a little different from what I would just after going out of the body, because I see things in another light.

I find that man's salvation rests with himself, and that he must help himself, and the Supreme Spirit, as I come to understand it, the Lord cannot do everything for him. He must do everything for himself, make effort, and if he fails to do so, he must go on to do something that is good and that will show he is really a human being worthy of attention; and when he keeps on and on in trying, not now and then, but all the time to do well, he grows into that state where it gets to be a second nature with him to do well, and the first thing he knows he is saved from unhappiness and has worked out his own salvation. I tell my friends to look to themselves, to be careful what they think and how they act, because it all has an effect upon the spirit, and no outside being, not even God, can save them from the consequences of their own doings.

Yes, I have been learning many things, and I like it. I like this coming in contact with live people. I do not find any dry bones or dead beings over there, no sepulchres, nothing that speaks of the charnel-house, but all life and activity, and that is something, I tell you, worth thinking about and worth appreciating. I would like to come back to talk quietly with some who are on the mortal side, that I might give them some light on these things, and perhaps I will after a while.

[To the Chairman:] I am much obliged for this privilege.

Robert N. Gere.

[To the Chairman:] Will you be kind enough, sir, to announce me through your journal as Robert N. Gere, of North Weymouth, Mass.

I feel that I have a hold on that city, for my life was vitally connected with it, not so much perhaps through public offices, although I had an experience in that line in the Assembly, but particularly through the manufacturing interests, the business world; and, as a man of energy and positive convictions, I have not let go of all the interests that held me when in the physical body. I do not mean to say that I have left the town so that I hold me down and prevent me from doing my life's work, but I am around me, but I mean that I have a regard for them, that I like to know how things are moving, how the world generally is getting along, and what is the next movement to be made. In that way, sir, I keep along with the times and understand just what is taking place.

I cannot do that all the time, because there are seasons when I seem to be shut out from the material side, as if a curtain were lowered and I could not see it, and I cannot see clearly; then it rises and I can see it, and I see what my friends are doing, and what those to whom I am specially attracted in social ways are about. So I seem to have a hold on two worlds, and it gratifies me to be able to come here to-day, and to send to my Syracuse friends my hearty greeting and my earnest word that life is significant, that it means much to mankind, and that, in the language of the poet, it is real and earnest, and the grave is not its goal.

My death seems to me to be only an incident in the experience of man, one that is quickly passed, and the memory of which remains with him as a sort of landmark by which he may know how far he has gone over the road of experience.

I have many things which I might unfold to my friends if I could come into personal communication with them—things which I would not speak of in public, for they belong to me and my own experience as a spirit.

Some things which I encountered on earth, some of my career, my desires, my change if I could come back and take up the old life, and I think every intelligent person would say the same thing. We all make mistakes, we all do things that later on when we look at them we think we might have done better or in a more finished way.

I am gaining my discipline and experience on the spirit-side, and the knowledge that I acquired here has been good for me there, for I have learned to be more clear-headed, and my friends to know this. I wish they would come together and hold a circle for spirit-communication, giving their friends (and there are many of them besides myself who are just beyond the veil) an opportunity to come and express themselves in such ways as may be of advantage to us all.

Muriel Clark.

I have come a long way, from the western part of the country, but to me it is not far, for, as a spirit, I have traveled long distances trying to help to do good, and I have been my mission to take care of the magnetic forces and carry them from place to place in a particular line of labor for suffering individuals, and so I do not mind coming so far, only I have come many times and tried to speak through your medium, but have not succeeded. I have a medium to whom I come with my work and my messages, and she has said to me a number of times, "Muriel, why do you not go to the Banner Circles and send me a little word of comfort and help? You are clearly long and trying to do your work, and that of the band, and sometimes I would like a word of encouragement or of remembrance from our good spirit-friends through some other medium than myself." I have tried to come, but could not get near enough to give any thought to your medium. I am pleased to do so to-day.

My name is Muriel Clark, but my medium will not recognize me by my name but that of Muriel, because she has not been told what other names she has, and she is clear-headed and attracted because in her organism were elements and powers which I could use for work in behalf of humanity. I want to say to her to-day, we do appreciate your efforts, and we are very thankful to you for the sacrifices you have made in the past because of your mediumship and your angel-friends. We know that you have laid aside personal plans and associations that could not be followed at the same time that your mediumship was exercised; and so you have chosen us and our work, and given up that which might have been more advantageous in a worldly sense.

We give you our love and our sympathy. I think you will say that we have kept our promise to you, and led you out of the shadowy places into the sunlight of peace. To-day I say, Do not be cast down. Even if you cannot hear from your friends through other channels, which I think we are doing, doing our work, and recognizing your fidelity to the Cause and to your angel-friends.

Your mother wishes me to send her love, and to assure you of her unchanging watchfulness and care. She has been with you from the first, and will be at all times, to give you strength and rest.

Sometimes when you see me with the star upon my forehead, you may know that it is the sign which I have given to you, and which, while you can see it, will be a token that our promise shall never fail.

I told my medium that I might not be able to give her through this strange organism what she desires, but she said: "Go and speak what you can, if it is only a word with your name, and I will understand." I think she will fully know.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Nov. 13.—Col. George S. Mann; W. W. Kinglety; George

U. Williams; L. L. Leitch; Joseph Douglass; Mattie Goodwin.

Messages here noticed as having been given will appear in due course according to routine date.

Jan. 1.—C. O. Boutelle; Henry Heyworth; Julia Walker; Violet Baker; G. H. Hamilton; Charles Dudley; Ann, 6 o'clock; A. M. Merrill; Mary, Ann, 7 o'clock; J. H. Smith; Samuel Gorman; Caroline Gorman; Jennie Means; George D. Dams.

The Spiritual Postscript.

ADDRESS OF JACOB EDSON

Before the Veterans Spiritualists' Union, of Boston, Jan. 5th, 1892.

Mr. President and Fellow-Veterans:

We are growing old—some of us are ready to bloom in eternal youth. The change called Death is inevitable; it is the going-home time of life, to meet our Father, the principle of eternal life unfolding in our friends. Upon this and kindred subjects I have a few words to say.

1st. In regard to death, burial and the necessary funeral services involved. Shall it be our funeral, or shall it be the funeral of our relatives? If it is to be our funeral, we should direct, determine and control the same while we live in the form. If we are not careful and pronounced in this matter, we may be served by the literal clergy as so many of our spiritual friends have been—be buried in the lifeless theology, the dogmatic rubbish of the dead past—and our belief, faith and hope—our knowledge—which we hold sacred, completely ignored.

We would not unnecessarily condemn the mother who bore us—the church that gave us religious birth—but we were born blind, and have had our eyes and ears opened. We now see men as trees walking in the paths their fathers did in the old dispensation of death unto death. Ours is the new, the eternal, the universal religion of life unto higher and still higher life. It fits and fills every conceivable condition; leaves no one out of our Father's house, and must eventually satisfy all the innate longings of the human soul. I have given some time and thought to this matter of funeral, and have engaged Brother Storer to serve me, and have signed what I would like to have him do. I thought at that time and still think it was the proper thing, and that you may go and do likewise, or better, I submit a copy of my doings for your consideration.

AGREEMENT OF DR. STORER WITH JACOB EDSON.

Received, Nov. 7th, 1891, of Mr. Jacob Edson, three dollars and fifty cents, as a retaining fee, in consideration of an agreement hereby made, that I will, unless prevented by sickness or other unavoidable circumstances, conduct the funeral services on the occasion of his demise; and that I will, if possible, secure as my assistant either Mrs. H. S. Lake, Mrs. Sarah A. Hyman, or Mrs. R. S. Little; it being understood that the compensation paid to each speaker shall be ten dollars, and incidental traveling expenses. I also agree to make known his positive injunction that no clergyman who believes in total depravity, vicarious atonement, or teaches that any human soul will be eternally damned, shall take part in said funeral services.

DR. H. B. STORER.

406 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Mr. President, we are not only growing old, but badly scattered, so to speak, over the world. Many of us veterans are so conditioned that we cannot get a spiritually-minded Spiritualist to serve at our funeral. We want our belief, faith, hope and love respectfully referred to in an intelligent and satisfactory manner, and need a proper burial service for that purpose. I know of no service for Spiritualists that is perfectly satisfactory, but I do know parties who can write one which will be.

Our President, Dr. Storer, and Mrs. H. S. Lake, are gifted in such matters; have had large experience in attending funerals, are very gracious, good and true, in all things pertaining thereto; they can do the thing right. I suggest that they be invited to prepare such service for our publication and use.

I am closely connected with this subject of death and burial (which are as sure to come as high tide, full moon, and the payment of taxes), in the matter of wills, settling estates, etc. I have had some experience, which I will give in brief. About twenty years ago I made a will. An eminent lawyer, a judge in one of our courts, wrote it for me. I lived under this will some sixteen years, supposing everything was all right. The judge presumed I knew something; he had no business, in the matter of death, to presume, suppose, or take anything for granted. The Massachusetts law requires three witnesses. I had but two. In the eye of the law, the instrument, drawn with so much care, was no will at all. It is better to execute our own will than to have one made for us; what are called mistakes, inadvertencies, will occur in the best of families. Even so eminent a lawyer as Samuel J. Tilden rendered his own will invalid by inadvertence in not complying with the exact provisions of the State law, and his matured purpose was defeated by his own oversight or neglect. But supposing that instead of I I had had three witnesses; the will would have been and perhaps would have been broken, because I had given my wife, with slight exceptions, all my property. The judge who wrote the will demurred in writing it; he had never written a will in that manner before. It is a clear case; that will was not to be. My wife and her people are professional Christians, hard-shelled Baptists, lights in the literal church, under man-made laws, with a good deal of sanctimonious and wrathful religion. The will, however, was not broken. We recognize an overruling, a controlling Providence in this matter. Almost any Christian court or jury would have said I was simple, weak-minded, or in my dotage, perhaps insane. I had done by my wife, without her knowledge, as I should have liked her to have done by me.

At present we have a will properly signed; we rest contented under it, because there is so little property involved that contesting is impracticable. No lawyer can be found to make it pay the necessary expense involved in breaking it. The proper thing for us veteran Spiritualists to do is to settle our estates while we live, and avoid probate court, contentions, false swearing and strife. We should clean up all our property matters in a straightforward, honorable and satisfactory manner, while we live here on earth.

In my conclusion, I will call your attention to the Veterans Spiritualists' Union, its general purposes, and its special relief fund, where you can pay in your money, to be paid out to whom, when, and as you desire, and feel sure that your will will be executed. This association, with the United States mail at its service, can operate the most distant towns in our country as easily and with as little trouble as the nearest precincts at home. There is hardly a member in our ranks who has not a friend in need whom they could help if so disposed; and very many members, wealthy veterans and friends, who could, with little thought, do for them enough of the real gift of goodness known as virtue, make this wilderness of a world bud, blossom and fruit in souls ripe for the Summer Land. I would like, if it was the proper thing to do, to use truths in this regard as skilled gardeners in the garden of the gods use sharp knives to cut the bark of hide-bound shrubs and give souls, human souls, new stinging, selfish and dishonest, a chance to grow. We have the poor, the sick and the afflicted with us. If we will, we may do them good. We have a home not made with hands eternal in the heavens; but to get there we must cooperate with Nationalists, good men and angels in these earthly matters, such as the Veterans' Home, and other practical things that await our doing.

The desired plan for our proposed Veterans' Home, notwithstanding the very low price it can be bought for, still remains unsold. It may be providential; I trust that it is. There may be, for all we know, spiritual syndicates form-

ing each side of life, to cooperate, buy and care for the same.

There are some encouraging facts in this matter worthy of note; incentives to action are continually coming to the surface, promising a more wholesome, more dignified, more efficient institution. We understand the law of the State and the practice of the city allow all truly benevolent corporations to go "nontoxic" so far as water rates and taxes are concerned. We understand this is not only applied to the estate, fitted and furnished in running order (which would involve about ten thousand dollars), but also to the funds invested to support the same, thirty thousand in all.

When we consider the fact that taxes are high and income small, we appreciate the great advantage our benevolent corporation has over individual enterprise in these matters. Cooperation is coming to the front, it is continually meeting with more and still more favor in humanitarian work. Shall we avail ourselves, shall we accept and utilize this advantage?

As Sister Lake says: "If there is a perfect Providence that superintends and overrules all things for good, we are individual parts of that Providence, and should be up and doing, cooperating with a will." I have been converted from my non-resistant doctrines. Now I will neither fight nor run; I will be heard; I will resist evil; I will contend for the good of the heathen as well as the Christian world; I will not budge; I will stand for the right in the last ditch if need be, as I am guided by the spirit of truth to do.

Happiness, satisfactory contentment, spiritual fruitfulness, and universal thanksgiving, that lasts all the year round, are the unfoldment of enlightening ideas, the salvation of the world—and demonstrate the fact that life is worth living, that "he who feels another's woe has something here of heaven."

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.

Among the messages that are published in the BANNER OF LIGHT of Dec. 5th is one so striking, carrying internal conviction of its genuineness to every one who has been acquainted with the facts, that I only wonder it has not been verified before. Forty-three years ago, when I first came to Cincinnati, the name of NICHOLAS LONGWORTH was familiar to every one. From a small beginning he had acquired great wealth, as he states in his message. In justice to his memory, it must be acknowledged that all the riches were the fruits of honorable and legitimate dealing, and his growing wealth was in accordance and kept pace with the growth of the city. He was not a philanthropist in the strict sense of the word, but was always ready to assist those who were able and willing to improve their condition. His own words in the message on this point are: "I mean by what I say to make your means help others to help themselves."

That part of the message which refers to the noble endeavors of his daughter in making use of her wealth, I hope may be verified by some one better acquainted with the facts than I am, having been absent from Cincinnati since 1852. There can be no doubt the name of NICHOLAS LONGWORTH fills a bright page in the history of Cincinnati.

H. R. H.

ELIZABETH PERKINS-SARAH M. HATCH.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler of this city requests me to verify messages in the BANNER OF LIGHT from ELIZABETH PERKINS and SARAH M. HATCH. Both of these ladies have been in the spirit-life over thirty years. Sarah Hatch, as she says in her message, was injured by machinery. Mrs. Tyler, who verifies these messages as true in every particular, is an excellent lady, and one of our first Spiritualists. We feel it is a duty we owe the spirit world as well as the faithful mediums to verify these beautiful and convincing messages given at the Banner Circle-Room—an open doorway for our dear spirit-friends to return and proclaim the glad tidings of immortal life, and to assure us of their power and desire to guide and bless us through the journey of life.

Yours for the truth, Dr. H. F. MERRILL.

Augusta, Me., Dec. 26th, 1891.

"SUNLIGHT."

Please convey my heartfelt thanks to the kind friends who sent me THE BANNER OF NOV. 28th, containing "SUNLIGHT'S" message to me. Sickness has prevented my earlier acknowledgment. The message was very gratifying, and a source of great comfort to me. I recognize the message in every particular, and look forward with trusting confidence to a fulfillment of "Sunlight's" promises. Please thank the medium also for the comforting message.

MARGARET JANE LAVERY.

Northampton, Mass., Dec. 8th, 1891.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.
A NARRATIVE IN TWO PARTS.

BY A. H. NICHOLAS.

PART FIRST.

In the autumn of 1849 there came news to my native village in Indiana that they had spirit-rappings in a county twenty miles away, and that the living could communicate with the dead. We had heard wonderful things about spirits in the Eastern States, but our wise folks said it was all a fraud and delusion. However, a few enterprising persons went to the place where it was said spirits were making known their presence, to ascertain what they could of the matter, and returned and reported that it was true—that they had heard the rappings, seen the table tiltings, and actually conversed with their dead relations.

The spirits were asked to give the names of mediums in our town, and there amid strangers a few familiar names were spelled out—names that no one was thinking of. First among the number was that of my sister. She was then sixteen years old, and a member of the Methodist Church. The news spread around, and many people came to our home in hope of investigating the new philosophy, but my sister declined to be a medium, for the preacher had warned her against having anything to do with Spiritualism; accordingly she never did, and was ever after prejudiced against it. This preacher told my sister it was a dangerous doctrine, one that would lead to ruin, which she did not dare to question. In those days the authority and power of a clergyman were supreme. A grand career of usefulness and achievement in a great cause would have opened to my sister had she yielded to the solicitations of others to exercise her spiritual gifts.

Communication was opened with the spirits at other houses by rappings, table-tiltings, etc. There was some excitement, and it was the chief topic of conversation until it became unpopular, and it was regarded disgraceful to engage in the investigation. Preachers denounced Spiritualism, and admonished their adherents to stay away from spirit-circles. To assert one's independence in thought and action was to invite ostracism or persecution. One old man preached against it, but privately sought admission to spirit-circles, where it was reported his cane walked alone and danced on the floor. His explanation was, "There is some wonderful power behind these manifestations, but it may be the devil."

For several months there was much talk about spirit-rappings and messages, but finally the interest seemed to subside, and for many years I heard very little on the subject. The few glimpses I had of Spiritualism along the journey of life did not make any important impression on my mind until I learned its philosophy. The fact is, I did not know there was any philosophy or religion connected with it; but had I known of it in my earlier years, doubtless it would have given the best labors of my life to the cause. I now look back and wonder how it was possible fifty years of my life passed and I did not know of the knowledge embraced in Spiritualism, escaped my attention. Yet there are thousands of people in this country who have for a longer term of life been, and still are, ignorant of its truths. Millions of human hearts, dreading death and an uncertain future, are hungrily waiting for this gospel of light and hope. Yet the human mind is not properly receptive to the newly-revealed and beautiful truths of the Spiritual Philosophy until it has been cleared of the superstitions and time-worn creeds of the past.

I was one of the persons who learned but little and cared less for a knowledge of Spiritualism, chiefly because I had no idea of its use and value to the world, and partly because of prejudice.

In the course of time my father died, and after I had settled up the estate I went to western Iowa, near Council Bluffs, where I had land. There I lived seven years, and experienced some hard times. I removed from there, and after a tour through California and Texas, settled in eastern Kansas, near Fort Scott. During my residence there I learned of the existence of relatives I had never seen near Leavenworth, and went to visit them. I soon learned they were Spiritualists, and had a medium in the family, a girl fifteen years old, who, entranced, was controlled by some wonderful intelligence, who spoke to us and imparted ideas far above the comprehension of the medium. From what I learned and witnessed there, I was convinced of the fact that we all live beyond the death of the body, and retain our identity, individuality and character; also that spirits can return and communicate to mortals through mediums.

These were to me new and valuable facts; but there was much I did not know—much to learn; and while pondering on these matters several questions arose in my mind: Could the spirit mediums tell me about the other life and how best to prepare for it? Must I believe what theologians teach, i. e., the door of communication between mortals and spirits is forever closed? Must I accept the Bible as the only revelation of a future life? If spirits conversed with men in past ages, why can they not do so in this age? How can one know that the canon of revelation was ever closed?

That which seems to be the highest truth may give place to a higher one. In those days I had an idea that the Christian religion was the best thing in the world when properly understood and practiced, though there was a great diversity of opinion as to its meaning. And I inquired of those folks if they had a formula of principles or doctrines; and if it was as good or better than the Christian religion? Do Spiritualists teach any system of religion or religion? Who is the leader?

I received no satisfactory information on these points; but as I was about to return home they gave me a book to read. It was by D. D. Home, giving a narrative of his seances in Europe. Marvelous things here, I thought; but the book was not what I wanted, for it gave me no light such as I was in quest of, and before I read it half through I laid it aside and turned my thoughts into other channels.

I gave the subject no more serious attention until the summer of 1885, when a man by the name of Vaught came to our village to give a course of lectures on phrenology. He remained more than a month. I got acquainted, and found him one of the best men I have ever known.

One morning I went to Mr. Vaught's room for a chat, when he handed me a book with two places marked for me to read. I did so, and he asked me what I thought of it. I replied, "It is very good, if true, and asked him if it was, and he replied affirmatively.

I found it contained the philosophy of Spiritualism—that which my heart craved and my spiritual nature demanded. It was an old, ragged volume, a part of which had been torn away. Its title was, "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated, by Robert Hare." I learned that my nearest neighbor was the owner of the book, and got his permission to read it, and in reading it I became intensely interested. My happiness rose to a height that was sublime and ineffable. My senses were opened to the beauty and grandeur of the philosophy of life beyond death. I found what I sought, and enough to satisfy my yearning spirit for a time for light and knowledge, and indulged the fancy that I was in those days the happiest of mortals. I believe the veritable spirit, Robert Hare, was by my side, a witness to the effect of that worn and ragged volume on my mind. Prof. Hare in his life did the world a lasting service. He was wiser than his time, yet left a footprint that many a wanderer on life's shores shall see and from it take courage to pursue his way to the end.

Summerland, Cal.

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Mrs. M. E. Johnson,

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Mrs. C. T. Crockett,

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1892.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Spiritual Meetings are held at the Banner of Light Hall, 101 Washington street, on Tuesday and Friday afternoon. Mrs. M. T. Longley occupying the platform; J. A. Shelhamer, Chairman. These interesting meetings are free to the public.

First Spiritual Temple, corner Newbury and Essex streets.—Spiritual Fraternity Society: Lecture every Sunday at 11 a. m.; School at 11 a. m. Wednesday evening Social at 7 p. m. Other public meetings announced from platform. Mrs. H. B. Lake, speaker. T. H. Dunham, Jr., Secretary, 177 State street, Boston.

The Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley street.—Public cordially invited. William Boyce, President. L. O. Clapp, Secretary.

Stearns Hall, 63 Boylston, corner of Tremont street.—Services 10 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Public invited. H. Holmes, President; H. O. Young, Treasurer; O. L. Rockwood, Secretary.

The Echo Spiritualist Meetings, American Hall, 724 Washington street.—Services every Sunday at 10 a. m., 11 a. m., 12 p. m., and 7 p. m. Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock; also on Tuesday evening at 7 p. m. of every month services will be held of a religious and social nature. Wm. A. Hale, M. D., Chairman.

Eagle Hall, 610 Washington street.—Sundays at 11 a. m., 12 p. m., and 7 p. m.; also Wednesdays at 7 p. m. W. Matthews, Conductor.

College Hall, 54 Essex street.—Sundays, at 10 a. m., 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. E. E. Cobb, Conductor.

Children's Spiritualist Club meets every Sunday at 10 a. m. in Bell Men's Hall, at Tremont street, opposite Berkeley. J. A. Shelhamer, President; Wm. F. Falls, Conductor.

Veteran Spiritualists' Union.—Public meetings will be held on the first Tuesday of every month in the Banner of Light Free Circle Room, No. 84 Bowdoin street, at 7 p. m. Dr. H. B. Lake, President; Moses T. Dole, Treasurer; Wm. H. Banks, Clerk; Mrs. M. T. Longley, Secretary. All individuals interested in the objects of the Union are invited to attend.

First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society.—Parlors 101 Washington street, opened 1887; incorporated 1882. Business meetings Fridays at 4 p. m. Public social meetings at 7 p. m. Mrs. A. E. Barnes, President; Mrs. A. L. Woodbury, Secretary.

Sunday Meetings are held at this place each week. Developing Circle at 11 a. m.; speaking and tests 2 p. m. J. E. and Mrs. L. W. Russell, D. D. S., Secretary.

Independent Spiritualist Club meets every Tuesday afternoon and evening at Arlington Hall, Washington, corner of Dover street. Interesting exercises at 8 p. m. G. Wellington, President; W. W. Russell, D. D. S., Secretary, 9 Park square, Boston.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington street, corner of Kneeland.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday at 10 a. m., 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. Thursday in Rathbone Hall, at 2 p. m. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Templar Hall, 724 Washington street.—Every Tuesday, at 2 p. m., meetings for tests, speaking and psychometric reading. Mrs. A. Wilkins, Conductor.

Dwight Hall Meetings. Tremont street, corner of Wright. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., 12 p. m., and 7 p. m. Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, Conductor.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Society meets weekly Thursday afternoon and evening, corner Washington and Dover streets (up one flight). Ida P. A. Whitlock, President; Mrs. H. W. Cushman, Secretary, 7 Walker street, Charlestown.

Chelsea, Mass.—The Spiritual Ladies' Aid Society holds meetings in Pilgrim Hall, Hawthorn street, afternoon and evening of the first and third Tuesdays of every month. Friends cordially invited. Mrs. M. L. Dodge, Secretary.

The Cambridge Spiritualist Society holds meetings Sunday evenings in Odd Fellows Hall, 545 Main street. H. D. Simons, Secretary.

First Spiritual Temple.—Last Sunday afternoon, Jan. 10th, the service was opened with an organ selection by Miss Helen M. Fogler. Mrs. H. S. Lake then read selections from "Starnos," following with a lecture on "Woman Under Nationalism." She said, in substance:

"It is not possible to realize what is involved in the topic which we have just taken up, unless we take into consideration both past and present states. We must note how, through the long struggle of the ages, woman has borne the burden of non-recognition and the paralyzing conditions of social and industrial dependence. Unconscious of her own power, she has been content to be a passive instrument, caged in narrow spheres, warped both by love, interest and weakness, woman—as a sex—has been placed on through the centuries to her present, time and place. Only in rare exceptions have she been able to rise above the pages of history. Fitfully, like a meteor falling from the skies, she has shone out from amid the sphere of masculine energies, only to be again engulfed and lost sight of, as the more domineering and more powerful forces of man have continued to march onward."

Overwhelmed by her helplessness and her degradation, she has sighed for deliverance without fully realizing the import of her prayer, or her own mission in the answer of her prayer.

Neither has man as husband, father or son been able to understand the effect of her dependence, as he does not, even yet, apprehend the meaning of her deliverance.

He has sat with her at the home and in the church, and has acknowledged her superior intuitions and the sweetness of her love, but in the State he has sustained measures for their common well without her counsel or consent. He has paid poetic tribute to her merit, both as wife, but he has failed to provide a Commonwealth based upon the principle of equality, so that behind the broken heart, when he had died by war, accident or disease, would stand the strong arm of protection, each member pledged to her honor and her uprightness.

If any arrangement of the present social system were needed, it might be found in the great number of women who, unable to procure suitable living by labor, stand in the shadow of their husbands, and are dependent on them for their support. These wretched beings, bought and sold, beg at the bar of justice for a new order of industrial life, and Nationalism presents her plans and outlines her purposes with a clearness and force, which has never before in history, arouses reasonable hope of redemption and relief. If this new social order means, as it does, hope and help for man—if it means salvation from the weariness of want and the worthlessness of a life devoted to the toil which does not reward, leaving him who toils unsheltered in old age and uncared for in sickness and in grief—still more does it mean for woman, bearing the burden of maternity and moved by conjugal love, as she feels her own dreary possibilities rising within her as she takes her proper place by man.

The plea that Nationalism means paternalism, and therefore will weaken the native energy of the race, can well stand as a challenge before the sorrowful gaze of the thousands of women who go down into poverty and dishonor, because their energies are impoverished before they are born, caused by the subtle psychic states which are the inevitable heritage of the race.

Temperance and abstinence, which are the basis of support from Nationalism, and woman may work with renewed energy against the monster rum, when it shall have been compelled to stand unsupported by the power of personal profit and private gain. Idlers, both voluntary and compulsory, will gradually be absorbed in the great Army of Industry, whose outlines are even now dimly perceived in the gathering social orders of the world. We are touching the era of peace, the dawn of a new day, in which man may emancipate himself from his comrades and co-workers, caring with him for all concerns, and bringing into being, under Nationalism, a revival in art, science, literature, religion and law.

The lecture should have been fully reported to convey a fair idea of its nature, was received with unusual demonstrations of approval.

Next Sunday the subject will be "Intuition and Inspiration." School for children at 11 a. m. Social each Wednesday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Boston Spiritual Temple—Berkeley Hall.—On Sunday last, 10th inst., Mr. J. Frank Baxter continued in the morning and concluded in the evening his present series of lectures before representative audiences, the assembly in the evening being very large. His subject was "The Ethics of Social Life and Character." Reading as a text from Matthew, "Why call ye me good? There is none good but one, that is God; but if ye will enter into life, keep the commandments." He remarked that, "Only one who has had some fair share of human experiences has often been brought amid the cares and pleasures of life to seriously question the meaning of all. Solomon in his wisdom, concluded 'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity' to be the sum of it. 'I was born into this world wherein I was born.' So, if the problem of life has taxed the wisdom of Solomon and all wise men since his day, it certainly is a question for us all to discuss."

There are many good people who are continually inveighing against life. Christians, even, who read, 'God saw everything he had made; and behold, it was very bad,' often pronounce his work ill. The world to them is a vale of tears, a wilderness of woe; they proclaim themselves as 'mere worms of the dust' and 'miserable sinners.' But why all this evil and ill if God's creations are all good? We are told that if we are good for the service, we can never have perverted God's intentions, never would have fallen. But is not God omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent? Can man, serpent or devil thwart God's design? Ah! the dilemma of the devil! Admitting the story of Adam's fall, he remarks, 'I am not a serpent; I was changed, and the devil was, and is more powerful and intelligent than God. No, the question 'From whence sprang evil?' is not answered by pointing to serpent or devil, for how could either spring from the bosom of goodness? By such teachings life's mysteries deepen."

The speaker proceeded to show how, in the light of evolution, we could understand why so called evil is, and what its use. We learn that considered goodness to-day may be evil to-morrow, and that what has become hideous wrong, in view of the knowledge of a greater goodness, or, as may then be said, the true goodness. Many things once considered right and permissible are to-day accounted criminal and un-

holy. Evolution shows evil and good to be relative, and as standards, become created on the road. Which successive generations take their way; so do the men of those times decide what in their age and lives is right and wrong. This was fully and illustratively elucidated when Mr. Baxter said, 'Leave your unproven theories, your reasoning, and no priest, altar, or arbitrary God or Devil will be needed or found; no miserable depraved beings will mankind be considered, but rather hopeful aspirants to better life; no ill-fated world will our Master, but a nature that would become our absolute teacher; no priest, altar, or man or layman could become our ruler, yet every one with every man might be our counsellors. The world would be seen a wonderful production, and life be felt as rich and glorious. It is not when man is despondently reasoning, but when he comes to the Bible, creeds, and theologies have filled the brain to the exclusion of all mental thought.' The discourse led to the conclusion that the object of life is 'to find out for self, and especially without regard to how we get it, and with no thought of our brother man in our greed, overriding him and cramming our own souls in the effort; but the object of life is to find out just what we need, and gaining its benefit, and the true object may be as far for worth, for learning, or, necessarily, for happiness; but really it is the development of character while getting the useful we feel to belong to life.'

To maintain character? Yes, though not necessarily will reputation be acceptable always in doing so, strange to say. Character is what one is; reputation, what any one can convince another by slander, lies or misrepresentation of one's character. But the reputation may be as far from the character of the same individual as north from south, and of as different a color as black and white.

But how virtuous must one be to be true in character? All sorts of characters are true in character, and are many-sided and myriad-minded. One is stern and exacting that in his estimation he may be just; another mild and forgiving for the same reason. In order that peace and justice may obtain. How often one looks upon another or suspiciously on another, since he would do so different in his desire to do right. But think! If influenced, environed and organized the same, each would do alike. One, then, seeking the true meaning of life and the development of true character, looking at the heavenly shining forces, will, if he reasons wisely, undertake to deal healthfully with all and abnormally with none.

We denominated character good or bad by the standard of the prevailing sentiment of our own age, really by society's current opinion, and so one may be accounted eccentric, perceptive fanatical, and in instances evil-willed, who rightfully govern or would control his course by the standard of his individual conscience.

The lecturer analyzed the questions of veracity, honesty, purity, sobriety, fortitude, charity, etc. 'A true character must possess all these virtues. But to what degree must these virtues be exercised before one is true in character? Is there a limit? If not, one must reach perfection, be God, before he is a true character. But if there is a bound, who dares to draw the line? Let science seal the lips and charity paralyze the fingers of all readers of this paper, so that to censure, blame or decry the virtues of another.'

The speaker advised the practice of the Golden Rule in whatever position one might be placed. He believed each one should exercise any virtue to the extent that one who would not be a hypocrite, but the extent possible in another. This would make independent and true characters of us all. In his application of the Golden Rule he was severely true, and roused intense interest and thought as he applied it to practices among Christians, merchants, speculators and legislators, and to the actions of churches, orders, and to our own United States Congress. In the righting of many wrongs and the establishing of equity, he was glad to note an uprising of the people's conscience, and the demand that the Golden Rule shall obtain in practice, and particularly in the negative form of Confucius of not doing to others what we would not have them do to us. Great hopes had he in the fact that the Golden Rule was being carried into successful operation the thoughts of the untrammelled mind of the present liberal thinker and reformer.

Great faith had he also in the fact that woman, not only as a sex, but as a citizen, was being established as a citizen—a relationship surely establishing. He paid a glowing tribute to woman, and pleaded earnestly for a higher moral equality in what is denominated the spirit of the law.

The speaker was frequently and at the close most generously applauded, and congratulated by a large number.

Before the large audience of the evening Mr. Baxter answered the question 'What Practical Good has Modern Spiritualism accomplished?' He showed facts and illustrations, by authority and statistics, how it had led thousands from materialism to a belief in immortality; had substituted knowledge for faith in the more domineering and more powerful forces of man, but lighter and less gloomy was the light that had slain superstition and destroyed false dogma; had explained historical mysteries and revealed or interpreted Biblical secrets; had encouraged humaneness in the action and teaching of discouraging it with theories of inability, depravity or endless punishment; had proved a great moral teacher and incentive (the Church contrarily notwithstanding). This point he tellingly illustrated. In fact, all these points were laboriously and exhaustively shown by facts and figures. Spiritualism has given new impetus to free thought; it has given not only man, but woman, a broader freedom, and still seeks to emancipate all, as it ever has, whether black or white, male or female, rich or poor, who are fettered from mental, moral or physical oppression; it has given the world new inventions (elting many); it has revealed hidden laws; it has warned individuals of danger; it has healed the sick when human agency has failed; it has entered, and often led, all movements for the betterment of the race, pertaining to the anti-slavery, Washington temperance, women's rights and Knights of Labor reforms were grandly put, and excited the audience to great animation and sympathy. He also alluded effectively to the history of the race, to oratory, literature, art, religion, journalism, statesmanship and reform—to others in discovery, research and invention, who declare themselves conscious of powers higher than they themselves possess which inspire them.

At the conclusion, he gave one of his unique and convincing descriptive scenes, wherein he was most successful in naming numerous spirits, portraying their characteristics, placing them in their proper position, and indicating their relationship to individuals, generally strangers, who were present. It was a grand occasion.

Dr. Fred L. H. Willis will occupy the platform of this society next Sunday, and this announcement should be, and doubtless is, enough to assure a large attendance. Mr. Baxter returns in February, and the last two Sundays of that month will serve the society again.

The Helping Hand Society.—Owing to the severe weather the attendance at the regular meeting of this Society was small. After partaking freely of the good old New England supper that had been prepared, an hour was spent in a social and informal manner, after which there followed the most pleasant séance with Mrs. Lyman and Mrs. E. A. Pratt.

It is to be hoped that the friends will all bear in mind the Complimentary Benefit to be tendered this Society by Joseph D. Stiles on Wednesday evening, Jan. 20th, at the Boylston Place.

Stearns Hall.—Sunday last, Jan. 10th, W. J. Colville conducted an impressive service in this well-known concert-room, at the junction of Tremont and Boylston streets. The exercises opened at 10:30 a. m. with fine instrumental music by Prof. B. L. Shapleigh, followed by good congregational singing. Selections for reading and an invocation were followed by a solo finely rendered by Mrs. Bayne Bayne, after which the lecturer delivered a telling address on "The Power of an Endless Life," based on the marvelous story of Melchisedek, who is described in the seventh chapter of Hebrews as without father and mother, and without beginning of days or end of life.

When the priesthood of this remarkable King of Salem, Prince of Righteousness and Priest of the Most High, is contrasted with that of Aaron, a striking contrast is shown, as a clear division is made between the temporal and the eternal, and between the fractions of a life offered to the highest good and the entire being thus surrendered. Abraham was the type of true greatness in his devotion to the highest good, but he received no perception of truth until he had encountered Melchisedek, he found

in him a wise master and truly illumined teacher, and to the high wisdom of his personified, Abraham did obedience. There are two notable marks of a great character; one is its steadfast adhesion to all the great truths, together with fearless, uncompromising advocacy thereof, regardless of the effects the truth advocacy may have upon the individual. The other striking trait of the truly noble is their readiness to welcome with outstretched hands all new and fuller messages concerning life and its meaning which may be brought to them by others. Their eyes can have no place in the enlightened mind, such bars ever keep the doors of affection and intellect effectually closed against the light of spiritual day.

Under the story of animal sacrifices there lies a great truth—oxen, asses, rams, goats, doves, pigeons and bulls represent the various classes of desires and aptitudes in man to which these birds and beasts literally correspond. An order which teaches that we must sanctify some things, and draw a distinction between the sacred and the secular, may be the means of education, but it must pass away in time to make room for a universal order which teaches the goodness of all and the possibility of employing all the highest service. Those who constitute the order of Melchisedek are the true spiritualists, and to these singularly gifted men may be ascribed the deepest wisdom of the ancient Egyptians, memorialized in the finest specimens of their architecture, as well as the commendable and wonderful order of Melchisedek, now being explored by painstaking scholars on tracing the languages and religions of the world to their source. It would be absurd to claim that the highest order of enlightened men on earth have seen the commencement and end of the career of a mortal, and that the power of the endless life, which they felt, and proclaimed, was the consequence of their having discovered the true nature and absolute immortality of the soul. Then, again, with the knowledge of the true nature of the immortal, the order of Melchisedek concerned itself only with permanent truth, with the undeviating axioms of divine knowledge, the science of the universe. As we discern the endlessness of the life which flows through all forms, though the forms dissolve and disappear forever; as we realize something of the immortal bearing of every thought we send forth, power will indeed come to us in all our ways, for power is only that which when we enjoy a consciousness of the true nature of the soul, we are able to follow.

After expressing some advanced ideas on heredity, the speaker concluded by emphasizing the thought that we are now receiving the true life which sustains us by immediate influx, and that we must be brought out of the renewed ways of acting and speaking will follow. To recognize the soul as stationary while all around it moves, to find our true centre within ourselves, is to take our first practical lesson in the true life, without which harmony or health is impossible.

A liberal collection was taken for expenses during the closing hymn, and many persons engaged sittings for a month or longer.

On Sunday next, Jan. 17th, Mr. Colville's subjects at Stearns Hall will be at 10:30 a. m., "God's Breath in Man." At 3 p. m., answers to questions. At 7:30 p. m., "The Relation of Spiritualism to the World's Ten Great Religions." All seats free at the morning service. Ten cents at door at afternoon and evening.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of this city opened its session on Sunday last with the usual exercises of music, invocation, singing and the reading of the morning lesson. After the leaders had devoted ten minutes to a talk with their pupils upon the lesson, Mrs. Longley took up the subject with explanation and instruction for the instruction of the school. Following this came the Grand March, which was finely executed.

Conductor Falls and Assistant Conductor J. B. Hatch, Jr., each made a few appropriate remarks. Mrs. Hatch then favored the school with a violin solo, and kindly responded with another selection to the generous applause which his effort evoked from the appreciative audience. The Arntzen sisters performed a piano duet with fine effect, and Blanche Huston executed a piano solo with rare skill. Miss Hadfield, Willie Sheldon, Annie Robinson, Gretchen Stripp, Carl Lee Root, Mabel Parke and Clara Pfeiffer, each delivered a recitation that won the approval of the entire assembly.

One of our lady leaders who has been ill with the grippe for five weeks wishes the writer to express her appreciative thanks in this report to the Lyceum Association for its timely New Year's gift to her of ten lessons, and also to gratefully acknowledge in her behalf the friendly assistance she has received in her time of sickness from the BANNER OF LIGHT.

The Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 10:15 Tremont street.

Dwight Hall.—In the morning (at 11 o'clock) a developing circle is held at this place.

At the afternoon meeting (2:30) fifteen minutes are devoted to praise and song service. Prayer and a poem were given last Sunday by Dr. N. J. Morris; the opening address was given by Mrs. Cutting-Luther, who also at the close gave a few tests. Mrs. Lyman Harcourt, who was present, also gave a few tests. Mrs. Hadfield, Willie Sheldon, Annie Robinson, Gretchen Stripp, Carl Lee Root, Mabel Parke and Clara Pfeiffer, each delivered a recitation that won the approval of the entire assembly.

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