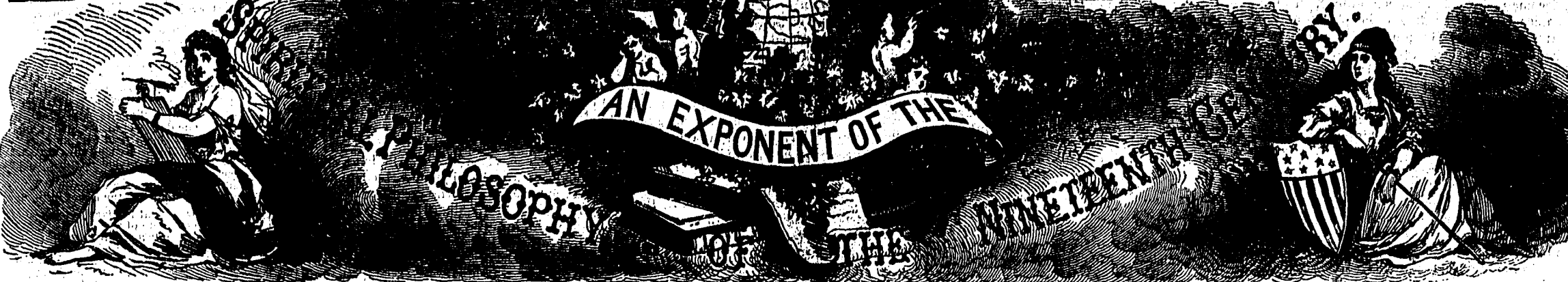


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 70.

COLBY & RICE,
8 Southwark St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

(\$2.50 Per Annum,
Postage Free.)

NO. 24.

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The Spiritual Rostrum.

Some of My Personal Experiences in Spirit-Life.

A Discourse by Spirit S. B. Brittan, Delivered through the Mediumship of
MRS. M. T. LONGLEY,
Before the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, at
Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., Sunday
Evening, Feb. 7th, 1892.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by Ida L. Spalding.]

SPIRIT INVOCATION.

SPIRITS of just men, be with us in our fight with opposition and with strife. Ye apostles of freedom and reform, strengthen our hearts, and bring to our arms and to our voices that spiritual power which shall enable us to go forth through any storm battling for the right, and that which is for human weal, despite the contumely and the censure which may be brought down upon our heads.

Angels of love and peace, ye glorious souls who dwell in realms of beauty, bring to our lives your atmosphere of sweetness, that we may be uplifted by its power, and drawn nearer consciously to the Great Life of Divine Tenderness. Ministers of benevolence, ye bright spirits who go forth upon helpful errands to the needy and sad, ye who are consolers in the hour of affliction, ye who pour oil upon the wounded hearts of men, ye who comfort little children when they cry in the darkness and sorrow of night, ye who are sweet and beautiful, and full of all spiritual loveliness, be with us at this hour, make each one here present feel your companionship, and know that ye are their associates even amid the din and turmoil of external life. And oh! ye glorious ones who dwell in worlds above, but whose work is here in the hearts and haunts of mortal men, who go forth upon ministrations of goodness, bring to our lives your influence, bring the stimulation of your example, give unto us a part of your own beings, that we too may be exalted, that we also may grow beautiful in spirit, that we may put forth our best efforts under your instruction to reach the light, the knowledge and the wisdom of eternal life, and that we may, even in our present state, learn what it is from you to be glorified, individualized, working souls. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

Friends: I come to you this evening not as the mentality of the individual whom you see before you, but as the individualized spirit of S. B. Brittan, and I deem it an honor to myself that I am privileged to stand before an audience in good old Boston to voice my sentiments upon matters pertaining to spiritual truth and experience.

Before entering upon the subject-matter of my discourse, I desire here publicly to state that an error has gone forth in my name through the columns of a spiritualistic journal of California, in which it has been reported that I, as a spirit, manifested at a séance in that section of the country recently, and declared that I could not find a medium pure enough and good enough to control. I wish to say in my own personality that I am thankful that there are many mediums in this glorious country of ours that I am only too glad and too proud to use as my instrumentalities in reaching hungering, thirsting souls who are waiting for the bread of spiritual truth, and I will be glad to have this go out as my asseveration through the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

I have chosen for my theme this evening, "Some of My Personal Experiences in Spirit-Life." I could not begin, friends, to give you one half of the interesting experiences which have come to me as a spirit-entity in that other life, but some of them I shall endeavor to relate, hoping to lead your minds along the pathway of thought and research, where you may gather stray pearls for the enrichment of your own souls.

There are various phases of life in the spiritual world. No two souls gather the same experiences, or pass under the same discipline. What has been my experience in many ways has been the experience of countless others; but there have also been events in my own life which no other soul can meet, and which belong to no other but myself; and the same is true of every life that passes on from this plane to the great beyond.

I can only touch lightly upon the scenes which opened before me as I closed my eyes upon the things and the friends of external life. Under peculiar and trying circumstances my spirit was summoned to the immortal world. At an hour when it seemed to me that greater opportunities for accomplishing spiritual work were opening before me than I had known in some years; at an hour when experiences in this outward life were coming to me rich and fast, and when I felt that my labor and my life were centered here, the summons

came, and I responded, passing to the unseen shore where the spirits of the so-called dead do congregate.

The experience of that hour was a very pleasing one to my inner sense. Opening my eyes upon a vision of celestial light, I beheld the glorified faces of countless angels that I recognized as friends of yore.

Beautiful ones beamed upon me in loving welcome. The dear children of my home-life that had been taken away from the external scenes and activities of mortality came to bless me with their presence, among them, "Boy Brittan," that patriot son Samuel, shone upon me in what to my soul was more than celestial glory. Jean, the loving and the spirited one, came bounding to give me greeting, that I might feel at home; and but a little way in the background I beheld my æsthetic Angelo, over whom my father-heart had yearned in other days. But I will not recount the beautiful ones of my heart who gave me welcome that I might not feel strange in the new land, nor can I mention all the friends of former years who with me had toiled in the field of reform and spiritual action, and who came to my reception in the spirit-life. There were N. P. Willis, George Ripley, Forcye Willson—my poet friend, Frances Green McDougall—the glorious soul whose spirit ever thrilled at the touch of divine inspiration, and who poured forth her songs of melody to a listening world. There were hosts of others also who gave me greeting and conducted me as a living intelligence to the realms of immortal life.

This was to my spirit the grandest ovation that man could receive. Not the display of brilliant trumpets, not the blaze of lights and the blare of drums, not the tinkling of cymbals and the ringing of bells, oh, no! but the tender, the loving, the sympathetic, the sweet graciousness of friendly souls that were dear to my heart—that was what made me feel at home.

I would be glad to relate to you something of the home-life of these beautiful spirits, and something of our daily associations in that upper world. I call it an upper world, friends, and yet it is a counterpart of this earth, revolves in space in company with this planet, is its celestial or spiritual attendant, and is swinging to and fro with you hour by hour, but it is real. What struck me most forcibly, as I realized my presence in that living world, was its substantiality, was the sense of firmness and of reality which I had as I rose from the earthly plane with an elasticity that I never possessed before. Bounding, as it were, upward, and cleaving the air, I still realized how firm, substantial and real all things were. The friends I met and grasped by the hand were, to every sense of my being, as palpable as were the friends of former years on earth, and the surroundings and scenes of this spirit-life were and are to my comprehension substances, realities, actualities that appealed to my nature through every avenue of my being.

I cannot pause to describe to you this home-life and its associations, for I have other matter to deal with during this hour; but you may be convinced that the consciousness of this ever-present, ever-abiding home-life of spirit intelligences gave me unbounded satisfaction, for it assured me again and again that revelations of spiritual life that had been brought to me when on earth through the avenues of my own mediumship, as well as through the avenues of mediumship in countless ways, were true, were living facts that could not be taken away from me.

Not long after my entrance into the spirit-world, where I had been sojourning with friends and relatives, drinking deeply of the waters of soul-satisfaction and peace, realizing the atmosphere of home as it appeals to the sensitive life of one who has at times felt almost without a home, there came into my atmosphere a majestic personage, a spirit, large-hearted, strong-minded, full of power, with mien and with form to correspond with the internal qualities. This spirit, I learned, had in times past occasionally interested himself in my life-work, and directed it in a measure, while I dwelt among men on earth. I shall call the spirit *Thermes*, for that was the name he had given to me. From this intelligence I gained much information concerning the various forms of life in the spirit-world. His is a scientific mind, dealing particularly with the facts and the truths of the universe, studying its laws, and seeking to reveal them to human understanding. It would please me could I relate to you all that I have received from *Thermes*, the strong intelligence that came as a guide to lead me on in my investigations of spiritual law and progress on the other side, but this I cannot do, for the narrative would fill a volume.

I had been the recipient of the boundless hospitality of my friends. I had been basking in the glorious light of their love, breathing in the perfume of the flowers that hedged my way, drinking the sweets of morning and feeling refreshed by their dewy cups, lifting my head to the glorious, boundless heavens beyond, and thanking God that I was a living man; but there was something that stirred my heart beneath all the gladness and the joy, the sweetness of summer and its perfume. It was the thought of suffering human hearts somewhere in the great universe, I knew there were thousands of bleeding hearts crying out in pain and anguish that attracted my thought back to the earth. "I knew that countless human beings groaned and trembled beneath the burden of misery and despair," I knew, and well had I known, in years past, that human souls, bowed down by misrepresentation and ostracism, struggled beneath the weight of

care and sin, and cried in anguish for assistance. How could I long bask in the sunshine of the peace and love of heaven, forgetting the pains of earth and the sorrows of my fellow-beings?

My instructor came to me on one occasion and said, "My son, wilt thou not go with me to watch the formation of a world?" This was a strange question—to watch the formation of a world! Yes, I would go at once and witness such a wonderful creation. I accompanied my guide far out into the fields of space glowing with orbs of light. Beyond the homes and the limitations of that spiritual world which I had entered we traversed our way. By-and-by we paused upon the confines of a seething, rushing, roaring ball of light, stupendous in its majesty and power.

Mortal language would fail to describe what I then beheld. Unfortunately, spirits in coming into this mortal atmosphere to commune with friends of earth are obliged to make use of your terms by which language conveys meaning to you, and these terms are inadequate for the use of the spirit who desires to relate that which he has experienced in the upper air. I can only picture this scene to you as a great ball of living fire, immense, glorious, full of matchless energy and activity. So brilliant did it appear that all the other orbs of light seemed pale beside it. Stars and suns rolled along their course in space, performing their stupendous work, and yet like feeble rush-lights to the electric glare were these other bodies of light to this great rushing, roaring globe of which I speak.

We paused upon the outer atmosphere of this ball of light, unable to reach it more closely, and then I beheld, as though coming from the centre of that orb, a stream of fire—brilliant, electrical, full of animated force—sweeping out beyond where we stood many, many miles, and forming itself, or condensing into shape that phenomenon, but I know that finally this new shape gathered itself together, as if the forces and elements belonging to it had become aggregated in its centre, and then it detached itself from the rushing, roaring sea of which I have spoken and swung out into space. I did not understand this, but my guide said: "So are worlds formed, and that will eventually become a living planet, filled with activity and power, full of the potentiality of life that shall develop into various forms of consciousness and action, and present opportunities for animated consciousness, even in human form, to dwell upon it."

As I continued to gaze I beheld gigantic beings in human guise hovering afar off, and seemingly directing their attention to this newly-formed ball of light, and inquired what they might be. The answer was that they were planetary intelligences sending their forces upon the new life and permeating it with their intelligent power. This is a scientific study was very interesting to me, but it was something that I could not wholly grasp, because it was so far from my comprehension of human beings and their activities. However, I give this to you as one line of my experience in the spiritual world.

I said to my friend: "This is instructive; it reaches the head, but does not especially appeal to the heart. You who are interested in the creation of worlds may find much in such phenomena to claim your attention and to lead your mind; but I must confess that I am more interested in the creation of souls, in the life of humanity that beats and surges and bounds against its prison-bars. Show me something connected with human life in its beginnings, that I may be instructed." My guide then asked: "Would you behold human souls in the aspect which they assume before they have ever possessed an organic form upon the planet earth or upon any other body in space?" I replied: "Yes; I would behold a human soul that has never experienced contact with matter upon an inhabited planet."

I accompanied my guide, then to a point in space toward which he directed my attention, and as we approached it he desired me to scrutinize closely what seemed to be a long line of atmospheric vapor, scintillating here and there with points or sparks of light. I did not see anything strange in this line of vaporous substance, for I did not in my mind disconnect it from other parts of space that shone with glowing stars. However, as we approached more closely I found that what had seemed a continuous line was composed of independent and separate bodies, so to speak, of vaporous matter, and that in the centre of each scintillated the spark of light of which I have spoken, just as the Milky Way to your unaided eye seems to be a continuous line of light, but which you find, by the assistance of the telescope, is in reality a line of innumerable independent bodies of light, each separate and distinct in itself.

These forms of vaporous substance appeared to vary in size and density. Some of them were very small, others were of larger size, but each one was lighted from the centre by this spark of light. My guide said to me: "These are human souls"; and I gazed at him in surprise. "Human entities they will become," he said. "By-and-by, when quickened by contact with energized life, each one of these will develop into an individualized mentality in the realm of intellectual life." He continued: "I can show you spirits possessing the form of humanity that may never have dwelt on the planet earth, but have lived in other worlds or upon other planets; but these, remember, have had no experience upon any plane of active life, and have been energized by no potential force, for they are souls waiting to be born." If one of these forces is to be born upon the planet

earth it will, by the law of attraction, be caught up and sent in the direction that it is to take. These soul-forces, like all things else, are governed by eternal law. They are subjected to the various laws of the universe, but principally to those of psychology and attraction. One of these forces, illuminated by the soul-life, will come in contact with the earth and reach some individual there. The feeblest, the small and puny ones, are not likely to remain long upon the planet to which they are attracted, because they have not sufficient potentiality to gain a strong hold; the larger ones will remain, reaping an extended experience in contact with the outward life; but each one will gather to itself an individualized power which will bring it into a state of mentality that will permit of its being called a living spirit. The spark that illuminates these forces from the centre is the flame of life, or the soul, which centres itself, when it takes possession of a human form, in the cranial structure. The vaporous mass around that flame of life, or the soul-principle, diffuses itself through the organic form, giving what you would call nerve-force, or aura, to the entire system."

This seemed scientific to me. I certainly could find in that matter of interest for the scientific student and for the medical expert, and as a man interested in the revelations of science, and also as one who had dealt largely in the realm of *materia medica*, I found here a fascinating and absorbing study.

Further information was vouchsafed to me by my guide concerning these strange and subtle forces that I beheld. He told me that they were in the atmosphere of each planet, but called my attention especially to those which were related to the earth, because I also belonged to this planet. He told me that these soul-forces, as I must term them for want of a better name in your language, were attracted to the atmosphere of this planet, swept along by the law of gravitation, and that they found a lodgment or resting-place in various quarters not at once to be received and sent out into this external life, for perhaps many long years or centuries even of time might elapse before some of them would be given the opportunity for expression in mortal existence; "but here they are," he said, "surging and moving around as they are swept by the currents of law, and exercising a subtle influence upon human life in this atmosphere."

What did all this reveal to me? Why! it brought to my heart a tender pity and a throb of sympathy more kindly than I had ever experienced before for many human beings walking this earth to-day who are subjected to temptations and solicitations—young girls and women full of sensitiveness, subjected to the psychological power of the members of my own sex in this life, and, at the same time, perchance, acted upon by these subtle forces seeking for expression in external life, undeveloped, undivided, not conscious entities, but yet swayed by eternal law, and seeking an opportunity for manifestation.

So there opened before me a great and a broad field of research and study into the origin of life, into the genesis of humanity, which you may believe appealed to my studious nature with persistency. But I shall not dwell longer upon this branch of my subject. I know very well that but few minds are sufficiently unfolded in a knowledge of spiritual law to comprehend distinctly these strange revelations that I might make to you concerning the great, wondrous, stupendous life and activity of this universe of ours.

Waiting for opportunities to labor in my own chosen and congenial field of work, I began to question the spirits concerning the individual lives that I felt needed assistance, instruction and sympathy. My experiences as a Spiritualist and a medium before I passed from earth had convinced me that there existed in the spirit-life, in so far as they also existed in the physical life as mortals, millions of human beings that were crude and ignorant with excrescences that needed to be sloughed off before they could rise to a state of spiritual grandeur and peace.

I needed to be at work. I was growing rusty through idleness. True, I was a student; true, I made the best use possible of my time in gaining information of the great life around me; true, I sought to dispense to my associates something from my own knowledge and experience that might be instructive, but what could I do in that direction among men and women so much more advanced than myself, so rich in intellectual attainments, so well equipped to perform Herculean labors for humanity? How could I be of use to them? I yearned for and I requested the opportunity to go forth to some needy soul that I could assist by a ray of light or with a word of instruction, to some sick and afflicted mind that required the spark of spiritual vitality that perchance I might convey to him. That was my request, and it was answered, for every desire of the soul in spiritual worlds meets with a response.

Soon I was again attracted from that quarter of the spirit-world where I had found heaven—that is, peace and serenity of mind—beautiful surroundings such as the most glorious creations of the artist's skill, the sculptor's mind and the poet's inspiration, and the most lovely and loving associations with congenial friends full of sympathy and love. I was attracted from that heaven which I had gained, I say, to a quarter of the spirit-world where I found a veritable hell.

We Spiritualists speak of the immortal world as one vast garden of beauty and bloom, as one great home of music and song, as one field of poetry and art. That is but one side of the picture. We spirits who return to you, from the most unlovely and lowly that ever trod the

earth to the very highest mind that in its exaltation of wisdom and power might even assist in creating worlds, can tell you of the hells of spirit-life, and they are not all within either.

The hells of spirit-life are dark in character. Their atmosphere is dense and turbid. It would seem as if an advanced spirit could not breathe in them, and yet he can, because he can conquer these conditions by the exercise of his own will. To those who dwell within these murky atmospheres all is dark and baleful. No beautiful flowers bloom to deck the wayside; no sweet songsters sing upon the branches of living trees, filling the air with melody; no bright sunlight streams down upon the homes and into the hearts of those who dwell in these places; and why? Not that such a state has been specially provided by any arbitrary power, but because these surroundings, these influences and conditions are the creations of those turbulent minds that are attracted to them when they pass from the physical life. Nor is it altogether a subjective life, as some spirits claim, because we say that these external conditions of the spirit are the creations of the mind. No; for these very forms and manifestations of life are real and objective. They are as substantial to the spirit as is anything in this mortal life to you; but the spirit provides the material of which they are built, and that material may be crude and dense and dark and altogether unlovely if the spirit within is in a like condition.

I entered one place where there were many restless souls, with faces forbidding, and with mien that would discourage, if possible, any attempt on the part of others to approach and assist them. These souls would take no notice of me or of such as myself. I desired to know why this condition was theirs in the spirit-world, and I learned that their lives on earth had been filled with selfishness—with the consciousness of self-interest and the desire to bless and to provide for self alone, to reap all the good things of life, that one might have personal power and aggrandizement, social position, honor and all that which makes of a man a positive individuality on this side, irrespective of the claims and qualities of his spiritual nature. These persons had been accustomed to think of themselves only, of that which they wanted most, and of that which they were determined to have; but, passing into spirit-life, they were bereft of all the power and position which had been theirs here, and, stripped of the outward garb, their spirits stood forth in all their deformity. Dwarfed and stunted forms and distorted features were the general rule in that locality, and these individuals passed their time in restless repining over the lot which had come to them, and over the loss of their worldly possessions on this side of life.

It would seem almost impossible for any teacher to reach such lives as these which existed in this unattractive place, and yet I found benevolent spirits there busily engaged, gentle women of lovely mien, their graceful forms robed in light, passing about on errands of mercy. I found men of wise character calmly moving on their way, magnetizing with their own personal power the various individuals quartered there, and bringing rays of light and strength to those unhappy spirits who unconsciously imbibed something of the personal influence of those benevolent souls, and were helpfully affected thereby.

After a while such ministrations achieve a certain result, inasmuch as it begins to stimulate into activity and outreach the inner spiritual life of the restless, turbulent individual, and when that inner spiritual life is acted upon by this spiritual stimulus, the sorrowing, suffering one rouses to a sense of his own unworthiness, begins to see that it is his own fault that he has found such a condition of life, realizes that he has spent all his energies to enrich the outward husk, while the inner germ of life eternal has been neglected and despised. So the work of regeneration begins, and these souls are assisted to reach outward unto a higher plane and a more beautiful condition.

But this is not a type of all the hells of spirit-life. They are infinite, just as the various conditions and phases of human life are infinite. No man has exactly the same experience of his fellows. Each one has his own capacity for enjoyment or for suffering. Each one finds a heaven or happiness in his own way through certain lines of experience, and so each one finds his hell of suffering in his own way through his own line of discipline. Therefore there are various states and stages of misery in the spirit-world, even as there are various gradations of happiness and of purified peace in the immortal world.

Once I was desired to visit a spirit in prison, one that was sorely afflicted by many, many trials. This spirit was not literally chained and held in constraint by dungeon walls, but to all intents and purposes, in his own realization of the case, he was in prison. I found the man suffering the tortures of hell, crying out in agony of spirit to be released from his condition. And what did he desire? To rise to a higher state? To go out into the pleasant fields? To break away from the walls that surrounded him that he might find the sunshine and air beyond? Not at all. He desired to be crushed, literally crushed out of existence, to know nothing more of life, of sensation, of consciousness of any kind. His prayer from day to day was for death, or annihilation.

The cause of all this suffering proved to be that this man many years ago had, in the full pride of his youthful life and power on earth, betrayed a helpless maid, and until he passed to the spirit-world he had felt no compunctions of conscience, even though that beautiful young being, shamed at her betrayal by one she had trusted all too well, had cast her

self out of this mortal existence into the arms of the tender spiritual world. On earth the man had lived a life of energy, had made his mark in the world as a business man, had formed family ties and associations, and had become respected in his community. The day came when he was called to the spirit life, and at first he did not realize much of any change in his condition. He seemed to walk the same streets that he had trod before, and to enter the same homes and business offices that he had known. He would speak to the people he had associated with, and think it strange that they did not respond cordially to his greeting as in days past. It took the man some time to realize that he had become a dejected spirit, and then he began to question what life had brought to him; but, as consolation became awakened on the spiritual side, there came rolling up and around him these turbid magnetic forces that he had generated, which enveloped him like an impenetrable wall. The spirit began to cry out and rebel at his condition. Finding himself a living man, he demanded that he should have association and the home enjoyments that he craved; and, by-and-by, in answer to his call, there came a beautiful face peering through the shadows that enveloped him, the face of the angel whom he had betrayed, neglected and forgotten. Then memory and conscience awoke to living activity, and he cried out in agony that he might be relieved of this angelic presence, for he did not believe it was the maiden herself who had kept her youthful beauty in the land of bloom, but he imagined he was haunted by a ghostly appearance that would never leave his sight. The spirit who had come wishing to do him good retired, and thus I found the man enveloped by his own prison walls, and praying for relief from memory and conscience. He did not wish to face himself; he would rather be obliterated from life altogether than meet the consequences of his own deeds; and this was his hell, greater than any torture that fire and brimstone could bring to a human being.

I cannot dwell upon these scenes that I have witnessed in spirit-life, but I wished to give you an idea of that which the eternal world holds for humanity. Those who have defrauded their neighbors and deprived their brothers and sisters of the rights that belonged to them, those who have been unjust, who have in any way injured a fellow-creature, have injured humanity at large, have injured life itself, and life will be avenged; not that there is any vindictive, arbitrary power or personality in the universe, a gigantic God wreaking vengeance upon human beings, but there is an unerring law within the human heart that will manifest itself, and he who does an injury to his fellow-creatures, wantonly and knowingly, that he may derive some advantage, some momentary pleasure or worldly affluence for himself by the act, will suffer the penalty when he comes to face himself and meet his awakened conscience on the spirit-side of life. Not only will the interior condition be that of unrest, rebellion and unhappiness, great and tortuous to the sensibilities of the spiritual nature, but the surroundings and the associations of the outward life will be of a corresponding character. They will be unlovely to the sight, crude and unformed. No beautiful objects meet his eye, no creations of art does he behold, and no song of melody greets his ear, for he is not in a condition to understand or to appreciate anything of the sort.

Heaven also comes to the spirit as it arises from the earthly plane according to its aspirations and desires. He who has trod the earthly path may have fallen sometimes by the wayside in the hour of weakness or temptation; he who has gained many experiences through years of toil must have many times known that his strength was futile to overcome all evil; but if he has tried to do his best to injure no man, or if he has injured any soul to atone for the wrong that has been done, and in all ways has endeavored as far as possible to be of use and to do good, he will not be tortured in any such hell of spirit-life as I have described. He will find within himself an impulse and ability to rise above the limitations of this physical plane, beyond the realms where earth bound spirits dwell, and spurning the air with his own spiritual power, gain the immortal heights where the workers and the good abide.

There is a power within that enables every one of us, you and I, to go onward and upward, higher and higher in aspiration, thought and effort, reaching the land where spirits made strong through suffering dwell, and gaining the knowledge and ability to attempt and to achieve for ourselves that which shall be useful to humanity at large. We suffer and groan on earth; we meet our toilsome experiences, and faint by the way; and all the while the spirit may be unfolding its pinions of strength, all the while the songster within may be tuning its notes for lofty strains, all the while the heart may be gaining new life and activity to bound with great sympathetic throbs for humanity that is in pain. Through toil, and effort, and suffering, and despair we may, if we will, by sending out our aspirations for more light, more spiritual helpfulness, more power to put the things of earth beneath our feet, and to rise to the heights of soul-conquest and worth, be fitting ourselves for the mansions of peace where angels dwell.

DEDICATION.

May the infinite love of the angel world, and the peace and blessing that our spirit-friends can convey to each one, be an abiding presence in our lives now and forever. Amen.

In Memoriam.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
At a meeting of the officers and trustees of the First Liberal Spiritualist Society of Williamsport, Pa., the following resolutions were accepted as the expression of the whole:
Whereas, The Angel of Death has drawn the veil between the spirit of LENA BIRCH and this our mundane world and its work; be it
Resolved, That we as a new and struggling society most deeply feel the loss to the Cause produced by the transition of our able and efficient co-worker and leader, and that the sympathy of all to whom these words shall come.
Resolved, That we as friends and admirers of the departed, to whom we had become much attached during her short stay with us, feel a sense of personal loss in her removal from this our present sphere of usefulness.
Resolved, That we, to whom the loss is as nothing compared to that sustained by the devoted mother, whose early home was centered in her daughter and her work, do hereby extend to her our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy.
Resolved, That we desire to express in brief and to the world our appreciation of the fact that LENA BIRCH passed to a higher life a martyr to a noble but too great effort for her frail body to endure, to extend the higher education to suffering humanity.
Resolved, That we ask the earnest sympathy of every progressive soul for the dear mother, ourselves as a society and the Cause; which has lost to its visible work so faithful and able a teacher and representative.
WILLIAMSPORT, PA. LYDIA H. CHASE, Sec'y.

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Original Essay.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE POPULAR MONTHLIES.

BY EDEN COBB.

Upon perusing the pithy editorial in THE BANNER for Jan. 10th, headed "Quixotic Attack on Spiritualism," it occurred to me that those of its readers who are not familiar with the Frank Leslie publications might infer that the article so justly criticised voices the sentiments of the management of said publications. A brief examination of a few recent issues may show that such is not the fact.

It was my pleasure to hold intimate relation, through many years, with a novelist of wide repute. Hundreds of thousands from week to week read the yieldings of his prolific pen. I always received a warm welcome from him, but I was nevertheless cautious at all times in my approach to his quiet retirement, for fear of interrupting the flow of some intricate scheme of plotting.

"He says you are just in the nick of time; come right up."

Such was the servant's message to me on occasion of a neighborly call, and I at once wended my way up to the author's sanctum.

"Sit down one minute, and then I am with you," was his salutation as I entered.

He was hurriedly writing. At his left was a bulky pile of finished manuscript. One or two peculiarly expressive dashes of his pen, and then he threw up both hands, exclaiming with hearty emphasis,

"There!"

"There what?"

"That ends this novelette," and the sheet upon which he had penned the finale was carefully laid upon the pile by his side.

"Good! I am just in time for a social chat."

"That you are. But, I tell you," and he struck a series of pantomimic beats upon the top of the manuscript with his open hand.

"Well, tell."

"Yes; but oh! how I have suffered through the whole of this long story."

"How?"

"Well, it is just here; by heavens! it came poking into my mind when I was first weaving together my plot, and at every turn up it would front itself. Gracious! if I could only have done it this story would have been far, far the best of any I have as yet written."

"What's up? Out with it."

"I will tell you, my boy, just how it is. If I could only have taken your Spiritualism—mark you, in both its phenomenal and rich ethical phases—and made it the leading factor in working the plot to its consummation, what a different thing I could have made of it. Oh! how I wish—"

"Well, why in the name of all that is holy did you not do it?"

"What! Do you suppose—(calling his publisher by name) would print a word that even savored of a leaning toward recognizing the claims of Spiritualism? No!"

"Is he so terribly opposed to it?"

"That is not it. His personal like or dislike has nothing to do in the matter. He keeps his fingers carefully upon the public pulse, and its beating is the index to his procedure. But mark me! the time will come, and not so very long ahead, when this rich field will be open to the general ideal secular writer."

"Well, but I thought ghost stories were always in order. Couldn't you so weave in your—"

"Bah! I've written ghost stories, scores of them; but here I must lay out a series of causes and effects based upon an assumption that the spring from which all the seeming wonders emanate is a fountain of absolute truth, and every seeming violation of the natural order of things, however marvelous, must, in the end, be made consonant to eternal law. My whole soul must, of necessity, grasp strongly to that mainstay of my work and guard it jealously from every encroachment of falsification. No! no! Those are but babbling fools who imagine that the writer of fiction can have no righteous predilection toward a treasured theme to trifle with which is to his own heart as a self-inflicted dagger-thrust."

As I refer to my diary I find that the above recorded interview occurred just twenty years and four months ago. Now let us examine and ascertain what position Spiritualism holds in the literary publications of to-day. Does the spirit of that silly piece of ignorance and stupidity introduced into Frank Leslie's Monthly, under the sanctioning cognomen of "Agassiz in Cambridge," by Clara Conant Gilson, bespeak the true attitude of that publication toward Spiritualism at the present time? Most assuredly it does not.

Open Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours for October, 1891, and you will find a nine-page story, finely illustrated, entitled "The Herald of Fate." Mr. Clark Rogers received a letter, and "The strange thing concerning this letter," the writer says, "which had come regularly through the post, was that it came from a dead man."

This letter had been sent by a "medium," and subsequently the medium visits Mr. Rogers. Mr. Rogers asks him why he has called. The medium's answer is: "Because I was compelled to come. For several days I have been haunted by a spirit that would give me no rest until I had communicated his message to you." Later on—after the writer has given a very graphic and purely respectful description of the medium's going "under control"—the narration continues: "All at once he [the medium] turned his great eyes upon Rogers and began to speak, and at the first word the merchant started as if he had received a painful shock, for he heard again the sound of a voice stifled for many years in death."

This spirit, which the merchant recognizes, goes on and warns him of a calamity which is soon to come upon him. The spirit-visitor also details a number of test-incidents that will intervene before the final consummation of the main subject of communication.

Although the writer archly introduces the typical "Psychic Investigator," who pompously explains to Mr. Rogers how the silly aberrations of his brain may be set at rights, nevertheless, true to his or her own soul interests, the "medium" and "spirit" are vindicated, and all ends as the supermundane visitant foretold.

Not satisfied with the foregoing for one issue, the very next story in this number bears the following title: "The Sound of a Voice that is Still." The author of this piece did not make a happy selection of words in framing its heading. The idea of the sound of a voice

[Undoubtedly Mr. Cobb refers in this account to his brother, Sylvanus, Jr.—Ed.]

that is still is rather ambiguous, to say the least; and, in this case, the scribbler gives us full assurance that the particular voice under prominent notice is absolutely resonant with articulation.

Dr. Barrington learns that his old acquaintance, Stephen Solis, has returned from South America, and rented a villa at Newport. Mr. Solis shows himself in company. There is something strange at times in his actions. He stops, even in the midst of a dance, and listens. "He looks as though he saw a ghost," remarked some one to Dr. Barrington, respecting this odd expression, one day. "To me he appears rather like a person who hears one," was the doctor's reply.

Stephen Solis appoints a private interview with Dr. Barrington. They meet. He [Stephen] turned away, and again paced the floor with hurried steps. Then he paused once more and threw himself into the chair. "Ever since that day, doctor," he continued, leaning forward, and fixing his wild, wide open eyes on his companion's face, "I have heard her [his wife, whose name previous had passed from this life under peculiar circumstances] calling me by name. At home, in gay assemblages, by day, by night, anywhere, everywhere, that cry of Stephen! Stephen! Stephen! rings out suddenly and unexpectedly. No one hears it save me—and the dogs hear it. I never keep a dog for that reason. But you—you are her kinsman. Do you not hear her voice even now?" and rising, Mr. Solis unbarred the great winnowing fronting the ocean, and flung it wide open.

"Above the sound of the sea and the storm, the plunging breakers and the rushing winds, Dr. Barrington heard, or fancied he heard, the agonized shriek of 'Stephen! Stephen! Stephen!'"

"Ah! you heard it! I see by your face that you did; and you can do nothing for me. I thought as much."

To the end the writer's aim in this case is to present, as a fact, the working of the gift of clairaudience. The allusion to dogs hearing the voice shows that the person so narrating is no novice in the investigation of spiritual phenomena.

In the January number of this same publication is a story—the most artistically illustrated of any in the work—entitled, "The Woman in a Sun-Bonnet." It says: "We had spent three weeks in our new abode, when one morning my nurse, Bridget, came to tell me of a singular and unusual disturbance of Charles's slumbers, from which the child had suffered for some nights past."

"Charles," (asks his mother,) "what's this about your dreaming of a woman in a sun-bonnet?"

"Indeed, mamma," he sobbed, "I'm not dreaming when I see her, I'm wide awake."

After this they all see her at different times, and often in and about the cellar. Finally James Loring visits the house. The woman in the sun-bonnet appears to him at his bedside. He had the nerve to speak to her. He asks: "From whence do you come?" Her answer is: "You must look for me in the cellar." He asked why she wore a sun-bonnet, and her reply was: "Because the time has spoiled my face."

The gardeners were set at digging in the cellar, and the corroded remains of a human skeleton were discovered imbedded in lime.

Now we open Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for January, 1892, and we find two as matter-of-fact and earnestly told spiritual stories as can be written. We are favored here with the names of the writers, and it is pleasing to see that they are both women, as their bold as well as accurate handling of the spiritual phenomena shows to such glowing advantage by the side of the delusive cogger of Mrs. G. M. Miss, Gilson.

The stories are: "Who Came to the Wedding," by Nellie Hart Woodworth; and "Dick Truck's Wife," by Mary A. Denison. In these pieces the phenomena of materialization, and tangible spirit intercourse between the two worlds or spheres of life, are introduced as the pivotal points of interest, and treated to the end as sober, undeniable truths. They so make the working of their incidents bear witness.

Now the significant feature that presents itself as one after another of the previously mentioned magazine articles are critically analyzed is, that—maybe unawares to themselves—the different writers have betrayed a fixed determination, from first to last, that the reader should not be possessed of the false idea that they were striving to write merely for ghost sensation. There is none of the spook-hobgoblin about any of them. The spirit-visitants are all perfectly natural, and bear themselves in the same life of physical and psychic action as they were wont to do in earth-life. The different phases of phenomena mentioned are handled in a way which shows the writers to be well versed as sincere students of the spiritual sciences.

Question: Would the editors of these periodicals admit between their covers an article that was directly based upon any credal or sectarian dogma? Most assuredly not. Then why admit these out-and-out spiritualistic pieces? Because—these publishers, too, have their fingers on the great Public Pulse! By shrewd diagnosis they discover that the broad, general assumptions of Modern Spiritualism have nothing to do with creeds nor dogmas, but that, like all distinct and palpable revelations of Nature, they are fast being absorbed and held dear by the Universal Heart. Too jealous of their own interest to let prejudice or dogmatism stand in their way, they throw off all petty hindrances and plunge into the onward "swim" that psychic evolution is throwing over the fossilized beds of the now receding Past.

True, it is in most part the phenomenal that makes up the current form for acceptance in these secular, literary quarters. But not that alone. In every one of the cases cited in this review, direct, intelligent communication between those of earth and the denizens of the life beyond is argued, and to the brunt maintained.

Hearts once fired by this glowing revelation will not long rest with the mere penning of the outward gleams, but anon its scintillating Ethics will bud out in full glory amid their enrapt effusions.

Think not the lightly of fiction, you who ponder and write with profound and logical precision. You have your sphere, and the romancers have theirs. Fancy's bright dreams, running hand-in-hand with Truth, may, in the end, bring to the soul the fullest "meed" of grace; and Spiritualism can have no stronger ally than imagination's fertile coinage.

Hall's Vegetable Mollan Hair Renewer is unquestionably the best preservative of the hair. It is also curative of dandruff, fetor, and all scalp affections.

Timely Suggestions.

A Cure for Pneumonia.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of Dr. W. H. Vosburgh at Lake Pleasant last summer. I soon learned to love and respect him, and I deeply grieve at his death. It appears that Dr. Vosburgh and myself were seized with pneumonia at about the same time. Although I am seven years his senior I live to tell how I was cured, which I do for the benefit of others:

Several weeks ago I had a lame shoulder, and, as it was the right one, I could not draw out the disease with the right hand. Knowing the nature of rheumatism, and the beneficial effects of heat in such cases, I bought half a yard of ticking, costing nine cents, which made two bags. Each of these I filled, each about half full of dry sand, and they fitted nicely to any part of my body. I laid a paper on the stove hearth and the sand-bag on that till it became as hot as my hand could bear. I applied one to the shoulder on going to bed for several nights, and this was a gradual improvement. The shoulder was almost cured, when, in consequence of exposure to a cold wind, I was taken with pneumonia. The pain was in my right side where I could not get at it to draw it out. Coughing caused very severe pain.

I took to my bed and applied a sand bag to the worst spot. In about an hour the warmth spread all over me, bringing the natural moisture to the skin. I felt relieved, and knew the work of cure had commenced. I used the sand-bag most of the time for several days, gradually improving, and in a short time was able to resume work.

I ate acid oranges to subdue the fever, remove the fur from the tongue, and keep the heart from beating too violently; but took no medicine, and had no doctor's bill to pay.

So long as the doctors persist in remaining ignorant of the nature of rheumatic diseases, including pneumonia, and hence are incompetent to treat them, I see no use in employing them in such cases.

A Correction.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I notice in your issue for Jan. 16th a communication from Bro. Sharp, commending the recently-published compilation of wise sayings of the Seer—called "Starnos"—and closing with a quotation, which he says he committed to memory forty years ago, viz.:

"Death is but a kind and gentle servant. Who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door to show us those we love."

The inference is that this exquisite "aphorism" originated with A. J. Davis, and was taken from his writings. In the Herald of Progress, some twenty eight years ago, this quotation headed the column of "Apotheosis," or death notices, but it was not Mr. Davis's language. The inspired author was Mrs. Julia Scott, who wrote for the Universalists fifty years ago; and this beautiful conception of death appeared in her book of poems before the advent of Modern Spiritualism. She was sister to Hon. O. H. P. Kinney of Waverly, N. Y., and widely known, honored and loved for her sweetness of spirit, poetic inspirations, and progressive ideas. It was she who brought the first evidence of spirit-return to her gifted brother, some forty years ago, in Binghamton, N. Y., by rapping out her name, age, and date of death, and characteristic messages, while the boy medium sat at the opposite side of the table, and the alphabet by which the communications were spelled out was out of sight and reach of the medium. I think the paper most favored with her contributions while in the flesh was "The Rose of Sharon."

The whole Kinney family were a progressive people, and naturally accepted Spiritualism when its beauties and rational religion were presented to their minds.

Bro. Sharp may not have intended to convey the idea that the verse quoted was original with A. J. Davis, but the way he presents it makes it so appear, at least to

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Spiritualists' Funerals.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In THE BANNER of Jan. 16th Jacob Edson, Esq., in his address before the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, strikes the keynote to a subject of vital interest and importance; and I hope the agitation will continue until some good and permanent results are attained.

It is very much to be regretted that so many—I think a very large majority—of the funerals of Spiritualists are attended by ministers of the gospel of superstition, instead of the Spiritual Philosophy.

It is a burning shame that the convictions of Spiritualists are thus ignored; that after a lifetime, it may be, of devotion to the Cause, when the change of death furnishes the best occasion possible for the presentation of the spiritual philosophy—an occasion also when we most need its strengthening and comforting assurances—it should be perverted into a golden opportunity for the clergy to traduce or ignore our convictions and knowledge of things spiritual.

We are doing the spirit-world and ourselves a great injustice if we suffer this condition of things to continue, for it is as little as we can do, in appreciation of the knowledge they have given us, to be true to them, true to our religion, true to ourselves.

If we would have the respect of others, we must respect ourselves. Fashionable funerals and Spiritualism are inconsistent; instead of following in the old ruts, let us inaugurate a new system; there certainly is room for improvement upon the present one, and it is equally true that up to the present time Spiritualists have not made any great change.

Mr. Edson suggests Dr. H. B. Storer and Mrs. H. S. Lake as suitable persons to prepare a funeral service for Spiritualists—a most excellent suggestion; but I would make an amendment to it by inviting all Spiritualists who are willing to forward such a movement to prepare a suitable form of service for such occasions, and send such to THE BANNER with a view toward publication. If a sufficient number should be sent, it might be advisable to have them put in book-form, thus securing a work which is very much needed.

While such a project will in no wise interfere with our speakers, whose personal services are always to be preferred to any ritualistic work, however excellent and varied, it will prove a great convenience to a large number of Spiritualists who find it inconvenient or impossible to secure such service.

Plymouth, Mass. IOHANN CARVER.

A SONG FOR TO-DAY.

Come raise we here this song of to-day;
Sing of keen war with the devil's throngs
Of envy and hate and the myriad wrongs
That rack the human soul and bring array;
Tell of the cause of the poor who sink
Crushed grapes in the press, while rich men drink
And barter the trodden wine, and pray.
Tell of the women and men grown gray
With lonely labor and scant delight,
Of tears that fall in the bitter night,
Of hopes that were and are now vain;
Till hearts are ashes that once were fire,
And the full-sailed vision of youth's desire
A sunken wreck ere the close of day.
Tell of the children that swarm and die
In thousands done where despair is king,
The blackened buds of a frosty spring
That wither sunless in the wintry day.
From the love that should nurture each quickening
sense,
While vice and hunger and pestilence
Breast-poisoned nurses, the babes drain dry.
Tell of the sword that is sharp to slay,
Blaze loud the note of unwearied strife;
Beyond the land of the living life
And bids us hasten to her away.
Tell of the death that is mammon's dower,
Of darkness dashed from its height of power
As out of the doom-cold breaks the day.
Tell of the cloud that shall smite away
The crown of gain from the spoiler's head,
From the cruel thief of the poor man's bread,
And the law that blesses the thief for pay;
Of love set free from the curse of gold,
Of youth renewed for a world grown old
With kings and robbers and men of prey.
Of the joy of living, of man made one,
Of growing knowledge through ages stored
Made free to all men, the world's broad
Wide and free as the light of the sun;
While the world's soul, loosened from night at last,
Sweeps, strong-winged, out of the woful past,
To the unmeasured joy that shall yet be won.
—Fred Herson, in "My Sea and other Poems."

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.—Hints to Enquirers into Spiritualism, with Rules for the Formation of Spirit Circles. By J. J. Morse. 16mo, pp. 48. Liverpool, Eng.: 80 Needham Road.

Reasons for the Hope that is in Me, or, Wonderful and Irrefutable Evidence of a Future Life. By Hugh Junior Brown, of Melbourne, Australia, author of "Rational Christianity," "The Grand Reality," etc. Appended to which is a Lecture by the same author upon The Doctrines of the Popular Faith Contrasted with the Teachings of Modern Spiritualism. 16mo, pp. 60. Manchester, Eng.: Wm. Britten.

Heavenly Messenger; or, Immortality Demonstrated. Appeals to the Methodists by Spirit Gilbert Haven, late Bishop of the Methodist Church. With Additional Spirit Messages. 8vo, pp. 38. Washington, D. C.: S. M. Baldwin.

The Indianapolis Letters on Theosophy. By Alexander Fulton, F. T. S. 16mo, pp. 46. New York: The Path.

Philosophy of Evil in a New Gospel Lesson from the Apple Trees. By Caleb S. Weeks. 16mo, pp. 12. New York: Hyington & Co.

After the superintendent of a New York Sunday school had impressed a reporter with the Chinese pupils' great desire to absorb religion in large quantities—says a Boston paper—one of the Celestials told the scribe that he came there just to learn English, and to see the pretty "Melican gals." The Chinaman is incorrigible.

This is for You.

If you are sick, and have not been helped, why do you not write a full description of your case to the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., known everywhere as the discoverer of Dr. Greene's Nervura, and who is without doubt, the most successful physician in the cure of all long standing complaints? Consultation in all cases is entirely free, personally or by mail. Thousands consult him by letter, and he returns an answer to each, carefully explaining their diseases, giving advice, and pointing out the way to recovery. His success in curing diseases by his marvelous vegetable remedies is simply wonderful, and he has made a specialty of the cure of persons at a distance through letter correspondence. In this manner he has cured thousands of people who have been and thousands more are being cured, and we should advise you, if you desire a sure cure from your disease, to immediately write him all about your case. It will cost you nothing to get his very valuable advice.

In Memoriam.

From his home, No. 3 Lincoln street, Portland, Me., Feb. 7th, GEORGE F. CARNEY, aged 52 years and 3 months. Bro. Carney was always patient and cheerful during the many hours of pain that attended his illness, and was a great help to his family in many ways. He was a man of sterling integrity, an advanced thinker, and a firm Spiritualist. His knowledge of Spiritualism was a great comfort to him, and he looked forward to the hour of release from this mortal form as a happy emancipation from the bondage of the flesh. To him death was but a new birth, a perfectly natural event, that would release him from his crippled and worn-out body. May the pure spirit of our brother, chastened by many years of suffering, find in the realms of spirit life that calm peace and joy that passeth all human understanding.

He leaves a widow and four children—three sons and a daughter—who mourn the physical decrease of a kind and indulgent husband and father; but they are comforted by the knowledge that what seemingly is their loss is his gain. The funeral services will be held at the residence of the deceased, at No. 3 Lincoln street, on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 10th, at 2 o'clock. There were laid to rest the mortal remains of one of the brightest, most genial and lovable men that it has been my lot to meet. May his ardent spirit, ever true and true loved ones until they, too, shall hear and obey the call to "come up higher." H. C. BERRY.

Portland, Me., Feb. 11th, 1892.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home in East Boston, Mass., Jan. 26th, 1892, Mrs. Marilla Pickering, aged 78 years and 3 months.

She was a devoted wife and mother, and while attending to her daily duties was always ready to assist in any cause. She leaves her husband of 53 years, Mr. Leonard Pickering, and two daughters—Mrs. Juliette M. Leonard of Revere, and Mrs. Josephine M. Leonard of Boston. Both of whom are fine mediums. Her son, Arthur Pickering, passed away fourteen years ago. Since his death a test séance was held in her parlors, and many inquiries have since been made as to her welfare. In her early years she united with the Methodist Church; in later life she embraced the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy. Being a sincere friend of the cause, she was ever ready to welcome the weekly visits, and read its pages with interest. Rev. Mr. Gardner of the Central Square Baptist Church, East Boston, officiated at the funeral. Her husband and the children were choice and elaborate. Her material body was taken to Woodlawn Cemetery for interment. Com.

From Mesopotamia, O., on the morning of Jan. 31st, Mrs. Olive S. Wilcox—wife of Joseph E. Wilcox, and daughter of James and Eliza Lepper—aged 47 years.

Herself and her husband were lifelong Spiritualists, and during her protracted suffering with cancer, carried out the principles and tenets of the faith in her own and in the ministrations of the angels. La Grippe at last set in, and four days finished the work.

On the morning of Feb. 1st her brother, Edwin J. Lepper, aged 33 years, succumbed to La Grippe, and joined his sister in the journey to the home beyond. Both funerals were attended by large numbers of friends, and mother, quite aged, were unable to be present, but found consolation in the knowledge that Spiritualism brings. Services were conducted by the writer. MYRA F. FAIRBANKS.

Painesville, O., Feb. 1th, 1892.

From his home in Little Falls, N. Y., Major Henry Lusk, aged 80 years.

He was one of the oldest and most experienced residents of Little Falls. As a lawyer he was honorable, painstaking and conscientious; he had the reputation of being one of the best men in this section, and his practice was extensive and varied.

He was a man of firm convictions, ever ready to give his opinions, but never pressed his ideas upon others. He had been a devoted Spiritualist over forty years, and was long a subscriber for THE BANNER. He was a great reader, a deep thinker, a profound reasoner. He was thoroughly instructed in the Spiritual Philosophy, and passed to the other side of life in full faith of its reality, and of a happy reunion with those gone before. He leaves a wife and many friends, who mourn his departure from this life. Com.

From the home of her daughter, Mrs. Judge Langley, Seaside, Wash., Dec. 19th, 1891, Mrs. Elizabeth Young, aged 83 years.

Her remains were taken to Champaign, Ill.—her home for more than thirty years—and laid beside those of her husband.

She was a devoted Spiritualist for more than a quarter of a century, and had a deep and abiding interest in all progressive works. As a citizen she was just, a friend to the poor and unfortunate, and the world has been made better by her pure and earnest life. Com.

From San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 24th, 1891, Henrietta H. Frick, aged 78 years.

After much suffering from cancer and heart trouble, she has passed into rest. She was a remarkable seer, a medium from infancy—describing hundreds from spirit-life to friends and strangers—and was one of the first to investigate Spiritualism when it was first introduced into the West. She was a member of the BANNER OF LIGHT from its first issue, she has earned a home in the better land. Her first sister, A. C. PARKMAN, died in the same manner. Com.

From Richmond, Me., Jan. 20th, Capt. Isaac P. Davis, aged 74 years.

He was an esteemed citizen, a sincere, life-long Spiritualist, and a reader of and subscriber for THE BANNER since its first issue. Com.

From Everett, Neb., Jan. 22d, 1892, Mrs. Elmina P. Heider. She was an interesting and devoted woman, and was well known in Central and Western New York. Com.

(Obituary Notice) not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When exceeding that number twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. The words on an average make a line. No spaces for poetry under the above heading.)

For the Banner of Light, INTO THE YON.

BY MYRON H. GOODWIN.

'T was when the day was dawning
Her spirit took its flight
Beyond this world of shadows
To one of love and light.

Upon her brow there rested
No trace of earthly pain,
Which gives a sweet assurance
That death to her was gain.

Her life was like a poem,
So smooth it ran and clear,
Can she be less in heaven
Who was an angel here?

When life was in its morning,
And earth was more than dear,
She winged her onward journey
Into a brighter sphere.

The noblest, purest beings
That gladden mortal eyes,
Are those that pass through early
The gates of Paradise!

They rustle gently by us,
But on your life and mine
They leave a lasting impress—
An influence divine.

West Newbury, Mass.

Banner Correspondence.

Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURGH.—J. H. Lohmeyer, Secretary, writes: "Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing of Westfield, N. Y., has elapsed a very successful month with the First Church of Spiritualists. We have had very large audiences attending our meetings; so great a number came they could not gain admission and were obliged to leave. Mrs. Twing is well thought of by the Pittsburgh Spiritualists and her departure leaves a void with many that cannot easily be filled by any other speaker. We have noticed during nearly all her talks eyes filled with tears when she would relate some of her own life experiences on the spiritualist's journey; and the audiences would listen with the greatest attention, and seemed to be sorry when she closed. I know of different persons who came to me after meeting and said very candidly: 'We have been church-members a number of years, and have heard sermons preached every Sunday, but we never taught to see things in the same light as we hear them here. Everything seems to be so plain and easy to comprehend, it opens a new life unknown to us before.'

But I must not forget 'Ikabod,' Mrs. Twing's guide, as he is a particular favorite with our people. He always objects to long lectures, as he thinks people care more for him than they do for his medium. 'Ikabod' gives general satisfaction, always says true things, and does not allow any one to leave him without being satisfied. A number of people have expressed themselves about the tests they have received through Mrs. Twing from 'Ikabod.' In a conversation with a lady who has been a constant attendant at our meetings during the last month, I learned her reasons for doing so. Her youngest son, hearing of Mrs. Twing's coming to Pittsburgh, thought he would attend one of the meetings. He was so well pleased with the knowledge he gained he came home and asked his mother to go with him to the next meeting. She consented to do so, and at this meeting 'Ikabod' gave her a message which she thought wonderful. Coming home, she told her husband everything that occurred, and pleaded with him to come with her the following Sunday. He came, heard Mrs. Twing speak on Spiritualism taken from the Bible, and also received a message from a brother and other spirit-friends, and he has been a constant attendant—not missing a meeting. This gentleman is the son of a Methodist clergyman, and has been a member of that church nearly all his life, but he and his family are now on a good road to become Spiritualists, and all this was brought about through the plain talks of a well-meaning woman. God bless her for the good she has wrought here. She has done all in her power to make her engagement with our society a successful one, peculiarly as well as otherwise, and has succeeded beyond all expectations. Mrs. Twing has made many warm friends here who will ever be anxious to meet her again in the not far distant future."

New Jersey.

VINELAND.—Riley M. Adams writes: "I have just read in THE BANNER of Dec. 5th your remarks upon the burning of coffins at Harvard street cemetery, and that it would be a good idea to do away with coffins altogether, and cremate all corpses, and you invite discussion on the important subject *pro* and *con*."

It was many years ago that I read in THE *Liberator* an article from Francis Jackson, President of the American Anti-Slavery Society, concerning provisions made in his will in regard to the disposition of his body. They were indicative of good sense in a man free from vain pride. He said:

"At my decease and burial I desire all forms and ceremonies be avoided, especially emblems of mourning and procession to the grave. Such irrational customs rest on fashion and superstition—certainly not on reason and common sense; the dead body is of no more consequence than the old clothes that covered it, and nothing should be wasted on the dead when there is so much suffering among the living."

The plea has always been for fashionable funerals that they help undertakers to get a living. Must we keep these men in their business, by encouraging vain pride and the waste of property which belongs to the poor, to give them employment? This argument is not sound, and should never be used when there are so many occupations for them to be engaged in by which they would do good to the race instead of fostering pride and superstition. How much better it would be for our world if a rule were established, free from selfishness, for the rich and poor alike, by which could be avoided the expensive show, fashion and waste of time and money that is used up to the discredit and damage of the people."

Our correspondent objects to cremation on the ground that "it seems the world is not ready for it." He proposes the State establish places of burial at points remote from large cities, conduct all funerals at a moderate cost, dealing with all, rich and poor alike, with a studied avoidance of needless display and expenditure.

Oregon.

EAST PORTLAND.—Under date of Feb. 1st, M. F. Moore writes: "We shall have Mrs. Maud Lord Drake with us on Sunday, Feb. 7th, at Caledonia Hall. There are now three Societies in this city; two of them are in a very prosperous condition. Mrs. Flora A. Brown has charge and is the medium at the Caledonia Hall Society. She has been a great help to the Grand Army Hall Society. She is an ordained minister, a spiritualist, and platform test medium, and gives a lecture each Sunday night, and tests. Mrs. Eimacoe is the test medium at Grand Army Hall. Mr. Beule Hendy is their trance speaker. His mother, who passed to spirit-life a number of years ago, was a medium. We have also in the line of phenomena a little girl, eleven years old. Two slates are fastened tightly together by a committee from the audience, with a piece of money between them. She holds them a few minutes. The committee then separates the slates, and find that the piece of money has disappeared. This is done in a public hall, in the presence of two hundred people. Can science or any Psychological Research Society account for this? Then the slates are again screwed together. The child holds them a moment, and, when opened, the same piece is found between them. I wish a good full form materializing medium would come here. Such an one could do much good, and be well paid. I hear that arrangements are being made for a camp-meeting in

June. We hope to see a materializing medium here then."

Massachusetts.

QUINCY.—M. A. Strickland writes: "Mrs. Burbeck of Plymouth occupied our platform Sunday evening, Feb. 7th. A short discourse, 'Is Spiritualism a Religion or a Humbug?' was treated in an able manner, after which the Spirit, Lydia M. S. Prescott, a former resident of this place, and a worker in spiritualistic ranks while in mortal form, took control. She expressed her interest in the workings of Spiritualism in this city, and brought kindly greetings to friends and associates of thirteen years ago."

She was followed by the little Indian control for giving tests, which were very direct, and for the most part recognized at once. Some very good psychometric readings closed the evening's work."

We feel that we had a very interesting meeting, and hope to meet Mrs. Burbeck again before long."

SOUTH ROYALSTON.—J. Holden writes: "I would announce the transition of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Bruce, in January—at their home in this place—within a few hours of each other. They will be remembered by their many friends at Lake Pleasant as campers for a number of years, on Owasso street."

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—Mrs. F. M. Eddy writes: "Seeing an account of the badge-pin of the sunflower recently, I can but express my estimate of the most noble and grand, yet humble of all flowers. It should have been our national flower, instead of the golden-rod."

What beautiful lessons of faith and hope and ever-confiding trust in the great sun-god of day bath the sunflower. Not a complaint as to position or place of growth, but it sets its face to the east to welcome that power of all growth at dawn, and follows it unwaveringly through the long day; and when the darkness overshadows it it turns not to the right or left, but moves on knowing that the light will come again; and there it stands, all bathed in its dewy tears, with bowed head, ready to follow that guiding power that never varies from Wisdom's course."

I have watched this flower from childhood, and I have learned well the lesson it has taught me, that is, faith and trust in our heavenly father—although the clouds come ever so near us they all pass by. Let us all try to follow the example of unchanging faith, humility and devotion of the beautiful and stately sunflower."

California.

SAN BERNARDINO.—Ella Wilson Marchant writes: "The Spiritualist Society of San Bernardino held its annual meeting for the election of officers in Liberal Hall, on Saturday, Jan. 30th, at which time the following officers were elected: President, Ella Wilson Marchant; Vice-President, Elizabeth Keller, daughter of William Heap, the deceased President of the Society; Secretary, N. H. Barton, the former incumbent; and Treasurer, Joseph M. Moulton."

We hope to be able to do good work for the cause of Spiritualism during the coming year, and to rally our forces, which have been considerably scattered for some years past. We respectfully invite speakers and mediums who may visit Southern California to give us a call. We cannot make any glowing promises concerning pecuniary remuneration, but offer a free hall, and the collections for their work."

February Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The opening number in the table of contents is titled "The Pageant at Rome in the Year 17 B. C." and in it much information is conveyed to the general public by Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani, regarding Roman antiquities and the solemn religious-political rites that attended the course of the national life of the then "Mistress of the World"; F. Marion Crawford contributes IV. and V. of "Don Orsino"; "The Nearness of Animals to Men" is an exceedingly interesting and valuable article by E. P. Evans; Horatio F. Brown writes interestingly concerning the life and doings of "A Venetian Printer-Publisher in the Sixteenth Century"; "What French Girls Study," is a faithful treatise by Henrietta Channing Dana on the line suggested by its title; "An Echo of Battle," by A. M. Ewell, is a dramatic sketch of humble life as transfigured by the light of our late internecine struggle; Prof. N. S. Shaler has a strong article on "The Border State Men of the Civil War"; other papers, sonnets, reviews and the regular departments make out a firm and solid number. It is announced that THE *Atlantic* for March will contain a paper by Maj. Gen. Jacob D. Cox, as to "Why the Men of '61 Fought for the Union." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, *le bon Corot*, as he has been called, the famous French painter, is the subject of the frontispiece and of the leading paper, in which his life, character and works are interestingly described by his grandson, Camille Thirwaner, illustrated by reproductions of nine of his paintings and a portrait. "Stories of Salem Witchcraft" are continued, with seven illustrations, including the house of Rebecca Nurse and her monument, erected a few years since. A *fac-simile* of a letter of Wendell Phillips and an excellent portrait are given in connection with letters from him to Lydia Maria Child. Of the remaining contents are "The Prairies and Coteaux of Dakota," "The Granite Industry in New England," "The Churches of Worcester—three stories," "A Witch of Shawshut," "John Parmenter's 'Catechism' and 'A Country Boy's Recollections of the War,'" Boston: 86 Federal Street.

THE ARENA.—A portrait of Herbert Spencer is the frontispiece, followed by a biographical sketch by W. H. Hudson. Robert S. Taylor sounds an alarm of "Danger Ahead" as the outcome of methods adopted in our presidential elections. Hon. L. A. Sheldon discusses "The Railroad Problem," Henry Wood "The Solidarity of the Race," and the editor, B. O. Flower, gives consideration to "Hypnotism and Its Relation to Psychology." The remaining articles are "Inspiration and Heresy," "The Sub-Treasury Plan," "The Atomism," "The Last American Monarch," and Part II. of Hamlin Garland's novel, "A Spill of Oil." Boston: Arena Pub. Co., Copley Square.

New Publication.

DREAMS OF THE DEAD. By Edward Stanton. 12mo, cloth, pp. 268. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is a new addition to a rapidly-increasing number of books that have of late appeared treating upon occult themes. Its author relates that on a certain night he awoke from a deep sleep, and realized being in a condition he had twice before experienced—freed, apparently, from the limitations of physical sense, and from the encasement of an earthly body. Having on the two previous occasions become safely reinstated as a habitant of a mortal body, he determined to use the freedom he on the night referred to possessed, and transport himself in thought to a distant place. For a moment he hesitated, but just as his courage came he felt there were spiritual forms about him, and suddenly he heard his name spoken. He was startled, but ventured to inquire who it was addressing him. The reply came:

"Do not ask who we are, nor who it is that especially speaks to you. We are friends who have come to warn. We are forms generated from living brains still active in decomposing, disintegrating bodies, in a way in your research. We are dreams of the dead clothed in attenuated material shape."

To this author responded:

"Dreams of the dead? Then I must be, in my present airy figure, merely a dream of my poor body sleeping so peacefully on the bed below me."

"You say truly," the voice replied, "but when your dream is finished your research, your body and your place with living men, whereas we must return to our horrible abode in yonder city of graves; nor can we be freed to join our spiritual selves in higher realms until the last atom of brain-tissue of our earthly shells has gone to dust. May a redeeming fate speed that hour."

With this strange, weird prelude as its basis, the book proceeds through eighteen chapters with a record of interesting experiences, of the nature of which, for want of space, we must refer our readers to the volume itself.

Annual Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association at Waterbury, Jan. 15th, 16th and 17th.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Friday, Jan. 15th.—Convention opened in hotel parlors at 7:30 P. M., President E. A. Smith in the chair. After singing by Lucius Colburn, (of Manchester, Vt.), the evening was spent in a very enjoyable conference, followed by a banquet, at which Rev. W. W. Wignall, Dr. S. N. Gould, Lucius Colburn, Fred. Hackett, Dr. E. A. Smith and E. B. Clement. Adjourned until 9:30 A. M. Saturday.

Saturday Morning.—Called to order as per adjournment, President Smith in the chair. After singing by the choir, opened in conference by A. F. Hubbard of Tyngsboro, followed by W. B. Parish, Dr. E. A. Smith, Mr. Sallate (of Stowe), Mrs. Abbie W. Crockett. Singing by the choir. Lucius Colburn gave the regular address of the morning, under the title, "The World of Northfield, Vt., made some very interesting remarks. Adjourned until 2 o'clock P. M."

Afternoon.—Met agreeable to adjournment, President Smith in the chair. After singing, by request, gave the regular address, under the title, "The spiritual importance of love to one another. His remarks were highly appreciated. A. F. Hubbard (of Tyngsboro, Vt.) gave the regular lecture of the afternoon. Mr. Wignall followed Mr. Hubbard and gave a few tests. Adjourned to meet at 7:30 P. M."

A Business Meeting was now held by the members of the Association present for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year—under the following result: President, Dr. E. A. Smith; Secretaries, J. A. Crockett, Waterbury; Vice-Presidents, A. F. Hubbard, Tyngsboro, Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, Rockingham, William B. Parish, Stowe; Board of Managers, W. W. Wignall, Rockingham, A. F. Hubbard, Tyngsboro, Abbie W. Crockett, Waterbury, Mrs. John Stafford, Stowe, Lucius Colburn, Manchester, Mrs. E. L. Paul, Morrisville, Wm. B. Parish, Stowe, E. B. Clement, Barnet, B. F. Rugg, St. Albans; Treasurer, James Crockett, Waterbury; Auditor, George W. Wiley, Montpelier. The business meeting being completed, voted to adjourn.

Saturday Evening.—Met at 7:30 o'clock, President Smith in the chair. F. A. Wignall gave the evening lecture, followed by tests, which were mostly recognized. Adjourned until 10 o'clock Sunday A. M.

Sunday Morning.—Met agreeable to adjournment, Vice President Parish in the chair. After singing by the choir, opened in conference; F. Hubbard gave the regular lecture of the morning, under the title, "The World of Northfield, Vt., made some very interesting remarks. Adjourned until 7:30 P. M."

Sunday Evening, 7:30.—President Smith in the chair. After singing, Mrs. Helen Ambler of Waterbury was called on, and gave an invocation and made some very fine remarks, followed by Lucius Colburn, S. N. Gould, and A. F. Hubbard. Mr. Wignall then gave a few fine tests.

The usual vote of thanks was tendered to all who had in any way assisted in making this one of our most harmonious and best-convened meetings. Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith was present at every session. Though not able to participate in the exercises, her presence gave a cheering influence to the other speakers, which added greatly to the success of the meetings.

We all very much missed the presence of Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, who is a good and faithful worker in our conventions—she being detained at home by the serious illness of her husband. We also missed the presence of Mrs. E. L. Paul, who had intended to be present, but was called away to attend a funeral. Mr. Wignall filled his part of the bill so well that his services were engaged for the next June Convention, to be held at Tyngsboro, June 30, 4th and 5th, 1892.

This report would not be complete without mention of the excellent music furnished by the Turner Family, which was greatly enjoyed by their many friends.

The Secretary's only apology for not getting this report out earlier is *La Grippe*, with which he has been afflicted since the close of the Convention.

JANUS CROCKETT, Sec'y.
Waterbury, Vt., Feb. 6th, 1892.

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Nov. 28. 25w

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Special Notice to Advertisers.

As Monday, Feb. 22d, will be observed as a national holiday, THE BANNER forms for the inside pages will go to press one day in advance, and the office will remain closed that day.

Those having advertisements which they wish to renew on the seventh page of our issue for Feb. 27th, must make application at our Counting-Room on Friday, Feb. 19th, instead of Saturday, 20th.

Cincinnati, O.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sunday, Feb. 7th, we were again favored with fine weather, and in the morning with an unusually large congregation. The music was also of the finest order, calculated to prepare the way for the inspiring intelligences. Questions were propounded, and as customary—quite a number of them—and some of the answers were apparently particularly interesting to the majority of those present.

One, "What is your view of Reincarnation?" was answered by the controlling spirit saying: "This is one of the things upon which spirits differ, as do mortals; one of the problems over which we speculate and theorize, as we do upon the God-idea. That the soul is eternal all agree; that progression is the law is agreed upon also; but what are nature's processes for the progressive unfolding of the soul is a point upon which we differ, and must according to each soul's experience.

Ancient forms of religions contain the doctrine of repeated embodiments as a necessary part of the soul's progress; and exalted intelligences, through modern media, have advanced similar ideas. For myself I must speak from my individual standpoint of observation, research and experience. I am, that I know, I was, and shall continue to be, throughout eternity, I am compelled to believe. I know also that I am continually passing through changes. I believe it required all that portion of eternity which lies back of me to bring me to my present, or to make of me what I now am. I believe it will require the eternal future to fulfill man's highest destiny. What nature's processes have been, and what she may hold in store, I do not know, for memory leaves me as a soul no record—that is, I have no knowledge of any former state of conscious or intelligent existence.

The universe is vast; there are many worlds and systems; they are ours to enjoy when the soul is freed by death. I expect to visit many of them; I expect to revisit the earth unnumbered times, each of which I shall reincarnate in a degree, as just now I am, incarnate in the atmosphere of earth, in that of this room and of my medium. This I lay off at will, returning to my purely spiritual conditions, and I would not willingly be otherwise. And if I am ever caught or found taking on an earthly body now that I am once free you will catch me napping."

So you see, Mr. Editor, that this spirit does not teach the doctrine of re-embodiments upon the earth as a necessity.

The evening discourse was continued from the Sunday evening before, and was upon "The Spiritual Spheres"—the spirit controlling giving descriptions of scenes, cities, homes, etc., closing the evening with an improvisation upon the word "Shadows."

I don't know as it is out of place for we mediums to speak sometimes of these spirit productions through our own organisms, for we are fully aware of the fact that there are not our own. Sometimes we enjoy and admire; again would criticize our utterances as an outside. In this case I would have given much for the poem in a tangible form, but like a good many words spoken in kindness or unkindness, it had gone never to return.

The Ladies' Aid Society, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 3d, gave a supper and dance, serving two hundred with supper; and too much praise could not be given of their efforts in this direction. About three hundred were present at the dance, giving very satisfactory financial results to the Society.

Mrs. Ivey of Georgia, a slate-writing medium, is in the city, intending to remain a couple of months. She tells me she is the mother of Mrs. Gillette, the slate writing medium, who was in Boston of late. Slate writing I believe to be one of the finest phases for convincing the skeptic.

FRATERNALLY, R. S. LILLIE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We are now filling our first engagement with the First Association of this city, and must say it has always been a society that appreciates and compensates its speakers. Its managers do not trust alone to the platform work to pay all expenses. The members subscribe liberally, beside contributing to the Sunday collections. Door fees are not exacted. They have weekly a supper, exhibition, dance, séance, lecture, or something by which to obtain funds. There is also a separate Aid Society and a Woman's Union. The Lyceum adds much zest and interest to the general work. And then they manage a yearly camp at Parkland. Only a few are active workers, but they work with a will.

Pittsburg has another society of workers and willing payers. There are quite a number of such in our fair country; but there are many who seek no other associated effort than to obtain lectures and tests—grinding mediums too much as machines.

Your recent words, editorially, as also the timely remarks of Spirit Father Pierpont, are expressions of value to both society and platform workers. The selfishness is not all on the society side—nor is it extra large with the mediums.

It is true that the field of labor does not warrant a support for all that are gifted. The monthly tramp of States is expensive to society and speaker. The failure of engagement one or two months per year adds expense to consume the year's surplus. Hence our spiritual speakers have never earned common hire, although seemingly well-paid by many societies. It is true that many have been driven to other labors to earn a livelihood for families. Much more can be done for the spiritual workers, but the first necessity is to better apportion the work and utilize the laborer than is now the condition. Some means for society and speakers to cooperate is needed. Less expense, surer engagements of a continuous character will reduce the necessity for a large salary. But no spiritual speaker gets a large salary (scarcely ever more than one hundred dollars per month). There are few ministers who fare worse. Lecture Bureaus are free to pay one hundred dollars per lecture, and often much more for brilliant talent. Surely Spiritualism is represented by much brilliant talent, and offers themes of most vital interest!

There is a hue and cry against mediums working for money. There is no class who earn money with a greater exhaust of vital force, nor suffer more acute anxiety with less hope of glory. None of us should complain; but when a grand spirit-mind and you, our long-cherished friend and editor, speak such words of justice to the laborers and exhortations to the participants, it is but courtesy for all of us to express our thanks, and pledge ourselves to do the best we can.

FRATERNALLY, G. W. KATERS.

It is said that the railroad managers of Holland have found it impossible to man the switchmen who can be depended upon to let liquor alone, and have accordingly substituted women. Not an accident, it is said, has occurred since as a result of carelessness at the switch. Things are reaching a pretty pass when drink has reduced men to a nation incapable of civilization, and has to call on the women to take charge of such work. It is alcohol against civilization the world over, which are you for?—The Voice, New York.

A Seance with Mrs. Williams.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is with great pleasure I send to your paper a brief account of a most satisfactory materializing séance given last Wednesday evening by Mrs. M. E. Williams of 232 West 40th street. And what makes it the more so, it was strictly private, given in my own home exclusively for my own family. And why it is particularly worthy of an honorable mention is the fact that while the medium had never been in my house but for a call a short time previous, and had nothing whatever to do with arranging the cabinet, merely a covered clothes-horse, and which she entered almost immediately after arriving at the house, the manifestations soon began, very many forms appearing, frequently two at a time, walking about the room, occasionally enveloping some of us with their gauzy covering.

The familiar names of many of my husband's spirit-friends were also announced as being present by his invitation. Mr. Kiddle, himself appeared several times, calling his children by name and addressing some remarks to each. My spirit-son and daughter were here also, and we seemed once more a united family.

There were given us, too, some wonderful tests of the knowledge spirits possess of our human thoughts and feelings.

All the various manifestations were highly gratifying to the family; but a further enumeration of them might not prove interesting to the general reader; suffice it to say we were all made very happy by such positive assurances that "there is no death," and that we are all to "meet to part no more."

Now while these phenomena are stubborn facts, still they are deemed by stubborn know-all-people only silly hallucinations; but to those of us not so all-wise, they are known as heavenly truths, worthy the serious attention of all serious-minded persons. Why will so many go hungry on chaff when they might be nourished on wheat? Yours respectfully,

New York, Feb. 12th, 1892. JANE KIDDLE.

Experience proves that nothing else so surely destroys scruples as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Appeal to Spiritualists.

The "BANNER OF LIGHT" makes an appeal to Spiritualists and spiritual societies to be more generous with their platform lecturers and mediums, to allow them better compensation for their labors, and thus make life more comfortable and pleasant for them. The *Better Way* has always advocated this principle; but some people think Spiritualism ought to be free throughout. Yes, it might be, if there were no hall rent to pay, no board bills presented to mediums or lecturers for entertainment, and no fare charged by railroad companies. Even societies have expenses which are difficult to meet, and with few exceptions, have a hard struggle in the attempt. The masses must pay, and if every individual would feel it a bounden duty, as the Catholics do, to give his share, not one would feel the least strain on his purse string. But, in a large measure, the minority are bearing the brunt of the burden, and should not be censured for dereliction. This minority constitute the active members and officers of the societies, and if the societies are expected to do better, they, too, must be better supported. Every dollar handed to the treasurer or president of a spiritual society is a day's board paid to entertain a lecturer; and if Spiritualists have any love for their Cause, and desire to see it sustained, they must pay for it. Spiritualism *per se* will never die out, for it will always be continued in private circles; but if it wants representation in the world as a Cause—a religion, a philosophy, or a science—it must have a moneyed basis. There is no other alternative.—The *Better Way*.

Mr. David Duguid, the well-known and much-respected Glasgow painting medium, was in town last week to attend the funeral of his daughter. We had a very pleasant interview with him. He has passed through all phases of mediumship, and after thirty years of it is well and hearty, and ready for more spiritual work. When we showed him the fine painting, his masterpiece at that time, which we acquired at a distribution sale about twenty five years ago, he incidentally remarked that he had a vast accumulation of better "bits" than that. What a pity the public cannot have access to these treasures! Thousands would be glad to see them; and many would be pleased if they could become possessors of specimens of such work.—Medium and Daybreak, London, Jan. 25th.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that when Mr. Andrew Cross was in Glasgow last summer, Mr. Duguid held a special séance for the purpose of obtaining paintings for the Museum of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, and that the results of that séance will be long exhibited in this city with other productions of a similar nature. In the meantime an opportunity is given for all who are willing to contribute to the collection to do so.

THE THEOSOPHIST for January opens with a lengthy review giving all the evidence relative to "The Pickett Tragedy," at Colombo, some having considered it attributable to suicide, others to accident. Mr. Olcott, who furnishes this account, holds to the latter. Miss Pickett was about to assume the position of Lady Principal of the Barghamita Girls' School in Colombo. Following this is an account of "A Visit to an Indian 'Cunning Man' (Soothsayer)," "Mantras: Their Nature and Uses," "Influence of Music in Psychic Development," etc. Appended to this number is a report of the Convention and Anniversary of the Theosophical Society at Adyar last December, occupying eighty pages. For sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Bosworth street.

A MUSICAL AND LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT by members of the Boston Progressive Lyceum, assisted by Prof. R. M. Platsted, Mrs. C. May French, and the talented Damon Sisters, will, it is announced, be held in St. John's Hall, 62 Boylston street, corner of Tremont, Boston, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 23d, 1892, under the auspices of Mrs. Wm. S. Butler. The young elocutionist, Carl Hatfield, and the child wonders, Willie Sheldon and Baby Lou, will appear. Doors open at 7. Performance commences at 8. Tickets 25 cents.

We are in receipt from the inventor and patentee of a *Daestri*, a device similar in its purpose and service to Planchette, for which the donor will accept our thanks.

The *Cassadaga Camp, N. Y.*, annual picnic will take place June 12th. Mrs. R. S. Lillie will be the speaker. The Summer Camp at this place begins July 22d.

SOUVENIR TRAYS IN WURTEMBERG WARE.

We have recently landed another lot of the Wurtemberg Card and Trinket Trays, with the new pottery method of imprinting Photographic Views effectively (under the glaze) in low tone colors.

The following Boston views may now be seen on Table No. 9, main floor, viz.:

Public Garden. Old South Church. Faneuil Hall. Trinity Church. Also Massachusetts Hall, Harvard College; Longfellow's Home, Cambridge.

The exhibit of China Engagement Cups and Sancers, also Wedding and Complimentary Gifts in the Art Pottery Department (3d floor), contains many attractive novelties.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton,
CHINA, GLASS AND LAMPS,
120 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. J. Ivey of Dahlgren, Ga., independent slate-writing medium, is in Cincinnati, at 433 West Eighth street.

W. L. Jack, M. D., will be at 140 State street, Springfield, Mass., for a brief period, beginning on the 21st inst.

G. W. Kates and wife have April and May disengaged. Would like to receive any reasonable offer. They give the services of two for the usual fee of one. Address them 2234 Frankford Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. H. A. McGindley will accept calls to lecture in Illinois, Indiana and Michigan. He can be addressed at 1000 East 42nd street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Carrie E. Telling is engaged for the month of February at Watertown, N. Y., the last three Sunday afternoons in April at Berkeley Hall, Boston, and Wednesday evenings at Brockton, Mass. She also lectures at Watertown, N. Y., for the month of March, and at Watertown, N. Y., for the month of April.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter appeared in Willimantic and East Hartford, Conn., respectively, on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 15th and 16th. On Sunday the 21st, at East Hartford, Conn., he will give a lecture, forenoon and evening, in Berkeley Hall, under the auspices of the Boston Spiritual Temple. Hear him.

Prof. J. W. Kenyon lectured at Brockton, Mass., the 14th inst. After several months of *La Grippe* he is now restricted by all to whom they were given. He lectures at Haverhill, Mass., Feb. 20th, 21st, 22nd. Mrs. Kenyon will also give tests there. The Professor will speak in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., the Sundays of April. He gives tests and readings at 122 West 4th street, St. Paul, Minn., until April. Address him 103 Pleasant street, New Bedford, Mass.

Willard J. Hull is engaged to speak in Haverhill, Mass., Sunday, May 1st; Lynn, May 8th and 15th; New Bedford, May 20th; May 22nd still open; also June 1892. He serves the North Spiritual Union (see notice), and will give a lecture and readings at 122 West 4th street, St. Paul, Minn., until April. He will lecture, forenoon and evening, in Berkeley Hall, under the auspices of the Boston Spiritual Temple. Hear him.

Frank T. Ripley will start for Boston, Mass., June 1st, 1892. He can be engaged for camp-meetings and grove-meetings to lecture and give platform tests. Address 122 West 4th street, St. Paul, Minn., until April.

"Oscar A. Edgerly is engaged for the month of February to speak for the First Society of Spiritualists of Buffalo, N. Y."—writes "Wm. F. P."—who further states that Mr. Edgerly's guides have given most excellent discourses at each meeting, and his tests have been received by all to whom they were given.

Mrs. Kate R. Stiles spoke in Salem, Jan. 31st, to good advantage; was in Westboro Feb. 7th and 14th. Will be in Troy, N. Y., the last two Sundays of February, in Brooklyn, N. Y., the last two Sundays in April, in Attleboro, Mass., April 17th and the last two Sundays in May. May and June will speak in Somerville, Conn.; the month of June in Washington, N. H. The first two Sundays in March and the Sundays in April, except the 17th, remain open for engagements. Address 43 Dwight street, Boston.

Mr. E. Outler, trance medium and psychometric reader, spoke for the Woman's Progressive Union, Philadelphia, Feb. 14th. Will officiate again for them on the 21st; Trenton, N. J., 23th. Would like to make engagements with societies. Address 1025 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. J. W. Cadwallader will speak at Hartford, Ct., on the second and third Sundays of March. Clara Banks is to speak in that city.

Some Facts About the Knabe Piano. These pianos have established their excellence in every community where they have been introduced, and the most eminent performers have given them the most unqualified approval. Their appreciation, however, is not confined to the class known as professional artists, but they are highly prized in the parlor as in the school-room or upon the stage.

CONNECTICUT.

Norwich.—Sunday, Feb. 14th, Willard J. Hull of Buffalo, N. Y., said, opening the afternoon exercises, that in a city where there were so many churches, that in a city where the audience assembled in Grand Army Hall was extremely complimentary. "Our Church," the subject announced for the discourse, was prefaced by reading "Uncle Nate's Funeral," by Will Carleton.

Mr. Hull presented and marked comparisons between the theology said the religion of "Our Church," whose members are men and women who hold duty to principle as their guiding star, and seal the compact with lives of self-sacrifice. And, thanks to the angels, workers in the world, and with man as coequal and co-worker in "Our Church."

The address was a most remarkable effort. The evening lecture, upon "Faith, Folly and Facts," was given to an enthusiastic audience.

Mr. J. A. Chapman, Sec'y.

Willimantic.—Sunday, the 14th inst., Mr. J. Frank Baxter continued his work in this city, which concluded also his present season's engagement here. On the forenoon of that day he offered a lecture on "The Education of Children," which was replete with exact preparation, and logical deductions with an aptness of presentation that wins his hearers at once, and holds their close attention until the last word is spoken, which always comes too soon.

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The singing of the day was a great feature. Not only the singing, but the music was rendered, but Mr. Baxter, accompanied by Mr. C. W. Sullivan, sang very acceptably several beautiful and appropriate selections.

On Monday evening, 15th, Messrs. Baxter and Sullivan presented a grand local talent, in an entertainment of recitation, song, and character-acting.

Meetings were announced for the next two Sundays, speakers to be named through the local press.

Mr. J. W. Cadwallader is soon to visit Willimantic to lecture and to hold developing classes.

The Willimantic Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday, as it has for the last twenty-five or more years.

Lacques.

NO. IV.

BY TYPHO.

It is said that in the long run injustice never pays. How about our new unfinished court-house?

The man who

"Crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee
That thrift may follow fawning,"
is an unreliable character. But we meet with such very often.

When common sense, instead of parsimony, is exercised in building hotels, they will cease to be tinder-boxes, and the worst kind of death-traps, as many of them are.

With intelligent and wide-awake motor-men to run them, the electric cars would be just as safe as the horse cars. The only question is, Are men who possess these requisites employed?

The man who is always in good humor was never vaccinated to prevent the small pox.

Is a person reliable who only lies twice?

To Correspondents.

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

Mrs. C. W. C. LAWTON, H. L.—We received, in good faith, the letter you speak of, and promised it for this issue, but since you utterly disclaim its authorship, it will not be published in these columns.

E. S. FURBER, KAN.—The spirits doubtless make their presence known in this way because they cannot give communications. This is a sort of prophetic mediumship.

E. S. V. LOWELL, MASS.—Answer to letter received, for which we are much obliged.

HONORS OF THE ACID PHOSPHATE, for Wakefulness, Hysteria, and other diseases of the nervous system.

Gold Dust.

"Out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh," so I want to speak of "Gold Dust." I have heard it to be so good that I want every woman who has to work to know how much easier it will make her work. I have found it to be better than the best soap I ever used. When washing dishes it makes the water soft for the hands; whenever washed with it keeps brighter; there are no more stains about half the work to keep it shining. I had some stove zinc which were all specked from ashes or some other cause; I had tried everything on them that I knew of, but one evening with Gold Dust was worth more than all the rest.

And now a word about washing with it: I sort over the clothes and put them to soak in warm water, to which I have added a level tablespoonful of Gold Dust. Wash in warm water, and then wash in cold water, as usual. It does not hurt my hands, so I will risk the clothes. Try it, sisters, and be convinced. Mrs. EVA GAILLARD, Box 29, Girard, Pa.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Chicago, Ill.—The First Society of Spiritualists meets at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard, corner Ogden Avenue, every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Speaker, Mrs. Cora L. Richmond.—The First South Side Spiritual Society meets at 777 Thirty-first street every Sunday at 7 P. M. Speaker, Mrs. Wm. S. Kieckhefer.

Buffalo, N. Y.—First Spiritual Society meets Sunday in A. O. U. Hall, corner Court and Main streets, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Wm. F. Pfeiffer, President; H. Eaton (233 Franklin street), Secretary.

Baltimore, Md.—The Religious-Philosophical Society meets every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. at Wurtzburger's Hall, North Euter street, near Gay. Chas. A. Zipp, Secretary; 1405 East Nelson street.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Progressive Spiritualists' Society, Elks Hall, 101st street. Meetings Sunday, 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Thursdays, 3 P. M. and 8 P. M. Mrs. Edie A. Smith, Secretary.

Colorado City, Col.—Meetings are held in Woodman Hall, Sundays, at 2 o'clock.

Springfield, Ill.—The Social Wheel of Progression, or First Spiritual Society, will hold public worship every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Seats free. D. N. Leppor, President; Miss H. A. Thayer, Secretary.

Oakland, Cal.—Mission Spiritualists meet every Sunday at 2 and 7 1/2 P. M. at Native Sons' Hall, 918 Washington street.

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritualists hold their weekly Conference at Broadway Hall, 290-292 Fulton street, every Sunday 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.

Conservatory Hall, Bedford Avenue, corner of Fulton street.—Sundays 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. W. J. Rand, Secretary.

The People's Spiritual Conference, held every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the Parlors 141 Lexington Avenue, three floors above Avenue L Station. Interesting speakers, good music, questions answered, tests given. Admission free; all are cordially invited. Also meet every Friday at 3 P. M. Mrs. Mary C. Morrell, Conductor.

The Western Spiritual Conference meets at parlors No. 21 St. James Place, corner Fulton street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Seats free; all invited. S. A. McCutcheon, President.

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The First Association of Spiritualists meets at its hall, 810 Spring Garden street, Sundays, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Lyceum at 2 P. M. Joseph Wood, President; Benj. F. Bonner, Secretary.

Keynote Spiritual Conference every Sunday at 2 1/2 P. M. Southeast corner 10th and Spring Garden streets. William Rowbottom, Chairman.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at 40 Avenue B, Vick Park, Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 2.

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

Dr. G. C. B. Ewell, Magnetic Specialist. Prevalent in Deafness, Paralysis and Insanity. 124 Dartmouth street, Boston. Feb. 13. 1m

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

Send for our Free Catalogue of Spiritual Books—it contains the finest assortment of spiritualistic works in the world.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE WATER OF THE TREE OF LIFE; OR, TRUTH MATERIALIZED. A CERTAIN Cure for La Grippe and Coughs, from Spirit Power. Address: ANKER-PHOSPHORAL CHEMICAL CO., Feb. 20. 260 West 23d street, New York City.

Mrs. H. L. Woodhouse, IRONIC and Business Medium, No. 890 Sixth Avenue, New York. Consultation on Business with accuracy and fidelity. Those in trouble or affliction can communicate with the spirits of the dead. Address: Mrs. H. L. Woodhouse, 890 Sixth Avenue, New York. Consultation on Business with accuracy and fidelity. Those in trouble or affliction can communicate with the spirits of the dead. Address: Mrs. H. L. Woodhouse, 890 Sixth Avenue, New York.

Mary E. Leonard, MAGNETIC TREATMENT. At home Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., 289 Summer street, East Boston. Top floor. Patients treated at their homes. 1w Feb. 20.

MRS. DR. DILL, Medical, Business Medium. Vapor Baths and Massage. Suite 2, 218 Tremont street. Feb. 20.

FRANCE Medium wanted—first-class reference. Address: GEO. VINDING, 82 Washington street, Boston. 1w Feb. 20.

That Bearing-Down Feeling

"that bearing-down feeling," backache, faintness, dizziness, etc. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will relieve all this quickly and permanently. It has permanently cured countless cases of Female Complaints, Ovarian troubles, Organic Diseases of the Uterus or Womb, Leucorrhoea, Inflammation, Kidney Complaints, etc. Its success is world-famed.



All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. Liver Pills, 50c. Correspondence freely answered. Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM, Med. Co., LYNN, MASS.

THE MIRACLES OF MISSIONS.

Or, The Modern Marvels in the History of Missionary Enterprise, by A. T. Pierson, D. D., Ed. "Missionary Review of the World." It is now ready. Here are some of the titles of chapters of the book:

"The Land of the White Elephant"; "Among the Wynde of Gilead"; "The Syrian Desert"; "The Wild Men of Burma"; "The Conquest and Martyrdom of Uganda"; "The Wonderful Story of Madagascar"; "The Apple of the South Seas"; "The Light of the Cape of Good Hope," etc.

"It is a record of marvelous achievements, and in a world of heroism by the side of which the Napoleonic valor pales.—Christian Leader, Boston." "In reading it one is intensely interested and perfectly amazed."—Christian Nation, N. Y. The book is a 12mo, 193 pp. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 35 cents, post free. Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers, 1520 Astor Place, New York. 1w Feb. 20.

Mrs. Chandler-Bailey,

THE GREAT MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN and Business Medium, has been in ill for a long time, and is getting well, and ready for business, inviting her friends and the public to call on her at 23 Cazenove street, Suite 2, Boston. 1w Feb. 20.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR Dr. Stansbury's Specific Remedies. Send for Circular Testimonials, Terms, etc. to DORNBURG & WASHINGTON, Cincinnati, N. Y. For sale by COLBY & RICH. Jan. 2.

TO LET.

A Large Front Room in Banner of Light Building, admirably arranged for Physicist or Medium's office. For particulars and terms, apply at Bookstore No. 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 17.</

DIAGNOSIS FREE.
SEND two 3-cent stamps, lock of hair, name in full, age, sex, and I will give you a CLEAR VITAL DIAGNOSIS of YOUR AILMENTS. Address J. C. BATDORF, M. D., Principal, Magnetic Institute, Grand Rapids, Mich. 1137. For

