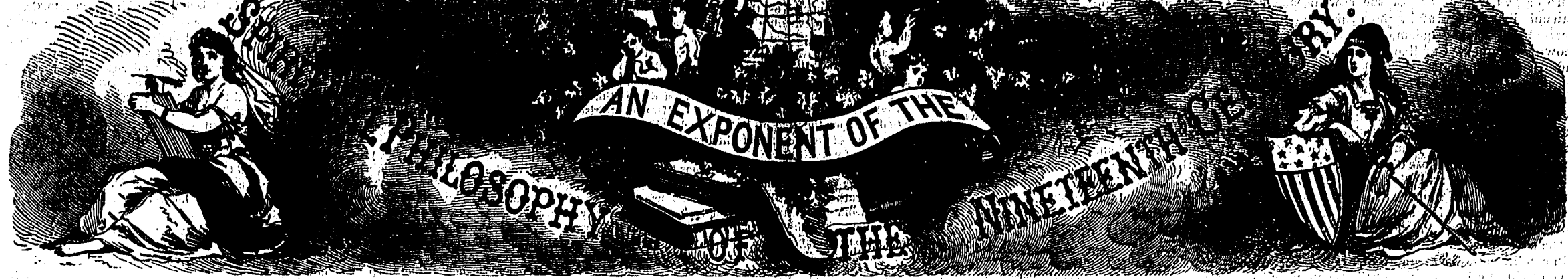


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THE BROWN LITTLE MAN'S STORY

OF THE

SPECTRE OF HAPPY-DAYS.

A CHRISTMAS TALE,

BY THE SPIRIT-PEN OF CHARLES DICKENS.

[Copyrighted by T. P. James.]

CHRISTMAS EVE! Most welcome and glad-some eventide of all the passing year; holding the honorable post of usher-in to that genial and sturdy visitor—so aged, and yet so young—Bluff Old Christmas!

God help the hearts to whom the dear old fellow cannot bring happiness! God help the man whom Christmas cannot make a rollicking boy again! God help the matron or maid whom Christmas cannot make a laughing, happy girl! Heaven knows, there be many to whom this ancient guest brings naught but cold and hunger, misery and despair, and who dread his approach, if for no other reason, because the sight of others' happiness causes them to realize more keenly their own misfortunes; and so we say, God help them, one and all!

Having obtained leave of absence from my employers, Messrs. Crapwell & Lacton, the well-known linen-draper of Upper Thames-street, that I might make one at a Christmas gathering at my father's house, situated in one of the large towns of the county of Devonshire, I was busily engaged packing my portmanteau with a few articles of clothing, and a goodly number of presents for the old folks and my two sisters, and humming a lively air the while, anticipating the pleasure in store for me when I should once more be seated at the old family hearth-stone.

While thus employed, I chanced to cast my eyes out of window, when the first object which met my gaze was a pale, delicate young woman, of some twenty years, it might be, and who, it was easy to discern, from such clothing as she wore, belonged to that numerous class of unfortunates who are forced to beg their bread, if they would not starve.

While my gaze was thus fixed upon this wretched object, she had approached a passer-by, accosting him, and at the same time holding out her hand, after the manner of beggars. The man whom she had thus addressed came to a halt, and, after apparently making some enquiries—perhaps to satisfy himself that she was deserving—placed a piece of silver in her hand, and departed. Aside from the man's dress, the fact that he had thus promptly responded to the woman's call for charity was to me sufficient evidence that he was a hard-working mechanic, depending upon his daily labour for support; and if the reader has any desire to know why I formed that conclusion, let him ask the first beggar whom he meets to-morrow, where noble-hearted charity is most promptly bestowed, and ten to one the reply will be:

"Among the working class; and what they give they give cheerfully. What though it be but a crust of bread?—it is sweeter to us, for being accompanied with a kind look and tender word, than the rarest delicacies which the rich can bestow with stern brow and grudging heart."

At the time when this narrative opens, I was a young man, and did not realize it to be the duty of every person to relieve the destitute, even though forced to practice self-denial to accomplish that end. If I had in my pockets a few pounds which I had no special use for, never a beggar applied to me for aid in vain. But if I had set my mind upon the possession of some object—no matter how frivolous that object might be—I would not deprive myself to save all the beggars in London. But I have learned a lesson since which taught me that self-denial is a most important adjunct to charity, and that the man who cannot practice the one will be very apt to fall in his duty toward the other.

But let us go back to the portmanteau and the packing. The woman had passed out of sight, and I had resumed my labours. For several weeks previous I had set my heart upon the purchase of a gold chain as a Christmas gift to my youngest sister, to whom I was very much attached, and, by dint of prudent management, I had saved a sufficient amount for that purpose, which was now carefully put by in my waistcoat pocket, as I had to call for the trinket on my way to the coach-inn. I was just thinking how surprised and pleased the dear girl would be, when a knock at my door disturbed my meditations; and, hastening to answer the summons, I found my landlady, with the identical beggar whom I have previously described, standing before me. With some impatience—for I had not much time to lose—I asked what was wanted, and was answered by my landlady, who said:

"This poor thing," indicating the mendicant, "is a sufferer for the comforts of life, and I thought as maybe you'd find it in your heart to help her a bit."

"I can't do it, Mrs. Poniadd," I rejoined, partly closing the door as an intimation that I did not care to argue the point; "I have use for what money I have; and besides, I am in a

hurry, and can't be troubled with beggars. If she's in danger of starving she can go to the workhouse. I need all the money I have to-day for my own use. Charity begins at home," and closed the door without more ado; but not till I had caught a look at the face of the mendicant, and saw the expression of pain which my harsh language had produced upon her features, and the look was one which I did not forget for many years after.

Resuming my packing again, my mind once more reverted to the happiness which I was soon to experience in meeting with the loved ones; but somehow the painful expression which I had seen upon that woman's face, when I told her that "charity began at home," would force itself upon me, and I could not drive it from my memory, try as hard as I would.

"Charity begins at home!" Ah! how much misery has resulted from that little phrase! How many selfish men and women have taken advantage of it as an excuse for denying some poor wretch the pittance which would keep him from starvation or crime!

But why should this beggar's face make such a strong impression upon me? I asked myself; for I saw such faces daily, here in the great city, and so familiar had they become to me, I had learned to look upon them as being just as essential to the great Body of Lenders as the cathedral towers, or the gilded equipages of my lords and my ladies, and I should as soon have thought of dispensing with the Lord Mayor himself as with the half-starved, wretched creatures who help to make up the city's population, and of which this woman was only a fair representative.

My arrangements being now completed, I hastened to notify my landlady that I should not return for several days, and then hurried on my way to the coach-inn, from whence I was to take passage; and having booked my name for one inside, was in due time speeding away from London.

Nothing of importance occurred during the first few stages of our journey. The weather was intensely cold, and from time to time the air was filled with flakes of snow, while the wind cut most bitterly. The disagreeable chill which pervaded everything had apparently communicated itself to my fellow-passengers, of whom there were four—a lady and three gentlemen—and though a very small stream of conversation had been set in motion by two of the gentlemen when we first started, it was such a very small one that, before we had accomplished a half mile, it had frozen up completely.

In one corner, and directly opposite me, was seated one of the three gentlemen-passengers, whose singular appearance had attracted my attention from the time he had first entered the coach, though whether because of the remarkably sad expression of his countenance, or the peculiar style of his clothing, I have never been able to determine; but as, like mankind in general in these days, I was far more interested in a man's dress than I was in his face, and estimated his moral worth exactly by the fineness of his apparel, I have no doubt the singularity of my companion's dress was the cause of my regarding him with so much curiosity. The gentleman in question was a very little man, of perhaps threescore and upward, with a very sad face, and dressed in a great-coat, which fitted him so loosely that it would not have been a difficult matter for two just such little men to occupy it in common. The colour of this coat was brown, and I mention this because the Little Man's legs were clothed in brown breeches and brown gaiters, while his head was protected by a broad-brimmed hat of the same brown hue. He wore the great-coat buttoned, and I observed that his little chin rested in the folds of a heavy brown muffler, while his hands were encased in thick gloves of the same colour. The longer I gazed upon this little bundle of brown stuff, the less difficulty I had in persuading myself that nothing was wanting but a ticket attached to one of the great-coat buttons, to convince me that the bundle was really a brown paper parcel which had been billed from Somewhere to Somewhere Else.

As night came on, the snow came on with it; and, as it would be midnight before I should reach the end of my journey, I wrapped my cloak more closely about me, and stowed myself as snugly as possible into the corner of my seat, with a view of being as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

Still meditating upon the singular appearance of the Brown Little Man and his sad face, it all in a moment occurred to me that somewhere I had seen the same sad expression before; and, an instant after, when the face of the beggar that that morning flashed upon me, I

knew where I had seen it. Thus recognizing the resemblance in the two faces, I fell to wondering where the woman was now; whether she had found a comfortable shelter this bitter night, or whether she was still wandering the streets; or—I shuddered when I thought of it—whether the harsh words which I had spoken to her had not rankled in her heart, till, in a fit of desperation, she had resorted to crime or suicide. Cursing myself for my inhuman conduct, (in my haste I had forgotten to call for the chain after all, which circumstance I regarded as a judgment upon me), and just as I was hoping that I should meet her again, that I might make amends for my uncharitableness, I was disturbed in my meditation by having the guard, who was standing at the coach-window, tell us that we had reached Grantham; and that as the storm was increasing in violence, and the roads already in a dangerous condition, it would not be safe to proceed further before morning.

It appeared, however, that the Brown Little Man and myself were the only sufferers by this delay, the other passengers having no further to go, as Grantham was their place of destination.

Alighting from the vehicle, the Brown Little Man and myself entered the inn at which we had stopped; and, making our way to the traveler's room, threw off our heavy wrappings, and prepared to make the best of our detention.

A glorious fire was blazing on the hearth, crackling and roaring up the wide chimney, and throwing such a ruddy blush upon every object in the room, that the candles burning upon the table could have been dispensed with as well as not, and no doubt the candles themselves realized how insignificant they appeared, for they flickered and sputtered, and threw their flames first to one side and then to the other, as if struggling to eclipse their more powerful neighbour, assuming the most grotesque and ridiculous shapes imaginable, for all the world after the manner of those lesser lights of mankind, who, with envy in their hearts, strive to belittle some more fortunate brother, and with pretty much the same result, too, for, after a few moments of hissing and sputtering, they blew themselves out completely, while the fire continued to burn and shed its light the same as before.

Placing our chairs near the hearthstone, the Brown Little Man and myself sat for some moments in silence, until my companion drew a deep sigh, and as he still kept his eyes upon the fire, I wondered if the sigh was in consequence of disappointment because of his inability to see, in fancy, some familiar face among the coals.

The mortification which I experienced by reason of our detention at this place was very great, and, coupled with the misfortune of being in company with such a very quiet passenger as my companion appeared to be, the prospect was anything but pleasant. However, brooding over the matter would not mend it; I must make the best of it; so, for the want of anything better to say, I ventured to disturb the meditations of my silent friend by remarking that, to me, this delay was a great misfortune.

"Every road over which the journey of life is traveled is studded with the milestones of misfortune," was the comforting reply of the Little Man, with his eyes still fixed upon the blazing hearthstone.

Not being prepared to dispute the gentleman, I did not immediately reply; but after waiting for him to continue the conversation, which he did not do, I ventured to assert that, in my opinion, the journey of life presented an equal number of milestones bearing upon them pleasant memories, which should compensate us for all the misfortunes that crossed our pathway.

The Little Man slowly raised his eyes from the fire, and gazed at me with such a sorrowful expression that I almost regretted what I had said, fearing I might have caused him distress. After a moment, however, his face brightened, and he said:

"A happy man he who can regard the sorrows and joys of life as being equal! You are yet young, and youth, fortified with hope, is prone to anticipate what it can never realize, hiding from view present sorrows by encircling them with contemplations of future joys. But as time creeps forward, and age wraps about us his matter of fact mantle, the old sorrows come trooping back to us, and the grave, which in the beginning appeared so repugnant, becomes at the end a welcome retreat."

The melancholy tones in which the speaker gave utterance to this last remark, together with a deep sigh which escaped him as he finished, convinced me that his heart was heavy with some great grief, and I felt a sensation of sadness come upon me which contrasted strongly with the joyous emotions which I had experienced but a half-hour before, in anticipation of being seated with loved ones about the paternal hearthstone. I glanced at my companion again, and observed that his face wore the same sad expression which I had first seen there, while he looked dreamily into the fire, which crackled and burned as cheerfully as if trials and disappointments and misfortunes never had, never would, and never could exist. I wish, thought I, that I knew this singular man's history. Should I ask him to relate the cause of his present sadness? I felt confident that his story would prove interesting, and help to pass away the time more agreeably, and perhaps when I had learned the nature of his troubles, I might offer some little word of consolation which would lighten his grief. No better time in all the twelve-month round, thought I, to make a heavy heart lighter, by word or deed, than Christmas Eve.

I do not know how long the Little Man had been contemplating my face; but when I again raised my eyes to his, he was looking at me with such an encouraging smile that I was emboldened to ask, in as delicate a manner as possible, what great sorrow he laboured under.

"But for the unfortunate circumstance of our detention here," I added, "before many hours I should be surrounded by dear ones with smiling, happy faces, betokening hearts filled with love and sunshine; and that fact causes me to view your melancholy mien with more than ordinary interest. Besides, it must be that your grief must arise from no slight cause, if you cannot overcome it this night, of all others."

"But what if I should tell you," cried the Little Man with some vehemence, "that the greatest trouble I ever knew came upon me and mine on Christmas Eve, six years ago, and that I am forced to live it over every year, lest my daughter—God help her!—should be lost to me forever?"

"Why, then," I replied, "I should say that, unless you were deserving all this trouble in consequence of some great sin which you have committed, you are entitled to all the sympathy of mankind; and I do not hesitate to assure you that you have mine. If there is no harm in asking, I should be glad to learn in detail the nature of your misfortune."

The Little Man arose from his chair at this point, and proceeded to pace the room in a thoughtful manner, looking earnestly at me now and then, as if he were considering the advisability of making me his confidant.

After walking thus in silence for a few moments, he stepped to the window and looked out into the night; after which he fell to pacing the room again, and then resumed his chair, at the same time drawing another long sigh. Possibly it was because the fire had burned lower; possibly the exercise he had been indulging in was the cause; and possibly it was imagination on my part; but, as I gazed upon the face of the Little Man now, it looked so pale and haggard that I hastened to apologize for anything I might have said to cause him distress.

He did not reply, but continued to sit in a thoughtful attitude for some moments, and then said:

"So you think you could sympathize with me if you knew the nature of my trouble?"

I assured him that he could depend upon it. "Aha! Do you always have sympathy for the wretched?" he asked, fixing his eyes upon mine.

I don't know why it was, but I fancied that this question was intended to remind me of the course I had pursued toward the woman who had sought alms of me that morning; but when I saw a meaning smile rather upon the Little Man's face, I had no doubt of it; so I stammered something about doing good so far as my means would permit; that my purse was not a large one, but, so far as kind words would serve to lighten the misfortunes of others, I endeavoured to act the part of a Christian.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Little Man, bitterly. "Kind words! good! How many hungry men and women, think you, were ever saved from starvation by kind words? Not one. Kind words are all well in their place, when they mean anything, which—like the majority of prayers—aint often. But when a cry is heard from some starving wretch for bread, and the appeal is met with, 'Poor creature; I sympathize with you; it's a hard world, but keep up a good heart; what nourishment, think you, does that carry to the starving's stomach? And then, 'Keep up a good heart,' when the poor devil's stomach is so empty that there is nothing to prevent his heart from tumbling completely into it. Ho! ho! ho!" with another bitter laugh, "shall he carry the kind words to the butcher and the baker? and if so, what then? I'll show you!"

Here the Little Man took from one of his coat-pockets a pair of diminutive scales, and from another pocket a diminutive sandwich, which he placed upon one side of the scales for weight, and then holding them close to my face, requested me to breathe upon the opposite side. There was such a mischievous look upon the little face, and such a wicked twinkle in the little eyes, when he made this request, that I hesitated several moments before complying, lest my companion should prove a wicked magician, after all, bent on my destruction. But finally, plucking up courage, I breathed upon the empty dish of the scale, and, nothing serious resulting therefrom, I felt greatly relieved.

"Good," said my companion, withdrawing the scales, and settling back in his chair. "So much for your kind words, which would not raise a crumb." Then taking from his waistcoat pocket a sovereign, he continued: "Mark the difference," and placing the sovereign upon the empty dish, the beam descended so suddenly that the sandwich fairly jumped from its resting-place.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the Little Man, raising his face to mine with another wicked twinkle in the little eyes; "if you were starving would you prefer the breath—which is equivalent to the kind words—or the sovereign?"

I replied that of course money would be preferable when food was in the balance, but that, besides poverty, there were other misfortunes entailing headaches and misery, which gold and silver were powerless to remove, which could be greatly lightened by one kind word.

"Granted!" rejoined my companion, replacing the scales and sovereign into his pockets, and tossing the sandwich into the coals. "Granted! when they come from the heart; but I was speaking of poverty, you know, and

made my illustration to show the difference between Benevolence and Sympathy. A very small dose of the former will save life, where the sufferer would die though he had oceans of the latter. I'll warrant me now that many a cold, half-starved wretch could be found to-night in London who would tell you that, if he could barter all the words of sympathy which have been bestowed upon him to-day for one farthing, he would gladly make the exchange."

As the Little Man ceased, the pinched face of the mendicant whom I had refused that morning again arose before me, and caused me to wish that I had bestowed some trifle of money, however small the sum had been; besides, I thought it possible that my companion, by the tenor of his conversation, was in some way familiar with the circumstances connected with that affair; and when I raised my eyes to his, at this moment, and beheld in them the same mischievous twinkle that I had noticed there before, I was sure of it.

"You were saying, a little time ago, that you would like to hear the story of my misfortunes," he said, his voice again assuming a sad tone. "Your wish shall be gratified. I will relate the circumstances which led to the great misfortune of my life, and which brought me in contact with such a formidable milestone that I have never yet succeeded in passing it. By the time I shall have concluded my narrative, a coach will be in readiness to bear me to the scene of my story, and you shall accompany me, that you may witness what I could never find words to describe. But we must make ourselves as comfortable as possible, for the story cannot be told in a minute; so, will you have the kindness to order candles and a bowl of rum punch, with glasses for three, while I stir the fire?"

"Glasses for two, you mean," said I, as the Little Man proceeded to stir the fire.

"I said three," answered the Little Man, with emphasis, and such a mysterious expression upon his face, as he looked up at me, that I did not say anything further on the subject, but summoned the waiter, to whom I gave the order; and who appeared a moment after with candles and punch, just as my companion, having finished the stirring, had seated himself at the table.

[To be continued.]

Original Essay.

COWPOXING.

The history of this bestial practice is an interesting one, but it is only recently that the public at large has had any means of ascertaining it. Cowpoxing has been codded by the mass of the medical profession, and through that superstition, which has developed in relation to the three leading ones, the medical, the law and the theological, people have taken too much for granted and accepted many things on trust. The mere *ipse dixit* of a doctor has been accepted, while the acceptor has been entirely in the dark, taking no pains or means to rise above his ignorance and get the exact truth of the matter.

Take, for instance, blood-letting, so universally practiced the world over till within thirty-five or forty years. All along there were medical men who scouted and derided it, but they made no headway in their opposition; the current was against them; the mass of practitioners favored it, and the people said amen, not for any good reason they could see or adduce, but because scales covered the eye of reason, caused by undue reverence for the word of the doctor. Leasing's *Gil Blas*, which appeared in 1715, contained a cutting satire upon blood-letting which ought to have doomed that practice in the eyes of the world, but four generations of Sangraders continued it, lining their pockets with shakels and filling graveyards with victims of the lancet.

So, cowpoxing came, flourished, and at the instance of the doctors has been made obligatory by statute. But I opine the illusion will soon cease to influence the commonality, who will rise in their might and force a repeal of the brutal, unconstitutional legislation. England is deeply stirred, and Continental Europe begins to question the propriety of longer holding on to such a ridiculous *fad*. Here and there also are medical men who value truth and right more than an error, varnished by a century's support by their brethren.

These remarks have been suggested by a work entitled, "JENNER AND VACCINATION; A Strange Chapter of Medical History." The author is Dr. Charles Creighton of London, eminent in his profession, yet one who has not allowed his profession to obliterate his manhood or strangle his common sense.

Dr. Creighton was selected to write the article on Vaccination in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, an evidence of his great competency, and the confidence reposed in him as an honest practitioner of medicine. Otherwise he would not have been selected to prepare an important article for that standard work. It bristles with facts and figures, which utterly overthrow the claims of the vaccinators. I trust all my readers who can will peruse that article, and call the attention of their friends to it.

The work is quite exhaustive, covering the whole field of the rise, introduction and diffusion of the practice of cowpoxing in the European nations outside of England. Dr. Edward Jenner was the father of the practice. The details of his career are given with particularity, and without any gloss or coloring; the facts in the case make a bad showing for him; both morally and pathologically. There are many details as to Jenner's scientific career, but for

my present object they are of little account. In or about 1789 Jenner's attention was called to sores on the hands of cow-milkmen, communicated from sores on the teats of cows. His county, Gloucestershire, being a dairy district, more or less was known of the cow disease, transmissible to men and women through contact. From time immemorial it had been known as cowpox. Jenner was also known, and somehow, from the partial similarity of the names, among the country-folk there was some idle talk about cowpox being a preventive of smallpox. This Jenner seized hold of, and made it a fact, though if he had made inquiries he would have found that there were known cases where those diseased from cows took the smallpox and died from it. If he knew this fact he ignored it, and went about his investigations. He sought the origin of cowpox, and finally decided that it originated in the horse. It is well known that under certain conditions a disease of an ulcerous nature develops in the hock of the horse, technically known as "grease." Here was the origin of cowpox—communicated from the grease of the horse; and this because in certain forms it was found that the two diseases existed together. The horse-grease theory was dominant with Jenner, so he sought to develop the disease by stabling a colt and feeding him on beans. This was a failure, yet Jenner stuck to his theory, and had the presumption and brutality to inoculate a boy, five years old, with horse-grease virus. It took, exhibiting symptoms similar to those excited by cowpox matter, Jenner declaring that on the eighth day he was free from indisposition.

One would suppose that the sore was a very simple, harmless thing, but its real nature is to be inferred from a colored plate in one of Jenner's books, which shows a large whitish vesicle fallen in, indicating a deep sore beneath with an angry, brick-red zone of erysipelas for some distance around. In common course these appearances signified that sloughing ulceration was imminent, which really occurred, according to Jenner's biographer, who quoted from notes of the case left by Jenner himself, who evidently suppressed the truth lest the public should be prejudiced thereby. The boy was not tested by smallpox virus to prove the protective power of a horse-grease sore, because in a short time he died in the almshouse. It is plain the boy never recovered from this horse-grease treatment, and the fever he is said to have died of was doubtless erysipelas, superinduced by the sore, which run its course aggravated by the deep ulceration.

This transaction well marks the character of Jenner, who knew that horse-grease stablemen had taken the smallpox and died, yet he inoculated this boy, who came to death thereby. After this experiment, Jenner persisted in the theory of horse-grease being the parent of cowpox, insisting that none other was genuine. In a few years, however, he dropped the theory, showing that he was in no sense a truly scientific man—rather a shallow charlatan.

This is further shown by his assertion that cowpox and smallpox were congeneric. Hence he designated the former as "*Variola Vaccinae*," the smallpox of the cow. The early followers of Jenner accepted this definition, and needy medical men, both British and Continental, predicated their practice on this ridiculous idea. They were ignorant of cowpox, and having no ideas of their own on the subject, pinned their faith on the rotten sleeve of Jenner. This is the reason for the rapid extension of the Jennerian idea and practice: ignorance and the snuffing out of common sense.

Another point, important to an understanding of the spread of cowpoxing, is the claim that the practice was tested by subsequent smallpoxing. The value of these tests will be better understood by a knowledge of the *modus operandi* of inoculation, or the insertion of smallpox matter to artificially produce the disease. Smallpox is supposed to have originated in Ethiopia, and was introduced into Arabia in the year 672. Thence it spread through Western Asia, and by the Crusades in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was brought to Europe. In the East inoculation became common to fortify the system against future attacks, and was introduced into England in 1721 by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, on her return from a residence in Turkey.

As smallpox epidemics were frequent, inoculation as a preventive became quite common. But somehow or other the inoculators developed a run of smallpox more virulent and fatal than that taken in the natural way. It fell into disrepute, but was revived in 1764 by Dr. Daniel Sutton, who succeeded in modifying the smallpox, and the disease became less virulent. The matter was taken from a true smallpox pustule or vesicle, at an early stage of development. The instant a fluid gathered it was taken on a thread or quill, then used for inoculation. A modified type of the disease ensued, and from the modified pustule fluid was taken, and by successive removals a fluid or lymph was secreted of little potency. Transferred to the patient, the smallpox became almost nil, frequently only a pustule at the puncture developing. Sutton's smallpoxing became popular, and the duceats rolled into his pockets. But this attenuated virus had scarcely any protective power, as the sequel proved, Smallpox epidemics, at intervals, swept over the country, seizing alike the protected and unprotected.

Jenner at this juncture came upon the stage with his theories of horse-grease and smallpox of the cow as agencies to extirpate smallpox. The profession and the community were ripe for a change. The Suttonian mode being a failure save only as a money-making scheme for its inventor, the brass and brag of Jenner prevailed, and cowpoxing came to the front; still there were a few who stoutly resisted the theory and practice, but they were overborne by the current. They denied the claimed generic relations of cow and smallpox on pathologic principles, and the claimed protective power for cowpoxing on the actual results exhibited. It was notorious that many of the vaccinated had the smallpox, some dying, but the Jennerians met the difficulty by declaring that the cowpoxing or the smallpox was spurious. Again, many of the patients were tested by the attenuated virus, special pains being taken to obtain the lymph in its formative stages, when its potency was slight. The tests were usually made while the patient was under the influence of the cowpoxing—a condition of the system existing which resisted the operation of the valorous matter. This condition was the congestion of the lymphatics, especially the glands, so much so that but little if any effect was produced. Under these conditions it will be seen that the vaunted tests were no tests at all, utterly unreliable, of no account whatever.

The whole career of Jenner was one of sub-

terfuges, a suppression of material facts, the suggestion of false issues. He started with two falsehoods, defining cowpox as smallpox of the cow, and its originating from horse-grease. He assumed premises which any pathologist of decent attainments know to be mythical, and his deductions therefrom were therefore misleading—a fraud upon the public, a wicked trifling with the health and happiness of the community. His endeavor to escape the results of vaccination, on a plea of spurious cow or smallpox, was in perfect keeping with his character and methods. As time wore on it was seen that cowpoxing was a fraud. Successive epidemics of smallpox afforded ample evidence that Jennerism was no protective. The common people lost faith, so much so, that on the 17th of May, 1817, an old friend of Jenner who had been his confidant in early days, wrote him as follows:

"From some unaccountable cause the fame of vaccination seems to decline in this part of the country. I find my offers of gratuitous services very frequently rejected, even by those whose former children have undergone the operation."

That the distrust of the common people was justified is evidenced by an article published in the *London Medical Repository* in July, 1817. The writer said:

"However painful, yet it is a duty we owe to the public and the profession to apprise them that the number of all ranks suffering under smallpox, who have previously undergone vaccination by the most skillful practitioners, is at present surprisingly great. The subject is so serious, and so deeply involves the dearest interests of humanity, as well as those of the medical character, that we shall not fail in directing our utmost attention to it."

Notwithstanding such warning words, vaccination survived; the dearest interests of humanity had to give way before the dearest interests of the medical character. The credit of the profession was at stake. It would not do to let vaccination lapse; and, though death followed in its train, the medical profession nursed and nourished it, securing legislative enactments to perpetuate the harmful fraud. Let the people, ere this nineteenth century closes, see to it that our statute books are purged, and the clutch of the medical profession unloosed. Let every State where the obnoxious legislation obtains move this winter, and demand a repeal. Wm. Foster, Jr., Providence, R. I.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

"The Avocations of Spirit-Life; Contradictions and Differences."

At Berkeley Hall, on the morning of Sunday, Dec. 4th, Mrs. R. S. Little resumed her occupation of its platform, and under the inspiration of her spirit-guides spoke upon the first of the subjects above named, and in the evening upon the second, the following epitomes of her remarks being furnished by "Heath":

We have been taught to look into the future by the eye of faith. Little by little this earth has become the territory of man, yet he occupies it but a short time, and is continually looking for some vast territory beyond this short journey of life, where he shall find an abiding place more lasting and enduring. It is my belief that the religious of the past were all that man in those days could comprehend, and helped to raise his hopes toward a higher estate. In the progression of thought Spiritualism has come to us with new revelations.

Man embodied in the flesh has, during all the past, been able to "see through a glass darkly." His imperfections and errors of judgment have always kept him back from the eternal essence of truth, immortality. We must accept some one faith. Christianity says, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," saved from all the sins and errors of this life, and from that lake which, we are told, burns with fire and brimstone, without the poor victim ever being released by death. Spiritualism says, "No night shall be in heaven; wrong shall not retard the progress of the soul through all eternity." The spirits of the so-called dead have stood among us, and declare "there is no death," although what we call death comes alike to all. The light of the body disappears, and we call it death.

You ask what is the occupation of those who have passed on? We answer, they are finishing their work begun in the earth-form, and helping to bring to the world the truths of a future life. The first sensation of many upon entering the future life is one of disappointment. They expected to be escorted to the feet of Jesus, and given a seat near the throne, but they find nothing of the kind; they enter that life with just the capital they leave this, and have to work out their own salvation. Seeing men and women around them very much as they beheld them upon earth, they are surprised.

"What are the ten thousand doing?" Getting over what they have done, and passing through a necessary stage of purification to enable them to advance in their new life. You say they are "laboring people." In earthly life many of these laborers availed themselves of its educational privileges; others pass along without obtaining any knowledge, having been compelled to work and perform tasks that drowned all the intellectual powers of their being, on account of poverty. How are they met in spirit-life? They are received by ministering spirits, and if they are willing to grow, every aspiration of the soul will be satisfied. We have in spirit-life free schools, where every one may receive instruction. Do they work? Why, certainly, there is no standstill in spirit-life; the active, energetic man or woman is happier here while they are employed, and the same holds true in the continuation of life beyond.

In the labor of woman there is an illustration of the power of labor; the spirits of those who passed on are at work for the good of humanity, outgrowing their prejudices, and by doing good to some one else they are living and receiving to themselves benefit as they help others. This earth and the future world are intimately connected; beautiful trees, seas and rivers, a world as real as this, and work for all. Mrs. Little closed with an inspirational poem upon the words "Over There," and "True Happiness."

In the evening Mrs. Little, speaking upon "Contradictions and Differences," said:

"Spiritualism is made up of experiences. Man as a spirit incarnate in the flesh has given expression to his varied experiences, controlled more or less by his religious surroundings. Look at the Christian religion and its founder called Christ. The experiences he passed through led people to believe him to be the Son of God. Yet he was by no means a credulist, nor did he ever dream of the contradictions that are seen to-day in the different churches called Christian. True Christians are the followers of him who taught the doctrine of doing good. The primitive Christians were maligned and abused because they were not subject to any creed. Reason is the criterion by which all religious truth should be tried, proving all things and holding fast that which is good. The difference now is that too many cling to that which is not good, simply because it is the creed of their church."

It is nearly nineteen centuries since a great spirit-power was manifested to the world. The disciples of Jesus gave out this spiritual influence as they were controlled by that mighty power. They who to-day give forth this same spiritual power were born under some special influence, and all through the ages we have found their prototypes the saviors of the world.

The many contradictions which are occurring to-day are the result of looking at the same truth from different standpoints. The name Spiritualists came to be used first as a term of reproach, perhaps, but more as a name for their peculiar belief. Differences exist as to what God is, and the Divinity of Christ has been the subject of many contradictions. The more we seek to know ourselves, the more shall we be struck with wonder regarding the structure of this physical body; and until we can find out something more of self it is wisdom to cease our inquiries after God. Spiritualists believe in an all-pervading Spirit, an embodiment of intelligence which might be called God. We do not know much about God, but we do know that grand spirit-forms come to us. He who came to John upon the Isle of Patmos declared himself to be "one of the brethren of the Prophets," and not an object of worship.

We find differences in the communications from the spirits, but the fact that they communicate establishes the truth of spirit-life. Then many accept everything from spirit as true, simply because it comes from a spirit; but we should inquire what spirit gives the communication. We are what our experiences make us. The spirit-world is peopled with just such spirits as are being sent from earth-life, and they speak what they know, no more. We need to study the laws that govern spirit-control. Spiritualism teaches the unfolding of good, and that we outgrow evil conditions. There are many phases of mediumship presented to man to prove the immortality of the soul and emancipate him from the fear of death. What we call materialized forms are subject to many contradictions, but we believe fully that chemical forces may be so blended that forms can be represented in the same manner as Christ appeared to his disciples. There are frauds and contradictions in mediumship, yet we know that forms are made up of which are real. The truth is worth the seeking. Good and evil are so near together that we must pursue our course with justice, and finally truth will win.

The Power of Thought.

At the First Spiritual Temple, corner of Exeter and Newbury streets, Sunday, Dec. 4th, Mrs. E. R. Nickless, late of California, spoke upon the influence of her spirit-guides upon the above-named subject, an abstract report of her remarks by "B. B." being as follows:

We all know that thought wields a great power throughout the universe. In these days this power is being understood as never before.

We behold the handiwork of man, and we find that his thought-power has produced many remarkable things. What a wonderful amount of thought was expended upon that one structure, Brooklyn Bridge. The same power that spoke words into light, spoke these conveniences into light also. In this nineteenth century this power is doing a far greater work than ever before, for it is regenerating man. This thought-power is governing the universe. Man has come to know that without this wonderful power he could not do anything; and he finds, too, that if he will only use this power in the proper way he can rebuild his physical structure. Those who have passed beyond have learned what they can do through the employment of this power, and have proven by its exercise the ability they possess. And we are beginning to learn to send our thought in lightning speed across the seas, without the aid of telegraph wires; this is stepping into a new domain of thought. We have just entered the primary school of thought, but we have learned there is no limit to its power.

We have also learned that the power of thought may injure as well as benefit. In India there are those who are called "Black Magicians," who by the exercise of evil thought upon those whom they desire to injure, have caused a deadly blow to be received by them. We should be so careful what thought we send out. We should watch ourselves closely day by day, hour by hour, and moment by moment, and so live that our hearts may go out for inspiration, that our thoughts may be pure and holy.

Thought is a tangible something that the eye of the spirit can perceive. A gentle, loving thought of sympathy finds its place and has its effect; but when the mind is filled with evil thought and jealousy, it also has its effect. The person affected becomes depressed and downhearted, yet knows not why; but could you understand the thought-power from some mind as it reaches you, you would know better how to account for the result. Many times we affect others more than ourselves, because we think more about others. When we think only of self and self-gratification we are injuring ourselves, and, at the same time, many who are outside of us. It is like throwing a handful of sand; though we may not be blinded ourselves, we injure a number of others.

The time is not far distant when thought-power can be analyzed. Now we must first analyze our own thoughts, and see whether they are for good or for evil. We must see whether we can send them forth to raise the fallen, to heal the sick—or to injure others. When man can send forth pure thoughts he practices the golden rule. We find some who have passed to the other side are sending forth thoughts of malice, which they held while here. These affect sensitives who are here. If we give, we shall receive, but if we withhold it shall be withheld from us. Let us see what kind of thoughts we possess before we send them out to materialize, for you each have the power to materialize thoughts and to dematerialize them. If you should continue to hold your materialized sitting three times a day, you would find the thought would dematerialize and disintegrate.

Sometimes we think we do not know what we are. But, my friends, could you know what a library is contained within the temple of your own souls, it would be revealed to you what you are. Thought controls and governs all your actions. Thought controls and governs everything in the universe. This wonderful power, called thought-power, is doing much either for the elevation of the race, or for its downfall. When you send forth a thought to injure another, it rebounds to you with redoubled force, and you yourselves are injured by it. If we know the truth, do not give our lives to doing good to others, in uplifting the race, we are not worthy the name of Spiritualists. The world on every hand is watching us, to see if it can discover anything in our character against us; to see if we live as well as talk Spiritualism. We should feel that humanity is our own family; we should give out thought from a lofty soul. Let us, one and all, live so that when we pass to the other side, be the time long or short before that occurs, we may be lifted above the earth-plane. Do not others as we would have others do unto us. The hell of fire and brimstone is nothing compared to the hell of the soul, who does not unto others what he knows he should do. God speed the day when man shall work for the elevation of his race.

"Dreaming True."

AMONG many important and interesting lectures recently delivered by W. J. Colville in Grand Rapids, Mich., one on "Dreaming True," given in Kennedy Hall, Monday, Nov. 28th, called out an unusually large audience. The lecturer said that the faculty of *dreaming true*, though practically a lost art to the majority, was once a common experience, particularly in the East, as the various bibles of the world abundantly testify; and though at present extremely rare, especially in the West, is easily recoverable, provided we take into consideration the simple truth that all things are easy to those who discover how to apply themselves persistently to their execution.

Man is never in any condition unconscious for a single instant, though he often passes in quick succession through differing states of consciousness, and while accomplishing transit from one plane of perception to another, falls to register on the tablets of outer memory what is already firmly engraven upon the photosphere of the inner state. Every human being is a child of two worlds at once; as to our mortal intellect we are children of earth, while as to our interior knowledge we are sons and daughters of heaven. The dual origin and nature of man is never questioned by any genuine seer, as actual psychic experience demonstrates to a true psychometer the actual contemporaneous existence of an inner as well as an outer realm, in which all forms and records are preserved, and from which they doubtless originate

as after a brief materialization they invariably return thither.

The Alexandrian library is not destroyed; its 700,000 priceless MSS. are open to the gaze of the gifted seer, as all are preserved intact in the astral atmosphere of the globe. The true "Book of Remembrance" is this omnipresent astral or interstellar volume, whose contents can be read by the extremely sensitive *lucide* without difficulty, provided reposeful conditions are afforded, and there is no bias or prejudice to bar the acceptance of a vision presented to the psychic eye. The true attitude of a seer is like that of a spectator in a theatre waiting for the curtain to rise and reveal the spectacle in succession of surprises to the witnesses. As at a stereopticon exhibition, views are presented one after the other upon a blank screen, so the astral pictures are presented to the contemplative student of the unseen, who is simply receptive and observing. Prof. Buchanan's theories of psychometry are susceptible of world-wide verification, provided sensitives are forthcoming who will make psychic discoveries their life-object as material investigations are pursued by physicists.

Out of every twenty-four hours eight can usually be given to sleep, and throughout our sleep we are receiving profitable education. To accustom one's self to do one thing only at a time, or to direct one's intention to one object to the exclusion of all others, is a prime necessity for all who would excel in psychic delineation. Habits must be fixed in waking hours to be pursued in sleep, and good habits once formed are irrefragable. To confine one's thought exclusively to material affairs is to dream about marketing, dressmaking, bookkeeping and all sorts of simply external duties and engagements. To attend to these details during a portion of every day is well enough, but to be pursued at night by their phantoms is to suffer from broken sleep, confused dreams and nightmares. Before allowing one's self to fall asleep, whether by day or night, the thought should be directed to a subject of interest upon which further light is needed; the act of concentration must be an easy, voluntary mental movement; any excited feeling blurs the mirror and thereby induces indistinctness or confusion among the images presented.

Very few people are exempt from dreams of some kind, though there are states far beyond dreaming; but *dreaming true* is a ladder which leads to experiences above, while *dreaming false*, which is the common experience, is pathological and therefore injurious. There is nothing in that wonderful book, "Peter Ibbetson," which surpasses belief among those who have had experiences bordering on a similar narrative, though the case of the hero of that tale was so exceptional as to furnish an *extreme* illustration of a universal possibility: A man imprisoned for thirty years for no particular offense, and for all that time in the closest mental sympathy with a woman who returned his regard and never lost sight of him in thought, no matter how widely she might travel in body, furnished occasion for a most singular exemplification of general law, the result being that he and she arranged to meet every night in France, no matter where she might be in body, while her comrade in the experience was always confined in an English jail. The particularly impressive part of the story is its ending, which gives the reader to suppose that after dropping the material form the psychic conditions which relate to earthly experiences are greatly altered; and no doubt they usually are, as transition, except in the case of very earth-bound individuals, certainly introduces the spirit to new fields of experience.

Whatever interests or excites us is apt to influence our dreams. We attract sensations and actually become related to differing states through three distinct channels, viz., *desire, expectation and fear*; a careful consideration of how impressions are received through these three avenues will account for almost all our experiences, both pleasant and painful, except in cases of unusual sensitiveness, where persons are strongly affected by the unexpressed feelings of all with whom they associate. We can all reach a point where we can spend our nights as we please, but before we can control our sleeping consciousness, we must successfully practice concentration during waking hours. Thoughts are as controllable as words and deeds; we can if we choose open and shut our minds at will, just as we can open and close our eyes at pleasure.

If one wishes to dream true, it is necessary to fix the thought calmly and decisively at a given point before falling asleep; no violent effort is required, but steady mental attention must be given to the place or object we desire to be related with during sleep, and if we practice for a number of nights in succession the art of exclusive concentration on a chosen theme, and refuse to permit interruptions or distractions to disturb our gaze, we shall find ourselves very soon possessed of added information on the topic of our choice. After a while our visions will be distinctly remembered in the morning, and we shall regard our sleeping hours as periods of travel and education. Such a course of mental persistence, when motives are pure and objects selected of a desirable order, is invariably health-giving, as it does away with unwelcome or confused dreams, which are often irritating and fatiguing.

December Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC.—The present number opens with the "close" of P. Marlon Crawford's "Don Orsino"; Edward Everett Hale's "New England Boyhood" is as highly interesting and instructive as ever; Mr. William Henry Bishop's experiences in setting "An American at Home in Europe" are as variegated as those of the sketches under that topic which have preceded it; Andrew C. McLaughlin treats of "Mississippi and the Negro Question"; Agnes Repplier writes on "Wit and Humor"; there are other sketches of travel, etc., which, together with good poetry, book reviews, and the departments generally, make up an excellent issue. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publishers.

THE CENTURY.—This month's contents reflect the prevailing sentiment as the course of time brings to us the closing holidays of the passing year. Of the illustrations an engraving from a painting by Ed. H. Blashfield, of "Ringing the Christmas Bells," is especially attractive, though the *wings* attached to the spirit-forms seriously detract from what without them would be of superior excellence. The reader is given seven stories, of which are "Their Christmas Meeting," "The New Cashier," and "A Knight of the Legion of Honor." The personal element is represented by "Leaves from the Autobiography of Salvini," "Impressions of Browning and His Art," "War Correspondence as a Fine Art," and an anecdotal sketch of "Jenny Lind," showing her to be a most noble woman. Finely illustrated papers are a "Pictorial New York," and "To Gipsy Land." In poetry are contributions from writers of reputation, New York: The Century Co.

ST. NICHOLAS.—The frontispiece finely illustrates the opening story, one of revolutionary times, entitled "Beniah Siddham." A short serial story, "Holly-berry and Mistletoe," is commenced. A novel account is given of a queer Christmas-tree. Striking pictures illustrate the cutting down of giant trees in California. Explanations are given of the meaning of railway signals. Several stories of exciting adventure. The pictures illustrate all phases of life, and the entire contents are flavored with an aroma of the festive season, such as all will be delighted with. New York: The Century Co.

THE QUIVER has a colored frontispiece called "The First Born," and is from the painting by M. L. Gow, R. I. The opening article is about the "Philanthropists in Parliament," other sketches, poems, short and continued stories, etc., are given. The number is one of exceptional merit. Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

THE ARENA.—Bishop J. L. Spalding, one of the ablest prelates of the Roman Church, in a brief but able manner, gives his reasons "Why the World's Fair Should be Opened on Sunday," arguing that "it is not simply right" to do so, but "wrong to close it," and that "there ought not to be a difference of opinion among enlightened men" thereupon. Napoleon Ney, grandson of the famous Marshal, contributes a paper on "The Occult in Paris." Mr. T. V. Powderly discusses the advisability of "Government Ownership of Railroads." Prof. J. T. Bixby, under

the title, "A Chinese Mystic," gives a masterly paper on the Thought-Moulder of ancient days. As a frontispiece portraits of Whittier and Tennyson are given, accompanied by an interesting article respecting their lives and works by W. J. Fowler. A Christmas story, by Willie A. Dromgoole, is an attractive feature of this issue. Boston: Arena Pub. Co.

WIDE AWAKE for this month is a glowing Christmas number. A finely-colored frontispiece represents "The Ice Queen in the Christmas Grotto," and a steaming plum-pudding adorns the first page of its contents. W. O. Stoddard contributes a Christmas story, entitled, "Mr. Van Golt's Case," R. M. Allen a Christmas Ballad, "The Vagaries of Christmas," Estelle M. Hurll describes "A Child's Christmas in France," and Theron Brown gives a "Christmas Carol." Several serial stories are commenced, and a delightful Christmas play by William Grant, entitled, "Wishing," is given complete, with directions plain and explicit for home representation. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—In "Declaration of Independence by a Colonial Church," Dr. Richard Dillard furnishes an interesting contribution to the history of North Carolina. "The Story of Marco Polo," who lived two hundred years before Columbus, is briefly told by Elizabeth Seelye. A biography of North Carolina's eloquent soldier and statesman, Gen. W. R. Davis (1760-1820), is interestingly related by Judge Walter Clark. The article is illustrated by a portrait, as also is Gen. Read's sketch of Hon. Francis Aquila Stout. Notes and Queries contain interesting matter, and in Reptiles, Wm. Penn's Rent and The Mound Builders are alluded to. New York: 743 Broadway.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—The Christmas holidays furnish topics for nearly every page, reminiscences of those of the past and unique hints and suggestions how to enjoy the present predominating. The departments are well filled, and "The Brownies" are seen in their "First Stage" in their prospective trip round the world. Philadelphia: Curtis Pub. Co.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—Several Christmas stories and instructive articles on matters pertaining to the holidays are given. Of the stories one by Ezekiel Butterworth is accompanied by a portrait of its author. Boston: 50 Bromfield street.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH contains a Christmas story by a daughter of Hawthorne, a Christmas poem by Mr. Butterworth, both illustrated, and other stories, poems, and miscellany entertaining and instructive. Boston: Wilde & Co., 25 Bromfield street.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, as well as Nervous and Rheumatic Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home in Prospect, Me., Nov. 28th, Mrs. Callie George Kneeland.

She has been a cripple for fifteen years—not able to walk a step in all this time; her hands were drawn out of shape, and in fact her whole person was doubled up in a very peculiar way; yet every one considered her a marvel, inasmuch as she not only performed her own household work, nearly, but wrought a great amount of the sewing and knitting. Mrs. Kneeland was an ardent believer in our beautiful Philosophy, and while she was deprived of mingling with the world, she demonstrated her faith to all who came in contact with her. She was a woman of a noble soul, and her word was as good as gold; her noble example was of such a nature that she blessed the world by having lived in it.

By special request the writer attended her funeral. She leaves dear friends who have the sympathy of all.

Dr. C. F. WARR.

From her home in Parishville, N. Y., Orinda Perkins, in her 70th year.

She leaves a life-companion, sons and daughters, and a large circle of sorrowing friends. She was an excellent medium for tests and the curing of disease. Her husband's life to the alleviation of suffering and pain, and will be held in grateful remembrance by many who claim they owe their health or continuation of life to her.

Waterbury, N. Y.

[Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, fifty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.]

No one in ordinary health need become bald or gray if he will follow sensible treatment. We advise cleanliness of the scalp and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Worcester, Mass.—Association of Spiritualists, Arcanum Hall, 96 Main street. Lectures at 2 and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Society, 108 A. St., Fuller, D. A. President; Woodbury C. Smith, Vice-President; W. O. Keyes, Recording Secretary; Mrs. L. E. Dodge, Treasurer; Mrs. George B. Fuller, Corresponding Secretary.

Springfield, Mass.—The First Spiritualist Society, 41 Leonard, President, Worthington street. The First Spiritualist Ladies Aid Society, Mrs. T. M. Holcomb, President. Mrs. B. Wood, Secretary. Meetings at 108 A. St., Fuller, D. A. President; Woodbury C. Smith, Vice-President; W. O. Keyes, Recording Secretary; Mrs. L. E. Dodge, Treasurer; Mrs. George B. Fuller, Corresponding Secretary.

Buffalo, N. Y.—First Spiritualist Society meets Sunday at 10 A. M. U. W. Hall, corner Court and Main streets, at 2 and 7 P. M. William F. Pfeiffer, President, 2 Gelstein street; L. O. Boesing, Secretary, 84 Prospect Avenue.

Baltimore, Md.—The Religious-Philosophical Society meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the hall of the U. W. Hall, North Exeter street, near Gay. Chas. A. Zipp, Secretary, 1403 East Madison street.

Providence, R. I.—The Spiritualist Association holds meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. at the U. W. Hall, 108 A. St., Fuller, D. A. President; Woodbury C. Smith, Vice-President; W. O. Keyes, Recording Secretary; Mrs. L. E. Dodge, Treasurer; Mrs. George B. Fuller, Corresponding Secretary.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—First Church of Spiritualists, 618 Third street, meetings Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Thursdays at 7 P. M. Nicholas Schenck, President; J. H. Lohmeyer, Secretary.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Progressive Spiritualists' Society, Elks' Hall, 1014 1/2 street. Meetings Sundays, 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Thursdays, 4 P. M. and 8 P. M. Mrs. Edie F. Josselyn, President.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Spiritual Association holds public meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. at the U. W. Hall, 108 A. St., Fuller, D. A. President; Woodbury C. Smith, Vice-President; W. O. Keyes, Recording Secretary; Mrs. L. E. Dodge, Treasurer; Mrs. George B. Fuller, Corresponding Secretary.

Dayton, O.—The Progressive Spiritualists' Association holds meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. at the U. W. Hall, 108 A. St., Fuller, D. A. President; Woodbury C. Smith, Vice-President; W. O. Keyes, Recording Secretary; Mrs. L. E. Dodge, Treasurer; Mrs. George B. Fuller, Corresponding Secretary.

St. Louis, Mo.—Spiritual Association holds meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. at the U. W. Hall, 108 A. St., Fuller, D. A. President; Woodbury C. Smith, Vice-President; W. O. Keyes, Recording Secretary; Mrs. L. E. Dodge, Treasurer; Mrs. George B. Fuller, Corresponding Secretary.

New Orleans, La.—Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday, 7 P. M., at its hall, No. 59 Canal street. Geo. P. Benson, President.

San Francisco, Cal.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists meets every Sunday morning and evening in Scottish Hall, 105 Larkin street. Also a Mediums' and Conference Meeting every Sunday at 2 P. M. Good mediums and speakers always present.

Oakland, Cal.—Mission Spiritualists meet every Sunday at 2 and 7 P. M. at Native Sons' Hall, 105 Washington street.

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The First Association of Spiritualists meets at Girard Avenue Hall, Ninth street and Girard Avenue (entrance at Hutchinson street). President, Hon. J. H. Benson; Vice-President, James M. Taylor; Secretary, Frank H. Morrill; 221 Chestnut street; Treasurer, James H. Marvin. Services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Lyceum at 2 P. M.

Keynotes Spiritualists' Association meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. at the U. W. Hall, 108 A. St., Fuller, D. A. President; Woodbury C. Smith, Vice-President; W. O. Keyes, Recording Secretary; Mrs. L. E. Dodge, Treasurer; Mrs. George B. Fuller, Corresponding Secretary.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.—Information and assistance given to inquirers in all parts of the world. The names of members will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope by any of the following International Committees: America, Mrs. M. Palmer, 108 A. St., Fuller, D. A. President; Australia, Mrs. W. J. Colville, 266 N. Larkyn street; Canada, Mr. Woodcock, "Waterloo," Brookville; Holland, Van Stratten, Middelhuis; India, Mr. Graham, Huntey, Waikeke; Sweden, B. Fortenson, Oslo, Christiania; England, J. Allen, 108 A. St., Fuller, D. A. President; France, M. T. V. Powderly, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.; Germany, J. H. Lohmeyer, 1403 East Madison street; New Zealand, J. H. Lohmeyer, 1403 East Madison street; Norway, J. H. Lohmeyer, 1403 East Madison street; Sweden, B. Fortenson, Oslo,

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookstore, 9 Bowditch Street, Boston, Mass., have for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books, and of all the latest books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash. When the money forwarded is insufficient to order the books, the balance must be paid O. O. D. Orders for books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit on the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—ones and twos preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications can be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co. at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will also have the papers sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for mailing the order, which is 5 cents for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of personal free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondence gives utterance. 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 return or return canceled articles.

Newsletters sent to this office containing matter for inclusion, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles.

Banner of Light.

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Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds, dogma, Ignorance, Error, Decay, and Humanity are to its proper sphere of Knowledge.—Spirit John P. Parnell.

Theological Tyranny on its Last Legs.

There is no more positive a portent of a complete breaking away from and breaking up of the old standards of ecclesiastical Orthodoxy than the recent action of Old Plymouth church in Brooklyn, the church founded by Henry Ward Beecher, and now ministered to by Dr. Lyman Abbott. An account of the church's action in relation to the American Board of Foreign Missions has already been given in our columns, and we refer to it again chiefly to emphasize the significant fact that this revolt is rapidly occurring all along the line of Orthodox churches and church seminaries. Rev. Dr. Abbott remarked to the assembled meeting of Plymouth church-members that it was not a question of theology, but of liberty. He said the American Board was a close corporation. The Board has asserted that there was no hope for the heathen hereafter, God's mercy terminating for them at death. But he said that was not the belief of Plymouth Church. Since that declaration by the American Board the contributions to foreign missions by Plymouth Church had been practically made under protest, but the time for decisive action had now come.

He reminded his hearers that four years ago Rev. Mr. Noyes of Boston had applied to the Prudential Committee of the Board for appointment, which the Board refused to grant on the ground that his belief in reference to the salvation of the heathen was non-orthodox. Mr. Noyes had started a mission in Japan independent of the American Board, which was highly successful. It was finally moved by Dr. Abbott that the annual collection be postponed one week from the ensuing Sunday, and that all contributions should go direct to the Noyes mission unless otherwise designated. The motion was supported in vigorous language by Prof. Rossiter W. Raymond, who said he "was tired of the whole miserable humbug, and wouldn't give a cent to spread the news of damnation. I won't let," he said, "the damnable doctrine be disseminated by my money. That God is love is good news, but it is made stale old stuff by those men who drag a juggernaut car over the heathen, and want us to feed the beasts that haul it. It is my Christian duty not to give to any concern that will teach the heathen that their fathers went to hell." An amendment intended to nullify Dr. Abbott's motion was voted down, and the latter was carried almost unanimously.

The old tyrant theology is getting a deserved shaking up.

The "Holidays" (?) at Homestead.

Thanksgiving has passed, but Christmas and the New Year draw nigh, and but little can be said as to the affairs at this locality, except that the great strike is officially declared "off." The workmen have retired from the field, and with broken ranks and heavy hearts have ceased their struggles with the irresistible power of wealth above them.

The shadows lengthen, and despite what is hoped for in the coming days, the showing of "the people's" case is but a poor one in all parts of our so-called happy country. This is owing to the domination of greedy monopolies, grasping landlordism, the selfish combinations of capital, and the want of sympathy between the few rich and the many poor. It is a dark reproach on our country's fame and that of its institutions, which are so frequently called free. At Homestead, for simply forming a perfectly legitimate union to resist the encroachments of employing power, thousands of industrious, hard-working and thrifty people are paying dear for their venturesomeness. No autocrat could be more cruel than the power that holds them in its merciless grip.

The whole story on its business side is alleged to be as follows: The Carnegie company out down a certain class of their most skilled workmen in their wages, for the reason given that the company could not fill a certain contract with the government to supply steel armor plates for the new ships of the navy except at a heavy loss. On the other hand, the contract was awarded to the company, which underbid rival steel works merely to prevent them from getting it, and thus advertise themselves. It was a cut-under game, and, in playing, the

Innocent workmen were to be made to pay the cost by the reduction of their wages. They resisted in the only legitimate manner they could, and the result is everywhere known.

Before the strike Homestead was rated a model town, made up of an industrious and contented people, who either owned their own homes or were in the way of soon doing so. As they had been directly instrumental through their labor in building up the town, it was most naturally and reasonably expected by them that they would participate in the profits resulting from that labor. What a Thanksgiving—for instance—was theirs (with probably but little chance of improved conditions for the coming holidays), in the face of such expectations! While the factory fires were brightly burning, there were many hearths on which no domestic flame was shining. Children were out collecting driftwood from the river, with which to roast the potatoes that formed their only Thanksgiving feast. And numbers of men, so lately orderly and industrious workmen, were under indictment for murder, unable to get work, and liable to arrest if they tried to leave town in order to find it. Their only alternative lay between the prison and the poorhouse. And thousands on thousands more all over the country are in a not much better condition.

The air is full of warnings! Happy will it be if they are heeded by America before it is too late, and Longfellow's "poor, blind Samson" raises his hand in some "grim revel" to shake the pillars of this national "commonwealth"!

Tennyson as a Spiritualist.

In Mr. Stead's character sketch of "Tennyson the Man," published in the *Review of Reviews*, he speaks of it as a "fact" that Tennyson "was habitually conscious of communion with spirits or intelligence not of this world." Mr. Stead well remarks that "no one can read his 'In Memoriam' without recognizing that the poet was conscious of spirit communion, which, if it had been suspected in a less eminent man, would have led to his ostracism as a lunatic or a Spiritualist." Tennyson, he adds, "was a very broad churchman, and if he had a pastor in the spiritual sense it was Mr. Maurice. That distinguished man held very strong and decided opinions as to the reality of conscious spirit-communion between the living and the dead. It is understood that he believed that he wrote many of the best and truest things he ever published under the direct influence of higher intelligences, of whose presence he was distinctly conscious. He felt them near him, and his mind was impressed by their ideas. He was, to use the technical term, a clairaudient and inspirational medium. He was not clairvoyant. These mystic influences came to him in the night season. They were heard in the voices of the wind. They made him write what he sometimes imperfectly understood when in a state of mind that was perhaps not always distinguishable from trance."

Both in his poetry and in his correspondence, continues Mr. Stead, he distinctly refers to this trance experience. Writing March 7th, 1874, to a gentleman who had communicated to him some strange experiences which he had under anesthetics, Tennyson said: "I have never had any revelations through anesthetics, but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently till, all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life." And as if conscious of the incredible significance of the statement thus compacted, the poet adds: "I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words?" Mr. Stead says this letter is a prose explanation by the poet of one of the most remarkable, although somewhat mysterious, passages in the ninety-fifth section of "In Memoriam," comprising the four stanzas beginning—

"So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once it seemed as last
The living soul was flashed on mine."

A Supreme Court for the World.

International arbitration is declared not to be feasible in an article in the *American Journal of Politics*, and it is asserted that some other means of settling disputes between nations must be sought. The reason given for such an opinion is, that practically arbiters cannot be found who have not formed an opinion on the question to be submitted for decision, and that those who have nothing to gain and possibly something to lose by arbitration will hesitate before consenting to entrust their interests to the decision of another. The writer, therefore, recommends instead the establishment of a World's Supreme Court, to which nations may be finally referred, in the same way that all difficulties between our own States are now submitted to a National Supreme Court. To arrive at this result, it is suggested that our government invite other nations to appoint commissioners to meet and formulate the plan.

It is assumed that the commissioners would recommend to their different governments the appointment by each of its most eminent jurists as an associate-justice of the court. Treaty relations would be recommended, binding all nations to the most rigid observance of the decisions of the court. Should some nations refuse to arbitrate, the treaty would contain a provision that every nation bound by this great code of international law would do all in its power to force a rebellious nation to abide by the decisions of the court. In order to effect this, it would only be necessary for the nations bound by the international treaty to declare the rebellious nation no longer a member of the international union. This decision would carry with it the closing of all the ports of the union against the offender, until such time as she should see fit to accept the decision of the court.

And if the question of damages should be involved, the nations under the jurisdiction of the court should seize all public property belonging to the offender, that should come within its jurisdiction, until the judgment of the court should be satisfied. This mode of procedure by a combination of nations under a treaty, is believed to be the only effective one for the abolition of international wars.

"Spiritual Forces," by Mrs. H. S. Lake, next week.

The Weekly Press of the Country.

As the daily paper is fast becoming not much more than a vehicle for news, the office of properly arranging, expurgating and digesting that news for the general mind is growing in laboriousness as well as responsibility; the evident and necessary purpose being the full and faithful presentation to the reader of the regular movements of the time in their larger as well as more minute relations to the law of progress in all the departments of our universal life and its activities.

The well-constructed and amply-equipped weekly paper, in whatever sphere it is appointed to work, is the really substantial teacher and preacher of the current period. By its very acts of exclusion it abundantly establishes its character and recommends its influence. It is not to be regarded as a "back number," carrying nothing but stale matter to the reader; on the contrary, its purpose is to select and seize upon what possesses a meaning as well as a fleeting interest, and to convey it in a fresh dress of thoughtful comment, and thus help the community to reflect as it reads, instead of merely exciting it with sensational records of what very largely does not deserve to be read at all.

The death of a man so much talked about, if not so well known, as Jay Gould, styled the multi-millionaire, only impresses anew the lesson of the fleeting character of all things earthly, and of the unsubstantiality of all human projects, prospects, and proposals. Man is but a passenger here. The richest suddenly gives up all his wealth when the summons comes for the final change, and the most powerful become obediently dumb. All is but change. The tide flows in and flows out again. The object of yesterday's envy is the pity of to-day. No one is privileged to continue in this vanishing realm of mortality. Nothing really is but that which is spirit. There is no wealth that goes with its possessor everywhere and into the vast eternity but that of the soul. That alone abides and increases forever. How insignificantly little seem all our plans and projects, except as they are spiritually perpetual. Riches are for the use only, not for the holding. None of us need boast of what we have or what we are. The poor in spirit, the humbly worshipping, who trust in the spirit as the sole and continual life, these are the truly rich, the truly powerful, the truly great of earth.

A KINDLY AND APPRECIATIVE ACT.—W. F. Nye, Esq., of New Bedford, Mass., (prominent, as our readers know, in Onset Bay affairs) visited our office on Tuesday, Dec. 13th, and in addition to renewing his own, paid for six new subscriptions for a year: his feeling being that THE BANNER for twelve months was a good Christmas present to a friend. We gratefully thank Bro. Nye, and trust his generous action will find imitation by other friends of THE BANNER.

Education to most men means the development of a man with five senses; and a specialty in education means some one department of learning in that development. Most men will probably be surprised if sometime they discover that there are at present people with six senses or even seven obtaining a knowledge quite beyond their own.

Abby A. Judson (daughter of the famous Baptist missionary of that name) sends us an account of her labors (eight page), "with best wishes for the dear BANNER, which is nobly supporting the best cause in the universe."

We have received a pleasant call at our office from Mrs. Harriet E. Beach of New York—also a fine portrait (photographic) of this firm and energetic witness for Spiritualism.

The ideas set forth on our second page by W. J. Colville, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and Mrs. Edith R. Nickless should receive the thoughtful attention of every reader.

Spirit Almon Chapman (on our sixth page) gives in an off-hand way much valuable information as to the best manner of life to win spiritual success at last.

Flowers from a Friend of the Circle-Loom, and others, are gratefully acknowledged.

Reckless Driving in Boston.

THE BANNER has for several years past called the public attention to the criminal prevalence of rapid and heedless driving in this city. It is a well-known fact that the late Lewis B. Wilson, so long chairman of our Free Circles, was knocked down and received an injury which resulted in a lingering death months afterward; and others we wot of have had escapes from serious injury which may be well accounted "miraculous." We are glad to see the Boston daily press add to this important matter. Probably the death of President L. H. Kingsbury of the Dedham National Bank—who was knocked down in Boston, Thursday, Dec. 8th, by a "runaway," and died at the Emergency Hospital, this city, on the 9th—has attracted the attention of many in this direction. For even if his death was caused by an unpreventable accident in this case, the people know that gross carelessness and the plain practice noticeable among teamsters and expressmen, hereabout. The safety of pedestrians is so badly assured that one may be said to take one's life in his hand whenever it is necessary to cross a street. Drivers now-a-days pay no attention to the "cross-walks," which in former years sheltered the blockaded pedestrian, but plunge upon the unfortunate wayfarer with all speed, trusting themselves to personally escape from the results of any accident either by the exercise of brute force, the whipping up of their horses, or the well-known desire of all bystanders to escape being summoned as witnesses in a court of law.

The Record truly says: "Reckless teamsters reigned in Boston streets," and "Get out of my way!" is their motto. The President of the Mechanical Bank is reported to say, by *The Record*, that "the carelessness of herdic drivers and expressmen all over the city is a terrible outrage and a constant menace to the lives of thousands." He thought the evil particularly crying in Post Office Square, where President Kingsbury was recently fatally injured. The arrest of twenty or more reckless drivers at a time would have a salutary effect. Cannot our City Fathers do something to abate this more than nuisance which so persistently threatens life and limb?

On the evening of Nov. 8th, at a circle in Salem, Mass., held by Prof. Knight, a number of persons forming the company, information (it is alleged) was imparted through the medium direct to Mrs. L. G. Howard of Camden, Me., who was one of those present, that a large fire would shortly occur which would greatly alarm and worry her. She was cautioned, however, not to be alarmed, for everything that belonged to her would be secure from destruction. On the following evening, she read an account of the large fire in Camden, by which the entire business part of the town was destroyed, involving a heavy loss. The store owned by Mrs. Howard and another woman, which stands on the corner of Main and Chestnut streets, was the only one that escaped.

Read what Dr. H. B. Storer says of Spiritualism—fifth page—Newbury-Street Temple report.

New Spiritual Temple at Anderson, Indiana.

The Spiritualists of Anderson, Ind., had the satisfaction of having their enthusiastic efforts of the year past, and the sanguine hopes they had all along entertained of their triumphant results, crowned with success by the doors of their Temple on Madison Avenue being thrown open—people of all denominations flocking in to participate in their dedicatory exercises—on Sunday, Dec. 4th. The gathering tested to its utmost the seating and standing capacity of the beautiful auditorium. The following was the order of exercises:

Prayer, God, Choir; Just One More, Custer's Orchestra; Welcome, Choir; Prayer, Helen Stuart-Richings; Sacred Song, Choir; Welcome Address, Peter Millspaugh; Dedicatory Address, Helen Stuart-Richings; Under the Apple Tree, Custer's Orchestra; Old Hundred, Church; Benediction, Helen Stuart-Richings.

The music by choir and orchestra was, says the *Anderson Daily Herald*, in its full and just report of the proceedings, excellently rendered. An eloquent and impressive invocation by Mrs. Richings followed the welcoming song, at the close of which Mr. Millspaugh extended to all present a warm and sympathetic welcome, and introduced Mrs. Richings, who expressed herself as considering it an honor of which she was proud in being called to dedicate this new shrine of spiritual faith and worship. Announcing her subject to be "Truth as We Understand It," she first addressed the Spiritualists and then the audience generally, more especially those who had but little, if any, knowledge of the spiritual philosophy.

"We have," she said, "been in the winter of our discontent, but intelligence and faith have brought us steadily nearer to God. In our belief, God is not a being, sitting on a throne somewhere in space, and reigning over the world, as believed by our Orthodox brethren; God, to us, is life. Show us where life does not exist, and we will show you where he is not. You have looked into the eyes of your babe, and in doing so you have looked into the eyes of God. In the granite, in the leaf and in the briny deep, everywhere where life is, according to our belief, we find God. The infinite to us is an all-ruling power. The Orthodox claim we do not believe in God. This we deny. To us, God is everything. Spiritualists have no creed, no boundary to their acquisition of a knowledge of spiritual truths. Spiritualists, whatever of that knowledge they may possess, are continually calling for more; more wisdom, more of infinite and eternal truth. . . . We ask to day for the spirits and angels with us to open the windows, doors and roof of this Temple and make it one of knowledge, and make a path to our very selves, that we may guide those who enter it forward and nearer to life eternal. . . . Spiritualists, ask knowledge, always press forward, and let your light so shine that the world may see the truth."

Mrs. Richings was listened to throughout her masterly elucidation of her subject with intense interest, and as she opened a new channel of thought to her auditors, her remarks made an impression upon their minds that time will never wholly efface. At the close of her remarks donations in aid of the Society were called for, resulting in an addition to its treasury of \$450.

After the services Treasurer N. G. Hilligoss made his report, giving a brief outline of the church from beginning to end, substantially as follows:

The plausibility of building a church was first canvassed last December. On the 13th day of January an organization was effected and officers elected. The remainder of the winter was spent in getting donations and raising money.

The expenses and expenditures have been as follows:

Cash, net received, \$4,547.85

Money received, 4,233.38

Balance due, 1,282.29

In the evening the Temple was crowded to excess. The audience, says *The Herald*, "was addressed by Mrs. Richings in the same pleasing style, and, as at the morning services, gave general satisfaction and pleasure. Mrs. Richings has made many friends already in this city, and during her month's stay here there is little doubt but what she will make many more."

(The *Daily Bulletin* for Saturday evening, Dec. 3d, has a picture of the new Temple, and a good descriptive sketch of the state of the Cause in Anderson.)

Funeral and Mourning Reform.

A paper was read last June by Lady Frederick Cavendish of England, before a meeting held at her residence, No. 21 Carlton House Terrace, under the auspices of the Church of England Burial, Funeral and Mourning Reform Association, of which the following is a serviceable summary:

Commenting on the Christian view of death, Lady Cavendish considers that in many minds there exists a wrong view of the death of the body, which harmfully influences the whole life. And the responsibility very largely for this view is to be found in the manner of burying the dead. It is the chief object of the Funeral Reform Association to correct it. When we were young, the most of us entertained the notion that death was the end of everything bright, beautiful and hopeful. If a relative died, the house was darkened, every one was clothed in black, and on the day of burial the procession moved in deepest black to the grave, the body in a black hearse, without a whisper of hope in all the surroundings. The tendency of it all was to produce a shudder at the very thought of death; to regard death as something too terrible for the mind to dwell upon; and to suggest that the best thing we could do was to get all we could out of this world, and to give no thought whatever to the other one.

What, then, is the death of the body? But, first, what is life? Every day is an epitome of life. We rise with a prayer for guidance and safe keeping all the day; we go forth to our labor; we strive to abide every hour in the fellowship of the spirit and to do good; and so the day runs its course, and at its close we commend soul and body to the care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. We lay ourselves down, and in a sense we die. Sleep is death's twin-brother. We sleep as though we were, and we die as though we sleep, passing silently through the peaceful darkness of the night into the light of the eternal day. We ought, therefore, to regard death as a friend. It is really the gate of life already begun, it is true, but from that time to be infinitely higher and fuller than this earthly life. There unquestionably should be sorrow at the departure of a loved one, but there should likewise be a sure trust in the love of the Father, a firm belief in continued life and a sense of comfort in the abiding spirit.

Then what should the funeral rites be? But, first, what ought not to be done at a funeral? If there is no death, but what seems so is only transition, then at a Christian funeral there should be no extravagant mourning attire; no black trappings; no durable coffin, with the vain object of preserving the body; no brick grave, with the vain object of isolation; no cumbersome tombstone; no unnecessary postponement of the burial; no undue exposure of the mourners at the grave-side; no poisoning of the soil, the water-spings, or the air, by insatiable burial in vaults or over-crowded graves; no excessive show; no unusual eating and drinking; no avoidable expense.

But what ought to be done on the occasion of a death is this: Let all the last offices be performed, as far as possible, by relatives and friends, as a labor of love. As flowers cheer the sick room, so let them brighten the death chamber, but not be buried in the grave. Open wide the windows and let in the sunshine. Order a coffin of the simplest character and of perishable material, with few ornaments, and those expressive of faith and hope. Show respect for the loved one by rendering the body harmless to the living. Do not think it necessary to order new clothes for yourself; a sober-hued attire is order now fitting, such as almost every one possesses. If possible, convey the body to the burial place overnight, thus avoiding the expense and display of a street procession, and inviting friends to meet at the grave-side instead of at the house of mourning; visitors would then not have to be entertained after the funeral, and the bereaved could better think of their loved one in the unseen world, and be led to meditate on the life to come.

The best monument, concludes this timely paper of Lady Cavendish, to the memory of a departed friend is the active determination to imitate his good example, carry out his wishes, and live daily in the hope of meeting him in another world.

CURRENT THEMES.

Knowledge a Necessity for Reform.—If we would improve our own condition, and that of others in this world, it is essential that we should have an exalted and wholly reasonable view of the direction in which we are tending. Therefore Spiritualism plainly teaches not only the conditions of the other world, but the real and true meaning of life here. Unless we are possessed of some knowledge of what we are, and whither we are tending, we do but drift aimlessly on an unknown sea, without the guidance of pilot, compass, or even rudder.

Extirpating such dogmas from the human mind as endless punishment, and ultimate absolute extinction of being, is a great deal toward clearing the view and enlarging and ennobling the conception of present and continuous life. It is necessary for us to believe that all souls must at last be saved, whatever the duration of the term of their probationary experience, or however severe the disciplinary trial in any world or state.

We commit our criminals to prison here, but in the spirit world there are no prisons, no confinement at all but that which an undeveloped order of spirits create by their own imagination, their self-incarceration being the result solely of their own state or condition. All the hell there is or can be is that which is the inevitable result of the process of self-purification.

Glad and Sad.—"The Lotterer" for the *Boston News*, in an afternoon walk down Tremont street, was recently impressed with a contrast of the order usually called "striking." First he met a large portion of the throng that was coming out upon the sidewalk from the Symphony Concert. Directly afterward he encountered the audience that was emerging from the "Christians at Work" week-day convention in Tremont Temple. He describes the contrast thus: In the crowd coming from the *Symphony* were many beautiful costumes; many bright, happy faces; rosy cheeks and classic brows; in fine, there was every evidence of enjoyment. But in the other crowd there were sallow faces; careworn faces; costumes out of date; happiness was invisible. If there was any there was every evidence of a very sad funeral. And out of it all he extracts this highly pertinent question: Why is it that some people think they must not look happy and laugh and chatter after a religious service? There is but one reason, and it is a sufficient one, in our view, for the lugubrious cast of countenance commonly worn by those who have just come out of a religious meeting; and that is, that all religion is a supernatural and mysterious affair, and that its fundamental idea is that of a grand scare, all the time kept up. People are made to feel that if they have the good fortune to escape perdition themselves, they are not so sure that their families and friends will.

All True and All Natural.—The *Investigator* (Boston) of course refuses to admit the possibility of a future life; but admitting it, *The Investigator* thinks it would do less violence to the reasoning faculties to accept the possible truth of the Spiritual Philosophy than the Christian idea of the life hereafter. And it so thinks for the reason that Spiritualism—which it cannot help calling "spiritology"—tries to prove itself true, and it is claimed that its philosophy is based upon natural laws. As to the first half of this reason, in no conscious sense does Spiritualism "try" to prove itself true; its truth is simply allowed to proclaim itself, without any doctoring by ecclesiastical bodies or coaching by human creeds. Spiritualism notes what are indisputable facts, called phenomena, and religiously reports them. This is all "tries" or aspires to do, content to be the serving agent of the invisible but real powers that direct and inspire all human action or thought. And as to the other half of *The Investigator's* reason, it is wholly correct in saying that the philosophy of Spiritualism is based upon natural laws, instead of recognizing any discovered law as supernatural. Spiritualism holds all to be natural, as all is primarily of the spirit.

Ole Bull's Power.—Mr. Alexander Bull, son of Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, who inherits his father's musical genius, and is the possessor of his famous old Joseph Guarnerius violin, which he so loved and immortalized, in a recent illustrated article in the *New York Sunday Herald*, says that his father never was at his best outside his own home. In the old family country seat, near Bergen, under his own roof, and in the midst of his family, he says his father's soul seemed to gather peculiar inspiration. The effect on the son is described by the latter as marvelously magnetic. No matter what theories others might advance respecting Ole Bull's extraordinary power over his familiar instrument, to the son it was a delightful influence. He says that they who listened were carried away to higher spheres.

The news of his father's death came to Ole Bull while he was playing in Russia, and on the night he received it the people of St. Petersburg heard him play as he had never played before. The sad intelligence seemed to give him a new inspiration. He was a Spiritualist, says Mr. Alexander Bull, and he had the conviction that his father's spirit had descended upon his own, and reinforced its native power. When he came to die himself he sent for the daughter of his dearest college friend, and said: "I am going to spirit-land, and there I shall meet your dear father, and bring him a fresh greeting from you."

To Restrict Foreign Immigration.—Senator Chandler, chairman of the committee on immigration, has prepared a bill which will be introduced into Congress without delay and be pushed to its passage. The committee unanimously endorse it. It suspends all existing immigration acts for one year from the first of March, 1893, except to immigrants coming from the countries of North and South America. It directs the Secretary of the Treasury to enforce the act, but the new law is not to hinder or delay the admission of returning American citizens, or of aliens coming only as visitors or for temporary sojourn in the United States. And it subjects any alien immigrant entering the country in violation of the new act to the penalties provided by existing laws against excluding immigrants, and orders such immigrant sent back to the country from which he came. And any and all persons who shall bring or aid in bringing such alien into the country, shall be subject to the penalties now provided by law for bringing or aiding in bringing excluded immigrants.

Mrs. Dorchester has traveled with her husband, Rev. Dr. Dorchester, as special agent for the Indian School Service, almost continuously for three and a half years past, visiting Indian schools and reservations. She has just made her annual report, in which she testifies to the gratifying improvement which has come under her observation. Her report speaks especially of the improvement in school buildings in respect to their comfort, safety, healthfulness, and general respectability. Also in the variety and quality of the food furnished the table, although no change has been made in the rations, by reason of the employment of more competent cooks, at better wages than formerly. The table service is likewise more attractive and creditable. Inasmuch as the Indian girl cannot gain a great deal of knowledge of how to provide meals for a small family by merely helping in the wholesale cooking required for a great school, the forming of cooking classes has been resorted to as a means of giving the needed instruction in cooking and the details of home life.

Victorious Medium.—The celebrated Tabor-Dorian case—where Mrs. Mary A. Tabor, a test medium, was arrested by Mayor Dorian of Texarkana, Tex., for not taking out a fortune-teller's license—has been pending in the United States court there for more than a year, as an instance of false imprisonment. *THE BANNER* fully noticed the matter at the time, and is now gratified to record that the case, on going to trial Dec. 1st, ended, on Dec. 2d, with a jury verdict in favor of Mrs. Tabor, and against her opponent, to the extent of \$1500 damages.

M. M. Read writes from Waltham, Mass.: "Please continue to send my paper (THE BANNER), as it comes to me like a visit from a dear friend—yes, more than that, from countless numbers on both sides of life: spirit and mortal."

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will occupy the platform for the purpose of answering
questions propounded by inquirers, having particular bearing
upon human life in its departments of thought or labor.
Questions are received by the mediums who are seated at the
Chairman, will be presented to the presiding spirit for con-
sideration. Besides, excommunicated individuals anxious to send
messages to their relatives and friends in the earth-life will
have an opportunity to do so.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages
published in this Department indicate that spirits are with
them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly
life—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the
mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually
progress to a higher state of existence. We wish to
reassure the public that the mediums who are seated at the
Chairman, will be presented to the presiding spirit for con-
sideration. Besides, excommunicated individuals anxious to send
messages to their relatives and friends in the earth-life will
have an opportunity to do so.

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

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GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF
Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Seance held Oct. 28th, 1892.
Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Infinite Spirit, thou Wise and Glorious Intel-
ligence, whose law is love, whose ways are filled with light,
may the answer to the spirit of the song which we have just
listened to be returned to each one of us with increasing
power and with that affection which the angels to whom we
send forth our invocation can bring from heavenly heights.
May we truly feel ourselves guided by the loved and loving
ones who, having passed through the experiences of death
and entered the eternal world, know the meaning of the words
of this mortal life, and are qualified to instruct and to guide
us in our journeying on. May each heart that is here pre-
sent be touched upon by angelic ministrations until it responds
in loving greeting to the angel friends. May each mind be
stimulated with new thought and send forth a fresh desire
to learn and to grow in spirit by the inspirations of these
beautiful souls that come to us from that world of life.

Oh! thou Divine Parent, thou who art truly the Father
and the Mother of all being, we reach out to thee for new
strength and for a stimulus that shall inspire our purpose
and give us a comprehension of thy truths. Make us, by
thy ministrations, worthy of the fulfillment of our promises,
better fitted to perform the duties of life and to understand
its experiences. Help us to grow strong in thought and de-
sire that we may do and dare all things for the truth's sake.
Give unto us a new moral courage which will enable us to
put forth the best qualities of our spiritual nature and to
live daily and hourly according to the highest dictates of
eternal life and truth. And oh! may we each generate an
atmosphere of sympathy and peace that shall not only en-
velop our own beings in a halo, but which shall be sensed in
helpful ways by those whom we approach, spirits and mor-
tals, and thus may the world be benefited because we have
lived.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—You may now present
your queries, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—[From one in the audience.] In
"Isis Unveiled," page forty-one, the author
says: "True, the great majority of 'spiritual'
communications are calculated to disgust inves-
tigators of even moderate intelligence. Even
when genuine they are trivial, commonplace and
often vulgar. During the past twenty years we
have received through various mediums mes-
sages purporting to be from Shakespeare, Byron,
Franklin, Peter the Great, Napoleon, and Vol-
taire, and even from Voltaire. The general
impression made upon us was, that the French
conqueror and his consort seemed to have for-
gotten how to spell words correctly; Shakespeare
and Byron had become chronic inebriates, and
Voltaire had turned an imbecile." The ques-
tioner has found similar statements in many
works on Spiritualism. Will the Intelligence
please explain? The argument that "like at-
tracts like" does not appear to hold in all cases.

Ans.—Could the great mass of spiritual com-
munications which have been given to the world
through various mediums during the past twenty
years, have no doubt that you would find an
incongruous mass indeed; but out of the num-
ber of communications thus gathered you
could select those, we dare affirm, which bear
the stamp of intelligence, of keen intellectual
ability, many of which have been given through
mediums themselves untrained and unedu-
cated.

It is true that there have been put forth in
the name of Spiritualism many messages pur-
porting to come from such minds as Shak-
spere, Lord Bacon and Lord Byron that, in
their subject-matter, seemed to bear the stamp
of illiteracy, and that were not at all what
we would expect from such intellectual minds as
these mentioned; but who are they that seek
for such communications on earth? Who are
they that visit mediums, however poorly qual-
ified they may be to receive high inspirations
and grand intellectual thought from advanced
spirits, for the purpose of obtaining a com-
munication from some spirit with a high-sounding
name? Who are they that, in seeking for such
a message, delight to parade before the world
and exclaim, "I am attended by such great
spirits as Bacon, Byron, Shakespeare and the
like?" Are these minds on earth who visit
mediums for the express purpose of receiving
some flattering eulogium from excommunicated
souls, and to be told that they are specially
guided and attended by these dignitaries that
they claim as their guardian spirits, so wise
and so intellectual that they would naturally
be supposed to attract the spirits in question,
or is it not, as a matter of fact, that these in-
dividuals on earth receiving such messages
and giving them to the world, are in nine cases
out of ten, themselves illiterate, themselves not
highly advanced in the development of intel-
lectual thought and power?

We know that we are speaking plainly, but
we are called upon to do so. Now and then we
find a mind in the mortal that is unfolded to
that degree that he lives, so to speak, in an at-
mosphere of intellectuality, and attracts to his
environment such spirits as those we have
mentioned; but it is rarely the case that these
minds, on receiving communications from in-
tellectual spirits of the advanced life, have
reason to criticize them as being puerile or
illiterate. On the other hand, there are many
who are not so, and who receive whatever
comes, but are best satisfied if attached to it is
some high-sounding name, the name of some
individual who has lived in the past and
been known to fame in the world of letters, or
art, or of religion.

While we deplore the fact that there has
been given forth in the name of Spiritualism
much that is really of a trashy nature, much
that is not in any sense helpful to humanity
in its struggles upward, yet it is your duty,
Spiritualists, to stand up to these things, to sift
the chaff from the wheat, to reject that which
is worthless and to accept that which is stimu-
lating to your mental qualities, refreshing to
your spirit, and helpful to your entire na-
ture. By doing this you cannot fail to grow
near to the angel-world and to receive ben-
efit from the ministrations of the denizens of
celestial realms through Spiritualism. While
we admit that much has been given of a use-
ful nature, we can only say that it proceeds
largely from the fact that mortals invite it,
that they seek for it; that they neither try to
educate themselves nor their mediums, and
that they do not give their mediums the best
conditions for the reception of that which is
high and uplifting. There are many spirits in
the other life who delight to return and im-
pose upon the credulity of those who are seek-
ing flattery and adulation from the spirit-
world, and there are many who dwell right
heartily in the earthly life, who are never so
pleased as when they can fasten upon a sen-
sitive and give something to a mortal which
may tickle his fancy.

We believe in the education and develop-
ment of mediumship and mediums, although
many times we find that the best spiritual
and mental instructions mediums can receive come
directly from the spirit-world through the pro-

cesses of growth and of spiritual ministration;
but at the same time we do not believe in
keeping a medium in ignorance, in illiteracy,
uninstructed by the conditions of that lower life
which painters only to the physical. We be-
lieve in affording to every medium just the
best conditions of harmony and of mental and
spiritual helpfulness that it is possible to give.

On the other hand, Mr. Chairman, we must
not forget that while so much of this faulty
character in the form of unsatisfactory mes-
sages has been given to the world, so much
that is subject to criticism and which we
would gladly have swept away, yet there is an
accumulated and accumulating mass of matter
given to this world through Spiritualism and
its instruments that is of a most valuable char-
acter; messages that, if acted upon and lived
up to in their teachings, would bless the world;
messages that carry comfort, consolation and
instruction to individuals and to communities;
messages that afford strength and patience
and other beneficial qualities to thousands of
human beings. Therefore we shall not criti-
cize Spiritualism for its mediums because of
that which is faulty. We criticize, and may
well do so, the conditions of life opened to re-
turning spirits by not only mediums in their
daily conduct, but more especially by those
wonder-seekers who are looking for a sign,
and asking that some great name shall be given
them so that they may find satisfaction in the
thought that they are specially guided and
guarded by some of the world's heroes and oth-
ers known to fame.

Perhaps the future years will favor me so
that I can come more closely to the lives of
those who are so dear, and give them tangible
evidences of spirit presence. If they will try
to learn of these things, I will try to inform
them all I can, and if only the consciousness
of the nearness of the spiritual life and of the
ascended friends becomes a part of their lives,
I shall feel that much indeed has been accom-
plished for good works.

I lived in Holyoke, Mass. My husband is H.
H. Bartlett. I am Mrs. Henrietta M. Bartlett.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Ex-Governor J. F. Hall.

[To the Chairman:] I am very gratified, my
good sir, at the opportunity of communicating
through your medium, for I feel that now I
have gained sufficient information of these
laws to be able to express a thought through a
mortal organism.

Allow me to say in passing that I have had
very much to learn concerning the spiritual
life of man since I went from the body, and
much of the study has not been as easy as one
in external life might think. There is no royal
road to learning on the other side, any more
than there is in the physical sphere; for I find
that it is uphill, plodding work to gain that
knowledge which applies directly to the most
happy expression of mental and spiritual fac-
ulties through the human in that other life
which lies just beyond this of earth.

It is very possible that my friends on this
side may not accept the statement that Ex-
Governor J. F. Hall of Delaware has returned
to your circle-room; and I will not cast any
blame upon them if they refuse to believe it,
because I can well understand how strange
the assertion must seem to them. Many of
them will think it is impossible for a spirit to
come from the other side and manifest him-
self intelligently to those of earth; but I do
come, and in my own character. I was never
afraid to speak my opinion; I was not timid in
the assertion of that which appealed to my
reason, and I am not timid to-day; for I come
back with the strength and positive nature
that belongs to me as an individual, and make
the declaration that life is continuous, and
that man lives and breathes and has his being
after the mortal life has gone to dust.

My earthly life my business energies were di-
rected through different channels, and I
worked out the purposes of my nature to that
extent that seemed to me best. I was, sir,
connected with trade in land and in vessels.
Commerce upon the sea and business upon the
land are interesting to me, but I am not con-
cerning myself so much with these material
matters to-day as I am with the affairs of
spiritual life.

I call upon my friends to learn something of
this great life beyond; it has so much to do
with them even now and here while they linger
on earth, and it will have to do with them
through all the coming time, as I have learned
on the spirit-side. To friends throughout the
State of Delaware I send my greeting, and es-
pecially do I wait it to friends in Frederica,
hoping that they will accept the thought and
the magnetic force which it bears from my
soul to theirs.

Hiram Strong.

Well, Mr. Chairman, I have been listening to
the remarks that have been made, and I can say
that I never was a Shakespeare or a Napoleon,
and I don't come back claiming to be. I was
simply Hiram Strong, not very well known to
the world, but I had friends and relatives, and
I left some of them on this side. I come back
from across the border to give them my greet-
ing. I was never a governor, nor even a mayor
of a city; but I find that every man that has
the power can be privileged to report himself
to your office, no matter what his standing
may be, as long as he believes in himself, in his
agency and order, and so I feel just at home in
coming.

I had a sort of free-and-easy spirit, so that I
got along very well in this life. I had some
hard rubs, and it wasn't quite as easy to pick
up a living as one would like to have; but I
got along very well after all, and to sum it all
up I think I found as much comfort in life as
many do who have more worldly wealth than I
held in my possession.

My friends, I suppose, are still in Arkansas.
Anyhow, that's where I left them, and some
that I think a great deal of are at Little Rock.

The thought came to me quite a little while
back that I had better come around to this
place and send out a line of communication, if
I could, to those who used to know me. I
came along, but found I could not make my-
self heard; I have been coming ever since, and
so to-day I got in, and I heard it discussed why
my friends and the friends of my friends should
pretend to come back when they don't. Well,
I think it's like this: We get just about what
we are capable of understanding and receiv-
ing, and if our minds are broad enough to com-
prehend the wise maxims of a Solomon, per-
haps some good spirit will bring him to us and
make our lives stronger—that is, if we follow
the maxims, and it do n't much matter whether
it is Solomon or Andrew Jones that gives us
the inspiration. I believe, though, in every
man resting on his own merits and under his
own flag; I don't believe in sailing under false
colors.

I would like to tell my friends that if they
have a mind to hear from the spirit-side, I for
one would feel very glad to come back and
give them all I can. I don't think it would
take me very long to reach out through some
medium, and give practical evidence of the
truth of Spiritualism and its claims; and if
any friend will give me a chance to come in
the section where I used to live, I will do my
part in bringing something from the spirit-
world that will show the people that there is a
God in Israel, and that there is a life beyond
this one of earth.

Ella Graham.

I have been trying for nearly eighteen years
to send a communication through a medium,
that my friends on earth might know I still
live. That is a long time, and it seems so even
to a spirit who is anxious to accomplish a cer-
tain work, though with us time is not mea-
sured by minutes, hours or years, and we do not
dwell upon it in thought as you do. In looking
back to my earth-life I find I have been gone
a good while, and it is nearly eighteen years
since I first learned of the Banner Circle and
that spirits could come here and talk. I have
been trying, not every week, but very often
since then, to get near enough to be able to
express a few words.

My name is Ella Graham, and I have friends
on earth who live in Chester, Pa. It is to
them my heart turns with affection and sym-
pathy, and to them I send the loving expres-
sions of my heart, and also messages of cheer
from other friends who are with me in the
beautiful world of spirit. Since I passed away
near and dear ones have joined me on the
other side. Changes have come into the lives
of those who are here, and I know that many
things are not as they were; yet I do not lose
heart, though with us time is not mea-
sured by minutes, hours or years, and we do not
dwell upon it in thought as you do. In looking
back to my earth-life I find I have been gone
a good while, and it is nearly eighteen years
since I first learned of the Banner Circle and
that spirits could come here and talk. I have
been trying, not every week, but very often
since then, to get near enough to be able to
express a few words.

I have many duties pressing upon me on I

was on earth, and sometimes it seemed as if I
could not accomplish what I ought. I was
called to lay down the affairs of this life long
before it seemed to me that I was ready to go.
I did not understand Spiritualism, and did not
have its comfort and knowledge of the future
life; but I was open to conviction, and when I
found the real life beyond I was ready to
study all that I could of it, and learn the laws
of this spirit-control. Notwithstanding, I have
been all this time trying to send just a few
words to my friends, and I am so glad to have
this opportunity. If my friends do not believe
that I have come, I shall not grieve. I only
hope they will, because it will not only be a
blessing to me to realize that after the long
trial I have at last succeeded, but I think it
will be an opening through which they can
reach the spirit-life, and inquire concerning
these spiritual things, which will surely prove
helpful to them in this life and the life to come.

Mrs. Henrietta M. Bartlett.

[To the Chairman:] I feel, sir, that I am
highly favored, for although it is three years
since I passed away, yet very grateful indeed for
the lady just said about her trying so long to
come, it seems to me that I am privileged in-
deed.

I come here to-day, sir, with members of the
Thorpe family, to join with them in giving love
and greeting to our dear ones, our relatives
and friends, and I know that we can send an
influence of good cheer to those loving ones of
my family and theirs which may be felt even if
its source is not understood.

I have been searching into so many spiritual
things since I went from the earth, but I have
not neglected my dear ones, and I have often
longed for the privilege of telling them of this
great life and its many blessings. To-day I
send them my best love, and assure them that
at all times it goes out to them. Whether
they are in sickness or in health, in shadow or
sunshine, my affection and sympathy are
theirs, and the dearest wish of my soul is that
I may be helpful to them in some way.

Perhaps the future years will favor me so
that I can come more closely to the lives of
those who are so dear, and give them tangible
evidences of spirit presence. If they will try
to learn of these things, I will try to inform
them all I can, and if only the consciousness
of the nearness of the spiritual life and of the
ascended friends becomes a part of their lives,
I shall feel that much indeed has been accom-
plished for good works.

I lived in Holyoke, Mass. My husband is H.
H. Bartlett. I am Mrs. Henrietta M. Bartlett.

Almon Chapman.

[To the Chairman:] Well, sir, I come with
others of my name, hoping that we shall not
be denied. We are of a long line that has
closed, so to speak, on this side, but which ex-
ists in the spirit-world, with each member
strong and active, not filled with the cares of
years, but, I hope and think I can say, made
strong by the experiences of time, and all en-
gaged in their own special way and with their
own energies and powers in living useful lives.

It seems to me a good record to know that
those who have lived here and filled their place
in a humble way, perhaps, but nevertheless to
the best of their ability, and gone on, have an
active and a conscious life beyond the grave.

John is with me, and Samuel sends out a good
word to earthly friends. Sarah does not wish
to be forgotten, and many others who long ago
lived here in the flesh keep their minds strong
and young, and like to think over the old days
and the old places of earth.

People, sir, lived in Easthampton, Mass.
They seemed to have a hold on that place, and
to have become a part of it. We shall be re-
membered, I have no doubt, myself and those
who are with me, and it will be a great satis-
faction to us if by coming here we can make
any soul on earth think of this spiritual life.

I do not come to tell any one how to make a
dollar, and I do not know who is going to prosper
and who is going to fail next year. I do
not know enough about such things to prophesy,
and I have no place in this world so that I can
come to these things here and out who is going
to be the best man from a worldly point of
view; but I do know that they will be first in
a spiritual sense and in true happiness who try
to live as nearly right as they can, and who do
not cheat any of their neighbors in the smallest
degree, not even in the way of measuring a
yard of cloth or a bushel of apples, snipping it
a little short or giving a small measure. That
is not the way to be strictly honest; but they
who deal honestly, according to their own
sense of right and justice, will be the best of
those in goods which are not perishable.

I say this kindly to all. I have a warm place
right in my soul for the good people of this
State. I like to see them prosper, I want to
find them happy, and if they can just walk
right along and be happy and prosperous, and
at the same time do as nearly right as they
know how, I shall rejoice with them over it.

I am Almon Chapman.

E. C. Bailey.

I reported, Mr. Chairman, to your Spirit-
Presiding Committee, and, and repeated the
opportunity of speaking through your medium
at an early date. To-day I find the way open
to me, and as an old Spiritualist, and one who
saw considerable of Spiritualism in its mani-
festations through mediumship, I feel myself
identified with this work.

I received a great deal at various times from
the spirit-side of life. Much of it was good,
and I treasured it. Some of my friends some-
times thought I was taken in, and that which
I said was the truth, and out who is going to
be welcome to their opinion. I know it did
me good, and made me a happier and a better
man; and so it was what I needed, and I do
not regret the cost.

Most of the Boston Spiritualists, I presume,
know me or of me, and my friends know what
was the cause of my going out. I had been ail-
ing for some time. I had a diseased organism
which I knew would, after a while, loosen its
hold upon my spirit, but that was not the cause
of my going out. I was shaken up and down
through the nervous system and generally
through the organic system, and I entered the
spirit-world quicker than I expected to, or
sooner than I looked for; but it was not a
strange world to me. I had studied its laws
and character to an extent, not so much as I
would like to have done, but I had gained
some information of the country I was to in-
habit, and so I felt at home when I reached
the other world. Many of my old associates
gave me greeting, and I have seen many who
on earth were connected with me in various
business lines, but who were not Spiritualists,
and some of whom thought I was a little off
in the cranial region before they went away.

However, Mr. Chairman, we look at these
things from a different standpoint on the
spirit-side, and to-day I come back to give my
word of truth on this side. I am as interested
in journalism on the spirit-side as in anything
else, and I have taken a new lease of life and
experience in that direction, but am engaged
in different lines from what I was in my ear-
lier years of mortal experience. I am inter-
ested in the dissemination of spiritual truth
on earth, and am trying to do my part in send-
ing it broadcast into the homes and minds of
humanity.

The thought came to me that I ought to re-
port, and so I came, as I said, to your Presi-
dent some time since. To-day Mr. Palmer
wishes to give his greeting to friends on this
side, and would like to communicate with
them in private, having something of interest
concerning certain business operations which
he would like to relate, but he has no desire to
express himself through a public channel.

I am E. C. Bailey.

Charlotte Deering.

[To the Chairman:] I slip in here for a mo-
ment because I may not find the way open
again.

My friends are looking for me. They study
your paper every week watching for my name,
because they have asked me to come here and
say a little to them, but principally because I
told them before I passed away that I would
come to the Banner of Light Circle to send
them my love and to tell them how I reached
the spirit-world.

I stepped right out of the body into the other
life. There was no dark chasm, no stream to
cross. It was just like taking a step, and I

found myself in a world of peace and freedom.
I was released from the pain-stricken body,
freed from its weakness and weariness. I met
my mother and other dear ones waiting with
such happy faces to give me welcome, and I
felt myself at home.

Tell my friends who are looking for my com-
ing that they ought to feel that they are fa-
vored, for I have seen spirits here who have
been many years trying to manifest and have
not yet found the way. Tell them for some reason
I am coming to-day, and I send them my love.
I bring the roses and the lilies as I promised,
twined with the beautiful thoughts of spirit-
love and life, which I believe will be helpful to
the dear ones here. Charlotte Deering.

Report of Public Seance held Nov. 1st, 1892.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Ques.—[By S. P. Gage, Syracuse, N. Y.]
While sitting at a bedside I saw before me in a
vision a hedge-hedge with a gateway, and a little
back an arbor covered with pink and red roses,
while standing in the gateway was a girl of fif-
teen or sixteen years of age. She had the arbor
faded away, and a large house appeared in-
stead. Can the Controlling Intelligence explain
this?

Ans.—We consider this a spirit-panorama
presented to the clairvoyant vision of our cor-
respondent through the psychological influ-
ence of some spirit who desired to manifest her
presence. We do not consider this scene a re-
presentation of any particular spot in spirit-
life; but we should judge that the spirit
brought this scene before the clairvoyant vision
of the sensitive on earth to represent some
local situation which belonged to the life of the
earth undoubtedly, and to the earth-life of the
spirit near by.

It may be inferred that the individual behold-
ing this vision is a medium who has clairvoy-
ant powers which may be acted upon by spiri-
tual attendants and brought into exercise.
We should advise the friend to sit for the cul-
tivation of his medial powers, clairvoyant or
whatever phase he may possess, and allow the
spirits-friends to operate upon those qualities.
Let him sit patiently and with perseverance.
At least twice in a week, at a regular hour, in a
well-ventilated apartment, inviting, by a har-
monious state of mind and earnest desire, the
spirits of good and pure intelligences to ap-
proach and do their best to manifest their pre-
sence. If one or two friends are invited to join
in the sitting perhaps an added power may be
brought to the spirit-friends who desire to
make themselves known, and we have no doubt
but that something useful and good in the un-
foldment of mediumship will be the result.

Q.—[By J. L. C., Washington, D. C.] As spirits
or mediums often do predict events in
life before us, how can the logical deduc-
tion that some or all of the incidents of our
earthly career are arranged for us by inexorable
fate? That Mussulmans are right? That man is
born in a deep groove or fissure of rock, the sides
of which are polished marble, impossible to scale?
That in said groove man can only move forward
or backward, never to right or left?

A.—We hardly agree with your correspond-
ent in his conclusions that man is so fixed in a
groove that he cannot move to the right or left
by the use of his own individual will-power,
because we recognize the fact that man is a
spiritual entity, something more than a mere
machine belonging to material life, wound up
and set in motion in a certain spot where the
machinery may run down and leave it a wreck.
As a spiritual entity man is a progressive being,
possessing possibilities and powers which may
be unfolded to such a degree as to be exercised
in a variety of ways, so that, through the ex-
pression of these possibilities and natural qual-
ities, man may learn to move out of the groove
in which circumstances or hereditary condi-
tions have placed him and carve out for him-
self a career.

Your correspondent draws his conclusions
from the fact that certain spirits who return
from the immortal world and communicate
through mediums have the power of predicting
events in the lives of mortals. This is true;
but you must remember or realize that these
spirits who are prophetic have a large field of
observation, and their vision is not confined
merely to the external side of your physical
life. They can see the promptings and work-
ings of your spirit and those of others con-
nected with you to such an extent as to be able to
reason upon a certain event, trace it to its
source in the past, and, through a chain of
sequences, reason out what the probable out-
come will be arising from those events and cir-
cumstances now in the environment of your
life. Consequently it is through the exercise
of this reasoning power, tracing circumstance
after circumstance in the past that has been
coupled up to the present time, and projecting
out through various avenues into what will
probably be the outcome of your life and career,
judging by your past, that these prophetic souls
are enabled to predict with tolerable certainty
what is likely to occur to you in the future.

Spirits who are wise and advanced sometimes
feel the oncoming presence of certain events,
for, as has been said, "Coming events cast their
shadows before." Why do they? Perhaps the
very nature of the promptings and work-
ings of your spirit and those of others con-
nected with you to such an extent as to be able to
reason upon a certain event, trace it to its
source in the past, and, through a chain of
sequences, reason out what the probable out-
come will be arising from those events and cir-
cumstances now in the environment of your
life. Consequently it is through the exercise
of this reasoning power, tracing circumstance
after circumstance in the past that has been
coupled up to the present time, and projecting
out through various avenues into what will
probably be the outcome of your life and career,
judging by your past, that these prophetic souls
are enabled to predict with tolerable certainty
what is likely to occur to you in the future.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Dr. Henry Smith.

[To the Chairman:] I am kindly invited,
good sir, to be the first to announce the pres-
ence of a spirit here to-day, and you will par-
don me for the delay, and I will say a few words
and a cautious movement, to express my thought.
I dwell many years on earth manifesting my
energies of mind and body in the exercise of
my profession, and felt many times in my ca-
reer that I need not hesitate for a word with
which to clothe my ideas; but during the con-
cluding portion of my earth-life my brain
troubled me exceedingly, owing to an accident
which happened to me. My power of expres-
sion was returned to me in the spirit-life,
which I have been highly gratified to find a
clear and beautiful life, filled with conscious,
industrial human beings, whose minds are
quicken by the new activities of that spiri-
tual power coming to them in the world be-
yond, to express their thought even more
clearly than the most brilliant could have done
on earth; but in coming back, sir, into the at-
mosphere of mortality, and reaching out
through external scenes and conditions to
meet me in the physical again, I experienced a
slow, dull vibration of the cranial forces which
prevents me from framing my thoughts as read-
ily as I might otherwise do.

As a man familiar with the study of the hu-
man organism and the anatomical parts of the
system, I am interested in the investigation of
this strange law which brings a human being
into such close relationship with the spiritual
world that his brain can be so open upon
psychic forces as to respond so intelligently to
the thought of an unseen being; and I learn
through this study of mediumship that I, at
the present moment, am only passing through
the experiences which hundreds and thousands
of souls have likewise undergone, and that my
baffling, strange condition of speaking results
from a remembrance and consideration of
those last moments and years of my life during
which my brain was so disturbed. I shall not

dwell upon that, for I am happy to be free
from it, and to realize that I am a living man,
with strong activities and mental and men-
tal energies which may be cultivated and man-
ifested not only now but in the future state,
and that there is a large field of operation
opening before me, in which I may pursue my
research, my study and my labor to my satis-
faction.

I return, sir, to this mortal life to send greet-
ing to my friends, and to tell them that I am
by no means a dead man. Matter may be
dead as far as its manifestation in the old
form goes, but its very elements and forces of
matter which express their vitality through
my corporeal frame are not lost, nor are they
dead. They are made use of in other forms
and manifestations of life, and I as a spirit live
and am proud to acknowledge the fact. Tell
my family that it is so. Tell my friends that I
am not disturbed by any of the old conditions.
Say that I am strong, and that I love to think
of the earthly associations and experiences
which formed so many pleasant ties in my life.
Tell my brothers in the craft that I give them
greeting from the immortal shore, that I come
with the watchword of love and truth for
them, which they may set upon the hilltops to
regard as a beacon, and that watchword is
"Eternal Progress for the Immortal Soul."

For a short time before my physical decease
I lived in Palmer, Mass.; but previous to that,
the time to which my thought now turns with
many fond remembrances, I found my home,
my society, and perhaps some of the best ex-
periences of my life, and my career, in Stafford
Springs, Ct. I trust, sir, that the good friends
who have known me in the past will feel for
them, which they may set upon the hilltops to
regard as a beacon, and that watchword is
"Eternal Progress for the Immortal Soul."

Elizabeth Wilder.

[To the Chairman:] They told me, sir, to
step right forward, and not to feel any alarm
in taking hold of the lady, because all I had to
do was to stand by her side and speak my
thoughts, and she would say them for me. I

BROWN BROTHERS have had a professional experience of fifteen years. Send for pamphlet of instructions.

