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Foreign Correspondence.

MY TENTH TRIP ACROSS, ATHENS AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

NO. II.

Of all the surrounding heights or mountains of Athens, the lesser one of the Acropolis (475 feet in height) is undoubtedly the grandest. It lies close to the city. The Parthenon—as a crowning feature—although in ruins, gloriously ornaments the Acropolis, and sets it off as one of the most beautiful architectural sights in the world. It lies at the northeast angle of the great rock, in a fit place to command admiration, and veneration I might almost say. The ancients were great builders, but the Greeks alone knew how to make a synthesis of art. With them all things were well calculated—nothing left to blunder over—the site, the soil, the materials, proportions, and their conceptions of the poetic in the ensemble and detail were such as to make all their monuments outliving ones. The works of nature are always grand, even when crumbling into dust, and so it is with these monuments here—because their authors had learned to copy nature, purely and strictly. There is no vulgarity or grossness in their conceptions, and they were as adept on large scales (as seen here) as on small ones. They deserved, indeed, their title of masters of art.

I have often reflected over the question of art as allied with the history of nations, and have long since come to the conclusion that the apex of development in that sense is the sure forerunner of the downfall of nations who get to that culminating point. A man is near his end when he beautifies his home and plans mighty things; those projects fail, as a rule. But it is all right.

Descriptions appear to me like the classifying of bones—in anatomy—something repulsive! Whenever forced to describe I do so reluctantly and feel painful effects from it, both in body and mind. Therefore, readers, be indulgent toward one who never can be disciplined and who aspires not to promotion or glory. Were I to take you all around the grand Acropolis, where every inch of ground is replete with the memories of the past, both bad and glorious—and where tokens of it all are to be seen, in many cases, in the way of standing or prostrated pillars, some with their capitals, of all orders, still intact, others with bases only—and bore you, as well as myself, with profound (or dark) classical enumerations, relating to the long history of Greece—which all these relics commemorate—you would cry out: Enough! enough! before I got to the end. And I would not blame you.

In getting to the Acropolis by the left side you meet with Roman souvenirs. First (in the plain), the fine and well-preserved Arch of the Roman Emperor Hadrian, who finished the Temple of Jupiter, which extended from this arch outward. Of that great edifice but little remains; only a group of six great columns, of Corinthian order, and architraves. When completed this temple was 380 feet long and 184 feet wide, surrounded by 120 Corinthian 64-feet-high columns and a perfect forest of statues.

The present site of Athens is not that of old. It extended mainly from the above-named temple to the seashore. In ancient times the residences of the masses were muddy constructions, as a rule, while those devoted to the gods were large, strong and sumptuous. Hence, here, the first have completely disappeared while something of the latter remains.

Toward the east, as seen, well-preserved traces of the unearched Stadium (360 B. C.) Around this race-course are white marble seats which accommodated 30,000 spectators. At the foot of the hill leading thereto is a small circular marble temple, only 26 feet in height, called Temple of Lysanias, or Lantern of Diogenes (335 B. C.). Lord Byron slept in it one night. It is an odd-looking monument and well preserved. Above, on the right, are the ruins of the Theatre of Dionysius. It held 30,000 spectators, and in it were represented the dramas of Sophocles and Euripides. The lower marble seats and flooring are intact. As we get to the west of the theatre, we are struck with astonishment and admiration at the stupendous work on that cliff-like side of the great rock. Here is seen the genius of the ancient Greeks. They knew how to take advantage of the worst situations even and turn them to prodigies of art—making small edifices appear great by marrying them with surrounding scenes and obtaining thus an effect of perspective quite marvelous. There are two terraces extending along this south side of the Acropolis; the top one was used as the sanctuary of Escu-

lapius—the father of the M. D. s. The Theatre of Herodes Atticus occupied a good portion of the lower terrace. It seated 6,000 people, and was erected by Herodes in memory of his wife Regilla (140 B. C.). Much of the interior is preserved—in the three stories—and the stage quite so. At the door and inside are seen large ancient urns, slabs and other relics. Passing by the very interesting ruins of the monument of Philopappus, we see about half way up the path leading to the Acropolis, the rugged rock of the Areopagus (Hill of Ares). The entrance to the Acropolis was discovered by a Frenchman named Beulé in 1834; previously it was completely blocked up by bastions built by the Turks. The staircase of the Propylaea was 23 yards wide and 33 in length, each side being lined with white marble. At the top stood the grand entrance or Propylaea, built 432 B. C. and finished in five years. It formed immense vestibules and porticoes, four in number, with beautiful arches and columns in marble, which led by five bronze doors to the main one, where the Acropolis was revealed in all its glorious embellishments. It is said that the ancients admired the Propylaea more than the Parthenon itself.

When the quadricennial Panathenæan procession took place and entered these sacred precincts—what a gorgeous sight it must have been! Pagan pomp was extraordinary then. A vast field of ruins meets the eye as we survey the Acropolis from the entrance. It is too bad to witness so much destruction of grand things, so one naturally exclaims when viewing the great desolation appearing everywhere, near and far. Lord Byron wrote indignantly when he came here against Lord Elgin for acting the part of a vandal and plundering right and left to enrich the British Museum.

We see first a large pedestal on which rested the colossal bronze statue of *Athena Promachus* (foremost fighter), by Phidias. Some authors say it was sixty-four, others eighty feet high, in full armor. The gilded end of its lance served as a landmark to mariners. It was the highest monument of the Acropolis. Other nude pedestals surround this great one.

The small but elegant Temple of Victory occupies to the right, a most prominent position. In front stands the glorious Parthenon—still beautiful to behold, although in ruins. What remains of it is of such a striking character, so chaste, so grand—that you see it as it was and not as it is. I dare say that no other ruin in the world has that effect on the mind. The Parthenon was finished in 438 B. C., under Pericles, on the ruins of the ancient one destroyed by the Persians. It cost about twelve millions of francs. The architects worked under the direction of Phidias, who executed the celebrated gold and ivory statue of Minerva or Athena Parthenos, the *chef d'œuvre* of the great master, which stood on this edifice. Some say it was thirty-six, others thirty-seven feet high; the nude portions were of ivory, and the rest of the statue and the removable mantle were of gold, the expense of which was about six millions of francs. It was carried away by the Christians under Justinian. The Parthenon was rectangular, the outer surface being about two hundred and forty-three feet in length, one hundred and eight feet in width, and about sixty feet high. It was divided into two unequal parts or halls—the largest contained the said statue. The marble base, which it rested is still extant and in place. Two porticoes of six columns each preceded these two halls. All around the monument reigned a peristyle of eight columns on the small sides, and of seventeen on the others, in counting twice those at the angles—or in all forty-six doric columns, thirty-six feet high and six and one-half in diameter. Fine statues ornamented the front, and gold shields decorated the east façade. Here and there in the interior are seen some colored fragments of ornaments. The beautiful frieze, in bas-relief, which went all around, and represented Panathenæan scenes—is mostly in London along with larger appendages which belonged to this temple. What remains is much disfigured. All the temples and monuments here were delicately colored and gilded, but very little of those details remain to be seen.

The *Erechtheum*, a charming temple of variegated style, sixty-six feet in length and thirty-five in width in the interior, is close to the Parthenon to the north. It is surrounded on three sides by porticoes of six columns, in order, while the fourth one to the south is ornamented with six fine marble statues of virgins, answering as columns to support the entablature. This is the portico of the Caryatides. The capitals and entablatures used to be ornamented with gilded bronze wreaths of enamel and paintings. Two of the six statues are not originals—one being in London and the other repaired. This extremely pretty temple, like most others, was without roof.

In this plateau of the Acropolis—which appears much larger than it is—being only about 1000 by 500 feet, are many other relics which I will not notice. Every inch of the whole surface is thickly covered with marble particles, large and small, of columns, arches, etc., making it difficult walking. A low building on a declivity answers as a government museum. It contains a collection of things of value found here. Excavations are being carried on still, but on a small scale.

A grand view of Athens and surrounding country is obtained from the elevated spot, and in the east are distinguishable the quarries whence the ancients took their fine Pentelic marble, and the moderns do so still. It is inexhaustible.

Looking down westerly we see the so-called Prison of Socrates, which consists of three chambers hewn in a perpendicular rock. This recalls not only that greatest of ancient sages, but the long line of other eminent men who have left behind them an imperishable souvenir.

Before ending I think I will mention two Museums, lying at the north end of the city, one situated in the large and fine marble Polytechnic School, and the other, a short distance further on, is the National, or Patissia Museum. The first is rich in Egyptian antiquities, scarabæ, bronzes, grave-slabs, coins, etc., and a bronze figure of a child with hieroglyphics in silver—also a fine collection of antiquities from Mycenæ, unearthed by Dr. Schliemann, principally ornaments in gold, silver, weapons, and earthenware. The gold masks seen there, which covered the features of the rich after death, are numerous, and are great curiosities; and so is the jewelry department. Here also is a portrait gallery of generals, seamen, orators, etc., who took a prominent part in throwing off the Turkish yoke, in 1830. A woman is among them, who, with her own purse, equipped a regiment and a man-of-war—the hussar, commanded the latter, and did good service with it. The National or Government Museum contains ancient sculptures, funeral urns, memorial reliefs, votive reliefs, including the large relief of Eleusis, marble replicas of the statue of Athena Parthenos by Phidias, found in the Parthenon in 1830, and large mousolæums.

The environs of Athens, within a few hours

ride, are much frequented by tourists on account of the ruins they contain: Eleusis (celebrated), Cephissia, Penteli, Rhoie, are the principal, but Marathon is much further, and of difficult access.

Modern Athens, properly speaking, is but sixty years old. Before the Revolution of 1830 this city was but a small village with huts, and the port had but a nominal existence. It promises, therefore, well, and will soon count among the great cities of the world.

SCENES ON BOARD AN EGYPTIAN STEAMER.

Bidding a hearty good-by to this land, where stones grow, more so than in New Hampshire—to this ancient, classical country, so divided and subdivided by islands, all rocky there as on the mainland—I took passage Oct. 23d on steamship *Dakalieh*, Egyptian Line, just from Alexandria, which left the Piræus at 3 p. m. for Constantinople. This fine large steamer was overcrowded on deck with turbaned men and veiled women, many of them returning from a pilgrimage to the Mecca. They formed a queer, motley crowd under the white canvas awnings, which were stretched from one end of the ship to the other. This was my first sight at sea of a truly Oriental scene, and I enjoyed it, much. All steamers are so fitted up to carry such dock loads. The women and children had closed in tents, but it was only a matter of form. Every one had his own bedding and his own food, lay about in every way, thickly corded together, narghills fuming everywhere, day and night, brilliant colors on dresses sparkled about, on night coverings as well; old men carrying on curiously with their large beads, muttering prayers and prostrating themselves repeatedly on their carpets—toward the East—indifferent altogether to what profanes may say. There were types now and then among the men and children, principally, which were truly beautiful. They attracted my eyes with their classical features, distinguished deportment, and their free and easy way of lying about so elegantly, while their costumes of great variety of colors, forming many folds about them, lent them an exotic air of strangeness quite pleasing. With puffed trousers, bare legs and red babouches to the feet, and with the graceful and colored wide sash—these effeminate looking men, rendered so by their beauty, these Apollo-like Turks who, like our Indians, looked so reserved and dignified I might almost say, toward the "dogs" of Christians, instead of appearing ludicrous, vulgar and pretentious, carried a rôle of a genuine air of natural actors filling a rôle of matter-of-fact sort. It was difficult at night to walk through those crowds of people who were lying down in rows on the deck.

SMYRNA.

Next morning at ten we anchored close to the wharves at Smyrna, and did not leave until 6 p. m. I went ashore to take a rambling stroll, and enjoyed it much indeed. This is a truly Oriental city. Camels are met at almost every step. Five and six tied together follow in line, carrying majestically common and heavy loads of goods and wares of every sort. They say in French, "*Tel maître, tel valet*!" "Such a master, such a valet!" and I claim that this aphorism is applicable in every country between men and the beasts who help them. In some cases the men take after the animals, and vice versa.

I had heard praises of the perpetual Bazar at Smyrna, and so wished to see it. After a great deal of walking in the wrong direction, through very narrow, crooked and badly paved streets, intertwined and forming a regular labyrinth—enjoying there, however, the new aspect of things, the scenes, the queer small shops with their still queerer goods—I managed at last, after being posted by some who spoke French, in getting to that quarter, which lies to the west of the city, where the Bazar is held, and the best of help them. In some cases the men take after the animals, and vice versa.

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friends who have done with earth, no freed soul forgets its dear ones left on the hither side of the Door to Life.

I had not been allowed to revisit my old home since I had entered the land called Rest! How long it had been, as time is measured, I know not. I had longed sometimes to see Alice and my mother and the others, but not with impatience, for with the longing there was always the positive knowledge that they would come to me soon; that there was no need of haste or anxiety. I was absolutely and contentedly sure of them, as the child trusts its mother, who is busy in the next room, to come in to him.

Then having finished a task assigned to me upon one occasion, I became joyfully conscious that I was free to go to them once more; and suddenly, with no effort on my part, only the volition of my will, I stood on the edge of a wood back of the city where I had lived. It was early twilight of a winter's day, and the whole scene was familiar to me from childhood: The woods behind me, the slope of the hill to the city below, the twinkling evening lights, the thousands of dwellings which mortals designate as "happy homes," but which I felt to be each one the abode of sorrow or the hiding-place of lurking skeletons of disaster and misery. Oh! what could tempt me back to it?

A woman's figure came slowly up the hill and stopped, leaning against the rock where I stood. It needed not that I should look upon her so intently to recognize in her my Alice, for in spite of the change in her I had known her intuitively at the first glimpse of her figure. Her face was pale and thinner than of old. Lines of sorrow were visible under the beautiful skin, telling of griefs bravely borne. There needed no words between us to give me the story of what had been since I had left her. I read it all plainer and easier than I used to read a printed page.

There had been not alone grief for me, but losses of health and of fortune. Privations, too, had been her lot, and the soft fair hand I used to hold had fought a brave battle against poverty for herself and for her feeble mother. She had not complained. No word of discouragement or weariness, even, had passed her resolute lips; but I saw the terrible load of heart-ache, the anguish, the self-sacrifice both in her past and her future. I saw how gladly she would lay down the burden of life if she could. How hopeless seemed the outlook to her weary brain. If tears were permitted us, I could have shed them then.

The sun had gone down, speaking in the old language of earth, and the new moon hung in the tender radiance of a silver crescent against the evening sky. The soft roseate hues of the opaline twilight lingered on the western horizon as they only do in winter. Venus, Mars and other worlds so familiar to me now, appeared softly far away, and twinkled in the old fashion as the "little stars" of my boyhood.

Alice's face grew pathetic with appreciative feeling as she looked. I felt impelled to speak to her—to compel her to recognize me—to know that I stood gazing into her brown eyes once more. I longed to tell her how far my present love for her transcended the old earthly passion, and above all to utter some word that might serve to lighten her load of pain and sacrifice.

"Alice, dear," I whispered in the heart language of heaven (alas! incomprehensible to mortals), "look at me; realize, my love, that I am here. See, I take your hand! I caress it as of old. Let me help you throw off your weary burdens upon me, dear. See, Alice, see how I love you, dear!"

She heard me not; but her eyes gradually darkened, and a spiritual expression stole over her features. A dry leaf on a branch before her, rustled and shook in the evening wind. She fixed her hungry eyes upon it, and as I talked, listened as if to that alone, so necessary to the human being is a tangible evidence of things unseen. How should she know, poor girl, that it was my voice she heard in the rustle of the dry oak-leaf?

"Look at that evening sky," I went on, determined to say something which should reach and strengthen her suffering heart, "the young moon, a shining promise of better things, the boundless capabilities and endless spaces of the ether, the twinkling lights below, indicative of a thousand human interests and needs and hopes. Think, in the waste of human failures, of the need of high human endeavor, of brave human endurance; think of the lack of sympathy and uplifting influence among mankind. Think how few there are who forget petty, selfish interests to hasten the dawn of peace. Look on the other side of us. See the dull gray sky deepening into the black despair of night. See the trees that stand tall and stiff and motionless against the dark and solemn background. Not a breeze stirs their bare and leafless tops, not a lightning tint softens the grim aspect of the whole picture. Life here with you is like the two pictures, dear. Lose heart, and faith, and hope, and it grows ever grayer, and colder, and more unattractive. Lose courage and become wrapped in self-interest and it grows despairing and forbidding to those who look upon it. But keep the rosy light of faith and the silver promise of the life beyond in your sky, with the possibilities of help for others, and capabilities of strength in yourself shining through the inner life upon outward acts of devotion to humanity, and the arena of what you call life will glisten like that western sky. Be not discouraged or heavy-hearted, because of the undertone of pain and discontent. So long as earth is earth that must remain, even as the hum of the city down there rises to the peaceful solitude of these hills. And remember, dear, that this short life is as surely the foreshadowing of the real life beyond as those hints of beauty in yonder sky are a faint symbol of the surpassing beauty of the city of the blest."

I stopped. The dry leaf hung motionless. Alice stooped and picked it, putting it against her cheek.

"You have taught me a lesson, little leaf," she said, "and I shall not soon forget it." Poor girl! She could not understand. But I knew. And some day Alice will know also. Then she gathered her wraps about her slender figure, for she was shivering with long standing in the cold, and turned to go. I did not follow her. Had we not met heart to heart? Why should I seek to pursue her unheeding footsteps? I had imparted to her fresh courage and strengthened her heart for new efforts. That was enough for me.

I passed some time in wandering about the city and revisiting the old familiar scenes. There had been many changes, perhaps for the better, perhaps not; I could not tell. It all seemed to me so painful, so meagre, so limited. Except that it was the beginning of the Divine Plan for the development of souls—but for

that, life below must seem in the aggregate an utter mistake.

Later, I wandered through the handsome streets to the old homestead. The house and grounds, lighted by the same moon that used to shine upon it, looked so familiar that I could half believe myself returning from a skating expedition on the pond at the other end of the town. But no; in the old days I could not enter those heavy doors without first unbaring them; I could not pass without resistance those solid oaken walls.

The dim old hall—I turned involuntarily to hang my cap under the stairs; the library—I looked for my Euclid or my Xenophon. For an instant I was a boy with earthly tasks to perform.

There was no one down stairs, and I sought my old room. My mother, grown older and whiter than of yore, sat there in an easy-chair, my own. An evening paper lay in her lap untouched while she looked thoughtfully into the fire.

How strange to enter my own apartment and find it occupied, apparently for years, by another! How stranger yet to see my own mother sit there unconscious of me, and failing to look up with the accustomed smile and kindly, loving "Home again, my boy?" as of old.

But she, too, knew not when I came and stood by her, putting my hand upon her head. She could not know, as I smoothed the dear white brow, how I revered as I never had done before, the mother who had given me birth, who had borne and suffered for and from me.

She was thinking of me. My presence seemed so much of recognition, at least. A few chastened tears stole down her soft, furrowed cheeks. A tap at the door roused her from her reveries.

Come in," she said. The door opened and my Alice came in, not with a look of dread or painful remembrance of the room where I had died, but like one well accustomed to the spot and my absence.

A few fond words of greeting, and Alice sat down on a low seat by the fire-place. I noticed the oak-leaf in her bosom.

After a while the silence was broken by my mother.

"Tired to-night, dear?" "Oh! so tired, before tea," said Alice. "But I walked up the hill, and the solitude and quietness and all helped me."

Another silence ensued. "And do you expect to go on like this to the end?" asked my mother again.

"Always like this," Alice replied quietly, putting her hand up to the oak leaf. "I cannot change."

"Yes, I know, dear," said my mother, speaking with hesitation. "You are so good and true. But, after all, I feel that I ought to counsel you differently. It is seven years since Robert died. You are still young. I sometimes question how far a woman with your talents has the right to condemn herself to a life of toil and self-sacrifice. A woman with leisure and money has so many more opportunities for the service of mankind. And Mr. Atherton offers you every possible advantage, with the love of a noble, upright man beside."

"Don't," said Alice, with a dry sob in her voice. "It might be right for another woman. It cannot be for me. If I married him the memory of our dear Robert would always stand between us. I should never, never forget. I cannot change, and other men are interesting to me only as they resemble him."

She placed the oak leaf against her cheek again, as if deriving a subtle strength from it, while my mother looked steadily into the fire and answered nothing.

"Alice, dear faithful Alice," I struggled to say—so overwhelming was my desire to make these two women comprehend the fact of my presence; and then came the summons to go, and the room and its occupants faded suddenly away.

[To be concluded.]

Independent State-Writing.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

At Mr. Geo. Cole's séances, at which I am a frequent attendant, independent spirit-writing has attained an excellence that promises much for the Spiritual Cause. It is now ten years since this splendid manifestation of spirit-presence and power—Independent spirit-writing—was first developed in this medium. Having been a frequent attendant at Mr. Cole's séances during nearly the whole of that period, I know whereof I affirm when I state that visiting spirits at the Cole circle can write as readily inside of sealed envelopes as mortals can write on the open page—and much more rapidly.

The appended communication, signed "Henry Ward Beecher," was written inside a glass jar. I placed sheet after sheet of clean white note-paper in the glass jar, as called for by the spirit-writer. I send you the original manuscript.

As I placed the folded paper in the glass jar—folded, as the medium states, so as to exclude air and light—I marked every sheet with my initials, and screwed down the metal top of the jar. Not for an instant of time was the paper out of sight of the sitters. On paper thus imprisoned was written the beautiful, brilliant and characteristic address, which, on the following Saturday evening, I read before the Brooklyn Spiritual Conference.

The Cole séances are held in the light, and hundreds, nay thousands, of people can testify to the reality of the facts, or series of facts, only one of which I am now reporting for publication in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

CHAS. R. MILLER.

2481 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ADDRESS.

In compliance with the wishes of many spirit-friends to give my views upon mortal life from a spiritual standpoint, I lay down the proposition that mortal life is a mere transitory state evolved from conditions established at a period beyond the most remote tradition of man. Mortal life presents many phases that should attract the attention of every philosophical mind. Prominent among which is an ambition to attain a mortal impossibility—a constant predilection for the mystic and unseen—an aspiration for preeminence, and, finally, an individual exclusivism which distinctly outlines a course, in which none may follow; hence fraternity, in a broad mortal sense, is rather an inapplicable term than a characteristic.

On the back of the foregoing page of this address was endorsed the following request: Dear Papa—I want you to copy this communication carefully, and read it at the Conference next Saturday evening, and have all the people join in singing the hymn. This is the greatest message yet received. Mr. Beecher will be present to hear it read at the Conference.

This request was complied with, the Beecher paper was read to the Conference, and was greatly admired. The hymn, "My days are gliding swiftly by" was sung with great fervor, the whole audience joining.

C. R. M.

and finds its devotees on the spiritual and not on the mortal side of life.

The great mass of humanity is actuated, however, by one prevailing principle—the etheric condition peculiar to a higher and more noble state of existence.

This becomes a principle involved in the mortal scheme of life, and tends to elevate man above the surroundings with which he is identified, and presents many possibilities illuminating his horizon with bright stars of hope, each smilingly awaiting their loving acquirement. It is this one great principle which binds in common the various races of men, distinguishes them in their present stage of social development, and points unerringly through the many cycles of time to the crude mass of conditions from which they were evolved, and walks hand in hand with mortals down the ages—encouraging, guiding, directing, assisting through every process of development—until now in this nineteenth century of time man stands out prominent among creatures preëminent in intelligence, noble in characteristics and the greatest of all wonders from an original creation.

The height, the depth, the breadth of the vast universe is filled with man's possibilities, the ambition which can soar on the wings of fame is unrestricted in limitless space, and the moments of time, however fleet they may be, are unequal in the race with mortal aspiration.

This condition, therefore, so eminently characteristic of man as known and understood among mortals, preëminently another state wholly distinct, and to most men unknown. I allude to the spiritual state or condition where perfection becomes perfected, where development evolves an entire change, and where the mortal becomes immortal, still to continue and develop consequences, each in its turn provocative of or rather evolving results eliminating the past and opening the gates to a more bright and magnificent state of future existence.

Mortal life is thus found to be of dual character—the physical and spiritual—the former being the finely complicated machine, while the latter is the master mechanic to put it in motion and regulate its complex motions. Nothing can possibly be more phenomenal than the physical and spiritual structure of man, the animal nature endowed with functions of life, with appetites, tastes and capacities for every animal enjoyment; yet without the great vitalizing element of spirit; yet without the brotherhood it becomes inanimate and dead, useless, and soon a repulsive object to be hidden in the tomb away from the gaze of men. The beautiful face and figure of a loved friend, without the pure and God-like element of spirituality, soon fades and becomes a hideous spectacle.

The physical then possesses only that importance derived from association, domination and influence of the spiritual element. Were I asked, were I a mortal, with all the apparent beauties, advantages and (apparent only) possibilities of the physical in earth life, I should undoubtedly draw the line between the known quantities of each element, and select the spiritual. Why? The reason is very obvious from a spiritual standpoint: Idealism unnumbered by mortal considerations becomes positive knowledge—the one element is subservient to the other—the condition precedent of mortal life is spiritual presence, and, finally, while the former decays, perishes, and soon becomes a mere memory, more and more vague as years roll on, until at last even that fades out from existence, the latter is immortal, increases in its beauty and utility, constantly developing new possibilities, reaching out and grasping phase after phase of life eternally, incessantly and forever.

From a spiritual standpoint the spiritual side of mortal life claims the predominant consideration, and as viewed in a metaphysical sense, presents an aspect scarcely known among mortals. Bright and beautiful radiating rays of light in dark places, revealing sources of knowledge heretofore unknown, warming into life the dead and dying hopes of a crushed ambition, and at last laying aside its clayey incumbrance and taking its place in the great world of unalloyed and eternal happiness.

In conclusion, mortal life, as viewed from a spiritual standpoint, is the merest transitory state comparatively speaking, and every mortal as thus viewed is a pilgrim and stranger in the mortal world, traveling hither and thither, ever restless, ever suffering, ever wanting and never satisfied. The days of mortals are but few, and those are filled with sorrows and cares, pains and disappointments, with now and then a gleam of some hope gratified, some trivial longing satisfied. Let every mortal reflect upon the brief and uncertain tenure of his existence, and sit down quietly with remembrances of those dear ones who have passed to the immortal beyond his gaze, whose ashes repose in some convenient cemetery to whose hallowed precincts he wends his way, and there recalls the days of yore when love and peace were the bonds that united their lives. Oh! those memories well up from a heart now surcharged with feelings that have long lain dormant and forgotten—the bright semblance of the decayed form beneath his feet rises up wreathed in smiles of love, and his whole being is retrograded to those days when himself and loved one walked the earth hand in hand, with one sentiment, one love, one ambition. This is no idealism, but fact of every-day occurrence. The spirit of the bride comes near, and though invisible to the mortal gaze is plainly visible to the spiritual gaze.

As all things connected with mortal life the scene changes, and our friend is wandering homeward; desolate and lonely, in a world filled with mortals, he directs his thoughts into the future, where he feels he shall be reunited to the one he loved and loves still, so well he feels he is indeed a pilgrim and stranger journeying on to that far-away land where life is significant joy, peace and all the divine attributes of unending eternity.

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly;
Those hours of toil and danger;
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

SPIRITS.

Coercion is not reformation. Profession, without corroborative deeds, is the father of hypocrisy and deceit.

A single erroneous idea, if fostered, may mar or destroy the brightest prospects in life.

An equilibrium of abundant mental and physical force, rightly understood and employed, is the key-note of the highest happiness possible to mortals.

Hold yourself the reins of your own spiritual steed! For if others attempt it for you they not only thereby neglect their own welfare, but will be most liable to guide you into the ditch or over some ruinous precipice.

There is no surer means of attaining and bestowing good, nor of escape from evil, than a regard for honor in its highest, purest sense.

Let us pay no attention to idle, ignorant scandal about our own affairs. It is like the little hurrying, skurrying whirlwinds that do no harm further than to raise a dust—to set in motion and carry off a little loose debris, leaving our pathway clearer than before.

Unlike the oftentimes ornamental and attractive title-page of a book—whose contents prove a disappointment to the eager reader—let us be very sure that we really merit by our deeds all and more than the world accords us by our external appearances.

I consider it to be a great, yes, a woful mistake, that the higher we ascend the divine heights of mental and spiritual unfoldment, the less interest we take in the affairs of this world. Rather does it not appear that the additional and refined capacity we thus gain lends increased beauty and significance to this, the foundation of, and key to the worlds eternal?

ELLA LUCY MENHAM.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Original Essay.

INDEFENSIBLE MEDICATION.

BY H. HITCHCOCK, M. D.

NO. II.

In the former paper the statistics of the mortality of three epidemics of smallpox occurring in England from 1851 to 1880 were given, which proved conclusively that the claim that vaccination prevented the occurrence and recurrence of smallpox was false, for if the assumption were true, why should there have been any epidemic after vaccination became compulsory and the larger part of the population had been "protected"? Efforts have been made to prove that the mortality was principally among those who for some reason had not been vaccinated, but this was a failure, as the statistics, which will be presented later, show. Even if this were so, it is admitted that some of the fatal cases were among the vaccinated, and some had even been vaccinated four and five times. If the claims of protection were true, none of those vaccinated should have succumbed, and so at once the fallacy becomes apparent. Furthermore the records show that the ratio of mortality among those attacked by smallpox—that is, the proportion of deaths to the number of cases of the disease—has remained an almost constant factor from 1774, long before Jenner's doctrine was dreamed of, up to the present time, viz., about seventeen and one-half per cent.* If vaccination is of such wonderful efficacy against smallpox, why is it that these figures do not alter? These are questions which the supporters of the practice have tried in vain to answer. When it is borne in mind that the evidence presented in these statements has been gathered in those countries where compulsory vaccination is enforced to the utmost under penalties of fines and imprisonment, the facts become all the more significant.

Another argument advanced by the supporters of vaccination is that since the compulsory laws have been more strictly enforced smallpox has gradually become less prevalent, and the registrar-general's report for 1889 will perhaps be quoted in support of the claim. This report shows but twenty-three deaths from smallpox during that year, but it also states that eighty-three deaths are "ascribed to chicken-pox, and it is very probable that most of them were in reality cases of modified smallpox," which gives a total of one hundred and six deaths—a most remarkable and satisfactory showing. But how can it be claimed that this result is due to the prophylactic power of vaccination, when of the twenty-three admittedly dead of smallpox, but two were known to have escaped vaccination? This shows an enormous preponderance of vaccinated deaths, a preponderance invariably through all statistics, not only as to actual numbers, but proportionately to the numbers of the vaccinated and unvaccinated population, relatively to the general health of the two classes.

The claim that vaccination has reduced the prevalence of smallpox is not admissible, as it is well known that epidemic diseases have periods of recurrence of indefinite and undetermined time, and during the intervals they become apparently extinct, only to return with renewed vigor at the next period. Thus we have records of something like thirty epidemics of large proportions of smallpox alone, no less than ten occurring during the past century.

With the tremendous volume of evidence placed at the disposal of the investigator through the Royal Commission and by the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination, there is no difficulty in disposing of the claims that vaccination is a protective operation. On the contrary, the reverse is true, as the evidence will show.

The "argument from expediency" which is at times advanced, viz., that it is better to follow accepted dogmas which may possibly serve the desired purpose rather than to take chances of the uncertainty of doing nothing or opposing established customs, is of course not worthy consideration, though it is surprising to know how large a proportion of the people act on that principle. But even this cannot offer the slightest reason or excuse for the enactment or enforcement of compulsory laws.

The supporters of vaccination, when confronted with the facts of the inefficacy of the practice to prevent the recurrence of smallpox such as appears in epidemics, finally took refuge in the statement that an error was made in the original claim that protection existed for life, and that re-vaccination was required at stated intervals. Then came forth the vexatious question as to how long the protective influence exists. Upon this point nothing definite has been determined, some claiming one period and some another till the range is stated from three years to thirty. As there is no possible way of exactly determining this period, from some occult reasoning it has been arbitrarily stated that vaccination should be reëvacinated every seven years, and if it doesn't "take" the patient is supposed to be protected; if it does "take," why, the patient has been liable to infection from the dread disease for an unknown time, just as much as if he had never been vaccinated. So the uncertainty does not add to one's confidence in the arbitrary and dogmatic assertions of those who favor this proceeding, and in order that this may be more thoroughly comprehended it is only necessary to refer to the records of those who have been stricken with smallpox, and died while the "protective" vaccine sore was still unhealed. Verily this is a case where protection does not protect.

It is in consequence of these facts, which no arguments or theories can upset, that the vaccinists have been obliged to do some artful dodging. When smallpox declines they claim that it is due to vaccination, but when an epidemic occurs, ah! then the protective power of the vaccine has been exhausted! In those who were attacked, and they should have been re-vaccinated, no matter if the sores were as yet scarcely healed! It is a beautiful argument, but somehow rather unsatisfactory. The whole matter is so buried in doubt, uncertainty, guesswork, theorizing and dogmatism, that one can never feel certain whether he is or is not "protected" at any given time, and therefore the question arises, What is its value?

It will not be denied that those who favor vaccination have the right to submit themselves to the operation, but it becomes a very serious question when they assert their right to enforce that proceeding upon others. So long as there is any doubt as to the efficacy of the procedure, it is indefensible.

ceding, it is doubtful even if the parent has a right to compel the child to undergo the operation, while it is still more serious for the medical, judicial or political authorities to enforce the same practice, particularly when opposition is met with. Mill said: "Over himself, over his own body and mind the individual is sovereign," but this is not conceded in the question of vaccination by its votaries. Of course, in cases where there is actual knowledge, supported by incontestable facts, as in the administration of medicine (the exact action of which is positively known) in sickness, this objection does not hold, for in the instance there is no question as to the correctness of the procedure, as there is a negative condition to be altered to the positive one of health, while in the other there is no sickness, nor any immediate probability of it, but the operation is based on the supposition that at some future time there may possibly be some disturbing influence liable to arise, against which this is supposed to be a precautionary proceeding. A most insupportable and irrational proposition, utterly unworthy of a moment's consideration, and yet one that has taken such a hold upon the masses that it has become as an established and authenticated procedure.

The simplest argument to show the utterly untenable position of the supporter of vaccination is, that if he and his family are vaccinated, then, according to his own assertion, they are thoroughly protected against any liability of contagion from smallpox, even if it should arise among his neighbors who are not thus "protected," and, therefore, perfectly safe; if, however, he is not safe and secure against the danger of contagion, what possible benefit can he derive from others being vaccinated if they also are not secure against the infection? What possible argument is there left in support of the proposition?

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THE TRICK OF A TRAMP.

One day a Tramp started out from the North, Oh! a rollicking chap was he! Who said, with a grin, "I'm off to the South," "I'm booked for a trip to sea!" He took with him a bucket of rimes, An ode to "Beautiful Snow," And an apple, too, on which to chew When his spirits were getting low. He passed by the sign of the "Great White Bear," And the wonderful "Diplo," "No. 1," And, heading straight for the "Southern Cross," His noisiest bugles blew; And along the coast the seamen all Made everything snug and tight; For they said, at noon, "That's a great horn spoon, There'll be a big storm to-night!" But the people in town, grown weather-wise, In quiet repose, And put no blankets upon their beds, And left their windows unobscured, For they read the newspapers every day, And plainly as plain could be, It was there set forth that the storm from the North Would kick up a row at sea.

But who can tell what a Tramp will do? Or who can depend upon The will or the way of a vagrant soul? When it comes to decide to move on? And through Baffin's Bay, and through Behring Straits, Through Greenland and Labrador, This frosty soul from the Great North Pole, Came down with a rush and a roar. And just as he reached the Atlantic coast, With myriads of vessels lined, He paused for breath, and then veered around, Because he had caught the cause of Temperance, And down on that town came sleek and snow, And a tempest that raved and tore With a howl and a whirr, as if they were A pack of wolves at the door.

Slam bang! went the shutters on every street: Slam bang! Creak-creak! Clip-clip! Oh! it was no wonder that half the folks Were roused from their slumber; They found it hard to believe their ears; They scarce could believe their eyes; And they shivered and shook, and some time it took To recover from their surprise. And that horrible Tramp laughed long and loud, And whistled with a blustering and a baying, And up and down, through the storm-swept town, There were none so merry as he. For he'd played a trick on the weather-wise, And bothered them, great and small; And, in spite of his word, he'd lately heard He never went to sea at all.

—Josephine Pollard, in the Independent.

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Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home in Euclid, O., Dec. 24th, 1891, Mrs. Pamela C. Cushman, in the 71st year of her age.

She was a most ardent and devoted Spiritualist, as was her husband, Harmon Cushman, who had been a great student of the occult. The BANNER OF LIGHT had been a welcome guest at her residence for more than a quarter of a century. In all reformatory work she took a deep interest. She was a friend of woman, and championed the cause of woman's suffrage. She was interested in the cause of Temperance, and worked for its promotion. As a wife none more tender and devoted than she. As a mother her love was wisely directed to the education of her children—a son and daughter, who survive her. As a citizen she was the friend of the poor and unfortunate, and was loved by all who knew her. In the home she reigned a queen without a rival. Her funeral services were conducted by the writer at her home on the 26th ult., and her mortal part was laid to rest in a large and commodious vault.

From her home in Berlin, O., Jan. 4th, 1892, Mrs. Relief Baldwin Hart, aged 65 years 4 months and 4 days. Mrs. Hart was born in the State of Vermont in 1826, and married to Sylvester Hart in 1850; moved to Ohio in 1854, and settled in Berlin in 1856. Her husband passed to spirit-life seven years ago. They were Spiritualists, and devoted themselves to the study of the occult. Mrs. Hart was a most ardent and devoted Spiritualist, and did not hesitate to express her convictions in a city noted for its theological conservatism. Mrs. Hart waited long and patiently for death to release her from mortal pain and burden, and was conscious that it would be a transition from an imperfect to a more perfect world. Her funeral services were also conducted by the writer at her home on the 8th ult., where many friends, children and grandchildren, gathered to express their love for her long life made beautiful by kind words and deeds.

A. A. FARRON.

Dec. 30th, 1891, Mrs. Hannah W. Haven, aged 63 years 1 month and 14 days.

Mrs. Haven for about thirty years was a subscriber of the BANNER OF LIGHT. She was a devoted Spiritualist, and was always welcome to his home. He was also for many years a subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT, of which he was a constant reader. He leaves a wife, one son and two brothers, to mourn the loss of his physical presence.

The bereaved ones have the sympathy of many friends in this hour of deep sorrow and affliction. S. E. D. From the home of her brother, in Abilene, Kan., Jan. 7th, Miss Lenora F. Haskell, aged 21 years 10 months and 10 days. The last year of her life was one of much physical suffering, and she was a great sufferer. She was a devoted Spiritualist, and was always welcome to his home. She was also for many years a subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT, of which she was a constant reader. She leaves a husband, one son and two brothers, to mourn the loss of her physical presence.

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Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notices under this heading must reach this office Monday's mail to insure insertion the same week.)

Rev. S. J. Bent, Brockton, Mass., will answer call to speak wherever his services are desired.

Mrs. Ada Foye is engaged the Sundays of January at "Conservatory Hall," Brooklyn, N. Y. Society desiring her services for week evenings in that vicinity will please address her at 190 Madison street, city.

Abby N. Burnham spoke in Malden, Mass., Jan. 17th. Will speak in Newburyport, Jan. 24th, and in Malden again March 6th. Address her for engagements.

Edgar W. Emerson, having filled engagements at Fitchburg, Mass., the 3d and 10th, and Haverhill the 17th, will be in Salem, Mass., the 22d, and Haverhill the 31st of January; in Lynn, Mass., Feb. 7th; and in Boston, Feb. 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, so says the *Better Way*, a localist paper for the months of January and February 1948 Baymiller street, Cincinnati, O. Mrs. Lillie will answer calls for week-day evening discourses, or attend funerals. Mr. Lillie will accompany her and furnish music on such occasions. Their Sunday work is with the Union Society of Spiritualists of Cincinnati.

Willard J. Hull speaks February in Norwich, Ct. March and April in Cincinnati, O.

Owing to a severe attack of congestion of the lungs, Marguerite St. Omer has, through the advice of her

sielans, cancelled her engagement with the Indiana
olls Society for the month of February, but can f
engagements in New England as an inspirational le
turer, psychometrist and test medium. Letters a
dressed to Box 1656, Pittsburg, Mass., will recei
prompt attention. Jan. 31st she is engaged with t
Society at Pawtucket, R. I.

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritualists hold their week

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.
The Progressive Spiritualists hold their week

Conference at Braodury Hall, 250-252 Fulton street, every Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Seats free. All cordially invited.
Samuel Bogert, President.

Spiritual Union, Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue and South Second street. Meetings Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Services held under the auspices of the Ladies Aid. Mrs. M. Evans, President.

Conspicuous Hall, Bedford Avenue, corner

Conservatory Hall, 124014 Avenue, corner Fulton Street.—Sundays 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. W. Rand, Secretary.

Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the parlors of Lexington Avenue, three doors above Franklin Avenue L Station. Interesting speakers, good music, questions answered, tea given. Admission free; all are cordially invited. Also meeting every Friday at 3 P. M. Mrs. Mary C. Morrell, Conductress.

Spiritual Meetings are held in Mrs. Dr. Blake's parlors

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Chicago, Ill.—The First Society of Spiritualists met at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard, corner Ogden Avenue, every Sunday at 8 a. m. and 7 p. m. Special Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.—The First South Side Spiritual Society meets at 77 Thirtieth street every Sunday 3 p. m. Speaker, Mrs. Emma Nickerson-Warne.

Buffalo, N. Y.—First Spiritualist Society meets 8 days in A. O. U. Hall, corner Court and Main streets, 7:30 P. M. J. H. Mettler, President; H. Estabrook, Secretary.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The Mansur Hall Association Spiritualists has leased this hall, corner Washington and Main streets, and will hold public meetings every Sunday evening, 7:30 P. M. Meetings on circuit on Tuesday evening. For engagements, address Secretary Mansur Hall Association of Spiritualists, 194 E. Washington street.

Colorado City, Col.—Meetings are held in Woodmen Hall, 7:30 P. M.

Dayton, O.—First Society of Spiritualists meets in G. R. Hall, 25 and 27 North Main street, every Sunday at A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Seats free. Public invited. Win. E. Starnes, Secretary.

Springfield, Ill.—The Social Wheel of Progression First Spiritualist Society, will hold public worship every Sunday evening, 7:30 P. M.

Sunday at 2½ p. m. at 32 South 9th Street. D. N. Lepp
President. Miss H. A. Thayer, Secretary.

Oakland, Cal.—Mission Spiritualists meet every
day at 2 and 7½ p. m. at Native Sons' Hall, 918 Washing-
ton street.

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Keystone Spiritual Conference every Sunday at
P. M., southeast corner 10th and Spring Garden streets.
William Rowbottom, Chairman.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed

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 BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications Colby & Rich.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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Or, The Substance of the Soul.

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THIS book claims to give a solution of Modern Spiritualism, although its main object is an every-day practical

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body; that it is composed of the one homogeneous matter, from which, as scientists are now agreeing, other elements are made up, and that this soul-body is mortal because of its quality of the imperishability of matter joined with volition. The body perishes because heterogeneous; the soul does not perish because it is homogeneous.

of the soul, the author claims, is manifest in all personal and social phenomena of full-power. His grouping of phenomena is novel, and his deductions therefrom are logical and interesting. In the title of the treatment he uses the term *mind* as synonymous with the term *soul*—a conscious entity that is assumed to live after bodily destruction. He has the same term, *mind*, to designate the unconscious ego, which is without substance or form. Soullessness goes with substance. Consciousness and without forms of intelligence or energy, he does not deem to be

terial; that is, sentience is not matter, but it is a condition or action of soul matter as motion and energy are natural and forever qualities of physical matter. But the mysterious nexus between consciousness and matter is admittedly among the number of unknowables, like the nexus between matter and its energy. The author has with a

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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. of each week, at the Chamber, Chairman.

Answers to Questions, and the giving of SPIRIT MESSAGES, will be held on the same day and hour, and will be published in this Department of THE BANNER.

At these Sances the spiritual guides 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 handed to the Chairman, will be presented to the presiding spirit for consideration.

Mrs. Longley, under the influence of her guides, also gives extemporaneous answers to questions and messages to their 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 that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil—and who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive the Messages with an open mind, and not to 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 fact for publication.

Natural flowers are gratefully appreciated by our spirit friends, therefore we solicit donations of such from our friends in the earth-life who are desirous of placing upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to COLBY & RICH.

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Séance held Nov. 13th, 1891.

Spirit Invocation.
Oh! Infinite Spirit, thou Divine Intelligence, from whom we gather all that we are, or all that we have to-day, we would draw near unto thee, and from thy great presence obtain new light and strength that we may become something more in our lives than we have been in the past. Oh! thou who art the Source and Soul of all Love and Truth, breathe upon our souls and kindle within them a new flame of tenderness which shall shine and shine forever on, sending out warmth and cheer and kindness of grace to our fellows.

Oh! may we draw nearer unto the angel hosts who delight to do the will of our Father, and who are gentle to us in good and helpful ways. May such as these come close into our atmosphere, bearing their influences of peace and of ministering love, and may we extend our holy presence to welcome and influence that will be acceptable to their lives, that will be grateful to their souls and encourage them in their mission of light and truth. May we be able to receive the benediction of these spirit friends, for while we are thankful to receive, and while we rejoice in the presence of these holy ones, yet we would not have them go from all on our side, but we would be able to give forth from the inner being of our natures something of helpfulness and good cheer which will be to the sense of those returning friends as the odor and the beauty of green and red flowers.

Oh! ye bright and ministering ones, going forth on your mission of love, and bearing your gentle to us in good and helpful ways. May such as these come close into our atmosphere, bearing their influences of peace and of ministering love, and may we extend our holy presence to welcome and influence that will be acceptable to their lives, that will be grateful to their souls and encourage them in their mission of light and truth. May we be able to receive the benediction of these spirit friends, for while we are thankful to receive, and while we rejoice in the presence of these holy ones, yet we would not have them go from all on our side, but we would be able to give forth from the inner being of our natures something of helpfulness and good cheer which will be to the sense of those returning friends as the odor and the beauty of green and red flowers.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—What have you for questions, Mr. Chairman?

Ques.—(By Mrs. J. M. Kingman, Cunningham, Pa.) One being very desirous to receive a communication from a certain spirit, through THE BANNER, can the thought of that person help or hinder the receiving?

Ans.—We find in our experience that the thought of a friend on earth sent out in invitation and affectionate remembrance to a dear one in the spirit-world usually assists in drawing the spirit within the earthly environment of that mortal friend. It may not always be the case that the spirit-intelligence will have the power to communicate outwardly with the loved one on earth. There may be a lack of ways and means for such communication to be made. Yet the sympathy existing between the two friends will serve as a golden cord to draw the one from the invisible world to the friend here upon the earthly side.

In some instances where friends on earth have sent out their earnest thought and mental desire to spirit loved ones, asking them to come to the Banner of Light Circle-Room and make their presence known, these spirits have responded, taking possession of the medium and giving communication to those who were earthly friends. Again, others on earth have sent out a like desire, a strong, earnest thought toward friends in the spirit-world, requesting them to reach this place with messages that would identify themselves to those who formerly knew them; and while the desire, like a telegraphic message, has been received by the spiritual intelligence, yet they may not have been able to respond in external ways.

At every Séance which is held in this apartment there are hundreds of spirits, most of whom desire to minister to their friends so that they may identify themselves clearly and unmistakably; but many of these visiting intelligences are unfamiliar with the control of a human organism, and do not know how to proceed. Some of them approach closely and attempt to control the medium, but succeed in only partially doing so, and are unable to manifest themselves at all. Such have to withdraw disappointed, and at the same time they cannot approach the magnetic atmosphere of the medium, and are therefore unable to take cognizance of even what is being said by other spirits through her organism. There are always some spirits at each Séance who can adapt themselves to the circumstances and conditions of the hour, and sufficiently influence the medium to make themselves known. Some of these spirits identify themselves more clearly and show their characteristics more fully than do others, but all who approach and communicate do the best they can.

It is possible that the spirit-friends of your correspondent may be able at some time to influence our medium and send messages to loved ones on earth. Certainly it will do no harm for the mortal friend to send out a warm, loving, inviting thought to the spirit-friends desiring them to come and communicate. If the earthly friends are not too anxious, thus sending out a magnetic which is arbitrary and which cannot easily be overcome or nullified by returning spirit-friends, they may help their loved ones to reach them, if not through this, perhaps through some other medium on earth.

Q.—(By "A," Taunton, Mass.) Is it possible for spirits who yet are living in mortal forms to visit me and reveal themselves to me—when the material bodies they inhabit are at the time thousands of miles distant from my place of abode?

A.—There are many instances in the history of mankind where very good evidence is given that it is possible for spirits who still inhabit the physical body to dispossess themselves of that form sufficiently to travel to distant points and to make their presence known by friends at those places.

The human spirit is not by any means always subjected entirely to the laws and rules of this physical life. Sometimes it gains the ascendancy over the material limitations, and on such occasions it has the power to pass out from the external atmosphere into the broader spiritual life of the spheres. Under these conditions it is possible for the spirit to travel thousands of miles in order to reach a loved friend and to make its influence felt.

Sometimes a spirit still possessing a mortal form may reach out so strongly in thought to a distant friend as to project its own personality into the atmosphere of that friend. To do this it is not necessary for the spirit to leave its body and visit the distant companion; but the projection of the thought and the individuality of the spirit, and the strong feeling of the absent friend, seems to be borne through

the atmosphere solely by the will-force of the individual. This is mental telegraphy, the transmission of thought from one point in space to another—it may be a mile, or it may be thousands of miles—and you may sense the personality of the friend who is far away, and if you are sufficiently negative or susceptible you may be able to receive the impressions of his thought and know what it is he is trying to bring you.

On the other hand, as we have said, a spirit may travel for long distances, reaching its friends and even coming into communication with him, though the mortal form of the spirit is still active in existence and posing as an agent for its use.

Col. George S. Mann.
[To the Chairman:] Will you admit an old soldier, sir, to your quarters? [Certainly.] I am an old soldier, for long before our civil war which so agitated the country and convulsed the nation I was in the ranks of the army. I served in the Mexican war, and knew what it was to feel a warrior's blood thrill at the charge of battle, and I lived long years after that, sympathizing with the nation in its throes and in its triumph—lived to see peace settle upon its borders and the spirit of prosperity taking possession of the land.

So in more senses than one I have a right to call myself an old soldier, and yet I am a young man. I do not want any one to think of me as old and decrepit, and not able to get around and make myself known. Oh! yes; I feel that I am a young man, though I lived about ninety-three years in the body. Why? That is nothing. You all ought to do that, and I tell you if you do you'll gain many experiences that are good for you when you get out of the mortal form.

[To the Chairman:] Now I do not know, sir, just how long I have been gone. It may be a year, more or less, but not a great while, and yet I come back feeling strong and young. In gazing over the past I can see that after all I was only a child in a good many things; because, in looking over the spirit-world with its sages, its warriors and its wise people, I find many of them with experiences far beyond any that I gained here, though, as I said, all that we do get good for us and make up the sum of our lives.

I thought it would do me good to come and speak through your mouthpiece, sending out a trumpet-call to the friends who have known me in the past, telling them that life stretches on and on, and we only just pass from one room to another when death sounds the roll-call and we respond. I would like the friends to know that we have a fraternal and hearty greeting for them all, and that the warm remembrances of my heart go out to them from the spirit-world.

I think I shall be known in San Francisco. I was not a native of California, and I still hold a fond remembrance for old New England shores; but to the golden city I turn in thought, for that is where I spent my last days on this side. Col. George S. Mann.

W. W. Kingsley.
[To the Chairman:] Do you have many travelers from Richmond, Va., sir? [Not many.] Well, I come from that way, and I come to send my word to that town.

I did not expect to come back in this manner when I left the body, and I do not know as I had any desire to have anything more to do with the earthly life. I had been in an unpleasant condition of mind for a good while before I went. I felt disturbed; troubles weighed on me. Now I'm not going to tell the nature of those affairs, because I do not think the world has anything to do with them; but they were very weighty matters to me; I felt cast down, and that was the cause of my going out.

I want to tell my friends that I am not particularly unhappy, and I am not in a condition that is dark. I sometimes wish that I had been stronger and braver, and had realized that those shadows were only shadows after all, for I made more of them than what they really were; but my head troubled me, my mind was confused, and I could not reason out these things as I have been doing since I went to the spirit-world.

Some good friends over there advised me to come in this way. They said it would help me to get free from old remembrances, that I would think more clearly about them and about my own condition if I came and spoke through a mortal medium, and so I am here. I send my greetings to my friends. Some things I heard whispered which I knew were not at all according to fact, and I thought to myself, how one does jump at a conclusion and then make up his mind that it is the truth and the whole truth. But I do not know as I need concern myself with those things now. I understand that I am free from the body, and I see a great many things before me on the spirit-side that are pleasant and inviting.

I would like, if I could, to get into communication with friends on this side, and it would please me very much if I could find a medium to use in this way to get to some who are connected with the Custom House, as I think I could recall certain matters connected with the past that might be useful to us all.

[To the Chairman:] However, sir, I only come here to announce myself and to say that I am much better off than perhaps many have thought I was, that I am better off than I deserve, no doubt, and that all the way before me I see brighter conditions and pleasant paths for myself as well as for other spirits who are with me.

So I do not know as I have talked very clearly, and I do not know as I have done the best I could. I am W. W. Kingsley.

George G. Williams.
[To the Chairman:] I greet you, sir. [Good afternoon.] It is a privilege to me to come and speak, for I do so with the hope of catching the ear or the eye of some of my good friends, and I would have them know I live. Those who are nearest to me by the ties of association and friendship would perhaps feel it impossible that I could come in this way; yet I have a lurking hope that they may understand something of it and seek to know concerning the life of the spirit and of the power of the spirit to return to the communication with their earthly friends. I feel sure that some who have known me will learn of my return, and perhaps I shall receive a line from them that will be useful to me in trying to approach the physical condition more closely; not that I am unhappy on the spirit-side, or that there is any special cause impelling me to come back into association with this material life.

I find things in the eternal world different from what I might have supposed. I have been astonished many times since I went over the phases of life which have met me, but at the various conditions of human beings which I have seen. It has opened a new study to me such as I did not dream I should enter upon.

I am not now interested or engaged in the manufacture of clothing, or in anything of that sort which belongs to the material life, but I am interested in the spiritual things that belong to this great world that I have entered. I do not imagine that my friends would understand these things if I should attempt to explain them; but when they join me in the spirit-world they will, no doubt, be as surprised as I have been, and will also, no doubt, be as eager to learn of this life as I am.

I have been known in, and have known, Manchester, N. H., for a long time. I feel that I have a right to call that my home, and to send my greetings to dear friends in that place. I hope it will be received, and I want you to believe I have come and that I will be allowed to make other attempts to reach into this earthly life and give something from the spirit-side.

[To the Chairman:] You may call me, sir, George G. Williams.

L. L. Lobb.
I have watched the crowd coming to this place at different times since I learned of it, and I know from a spirit's standpoint its work. I have persuaded myself that it is time I came and spoke, not with the strong belief that I will at once be received and made welcome by the friends and acquaintances with whom I sit on earth, but with the thought that it can do

no harm to make the attempt to reach them, and that it can do my friends no harm to have me come. It may awaken some interest, and it may cause some mind to investigate the spiritual side of life and learn of its conditions.

I might unroll a strange picture to my friends were I to attempt to describe my own experiences even since I went out of the body, and that does not seem to me such a great while, either. It seems to me as I view the situation from one side that I have lived in the spirit-life for an age; and then, in looking at it from the material standpoint, and as you count the passage of time, I know it has not been a great while after all. One on earth who enters into business transactions and speculations, who engages in the various mercantile or other avenues of trade and life, meets with many experiences, gives and takes on not only magnetic forces, but various human qualities; and when he comes to sum them up on the spirit-side he finds that he has a strange conglomeration before him.

I look back over my earthly career, and sometimes wonder if it could have been myself that passed through all these varying circumstances and disciplines; and then I ask: Of what practical benefit are they to the spirit who stands apart from the physical and from the turmoil and wear of financial sphere? and knows that he has now no share in them. But I know that all these experiences are useful, because they all deal with the mental man, and sometimes with the spiritual, and are a part of his possessions for good or ill, which he must make the most of on the spirit-side.

My friends will perhaps say that I never would have come and talked like this, so it cannot be I; but I affirm that it is, and that I come because I know it will do me good, and I hope it will do good to some who are here.

During my earthly career, which was quite lengthy, my concern was in different business interests. I may speak of dealings which I had at times in the oil industry, and I may also speak of my connection with banking institutions, because these were a part of my experience. I am free from them now; I have done with those things and have entered on a new line of discipline, which will, no doubt, bring to me other qualities and other returns that may be useful to me on the spirit-side.

I have, as I said, shall be recognized in Erie, Pa., as L. L. Lobb.

Joseph Douglas.

I am Joseph Douglas, and I am better known in New York City than I am here, especially in the fifteenth precinct. For many years I was connected with the police force as sergeant, and, as your former visitor said of himself, I can say, too, that I met with all sorts of human beings and phases of human nature. He tells of meeting them on the spirit-side, but I have seen nothing more strange or startling there than I saw a good many times on this side of life.

I have thought for months that I ought to come to this place and give my name, and speak of myself, not as a dead man, but as a living mind; not as one who has laid down the uniform and answered the last summons, but as one who still walks his way and stands at the post of duty; for I feel that I am trying to do something in my humble manner that is of service.

I do not know much about these things. I do not really know much about this spirit-life. It has been a good deal for me to learn, but I do not see that I am any worse off than I was here, and I do not see but that every one over there has fully as good a chance as any one has here.

I know the world calls me dead, but I think I have got possession of my faculties yet, and that I could tell some of my old associates certain matters that have been taking place within the year with them that would surprise them very much. I think I could tell them of some affairs that are generally known, but with which they are familiar, if I had the privilege means for doing so, and I know I still have sense enough to refer to the past and to take up its threads; so that I consider myself in every respect just as much of a living man as I was when here.

I believe I am correct in telling you that my home was on East One Hundred and Thirtieth street. I would like to get to my family. I would like to tell my friends of this other life, and of what I have seen and heard since I went from the body, and I am looking for the time when I will be able to do so.

[To the Chairman:] I thank you, sir. [You are welcome.]

Mattie Goodwin.

I have been watching all these men coming, and I have noticed that they seem to be from different States away from here, and now I think that it is right for me to speak as one coming nearer home.

I lived in Boston, and my name is Mattie Goodwin. I have been in the spirit-world some years, and have grown larger than I was in the body. I have always remembered my father and mother and friends with love, and wished I could speak to them like this, telling of my beautiful home in the Summer-Land, and letting them know how well and strong I am over there.

I had a weakness that troubled me for years, and I could not get strong on this side; so it was best for me to go to that other life where we do not have the physical infirmities that bind us here. I am straight and strong and well, and I am so glad that I went as did, though I know my friends felt sad because they missed me. It was pleasant to me that they did miss me, but it was far more sweet to feel that I should live always in a beautiful world, and that I would meet them there, where we could have social and loving reunion, and always live together at home.

I send my love to all, and I would like to have George know that I have been with him so many times. I have watched him and know how he has advanced, and I am glad that he has been able to accomplish all that he has done. I think it is so good for him to plan and to work out these things, that he has accomplished all by himself without the aid of money or other assistance from any one, and I am sure he must feel happy when he thinks of the past and realizes how he has gone along. If he could know that I am waiting in the spirit-world for all the dear friends, and realize that not only I but other loving ones are with him and with all, giving them our influence the best we can to brighten their lives and to cheer them along their way, I think it would be helpful to him on this side, and I know it would be very pleasant for us.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.
Nov. 17.—Martha Washington Ames; Barney Gallagher; Joseph W. Van Gilder; S. R. Leland; Lizette Bradley; Henry Hale.

Messages here noticed as having been given will appear in due course according to routine date.
Jan. 8.—Ezra G. Gannett; Mrs. F. A. Taft; Elizabeth Barrett Knott; John Maynard; George Clarkson; Mrs. Mattie M. Wells; also for Ida Seale.
Jan. 12.—Frank Griffin; Della Grant; Nellie Bruce; William Gilmore; Harry D. Brown; Rev. Chas. Jones; William W. Ward.

January Magazines.

THE COMMON DAY.—The Bible and Womankind is considered in the opening article by the editor, John Page Hopps, in which he condemns the one-sided masculinity of the Bible, and rejoices in the modern uprising of womanhood, "this longing for responsibility, justice, power, just as I should rejoice in the emergence of any God-created thing. Let us," he continues, "not resist and resent, but praise the great Creator if woman, ceasing to be a chattel or a toy, asks for a share in the Nation's public life, and offers her help in the divine effort to work out England's salvation." London: Williams & Norgate.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—Major General Schofield is the subject of a portrait and a brief biography. These are followed by an illustrated sketch of the Exhibition of 1883, and the usual variety of instructive illustrations. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

THE QUIVER.—Common Lodging Houses and their Patrons, the subject of the opening article, which, with its illustrations, will cause one to be thankful for his home, however humble. New chapters from two serials and three complete stories com-

plete the fiction. There are also "New Fables with Old Morals," "A Chapter for the Sick and Infirm," etc., and a profusion of fine engravings. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—As a frontispiece is given a striking and decidedly light and airy French picture by M. Alfred Stevens, "The Young Widow." Mr. Dicker concludes "The Mystery of Holbein's Ambassadors," and Linley Sambourne his paper upon "Political Cartoons," both finely illustrated. A sumptuous work in course of publication by the Cassell Company, a new "Robinson Crusoe," is ably described by Mr. Spielman, with six illustrations. A long and interesting paper is devoted to "The Brothers Wiener." "War Artists and War Pictures" is the title of a contribution by Hilary Skinner. Walter Armstrong's paper upon "The Dulwich Gallery" has illustrations from Velasquez's Philip IV. and Holbein's "Woody Landscape." Nearly forty engravings of prime artistic merit are given in this number. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—A portrait of Phillips Brooks is followed by an exhaustive sketch of his life in literary and clerical lines. In addition to the frontispiece there are three portraits, taken at different periods, and nearly twenty other illustrations. Another prominent feature of this month's contents is a descriptive sketch of the city of St. Louis by Prof. C. M. Woodward, illustrated with a map and thirty-seven engravings. John Waterman contributes a finely-illustrated sketch of the "Beaconfield Terrace" at Brookline, Mass. Short complete stories are "The Yellow Wall Paper," "A Salem Witch," and "Mice at Eavesdropping," all illustrated. Several fine original poems are given, and a charmingly-illustrated copy of "The Old Oaken Bucket" occupies four pages, followed by a sketch of its author. Boston: N. E. Mag. Co., 86 Federal street.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—Two serial stories are commenced, "Out of the Fashion," and "You'll Love Me Yet"—two complete stories given, and "The Woos of Mrs. Caractacus Brown," with amusing illustrations, and "Cynthia's Tea-Man," one of New England. Paul Hardy contributes one of his very readable papers, "A Trip to Jupiter's Moon." Half a score of entertaining and instructive articles complete the contents. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—Mrs. H. W. Beecher gives the fourth of her six papers upon "Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him," the illustration being "Mr. Beecher and His Family in 1871." Mamie Dickens continues her charming story, "The Staircase of Fairlawn Manor." This number is of especial interest and value in its various departments of Art, Needle-Work, Dressmaking and Social and Domestic Matters. Philadelphia: Curtis Pub. Co.

THE BEACON.—A new monthly edited by Anton Frink, "devoted to religion, literature, music and art and the reproduction of rare manuscripts," the first number appearing this month. The MS. reproductions in which are, "Washington's Daily Prayers," "Letter by King William I," and a "Letter by Benjamin Franklin." New York: Beacon Pub. Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY.—"The Passing of Major Kilgore," a novel by Young E. Allison, is given complete. In addition articles by nearly twenty well-known writers, including James Whitcomb Riley, Julian Hawthorne and Amelia E. Barr. Excellent plate portraits are also given of Agnes Huntington and Sidney Woollett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

OUR LITTLE ONES.—Memories of Christmas will long be retained by the children who have this number of their favorite monthly. It is profuse in its sketches and pictures of events of what is to all young folks the happiest time in all the year. Boston: Russell Pub. Co., 190 Summer street.

HERALD OF HEALTH.—"Notes Concerning Health," "Some Imaginings," and "Self-Training for a Green Old Age" are titles of some of its principal contents. New York: Dr. M. L. Holbrook, 48 East 21st street.

THE MAYFLOWER.—A superb frontispiece of a new trailing Fuchsia is followed by numerous instructive articles upon the care and culture of flowers and fruits. Floral Park, N. Y.: J. L. Childs.

MEDICAL TRIBUNE.—(Dec.) The able discussion upon Vaccination by Drs. Gunn, Corbally and Bell is continued. Dr. Alex. Wilder contributes "Arguments for Incineration." New York: 124 West 47th street.

Do Christians Believe in What They Preach?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Sunday, Jan. 10th, I listened to an address by Mr. Walter Howell on the subject: "Do Christians Believe in what they Preach?" His arraignment of the Christians for the wholesale disregard of the Christ-ethics which they profess to believe in and act up to, was a clear and satisfying exposure of a world-wide masquerade of duplicity, putting it mildly.

When I accepted the invitation of a friend to attend a Sunday morning discourse by Mr. H. at the First Society's meeting, I was not prepared to hear such a radical expression of opinions as I listened to. He is a clever speaker, and his ideas are expressed without any superfluous elaboration. His "points" are able embodiments of wisdom, with a background of common reason, and delivered in chaste language. He is a truly eloquent speaker—never at a loss for words suitable to frame his topic—and possesses a persuasive magnetism that carries his listeners with him.

I did not go prepared to make a report of the address, but as his subject occurred to me as being good, and his manner of treating it excellent, I thought it would be well to extend the benefit beyond the limits of Carnegie Hall through the medium of your widely circulating journal. With the aid of a borrowed pencil and the margin of THE BANNER, I will reproduce in imperfect shape something of what the gifted speaker said:

The subject for consideration was the Sermon on the Mount, and the speaker remarked that the reference therein to poverty did not bear on the squalor existing in the cities at the present day. The speaker's opinion of the position of the wealthy man would not square with the Socialist idea, but it had a common-sense ring to it. The man, he said, who is rich in this world's goods, is exceedingly poor indeed, because his wealth makes needs that are forever "demanding satisfaction"; as the man who gains a little knowledge sees a boundless ocean of unfathomable riches at his feet. He questioned if the Orthodox Christians believed that to be poor is blessed, because, they scramble to become wealthy as much as the most ungodly, and sometimes, perhaps, with a less manifestation of the altruistic spirit than the avowed atheist.

He did not think it a "blessed" thing to hunger or thirst; and he did not believe any Christian would put it into practice—unless that by experience we should minister to the wants of those who still suffer.

"Blessed are the meek" was one of the laws that had a different coloring through the speaker's interpretation, and one which in the light of Christianity as it is to-day was more rational.

"You know very well," he said, "if you know anything about the present condition of society—and we presume that society in the days of Jesus was not more altruistic than to-day—that the man who is meek is not, as a rule, he who inherits the earth. (He is the one who will get swallowed.) The 'meek' man is brought into closer communion with the unseen world; he is the man who, looking upon the landscape, beholds its beauty, worships its spirit and re-

ceives the lesson which is taught thereby. If he possesses the divine thought, because the God-idea is within his soul.

That is not Orthodox Christianity. It is Spiritual Philosophy.

Do Christians believe that the 'meek' man inherits the earth? Many of them profess this Christian belief who, if they could, would not only have this world fenced in for their own enjoyment, but would have a new Jerusalem with a high wall that not a poor innocent Spiritualist could fly over. [Laughter.]

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," is not interpreted by the Spiritualists as indicating that man can reach a point where he shall gaze upon the personification of Deity, but that as we become pure in heart we shall see the divinity in our fellowmen.

Judging from that portion of the sermon which referred to peace, one would fancy that Jesus was the President of the Universal Peace Society, but there is not a Christian nation on the face of the earth that has adopted the principles of the Prince of Peace. Their objects are attained at the edge of the sword, at the point of the bayonet.

Over a blood-stained crown, for which thousands of victims have been slain, the crimsoned banners of the Christian armies have floated upon the breeze, amid the hurrahs of the victors and the thanksgiving of the chaplains.

And the pulpits of the land are filled with men who do not raise their voice against this wholesale butchery, and never think of taking that text from the decalogue "Thou shalt not kill." To kill one is murder, but to slay by the thousands on the battle-field is heroic; and the Christian pulpit lauds and says: "See the man whom the Lord and the King delighted to honor." We believe in wholesale murder and capital punishment. It's a capital thing to believe in. [Ironical laughter.]

But the protection of society is one thing, and the perpetration of a wrong is another. Do two wrongs make a right, or does n't it make the wrong doubly wrong?

The speaker then adverted to capital punishment, and said that society consoles itself with the reflection that the condemned is provided with spiritual advice; and in sentencing him the Judge says: "I commend you to the mercy of the All Merciful."

Yes, he does, because humanity has not that ingredient of Christian mercy which is so acceptable to Almighty God. [Applause.]

But punishment should tend to reform, and that which does not is vindictive spite. Now, how does hanging tend to reform the man about to be hanged? If the ministrations of the prison chaplain are efficacious, then the whole community regards him with favor, and the unfortunate condemned is swung over the terrible chasm of hell into the arms of Jesus.

Now, if that man is fit for the society of angels, we cannot spare him. He is good enough for us. [Hear, hear.] We ought to keep him a little longer to make us more angelic. We have not too many angels. If he is fit for heaven he should not be hanged, and if he is unfitted for that place he should be kept here till he has atoned for the wrong done.

But send him out unredeemed and the probabilities are that unconsciously he may come into psychical relations with a sensitive on earth, and that sensitive may repeat the murder. You seldom ever hang a man without finding out that others have to be hanged shortly after. If we understood the psychical law, we would more clearly perceive the meaning of, "Thou shalt not kill."

Where is the Christian who, if a man were to steal his coat, would not run? Why, yes, they would! For his cloak? No; for a policeman. [Laughter.] And the magistrate who sentences the starving man to fourteen days' imprisonment for stealing a loaf of bread, would raise his hat to the great fat corporation of a man who would steal a railroad or pilfer a telegraph plant. [Applause.]

"We believe in wholesale, gigantic national robbery," said the speaker, with keen irony. He then referred to the attitude of the Christian nations on warfare, and said that when Germany went to war with France, the good and great King William, after a battle which resulted in his favor, sent a telegraphic message to his wife, which read something like this: "We have had another blessed victory. Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." [Laughter and applause.]

Mr. H. then went on to say that if we believed in the Christian principles we should adhere to them; and if on calm reflection we find that those principles do not agree with the laws of the present time, then we must arrive at the conclusion that Jesus made a mistake. Let us thank God that Jesus did live, and that he taught such beautiful things; and be very sorry that the interpolations of mythology present to us some glaring errors and doctrines of inhumanity.

Of the miracles wrought by Jesus, the speaker was of the opinion that they were in line with the achievements of clairvoyants of this day. They are occurrences of natural laws with which we are unfamiliar, and if we possess the suitable organism, many of the so-called miracles wrought by Jesus may be performed through our own nature.

Don't Christians believe this? But the moment a Spiritualist announces his belief in it they hire a professor in "legerdemain," close their churches even on a Sunday,

For the Banner of Light. HIDDEN GEMS—OR LACK OF OPPORTUNITY.

BY ELIA GIBSON MASON.

It is said that through each nature
Runs a wondrous hidden vein,
Only waiting needed forces,
As the flowers await the rain.
Could we know the secret treasures
Deep within their earthy bed,
Fortune's path would open to thousands—
Many starving poor be fed.
Could we see the latent jewels
That have slumbered all unknown
In the soul of many a wanderer,
To his rightful lot unshorn,
We would meet in gentle reverence
Whom we chance deride and scorn,
Striving for mistaken labor
Never for its calling born!
Many a poor and humble peasant
Flows his field or tills the ground,
That may never smile from Ceres,
But could thrill the World of Sound!
Of the mastered strokes of Genius,
From the cultured minds and bright,
Have been buried all unnoticed,
More than ever came to light.

There is undiscovered power,
There are riches manifold,
In the bosom of Earth's centre
That will lie unsought, untold.
Circumstance and Fate and Guidance
Oft may bring strange work to do;
So, what'er thy life's achievement,
To thy inner self be true.

OUR LITTLE ANGEL BOY.

BY SYLVANUS LYON.

"Hark, hark, my soul; angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth these blessed strains are telling
Of that new life where sin shall be no more.
Shall we lament, and sorrow overmuch, or rejoice—
For now we have another cherub-angel gone from our
home of love, to cheer and bless us from the Sum-
mer-Land?
Only six summers and five winters of earth-life, and
so quickly transplanted for the immortal blooms; and
in so many homes mothers lament their losses.
Reckoning in the highest spiritual, is it not more
of a joy than sorrow (for some) so quickly to end
life's trial season, so long to enjoy the future? Saved
from so much care and evil to grow and rejoice in
spirit-life?
Our little hero, Albert Lyon Kingsbury, was born in
earth-life July 10th, 1884, out in the great West; his
home near "The Rockies."
His mother, frail yet brave, one of the W. C. T. U.
valiant workers, and a true follower of Christ's lov-
ing injunction: "For as much as ye do it unto one of
the least of these ye do it unto me." For she visited
the prisons often, and ministered to sorrowing ones;
and our little Albert partook largely of her nature, and
of his father's warm, impulsive, enthusiastic tempera-
ment.
His birth, like many dear ones of loving homes, was
welcomed with joy and thanksgiving, for loving
angels are always near at the birth of each
spirit-life and death. His young life was joyous,
bright and glad; he was his parents' ideal, active,
intelligent, a loving, sweet boy, filling the fond-
est wishes of many hearts. Four times he crossed
the continent, and many bright anticipations and
treasured hopes were woven in his young life.
And is it not thus with all fond parents' hearts,
yearning, promising, expecting so much in the life of
the tender of their affection? And why should not
these bright dreams be realized, these fair buds of
promise spared to bloom in love's garden here? Oh, how
little can sorrowing, doubting mortals answer, except
to accept the reality; for love and selfishness will
ever claim each fair bud, each promised joy to con-
tinue.
It was the evening before Thanksgiving that the
fearful telegram came. "Our dear boy Albert is with
his grandmother and Lily in heaven; death from ac-
cident." And soon another, telling: "Albert is so
beautiful in death, he died in his mother's arms in
twenty minutes from the pistol shot in his head."
Who but mourners can reckon of the suffering an-
guish of sudden death? Hopes all shattered, long-
ings unanswered, the long life we fondly promised
of usefulness and gladness, vanishing like mists—gone
with the coming of "The Angel of Death."
Can you wonder parents' hearts question God's
providence, thus giving—taking? Then come sor-
rowing love, sweet sympathy, words of consolation;
and these are the trinity of blessed union throughout
all the universe.
The first anguish of intense sorrow or joy is one of
suffering, and mothers' souls must weep and question
vainly. Martha-like we utter the lament, "Lord, if
thou hadst been here my mother had not died, and
the loving Jesus would have been at the tomb of Lazarus,
and in these moments of first sorrow all souls unite in
tenderness. How many mothers thus mourn the loss of
their dear ones.
As the clouds and mists of morning obscure the
glorious sunbeams, doubt and sorrow may bring les-
sons of peace and trust. With faith and hope's gleam
of promise the heart may rejoice in its affliction, and
for these sorrows our beautiful Spiritual Philosophy
comes to cheer and sustain, telling that death is merely
a change, the spirit's birth, when loving angels come
to take us to immortal realms; and now many rejoice
in this realization.
We cannot (fettered with earth's cold realities) see
their coming or tell of their going, yet we know mil-
lions of angels are about us here, both when we
wake and when we sleep, and love and care for our
children and dear ones gone. And yet troubled hearts
will question: "Will they live and safely return?
And shall we know them again in some new way?"
Oh, not the same frail earthly, not the selfsame
mortal, yet the spirit cannot die; it lives eternally,
progresses toward God forever, and over the river
they will rejoice and bless us; and when our souls
are receptive—glad, yearning, heavenward, they may
come to us, though not the same look, the earth-
smile and touch; yet, mothers, your loved ones will
not leave you; they may return to us often (if we will)
in spirit-whisperings and sweet soul-communications.
Will spring's gentle zephyr return? Yes, in sum-
mer's sunshine and autumn's breeze. Will the bud,
tender, bruised and broken, blossom? Not in the
same fragrance, but with some new beauty; and all
nature's melodies continue in sweeter notes, grander
harmonies of joyfulness forever.
Mothers of Israel, mourn not your lost darlings, for
they live eternally, their spirits uniting with your
spirits' longings, and feeling your highest soul-aspi-
rations; and if you work and pray, rejoice and suffer,
you shall meet them in the glory of the resurrection.
Thus, truly, "Death is swallowed up in victory,"
for the spirit is from God and cannot die, must pro-
gress, and grow from glory to glory throughout the
ages of eternity.

There Was Once a Child

Who had a rose-tree, and this rose-tree was all
that he had to love, except his dear old grand-
mother. He lived with her in a small black
hut that had only one window and one door.
The dear old grandmother sat all day long in
her dim corner weaving baskets, and the child
helped her—he made small ones for the little
children to play with.

He was a happy child, and the rose-tree—it
was almost as if it were not a rose-tree but a
friend who heard when he spoke and was glad
when he was glad. Early every morning he
placed it in the little window, and it grew
green and beautiful, for the warm sunshine
fell upon it; the morning breeze fanned it,
the evening dew watered it, and the child loved
it. One morning he found a bud upon it and he
was glad, and laughed for very joy. "Look!
little grandmother, look! here, a rose is
coming at last. Now I shall take it to the
King's daughter, and she will give me the bless-
ing of light; for you have told me that who-
ever once sees the King's daughter afterward
sees all things clearly."

"Little grandmother," said the child, "I
know the King's daughter. She lives every-
where. I need not have gone beyond our alley,
for though I took my rose to the great city, it
lies now against the cheek of the little girl
next door. A beautiful lady told me that the
King's daughter is always near." And
grandmother said the child "Heaven is no
nearer the great city than it is here." And the
grandmother again said softly, "Neither shall
they say, lo! heaven is here, or lo! there, for
behold the kingdom of God is within you."
Maude Menefee, in "How the Rose Found the
King's Daughter, and Other Stories." Seale &
Gorton, Chicago.

The old saying that "con-
sumption can be cured if
taken in time" was poor com-
fort. It seemed to invite a
trial, but to anticipate failure.
The other one, not so old,
"consumption can be cured,"
is considered by many false.

Both are true and not
true; the first is prudent—
one cannot begin too early.
The means is careful liv-
ing. Scott's Emulsion of
cod-liver oil is sometimes an
important part of that.
Let us send you a book on
CAREFUL LIVING—free.

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New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver
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25 cents buys enough of your grocer to treat a
ton. As easy to apply as water.

Sept. 28.

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Takes hold in this order:

Bowels,
Liver,
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Inside Skin,
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Driving everything before it that ought to be
out.

You know whether you need
it or not.

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DONALD KENNEDY,
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Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil
has been removed,
Is absolutely pure and
is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It
has more than three times the
strength of Cocoa mixed with
Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,
and is therefore far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one
cent a cup. It is delicious, nour-
ishing, strengthening, easily
digested, and admirably adapted
as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Jan. 9.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its

use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long
standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith
in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with
a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any suffer-
er who will send me their Express and P. O. address.
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Restored Lost Vision. Write for Illustrated Circular,
and send it to be fitted by New Method of Clairvoyant
Sight. Spectacles sent by mail. Address:
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the spacious residence lately occupied by PROF. BU-
CHANAN, No. 8 Ames street, Franklin Square, near East
Brookline street, Boston. \$2
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Coins, and where to sell them. The only
paper of the kind published in the United
States. By mail 10 cents, silver or stamp.
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coln Place, Boston, Mass. Nov. 21.

Sealed Questions Answered.

100 Readings. Terms \$1.00. Address MRS. ELIZA A.
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Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

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including one month's treatment, \$2.

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These little Pellets are highly charged with healing mag-
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ship of DR. HENRY ROGERS. They are positively bene-
ficial to all ailments, and are especially adapted to curing
morbid or inharmonious conditions of mind and body.
Price 50 cents, postage free.
Send for Circular and Free Sample to DR. HENRY
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JAMES R. COCKE,

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Gives Sittings and Treatments daily from 9 until 5. Six Sit-
tings for Development for \$4.00 in advance.
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tance. Letters asking for advice upon Mediumship
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KER PLATT, Director, 161 W. Brookline st., Boston, Mass.
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DEVELOPING, Business and Test Medium. Sittings
daily, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Development of Medium-
ship a specialty. Test Circles Wednesdays, 8 P. M., and
Thursdays afternoons, 2 to 4 P. M. Boston. Mag-
netic treatments also given by Mr. and Mrs. Stiles.
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Mrs. E. A. Cutting-Luther,

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TREATMENT OF Ladies and Nervous Prostration a spe-
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Circles Sunday, Thursday evenings, and Tuesday af-
ternoons at 3 o'clock. Six Developing Sittings for \$4.00.
1041 Washington street, opposite Davis street, Boston.
Jan. 21.

Hattie C. Stafford,

53 East Concord Street, Boston.
SUNDAY, Thursday and Saturday 2:30 P. M.; Wednesday,
8 P. M. Newton Stansbury, Manager. Jan. 21.

Miss Jennie Rhind, Seer.

SITTINGS daily, with business advice. Circles Monday
at 7, Thursday at 3 P. M. Advice by letter. State in own
hand-writing, age and sex. Enclose \$1. 1064 Washington st.
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Mrs. C. T. Crockett,

MEDICAL and Test Medium. Vapor Baths and Magnetic
Treatments. 34 Hanson street, Boston, Mass.
Jan. 9.

Adelaide E. Crane,

TEST and Business Medium. Magnetic Treatments. 85
Bosworth street, Room 4, Boston. Hours 9 to 5.
Jan. 2.

Mrs. A. Forrester,

TRANCE, Test and Business Medium. Also Magnetic
and Electric Treatments, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. 181
Shawmut Avenue, one flight, Boston. 4w Jan. 16.

Mrs. M. E. Johnson,

BUSINESS and Test Medium. Hours 10 A. M. to 8 P. M.
Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings, 8 o'clock. 11
Winter street, Room 8, Boston. 4w Jan. 21.

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham,

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Suite 8, Hotel Wagon, Boston. Will answer calls for
platform tests. Jan. 16.

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48 Falmouth street (near Mechanics' Building), Boston.
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MRS. CHANDLER-BAILEY,

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street, Suite 8, Boston, near Albany R. Station, Col-
umbus Ave. Magnetic, Test, Business and Healing Medium. Cir-
cles Monday and Saturday evenings and Friday afternoons
at 3 o'clock. Platform test speaking. 1w Jan. 21.

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READING AND ADVICE. M. ESTELLE VAUGHAN,
20 Dartmouth St. (Suite 11), Boston, Mass. Mondays,
Tuesdays and Wednesdays, from 9 to 6. Reading by photo.
Jan. 9.

Miss J. M. Grant,

TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 85 Bosworth street, Banner of
Light Building, Boston. 5w Jan. 2.

Miss Helen A. Sloan,

MAGNETIC Physician. Vapor Baths. No. 178 Tremont
street, Boston. 2w Jan. 21.

Dr. M. Lucy Nelson,

MAGNETIC Massage and Steam Baths. 33 Boylston
street, Suite Boston. 6w Jan. 16.

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Controlled by the Lemon Spear. Jan. 21.

PSYCHOMETRIC and Business Reading, or

SIX QUESTIONS ANSWERED, 50 cents and two stamps.
ELIZABETH BURTON, 147 Washington street, Boston.
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MRS. A. S. HAYWARD will furnish paper

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DR. JULIA CRAFTS SMITH, 25 years suc-

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tions Thursdays to ladies, 18 Warren Avenue, Boston.
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DR. E. A. BLACKDEN, Magnetic Treat-

ments; Writing and Translating Medium. Letters an-
swered, \$1.00. 8 Burroughs Place, off Hollis street, Boston.
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and Gripe and colic treated successfully. 175 E-
mont street, Boston. 13w Dec. 24.

MISS L. M. WHITING, Massage and Teach-

ing of Massage. Formerly with Dr. Munroe. 175 Tre-
mont street, Room 15, Boston. 4w Jan. 21.

MRS. J. C. EWELL, Inspirational and Med-

ical Physician, 242 Tremont street, cor. Hanson, Boston.
Dec. 12.

MISS KNOX, Test, Business and Medical Me-

dium. Sittings daily. 35 Common street, Boston.
Jan. 16.

DR. JULIA M. CARPENTER, 303 Warren

street, Boston, Mass. 17 Jan. 2.

DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, Magnetic Healer,

Waverley House, Charlestown. 17 Sept. 28.

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Positive Cure for PNEUMONIA and all Local Inflammations.

PREPARED expressly for DR. J. A. SHELHAMER
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all the essential properties of my La Grippe Specific, and
is warranted to accomplish all it claims with the patient if
faithfully used according to directions, which, with indi-
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box. By being reduced to this available form, I can sell my
Pneumonia Specific at 25 cents per box, postage free.
Also, once ingredients will be sent by mail to make five
or six bottles, sufficient for one month's treatment, on re-
ceipt of \$2.00 per package, for the following diseases: Dyp-
entery, Cholera, Diarrhea, Dysentery, and all other
stomach, blood, and all Nervous and Lung Troubles.
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malady or affliction, and
who wish immediate relief
and a permanent cure, are
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on him for a diagnosis and reliable
prescription, enclosing \$1.00, giving name in full,
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in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, she will give
an accurate description of their leading traits of character
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Also containing Communications from ADONIRAM JUD-
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Remit by P. O. Order or Registered Letter to ABBY A.
JUDSON, Minneapolis, Minn. 5w Jan. 2.

The Psychograph,

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1902.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Spiritual Meetings are held at the Banner of Light Hall, 127 Tremont street, every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, 2 to 4 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Wilkins, Sec'y.

First Spiritual Temple, corner Newbury and Essex streets, Spiritualist Society, every Sunday at 10 A. M. School at 11 A. M. Wednesday evening Social at 7 P. M. Other public meetings announced from platform.

The Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley Street—Services 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday. Public invited. William Joyce, President; J. C. Clapp, Secretary.

St. John's Hall, 63 Boylston, corner of Tremont Street—Services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Speaker, Wm. J. Colville, President; H. C. Young, Treasurer; O. L. Rockwood, Secretary.

The Echo Spiritual Meetings, America Hall, 724 Washington Street—Services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. and every Thursday afternoon at 8 o'clock; also the 2d and 4th Thursday evening of every month services for the benefit of a religious and social nature. Wm. A. Hale, M. D., Chairman.

Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street—Sundays at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 3 P. M. F. W. Matthews, Conductor.

College Hall, 64 Essex Street—Sundays, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. E. C. Cobb, Conductor.

Children's Spiritual Hall meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, opposite Berkeley. J. A. Shoemaker, President; Wm. F. Falls, Conductor.

Veteran Spiritualists' Union—Public meetings will be held the first Tuesday of every month in the Banner of Light Hall, 127 Tremont street, at 8 P. M. Dr. H. B. Storer, President; Moses D. Dole, Treasurer; Wm. H. Banks, Clerk; No. 77 State street, Boston; Mrs. M. T. Longue, Correspondence.

First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society—Parlors 121 Washington street. Organized 1897; incorporated 1892. Business meetings Fridays at 7 P. M. 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. and 7 P. M. J. E. and Mrs. Loomis Hall, Conductors.

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, 694 Washington Street, corner of Cleveland—Spiritual meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Thursday in Rathbone Hall, at 2 P. M. N. F. Smith, Chairman.

Templar Hall, 724 Washington Street—Every Tuesday, at 2 P. M., meetings for tests, speaking and psychometric readings. Mrs. M. A. Wilkins, Conductor.

Dwight Hall Meetings, Tremont street, corner of Dwight. Services every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkins, Conductor.

The Ladies' Industrial Society meets weekly Thursday afternoon and evening, corner Washington and Dover streets (up over the stairs). Mrs. P. W. Whitman, President; H. W. Cushman, Secretary, 7 Walker street, Charlestown.

Chelsea, Mass.—The Spiritualists' 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 Spiritualists' Aid Society holds Sunday evening in Odd Fellows Hall, 548 Main street. H. D. Simons, Secretary.

First Spiritual Temple—Sunday afternoon, Jan. 17th, owing to the illness of Mrs. H. S. Lake, the platform was occupied by Mrs. Clara Field Conant of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Conant read a poem entitled "Devotion," after which she delivered the address, "Why are we here? What does Life Mean to Every One Individually?"

"We are what we have made ourselves. How often on the road out, we are lost, and we do not know where we are. When sorrow comes the soul reaches out and asks, 'What is it for?' We are only brought to a sense of what means through our sufferings—our experiences. We, to-day, in the light of Modern Spiritualism, are able to see the meaning here. We are here by the fiat of the needs and wants of this human soul of ours. Not that this life is the soul's beginning, but in this life we are seeking an experience. And who shall say that we are not seeking the highest? Did you ever think that we must make just as many mistakes as are necessary for the soul's experience? To live in the ordinary way is not the aim of life. Our mistakes are our sins, which become the educators of the soul."

There is an inner life which is of most importance. When you have gone through a dark experience, the sun is shining somewhere, and by-and-by you will see it. Do you not know that the sun is always shining? As you approach the end of life, you get more frequently ask the question, 'Why am I here?' and have I fulfilled the mission that I came to this world? We have not in this existence a consciousness of its beginning, but we are working out our own spiritual forces. Every experience that comes to human life, no matter how bitter, is necessary to our growth, and by-and-by we shall see it as it is."

No two lives can be exactly the same, neither can all look through the same glasses. They must get their own experiences. Spirits are constantly about you trying to guide you, and you must get your own experiences that you need. You sought your own life, you made your own bed, bound only by one law, namely, the amittizing of the one who gave you birth. Many have done the work for which they came. You are to-day the expression of the spirit which is within you. We have not taken time to understand the problem in the struggle for bread, and the anxiety to save our "Lost Souls." We are building wiser than we know. Man is not born with all the faculties that they are developed by the various conditions of life."

It is better to fast than to feast. When you are suffering from having violated the laws of your body, you are left with the question, 'What do you want? When you walk again upon the earth you may walk in perfect health. If you will obey the laws.'"

We have not grown while we punish a man by taking his life; instead of allowing him to live on and finish out his existence. We have not been in the best conditions, he is sent to the spirit-world, to seek the same conditions, and then as a spirit to return with those conditions. The man or woman who never made a mistake is to be pitied. You reach perfection through your own mistakes. If a man or woman fails, raise them up and help them until they can stand alone. You have not to wait until you go to the other side for your reward. You are rewarded now, by the strength and power that come to your spirit through your work."

If we seek to understand the laws of life, and how to live, we may live to be a hundred. I see tired housekeepers working hard to prepare food, to tickle the palate of the husband, who is not at home, who is off without every day, and Sundays. We are slaves to the appetite and to the power of this modern life, and ignore the power of the spirit. You want to get in harmony with yourself by eating to live—to understand and know the needs and desires of a healthy body, that the spirit may find free expression. Wash the windows of your soul, clean and use the parlor; don't stay down in the kitchen; rise up, and live in the front parlor. Then don't thank God for it, but thank humanity, that you can do to help your brother. Live your religion, that others seeing your good life may see your religion and want some of it."

Mrs. ELIA BRADLEY, Asst. Sec'y.
127 Tremont street, Boston.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall—A fine audience greeted Dr. F. L. H. Wilkins on Sunday morning, Jan. 17th. His lecture on "The Significance of Life" was listened to with profound interest and attention. It was eloquent, scientific and philosophical.

Few persons out of the masses and few Spiritualists seem to realize that life has any very deep significance, that it is anything more than the daily routine of eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, toiling and pleasuring. To how few is a life so filled with wonder, and beauty, and divine significance. And yet our philosophy, based as it is on psychological facts, has power, when rightly understood, to invest life with deeper meaning than any other form of moral or religious philosophy extant. Swedenborg established a science of correspondences. He declared that the minutest thing in nature had its dual principles, and is a type of something higher and more glorious, and that in a nature there is no meaningless form. If we could carry into daily life the power to discern the divine significance of even the most trivial experiences of life, a magical transformation would take place. We would be transformed as by the touch of some mighty magician's wand, the mundane would glow with meaning, the dull and commonplace becoming interesting. Labor would be no longer a burden, and in every task we should find some noble teaching.

the evening, an equally fine audience with the morning's, listened with the closest attention to a powerful lecture on "The Eternity of Spiritual Laws." Science declares the eternity and immortality of all physical laws. Science declares that the laws of the physical world are eternal, and he will tell you just what life palpitated within its story chambers, just what food supplied the cells, what kingdom ministered to the now almost formless mass. Is this insight? Is it a miraculous thing that we can do this? It is a sublime manifestation of spirit-power that it is the power to link through the present all the past into the present, and thus to demonstrate that an unbroken chain of life flows and has ever flowed through, and that in a nature, developing them in perfect unity and harmony.

Thus, sublime is science in the external world, giving us facts and permitting us to escape from them, no contradiction of the laws that develop them. If we go a step further into the higher world of manifestation, we find that the laws that govern the physical world are not by the same incontrovertible facts, though science does not follow us. Give a spiritually-wise man a single manifestation of the human spirit, as an act, a deed, a revelation, and he will not only cut his teeth on the laws that developed it, no matter where the record stands."

The unnumbered pyramids of Egypt proclaim to all the ages their story of physical strength and execution. The story of the pyramids is the story of the ineffable records. The catombs of Rome yield their tale of undying human affection, and one holds a shroud of papyrus from an entombed mummy, and knows of the human soul ages ago striving for the undying life. But these are not the only testimonies man has left of his life. He has kept the record safe in words. We can go far back into the centuries, and learn how the human soul struggled and contended, and know the same words, possessed the same attributes we possess, excited when for purposes of selfish and ignominious gratification, or for enlarged and generous accomplishments. Now, if we link this philosophy of the unity of the past and its life into the present to our religious faith, we can enter into the life of the past, and see the development of the past with those of the present, and demonstrate that what was possible in one age, is, under like conditions through the workings of the same laws, not only possible, but inevitable in all ages.

Our church friends read the account of the miracles of the Old and New Testament, and consider it sacrilegious to dispute them. But there is not one of them that does not, if accepted, substantiate present spiritualism. The miracles of the Old Testament were given to the disciples of old; but they are not of the slightest value to a human soul to-day who does not seek to come into vital relations with the eternal law that makes possible their fulfillment to-day to every soul that lives worthy of them. Hence we have been given as spiritualists upon the bed-rock where science rests, viz., the immutability and eternity of law.

Helping Hand Society—There was a good attendance at the meeting of this Society Wednesday, Jan. 16th. In the evening interesting remarks were listened to from Dr. H. B. Storer, President; Wm. H. Banks, Clerk; No. 77 State street, Boston; Mrs. M. T. Longue, Correspondence.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 27th, Dr. Fred L. H. Wilkins has kindly volunteered to give an entire evening to the benefit of the ruling hand, at a boys' school, at 7 P. M., to consist of an illustrated lecture on the City of the Caesars, with fine views of her ruins, palaces, churches, etc. Admission twenty-five cents. P. M. N.

St. John's Hall—On Sunday last J. W. Colville lectured for very appreciative audiences in this beautiful and commodious hall, corner of Boylston and Tremont streets. He gave a special feature at all services. Prof. Shapleigh, Mrs. French and Miss Goldfinch play and sing together most delightfully, and the audience join heartily in hymns.

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Family of Medford, who furnish excellent meals for these meetings, and an invocation by Dr. W. A. Hale, followed by a prayer by Dr. H. B. Storer, President. The Mediumship, Pure Manhood and Pure Womanhood is the subject of the evening. Spiritualism, he said, follows pure manhood and womanhood. What is it that comes with such marvelous intelligence? Is it of God? Or is it of Satan? Neither the one nor the other. Let us not mistake. Subjects will become sensitive under the psychic influence of those who control them, and who were once living upon the earth, now incarnated spirits. Some may be, it is not subjects to be controlled, but they are not to be controlled. The power of mind over mind and matter may produce results that are not in keeping with the purity of heaven. "Developing circles," as they are often managed to-day, the speaker thought, to be open to every individual, the result being continued influence to the health of the sensitive. "Pure manhood," so far as the physical man is concerned, should be the controlling element; and an influence that does not make us better fathers and mothers, better citizens of our common country, should be discarded entirely. Remember that we, by our lives, are laying the foundation of the lives of our offspring in all time to come.

"True Manhood and True Womanhood," properly developed, would tend to elevate Spiritualism above all the religions of the world. Several instances of mental and moral failure were cited as proofs of this universal law. "Truth will prevail, and a man's spirit will not be controlled by a woman's." In every question comes up, is your spirit to be thought more of than the physical form? If so, how sacredly should the spirit be guarded and kept from evil influences in order that purity of action may result. Then the medium shall bring to you clear thoughts and the best messages which the angel-world can give. Let us send out our kindest thoughts, and the world shall be made better thereby.

Dr. C. D. Fuller, under control, said that mediums who come upon our platform as teachers should be very careful what they teach. A soldier who was in the 6th Massachusetts, giving the name of George, and who was killed in passing through Baltimore, made himself known; also a little boy named Nellie, who was well remembered. Mrs. M. A. Wilkins asked and answered the question, "Why is there so much disease in the land?" by saying that we do not understand the physical laws which control the air. Dr. Fuller replied that if we want only to understand our own physical natures, instead of reaching out after that which is beyond us, it would be better. "Know Thyself" is a good command, and it is largely our own fault if we allow ourselves to be attacked.

Dr. Hale closed with a few descriptions and names; among them an old lady in the costume of nearly a half century ago, and giving the name of Sarah Gilbert, was well remembered. Several readings were given and well understood.

Eagle Hall—In the absence of the Chairman Dr. Matthews opened the meeting of Wednesday, Jan. 16th, with remarks. Mrs. Wilson gave tests, Mrs. Hurd descriptions. Mr. Hewett and Mr. J. Bartlett tests. All present felt amply repaid for being present.

Last Sunday the usual developing and healing circle was held at 11 A. M., many allowing themselves to be healed by the tests. Dr. Matthews gave a very strong, a dialogue between two persons controlled by Indians was very interesting.

At 2:30 P. M., after singing, Mrs. Smith and David Brown made remarks, the latter giving delineations. Mrs. Campbell gave tests by Dr. Crockett, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Burt and Dr. Amerigo.

At 7:30 P. M., after singing by Nellie Crockett, Mrs. Chatham made pleasing remarks, followed by Dr. W. H. Amerigo. Dr. Matthews gave psychometric readings, including a very strong description.

Meetings in Eagle Hall every Wednesday at 3 P. M.; every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. F. W. MATHEWS.

Dwight Hall—The meetings last Sunday were liberally attended. The 11 o'clock developing circle was much larger than usual. In the afternoon Mrs. Abby N. Burnham gave a very pleasing address, but did not take up the subject under consideration. "Reincarnation," saying she knew very little about it, therefore let it pass. Mr. Marsh spoke earnestly in favor of Reincarnation, but advanced no evidence of its being true. Tests by Dr. Matthews were given by L. H. Hewett, Miss Knox, Mrs. Calahan and Mrs. Wilkins. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Blackden spoke negatively upon Reincarnation. In the evening Mrs. W. H. Matthews gave a very strong description.

Meetings in Eagle Hall every Wednesday at 3 P. M.; every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. F. W. MATHEWS.

First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society—Committees on Entertainment, Hall, Auditing, Memorial Sunday and Anniversary were appointed at the last session. Mrs. A. F. Butterfield presented the society's report, a quiet, persistent worker in our ranks, a true friend and a true friend.

In a practical way. May Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield live long to enjoy the reward of their endeavors.

At the evening session addresses were made by Dr. Richardson, Dr. Matthews, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles and Mrs. Lyman. Musical exercises were conducted by Miss Amanda Bailey. In my last report mention was unintentionally omitted of Mrs. Cunningham, who gave good tests, and Mr. and Mrs. Longley, who contributed vocal music; their services were highly appreciated.

The Ladies' Industrial Society met at Arlington Hall Thursday, Jan. 14th. The meeting at 2:30 was largely attended, as also was the circle. Supper was served at 6; about eight partook.

On Feb. 12th we shall have a Fancy Costume Dance. On Feb. 24th a gentleman has kindly offered to sing for us. Test mediums will be present.

On Feb. 26th we shall have a musical evening, as well as a social. The ladies carried it out to the great satisfaction of all. The elder members of the Children's Lyceum were well represented. Some fifty pupils participated in the dance, and were willing to help out in the dancing. The lady donors they had their share of the dancing. The lady donors they had their share of the dancing.

Ladies' Aid Parlor—Sunday, 17th, the developing circle was well attended, and Mr. J. E. Bartlett rendered some very fine music.

The afternoon meeting opened with singing by the audience; remarks followed by the Chairman. Tests were given by Miss L. E. Smith, Mr. J. Edward Bartlett, Mrs. Loomis Hall. All were recognized.

Evening meeting opened with singing by Mr. J. E. Bartlett, Mrs. Loomis Hall, and correct readings by L. E. Smith, Mr. J. E. Bartlett, and correct readings by Mrs. Loomis Hall. J. E. HALL, Cond.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore—The progress of Spiritualism has been quite accelerated. Hitherto our forces have been distributed over the city, seemingly awaiting concentration. Once having formed a nucleus, attractions and inducements were thrown out by the Religio-Philosophical Society through the engagement of the ever-eloquent speaker and medium, Mrs. A. M. Gladding, who has the happy qualification of not only being a builder of societies, and a fine medium, but a dispenser of an aura of sunshine, soul-warmth, which is taken up sympathetically, not only by her audience but by those in private life as well. The result has been an influx of new friends, and many without a precedent in the history of Baltimore.

Presentation—On Jan. 23 Mrs. Gladding presented, accompanied by a happy group of one of our venerable and successful workers, George Koeh, a fine golden-handled umbrella as a token of esteem and recognition of the services he has rendered. The cause, although taken by surprise, Bro. Koeh found words to respond in his usual pleasant way.

Funeral—Mr. D. Roberts, who is so well known to our citizens, held a séance on the 7th inst., the proceeds of which were turned over to the Society for the purpose of obtaining a book-case. On this occasion the friends came forward in large numbers and packed our hall.

Funeral—On this occasion he excelled all previous exercises of his mediumship.

Funeral—Miss Sadie Evans, a sufferer for ten long years, passed to spirit-life on the 15th inst. Mrs. Gladding conducted the funeral services at her former home, which were opened by singing the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The beauties of the funeral life and of our philosophy regarding it had an opportunity of being voiced, and those among the large attendance who had never heard anything of the kind before, were profoundly impressed. There was a profusion of flowers. The interment was at Loudon Park Cemetery.

VERMONT.

Stowe—Christmas week we were favored with a visit from Lucius Colburn of Manchester Depot, Vt. He is a highly satisfactory test-medium. He gave several parlor-sessions while with us which were well accepted.

Jan. 10th we had two lectures, also one on Tuesday evening following, from F. A. Wiggin of Salem, Mass. His addresses were well received, and were well appreciated by good audiences, while the tests that he gave at the close of each lecture have, to say the least, been the means of awakening great interest in the cause of Spiritualism.

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HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender skins are literally covered with itching and burning Eczema and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers need rue. To know that a single application of



CUTICURA Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fall in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disgusting eruptions. CUTICURA REM