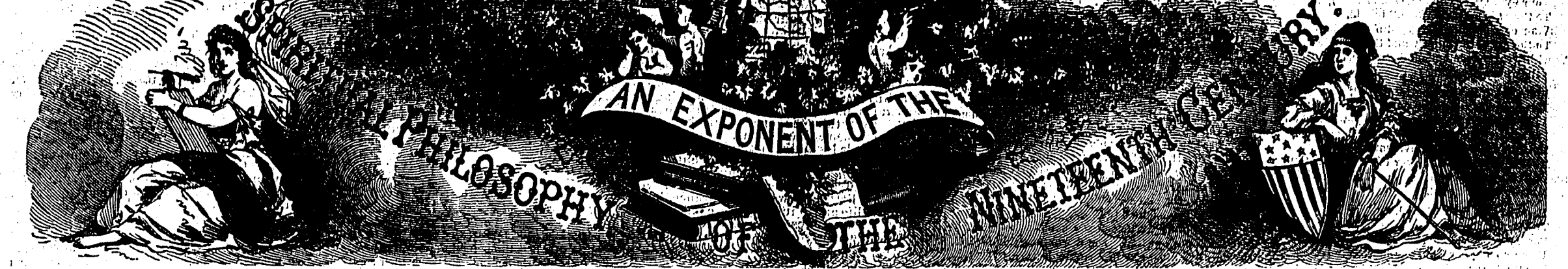


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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

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.]

[Continued from last issue.]

THE Little Man then proceeded to dish out the steaming beverage, which done he settled back in his chair and glanced over the table at me, to assure himself that I was prepared to listen, whereat, having swallowed about half the punch to which I had been served, with the glass in my hand that I might finish the remainder at my leisure, and with my feet resting upon the fender—I leaned back in my chair, and intimated by a nod of my head that I was ready to hear

THE BROWN LITTLE MAN'S STORY OF THE SPECTRE OF HAPPY-DAYS.

"Not many miles from the spot where we are now seated, there stands an ancient farmhouse, under whose roof I first saw the light, and beneath whose shadows I reared the years of manhood. An only child, I was the idol of my parents—long dead now—whose chief aim at all times was to secure my welfare. Then I was happy! Life was but one long and merry day-dream, and I looked forward to the future with such bright anticipations of bliss and happiness, that now, when I realize how much I have suffered since, I wish I could have died ere the clouds of adversity had cast their shadows upon the fair picture which my fancy had created.

"Golden days of youth! Dawning upon us but once in the whole period of our lives!—whose sun goes down just as we reach the most rugged pathway of our life-journey, and when, more than at any other time, we need its light the most!"

The Little Man paused at this point, as I thought, the better to carry his fancy back and live again, for a few brief moments, in the memory of those Happy-Days which he had been describing; and during the pause I found myself occupied with wondering if all people who grew old would be as sad and melancholy as he; and then I wondered if the beggar I had refused to aid could remember a time when, a laughing, happy child, she had held just such bright visions of a future as this old man before me; and if she could, how wretched she must be now to realize that she must beg for bread. As a sequence to this last thought, I fell to cursing myself for my cruelty in adding to her sorrows by refusing the charity she had craved, and I verily believe that, had she entered the room at that moment, I should have bestowed upon her the entire contents of my purse, and been content to perform the remainder of my journey on foot.

I was disturbed in these meditations by hearing the Brown Little Man ask me to pass my glass, which was now empty; and after he had filled both mine and his own, he proceeded with his narrative:

"Within a half-mile of my father's house there dwelt, with their parents, two daughters, who were the pride of all the country round for their virtue, grace and beauty. The youngest of these daughters—and to me the fairest, for she was my sweetheart, and true love sees perfection in its idol before which all other objects pale, and which even disease or death can never change—was a blue eyed, brown-haired, red-cheeked lass, about my own age; and I venture to say that, during our courtship days, no happier couple, high or low, could be found in all England.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the happy hours we passed in each other's society during these halcyon days. I will not attempt to describe to you the bliss which filled our hearts when, at twilight's hour, in summer days, we would seat ourselves beneath the branches of a spreading oak—our trysting-place—and, only disturbed by the fretful murmuring of a rivulet, as it journeyed on its pebbled road toward the sea, or the loving cry of night-bird to some distant mate, whisper our vows of love, or confide our secret thoughts to each other, and plan for the happy future. Those precious moments are sacred. They are known only to the dead and the living! She carried their memory with her to Heaven, and they are treasured in my heart, where they will remain till death shall again unite us.

"And so the happy courtship days sped on. How short the days were then! Alas! how short they look now, when compared with the days that have come and gone the six years past. At last, the wedding-day was fixed—Christmas Eve! Forty-six years ago! Think of it—forty-six years! You were saying, a little time since, that you were happy on this day, of all others; but what, think ye, do you know of happiness, compared with mine six-and-forty years ago, when my love and I took those sacred vows which made us one?"

The Little Man paused and looked at me, as

if expecting I would make some reply; whereat I hastened to assure him that I had no doubt his happiness was of a nature which I could not appreciate then, but I presumed some day my heart would experience the same blissful emotions which had once been his; and, as I said this, my fancy pictured a mirthful, black-eyed girl (who had gone to my father's some days before, to spend the Christmas holidays, and who, I felt sure, was at that moment impatiently awaiting my coming, and wondering what had detained me) who, before another year had passed, would stand by my side, murmuring those vows which express so much, but which—God knows why—so often result in blighted happiness and broken hearts.

The Brown Little Man seemed to read my thoughts when he said, "And may you realize all those fond anticipations which, viewed by the eyes of youth, seem so easy of attainment. But let me proceed:

"And so the morning of our marriage life had dawned; and, opening with such a fair and golden sky, we never dreamed that the slightest cloud could rise to dim its radiance. A few years passed, and still another blessing was bestowed upon us. A child—a daughter—was born to us, and born on Christmas Eve; and we hailed it as a happy omen, because that day was the anniversary of our marriage; and now it seemed, indeed, that nothing more could the measure of our bliss contain.

"Floating down to me upon the variegated river of memory, so intermingled with the lights and shadows of the past, comes the young and happy mother—my idol-wife—seated in her easy-chair, with her first-born nestling in her bosom, and looking down upon its tiny face with such affection and pride beaming upon her own, that, when she bade me, in loving tones, approach and kiss our child, I hesitated, fearing to move, lest I should lose my first glimpse of Eden, and upon which I could have been content to gaze for all eternity. I have often thought since, that, if a man would know what the face of God is like, he has only to watch the features of a tender and loving mother, as she looks down upon her infant child when it lies upon her breast, in the act of deriving sustenance.

"At such times my darling wife would laugh merrily at my sober face, and tell me I was jealous of the baby, but that I need not be, for I was her own dear Brown Little Man now, the same as ever. (She always called me her Brown Little Man, because I had a passion for clothing of that colour, and always wore it, rain or shine.)

"But I must not linger longer with those Happy-Days. Like other days, their light began to wane, and the darkness of night to cast its shadows across my pathway, which before had been so radiant with sunshine. Happy, happy days! gone forever; leaving me only their Spectre!"

Here the Little Man paused, and burying his face in his hands, sat in silence for several minutes, and though I might have thought it possible that he was overcome with grief at the recollection of some sad event to which he was now about to refer, I should never have been sure of it had there not escaped him once—and only once—a great sob, which caused him to tremble like an aspen. Recovering himself a moment after, he continued:

"With every year of her life, my daughter grew to resemble her mother as I had known her in her girlhood days, and I often observed some new look upon her features which carried my mind back to the happy hours of youth, and brought to my memory scenes which erstwhile had been forgotten.

"After my daughter had reached the age of sixteen, her mother was one day taken suddenly ill, and, though attended by the most skillful physicians in the country, far and near, she was not permitted to remain with me longer. Our Father in Heaven had decreed that she should join the host upon the other shore, and so she left me; but not until she had exacted from me a promise that my future life should be devoted to the welfare of our child.

"Then came my night! The Happy-Days were gone, and I was left alone with only their Spectre and my child, and, though I loved my daughter with all a father's affection, I often wished that she had never been; for when I would look upon her face, bearing the same expression which had been her mother's, and behold the same blue eyes and clustering brown hair, I felt tenfold the misery and desolation which death had carried to my heart. But that feeling was of short duration, and as time passed on, all the love which I had retained for my dead wife was transferred to my daughter. Her happiness was my constant

thought; by day or night, at home or abroad, in her society or out of it, she was the object of my deepest solicitude. When she could first slip her mother's name, my wife in a playful mood had taught her the words 'Brown Little Man,' and when the childish lips, for the first time, lisped forth 'Bown 'tittle Man,' I remember how her mother clasped her hands for very joy. And so she always addressed me; and though during her mother's life I felt it to be hardly proper, as savouring of disrespect, after my wife died I did not regret the teaching, for it was a pleasant fancy to imagine the mother addressing me through the lips of the child.

"With such intense love for this child, it was only natural that, with a view to her future welfare, I should form a resolution that the remainder of my life should be devoted to the accumulation of property, that she might never lack for comforts after I had passed away. With that end in view it was not long before I had become a stoical, close-fisted, thoroughly selfish man, yet always gratifying her slightest wish, and bestowing upon her everything which I thought would conduce to her happiness.

"Had my daughter died at this time, when my love was so intense for her, I have no doubt that I should have been overcome with grief and never rallied again. But had I known—could I have foreseen—what was to be, how earnestly should I have prayed that she might die, knowing that her death could never cause me the misery which one unmerciful act of mine was so soon to bring upon her."

While the Little Man was uttering this last sentence, I chanced to raise my eyes to his face, and was astonished at beholding there the same look of pain which I had witnessed upon the features of the woman whom I had that morning refused to aid; and a strange fancy came upon me that, perhaps she was the very daughter of whom he had been speaking. But when, a moment after, my companion gazed sorrowfully into my face, and shook his head at me in such a reproachful manner, as much as to say, "How could you so cruelly refuse my poor girl the trifle which, for aught you knew, would save her from starvation?" I was so overcome with shame that I have no doubt another moment would have seen me asking forgiveness at his feet, had he not just then called my attention to the fact that the punch was nearly out, and suggested the propriety of my ordering some hot—which I was thankful to do, as affording me opportunity to recover my composure.

The punch being brought, the Little Man proceeded to refill the glasses. Then glancing at the old-fashioned time-piece over the mantel, to my great surprise he drew a third chair to the table, and filling the third glass, which had remained unused up to this time, placed it upon the table before the odd chair, after which he resumed his seat. I was so amazed at this strange proceeding that I must have shown it in my face, for my companion explained to me that before long a third person would join us, and, to avoid interruption, it was better to place his chair and fill his glass beforehand. Having imparted this information, the Little Man settled back to his chair and proceeded with his narrative.

"To-day is just six years since my daughter and I were comfortably seated in our parlour, before a blazing hearthstone, our hearts filled with gratitude to our Heavenly Father that we were so comfortable on that bitter day; I say bitter day, for, without the weather was intensely cold, and it was snowing hard.

"With a realizing sense of the blessings with which I was surrounded—my daughter by my side, the cheerful fire, a well-filled larder, and money at my command sufficient to meet all our wants—I look back now, and wonder that I did not have a thought for the many cold and half-starved wretches who were struggling to keep their souls within their bodies by asking bread of their more fortunate fellows, or consider how many of these poor mortals—honest till poverty took them by the hand—rendered desperate by the cold refusal of some thoughtless man or woman, would curse mankind and find a suicide's grave, or fall a willing victim into the jaws of vice. Had I realized, at that time, how many aching hearts it was in my power to relieve, the misery which I have experienced since would have been spared me. But regrets are useless now. I have learned, when too late, that to withhold the hand of charity is to deprive the heart of a blissful emotion which nothing else can give.

"As I was saying, the day was a bitter one. The wind had risen to a fearful height, and the snow was dashing madly through the air, as if seeking to escape the fury of the tempest. Impelled by a curiosity to watch the falling snow, my daughter stepped to the window, and stood for a few moments gazing down the road leading by the house, when she observed two objects dimly visible through the dusky snowflakes, and which proved to be an old man leading by the hand a little girl.

"On beholding them, my daughter uttered an exclamation of surprise, at the same time calling my attention to the two wayfarers. We watched them till they had reached the house, and when opposite the window where we stood the old man took off his hat and saluted us.

"Only beggars," said I, leaving the window and resuming my chair before the fire, bidding my daughter to follow my example. We had been seated but a few minutes when a loud knocking at the outer door fell upon our ears. "Let them knock," said I, in a careless tone; "I will not answer, and, when their patience is exhausted, they may be content to go their way."

"Several moments elapsed, but still the knocking was repeated; and at last I hastened forth with some impatience to answer the summons. I say impatience, because—and it's a sad confession to make—I had no sympathy for beggars in those days, and regarded poverty as the result of idleness, and wholly unnecessary. My father was not a beggar, I argued; I was not a beggar. By studying economy and living temperate, industrious lives we were enabled to keep something by us in time of need, and if we could do this of course others could. If people preferred to be vagabonds, why, they might look to others for bread; mine they should never have.

"This was the first time that a beggar had stood at my door, and I was determined to administer such wholesome advice as, I persuaded myself, would be better in the end than food or money. Alas! could I have realized then how cruel such thoughts were, what sufferings I should have escaped! what wretchedness would have been spared me and mine!

"On reaching the door, I found the old man and child standing before me, and, looking sternly into the face of the former, asked his business.

"We have come a long way, master," was the answer, "and we are cold and hungry. Our destination is far removed, and we have many weary miles to travel ere we reach it. Thus far we have found kind and generous hearts, who have never turned a deaf ear to our entreaties. Night is coming on, and we have no place to lay our heads. I pray you give us food and shelter beneath your roof, and we will petition Heaven to reward your kindness."

"My selfish heart was deaf to this appeal, and so I answered:

"Quit, man! dost take me for a fool? Think ye that such a reward as Heaven would send me, through the instrumentality of prayers from such as you, would make me one groat the richer? My house is not an inn, and, if it were, I should soon lack the means to keep it did I entertain travelers who offered payment in such poor coin as you propose!"

"A look of sorrow passed over the face of the old man as he heard my answer; and, glancing down at the child, I observed that she was weeping bitterly, whereat my heart softened, and I was on the point of bidding them enter; but then, I thought, if I began at this late day to entertain beggars, my daughter would surely come to want after I was dead, and selfishness again resumed its place.

"Dear master," continued the old man in a pleading tone, and raising his hands in an attitude of entreaty, "were it for myself alone I would not urge you further. I am an old man, and have not long to live at best; but this child—my granddaughter—she's all I have to live for, all I have to love; for her sake I beg you will not refuse us the shelter which we so much need and which it is in your power to give."

"His allusion to the child caused me to again partially relent, for I remembered that I had a daughter for whom I held the same affection which this beggar claimed for the little child by his side; but an instant after I had banished the generous feeling, reflecting that should I grant the old man's request now, after I had once refused, he would be sure to flatter himself that I was ashamed of my conduct, and that his persuasions had made me so. Thus it is that pride stifles conscience and forces the lips to utter that which is contrary to the convictions of the heart.

"Tut, man!" I answered, assuming a careless tone, "any straggler could come to me with just such a pitiable tale, and still have it in his heart to rob me; and as for this child, if it is true, as you say, that you love her, why have you not long ago made a comfortable home for her, instead of spending your substance at the ale-house, as you must have done, or you would not be here now. It is written, and very properly, too, that the sins of the parents shall be visited upon the heads of the children, and I have never seen a better illustration of the truth of that admonition than your case affords. Had I, like you, sown my seed on barren soil, instead of fair fruit I should have gathered, as you have, dust and ashes."

"True," rejoined the beggar, "but oh, do not forget that both the fruitful and the barren soils were created by the same hand—our Heavenly Father's—and both for an equally wise purpose; and oh, be sure of this: that, though you toll on fruitful soil, if you have not planted and nourished within the centre of your vineyard the noble tree of charity, all other fruits, be they never so fair to look upon, you will find bitter to the taste, and rotten at the core!"

"Ah, could I have realized then how truly this beggar spoke! But it was not to be. Heaven has decreed that the hard heart of a selfish man shall be softened in the crucible of misfortune."

"When a man is conscious of acting a mean, ignoble part, a reproach, though couched in the gentlest terms, is construed to mean a taunt, so when the beggar alluded to the tree of charity, my anger arose at once, and I replied in haughty tones:

"Hark ye, my man! I have neither time nor inclination to argue with a beggar. Though you were to stand here through all the night I would not help you. I have always said that the man who bestowed alms upon a beggar deserved to become one himself, for poverty is a plant born of idleness and sloth, and would soon die were it not nourished by the waters of a maudlin sentiment which men call charity."

"I shall never forget the look of pain which came over the face of the old man as I uttered

the last sentence. I verily believe that, had I pierced his heart with a dagger, his face could not have assumed a more agonized expression. And you may judge how strongly the look was impressed upon my mind, when I tell you that I remembered it, notwithstanding the remarkable metamorphosis which occurred a moment after, and which I am about to describe.

"I had scarcely time to observe the look of sorrow upon the face of the beggar, when both face and form vanished from my sight, and in their stead I beheld a strange, uncouth figure with short legs supporting the body of a child, and arms which must have reached the ground when in their natural position, but which were now raised in a menacing manner toward me. The face of this Monster wore the most horrible expression I ever beheld: the protruding eyes resembled balls of fire, which the ghastly pallor of the face rendered doubly luminous. The head of this creature would have become a giant, and was covered with a huge serpent, so coiled and twisted as to resemble a turban, and I observed written upon one of the largest coils the word 'Remorse.' I was so filled with terror at sight of this fearful object, that I could not move; and even had I not been held by fear, the fascination of the terrible eyes would have chained me to the spot. Whatever became of the child I never knew. I remember that once I glanced hastily about to discover it, but it had vanished, and I realized that I was alone with the monster."

At this point the Brown Little Man was so overcome at the recollection of the scene he had been describing, that he found it necessary to pause for a moment to recover himself; observing which, it occurred to me that possibly a fresh glass of punch would prove of service to him; so, turning about for the purpose of filling the glass, my eyes encountered the very creature which my companion had just described, perched upon the back of the extra chair, with his feet resting on the seat, and in his hand the extra glass of punch, and, withal, looking as comfortable and contented as it was possible for such a monster to be. His face was turned toward me, but his eyes were fixed upon the Brown Little Man, who, being seated with his back toward the intruder, had not observed him.

A slight exclamation of surprise on my part, however, caused the new-comer to turn his eyes upon me, and grin and nod his head in the most assuming manner imaginable; but the Little Man, being attracted by my ejaculation, just then turning his face toward the strange visitor, the grin gave way to a very melancholy expression, and the nod changed to a very slow and sober shake.

[To be concluded.]

MY OWN DOUBLE.

[Specially translated for the BANNER OF LIGHT by W. N. Enys.]

M. Lubowska writes in *The Sphinx* (Munich) of May:

"In the summer of 1885 I was employed as governess at the manor Mauschwitz, near Friedland in Oberschlesien; and one day after the midday meal I went into the garden to call my oldest pupil. Crossing a broad lawn I saw what I supposed to be her sitting motionless with head bowed upon a see-saw board that the children had prepared. As I received no answer to my repeated questions, I quickly stepped to her and said a little sharply, 'Gretchen, why do you not answer me?' At this moment the form turned its face to me, and I recognized in it myself, and as, surprised at this, I approached a step nearer, the shape vanished and the board was empty.

In the fall of the same year, as I had almost entirely forgotten that remarkable experience of the summer, I was returning on foot one evening between ten and eleven o'clock from the castle Friedland, which was about three quarters of an hour's walk from Mauschwitz. About midway and upon the highest part of the highroad stands a tall cross, which the country folks have connected with all sorts of mysterious happenings; but, although I had already passed by it in the evening hundreds of times, I had never seen anything strange or unnatural there. On this evening there was a full moon; and, while I was still some distance from the cross, I saw a form sitting on a stone by the wayside. Thinking that it might be a tramp, I took hold of my dagger, without which I never went out in the evening, and moved quietly forward. As I came nearer, I saw that the figure was that of a woman, who seemed to be sleeping, and, as the night was a very cold one, I reflected that a person could easily take harm by sleeping in the open air, and went up to it to awake her. With surprise I noticed on the figure upon whose shoulder I was about to lay my hand, the very dress that I was myself wearing; at this moment it raised its head and looked at me fixedly with my own face; then was gone. An icy shudder ran over me, and I left the highway as quickly as I could leap over the ditch that bordered it, and made the rest of my way across the field."

There was a flavor of humor and gallantry combined in a remark made by Judge Wilson to a middle-aged woman in court the other day, says the Cincinnati Times-Star. She told Judge Wilson she never would appear as a witness for fear the attorneys would ask her age. "Leave that to me, madam," said the judge, with his most courtly air; "if any lawyer in my presence asks your age, I'll send him to jail for contempt."

"What," asked Christopher Columbus of his good friend Martin Alonso Pinzon, "What shall we name the new world when we find it?" "Let's call it America," returned the ingenious sailor, "because that name does not rhyme with anything, and it will make the poets of all the centuries as mad as haters." "What is a good idea," said the great discoverer, "and it goes."—Chicago News Record.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A WARNING!

Oh! men, in your lust for wealth and power,
You heed not the omens of the hour;
Your eyes are dazzled by shimmering gold
To the pain and suffering all untold.
Your ears are closed by its din so endless
To the cry of the hungry and the friendless,
As with weary plodding hands and feet your coffers
They have heaped.

Hiding aloft in your chariot of gold,
Harnessed to which are men both young and old,
Who have hauled you to wealth, power and fame
For a miserable pittance. A burning shame
To America's boasted civilization—
That the wealth and power of a mighty nation
Should be massed in the hands of a few, while the
many cry for bread.

Passed is the brow of the hill of power!
The descent has begun. This is the hour
For a level head and a steady hand—
Useless now your whip of golden strand!
For thy harnessed slaves the bit have taken;
It will but inflame and wildly madden,
And momentum add to their fierce desire for sure
retaliation.

Oh! see you not the dark storm-cloud gathering?
Hear you not the cry of untold suffering?
Think you this is as it should be? That God
Will not hold thee accountable? Not food,
But justice, is demanded. Awake!
Arise! With a firm hand put on the brake,
That selfish greed for gold may not be a nation's de-
gradation!

GRACE HEATON.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence.
IV.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

MRS. SPENCE was never a member of any church, yet her early education, home influences and social surroundings were Christian; and from these sources her deeply religious tendencies and aspirations absorbed all of the leading doctrines of the Protestant branch of Christianity, and in this respect she was, before she became a medium, a Christian, earnestly seeking more light on all religious subjects, and especially on the nature of the relations of this life to the next, and on the destiny of the soul after the change called death. Hence we find her making a compact with her most intimate friend, Mrs. Baldwin, that the one who died first should, if it were possible, return to the other and report what she had found over there—a compact which Mrs. Baldwin, who died soon afterward, faithfully carried out by being the one who first entranced Mrs. Spence, and, identifying herself as Mrs. Baldwin, proved to her that death is neither annihilation nor incarceration in heaven or hell, but a condition in which people are as free and as natural as they are in this life.

In reviewing Mrs. Spence's career as a medium, especially as a lecturing medium, it is very plain to us now (although it was not plain or even thought of by herself or her friends in the early days of her mediumship) that those intelligences who supervised her first entrancement and the early stages of her development as a medium, did, from the very outset, lay their hands upon her and claim her, and qualify her as a teacher; not, however, of old ideas and doctrines which had already served their purpose, and were now either dying or already dead, but a teacher of the new facts and principles that grew out of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and out of our newly-established relations with a class of people who were previously supposed to be forever hidden away somewhere from us—hidden away from us with all their positive knowledge of their own life and their own state and of ours, and of their relations to each other; and with all the accumulated knowledge and wisdom of the ages during which they have lived and studied and analyzed all the phenomena that lay within their reach.

In what way did Mrs. Spence's controlling influences qualify her to become a teacher in their hands? It is a well known fact that, in all kinds of mediumship, the mental condition of the medium, including what is in the mind as well as what is not in it—knowledge, opinions, beliefs as well as ignorance—influence more or less the communications that are given; and that this influence affects both the matter and the form of the communications even when they come through those kinds of mediumship which, we would suppose, ought to be wholly independent of the mental condition of the medium, such as rapping, independent writing, and what seems to be purely automatic writing. If this be true, and if the teachings of Christianity that Mrs. Spence had imbibed were erroneous, as they undoubtedly were, then the first thing that spirits had to do to qualify her to be a teacher in their hands—a teacher of what they themselves wanted taught—was to remove all that erroneous system of Christianity from her mind. This they did very speedily and most completely, so that not a single vestige of it was left. They swept from her naturally affectionate and tenacious grasp everything in the form of religion—its prayers and its ceremonies—and everything in the form of beliefs, doctrines and dogmas that religion is founded upon, such as original sin, atonement, repentance, God, Christ, the Holy Ghost, the devil, heaven, hell, sacred days, holy books and consecrated places. Under their private teaching she gradually came to look upon them as crudities of the childhood of the race.

The last belief which she had to surrender, but which she surrendered more unwillingly than any other, was the belief in a God. To assist in carrying her over this difficult point, there came to St. Louis about that time a gentleman by the name of Newton, a medium, whom she had never seen or heard of before, and whom she never saw or heard of afterward. He called upon her two or three times, and always took up the God-question as a topic of conversation. When he ceased coming, she found that he had taken her God from her as completely as her devil had been taken from her before. She was now wholly free, with nothing in her mind in the shape of religious emotions, or beliefs, or tendencies, or hopes, that might intrude themselves when not wanted, or that might warp anything that spirits wished to say to the world concerning the new phenomena, or that might distort any new thought which they might endeavor to project through her.

This preparation, which wrought such havoc with all her religious opinions and tendencies, was accomplished before she left St. Louis to go forth upon her extended and protracted labors as a pioneer missionary and teacher to the people of the United States. Her religious opinions were not given up, however, without a severe struggle. Her large affections and conscientious nature made her cling with tenacity to the errors of her childhood. She was then lecturing publicly in St. Louis; and she often came to the conclusion that she must be in the hands of the devil, and made up her mind that, when the time came to deliver her next Sunday lecture, she would go to the hall, tell her audience what conclusion she had come to, cancel her engagement, and warn the people to have nothing more to do with Spiritualism. She considered herself lost, but would no longer be the means of leading others to perdition. When Sunday came, however, all doubts, fears and suspicions were removed from her mind, and she went to the hall perfectly calm and reconciled to her mediumship, delivered her lecture, and returned to her home to renew her doubts and fears, and her resolutions to renounce and denounce Spiritualism. Gradually, however, every shadow of alarm, uncertainty and suspicion was permanently taken from her mind, never to return, leaving her ever after in a state of perfect peace and rest in reference to the subject of religion, and everything pertaining to it.

With the preparation that we have described, and which, as we have seen, consisted not in teaching Mrs. Spence anything, but in taking from her mind all the religious education of her previous life, she was taken out into the world to teach the people new facts and new principles pertaining to the inhabitants of the

other world, and to ourselves, and to the relations of the people of the two worlds. This brings us to the consideration of her own mediumistic work as a teacher. What did she teach? We shall not pretend to answer this question in full, for we cannot; nor would space permit us, if we could. The most that we shall try to do will be to endeavor to explain, as best we can, some of the more important doctrines and principles inculcated by her which we ourselves have heard her advocate in public discourse or in private conversation, or which we have gathered from her own published writings, or from printed reports of her discourses.

Naturally enough, Mrs. Spence was moved, among other things, to endeavor to do for her audiences just what her guides had already done for herself, that is, to take from their minds their religion and its entire foundation of erroneous beliefs, and in that way to prepare them for the reception of correct ideas about the other world and its inhabitants. It is not for a moment to be imagined that one lecturer alone, even in a series of many discourses, could accomplish so gigantic a work as that. But it was possible for her, as she often did, even in a single lecture, to portray the errors of the religions of the day so clearly and with such magnetic power that her hearers went home greatly agitated, some of them highly elated, and others "fighting mad," and still others in all the gradations of excitement between those two classes. The result was that, on the following day, there were perhaps a hundred lecturers in the town, assisted in that agitation of thought which she had started by her bold utterances, some defending and others combating the opinions which she had advanced, while others listened with the most intense interest to the discussion. Wherever a handful of men or women happened to meet, in the street, in stores, in parlors, the lecture of the previous evening became the topic of conversation and argument pro and con. The excitement and the combat continued for days, perhaps, and necessarily the truth prevailed in the end with many, while others, though unwilling to surrender their cherished errors at once, nevertheless felt that their life-long convictions had been most battered and bruised; and hence, they themselves were reduced to such a state of doubt and uncertainty about the religious questions that had been raised, that the next breeze of excitement of a like character which swept the town would break their hold upon their religious beliefs and carry them away entirely.

Lectures of the character just referred to were not the kind to make the most friends, especially in early times, when there was only here and there a person liberal enough to give all subjects a full and fair hearing. It is no wonder that preachers, and Christians generally of all denominations, dreaded her coming, and resorted to tricks and artifices of various kinds to prevent her from having a full lecture in, or to drive her from it after it had been secured, and called the people to prayer meetings and revivals to divert them from her lectures.

Mrs. Spence was, without doubt, the most radical and fearless of all the spiritual lecturers, so that even confirmed Spiritualists, at times, had rather that she should not be engaged to lecture for them, lest she might touch upon topics that church people did not like to hear discussed, or say some radical thing that might bring the Cause into disrepute and lessen its present respectability, or in some way bring mortification and confusion upon themselves. Nevertheless, she surrendered herself to her guides as unreservedly and as cheerfully for one purpose as for another. If they said that they had before them an audience who needed a radical lecture, she regarded it as their business to deliver it through her; and she gave herself no concern about the results, no concern as to whether her hearers would be pleased or displeased, and no concern as to whether she herself would be lauded to the skies or denounced by friend and foe, from one end of the country to the other, for delivering such a lecture. We can never know the full value or the sum total of the results of her lectures against superstition and religious prejudices, and the childish crudities of religious beliefs; neither have we, nor can we ever have, any statistics of the number of souls whom she released from such bondage. But, undoubtedly, the quota which she contributed to the development of the liberal spirit that now exists in this country is a large one—as large, perhaps, as that contributed by any other one person.

On all suitable occasions, Mrs. Spence was moved to impress upon her audiences, in public and in private, the fact that the other world and its inhabitants are as natural as this world and its. It is not a world of miracle, but a world of law and order, the phenomena of which are not mere playthings with which an arbitrary, infinite Being amuses himself, and astonishing and bewildering finite intelligences; but those phenomena are the products of forces which, although blind and unconscious, and know not and care not what they do, yet are ever the same, invariably doing the same things and producing the same results under like conditions. These forces never deceive the people of that world with a miracle any more than they do the people of this, but produce all that they do produce in accordance with fixed laws, which is but another way of saying that they work according to unvarying methods, which we call laws. Laws, then, are simply the ascertained ways in which forces do things; and in this sense the other world, like this, is a world of law and order.

If we go back to the early days of Spiritualism, we will see the necessity which then existed of enforcing the idea that the other world is not subject to the arbitrary caprice of an infinite Being who was supposed to make that his home, but is a world of law and order; and also of enforcing the idea that the people of that world are as natural as we ourselves are. The word spirit was carried over into the vocabulary of Spiritualism from a vocabulary already extant; but it could not be taken over without carrying with it much of its old meaning. In the old vocabulary a spirit means a thin, gauzy, immaterial being, who knows nearly everything that occurs, or has occurred, or will occur, and who has command of the philosophy and science of the past and of the present. Now, a word becomes so deeply colored, so completely dyed through and through with its old meaning, that it is almost impossible to remove that or scrape it off without destroying the word itself, or striking it out of the vocabulary of fact and consigning it to the vocabulary of fiction. The word spirit is no exception to this rule; certainly it was not when used by Spiritualists in early times, and even now, notwithstanding our forty-five years' experience, and the many times we have been told that spirits are as natural as ourselves—and although we may say, when we use the word 'spirit,' that we use it cleansed and scraped of all the fancy and fiction which it once carried—still, in spite of ourselves, there goes with it in our minds a trace, if only an adumbration, of the old word itself, which, to that extent, makes our conception of an inhabitant of the other world unnatural, and therefore false. But, as yet, we have no other word to take its place, and therefore to avoid an unwieldy circumlocution, it must be used occasionally.

The same objection is found to the words "death" and "to die." For the reasons just given, Mrs. Spence did not like the word spirit, although obliged to use it at times. She preferred to speak of those who have entered the new life as persons, or people, or inhabitants of the other world. Such terms at once place them on a parallel with ourselves, and make us think of them as of all grades of moral development, intelligence and knowledge.

PATTON SPENCE.

And the Poet Was Sad.

A tall, lank young man came into a New York editor's sanctum, and handing him a poem several feet long to read, said in a condescending sort of a way:

"You can publish this poem for \$10."

"All right. Just hand over the \$10. That's below our usual rates, but times are hard."

"You misunderstand me. I mean you can have the poem by paying \$10."

"Can't take it. It's too cheap. It would be robbing you, for I know where you can get more than \$10 for it."

"Take it to a Justice of the Peace and read it to him, and you will get \$20 and thirty days in the County Jail if you don't pay your fine."

He looked sadly at the editor, shook his head and whistled himself out of the door.—*Texas Siftings.*

Spirit of the Press.

Unknown Writings of Ronan.

Under the title of "Pages Inédites," The Figaro publishes some curious and interesting writings of Ernest Renan, gathered from letters and a little pamphlet of which only a hundred copies were circulated exclusively among his friends in 1892. We extract the following:

THE BUTTERFLY.—The fact that a thing is ephemeral is no reason why it should be all vanity. Everything is ephemeral, but the ephemeral is sometimes divine. Look at the butterfly. It is less a distinct animal than the efflorescence of another animal. The butterfly is a generation of the vermiform, just as a flower is a passing moment of the plant. A creature but little endowed in appearance, but little rich in life and in intelligence, condemned you will say to represent in nature only an ugly and pale existence, to make a number, and fill one of the spaces of the infinite ladder, arises suddenly. The heavy and crawling insect becomes winged, ideal. Its life is now aerial. A creature of clay, and molded in gross material, it becomes the host of the air, the son of the day. What has accomplished this marvel? Love. The butterfly is the period of love. Wonder not that he spreads his beautiful wings, caresses every flower, and follows here and there his joyous caprice. Everything is gold in his eyes. For him everything swims in the glowing atmosphere which makes always beautiful. Happy creature! He springs forth in the dawn. He throws off his heavy robe of clay. He is joyous. He lives for a few moments the most celestial life of all. As soon as he has quenched his thirst, as soon as he has drunk his full cup of joy, he withers away. Happy creature! For him to love is to live; to have loved is to die. I doubt not that there is condensed in the brief existence of that little thing so much happiness that its fugitive life is superior to that of the most powerful creatures, and far surpasses that of the great majority of men. Brief and brilliant flash of a day, I salute thee, oh! beloved one of God, oh! thou whose life encompasses in a few hours the three divine moments, to flourish, to love and to die!

Was Witness to His Own Death.

The following story is about Dr. Wilsey, who saw himself die out West and came back to life again. The doctor told how he saw himself go out of his body, saw his body lying on the bed, with his wife and sister kneeling by his side and weeping. He thought it a great joke on them that they should not know he was as much alive as ever. He laughed outright at the joke, and was surprised that they did not hear him laugh. He went out of the house down street and then struck off into the country, thinking to himself, "This must be the end of the world when they say I am dead. He had n't gone far when a voice warned him that if he got beyond a certain point he could not get back. But the sensation of being free from his body was so delightful and the landscape was so inviting that he felt no desire to return. All the while, however, he seemed to be attached to his physical body by a fine, almost invisible thread, which kept drawing him back. He lost consciousness, and when he revived he was again lying on his bed, with his family around him.—*Boston Record.*

At Whittier's "Home-Coming."

Said the Evening Bulletin of Haverhill, Mass.: Among the interesting and touching features of Whittier's funeral was the singing by John W. Hutchinson and his sister, Mrs. Abbie Patton. In that great assemblage of earnest representative men and women there were many who could recall the days, in the old anti-slavery conflict, when the Hutchinson family helped the cause along with their stirring music; and when the clear notes of John and Abbie, all now left of fourteen brothers and sisters, sounded on the still air of the autumnal day it was easy to see how hearts all about were stirred with tenderest emotion. That scene will never be forgotten by those who listened, for the music seemed to come from the upper air, and the great audience was spell-bound. Those strains will be reproduced by the music of the soul of those who heard while life lasts, and rival the sweetest music that shall greet the ear in the world beyond. It was a fitting and beautiful tribute to the memory of the noble, departed poet.

SPIRITUAL FORCES.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

On my recent trip from Boston to Washington, I had an experience which seems to me worth narrating, inasmuch as it will throw some light upon those subtle questions of human interdependence which underlie all moral philosophy. The old query: "Am I my brother's keeper?" becomes doubly significant in the atmosphere of spiritual experience.

Although I had traveled by the Colonial Express twice before, in journeying to the Capitol City, I had never availed myself of the opportunity to view the surrounding country in the eleven mile transfer over the North and East Rivers. On this occasion, however, I was moved to leave the comfortable coach for a survey of the scenery from the excellent position afforded by the deck of the steamer Maryland. Many points of interest were passed, which left but pleasurable and comparatively comfortable sensations, until we came in sight of Blackwell's Island, in passing which we beheld several hundred of the inmates marching about hither and thither, in solid ranks, clad in the garb which indicated their state and place. For a few moments I was only affected by and interested in the to me novel and unusual scene; but very soon I was made aware that I was receiving a mediumistic lesson, for my psychometric sense became suddenly operative, revealing the fact that a dense wave of warring and inflamed elements was being flung off from this center of moral darkness and suffering—this wave quivering and vibrating through the atmosphere, over an area which seemed to me to be several miles in diameter, the undulations reminding me of the ripples which I had seen created by throwing a stone into tranquil water, or the shimmering rays of light as they were radiated in space.

Standing quietly, and continuing my registration of sensations, I became conscious that these psychic waves could not only be seen, but they could be felt, somewhat as I could feel the wind which swept over the deck, and considerably ruffled some of the more elaborate toilets of my fellow-travelers. I braced myself against this force, and fell into a train of thought somewhat as follows: Since psychometry has revealed the fact that every atom, whatever its history, is constantly flinging off its sphere-waves, which emanations affect the sensitized medium with peculiar force and clearness, causing him to represent and to imitate the states which have reached him, what a mighty influence must be constantly pouring from these institutions of crime, vice and insanity, into the very vitals of society, seizing upon whomsoever is sensitive enough to reflect its radiations. Can it not, therefore, be consistently said, that society is "built over a volcano"? For, although these unfortunate have been physically barred from their fellows, and assigned a special spot, their influence is not only potent, but it is perceptible. In more senses than one Fifth Avenue terminates in Baxter street; and the temples and the prisons are exchanging

forces, silent but continuous. Is it not unwisdom to mass large numbers of the morally and mentally diseased? yea, is it not self-destruction to be unconscious of and uninterested in the spiritual advancement of a fellow-traveler on this wonderful highway of human life? Should we not, as students of spiritual science, endeavor to ascertain to what extent physical environment acts on the soul-nature, and to what degree the soul-nature may affect the physical environment? Human interdependence is the great problem of problems, and psychometry is the phenomenon through which undreamed of aspects of what is called moral law are yet to be revealed.

Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. H. S. LAKE.

An Appeal

For The Summerland Spiritual Educational Movement.

Sunday, Dec. 23rd, 1892, having been set as a day for the Spiritualists throughout the world to meet and make their subscriptions for shares or their contributions toward this movement, we desire to say a few words to the friends before that day:

To those who have not seen our prospectus, we will say briefly that the movement is to place Spiritualism upon a strong financial basis, believing that the Cause will, like the churches, have influence and standing in the world in proportion to its material possessions. The trustees of the Association are to be a body of men and women, and are to be successful, practical business men and women, who will be competent and safe to trust the success of the Cause with. Next, it is proposed to build and maintain educational and scientific institutions of various kinds, to be conducted in the most judicious and the cause of Spiritualism. To make conditions that natural mediums may be properly developed, and sent into the world to demonstrate the truths of our belief to all mankind. To establish a college for healing mediums that will issue a diploma which will protect them against persecution from quack "Medical Societies." To establish homes for the mediums who have devoted their lives to the Cause.

These subscriptions for shares and donations are first to secure the Orrego Rancho, the lots in the town of Orrego, and one thousand lots in the town of Summerland, and to establish a fund to aid in building these institutions. The land and lots are to be sold, and the proceeds devoted to the same purpose. The land is underlaid with oil, gas, and it is thought with coal and other valuable minerals, which are to be set aside to continue the good work. The property is offered for this purpose to the Association at less than one-half the list selling prices, which latter fact is a most important consideration.

A small donation from each of the millions of Spiritualists in the world would establish this movement. A similar establishment could be started every year in other places without a single person being inconvenienced. The movement is in a very few years the cause of Spiritualism would not only have a financial backing equal to any of the church organizations—it is a fact—it would be under the direction of practical men, many of whom could be weeded out by scientific investigation and sent out that would carry conviction of the truth to all whom they meet.

Friends, do not let location or distance influence you in this matter; this is not a local movement, but an international one; this place was started as a spiritualistic colony; it is surrounded by the best climate, conditions and picturesque scenery, and it is healthy; it is a proper place to start a movement of this kind. The cause of Spiritualism needs just such a movement as this to promote its interests to a grand whole; the effort to unite it should be a unit, as scattering efforts have only brought about a chaotic condition in our ranks, so will scattering attempts to build up the Cause in this way. Let us concentrate on one place where the Cause can be lighted on each, and then we can profit by experience.

We therefore say to the Spiritualists of the world: Do not forget December 25th, 1892, but make it by subscriptions for shares and by contributions a day worthy to be remembered as ushering in a new movement in Spiritualism.

All can take a share or give something. Whether the money be sent singly or collectively, send it to the Commercial Bank of Santa Barbara, Cal., to the credit of the Summerland Fund, and notify this committee at Summerland.

As Mr. Williams has offered to deposit the money to pay for one share for every ten shares secured to be subscribed by any one, we suggest that this offers an opportunity to all who wish to secure a share, and worthy mediums to secure lots for a home, since subscriptions for shares could be credited to them; and shares will be accepted at par at any time for lots.

FRANKLIN DARLING, Secretary.
W. D. CHORP,
W. D. WHEELER, Committee of Citizens.

Who Will Help?

To the Editors of the Banner of Light: Permit me, through your paper, to make an appeal to the Spiritualists at large in behalf of Mrs. Wilson, the widow of that veteran pioneer, E. V. Wilson.

Spiritualists can help her and help themselves at the same time. She has the plates of her husband's book, "The Truths of Spiritualism," compiled from twenty-five years' experience of what he saw and heard; the book has a fine picture of Mr. Wilson, and contains four hundred pages; and is calculated to force belief of Spiritualism upon every one who will candidly read it.

Mrs. Wilson wishes to get out another edition of one thousand copies, but she has not the necessary means; an old friend, E. V. Wilson, who was very poor, provided she can get subscriptions enough to pay him back when the books are ready. You are not asked to advance the money, and wait until the book is printed, but to advance the money and to pay the number of the books will be taken, and paid for when the book is ready for delivery.

Individually I will take, and pay for at the selling price—\$1.50—ten copies; besides, I will personally advance the necessary subscriptions.

I now appeal to your readers to take hold of this matter. Let every one who will agree to take one or more copies drop Mrs. Wilson a postal card to that effect. Her address is 127 Corland street, Chicago. Let every one who will agree to take one or more copies drop Mrs. Wilson a postal card to that effect. Her address is 127 Corland street, Chicago. Let every one who will agree to take one or more copies drop Mrs. Wilson a postal card to that effect. Her address is 127 Corland street, Chicago.

Mrs. A. E. Newton.

Messrs. Editors.—When I first came to Boston to reside, now something more than thirty years ago, no public advocates of Spiritualism were better known or more highly respected in this vicinity than Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Newton. They had recently withdrawn from the Congregational church, and in a pamphlet had had a wide circulation, given their reasons for a change of views, and their adoption of the Spiritual Philosophy. "The Ministry of Angels Realized" is still one of the best pamphlets published in my estimation, to put into the hands of devotees of the old system of theology, who may just be turning their faces toward the light of the New Dispensation.

Bro. Newton passed to the higher life several years since, but his widow, the excellent medium, survives him, in a feeble and critical condition. She is now boarding at No. 41 Broadway, Arlington, and it would be a pleasant and cheering thing for her if some of the old veterans who appreciate her services, could visit her in this time of her bodily affliction, as she draws daily nearer to the gateway of immortality.

Dr. H. B. STORER,
President Veteran Spiritualists' Union.
Dec. 10th, 1892.

New Publications.

THE OCCULT SCIENCES. A Compendium of Transcendental Doctrine and Experiment; Embracing an Account of Magical Practices; of Secret Sciences in Connection with Magic; of the Professors of Magical Arts; and of Modern Spiritualism, Mesmerism and Theosophy. By Arthur Edward Waite. 12mo. cloth, pp. 260. London: Kegan Paul, French, Tribner & Co.

We have in this, a condensed and skillfully constructed form, the whole scope of the works of well-equipped researchers of occult knowledge that are ill-adapted to elementary readers, and somewhat expensive, expressed in language readily comprehended by a novice.

The author, in his Introduction, italicizes the following axiom: "The distinction between matter and spirit is philosophically futile and frivolous." "Futile," he remarks, "is a stronger word than it was in the days of St. Paul, 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' It is not a source of scientific conviction; it is aspiration formulated as creed; and by its nature it is unable to provide a true intellectual certainty. It is at this point," continues Mr. Waite, "that the transcendental philosophy appears, and in the name of a thousand histories, and of ten thousand times ten thousand traditions and legends, declares it possible to know by experimental research that there are hierarchies of intelligence above and below humanity, that in this life, and with this environment,

the potentialities of the interior man may be so developed as to put him in communication with forms of intellectual substance which transcend his normal mode; that the positive knowledge which is the result of such research can be attained now as it was attained in the past, and that a scientific solution of the problems of life is actually within the limits of every earnest man."

The author maintains that on this hypothesis the spiritual future of the world may be reasonably considered to depend; and that on it as a basis the religion of the future must be reared. It is needless for us to add that the book is one that will impart to every student of our modern philosophy a correct and intelligent understanding of the deep and immovable foundation upon which that philosophy rests.

My LITTLE FRIENDS. By E. Heinrichs. A Choice Collection of Children's Portraits, Accompanied by Appropriate Poems. Size 8x9 inches. White leatherette. Gold title. Broad margins. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The portraits in this exquisite volume are reproductions from life, the frontispiece being one of "Baby McKee" of White House celebrity. The children photographed are of various nationalities, and the pictures made from negatives furnished by the best photo-artists in the United States. Altogether it is a charming work, and one that appeals to parents and lovers of beautiful children.

THE DIGNITY OF SEX. By Henry S. Chase, M. D. 12mo, paper, pp. 176. Chicago: Purdy Publishing Co.

The author is a reformer and physician of large experience and advanced years. He considers that the subject upon which he treats has been too much neglected, or taboed as one too holy or too wicked to talk about, and gives this book in conformity with the present public belief that all subjects must be brought into the light of Truth for a scientific investigation in the interest of mankind.

Bishop Potter and Sunday Opening.

In The Forum Bishop Potter says, on the subject of the Sunday opening of the World's Fair at Chicago:

"Let the Columbian Exposition proclaim by the hush of all its varied traffic and machinery—no wheel turning, no engine moving, no booth or counter open to buyer or seller, no sign or sound of business through all its long avenues, and, better still, by its doors closed till the morning hours of every Sunday are ended, that the American people believe in a day of rest. But if there be those who would later seek its precincts to look, it may be, more closely at the handiwork of man, to study the progress of the race in the story of its artistic and industrial and mechanical achievements, and to recognize thus, it may easily be, in the study of such achievements, with Job, that 'there is a spirit in man, and that the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding'—that, certainly, can be no unworthy use of some hours of our America's rest day."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Baltimore, Md., Dec. 9th, suddenly (from neuralgia of the heart), Mrs. Sallie Henry, aged 70 years.

Mrs. Henry had been a faithful Spiritualist from childhood days, and a member of the Lyceum; one week before her death she attended its session, and was never more happy than when she could promote its interests. Her funeral services were conducted by Mrs. C. Twigg, assisted by Mrs. R. Wolcott and Miss M. Gaul. The services were at the home of our deceased sister, as the body was to be removed to Hartford for burial. The funeral was attended by the groups from the Lyceum (of which she was a devoted member) and the friends of the cause. The music was very impressive, and the music, furnished by members from all Spiritualist Societies, was touching, harmonious and sweet. This is the first death that has occurred in our Lyceum.

Mrs. H. K.

From the family residence at Canton, Ill., Dec. 8th, at 7:45 A. M., Mrs. Harriet Porter, wife of D. F. Porter so recently gone before.

So pass away two of THE BANNER's oldest subscribers. Her birth into spirit-life was very sudden, and very unexpected. She was a devoted Spiritualist, and a member of the Lyceum. Her funeral services were conducted at the home in accordance with her wish through the mediumship of Mrs. McCall Black, on Sunday, Dec. 11th.

From her home in Carversville, Pa., May 24th, Sarah H. Allen, in the 84th year of her age.

She suffered much through life by reason of a frail constitution; and of late years her hearing was very defective, yet she was interested in all that makes for progress, and was up to her dearest desire a subscriber for THE BANNER OF LIGHT. Through the mediumship of her daughter Elizabeth, who has frequently since her transition indicated her nearness to her loved on earth, and her joy at meeting friends and children on the immortal shore, where all mortal suffering is unknown.

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

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Worcester, Mass.—Association of Spiritualists, Arcanum Hall, 36 Main street, Wednesday, 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12. Geo. A. Fuller, D. M. President; Woodbury O. Smith, Vice-President; W. O. Keyes, Secretary; Mrs. L. E. Dodge, Treasurer; Mrs. George D. Fuller, Corresponding Secretary.

Springfield, Mass.—The First Spiritualist Society, C. Leonard, President, Worthington street. The First Spiritualist Society, Mrs. L. E. Dodge, President, 101 Main street. Mrs. E. B. Wood, Secretary, 101 Main street. The hall in Fourth block, corner Main and State streets, every Sunday at 7 P. M. Societies Thursdays, afternoon and evening.

Chicago, Ill.—The First Society of Spiritualists meets at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard, corner Ogden Avenue, every Sunday at 12. Mrs. A. M. and 74 P. M. Speaker, Mrs. Cora L. T. Richmond.

Cleveland, O.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Royce League Hall. Everybody welcome. Charles Collier, Conductor; John W. Topping, Cor. Sec'y, 44 Superior street.

Buffalo, N. Y.—The First Spiritualist Society meets Sunday at 10 A. M. U. W. Hall, corner Court and Main streets, at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. William F. Pfeiffer, President, 260 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. Secretary, 846 Prospect Avenue.

Baltimore, Md.—The Spiritualist Association holds meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. at Wirtzburger's Hall, North Ender street, near Gay. Chas. A. Zipp, Secretary, 200 East Main street.

Providence, R. I.—The Spiritualist Association holds meetings every Sunday at Columbia Hall, Broad street, at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Progressive School at 1 P. M.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—First Church of Spiritualists, 6 Sixth street. Meetings Sunday at 12. Mrs. A. M. and 7 P. M. day, 7 P. M. Nicolaus Schenkel, President; J. H. Lohmeyer, Secretary.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Progressive Spiritualists' Society meets every Sunday at 12. J. M. and 7 P. M. J. M. and 7 P. M. J. M. and 7 P

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.
QUINCY.—Wm. G. Prescott writes: "At a séance held by Mrs. Stafford Stansbury, 80 Concord street, Boston, 'Rosebud,' one of her controls, came from the cabinet, sat down on the carpet near me, and looking up into my face said: 'Mr. Prescott, has your daughter Carrie lost her little boy?' I replied that she had two weeks ago. She said: 'There was a little boy in the cabinet with my wife, and she thought it must be Carrie's. Not long after that, while sitting upon the sofa alone, I felt a slight trembling of the sofa, and shortly after saw a white spot, which soon began to grow to a full-sized woman, who afterward reached her hand to me. I arose and went near the cabinet. After greeting me as dear husband she said: 'Poor Carrie! what trouble my child has to bear. I know how lonely she must feel since the only child she had on earth to comfort her has been suddenly taken to the spirit-land. Tell her to bear up under her loss as bravely as she can, for I have her boy with me, and he has not got to travel earth's thorny path beset with sin and trouble. I will take good care of him, and will be with her to comfort her in her trouble.' After that I was called up by a male form, who told me that a friend of mine had a bad turn at the séance a week before, and wanted me to see him and tell him to come to the séance when he was able, as he wished to talk with him. I asked him who it was I was talking with, and he said: 'Oh! tell him it is the doctor. He will know who I am.' I went from the séance to my friend, and gave him the spirit message. He told me he had had a doctor every day since the day he was at the séance, and said he knew who the doctor was that sent the message. My grandchild, who I was told was present in the cabinet, passed to spirit-life in less than thirty-six hours from the time he was attacked by diphtheria. I went to the séance expecting to hear from the little boy through some of my many friends on the other side, and from the above the reader will see that I was not disappointed."

HAVERHILL.—R. A. Graves writes, on renewing his subscription: "I take pleasure in renewing my subscription for the BANNER OF LIGHT, because it is truly a banner of light, and I hope it will continue to let its light shine until it penetrates every fold of darkness. I consider THE BANNER the best exponent of the cause of Spiritualism with which I am acquainted. It is truly meritorious in not making a specialty of fraud-baiting, but ever appraising its readers of such practices when they are manifest. I hope all true Spiritualists will feel to uphold the Cause, of which THE BANNER is so grand an exponent, and one of the best ways of doing so is to subscribe for it."

SOUTH DEERFIELD.—Mrs. Mary A. Fisher writes: "We have no organized Society in this vicinity, and there is no public hall that we can secure for lectures. I hired a hall owned by the Congregationalists for two lectures, one by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, and one by Mrs. Clara H. Banks. Later I wanted to hire the same hall again for Mrs. Banks, and was informed that the church had voted not to permit it to be used for any purpose that was 'anti-religious,' but a few weeks afterward the hall was let to an 'Irish Comedy Company,' whose performances were of such a nature that many of the audience left before it was finished. Having been kindly offered the use of a small private hall owned by Mr. Edson Roach, at any time, Mrs. Banks came, and gave one of her finest lectures. Nov. 9th and 10th Mrs. Tillie Reynolds of Troy, N. Y., gave two fine lectures. Her readings and tests were all recognized. Several that are not Spiritualists have asked to have her come again."

MALDEN.—Will Potter, Conductor of C. P. L., writes: "Our Lyceum has recently had a pecuniary present from Mr. Robert Barrett of Melrose, who is an invalid. I wish to give him many thanks for his kind thoughts and his kind gift. Ministering angels will bless and comfort him for it."

KNOX CENTRE.—Mrs. M. J. Wentworth writes: "Soon after the Temple Heights Camp-Meeting closed the Spiritualists of Belfast commenced their parlor gatherings, meeting fortnightly at the homes of those who invite them. In October I was at one of their gatherings. It was held at the home of Mrs. J. Robbins. A goodly number was present and much interest manifested. After the lecture Dr. Colson and others added much to the instructive value of the occasion by their remarks."
The Augusta Spiritualists are moving in the right direction, and are earnest workers. In November Mr. Tisdale spoke to them very acceptably, and was fully appreciated as an able and eloquent speaker.
Your correspondent spoke for them the same month at two of their parlor meetings—one at Mr. Blackman's, the other at Mr. F. W. Simons's. The subject of the lecture was taken from a communication given before the commencement of the meeting to a gentleman who was an investigator, by a brother-in-law, who said: "Though you are not a Spiritualist, do you question why? and why not?" and are interested.

"Why? and why not?" was an interesting theme for those who seek to answer the questioning souls of earth, and we trust its consideration made spirit-communion more reasonable and natural to those who listened.
An interesting feature of that meeting was the return of Dorcas Pray, a lady who in earth-life was a fine medium, and whose last days were made comfortable by her many friends. The answer to a question by Mrs. L. W. Taylor, D. D., was that she could not have been more appropriate if written of Miss Pray. In that answer it was said they (mediums) become sympathetic, as they must be to be genuine mediums, and they part with a large portion of that which is theirs to assist or bless some other life. Such was Miss Pray, ever willing to give time and attention to those who sought for truth, and ever striving to comfort and bless others, caring for an invalid brother and mother till health and means were gone. Her good deeds were not forgotten when age and sickness came, for kind friends ministered unto her, among whom were the gentleman referred to and his wife. To them she said by your correspondent: "You helped to make my way pleasant; you administered to my needs in the physical. I will administer to your spiritual needs, and aid you in your search for truth." She then gave a description of the basket that they brought the tempting vials and fruit in to the lone woman on her journey to the "Better Land." Her grateful remembrance of the loving acts of kindness from friends touched many hearts, and I doubt not was effective in bringing to notice the blessedness of doing good to others.

The ladies have a reading club in connection with the Society, at which may be found the BANNER OF LIGHT, Religio-Philosophical Journal, M. J. Savage's Sermons, The Arena, etc."

SABATINO.—"K." writes: "Mr. B. W. Haley of Lithfield, Me., who has been at work as a blacksmith at one of the mills in a neighboring town, had been sick for some time, and obliged to leave his work. After having doctored for his ailments, and not getting better, he in despair asked Spirit Dr. Newton to inflict his life's hand, and cure him, if possible. He did so, and in fifteen minutes was cured, and Mr. Haley says he has not been so well as now, for years, and is greatly rejoiced. Dr. Newton often manifests in this locality, and is always successful."

SANTA BARBARA.—Solomon Jewett says: "I hear men boast sometimes of their superiority, that they are endowed with reason, which no other living thing possesses. Yet even flies know enough to take care of themselves, and I believe animals have what might be called a soul, living entity that never sleeps. The dog exhibits as much affection, trustfulness and wisdom, in some respects, as a majority of the human family, and why not

accept the theory that they possess within a living soul? Many believe in the sense of feeling in the darkest night, and fowls of the air pass over our heads, and who knows but the first of all living things was transferred from other older planets on to this one, while it was in its primitive state? It looks more rational that they were than that they were all created out of nothing, or from the dust of this earth."

Washington.
OLYMPIA.—B. F. Brown writes: "In relation to the statement of Bro. Pierpont that he had seen a man in spirit-life named Jesus of Nazareth, a teacher of Moral Philosophy, but who claimed to have had a natural father only, I wish to say that in no sense could he have been regarded as the Jesus of the New Testament. The New Testament and its numerous epistles I think were concocted and published not prior to the third and fourth centuries. They evidently were the work of men who combined to establish a new religion. It is well known that the books of the New Testament were not finally agreed upon till the Council of Chalcedon in the fifth century. Richard Watson in his Institution of the Christian, the only direct reference in history to Jesus Christ is found in Josephus, and that short paragraph is believed to be an interpolation, or in other words a forgery. The indirect allusions to Christians in Suetonius, Tacitus and Livy are of the same sort, and the work of the same parties, who invented a new Deity, who was but one God, although composed of three persons. No wonder that both Polytheists and Monothelists took shelter under the portals of the new church."

We have submitted the above to Spirit Pierpont, who replies in substance as follows:

"I admit the fact that the Christian religion was not established as a church, nor was the New Testament compiled until some centuries after the reputed birth of Jesus of Nazareth. But as I have before stated, there is a personality in the spirit-life who figure in the early history of the present era, as the Jesus is recorded as having done. We claim that he had his followers, and that the common people heard him gladly as the precursor of new truths and new hopes to humanity."

We are told that although the compilations were not made until such a late date, yet oral traditions, as well as fragmentary sketches of this man's life and work, had been preserved and handed down from generation to generation, which formed the basis of the New Testament. That the reference to Jesus in the works of Josephus is an interpolation is by no means proven, nor is that recorded as such in the spirit-world. He—Jesus—was considered a fanatic by the historians of the times, and was given little notice by them. The man of Nazareth was not of the aristocracy, but of the people, and, as he claimed, 'The son of man.'"

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—Wm. C. Scribner, President, and O. W. Humphrey, Secretary of the Society referred to, write that at a meeting of "The Seekers After Spiritual Truth," held in Typographical Temple, Washington, D. C., Wednesday evening, Nov. 16th, the following set of resolutions was tendered Mrs. R. S. Cowing, one of the local test mediums of the city, who is about to take a journey through the Southern States in the interest of Spiritualism:

Whereas, This Association has learned with much regret of the intended departure of Sister R. S. Cowing, and the consequent loss to us of her valuable services as a member, and an instrument for spirit-communication; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the thanks of the Seekers After Spiritual Truth be hereby proffered for her earnest efforts in the cause of truth, and that this Association wishes her a happy journey, and a safe return when her mission is such.

Resolved, That from the demonstrations of her mediumship, given from time to time before this Society since its beginning, we feel it a pleasure to commend her to the public whose eyes may be so convinced.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the spiritual press for publication, and an engrossed copy presented to Sister Cowing.

Unanimously adopted, and ordered spread upon the minutes.

Connecticut.

NORWICH.—M. W. Beebe writes: "Dec. 4th and 11th Jennie Hagan-Jackson of Grand Rapids, Mich., occupied the platform of our Spiritual Union. Her answers to questions propounded by the audience were sound, logical and convincing. Mrs. Jackson is wonderfully gifted, and we trust she may be able to continue in her good work many years."

Florida.

PALATKA.—J. A. Hall, M. D., and Mrs. C. E. Hall, write: "If Spiritualists, especially mediums, visiting Florida will come to Palatka and to the Prazee House, we will see that they are properly cared for, and we will do all in our power to make their visit a pleasant and profitable one."

"Life, and How We are Benefited by Its Experiences"; "The Law of Change."

A Berkeley Hall, on the morning of Sunday, Dec. 11th, Mrs. R. S. Little, under the influence of her spirit-guides, spoke on the first of the above subjects named. A synopsis of her remarks, furnished by "Heath," is as follows:

There is a similarity in life in every planet, whether in man or animal, but the life of man is the summit of all life, and, more than any other, bears a resemblance to the higher life. The man of Judea was clothed with a mortal body, lived for thirty-three years upon earth, according to the record, was crucified, and the disciples, with one exception, said that the same body arose from the dead, as they were convinced by putting their fingers into the print of the nails. This tradition has given rise to the doctrine of the literal resurrection of the body. But freethinkers have given us a new doctrine, and spirits who return say we have no further need of the mortal body when once thrown off. The phenomenon known as materialization proves that the spirit may be clothed upon by a body resembling the one worn while upon earth; and we believe that this was the fact in regard to Jesus. The mortal body which he wore passed through the demands of natural law; it saw corruption, and when the returning spirit of Jesus wished to show himself to the twelve mediums he had gathered around him, he had the power to do so, and clothe himself with a body representing the body which the disciples saw laid away in the tomb. When he ascended this materiality was thrown off. The record says, "When the doors were shut he stood in their midst," and the Spiritualists of to-day know how all this could be done.

Having learned that life is eternal, and that grand possibilities await us, you ask, is it wise to grieve over the mistakes of the past? I answer emphatically, No. We should not grieve over them, but rather look for the higher unfoldment which has come to them, and which will come to us as the result of trial and sacrifice. Rising above the follies, and mistakes of life we shall stand among the angels, purified and enabled by our contact with the mortal in the same degree as we make them stepping-stones to a higher spiritual life, and are drawn by the Infinite source of spiritual power, and in communion with the angel-world.

At the evening meeting the following question, signed "A Materialist," was presented:

"As the innate principle of this material life is activity and we change from youth to old age, from ignorance to intelligence, are we, after entering into the spirit-world, to advance in the same manner, or is our identity to remain the same as on leaving this natural life?" In response to which Mrs. Little said:

"Spiritualism is accused of making assertions that cannot be true if materialism is true; but admitting the fact that spirits return, Spiritualism is placed beyond simple assertions. There are thousands who have returned and give testimony. Our inquiry speaks of the continual change of material life from youth through manhood to old age. There is evidence of perpetual activity throughout all material, a uni-

versal force which is working in all things, but more directly with man, evincing an intelligence so complete that we believe a greater than man controls all, which we deity and sometimes call God. The materialist says the machinery of manhood wears out as old age approaches, and death ends all. As a spirit I say to you I have survived the change called death, yet I can only manifest myself to you through the instrument which I now control, and therefore because you may not be able to see me you will doubt my existence. Man as an entity, a spark of life from the higher, has within himself a portion of the Infinite Spirit, and the soul can never die.

You ask, Why does evil exist? Why? Because we must have light and darkness, the bitter and the sweet. The law of change governs here, and the same law governs in the spirit-world and through all eternity. By it only can progress be made. We are, and we shall be. Do not ask where we were in the past. I cannot tell you. I know that we are, and that we shall be forever.

Death, instead of being an extinguisher, is a quickener. In the future world we live, and there is constant growth. Man may go on growing, maturing if you please to call it. I speak what I know; the abode of the spirit is just as real as is the mortal, and if your eyes could be opened you would see the immortals all around. What are the signs of change? Here we see gray hairs, and you call it a change in the real body; but in the world of spirits there is a diviner mark; it is that of wisdom and love seen in the eye, shining out from the spirit, which never grows old. Matter is but a veil that we wear temporarily; the soul is immortal, and the vastness of space with worlds innumerable is our immortal possession.

December Magazines.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—An engraving of "Durham Cathedral from the River Bank," as the frontispiece, is followed by a fully illustrated paper by Marshall S. Snow concerning "The Builders of Cathedrals." Other profusely illustrated articles are "The Republic of Peru," "Music in Chicago" and "The Outlook for Sculpture in America." Mr. Rexford closes his interesting serial, "One of a Thousand," Grace Blanchard gives a short, light story entitled "The Spur of Circumstance," and P. McArthur one about "Pretty Miss Barrevel." The editor, Ed. D. Mead, gives a paper on "The Prose Writings of Whittier," the extent and influence of which are but little known. J. W. Chadwick contributes a poem, "A Thought of Whittier," and some account and facsimiles are given of Whittier's first printed poems (1826). Boston: 231 Columbus Avenue.

NEW THOUGHT.—Mr. Hull continues his ascension of "The Spiritual Alps." Mr. E. Bach gives his views of "The Reform Craze," Mr. Figley is poetical over "Castles in the Air," and the editor in his "Portfolio" energetically expresses his thoughts of other people's thoughts and doings. Chicago: 29 Chicago Terrace.

LYCEUM BANNER.—A portrait and sketch of Mr. Mason, Conductor of the Children's Lyceum at Burnley, Eng., and the conclusion of Mrs. Filson's story, "For His Mother's Sake," occupy the opening pages. Lyceum "Notes," "Lessons," and reports of the progress of the movement follow. 36 Monmouth Road, Bayswater, London, W., Eng.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH contains a chapter upon what to do in cases of poisoning that should be preserved by its readers, and an interesting miscellany. New York: 206 Broadway.

OUR LITTLE ONES.—The usual variety of attractive contents include "The Big Fairy," "Jack O' Dreams," "Tommy the Seal," "The Fun of It" and "The Little Man in the Moon." Boston: Russell Pub. Co.

Tennyson.

I will not say Tennyson is "dead"; and, if there were no other reason, it would suffice that, in these later years, he has been one of our greatest teachers of persistent life. In his supreme solitude he seemed to keep watch on the "mount of the Lord," himself the glorious "sentinel," in the deep night proclaiming that "all is well." So let us obey him, and let there be "no moaning of the bay," now that he has "put out to sea." Remember how he said, "And may there be no sadness of farewell When I embark. For though from out our bourne of time and space The flood may bear me far, I hope to meet my pilot face to face."

His latest messages were fired with an anxious energy quite unlike him; and the anxiety and the energy were both born of zeal for Life and God. In "The Higher Pantheism," he took us to one of the very highest-won peaks of thought and aspiration:

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—Are not these, oh! soul, the vision of him who reigns?" "Speak to him, thou, for he hears, and spirit with spirit can meet. Let us have breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

And again the anxiety and the energy burst forth against the two extremes of Calvinism and Materialism—the one with its blasphemy of hell, and the other with its poverty of unbelief and want of hope.

Not "dead," then, is this great soul, but only passed on, from the plane of the outer senses to the plane of the spirit self—from the moon-light of that quiet room into the full radiant day, beyond the hiding veil; and no one ever more completely belonged to that sunlit land than he—at once psalmist and prophet of the living God; for, indeed, I see no difference between God's Old Testaments and his New—between the man who wrote "In Memoriam," and the man who wrote the 119th Psalm, or the Gospel according to John.—John Page Hoppis, in the Coming Day.

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CONTENTS. Seventy-Third Annual Address. Monthly Calendar and Weather Guide. The Voice of the Heavens. Raphael's Every-Day Table. Nature and Weather Tables. Astro-Meteorologic Table. Table of the Moon's Signs in 1893. Symbols, Planets, Moons' Signs, etc. Marriage and Wedding Tables. Royal Tables, etc. Covens Garden Measures; Fish Table. Ready Reckoner and Vagabond Table. Farmers' and Gardeners' Tables. Building and Income Tables. Marine and Weather Tables. A Calendar for 200 years. Tide Table for the Principal Ports. Storms, Tides and Winds. Good and Bad Harbours, etc. Sizes of Tanks, etc. Pawnbrokers' Regulations; Marriages, Annulments, etc. The British Empire. Foreign Food Imported, etc. Religious Denominations. Railway Information. Postal Information. Eclipses during 1893. Best Periods during 1893 for observing the Planets. General Predictions. Periods in 1893 for gathering Medicinal Herbs. List of Herbs Under Certain Planets. Medical Directions for Different Diseases. The Crowned Heads of Europe. Explanation of the Hieroglyphic for 1893. Fulfilled Predictions in 1892. Hints to Farmers. Hints to Gardeners. Useful Hints, Legal and Commercial. Astrological Notes. Table for Farmers Abroad, etc. Reviews, etc., etc. Price 35 cents, postage free. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

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Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

Christmas Notice to Patrons.

Those who have advertisements on our seventh page which they wish renewed must see that they are at this office on Friday, Dec. 23d, as the first forms, containing the seventh page, will go to press that night.

The Banner of Light establishment will be closed on Monday the 26th.

The Living Link of the Generations.

CHRISTMAS is sacred to childhood—that is, to innocence and joy and love, undefiled with the world's prejudices and passions, unmingled with selfish sentiments or calculating thoughts, unswayed by the feelings that do not glow with charity and love. If our later times no longer permit the bringing in of great logs to light and make a solid core of heat, they do admit of free indulgence in a warmth of domestic and social sympathies that is better far than any flame on the hearth only or the heartiest cheer that ever made old-time tables groan. But happily we may wed the old and the new, and bring past and present together in the pleasant celebration of an anniversary that grows old only to regain its youth and freshness. The medieval customs attending the season may have withered and become stale, and the "change of place, like growth of time," may have "broken the bond of dying use," but the spirit of it is renewed every year and promises to be perpetual. It is true that old customs lose their meaning and die, but the heart of humanity beats warm through all the changes of time and endears the associations of the spirit forever.

The historic Christmas, at first meant for a glad consecration of the birthtime of Christ, called Jesus, did not wear so deep and rich a significance as its latest and newest heir to whose fitting observance the Christian world now addresses itself. It was in former times a thing of the past, of tradition and custom, much more than of the present and future as now. What was once in large degree the mummery of an undeveloped imagination and fancy, in the clearer and brighter light of our later time carries within it a meaning so very much broader and deeper as to have made of Christmas a day to be reverentially welcomed and hailed with spiritual joy and delight. The old-time songs and games and feasts, the wassail bowls and dances to the music of harp and flute, the mask and mime and mimic shows, dissolving and disappearing as they have in the gifts and greetings and social meetings of later times, are again giving way to a far more spiritual interpretation, whose childlike side supplies Christ's picture of the kingdom of heaven, and whose whole reality is that of "the Christ that is to be." Evolution has not missed this precious anniversary any more than it has neglected everything else.

The bells of Christmas are now more and more ringing out the old and ringing in the new; ringing out the false and ringing in the true; ringing out the grief for those that here we see no more; ringing out the feud of rich and poor; ringing in redress to all mankind; ringing out a slowly dying cause and ancient forms of party strife, and ringing in the nobler modes of life, with sweeter manners, purer laws; ringing out the want, the care, the sin, the faithless coldness of the times; ringing out the mournful rhymes and ringing in the fuller minstrel; ringing out false pride in place and blood, the olive slander and the spite, and ringing in the love of truth and right, the common love of good; ringing out old shapes of foul disease, the narrowing lust of gold, the thousand wars of old, and ringing in the thousand years of peace; ringing in the valiant man and free, the larger heart, the kinder hand.

So shall Christmas and its kindred observances endear themselves anew to the coming race of men. From the germ of love to God and love to the neighbor shall spring and grow the better world that is to express in the coming time the better lives of men.

The romps and games and glees of joyous children, filled with the inspiration of the gladdening air of Christmas, are the innocent suggestions of a state into which the heart of the

world is being born. The more and more thoughtful exchange of tokens of friendship and love is only a pledge in multiplied forms of the deeper, truer and closer regard in which all are yet to hold one another. An anniversary day that thus descends to us down a long line of centuries cannot but overflow with precious hopes swelling the human heart of the falling ages. In the entire year's calendar of days, no day of them all is crowned with such a meaning, or wears the pure robes of so sacred a joy!

The Unsatisfied Maw of the Trust.

Combines and trusts and monopolies are the order of the day commercially. The rapid disappearance of minor industries is an impressive fact. Capital in all quarters seems to be beating to arms. While small firms are coming closer together for protection, and the weaker one of two combinations is all the time in danger either of being absorbed or of going into enforced bankruptcy, the sharper rivalry besets businesses that enjoy a public franchise, like railroads, the result of the development of gigantic systems whose structure rests on the ruins of scores of small roads. And the same strong tension is acutely felt by many kinds of business that do not exist by virtue of franchises. In the resistless suck of the gigantic whirlpool that is constantly drawing in individual industries and business, private business judgment is rendered powerless and overwhelmed by the conscienceless force of the combination.

The New Nation has prepared a partial list of the more important private trusts that are built mainly on the ruin or surrender of small businesses, and given the items of their separate capitalization. Their aggregate amount of reported stock of course increases as fast as new companies are taken into the combination. Looked at on any side, the disappearance of small industries is pronounced alarming. As illustrations of what is going on, the distilling and cattle-feeding trust has for two years and more been operating seventy-eight distilleries and four alcohol works situated in eleven different States scattered over the country from New York to California. Some dozen distilleries held out against the combination till recently, when four of the larger ones surrendered. The capital of the trust stands at present at thirty-four millions.

A combination of this sort once started it is next to impossible for independent firms to withstand its power. The battle is a concentration of an overpowering force upon a strategic point, and it goes for the combination every time. The white lead trust furnishes another illustration. It is known by the name of the National Lead Company, and its certificates of stock are out to the amount of thirty million dollars. In 1889 the trust controlled a majority of the stock in thirty-one companies, and each of them the result of local combination and rivalry disastrous to small concerns.

Still another trust is announced as about to be imposed upon the public, of which a select (?) few incorporators are to be the factors! It is no less than the "silversmiths' trust." It is to be incorporated in the State of New York, where "lawyers" have already organized many "combinations." The articles of this incorporation place its stock at over \$12,000,000.

How long is this thing to go on? This is the most vital question to be speedily decided, else this country will be virtually controlled by the capitalists of European nations! (For there can be no doubt that foreign capitalists are at the bottom of these "trusts.") Americans! it is not high time that you avert this calamity from our fair land, which has been so well controlled by its native citizens thus far?

These numerous trusts, gotten up in the direct detriment of the people at large, should be crushed out by legal enactments, and the sooner this is done the better it will be for all concerned.

Our Thoughts of the Departed.

The most of us hardly stop to think that our departed loved ones are immediately affected by the tenor of our thoughts of them. We fail to consider that as we grieve over the separation, so they grieve, too, although they would have it otherwise. The real thing to consider in the matter is the fact that they are hindered in their spiritual progress by our continued dejection, which so clearly appears to them a lack of faith in what we ought now to know and realize concerning the invisible world and its emancipated occupants. While grief may naturally belong to our natural human state, it will have to be allowed that excessive and long-continued grief is a species of selfishness that must be anything but pleasing to those for whom it is manifested. For in long sorrowing we unconsciously confess our weak belief in the very truth of spiritual progress and growth of which we make so emphatic profession.

The departed spirit feels our sorrow as keenly as we can feel it ourselves, and therefore cannot be otherwise than unfavorably affected by its unnatural prolongation. While we are by no means to discard or treat lightly a single endearing recollection of what that spirit was to us when in the body, or to take any less deep and tender delight in recalling a loving glance, a gentle touch, a kind act, and a truly precious presence, we should not likewise forget that the excommunicated loved one has passed to a purer and higher state, where the conditions of life are far more favorable than here, where individual expansion and exaltation are possible under vastly changed and improved circumstances, and in which a retrospective look should be one wholly of joy and thanksgiving rather than of regret and grief and brooding sorrow. The latter cannot be consistently conceived of the spiritual state at all, unless emancipation into larger freedom is to be accepted as a cause for depression and gloom. If that were indeed so, then there certainly is no gain for the spirit of which we can have much de-irable cognition.

We may miss departed friends, and sorrow in our hearts over the inevitable separation, but as we know that they are born into a condition awaiting them, as it also awaits us, from the beginning, we surely cannot wish to be weighed down and retarded in their heavenly course by our useless repinings. We ought, on the other hand, to entertain no thoughts concerning them but those which they would themselves have us entertain. So far as our present lot and condition will allow, we should rather strive to lift our thoughts in harmony with theirs; to wait to them the joy-bearing wishes of a love made intenser by the merely visible separation; to cherish them as still near us and even closer to us, bringing down and shedding upon us the heavenly influence of which we all stand so much in need.

The mood they would prefer we should cultivate continually in relation to them is a

bright and glad one, instead of one of despondency, depression, and sorrowing heaviness. They are oppressed with the grief of those whom they cannot approach on account of the density of its clouds. They want our quickest sympathies and tenderest love rather. This is far better both for them and for us. We are indeed selfish to make them the sole objects of a brooding grief that only grows by what it feeds upon—itsself. So let us heed their known wishes in respect to us, and cease to mourn as those who in sheer blindness of grief refuse to be comforted. They are around and near us still, and knowing it could we well ask more?

The American Principle—What It Is.

The meaning of the American Principle is that from whatever lands beneath the sun any people come, they leave their monarchies, their traditions, their national sovereignties behind them. They either enter America with the American principle, or they have no right here. Unless, on accepting citizenship, one abandons his allegiance to any other government or power, he is not qualified to be an American citizen, however much he may claim to have been naturalized. The American idea is the expression not only of a new nation but of a new liberty, that is, a new embodiment of the principle of freedom to other nations; so that in looking toward America the people of a monarchical country do not look to bring a king here, however much they may be attached to him, but they are eager for the American idea, and not for that of the country they came from.

The caste created by the habitual use of another language is not to be pandered to. As certainly as it is we shall be gradually becoming another people. And in like manner the spirit of Mammon has arrayed itself against the American principle. And it is no less true that sectarianism insists upon ruling.

The "God in the Constitution" party is made up of different denominations, without the slightest reference to the American idea that the religious affairs of the nation should be kept forever separate from those of State. And there is a steadily increasing unity of work to carry out their purpose. And the contest over the reading of the bible in the public schools, in itself a violation of the spirit of the Constitution, is enough to teach us that the religious education of the children should be at home and in the various places of religious teaching. There has been an encroachment on the domain of public education in the reading of the bible in the public schools. It is a perversion of the American principle to tax the people for the support of ecclesiastical schools; it is not compatible with the spirit of this country that there shall be any public funds used for the purpose of sustaining such schools.

In whatever quarter the minds of American citizens are impressed, the public schools are places for the secular education and training of the young, to fit them for external duties and for citizenship. The conscience should in all matters be trained to the freedom which political citizenship requires. No one can be a good American citizen who does not wish for humanity spiritually all that he professes to wish for it politically. The mind and spirit are to be left as unfettered as possible. Such a miracle the world never saw before as that a nation like ours, with its vast territory, its diverse interests, its different sectional biases and its prejudices, together with the great variety of its products and industries, should have remained as it has for over a century a unit. And the miracle is a still greater one, that after the fiery tempest of a war that would have disintegrated all Europe, it should remain as free, as prosperous, and as wonderfully happy as it is to-day.

We are not to step from the American Principle to anything beneath, but only to make it the fitting threshold for the future. This wonderful nation of freedom includes the nations of the whole world in its idea, and makes its principle not only American, but world-wide, the principle of Freedom, looking to the ultimate realization of an international republic, that shall include all nations and peoples, and form one nation, one people, one divine brotherhood.

An Entirely Fresh Cholera Scare.

We must admit that the Plymouth (Mass.) Free Press has Congressman Elijah A. Morse of Massachusetts on a very sharp hook, which pierces his gills. It is on the subject of closing the World's Fair on Sunday. Says Mr. Morse, says he (or he is alleged to say)—"the Asiatic cholera is at our very doors, and God only knows what a few months may bring forth. We, as a nation, cannot afford to offend God by keeping the World's Fair open on Sunday." The Free Press soberly denounces this as rank blasphemy. First, it is an avowed belief in a deity who is ready to strike his creatures in anger, or wants to be bribed and propitiated with sacrifices and burnt-offerings, after the manner of the pagans with their gods, whom the Israelites at first copied in their religious rites. "Just imagine, for a moment," remarks the Free Press, "a God that set the stars in their firmament, getting mad at John Smith for interfering with Him about the propriety of opening the World's Fair on Sunday! And further imagine, if you can, the utter malignity which would seek revenge on John Smith by visiting a pestilence on his innocent children!"

Excellent. The Free Press confesses itself woefully mistaken in believing, as it had, that this sort of superstitious idolatry was confined to the dark ages, before the light of reason and science had dispelled the gloom of theological superstition. If Mr. Morse is to be believed—and there is no doubt he would like to be—the Creator is going to punish us by sending the cholera, if the World's Fair should be opened on Sundays. And, by the bye, in strict justice only those who wickedly advocate and favor the Sunday opening ought to be smitten with the scourge, and all the rest be left unmolested. Well may the Free Press denounce such a threat, even though it be fulminated by a member of Congress and a manufacturer of commercial lustre, as "a libel on God and an insult to the intelligence of human beings." It is all of that, at the very least.

Really good men and citizens may differ on this Sunday opening question, but it would be far more becoming in all of them to base their opinions on a better and more reverent motive than fear of the wrath and consequent punishment of a Being who knows no "variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Victory for Rights!—Prof. Smith has been suspended from the ministry by the Cincinnati presbytery for heresy! There is a deep feeling in his favor among the laity, with many ministerial abettors, and there are those who declare this action to be an entering wedge, which will end in a divided church.

The Turning Tide!

We are indeed glad to see evidences that the liberalizing process in the Roman Catholic Church under the present Pope is still making headway against all opposition from within, and that the principle is gaining increased recognition that secular education and religious education may (see would say "should always") be divorced, and each carried on separately, one by the common schools, and the other by the church methods.

There should be no educating of children into castles in America; all should drink freely at the fountain of secular education.

As our contemporary, the Boston Herald, has it, in speaking of Mgr. Satolli, the papal legate to America:

"If he shall take a favorable position toward the return of the Roman Catholic children to the common schools, he will do more to lead the way to a fair settlement of the school question than can be done by any other method. The feeling is strong and profound throughout the country that it has been unwise for the Roman Catholic hierarchy and clergy to build up a barrier between the children of our country through the parochial school, and it only needs a fair amount of concession between the two parties to bring about an amicable arrangement of existing school differences that shall be welcome to both. It is to be hoped that Mgr. Satolli may be able to accommodate Archbishop Ireland's plan to the conditions of our public school life."

The distinguished Father McGlynn said in New York, Dec. 18th, in the same direction:

"I am glad to speak words of praise and congratulation for the address made by Archbishop Satolli, in the name of the Pope, to the archbishops of the United States, which has been published. How refreshing it is to hear from Archbishop Satolli, in the name of the Pope, the forcible reminder that it is strictly forbidden to any bishop or priest either actually to rebel or to threaten to rebel from the sacraments, as if they were unworthy, any parents who may choose to send their children to the public schools. . . . Archbishop Satolli says that it is no part of true religion to deny the right of the State to establish its own system of education. The Church really desires State public schools. The former denunciation of public schools by Catholic prelates was indecent."

Much interest in the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism has existed in Fort Wayne, Ind., the last few weeks, owing to a visit of Mrs. S. A. Seery of Dayton, O., a well-known medium for independent voices. The Fort Wayne News of Dec. 16th contains a report of a public séance held by Mrs. S. the night previous, at which ninety people were present. The report states that two tin trumpets, each about three feet long, were placed in the center of the hall. Through these names and messages were given and conversations held in English, French and German. The voices also sang, and one recited a poem. They differed in tone and style of expression, and numerous proofs of individual identity were received.

Rev. Father Patrick Corrigan of Hoboken, N. J., who is opposing Cahensyism in his diocese, is out with another ringing letter, concluding which he says:

"I am totally free from prejudice of race and nationality, for, though born in Ireland, I have been here from my childhood. But, while I regard every human being as a brother, no matter what may be his race or nationality, I advocate the American idea of merging all races and nationalities that come to our shores into one great whole that shall serve as the great American race, and the great American nation, and is destined, I trust, to make America a new paradise for the human race, and to develop the grandest specimens of manhood that God has ever placed upon earth."

G. W. Kates sends us a kindly letter setting forth the status of "Spiritualism in Colorado," to which we shall give space in our forthcoming issue. Bro. Kates and wife have done good work at Aspen (where a local organization has been effected), Grand Junction and other points. During January they speak for the Spiritualist Society at Colorado Springs.

Charles T. Wood's tribute to the mediumship of Mrs. W. S. Butler will appear in our forthcoming issue.

"Spiritual Perceptions and Influences," by Dr. F. L. H. Willis, next week.

How to Think of Hell!

Rev. James Reed's sermon in Boston, Sunday, Dec. 10th, while nominally a Swedenborgian address, was when stripped of its creedal nomenclature—freighted with much that the Spiritual Philosophy enunciates as truth to the present age. His text was taken from Psalm cxxxix, 8: "If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there."

Certain vivid imagery and statements of Scriptures had been interpreted, he said, as literal and eternal facts, when such was not really their character: "The truth is that hell, like heaven, is a state of mind. Whenever we cherish selfish and worldly feelings, or seek our happiness in the indulgence of evil passions and appetites, hell is within us, and not heaven. In the other life we shall choose our companions and home on this principle. In the text, hell is presented as a place which man makes his bed. The outer darkness is expressive of man's closing his mind to the light of divine wisdom."

These are sample sentences from his discourse to which no Spiritualist could take exception; but if we understand Swedenborgianism aright, its adherents claim these eschatological states—known as "heaven" and "hell"—to be everlastingly continuous, while Modern Spiritualism teaches that the spirit can progress in coming time out of the shadow of ill, and into the light of the Eternal Sun!

We are informed that prominent Spiritualists of Cleveland, O., have perfected arrangements for a spiritual camp in central Florida—with first-class speakers, music and local entertainment. Special excursion trains will be run from the principal cities east of Mississippi River, with the lowest round trip rates ever given. W. S. Rowley, M. D., 9 Glen Park Place, Cleveland, O., will cheerfully answer all letters of inquiry, giving full information. Excursion to leave about Jan. 20th, 1893.

"THE PSYCHICAL REVIEW."—The second number of this quarterly publication contains papers by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, B. F. Underwood, Rev. T. E. Allen, Solomon Schindler, Hamlin Garland and others. Rabbi Schindler describes a successful experiment in Psychography made by him, with the slates suspended out of reach of the medium. A portrait of Prof. Buchanan is given as a frontispiece. Boston: Room 10, Pierce Building, Copley Square.

James Cooper, M. D., of Bellefontaine, O., sends us a fine photographic likeness of himself—for which he has our thanks—and writes:

"Accept my congratulations on your passing the seventy-eighth milestone on the journey of life. I also congratulate you on keeping THE BANNER up to high water mark. I have been a subscriber since its commencement."

LECTURE ON NATIONALISM.—Before the Boston Spiritual Temple Society—Berkeley Hall, Odd Fellows' Building—on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 1st, 1893, James Kay Applebee will lecture on "Nationalism: an Exposition and a Defense." To commence at two o'clock. Admission free.

Henry Slade has acknowledged, with many thanks, the receipt of a donation of twenty-five dollars from the Veteran Spiritualists' Union. He is slowly recovering, and is at present residing with Mr. and Mrs. Smith in Sioux City, Ia.

CURRENT THEMES.

The Kaiser Aroused.

The German government has just formulated a measure to put a stop as far as possible to the loss of its population through emigration. The new army bill naturally tends to increase the government's anxiety on the subject. German subjects will naturally be desirous of escaping from the rigors of the more comprehensive military order. This new restriction bill prohibits the emigration from Germany of men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five who are liable to military service, and also of all those whose fares are paid by foreign companies or agents. Thus is Germany about to attempt to forbid men to leave the country, that it may force them to come under the military yoke and pass the flower of their age in army service. It is tyrannical as hard and sharp as was ever exercised by autocratic power. It really amounts to the enslavement of almost all the people, a so-called ward lord dominating them. If a measure of this sort should become the rule in Germany, of course we of the United States could say nothing in the way of protest, although it would leave only the less desirable class of emigrants for our hospitable reception. But it certainly does render it our immediate duty to adopt some measure for sitting out the immigrants who are willing to welcome to our shores and our institutions.

No Private Hired Armed Bands.—The experience of the past year with hired armed hands in a desperate attempt to overawe and subdue the rising spirit of resistance in a numerous body of workingmen with homes to support and defend, should impress the lesson upon the minds of all American citizens that it is perilous in the extreme to permit private citizens or powerful corporations to enlist in their support and defense bands of armed men, and employ them to serve their private interests without restraint. Next to this limitation of the style of the robber baron of olden time is sure to come the voluntary sale of such services by men who recognize their employers as masters, and are willing to become to them what the hired hands of the condottieri were to the Italian despots. Monopolists have only to make men poor and then desperate in order to be able to buy their services for any deeds of violence to which they may be allotted. And so, step by step, the disappointed competitors for daily wages, which are continually growing less with the increasing pressure of population, are becoming accustomed to the condition of the serf of the dark ages, and steadily lapsing into a class that accepts any hire from necessity, and thus becomes in any country the dangerous class indeed.

Prof. Briggs is still giving his accusers better "than they send." He calls them Pharisees, and makes a call for less dogma, and more Christianity, to which the Presbyterian church should attentively listen, if it would keep in touch with the times. His plea for "lives which are directed by the Holy Spirit dwelling in the reason" would seem to point out a door through which the fossilized church-creeds might make a respectable retreat—if they had sense enough.

Quite a Discovery (?).—The Montreal Daily Star says that Rev. Dean Carmichael recently (in the course of an evening lecture on the subject in that city) gave vent to the following sentences, which prove that gentleman to be a very Columbus in the field of hypno mesmeric science: "What was the difference [as The Star reports] between mesmerism and hypnotism? It was chiefly this: That mesmerists relied on the power of the operator, while hypnotists relied more on the susceptibility of the person operated upon." Really now, you know—!

New Orleans.—A letter regarding the local work at the "Crescent City"—written for THE BANNER by Mabel Kline—will appear next week. Our correspondent says:

"Bishop A. Deas will close two very successful months here Sunday evening, Dec. 25th. From here he will go to Oakland, Cal. The people of New Orleans are greatly pleased with his lectures and readings."

"THE PROBLEM OF LIFE," of which Mr. W. J. Colville is editor, contains in its issue for the present month a full verbatim report of Mr. C.'s lecture upon "The Woman Who Dares," which he terms "A New Christmas Lesson." This lecture was delivered to large and enthusiastic audiences in six of our principal cities, and it is by special request that it appears in print. The general contents consist of profitable reading on progressive topics. New York: Frank F. Lovell & Co., Publishers. For sale by Colby & Rich.

Dr. J. M. Peebles and his associate, Mr. Burroughs, have purchased the San Antonio City (Tex.) Daily News. Success to the "Pilgrim."

An Interesting Affair

Was that of the informal gathering of a select company at the home of Mr. Thomas Dowling in Malden, Mass., on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 13th. Having learned that that date would be the sixtieth anniversary of the birth of Mr. Dowling, Mrs. M. A. Pope of this city arranged with a few friends to visit that gentleman on the evening referred to, and so well was the affair managed by Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Dowling—who had been informed of the plan—that Mr. Dowling was taken completely by surprise, and the evening was a most interesting one.

Of the friends present may be mentioned Mrs. Pope and her daughter, Mrs. Clapp, Lucette Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Billie, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Longley, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Craig, Mrs. Dr. Pratt and Mr. W. G. Tallman. The evening was spent in social enjoyment, the interchange of thought, interspersed with strains of music, a song by Mr. Longley, remarks of a congratulatory and spiritual character by Spirit John Pierpont, who addressed Mrs. Longley for that purpose, and occasional lapses into versification of an impromptu nature by Mr. Dowling.

A very pleasing episode of the evening occurred at an early hour, when D. W. Craig stepped forward and related the following vision which had been presented to his clairvoyant sight on the preceding evening, and again on the following day. Said Mr. Craig: "I beheld on Sunday evening what I call an angel—a being of shining beauty. She held in her hand a bunch of exquisite white roses—there were twelve of them—each with white ribbon, on one end of which was inscribed in gilt letters, 'Inspired Greeting, Dec. 13th, 1892,' on the other end of the ribbon I read, 'Thomas Dowling, sixty.' Then the angel faded into a woman, a lady young in years, with hair arranged in an engaging manner, wearing very full, round skirts in the fashion of thirty or more years ago. I have never seen even a picture of Bro. Dowling's first wife, but I believe she was the spirit I saw." Mr. Craig here more minutely described the spirit, which corresponded accurately with a portrait of the first Mrs. Dowling, who passed to the other life in 1837, and which was afterward pointed out to him and the company.

"The vision faded," continued the speaker, "but on Monday it reappeared. I then knew what it meant, and I said to the spirit, 'I will do it.' And so I have had reproduced as nearly as possible a fac simile of the floral offering I beheld, which I present to Bro. Dowling from his spirit."

Mr. Craig then lifted from its box a bunch of twelve magnificent white bridal roses tied with a snowy ribbon, inscribed as above related, which elicited murmurs of delight from all the friends, and grateful responses from the astonished host. Mrs. Dowling fastened the sweet token upon the portrait of the lady who from spirit-life had requested its presentation, where it remained as a mark of honor and of angelic remembrance.

A bountiful repast of choice viands was served in the spacious dining-room, which all enjoyed with happy zest, and the company dispersed with many hearty greetings and cordial good wishes for that cheerful, open-handed Spiritist, Thomas Dowling, in whose honor it had convened.

W. J. Colville in This Vicinity.

Mr. Colville will lecture on Christmas Day in Lynn, at Cadet Hall, Market street, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. The afternoon lecture will be on "Christmas, Its True Origin, History and Present Mission to Humanity." Drowning Tropic, "What 1892 Has Given and Taken, and What 1893 Has in Store for Us." Poems and readings adapted to the day. Excellent music under direction of Prof. Geo. W. Morris.

Mr. Colville will lecture in New Bedford Sunday Jan. 1st and 8th, and in Boston on Jan. 15th. He is engaged at Lowell, Jan. 22d, and Haverhill Jan. 29th. His services can also be secured for Tuesday and Thursday evenings on moderate terms, to compass which immediate application should be made. Address letters, etc., until further notice to 208 Dartmouth street, Boston.

Mrs. S. S. MARTIN holds seances Sunday evenings, as per advertisement on seventh page.

Message Department.

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
Of each week Spiritual Meetings are held at
the Hall of the Banner of Light Establish-
ment, free to the public, commencing
at 8 o'clock P. M., J. A. Sheel-
hamer, Chairman.

At these séances the spiritual guides of Mrs. M. T. Longley will occupy the platform for the purpose of answering questions propounded by inquirers. The subjects of thought or labor, questions forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, will be presented for consideration. Besides, exalted 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 carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil, that those who pass from the mundane sphere into the undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in the columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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

Natural flowers are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitors, therefore we solicit donations of such from friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of spirituality their floral offerings.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to

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

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

(Continued from last week.)

L. B. Russell.

I find myself, Mr. Chairman, in a company that I feel is a good one. I have a sense of being honored at the companionship I find here on your platform. In spiritual robes they stand around me, men and women, who seem to fill me with a sense of grandeur and purity of character that I know will be a blessing to me. I am a man that desires to learn, for I lived largely in the external life. I had my business interests and cares, and I exercised my energies in practical ways on this mortal side, so that I had a successful career. I do not come to speak very much of material affairs, but I may say that I had large manufacturing interests, and that our concern turned out that commodity called counters for boots and shoes. I had many matters of interest to hold my attention here, associations and surroundings that were pleasant, and I have a feeling of fondness for the old life. It clings to me, and I do not wish to lose it, because I like to feel myself a part of this life, as well as of that which belongs to the spirit, and I do not think I am any the worse for it.

I am privileged to come here and give my greeting to friends in the body. I send my love and remembrance to friends at Lynn, and I wait my greetings to friends in Woburn. Tell my Lynn people that it will do me a great deal of good, and I think no harm will come to them, if they will entertain me in their midst so that I can talk to them through some private medium. I have many things I would like to say if I could find just the right condition for doing so. I am sure I can tell something of the spirit-world, and those who are with me, as well as refer to affairs belonging to this material life, and I hope the time is not far distant when I shall have the opportunity. It seems very beautiful to me to know that I can come back, and just express a thought, if nothing more.

As I look on around me, I feel that I am on earth, it seems as if a sudden veil came down swiftly before me, shutting out the external and turning my gaze toward the spiritual, so that I realized I had indeed changed places, and was in the spiritual world. I could not for a little while adjust myself to the new phases of life, because I had not been preparing myself to understand this world that I now occupy. I hope my friends will learn of it, and realize more fully than I did that its conditions are. You can call me L. B. Russell, an exceedingly obliged to you for permitting me to come.

John Skidmore.

(To the Chairman.) My name, sir, is plain John Skidmore, and I have come here with the thought of reaching relatives in Troy, N. Y. I know of no other place where I could get a hearing and where my words could be sent out to the public, and in that way perhaps reach my friends. It may not seem important to them or to the world that I should be heard, but it seems very much so to me.

I did not leave my plane and works complete on this side; I left them as they were, and many things were left undone, half-finished, and I have been coming back into the atmosphere of earth-life for a good while, just drawn by that feeling to see if I could not find some way of finishing up the things that I had left. I have not succeeded as yet, but I shall keep on trying.

I do not want to injure anybody by coming back to earth, and I do not think I shall. If some of the old friends will try to give me an opportunity to come near home, I will manifest after my own fashion, which I think they will recognize, I will try in all my power to take advantage of it, and then I think I can explain something connected with the old mission that should be useful and interesting. That was a mission that I had something to do with here, and my mind was on it a good deal while in the body. My mind has been on it a good deal since I have been out of the body; but, then, Mr. President, I do not want my people to think I am actually out of the body, for I have got one that is a little straighter and stronger and better fixed to my liking than the one I had here. When I say, "out of the body," I mean the one that belonged to the earth, and that has gone to dust.

I do not know as my people will care to hear anything about the spirit-world, but of course it seems interesting to me. It is where we shall all live sometime, and I think they ought to know something about it. I shall not stop here to tell over conditions, or how I have been trying to work up since I went over, but if ever the time comes and the opportunity is given me to talk over these matters, I will tell them all I know in regard to them.

Rev. Frederic A. P. Barnard.

The Lord dwells in his holy temple. Let all the nations of the earth glorify in the thought and the emotion which expresses joy breaks over my spirit to-day as I seek to express my gratitude for the goodness and the love of my Creator in vouchsafing to mankind this continuous existence which knows no break, and which seems to stretch on and on into eternity.

I have questioned human intelligences of strong character and wisdom whom I have met in the spiritual country of light, as to the continuity of identity of the individual in the immortal, and I ask them, "Shall we be eternal entities in the great life of spiritual progress?" They one and all return the answer, "We know no end. There is ever a springing up and unfolding of the spirit toward grander heights, toward greater and more lasting powers, and we know no end." So I rejoice, although I find the spiritual country different from what I anticipated and taught and believed when on earth.

How much there is to learn, for man below does not understand the capabilities of his being nor the possibilities of his mind in mental expansion. He must pass on to the environments of a spiritual life in order to recognize these qualities; and, in looking back over the past, I find that it has been but a primary department of learning and discipline, preparing my soul for its further unfoldings in a higher life. Although connected with Columbia College, I find myself gaining experience along the shores of time in association and contact with wise minds on earth, I feel that I am but as an infant thrown out upon the great sea of life, not left to struggle alone, but guarded and guided by wise caretakers and attendants, who are ever ready to afford to me the helpful instruction and influence which my uncertain soul requires.

I have, my dear sir, felt it incumbent upon me to return through some public channel and communicate a few thoughts to the thinking,

busy world of matter and of human intelligence, and to express, even in feeble accents, my gratitude for this great, glowing, beautiful sea of life which encompasses me, and upon which I have embarked for an endless voyage. I do not know, sir, as I shall be accepted as coming from beyond the tomb to manifest through earthly channels, but it matters not. I feel it a duty which I must discharge, and so I am here to send out my word, and to add my testimony in behalf of the cause of spiritual communion, to say that there is unbroken intercourse between man and man which may be maintained intelligently, even though one is left to linger along the shores of earth, and the companion ascends to immortal heights.

Give my greeting to all remaining on this side who were connected with my life by tender links of love, and tell them, sir, that I regard them with sympathy and care. The dear one who has joined me in the eternal world since I passed on is happy and contented with a new association, and the grand revelations of the spiritual kingdom of light.

My home was on East 40th street, New York City. I am Frederic A. P. Barnard, once called reverend, and honored with collegiate titles, but these I do not retain in the spiritual world.

Ida Hoadley.

(To the Chairman.) The good spirit who presides at your meetings upon this visible side is a dear friend of mine, and kindly invited me to step in after the strong, brave spirit who for eighty years lived on earth, and who has just spoken to you. I feel that a ray of his soul-life may fall upon me and be as a benediction to my life.

I am pleased to come, though like him I, too, can say that perhaps I will not be received with cordial greetings; for my dear ones may not understand that those who have departed from the flesh can return and come into great communion of love and cheer, making themselves intelligently known to the loved ones upon earth. If my coming is denied, I shall not grieve, because I shall feel that they do not understand; but in good time the scales will fall from every eye, and the light be given which shall lead each one on toward the path of truth and spiritual knowledge.

I come because I feel that I must. There is a drawing of my spirit to the outward world, which brings me here to make an effort to send, before the December days shall open, a message of love and peace to those who are so near to me through the ties of affection and sympathy. Tell them that in the year not yet past I have walked the realms of spirit-life. I find much of joy, much of instruction, and much for the enlargement of my mind and soul; and I must speak of them in such words as I can employ, hoping that they will catch the radiance of that influence which I bring from the spirit-world, and that it may prove a balm and comfort, and bring peace to their hearts.

It would gratify me very much if my message could be received by Prof. George A. Hoadley of Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania. It would gratify me very much, also, if my words could be read by every dear life that I have loved. I bring so much thankfulness in my heart for the tender associations I have had with them in the past, and I trust that it is equally dear to each one.

I will not tarry, sir, but I thank you and all concerned for having opened to me the gates of human intelligences may bear the glad tidings of immortal life to those who sit in the darkness of ignorance and error upon earth. Ida Hoadley.

Zarita, to her Medium.

I wish to say a few words to the dear lady that I reach sometimes, for I belong to her band of spirit-helpers who watch over and guard her life. Some there are who belonged to her home-life on earth. They care for her and her material affairs as best they can, bringing strength and other help in the time of need. And some there are that never knew her on earth, but they are drawn by kindred ties to the dear lady, and feel that her magnetic forces may be used for beneficent ministrations to others on earth that are in need.

I am one that never knew the dear lady here, for I am from the Aztec nation, and lived in the past. My work is partly here and partly in the spirit-world. She reads your paper, and lives in a part of your city, and she will know that I have come with love and blessing. I would say to her that I gather up here to-day magnetic forces and powers to use later on in good work, and I predict that the artistic work will be stronger and better. After this year it will be full of new power. So much has been done of beauty before, but the new power will be shown, and she will feel better satisfied with her works. I will be with her, and others will be with her in that line of her experience, and we know that something fine is yet to be done that she has not dreamed of.

The dear lady will know Zarita when she hears her name. I am, therefore, the spirit of good cheer and sparkling life to make those conditions which will help her along her earthly way, and help those who are dear to her.

Report of Public Séance held Nov. 4th, 1892.

Spirit Invocation.

O! thou Invisible Spirit, thou Supreme and Holy Presence in whom we live and breathe, from whom we gather all there is of life and strength, and unto whom we offer our praise and thanksgiving, we, thy chosen ones, seek to learn of the living truth. We desire to be uplifted in thought and sentiment through the inspiration of pure influences that come to us from worlds beyond. We know that this vast universe is thine, and that it is written over with lessons of wondrous law and work, and we desire to be quickened in understanding that we may comprehend these lessons, and read aright the mysteries of space, the secrets of planetary existence, and those laws which pertain to human advancement, mental, spiritual and physical. In order to grow and to unfold so as to be capable of understanding these things, we know that we must put forth our spiritual aspirations, that we must not be content to rest satisfied along the way of time with the little that we gather from day to day, without longing and striving for more culture and unfoldment, for more knowledge and truth; and so we come before thee at this time, seeking communion with thy spiritual intelligences who may be able to suggest to our minds a new thought, to stimulate our own mentality with an influence that shall quicken it into new perceptions and comprehensions, or in some way to receive a magnetic force from those helpful ones who desire to bless and instruct mankind, which will enable us to grasp more clearly those things that we wish to unfold, and to gather for our own information and growth. We ask thy blessing to be with us. We do not seek to change any law of thine; we only ask that we may be so quickened in thought and understanding that we may live in accordance with thy every law, and so grow more naturally and more clearly into the light and the life of the spiritual country.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider your queries, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—[By W. H. S. Rhode Island.] I am a believer in Spiritualism, have attended many séances, but have never gotten any satisfactory evidence of spirit-return. What is the reason? Can Father Pierpont tell?

Ans.—We may not be able to determine just why, in this special case, the friend has not received satisfactory results from his attendance at spiritual séances, but there must be a natural cause. We should judge that the friend is highly mediumistic, and that he gathers to himself the magnetic forces which the spirits might otherwise use in their efforts to control the medium in his presence, and so, perhaps, no connection is established between him and the spirit-world sufficiently strong to permit these intelligences to announce themselves through a medial agency. You might go into a telephone office desiring to communicate with your friend a mile away, but if no connection be established between yourself and that friend through the agency of the telephone, you may speak in vain, for he cannot respond; and so you may go into a séance chamber with the instrument, in the guise of a medium, and find, nevertheless, lines of communication be established between you and the friends in the spirit-world, with whom you desire to converse, you will not receive any satisfactory reply through the medial agent.

We think it possible that the questioner is personally under the direction or guidance of a band of spirits who are experimenting with his own mediumistic forces, and that they are more concerned in this work than

they are in giving him verbal or written messages from the spheres beyond. If he will study his own powers, and seek to perfect them as far as possible in their manifestations, he will find that he will get sufficient evidence of the continuity of life, the nearness of the spiritual world to this, and the power of intelligent spirits, who have lived on earth and passed from their bodies of clay, to return to this world and communicate intelligently with their friends, to satisfy his mind on this important question.

Let us add, Mr. Chairman, that we believe the time may come when the friend will meet some medium who is adapted more fully to the use of his spirit-friends than any he has yet met; and when that time does come no doubt his spirit-friends will give him that which he desires.

Q.—"Do spirits ever get tired of trying to impress their friends, and leave them?" Some one told me so," writes a lady correspondent.

A.—Well, Mr. Chairman, I presume that spirits are human. I know of none that are not, that have lost the human nature and human weaknesses entirely. The further a spirit advances in the higher life, the greater is his increase of knowledge and power, so that after a while he may command certain forces and elements of the atmosphere, and exercise his will to subjugate certain lower laws or material to his own mentality. But spirits are human, and it is possible for them to weary after making long and repeated efforts to reach their mortal friends—to weary so that they retire for a time, to wait perhaps until some more favorable opportunity or condition opens the way for them to accomplish the desired result.

You are not to suppose that a spirit stands at your elbow every moment of the day and night, watching for an opportunity to impress your mind with some thought or to direct your movements in some special way, for that is not true. While you are guided and guarded to an extent by spiritual attendants, yet they all have some duty to perform, some work to accomplish in the spiritual world as well as here. If not, they must be very crude and undeveloped spirits indeed, and such as you would not care to attract. Having these duties to perform in the spirit-world, it is not that they may advance in the knowledge of that other life and gain an increase of their own mental qualities, they will not spend every moment here in contact with earth's atmosphere and its people, and so they may, for a time, leave you to pursue their avocations or to accomplish certain ends. Perhaps they have grown weary, perhaps not; but a true spirit who desires the welfare of his friends on earth, although he retires for a time, will return with fresh accessions of magnetic power, with a new desire to benefit and bless those who are dear to him, and through that experience and accession of power an impetus to press on in the good work of giving some helpful influence to his friends on earth.

Controlling Spirit.

Mr. Chairman, one of our correspondents desires to know if evil spirits affect or influence mortals for wrong purposes, and if so, why the good and true of the higher life do not prevent or overcome these mischievous intelligences? We have considered questions of this import many times during our ministrations in this city, but have never had an opportunity to-day.

Our friend must learn that spirit-life is not made up altogether of high and noble intelligences. We wish it were; but there are various grades of life and experience in the spirit-world, even as there are on earth. As one man may pass from the body highly cultivated in spiritual qualities, and intelligent and aspirational by nature, so another man may pass from the body depraved in character, mischievous in tendency, selfish in disposition. He will be a crude and undeveloped spirit, but he is in the other life just the same, and he may return, or even dwell in the atmosphere of this earth, and come in contact with individuals whose organisms he may act upon, causing them to respond to his will and desire. He may obsess some sensitive whom he thinks he can use according to his own purposes, and, fastening upon that individual, may influence him to do certain things which are not right; or an obsessing spirit may not influence a mortal to do wrong, but he may have some feeling against a certain mortal, and so exercise his positive influence against that person as to do him injury.

Such things have been done, and such things may continue to be done while earth-life offers up to the spirit-world individuals who are selfish and depraved. Why do not the higher influences overcome these? They do in a large measure. We have a system of moral restraint in the other life which is exercised toward the offender, and which keeps him largely within bounds, so that he is not capable of drawing away entirely from the earth those who belong to this earth, those who are of the physical, the earthy, and who do not have any spiritual aspirations or qualities developed.

We believe that society here has a duty to perform in this direction, and that is, to afford spiritual instruction and training to its individuals in the earth-life, that they may learn of the higher laws of existence, of the interior qualities of human nature, and thus come under a wise and beneficent influence, preventing the outgrowth of their depraved tendencies, and drawing out those qualities which are lovable and sweetest. As the years advance, we believe that more and more of this good work will go on through the spiritual forces of life, and that less and less annoyance will be experienced by mortals from undeveloped or selfish spirits; but you have a part to do on this earth, and you must serve with us lovingly and cheerfully. You must expect to be disturbed and annoyed by evil spirits, and we have placed the system of magnetic and moral surveillance which the spirit-world has put into practice, exercising it over the criminally-inclined, the mischievous and the crude-minded, and until every one of those who come to the spirit-world in such a state are drawn higher through these laws of which we speak.

Our Chairman, we find, has a question which may be briefly answered in this connection. Some friend wishes to know why the spirit-world does not discover crimes and arrest them to the world or discover the violator of the law, so that the innocent may go free and the guilty be condemned.

Just here we may say that the spirit-world has not set up any system of espionage over the individuals of this life. It has enough to do to deal with those of this class in the spirit-world, those who are depraved, who have been criminally inclined in this life, and whom you have sent to many times through the enactments of law. They are not to be pardoned there, and we have all that we can do in attending to them. However, when society here perfects its own system of moral restraint over the criminal, and is ready to place him in conditions where he may be attended and surrounded by the best influences which will suppress the wrong and the crime and the sin within him, and draw out the higher qualities, then may we be able to point out to you those who are in need of such training and such environments.

When the law of capital punishment is abolished there may be certain spirits who are gifted in the line of detecting hidden things and secret deeds who will return through mediumship and proclaim the truth regarding crimes; but we now know of no medium who is willing to be used for that special branch of work, and it would be a very delicate work in spirit to spirit to control a sensitive person. Such a thing is a matter of great trust, and I will give you the proofs of his guilt. The very fact that the medium was approached by such a spirit with the eager, keen desire to hunt a human being down to his death, even though his desire to save the innocent were a laudable one, would bring the sensitive's brain into such an agitated state as perhaps to make it unable to reflect clearly to you every detail and point which it would be necessary to have given in the investigation, and the effort to fasten the guilt upon the right individual.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

John Brennan.

(To the Chairman.) I do not know, sir, as I

should do very well in coming to you here, but those last words I heard spoken drew me like a magnet, as if something was pulling me, and the gentleman as he stopped said, "I told you that I might try my hand at this kind of work, though he said, 'No'; I must not try to tell what I think I know about some such work as that he has been speaking of."

I was sent out of the body—not by my own hand—and sent out in a bad way. I think I could tell something about it if I got just the right kind of a machine to work for me in a private place. If some of my friends would get me a chance in Cleveland—and they tell me there are good mediums there that can be used in different ways for giving information from the spirit-side—I think, sir, I could come and tell them something about my last hours on earth which they would like to know. I do not very much like to think of that time. It makes my head feel very strange, but I have been trying to come here for quite a little while to speak a word.

Tell my friends, sir, that I'm very well off in the spirit-world. I have a good situation, and I'm not an agent on the road or anything like that, but I'm in a good state, and I'm very well satisfied with the life that goes beyond this. I did not like to go out as I did, and I would like to have stayed here for some time longer to see to things; but that, of course, I could not do, and I do not know as I want to come back here now to live—I mean I do not think I do.

I have been trying to find out about this spirit return. I have come to this place and other places where spirits talk and communicate in other ways, and I have picked up a little information in regard to it, and I seem to have a little light in that line. I would like to have my friends know about it, for it will tell them something of what they are coming to after the body dies. I think that is a very good thing to know, and I am quite ready to come back if I can to talk with them and give them what light I have found.

I was at Bay Station, O., but I have not been tied down to that place, only I reckon that one or two have got the idea that they have seen something of me. I have been around office a word, and perhaps they are mediumistic and got a sight of me, but I'm not staying around any place on earth because I have to. I'm coming and going, and trying to get all the light I can. I'm John Brennan, sir.

C. W. Pierce.

(To the Chairman and audience.) Good afternoon, sir, and friends. I feel that you extend a welcome to those who come from the spiritual world; and as I was a resident and a business man of Boston, familiar with its streets and with many of its people, I feel, sir, that I am at home in coming here.

I have a strong desire to manifest a thought of continued remembrance to my dear ones on earth and to have my friends and former associates realize that death has not robbed me of any quality which has been worth saving, and which belonged to me as a man. I have, from the moment of my transition to another life, found myself in possession of the faculties which make of me a conscious, living, active intelligence.

I think my friends will not deny that I was a man of energy, and that my strength was put into whatever line of business I engaged my attention. In former days, when engaged in trade, I exercised my energy in that line to build up and make the best success that I could; and later on, when railroad affairs called my thought and attention in that direction, my strength and the results of my experiences were put into that business. I think I can say that as I was here I am now, possessing all those qualities which belonged to me then as an individual, whether good or weak, and I am no different, except that I have a larger conception of life, its duties and purposes, than I had here.

My idea of religion is not the same that it formerly was. I can accept the brotherhood of man more completely than I did here, although I will not accuse myself of being a bigot; but the idea has grown upon me of the fraternity of the human relation, and that we are all of one family, and bound for the same goal. Some may get there much earlier than others, but I think the roads all tend toward the same end, and some of them are shorter than others. I am interested in the various lines of thought and travel in human life.

In connection with this I now accept the universal thought of the Fatherhood of God, whose parental love embraces all sects and creeds, and whose children we all are. But, sir, I will not dilate on these themes; I only mention them that the world may know I feel I have broadened out somewhat in my convictions, and in my acceptance of spiritual truths. I did give a friendly greeting and handshake to my friends, and I assure them that if possible I will come and give them through some avenue in this city, tidings of the immortal life which is mine.

I only come in here, Mr. Chairman, as a sort of preparation for something which I hope is to come in the way of my power to communicate with dear ones who are yet in the body. I am C. W. Pierce.

Charles Smith.

I find myself next in the line to say a word. I do not know exactly why I could come when so many others have their near and dear friends that they want to reach, and I felt myself alone when here; but there has been a pulling on me in some way for quite a while, and I have felt I could only satisfy it by coming here. I have seen others coming and coming to their friends, but most of mine that care about me are on the spirit-side; still I thought I might say a good word to some who have known me in the past, and of my strange and sudden going out of the body, and perhaps if I came and told them of this life in the spirit-world, it might make them stop and think and give them an idea of something outside of earth.

I was a man of quiet habits, and I lived within myself, and I did not take in alone many times and forlorn, because those that belonged to me mostly had gone to another world, and those that I knew in earlier life that still lived on earth I did not meet.

I did not look to going out of the body in just the sudden way that I did. I had a choking sensation while eating which stopped my breath, and then I found myself standing by the body looking down at it. It was a queer sensation, and it did not take me very long to find out that I was in the world of the dead, but feeling more alive than I had for a good while. I saw around me the dear ones of my family that had been laid away in the mortal, and I found that they were waiting for me and ready to show me their home in the spirit-world. I had everything to learn, but I have been trying to gain information, and I think I have got used to the spirit-world enough to appreciate it and to be glad that I am there.

I feel kindly to those that I used to be with in daily work, and others that I met, and I

would like them to know of this life, and that their friends who have passed on are with them and ready to give them a helping hand when they can. I think those friends to think of those things, and to give those kindly thoughts to the spirits who are watching and waiting for them, for it will be a good thing for all concerned. I lived in New Haven, Ct. My name is Charles Smith.

Mary Jane Weston.

(To the Chairman.) My name, sir, is Mary Jane Weston. I come here because I have not been able to reach my dear friends in any such way as this, and one of my associates in the spirit-world said she thought if I spoke here some of our friends would learn of it, and in that way I might reach them all.

My earthly friends are in Baltimore and in Georgetown, Md. They do not know, I think, of this Spiritual Philosophy and the communion between the two worlds. I suppose they have heard something of it, for it seems to me that almost every one must by this time have heard of Spiritualism, but I think they have not investigated it or received any light from its truth into their own lives.

I come here to give them love from the spirit-world. Julia joins me in sending waves of magnetic sympathy and strength to the dear ones on earth. We have among many friends one who is an invalid, who has a trouble of the spine, and she is not able to mingle with the world's people or to enjoy as much of life as most of us. I would like her to hear that many times we have come to her silent room, hoping to give her strength and to ease weary hours. I think we have more than once succeeded in quieting the pain and bringing a refreshing slumber to her, so that she has felt strengthened after the experience; and we always bring our love and sympathy, which are to the spirit what the blossoms of earth are to you—forms of fragrance and loveliness that breathe the only good-will and peace to those whom they reach.

Sometimes, perhaps, I may reach my friends in other ways. I trust so, but if I do not, I shall be satisfied if they can realize that the spirit-world is so near to them that the friends who dwell within it can come day by day to them, bearing love and peace and influences to bless their lives.

J. H. Goodale.

(To the Chairman.) I crave your pardon, sir, if I intrude. [Not at all.] I thank you for that assurance. I had been informed that your place is open to all comers, but sometimes we do not hear correctly from common report. However, I am gratified at this privilege which is mine to-day, and I would send from your office a word of cheer and good-will to my friends and companions, and the near ones of family life who are yet on the earthly side. I was a resident of the Granite State, New Hampshire is to me familiar ground; not only one city, but others are near and dear to me as I turn in thought to them, for the whole Commonwealth has a special attraction for my mind. Not but what I am weaned somewhat from material affairs, not but what I have a situation in the spiritual world that engages my attention, and draws upon much of my time; nevertheless I hold my interest in the things of earth, and especially in the public affairs of my fellow-beings, for I was a citizen of that way, and I am just the same now that I used to be.

I have been interested in the affairs of the State, and of the city. I have been interested in the system of education for our young which would afford to them the very best opportunities for gaining information, and for developing their mental powers. I have been interested in the historical records of our State and community, and also in other matters which I will not mention. Therefore you will see that my mind has been exercised in various directions, and it is not wonderful that I should retain this interest, and be happy to express something of it even though it be in a feeble way.

Just now my thought turns to the affairs of the Commonwealth, and I do hope that right and justice will prevail, that those laws which tend to the promotion of temperance and law and order in human life and affairs shall maintain. I am interested in the suppression of that traffic which ruins man's soul and impoverishes his body; I am interested in such jurisprudence as will afford to human beings the best conditions for their welfare, and I join with other spirits in harmony with myself for the purpose of doing what I can to promote these interests that I feel are beneficial to my kind.

I have been attracted back to earth-life by certain gatherings in which I found men whom I knew, and it is not so long since I passed from the body but I can see their familiar faces, and even at times hear the well-known tones of their voices. These gatherings have attracted me, and I have listened to the discussion and the advancement of ideas and opinions. I would like to say to my friends: "I am in sympathy with you, and I will do all I can to forward the good work."

I have been very well known in Nashua, and I have formerly been well known in Manchester, N. H. Perhaps the friends and the dear ones of Nashua will hardly believe that I can believe that I come back from another life, but if I truly succeed in making them think of these things a little more strongly than they may have done, I shall feel repaid for the effort I have made. I am J. H. Goodale.

A. S. Studwell.

(To the Chairman.) Allow me, sir, to announce myself as A. S. Studwell, from Brooklyn, N. Y. I used to feel at home in that city, and I have not altogether gotten over that feeling yet, but I feel very much at home in the spirit-world now, and have taken up its associations and gained experiences there which are not unpleasant, and which I think are calculated to be of service to me.

I gathered many experiences on this side of life, and I lived out my years. Some of them were useful, I know, and I have done my work in that line; but I now and again like to come back and see what is going on, what George is doing, what the others are busy about, and so kind of keep hold of the line which connects the old life with the new. That is what has brought me here to-day, together with the desire to give my regards and kindly thoughts to the friends on this side, and to get a little more light if I can about what is going on here so as to sort of rub up my memory of the things that are gone and keep it fresh. Not that I have any idea of losing remembrance of the past, for I think every experience that I have ever had will stay with me and be of use. I think every fact that I have been familiar with will always be well-known to me; but it does one no harm to brighten up these remembrances and to renew old associations.

Tell my friends that I am ready to communicate with them in another way than this if

JOHNSON'S LINIMENT
ANODYNE
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Originated by an Old Family Physician,
For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use.

NORTH WATFORD, Mass., Jan. 1st, 1891.
I, J. Johnson, Esq., My Dear Sir—Fifty years ago this month your father, Dr. Thomas Johnson, came to my house and left with me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sale. I remember him distinctly to-day, and could not but feel that it was a great privilege to have him here. I have sold Johnson's Anodyne Liniment ever since, and I can most truly say that it is a standard and popular remedy. I have seen it in the hands of the best physicians, and I have seen it in the hands of the best nurses, and I have seen it in the hands of the best mothers, and I have seen it in the hands of the best children, and I have seen it in the hands of the best of all, the good old Doctor who first discovered the medicine. I have seen it in the hands of the best of all, the good old Doctor who first discovered the medicine, and I have seen it in the hands of the best of all, the good old Doctor who first discovered the medicine. I have seen it in the hands of the best of all, the good old Doctor who first discovered the medicine, and I have seen it in the hands of the best of all, the good old Doctor who first discovered the medicine.

FOR PURELY HOUSEHOLD USE, ALMOST A CENTURY.
Generation after Generation have Known and Blessed It.
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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

DEAR BANNER—Just on the edge of the holidays, permit me to wish you a merry Christmas—a right merry one. Greetings, too, to Bro. Colby, Bro. Rich, Bro. Day and all their co-laborers who assist in furnishing weekly the strong, wholesome meat of Spiritualism. A merry Christmas to all the contributors and readers of THE BANNER the wide world over, and "all the rest of mankind."

I am in a happy frame of mind just at present; all around me are friends from the other side, joyous and happy, infiltrating me with the exuberance of the spirit spheres, that I may philosophically meet events as they come, be they whatever they may. Some one at my elbow tells me to say that the essence of happiness is to be at peace with God, man and the devil. As for myself, I have no difficulty with the former or the latter. It is from man that the ills, vexations and annoyances of life come.

Mr. Smead, who some sixty years ago was an Indian agent in the upper Michigan peninsula, relates an incident connected with the Ojibwa tribe, or one of its branches, worth quoting: The aged chief and the leading braves, with the medicine men, repaired to the sacred lodge to commune with the Great Spirit. After a season they came forth, when the chief said his son had come to him clothed in the uniform the Great Father at Washington had given him when they visited him at his big wigwam. He declared he appeared entirely natural, and detailed the conversation. Some of his listeners were skeptical, and endeavored to explain the manifestation by saying it was an illusion; that he thought it was his son, but it was not, as he was buried weeks ago with his uniform. The old chief asserted that his son did really appear as he had described, and said: "Ask the wise men and medicine men who were with me; they will speak true, for their tongues are not hung in the middle, telling lies at both ends like the palefaces." Unfortunately those having tongues hung in the middle are still existent. They lie with one end and retail gossip with the other. This class is usually very busy, and is of little use to Spiritualism. I hear of such occasionally in my neighborhood, backbiting and insinuating this, that and the other thing, but it does not disturb me; I keep away from them and let their tongues wag, for they harm themselves much more than me.

So I am at peace with man and woman too, for after all I think they should uncork their little vials here and spill their contents. Should they carry them over when they go they might have to wander for awhile in rocky, thorny pastures and flounder through quagmires till the "old Adam" is sloughed off. So I think best to let these people run their race, and excuse them on the score of their make-up, thus preserving my equanimity and balance.

Old friend, I have just received from the bindery, neatly and substantially bound, sixty volumes of THE BANNER, ten to seventy inclusive. I have carefully saved the issues as I have received them from week to week, and now have a treasure of spiritualistic literature which money cannot buy. As I have cursorily looked over them, I have encountered articles from scores and scores of writers who have now laid by their mortal armor, and are in that vast throng of the exalted, who are still endeavoring to impress themselves upon medial instruments, and push on the work of reform and regeneration. Unselfishly they labored, meeting too frequently scorn and reproach, especially from the theological coyotes, who profess to serve God, and weekly run "cowards' castles," known as pulpits, fomenting their anathemas, striving to hold their hearers in the bonds of ignorance and superstition. All honor to the brave souls who became the heralds of the New Dispensation. Their labors were not in vain; their sowings are now giving us the ripened grain. Their bodies are moldering in the grave, but their souls are marching on. Would that I had the space and time to recall their names individually, that the present generation might know who have been the valiant pioneers, the hardy laborers to hold and drive deep the plow of reform, pulling up the roots of superstition, the growth of centuries, and thrusting aside the huge boulders precipitated from the alchemic products of ecclesiasticism.

Called into being as THE BANNER by the spirit-world, because its wise denizens believed the time had come for an organ of the movement they had organized for the emancipation of the race from the thralldom of outworn creeds and a churchly clout in the vanished days of old-fashioned paganism, well has the mission been performed. The name "BANNER OF LIGHT" was well chosen, for the paper was indeed to be a banner radiant with light to illumine the pathway of humanity, that it might throw up the grand highway of Progress. Its mission was fully declared in the legend, "An Exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century." Wisely was the guiding hand chosen, the helmsman of the new undertaking. Brother Colby has indeed been a helmsman. All his powers, energies and aspirations have been centered in the mission thrust upon him by Supernatural Powers. He was emphatically the right man in the right place, and, Dear BANNER, may he be spared many years to continue the good work. His position has been no bed of roses, yet he has faithfully and zealously labored on; and though sometimes weary of heart and inclined to lay his burden down, a love of the Cause has held him in the harness. He has been fortunate in having helpful coadjutors—men who, like himself, had the baptism of the spirits. Brother Berry was a tower of strength, and Brother White as well. Green be their memories; the fragrance of their lives will increase as the years come and go. Brother Rich has given to the paper his ability and snap, not for money or fame, but for a love of the Cause. His executive ability and clear-headedness have well supplemented on the business side the hopes, wishes and work of the invisibles. As an important factor contributing for many years to the success of the paper, I must mention Mrs. Conant. Frail of body, for years only a thread holding her to the mortal, as the mouthpiece of spirits desiring to voice themselves, she unselfishly gave herself to her work. I must recall, too, Mrs. Rudd. Like Mrs. Conant, she is indissolubly linked with THE BANNER and the angel-world. Both frequently come to me, materialized, with words of kindly greeting. Their thoughts are still on THE BANNER; their old associations are cherished, so that they invariably send their love and regards to "Luther" and "Bro. Rich."

Old friend—for I feel like addressing you as such, inasmuch as we have traveled along together these many years that you have almost to me become a personality—in my days of doubt, uncertainty and skepticism, when like Noah's dove I could find no solid ground to stand upon, your pages soon gave me a certain foothold, dispelled the mists which obscured my vision, whereby a pathway opened to me, in which I have found consolation and obtained a surety as to the life which now is and that which is to come. A sun rose before me with invigorating beams. As the years roll by and the tokens of age come upon me, I more and more prize the agencies which have made me what I am, a patient sojourner in the mortal, with an assurance that when the last of earth shall have come, and my eyes close on its scenes forever, I shall open them on another shore, a land fairer, brighter and more beautiful than the imaginations of man can conceive.

I will not say adieu, for I expect to tarry a little longer; for my friends in the other side tell me they have more work for me to do. I await their bidding. While I remain on the mortal side of life you and I will continue to travel along together; when I pass to the other shore, be sure you will have a helping hand.

Fraternally, WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.
Presidence, R. I., 16 Peace street.

Knights of Labor are protesting vigorously against the importation of foreign laborers under contract, in violation of the law. They are appealing to the President. Some day they will appeal for stringent regulations in regard to the free importation of foreigners who come to take the places of naturalized and foreign-born in this country, whether they are under contract or not.—Weekly Times, Hartford, Ct.

MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings in a new and spacious hall in the Carnegie Music Hall, 114 West 14th street, on Sunday, Dec. 27th, at 2:30 P. M. Henry J. Newton, President.

Kingsborough Hall, 44 West 14th street.—The Spiritualists' Society meets each Sunday, Mrs. Helen Tompkins, president.

Adelphi Hall, 53d Street and Broadway.—Lectures and clairvoyant tests every Sunday at 8 and 9 P. M. Mrs. William F. Weston, regular speaker. A. E. Willis, Secretary, 285 West 43d street.

The Psychological Society meets in Spencer Hall, 114 West 14th street, every Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums. Persons interested in mental and spiritual philosophy and phenomena invited. J. F. Sulphur, President, 28 Broadway.

Carnegie Hall.—Last Sunday morning Spirit George Rushton, controlling Mr. Wright, gave a sketch of his life from childhood in England, one hundred and forty years ago to the present. It was particularly interesting and graphic. He spoke of his childhood, his education, his travels, his work, his life, and his death at seventy-four, in the year 1815, his entrance into the spirit-world and return to consciousness and spiritual experiences under the guidance of spiritual mediums, and of his induction into spiritual work, through mediums, for humanity.

The afternoon spiritual meeting was fully attended, with the usual exercises and tests. Mr. Ward sang "The Beautiful Gates Ajar" with a thought. Mrs. Fox-Kane gave an interesting rapping and writing séance, and one written message was recognized by a gentleman in the audience, who explained its purport and the fact that the name given was his spirit-wife's. He spoke of the wonderful work of Mrs. Kane, which he had proved at various private sittings, and urged all to visit her for a sitting.

The evening lecture of Mr. Rushton through Mr. Wright was upon "The Aspects and Occupations of the Spirit-World." He said that the rudimentary clairvoyant power must be radically and individually unfolded, even though dormant, to give a spirit picture of its life in the spirit world much realization of the change from the physical to the spiritual. A spirit may be said to be in the spirit world without progress or comprehension of its life and state. He also claimed that progress in all humanity when once entered upon is not spiral but in a straight line, and through many spheres or modes of motion; that each sphere studies and experiences its own set of phenomena not perceivable to the normal condition of those spheres above or below. Time and space as known here have no existence there. Perception takes the place of books and letters. A thought or idea flashes upon the intellect and is perceived in its entirety as soon as presented. Milton in spirit life carries all there is of Miltonian productions and thoughts, and these are perceivable to all. The subject presented tonight was no exception. The subject was, and only requires time to present to you what flashed upon me at the instant.

Mr. Wright speaks for us again next Sunday, which is his last with the First Society at this time.

Adelphi Hall.—Mr. J. W. Fletcher held the attention of a highly interested audience Sunday afternoon, when he, under influence discoursed upon the question, "What is Meant by the Spiritual Body," and the Development of the Spiritual Powers?" In the early history of man he existed as a purely physical being; the chief object of his life was to develop muscle and strength. All difficulties were solved by physical powers. Gravity, the laws of the brain, began to assert themselves; he began to reason, to analyze, to compare, and slowly the intellectual life became the leading factor. But this is not all; for as the mind is a means of expressing the will of the mind, so the mind in turn is the instrument through which the spirit, the real man, manifests itself. The physical hands, eyes, feet, etc., are nothing unless animated by the spirit.

And the spirit man is a real ego; all else is but a partial manifestation thereof. Clairvoyance is the independent sight of the spirit, a sight not dependent to any degree upon the physical senses, and without limitations as to its range. Clairvoyance is not a power that can be taught, but a power that can be developed, and it is not a power that can be developed by the physical senses, but by the spiritual touch, revealing more than the human mind could possibly understand. These powers are all essentially of the spirit; they belong whatever to the intellect, to the development of man, and are susceptible of great cultivation. An extended test séance followed.

In the evening, by request, the subject "The Clergy and Spiritualism" was treated in a racy and entertaining manner, and was well liked by the audience. Mr. Fletcher will again appear at 8 and 9 P. M. 208 W. 43d street, N. Y. City. A. E. WILLIS, Sec'y.

Cleveland (O.) Notes.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light: "Merry Christmas" is here, and though we as Spiritualists do not celebrate this annual festivity with the same motive as do the various churches of Christendom, we celebrate it pretty much in the same way—too much, perhaps, in imitation; so as a means of getting out of the old rut, as regards both the mythical Christ and the more secular mythical Santa Claus, a Lyceum Surprise Party is being gotten up for the children—a genuine surprise at which the customary presents will, as usual, be bestowed.

Mr. Charles Collier, the Conductor, has written an original dramatic sketch as a prelude to the surprise, which will be enacted by several of the brightest Lyceum members, and Mr. Russell, Sen., has arranged original music for the occasion. This party takes place on Sunday evening, Dec. 26th, in Royal League Hall, Case Building, near the post-office, Superior street. Everybody is invited, free.

West Side Sunday School.—Preparations have also been made for a Christmas festival by "The Sons and Daughters of Progressive Thinkers," who meet in Webster's Hall, 483 Park street, where the festival and distribution of presents take place.

William A. Mansfield, the well known and reliable psychic for that phase of spirit-phenomena known as "Independent" clairvoyance, will give a series of winter courses of lectures at the Homeopathic College with a view of graduating as a physician. Mr. M. is a shining example to our many physical mediums who neglect and overlook themselves, having for several years past devoted most of his time to the study of various studies, tending to develop his true manhood, and thereby extending his usefulness as a medium. His present location is at the residence of Mr. C. C. Monaghan, 122 Cedar Avenue, where on certain hours he is ready to receive and give sittings.

Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, who was announced as being here for the winter, has left the city, his services as a medium, we are informed, having been desired by the officers of the Lyceum of Edy Dale, N. Y.

B. Underwood of Chicago, formerly one of the strongest champions of the materialistic philosophy, latterly better known as an agnostic (after Prof. Huxley coined that very convenient word), and now "agnostic" converted, is to be lectured by the Lyceum of his own wife's mediumship, lectured Sunday Dec. 11th in Army and Navy Hall, under the auspices of "The Independent Course," organized by Mr. Gould; the attendance was larger than ordinary, the lecture was admirable, and the credit due to the speaker, who is to this very able writer and speaker by giving long and lengthy and fair reports of his interesting discourses.

Frank T. Ripley, who is credibly informed, has been drawing large audiences and giving good satisfaction as a platform before the Society of Newburghers he has addressed every Sunday this month in Thomas's Hall, 272 Broadway, giving private sittings in the same hall during the week.

The Lyceum Society, which take place the first and third Friday evening of each month, in Royal League Hall, have so far been a decided success this winter. The music by the Lyceum Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Sam Russell, Jr., and the supper and refreshments served by the Lyceum, have made these social gatherings and dances popular. The West Side socials alternate with the East Side, and as regularly held the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month. A pleasant evening can be spent at both places.

The Secular Union. Mr. Alfred Sea, President, holds its meetings every Sunday evening in City Hall, Room 208. Lately this Society has had Spiritualism, Psychology and kindred subjects for discussion, in consequence of which its audiences have quadrupled in numbers. Essays on the above subjects have been read by Dr. Copper, Mrs. A. G. Pearson, Mrs. McCaslin, etc., and now your correspondent has been invited to address the Society. Her subject will be "Spiritualism and Its Evidence."

A Quiet Wedding. Mr. James Bruce to Miss Hannah Wendell. This marriage knot was tied at Erie, Pa., and not until their return to the Forest City Hotel, husband and wife was anybody left into the secret (no cards, no cake). The bridegroom is a well-known druggist of this city, and the bride well known in the spiritualistic ranks of Cleveland and the City of the "Gothic Revival." May they both realize their fondest anticipations of happiness.

Welcome to our Former Musical Director.—Mrs. Rena Conover (formerly Hatch), and her bouncing baby, arrived in the city from her home in Cleveland, Ohio. She will spend the holidays here, and be glad to see her friends at her old home on Cross street. While here a Babies' Party is to be given. About dozen of the babies' party is to be given. It is to be held with the babies, to a Christmas feast, and all the blessed babies are to be presented with a souvenir silver spoon and an electric silver rattle in commemoration of the event. (In the event of twins the spoon and rattle are to go to both.)

The Election of C. P. L. Officers. The recent annual election of officers took place last Sunday (not report in future), resulting in the reelection of Mr. Collier as Conductor, as predicted by your correspondent.

Editor and staff of the staunch BANNER OF LIGHT, and to every one of its readers—which embraces, I believe, most of my friends.

Fraternally, THOMAS LEES.

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Malden.—The ladies met at Mrs. Reed's Dec. 10th (afternoon) and organized a society called the "Ladies Aid of the Malden Spiritualists' Association." The following officers were elected: Mrs. Reed, President; Mrs. E. M. Dodge, Secretary. The society will meet once in two weeks, and give a supper and entertainment once a month. Our next meeting to be Tuesday, Dec. 27th, 2:30 P. M., at Mrs. Reed's, 507 N. E. Dodge, Sec'y.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum opened at 2:30 P. M., Conductor Will Potter in the chair; singing by the school, invocation by Mrs. King. Speaking by Harry Akeley; music by Miss Will, and singing by Jennie Potter. Remarks by Frank Vaughan, Dr. Toothaker, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Averton (Lynn).

Spiritualist Society.—Our hall was well filled on the 18th inst. to listen to answers to questions from the audience by O. Fannie Allen. Sunday evening, Dec. 19th, Kate Stiles was the speaker. Jan. 8th, S. L. Seal of Brockton; Jan. 22d, Joseph D. Stiles. MARY E. THOMPSON, Sec'y.

Lynn.—Mrs. E. C. Kimball officiated at Cadet Hall Sunday afternoon. Invocation, poem. Her guides then gave a lecture; subject, "Home Here and There," followed by tests and communications.

Evening.—The spirit-control gave a large number of tests and communications, also sixty names of spirit-friends, all recognized. Appropriate music by Geo. N. Churchill.

Next Sunday W. J. Colville will occupy the platform at 2:30 and 7:30; subject, afternoon, "The True Spiritualism of the Future." Evening, "The Spiritual Harvest of 1892—Bright Prophecies for 1893." Special music under direction of Prof. George Morris. 88 So. Common street. T. H. B. JAMES.

Fitchburg.—Mrs. Celia M. Nickerson occupied our platform again Sunday, Dec. 11th, speaking in the afternoon upon "Honor to Whom Honor is Due," and in the evening on "The Economy of Life." Both lectures were of an interesting and instructive nature. She held a benefit for the Society Monday evening, Dec. 12th, which was well attended, and a very pleasant occasion.

Sunday, Dec. 18th, Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham was with us, and gave much satisfaction as speaker and medium. She held a circle for the Society the following evening with excellent results.

Next Sunday Mr. F. A. Wiggins will be with us. 88 Forest street. MISS R. F. LYON, Pres.

Salem.—Mr. F. A. Wiggins gave interesting discourses in Cate's Hall, Dec. 18th; afternoon, questions taken from the audience—among them the following was dwelt upon at length: "Where Does the Soul go at Death?" The evening theme was "Some Lessons Taken from Nature." Mrs. A. E. Cunningham (Boston) is to speak the 26th.

The Children's Lyceum. Its members gave their first entertainment Dec. 12th, with recitations, tableaux and singing, refreshments and a social dance.

MRS. N. H. GARDINER, Sec'y.

Haverhill and Bradford.—Last Sunday Mrs. Clara H. Banks (Haverhill) delivered two able, eloquent and magnetic addresses before the Spiritualist Union in Bradford Hall. Her next coming will be looked for with interest.

Sunday, Dec. 26th, the platform will be occupied by Mrs. C. M. Nickerson (Wollaston). A supper and entertainment are announced by the Union, Jan. 3d, when Joseph D. Stiles will be present to give exercises in mediumship. E. P. H.

Worcester.—A. E. Tisdale occupied our platform Dec. 18th, good and appreciative audiences being in attendance. The same speaker for Dec. 26th.

Friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum are requested to meet at Union Veteran Legion Hall, 568 Main street, on the afternoon of Dec. 26th, to assist in editing the "Contributions of Confessionary and Confessionary." GEORGIA D. FULLER, Sec'y.

5 Houghton street.

Chelsea.—The Developing Circle at 2:30 was interesting. Evening, at 7:30, Mr. J. G. Hargood gave a scientific lecture upon "The Philosophy of Spiritualism." Mr. W. Anderson gave readings, followed by a series of tests and readings. Music by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. D. ANDERSON.

Lawrence.—Miss Josephine Webster (Chelsea) gave two interesting lectures at Pythian Hall Sunday, Dec. 18th, upon subjects taken from the audience; also gave some interesting tests which were correct. Next Sunday we shall have Dr. F. H. Hoscoe. L. E. Goss, Sec'y.

Brockton.—Sunday evening, Dec. 11th, Prof. Kenyon (Onset) was the speaker for the Ladies' Aid Society—taking as his subject, "Theosophy or Spiritualism, Which is True?" It was an able discourse. E. B. C.

Newburyport.—Mrs. Jennie S. Johnson (Haverhill) lectured and gave psychometric readings to interested audiences on Sundays, Dec. 11th and 18th. Mrs. Nellie Burbeck (Plymouth) will occupy the rostrum next Sunday. J. C. CHENEY.

Lovell.—Mr. Robert Lord delivered two eloquent lectures Dec. 18th, and Mrs. Josephine Lord Tucker gave tests after each lecture. Next Sunday Dr. Driscoll (Lynn) will lecture and give tests. E. PICKER, Hon. Sec'y.

OHIO.

Cincinnati.—Sunday, Dec. 11th, large audiences assembled in G. A. R. Hall to listen to Mr. J. Frank Baxter's lectures and to witness his evidences of mediumship. In the morning, after reading a poem and singing, he proceeded with a lecture on "The Education of Children." It was a suggestive lecture and valuable to all. His criticisms of Spiritualists who are enthralled under the radiant utterances of mediums, speakers, and yet who wrongfully or unwittingly send their children to evangelist Sunday-schools, were caustic, yet deserving. Is such an inconsistency as this, he asked, any evidence of a Spiritualist's sincerity? Is it a surprise that he should say, "They know they are wrong. They don't mean what they say. Their acts belie their words."

In the evening Mr. Baxter gave one of the grandest lectures delivered in the Union Square for a long time. At the close of the lecture he held a séance of evidence and satisfaction, in reference to which the Light of Truth said: "Of the spirit tests given we can hardly say too much in praise. There was a sweet pathos connected with all of them, so that the entire séance left an impression on the soul as if it had been temporarily transported to spirit-land and brought back with it a tender and gratifying recollection of what had been experienced. About twenty tests in all were given."

Mr. Baxter was present on Tuesday P. M., Dec. 13th, at the free circle for spirit-communications, and expressed himself as greatly impressed with its influence and usefulness. Mrs. A. E. Kibby is a fine medium, and Mr. Archer, who assisted, gave apparent evidence of marked mediumship. The two mentioned voiced many communications to strangers present and to others absent. Mrs. J. Clegg Wright presided. BUCKEYE.

Cleveland.—Large audiences greet Frank T. Ripley at Thomas Hall, 272 Broadway. Mr. Ripley's lectures and tests are convincing many, and doing great good for the cause of Spiritualism in this city.

Mr. Ripley lectures at Akron, O., during January; for February he can be engaged to lecture and give tests at Cleveland, Ohio, at the residence of Mrs. J. Clegg Wright, 272 Broadway, Cleveland, O., for December; for January, at Akron, O., general delivery.

MICHIGAN.

Grand Rapids.—W. J. Colville's strikingly successful term of work closed Sunday, Dec. 18th. Among the many highly successful and important meetings he has addressed during his six-weeks' sojourn in this enterprising city, should be specially mentioned the lecture on "Woman's Work for Woman with Man's Cooperation" in the New Grand Rapids Spiritualist Hall, Dec. 14th, for the benefit of the Emerson Home of one of the most deserving philanthropic institutions in Grand Rapids. The collections of money and various offerings netted the Home \$24.50 in cash, besides several acres of potatoes, and a large number of articles of furniture, wearing apparel, etc., generously contributed by the audience in response to the appeal of the speaker.

Sunday, Dec. 18th, the closing lecture in Temple Emerson was given at the house on "The Ultimate of Life-Supreme Blessedness." Dec. 10th and 16th Mr. Colville addressed large audiences in Ionia, Mich., an enterprising town of about six thousand inhabitants, among whom were a large number of mediums and a large number of open-minded people who are turning their attention to spiritual evidences. The fact of the lectures and poems being delivered off-hand, on topics presented by the audience, created a wonderful interest, and the local newspapers during the meetings, and good newspaper reports on the days following, encouraged the local workers to redouble their efforts to sustain more frequent meetings.

Mrs. Helen Stuart Rhodings, who is Mr. Colville's

successor here in Grand Rapids (and a great favorite, as elsewhere), will probably soon revisit Ionia.

Sunday, Dec. 18th, Kneeland Hall was the scene of four meetings, during which unalloyed interest was maintained by the audience. The speakers were all present at so many sessions, but the hall was full all day. In the morning at 10:30 Mr. Colville lectured on "The Soul's Search for God." This address riveted the attention of all present, and caused many to express themselves on leaving the hall that it was the most interesting presentation of the theme to which they had ever listened. At 3 P. M. the speaker answered numerous questions on a great variety of topics, passing from one topic to another with his accustomed facility and ability. At 6 P. M. a medium's meeting was held. At 7:30 the closing service of Mr. Colville's engagement commenced. The hall was packed to the doors, and many were unable to obtain entrance. The music was beautiful, and the flowers were exquisite. Christmas was anticipated, and the entire discourse was founded upon the approaching festival.

The Grand Rapids Spiritual Association takes great pleasure in announcing that it has succeeded in re-engaging W. J. Colville to lecture under its auspices on the Sundays and many of the week days of April, 1893.

CONNECTICUT.

Hartford.—Sunday, Dec. 11th, Mr. Tisdale closed his six weeks' labor with us; he had good audiences all the time, and all who heard him were pleased. He not only took away with him the best wishes of his many friends, but also a substantial token of their regard and esteem. On Sunday, Dec. 18th, the services were conducted by home talent: Good attendance, and some wonderful tests given. Sundays, Jan. 1st and 18th, we have Mr. Banks. J. W. STORRS.

Norwich.—Sunday P. M., Dec. 18th, Joseph D. Stiles of Weymouth, Mass., after a pleasant introduction by our Chairman, W. W. Clapp, addressed a fine audience, giving an excellent poem and good address, following with the usual "test séance." Many names and incidents were given, nearly all being recognized. The largest audience of the season convened at the evening session. Mr. Stiles delivered a poem under the inspiration of King Philip, closing the exercises with a remarkable séance.

Next Sunday, Dec. 25th, Mr. Stiles will again address the Norwich Spiritual Union. J. A. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

NEW YORK.

Albany.—John D. Chism, writing to THE BANNER last Monday, says: "Yesterday Mrs. H. S. Lake gave two of the finest spiritual lectures yet given. We regard her as one of the grandest speakers on the public platform, and all regret that she can be with us only one more Sunday at present."

The Albany Sunday Telegram contains the following reference to Mrs. Lake:

"This wonderfully-gifted inspirational speaker is attracting ever-increasing audiences, that of last Sunday night filling every seat. Those desiring good seats would do well to come early. She will lecture in the Boston Spiritual Temple every Sunday during January, returning to Albany every Monday. Her lectures are being made to secure her services for next March and April."

COLORADO.

Grand Junction.—Dec. 5th, 6th and 7th Mr. G. W. Kates delivered lectures at the Park Opera House in this city to good audiences. The discourses were especially good and were well received by the people. These were the first lectures on Spiritualism ever given in this city, and have produced a decided interest in the Cause.

A society has been organized called "The First Association of Spiritualists of Grand Junction, Col.," with C. W. Steele, President, and Mrs. S. J. Aiken, Secretary. Regular meetings will be held as soon as arrangements can be made for speakers. J. O. BRADISH.

Man after death remains of such quality as his life has been in the world.—Swedenborg.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, IT'S "THE KIND THAT CURES."

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND MY DOCTORS SAY IT'S BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it 50c and 25c a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. It is sold in 5c and 25c packages. It is called LANE'S MEDICINE. Address, ORATOR F. WOODWARD, La Roy, N. Y.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALM THE BEST COUGH CURE

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Oct. 22. Asthma The African Kola Plant, Cures Asthma, Cures Guaranteed or No Refund. For Large Trial Case, FREE by Mail, address KOLA IMPORTING CO., 132 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritualists hold their weekly conference at Broadway Hall, 230-232 Fulton street, every Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Seats free. All cordially invited.

Conservatory Hall, Bedford Avenue, corner of Rand Street. Sundays 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. W. J. Colville.

Spiritual Meetings are held in Mrs. Dr. Blake's parlors, 44 Franklin Avenue, every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue and Nassau street, every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

"Beacon Light Ladies' Aid." Meetings Sunday evenings, 7:45 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums. Mrs. Kate Schrodor, President, 142 Union Avenue.

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Poems from the Inner Life. By Lizzie Doten. Fifteenth edition. This volume contains the gems of the inspirational utterances given chiefly before public audiences, under direct spirit influence. Cloth, full gilt, \$1.50; cloth, plain, \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

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Religion of Man and Ethics of Science. By Hudson Tuttle. Not servile trust in the Gods, but knowledge of the laws of the world, belief in the divinity of man, and his eternal progress toward perfection, is the foundation of the religion of man and the system of ethics as treated in this work. 320 pages, finely bound in muslin. Price \$1.50, postage free.

Poems of the Life Beyond and Within. Voices from Many Lands and Centuries, saying, "Man, that shalt never die." Edited and compiled by Gile B. Stebbins. Cloth \$1.00, postage free.