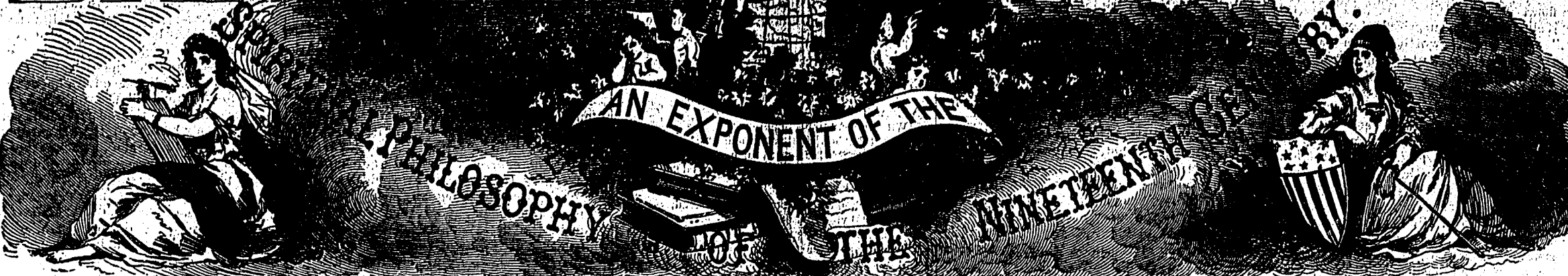


JAN 18 1894

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 74. [COPY & BORN, 9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.] BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1894. [52.50 Per Annum, Postage Free.] NO. 20.

A WATCHWORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

When you find a certain lack
In the stiffness of your back
At a threatened fierce attack,
Just the hour
That you need your every power,
Look a bit
For a thought to baffle it,
Just recall that every knave,
Every coward, can be brave
Till the time
That his courage should be prime—
Then 'tis dead.
Keep your head!
What a folly 'tis to lose it
Just the time you want to use it!
When the ghost of some old shirk
Comes to plague you, and to lurk
In your study or your work,
Here's a bit
Like enough will settle it.
Knowledge is a worthy prize;
Knowledge comes to him who tries—
Whose endeavor ceases never.
Everybody would be wise
As his neighbor.
Were it not that they who labor
For the trophy creep, creep, creep,
While the others lag or sleep;
And the sun comes up some day
To behold one on his way
Past the goal
Which the soul
Of another has desired,
But whose motto was, "I'm tired."
When the task of keeping guard
Of your heart—
Keeping weary watch and ward
Of the part
You are called upon to play
Every day—
Is becoming dry and hard—
Conscience languid, virtue irksome,
Good behavior growing worksome—
Think this thought:
Doubtless everybody could,
Doubtless everybody would,
Be superlatively good,
Were it not
That it's harder keeping straight,
Than it is to deviate;
And to keep the way of right,
You must have the pluck to fight.
—St. Nicholas for January.

The Spiritual Postum.

THE INSULAR VIEW OF LIFE.

BY WHITE ROSE.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

THE effort of the present generation is toward breadth of thought, feeling and action. Narrow as are men's views, and selfish as are their actions, yet there is that aspires in them which makes them feel that they are not pigmies, that they have before them a wonderful destiny, that there is involved in their best efforts the germs of the fruit which will still be better, and which augurs everything for their future. In the midst of even squalor and poverty, to say nothing of luxury and wealth, men and women are wrestling with this condition; and while they seem to neglect or to forget the power and purpose of the uplift, while the circumstances of their life seem to depress them and keep them disturbed, yet they know that the better way for them to live is along the line of this uplift.

They have become so handicapped and imprisoned by the material conditions which surround them, and out of which they are unwilling, and oftentimes seemingly incapacitated to arise, that, while the sun comes and goes and the stars shine above them, they catch but the rays which fall into the dimmed windows of their houses. They are not lifted out of themselves by the light of the majestic sun, nor filled with a sense of elevation and a feeling of ecstasy by these myriads of stars. Their eyes are befogged; their vision is earthly; their minds are pinched and confined; their hearts are galled by their selfish interests, so that this beautiful panorama of day and night, which might seem almost to move stones and trees to praise and admiration, touches and appeals to them in vain.

So light it is, about them, and yet so dark it is within them, that the contrast, as does their consciousness of evil, daily crushes them. If these unfortunate people would but study the growth of the plants which often adorn the windows of their homes, they would see and understand the mystery of their own life. The plants crave the light of the sun. They cannot subsist on candle light, nor on artificial glare, nor yet on an atmosphere emptied of all heat. They are set by windows, as if men knew that the light and heat of the sun are essential to their development and perfection, without which they would wither and perish. They are watered and cared for, and the conditions become normal and hence favorable to their growth, the buds blossom, and the flowers at last adorn the stem. Yet these flowers seem to point no lesson, for man, born as he is for celestial habitation and joy, withdraws from the light of God's presence, surrounds himself with harsh and corrupting conditions, often refuses to make the effort to put himself in harmony with the law of his being, and ends his life in misery and despair.

It is this insular view of life, this sinking down of man into his selfish self, and refusing to make the effort to do what he ought, and what he knows that he should do to make life good and happy; it is this growing morbid and melancholy over his lot, because he has blinded

his eyes to the heavenly visions which conscience and reason have revealed to him—it is this view of life which is the crying evil of the times.

Fancy man on an island, isolated from his fellows, almost unconscious by voluntary and fixed habits of thought, of their existence, absorbed in self, and living altogether on the physical plane; and yet such a picture is that of the typical man to-day in modern civilization. Although a part and member of the human family, he is as detached from it as though he were an inhabitant of another planet. While in this state he is concerned in the interest of others only, and oftentimes out of a morbid sensibility, or out of the selfish desire to conform to the rules of good breeding and popular thinking or still further, out of a feeling that his own or his class interests are somehow involved in his sympathy, and that by the exercise of it he will be repaid and rewarded. This expediency of action, it must be confessed, lies at the root of much of that charity which passes in the world for and is current by the name of religion. Ask this one to do the thing which is absolutely his duty to do, which somehow, in his vaner and best moods, he knows to be just and right; ask him to give himself up to truth, without fear of favor, and he shrinks from such action as though he were but a beast of the field; and yet, this sacrifice of self is, and always will be, the climax and test of our faith in truth! Were man born but for the cradle and nursery, but to live and perish as a sapling, he would have been surrounded with a universe of law and condition suited to such a state and destiny of being; but, incapacitated and endowed as he is with a mighty destiny before him, and with a universe the life of which even modern science cannot penetrate nor comprehend, he is condemning himself to inanity, retrogression and barbarism of life to stay in his cradle when he is able to soar upward to his Maker. And it is this elective course, this egotism of purpose, as manifested in human opinions and conduct, which is the hindrance to even man's natural development, to say nothing of the fine, sweet and elevating life which follows the craving for and the loving of the best gifts.

The first and important lesson for man to learn is this: that the Infinite is as large as his soul, nay, that it is as large as all souls, and that as he approaches nearer to it by the love of the highest and best things, he always feels the happiest. The oceans, it might be said, make the springs, and these springs make the rivers, and show by their directions the bosom toward which they all flow. Man need but sit by the side of the bubbling spring to learn the meaning, the law and mystery of the distant and mighty ocean. The tiny violet, modest and unassuming as it is, yet is but a gleam of the beauty everywhere present, if eyes were not blinded by selfishness, outliving in glory the wisdom of King Solomon, and the magnificence of the greatest works of art. Could man but look at and learn of it, he would not be compelled to go through his dark and sad days, nor wander through bogs and across deserts to find Paradise; but he would see in it the power and will of God, and how, by an obedience not to self, but to this power and will, he would impregnate the air with the love and sweetness of his life, and become as a star in the dark and rainy night of many men's lives, for no man can really love the good without becoming good; he cannot desire and strive for heavenly light without having his soul catch the glory of its illumination.

And this breadth of feeling and thinking grows in one as he lives obedient to conscience, as he rises out of self-satisfaction, as he tries to gather up the sermons in stones, and the good in everything, as he reaches forward toward purity of heart and wisdom of mind.

Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote in her journal, after seeing and visiting Mrs. Elizabeth Browning in Florence, Italy, that she lived so ardently and lovingly, so purely and heavenly, that her delicate earthly vessel seemed to be consumed by a soul of pure fire. "I was never," she wrote, "conscious of so little unredeemed, perishable dust in any human being; but," she concluded, "fortunate are the eyes that see her and the ears that hear her. For as a lily silently yet truly fills a room with its sweetness and presence, so that its fragrance is borne in upon the mind, and men know that it is not far from them, so noble and pure souls, whatever may be their lot, betray unconsciously the character and quality of their personality. Man feels his own emptiness, selfishness and insignificance in their presence; and as one cannot stand near a lofty mountain without measuring himself by it, so one feels the need of more love and wisdom and heavenly strength as he draws closely to the pure and the good. And this has its elevating and inspiring power."

With many, perhaps most men, religion is but another name for acquisition and gain. It means vestments, ritual, services. It does not mean civilization. It is not the step to soul-elevation. It is that which affords them entertainment or flattery, and when their pride or prejudice is touched, or when it points them to the dark night of sorrow and pain as the way to peace, they forsake it, and take what they think is the easy path around the mountain; but it fails to take them to the height. They content themselves with a treadmill course of action which leads them finally to despair. They blot out of their soul, if they can do so, all thought of their fraternal relation to their fellow-men. They have their own reward, however, when life gives back the shadows which their own conduct casts, and when they become, as they will and do some, where and somehow, keenly sensitive to the

fact that death strips them of all masks when they, as well as all about them, see them not through a glass darkly, but face to face, as they are! Then they cannot blow out the light to hide their evil character from view—then they cannot cover it up; then they must stand as they lived; then, as their conscience forewarned them, they must reap just what they sowed, no more, no less.

Any man with an active mind, who has not entered into a state of lethargy and inertia, knows that he is the smallest and meanest when he thinks, feels and tells altogether for himself; when he shuts out from his soul the thought of God; when he seeks to make the cosmos serve his own egotism and interests; when he lives an insulated life, regardless of the needs of his brother man. And this is the evil which enters so largely into the industrial, social, political and moral life of mankind, and which carries with it its own power of oppression and destruction. Three-fourths of the sins of the modern world grow out of the excessive care of man for external conditions and things. He loves his toys, estates and possessions, more than he does his life, and that for which life is given. He is improving the external and interior appearance of the temporary house in which he lives; but little if any thought is spent on the improvement of the temple not made with hands.

The soul is the end of all other objects, concerns and states of being, and here in the heart and mind and soul of man the work of reform must first begin before any legislative and sumptuary laws and expedients will radically change the structure, condition and aims of society.

Unconsciously and inexorably man is rising as out of a chrysalis from the insular into an exalted view of life. He cannot but follow the streams of holy influences which stir in him, and which bear his soul heavenward. He may and often does rebel against his better nature, yet, if it be true, as Shakespeare said, that conscience makes cowards of men, then it surely follows that the soul is always alive to its duty. Its own sins and errors may before its inner atmosphere, and keep the angels hidden, as clouds obscure the stars, yet who will say that if this or that bud, blighted as it may be, will not produce fruit, that the tree itself—the soul of man—will not produce buds under more favorable conditions, which will flower and bear golden fruitage? When man awakens to the knowledge that he is losing everything by anchoring himself to the transient, the temporary, the corruptible things of life, that the personality is of more value than meat and raiment, that eating and drinking and being merry are not the highest good of life, then he will truly and happily live.

Literary Department.

THE HAUNTED TROMBONE.

Mrs. Sarah Morton had just finished dusting the parlor furniture, and was about to arrange the table for the one o'clock lunch, when the door bell rang.

"Now, I wonder who that can be?" she asked herself as she went to open the door.

A stranger met her on the stoop, who inquired as she made her appearance:

"Are you the lady of the house?"

"Yes, sir," she answered. "What can I do for you?"

"I came to inquire the price of your rooms. I see by the notice here that you have some."

"Only one now, sir, a front one in the third story."

"May I look at it?"

"Certainly, sir. Come in."

"You see," began the stranger, "I'm anxious to locate in this neighborhood for two reasons."

"Well, I can tell you right off, sir, that I'm not an inquisitive woman, and I don't care why you want to stop here, so long as you pay for the use of the room. I've been here forty years, sir, right here in Third street, and I've never asked one of my lodgers about his business. Of course, this isn't the fashionable neighborhood it used to be. Why, I can remember when the aristocracy drove out in their fine turn-outs every day. My, oh my! How things have changed."

"So they have, madam. And now will you be good enough to show me the room?"

"With pleasure. This way, please."

When the two flights of stairs were ascended, Mrs. Morton stopped to take breath.

"If I should live to be a hundred," she remarked, "I don't believe I would ever get used to climbing stairs."

As the little woman opened the door a flood of sunlight came into the hall, and drove away the lurking shadows.

"Quite a cheerful apartment," said the stranger, seating himself upon an old-fashioned sofa.

"Yes, it is, sir; the sun shines in here most of the day."

"How long is it since it was occupied?" inquired the new-comer.

At this juncture Mrs. Morton, without answering the question, closed the door softly and asked in a whisper:

"Are you superstitious, sir, or given to queer ideas?"

"Well, madam," answered the stranger, smiling, "I can't truthfully say that I'm superstitious, but I must confess that some of my ideas are queer—that is, they are different from the ideas expressed by the majority of people."

"Well, then, perhaps you'd better not take the room."

"Kindly explain what you mean, madam."

"I mean that no one has been able to remain in this room more than two days."

"And why?"

"Do you see that thing over in the corner?"

The stranger rose and peered in the direction indicated by Mrs. Morton's right hand.

"That instrument, you mean? Why, that is a trombone."

"Just so," said Mrs. Morton, trembling.

"There is nothing remarkable about it that I can see."

"Of course not now, for the sun is shining too brightly. But at night! Oh my!"

And the excited little woman grew more excited than ever, and looked from the brass instrument to the stranger's face, as if she were apprehensive lest the two should exchange places.

"You are unduly alarmed, madam. My name is Kenworth—Julius Kenworth, if you please—and I am very much interested in music and musicians. Now, if you will allow me, I will test the quality of that instrument's notes."

"Not for the world, sir, not for the world," said Mrs. Morton, stepping before him to prevent his getting nearer the trombone. "I am Mrs. Sarah Morton, and I've been living in New York for forty years. I tell you candidly that I never saw a trombone like that one before, and I've seen a good many."

"Indeed, who owns it?"

"That I don't know, sir; but it is—"

"Well, go on."

"Would you believe me when I say that the thing is haunted?"

"Haunted, eh? I've heard of haunted houses and haunted forests, but, upon my word, this is the first time I ever heard of a haunted trombone. Ha, ha, ha! It is very funny!"

"You wouldn't laugh in that way if you were here at night-time to see it," said Mrs. Morton in alarm.

"You think not? Well, give me a chance. Come, now. What will you charge me for this room?"

"Will you take it with that thing?"

"I would not accept it without the trombone. I want to become acquainted with it, you see."

"You won't after to-night, Mr. Kenworth. If you'll take the room and the trombone together you may have them for two dollars per week."

"Do you mean it, Mrs. Morton?"

"I do, sir."

"It's a bargain. And I'll pay you in advance each week."

"Very well, sir. When will you come?"

"This afternoon."

"The room will be ready after three o'clock. And now I must go down stairs and get lunch."

"Would you mind my remaining here for a few minutes, Mrs. Morton? I should like to try the instrument."

"Not at all, sir, but please wait till I get down. I'm afraid of the thing, as true as you live."

Mrs. Morton then glided down the stairs as quickly as she could, and when she reached the bottom step she called up:

"All right, Mr. Kenworth; go ahead."

The new lodger laughed as he heard the words, and he proceeded at once to examine the instrument.

"The thing hasn't been used for months," he mused as he took it to the window.

After rubbing off the dust from the outer surface he tapped it two or three times, and blew into the mouthpiece and pulled on the slide.

"A fine instrument," said Kenworth to himself as he finished playing one of his favorite airs. "Why, the thing fairly sings. Well, I have struck it rich, sure enough. Could not get a room like this for less than four dollars anywhere else. And a trombone thrown in! I must fool Mrs. Morton a little. It is high time my luck were turning. Now to find Dubbs."

Kenworth placed the trombone back into its corner and walked down stairs. Mrs. Morton was waiting for him.

"Well, what do you think of it?" she asked.

"Of the trombone, you mean?"

"Yes."

"It is somewhat peculiar, Mrs. Morton."

"Kind of shook when you played on it?"

"Yes. A sort of trembling, you know."

"Exactly. That's what they all say. Did it almost jump out of your hands?"

"Yes; it seemed to have a desire to leap out of the window."

"My! Were you frightened?"

"Of course. But—"

"Then you don't want the room, and shall I return your money?"

"No! Never mind, Mrs. Morton. I'll stick the week out."

"Just as you say, Mr. Kenworth. You are a brave man."

"Thank you. And now I'll go out. I'll return at 8 o'clock."

city presented a most inviting appearance. For four days previous the rain had fallen almost without cessation, in consequence of which the streets had received a most thorough drenching. The sun shone brightly, and the blue sky looked calmly down as much as to say: "There, your city is clean. Now rejoice." And the people did rejoice. They rushed hither and thither and jostled against each other, unmindful of sundry hits of elbows and numerous collisions. It was a morning when everybody had on his tongue's tip the words "Be your pardon," or "Please excuse me." How the Sunshine smiled and how the Wind bit the ears and the hands of the pedestrians just a little to make them walk still faster. It was a glorious privilege to be out among so many good-natured, happy people, for everybody forgot to take his dyspeptic ire with him, and Trouble and Care had no lodgment anywhere and were quite abandoned.

Among those who felt the wonderful inspiration of the day was Julius Kenworth, whose spirits were in keeping with the weather. He was on his way to his lodging-house, when he was accosted in Union Square by a tall, angular-looking man.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he, "but what are those people doing over there?"

"Those men?" queried Kenworth. "Why, those people are actors. This is the Rialto, you know, the headquarters of play people."

"Oh! they seem to be happy."

"Yes; so they are. Everybody ought to be happy to-day. I suppose you are, too."

"I'm never otherwise. Weather has no influence on me. Would you object to my walking along with you?"

"Not at all, sir," answered Kenworth.

The two moved briskly toward Third Avenue, which thoroughfare they followed till they came to Fourth street, when the stranger stopped and inquired, as he pointed toward the east:

"What is that large gathering of men?"

"They are musicians, sir," answered Kenworth.

"But they are not playing," mused the stranger.

"No; of course not. They are simply talking. You see, Fourth street is to the musician what Union Square is to the actor."

"Their loafing ground, eh?"

"Well, yes and no. They are waiting for engagements, you see."

"But why don't they go to their club-house? I should think it would be more respectable, and certainly more comfortable, that is, in stormy weather."

"Musicians don't mind discomfort," said Kenworth, sarcastically. "They get used to it, and in time grow to like it."

"Oh! I see. They must be something like me. I'll go and mingle with them. Much obliged to you for your information. Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," returned Kenworth, and he went to his room.

He took up the instrument, and polished its surface still brighter, and then he played the tune which he performed on the day he engaged the room.

"It grows sweeter and clearer," said the musician, as he turned the instrument over lovingly. "I hope I shall never have to part with it."

Kenworth then busied himself in copying a pile of manuscript music that lay on the table, and when the work was finished the sun had disappeared, and the twilight filled the room. For half an hour he sat at the window watching the gathering gloom, and listening to the shouts and laughter of the merry children in the street below.

"One more tune on my trombone," he said, as he rose, "and then to dinner and the theatre."

As he struck a match to light the gas it went out with a whiff, and a second one flared up and extinguished itself instantly.

"Where is the draught; I should like to know?" said Kenworth, as he made a third attempt.

He was on the point of igniting the fourth match when he felt a hand on his left shoulder, and, in looking around, he almost fell with fright and terror.

Right in the centre of the room, like a being of animation and of life, stood the trombone, beckoning to him mysteriously with its slide. It made no noise, but glistened all over, and motioned first toward the door and then toward the window. So terrified was Kenworth at the strange sight that he could not move, and he gazed at it with a fascination he could not resist.

As he kept his eyes on the dreaded instrument, from out the polished surface of which there seemed to come a light that made it visible, Kenworth saw the reflection of a face he thought he had seen before. He watched it closely, and then it vanished. He looked for it again, and, mirrored in the shining brass, it stood before him like a thing of life.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed inwardly. "The trombone is haunted, and by the spirit of Tom Dubbs, for whom I have been searching!"

After the lapse of a half-minute, which seemed an age to the musician, Kenworth's calmness asserted itself, and he asked in a clear, distinct voice:

"If you are the spirit of Tom Dubbs, speak and tell me how you died. You startled me at first, old fellow. I'll admit, but now I'm cool

and collected. You never harmed me while you lived, and I'm sure you wouldn't do so now. Come, Tom, no fooling. Speak up."

Silence followed, and the trombone fell to the floor.

"Well, Tom, I'm surprised at your behavior," went on Kenworth in the darkness. "Don't you remember the compact we made ten years ago? You promised if you died first you would come back and tell me how you felt, if it were possible for you to do so, and I said I would do the same thing if I went before you. Come, now, brace up, old chum. I'm not afraid. You haven't any bones to rattle at me. You couldn't rattle them if you tried. There is only one thing you can bring back, and that is your own true self. If you don't do that pretty soon, I'll have my old doubts about the power of spirits returning to earth."

Becoming impatient at receiving no response, Kenworth groped about the room for a chair, upon which he seated himself and waited for more than fifteen minutes for the mysterious power to manifest itself. But there was no reply to his soliloquy, and the puzzled musician rubbed his eyes, and came to the conclusion he had been dreaming.

"But that could not be," he reasoned to himself. "Who extinguished the match? I'll try another. Now, then, Tom, if you blew out the other matches, just try your breath on this one."

At the same time he struck a match on the carpet and watched it blaze up slowly. He held it aloft until it had burned almost to the end, when he turned on the gas and touched the expiring flash to the tip of the chandelier.

"Well, it was a dream, after all," said Kenworth, as the room was filled with light; "but I never before had one that overpowered me so suddenly. So it goes. Now to bed after one more tune on the haunted thing."

Kenworth was about to adjust the trombone for another selection, when his eyes caught sight of these words scribbled on the surface of the instrument with a burnt match:

"Mount Vernon—Christmas—Tom."

That was all. There were no punctuation marks save the dashes, and the letters resembled unmistakably the handwriting of Tom Dubbs.

"What does it mean?" Kenworth asked himself, now more puzzled than ever. "I can't see for my life what the words 'Christmas' and 'Mount Vernon' have to do with it, even if I were foolish enough to believe that the spirit of Tom Dubbs wrote them. Let's see. Mount Vernon is where Washington lived. Who knows whether the spirit of the immortal George condescended to revisit earth with my friend Tom. But that could not be. Tom would not forget the way."

Thus the mystified musician continued to talk to himself in a half-bantering, half-serious manner, when he suddenly exclaimed:

"By Jingo! I have it. It means Mount Vernon, New York, where Tom and I played for a ball one winter's evening about two years ago. I shall never forget that night. Tom played the violin and I performed on the piano. What a jolly night we made of it, and how drunk Tom got the next day! Poor Tom! I'm afraid if drink has not already laid him low, it will surely do so before many more years have passed. But why should there be anything about Christmas? Tom never regarded this day as anything out of the ordinary. Always thought more of Fourth of July."

Kenworth was not timid in any degree, but the writing of the burnt match on the trombone disturbed him so much that he could not summon sufficient courage to play another tune.

"I'll go to bed," he said at last, "and see whether the words are there in the morning. If they are gone, I'll know I've been dreaming; but if they are still there (here he gave a shudder), I'll know that something is up."

No sleep came to Kenworth until after two o'clock, and when he awoke he saw the sunlight streaming into his room, and found that the hour was almost noon. There stood the trombone in the corner as usual, with its great long tube, and on the polished surface he read the mysterious words in black.

"There's no use trying to get away from it," mused Kenworth. "Tom has kept his promise. He's dead, for sure. It is a message from him; and I'll go up to Mount Vernon just before Christmas and find out, if possible, how he died. But how I shall get the information there is more than I can make out now."

III.

There are hundreds of people who, like Kenworth, are reminded of Washington's home whenever they hear the name of that famous village; for the benefit of those who know nothing of Mt. Vernon, New York, it may not be out of place to state that it is a suburb of the metropolis, thirteen miles northeast of the Grand Central depot. Although it is now a city, and boasts of a mayor and other improvements, at the time of our story it was little more than a large village; but as most of its male population—that is, the men—had their places of business in New York, it wore the air of the city and the country combined; and on all occasions it presented a very beautiful appearance, except when its streets were torn up for the laying of sewer-pipes.

It was three days before Christmas, and the children of the village were in a high state of excitement, all on account of a few flakes of snow that were vainly trying to cover the mud that lay in generous mounds here and there about the depot. As the train stopped the boys gave another shout, and ran after the white specks in all directions. A man jumped off of the last car and stood on the platform, as if uncertain which way to go.

"Paper, sir?" asked one of the newsboys, going up to the stranger.

"No, sonny," answered Kenworth, for it was he; "but I'll give you some pennies if you'll tell me where the principal hotel is."

"Right over there, sir," said the boy, taking the proffered coin.

"Where are the policemen?" then asked the musician.

"Policemen! Gee whiz! We hain't got but two, and they're never round when you want 'em. I s'pose you're a detective."

"Not that, sonny, so you need not get frightened."

"Oh! I'd not get frightened. I'd like to see a real, live detective. Think there'll be much snow, mister?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. Why?"

"Cause Christmas hain't so much good with-out snow."

Kenworth then walked to the hotel pointed out by the newsboy, and was surprised to see standing behind the counter the identical man whom he met on Union Square. There was surprise depicted on the faces of both men.

"We have met before," said Kenworth.

"We have," said the other. "Be seated. Your errand to Mount Vernon is of the same nature, I'll venture to say, as the one which called me to New York in October."

"Perhaps. I can tell better if I know your reason for going to the city on that day."

"Well, it concerned a man named Dubbs."

"Indeed!"

"Come with me," said the hotel clerk, "and I will tell you the particulars. This is no place."

Kenworth followed the man to a room in the second story of the hotel, and took a chair near the fireplace.

"This is where he died," said the clerk, abruptly. "Is your name Kenworth?"

"It is," said the latter, nervously.

"Well, if I had inquired your name on the day I met you in the city I would have been saved many annoyances."

"In what way?"

"I don't like to appear foolish or superstitious, but I have had an idea this room was haunted. Tell me what you know of this Dubbs."

"Tom Dubbs was a musician," began Kenworth. "No one could play a trombone like him, and he was very proficient in handling the violin bow. We played in one orchestra together for ten years. Tom was a boy who could not stand success, and he soon fell in with bad companions, who led him to living a fast life. Two years ago I lost track of him altogether, from which time I have never heard of him. That's all there is to my story. Now what do you know?"

Kenworth was strongly tempted to tell the clerk of the agreement he and Dubbs had made, but thinking such a statement might have no weight, and knowing it would not help matters, he left that part of the story out.

"A year ago," said the clerk, "a man registered here under the name of Thomas Dubbs. What his particular business in Mount Vernon was I never inquired. He paid for his room and board one week in advance. Let me see. Yes, he came on a Monday, and on Wednesday he began to drink heavily, continuing to do so till Friday night, when he stopped and seemed like himself. On Saturday he began drinking again, and kept it up all day. On Sunday morning I found him dead in bed. Well, the coroner was called in, of course, but the only thing we found on him was a card, on which was written the same name he wrote in the register."

"No money?" inquired Kenworth.

"Not a cent."

"Poor Tom! And what was done with his body?"

"Don't know. But a week after his death I found an old hat in this room, in the band of which I found this."

Kenworth took the slip of paper which the clerk handed him, and read the following message:

"Kenworth: I will not forget my promise, and will do it if I can. I very much fear I have played my last tune."

"Perhaps you understand what he meant," said the clerk.

"I do," replied Kenworth. "I am very much obliged to you for this. It has made me feel better. If you have any bills against him, will you let me settle them?"

"There are none—that is, so far as I am concerned. He paid for his week's board in advance. The county was out a little, perhaps, but I don't think so, for I have no doubt his body was sold to some college."

Kenworth gasped for breath, and looked at the clerk in horror.

"Don't get alarmed. I should prefer to be out, for then I'd know I wouldn't be buried alive. There is only one thing I'd like to feel easy about."

"What is it?"

"I'd like to feel that this Dubbs were not floating around here. If he wants to haunt a place, why doesn't he go to some other house?"

"I don't think he'll ever trouble you again," said Kenworth.

And he never did. Tom Dubbs's ghost, if ghost he was, also kept aloof from Mrs. Morton's lodging-house on Third street, and Kenworth was not disturbed again. As to the name of the original owner of the famous trombone, he always felt that it could be no other person than Tom Dubbs himself.—F. B. Hawkins, in *The Metronome*.

A Soulful Poem.

SELECTED BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:
Strange, weird and unnatural, I may say, have been the conceptions of man as to the infinitude surrounding him and his adjuncts while coming up from his original barbaric state. What a varied conception has obtained of God and his potentiality and attributes! What fanciful vagaries have prevailed in the human life—touching its origin, progress and end. Death, too, has been, in the main, made a terrible thing, a repulsive object—a scourge; and by theology a bugbear to scare the race into goodness, so as to escape the ever-surge flames of a burning hell.

The Greeks (heathens though they were considered) symbolized the end of life—notwithstanding they took a most gloomy view of the future—a pleasing, gentle being. On tombs sculptors exquisitely obseled death as a friendly genius, with an inverted torch, also holding a wreath in its hand; or as a sleeping child, winged, with an inverted torch resting on the wreath.

The Romans, on the contrary, made death a most loathsome object, both by sculpture and in their poetry. It is given a horrid shape, gnashing its teeth, pursuing its victims with relentless fury. The Roman idea of death was adopted by the Christians, an anomaly explainable only by the fact that it was a legitimate outcome of their terrible dogmas—a theologic system which made God a demon, human life a vale of tears, and the grave an open gate to hell. So down the centuries this Roman idea, baptized by Christianity, has traveled along.

Some fifty years ago, William Dunlap (a celebrated painter of his time), gave flesh and color to the theologic idea of death by a painting called "Death on the Pale Horse." It was largely exhibited through the country, and being in unison with orthodox became quite popular. A pale horse, the incarnation of fury, ridden by a skeleton, in whose fleshless, bony hand was borne aloft—as if about to cast—a spear for his hapless victim, constituted the picture symbolizing death. It was repulsive; the finer feelings of one's nature revolted at the sight, unless deadened in the Lethæan waters of theology.

Mousing among some old books, as is my wont, at a bookstore in Providence, I took up a book—writings of J. Kennard, Jr.—and running over its pages, decided to buy it. It con-

tained both prose and verse, and I found in a cursory examination that it had much meat. Among the poems was one which so appealed to my sense of the true and beautiful that I read it over several times. It was soulful of Spiritualism, and thinking it might please the readers of THE BANNER, I transcribe it as follows:

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

Not thus, not thus, should Death be shown,
With fearful form and countenance,
With writhing serpent following on,
With hope-anthillating glance,
With all that's withering to the heart,
And all that's hideous to the eye,
With hands from which pale lightning darts,
With all that tends to terrify;

Not thus should Death, our kindest friend,
To mortal view be bodied forth—
Death, in whose bosom is the end
For all the sin and woe of earth:
Oh! 'tis a beauteous custom this,
From which all Christians should be weaned;
The friend who ushers us to bliss
Should not be painted as a fiend.

Around God's throne, in heaven above,
Death was the mildest of the throng,
His heart most filled with holy love,
In warmth and charity most strong;
For angels differ in their frame
Like men, and not to all are given
A mind and heart in each the same;
Thus all are not alike to heaven.

'When God ordained man's destiny,
To Death the blessed task was given
Of setting careworn spirits free—
Of ushering souls from earth to heaven:
As downward on this best employ
He darted on his pinions bright,
How thrilled his heart with holy joy!
How beamed his countenance with light!

And ever since that blessed hour
Has Death watched over each child of clay,
As bends above her darling flower
A tender girl, from day to day;
Till, when the long-sought bud appears,
Expanding to a lovely blossom,
She plucks it from its stem, and wears
The cherished flower upon her bosom.

Thus tenderly Death watches over
Each struggling spirit shrouded in clay,
Till, at the mandate of Jehovah,
He bears the ripened soul away.
The bond, the free, the high—the low,
Alike are objects of his love;
And though he severs hearts below,
He joins them evermore above.

I have a picture in my eye:
A bowed-down captive drags his chain
Along the dungeon mournfully,
And writhes and groans in bitter pain;
But suddenly the walls are burst—
There rushes in unwonted light;
Dazzled and blind, he shrinks at first
From his deliverer in affright.

And not until his prison wall
Is left, although unwillingly—
Not till his galling fetters fall,
And leave the long-bound prisoner free—
And not until his quelling eye
Is strengthened, can his gaze embrace
The look of calm benignity
That beams from his deliverer's face.

And this is Death! Oh! paint him not
As yonder canvas shows him forth:
Death, who removes us from a spot
So full of sin and woe as earth!
Oh! 'tis a heathen custom this,
From which all Christians should be weaned;
The friend who ushers us to bliss
Should not be painted as a fiend!

Original Essay.

GOING TO GOD.

BY F. J. RIPLEY.

It is an opinion with many that to reach God you must travel by the compass, going so many furlongs; and doubtless this opinion is correct if heaven has limited location, as has the star. But has heaven such limited location, and is God distant from us in the sense of furlongs and the compass? As to this there are two classes of Scriptural expression, one of which favors the idea that God is omnipresent, since he is in all things, and all things in him, and in him we move and have our being; the other giving ground for belief that God is personal in a local heaven. If there were not this difference in Scriptural expression there could not be the difference we find in the opinions of men, and in the creeds of churches. These two classes of Scriptural expression apparently antagonize each other; but there can be no real antagonism in sacred and inspired writings. It is, therefore, a matter of interpretation, which resolves into the question: Which of these two classes of Scriptural expression shall we interpret literally, and which figuratively? Learned and liberal theology interprets as literally true those expressions which give God the omnipresent, infinite character, and the other expressions as figurative. Other theology takes the opposite view, interpreting literally the Scriptures, which give God the personal character, believing the other expressions figurative only.

But as it is only a difference in the interpretation of Scripture, and not a denial of the truth of Scripture by either party, we can see no cause for bad blood or the use of opprobrious epithets; it is an honest expression of opinion, to which each has the right, since the Scriptures give ground for this difference of opinion. Indeed, there is strong suspicion of preposterous assumption of wisdom in the man who pronounces another man an infidel, because of a difference of opinion in a matter of interpretation. As to which of these interpretations is the correct one we do not pretend to say; for if in a country and among a people who believe in a personal God and local heaven, we were to express the belief that God is omnipresent, infinite and absolute, we would perhaps run great risk of being "doctored," for heresy; indeed, some D. D. might diagnose the case a slight attack of infidelity, or even atheism; not that we had antagonized the Scriptures, but we have doubted his infallibility as an interpreter. On the other hand, if, in a city of liberal churches, we confessed our belief in a personal God and local heaven, the learned theologian there would commiserate us as being in a very verdant state of religious evolution, and would perhaps insinuate that we were born out of season—belated, and that of right we should have lived back in those ages when Jove was but a little way out in the mountains. But while we have no disposition to incur any of these responsibilities, we will venture to refer to an old atheistic argument, quite current a century ago, as I well remember, which it would seem is pertinent to those who give God a personal character in a local heaven, but which is harmless as against an omnipresent, infinite, absolute God, in an absolute heaven. This argument was leveled at those who look "up" to heaven, or who

look from any point of the compass to heaven, as you would look to a star, or to anything else localized in ether. The argument itself ran thus: "Up, to an American, is 'down' to the Chinaman; 'up' to us at noon, is 'down' to us at midnight; no two men on the planet could agree with each other on the 'ups' and 'downs'; nor could any one man agree with himself any two hours in the day or days in the year."

Now, whether there is anything in this argument, depends on what you are thinking about—depends on your definitions of the terms "up" and "down." If down means toward the centre of the earth and up from that centre, then the terms would have the same meaning and be equally correct to every man on the planet, and to every man every hour in the day and every day in the year. But in that definition of the terms, hell being "down" and heaven "up," hell would be at the centre of the earth, and heaven as far away from that centre as it could conveniently find location; which sentiment meets with the hearty concurrence of the pessimist, who claims that all earthly things have gone to the bad. But if you use the terms "up" and "down" with reference to any definite location, whether of heaven or a star, or in ether beyond the atmosphere, then the atheistic argument holds good, and heaven cannot on any known principle of thought be invariably "up," for evidently the sun is up to us at noon and down at midnight, east in the morning, west in the evening; and when the sun is up to us it is down to the Chinaman. There is only the one thing out in ether space that is invariably "up," and that is ether itself. The earth is a great ball in ether, with two motions—that about its axis and around the sun; it is surrounded by an atmosphere forty-five miles "up"; and the whole is surrounded by inter-stellar ether. Every man on the face of the earth, if he went directly up, would come, at the end of forty-five miles, to this ether; and he would do this, no matter what hour in the day or day in the year he went "up." True, he would ultimately reach this ether if he went "down" through the centre of the earth and "up" on the other side, or going north, east, west or south on a direct line, he would reach ether. But "up" is the shortest route, it is the shortest route to every man on the planet, and every hour in the day and day in the year. This is the one "up" that has no variableness; it is the "up" of "ups." Then if God and heaven be invariably up, they must be everywhere in ether, and not any particular location in that ether.

But Science tells us ether is in all space, that the earth does not displace ether, that it is but super-addition to ether, which ether is the same in all space: The Scriptures tell us God is omnipresent; Talmage recently preached a series of sermons on God in the planets, in flowers, in pearls. Well, we cannot take issue with this array of authorities, and are forced to conclude that God is in the ether, and that there is something of heaven in the ether. Optimists say there is a great deal of heaven in the ether, pessimists that there is very little, but a good deal of the other place. Then if God is in the ether, in all things, and all things in him, when we sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," does any sane man mean "nearer" so many miles by the compass? If God be omnipresent, then in what sense can we approach him in the ether-life unless it be in the intellectual and emotional way, and by becoming more like God, more nearly what he would have us be?

And when we pass from this into the spirit-life, in what sense have we approached God unless it be that we have become more like God, and that our knowledge and emotions reach toward God more successfully? And in what sense can we increase the heaven that is in the ether unless by bringing about the conditions of the greatest happiness? And again, in what sense do we go up to heaven in going from the ether-life to the spirit-life unless the spirit-life is a higher plane of existence, in which we are more like God, and in which the conditions of happiness are more favorable? In the ether-life we approach God by becoming better men and women; and we are in heaven to the extent that we make it a heaven. But human development and enjoyment under ether-conditions are limited; we can only approach God so far while here. If we go beyond that point we must needs pass out of this system of existence into one higher, more like God, and in which the conditions are more favorable for happiness. This it is supposed we do at physical death. Our spirit nature is supposed to be more like God than our physical nature, and it is our spirit nature that passes "up" into a spirit system of existence, which is heaven compared with ether or physical existence, and which is an approach toward God in the sense that there we are more like God, more nearly what he would have us be, more nearly what we ought to be and would like to be.

But do we pass from ether to the seventh heaven—the heaven of heavens—at one good strong leap? Does the ether-life experience and development fit us to enter the inner temple of God? We do not pretend to say that it does not, for the rural parson is our neighbor, and judging by his sanctimoniousness he evidently does not discount his ability to at once, and without further preparation, look on the face of God and live! But we must confess to a suspicion, which at times intrudes itself on us unawares, that the rural parson overestimates his abilities; that he is not adequately impressed by the immeasurable chasm intervening between the nature of man and the nature of God; and that he either exaggerates his own merits, or places a low estimate on God. However that may be, it is hoped he will allow us to suppose a case; but before taking up the case we will offer, an illustration, premising that our illustration, like all other illustrations, proves nothing—it is only possible use being to enable us to arrive at some other concept which has something in common with the illustration. We use as the illustration something of strong flavor, and that is abundantly susceptible of ridicule, such as an onion, or anything else composed of concentric layers: The life of the onion is presumably in the center, or germ, but at the same time it is in every layer, less marked or manifest in the outer layer, more so in the next, and so on to the center. Now we might take this as prefiguring the lives we must live as we approach God before we reach the heaven of heavens, or the inner chamber of God. Whether the ether-life is the outer layer or the dry hull, we have not the least idea; Or take as another illustration the chrysalis, which is a disgusting thing until it develops into the butterfly; suppose the butterfly changed into something still more lovely, and so on, infinitely. Of course our illustrations are defective, as all illustrations of one system of existence, by something in

another must necessarily be; it is hoped, at any rate, that our figures will not be given a literal interpretation—for a literal interpretation of things figurative is often the source of much error, and in many cases.

Now in passing from the ether-life the physical nature is left behind in the system of existence where it exclusively belongs, and the spirit passes on "up" into a spirit system of existence where all the environment is spiritual. Now "suppose" that in the spirit-system the spirit-body there corresponds with the physical body here, and that there develops there, in chrysalis fashion, a finer nature which at death in that system passes on into a still higher plane, leaving the spirit-body behind in the system where it exclusively belongs: And if this process, or change, or chrysalis development were repeated often enough, we would thus pass on "up" through all the heavens to the heaven of heavens, which might be the seventh heaven, or the seventy-and-seven for aught we know!

Now we do not say these things are true—and we do not say it for good and diverse reasons. We do not know that it is true, and if it were true we would not express an opinion for any consideration whatsoever; for in this age of newspapers and of light reading, and of agnosticism, it is as disastrous to have an opinion as in Russia it is to express one. Indeed, in this age the man who has a conviction is an enthusiast, perchance a "crank." Beside, we have not consulted the rural parson about the matter, and we would hardly risk having an opinion, much less expressing one on so weighty a matter, without consulting our spiritual adviser!

But it is asked: On your supposition, where are you going to locate all these systems of existence in which we are to live lives before we reach the seventh heaven? And where is God in the meantime? God is in all systems of existence, and all systems are in him. He is omnipresent; in each heaven or successive system we know him in a higher manifestation; but only in the heaven of heavens would we know him as God. By way of finding storage room for the different systems of existence, or heavens, which are invariably "up," suppose we indulge in a few more illustrations: A passing train of cars produces air-currents—a passing planet does not produce ether-currents. The ether has no solidity, nor any of the qualities of the planet, therefore the planet passes ether and ether through the planet without any sort of compunction of conscience. Two things to be impenetrable must have qualities in common; at least, in some degree, they must be solid; and in proportion as they are solid they exhibit a repugnance to occupying the same space with another solid object. We find some difficulty in occupying space that is already appropriated by a post unless the post gets out of the way; we find less difficulty with water; still less with air and other gases; indeed, a blizzard passes through our great coat and chills us through and through, without any apparent religious scruples. "Suppose" something still more subtle than air, with no solidity at all, then we could occupy its space or ours; yet we would be none the wiser, and we, nor it, would be in any wise discommoded. Our spirit is in the same space with our body; but for consciousness we would know nothing of the presence of spirit in that space; the senses could and would tell us nothing of the fact. In like manner one system of existence could occupy the same space with another, yet neither would be any the wiser of the fact; for one system, like one thing, is not another because it has not the same qualities, but different qualities. Then space is not a item with systems of existence that have no qualities in common. And if space were an item, you could find all you are looking for in inter-stellar ether, since stellar ether is scarcely an item compared with inter-stellar ether. It is no more inconceivable for different systems of existence to occupy the same space than that God should be in all things and all things in him.

The intelligences of every system have qualities and attributes in common with the system—and in these qualities and attributes they know that system; but they do not know other systems, because they do not have qualities in common. Man knows the universe in the qualities he has in common with it; he does not know other systems of existence with a like success and on the same business principles. The intelligences of other systems of existence are no doubt in the same predicament. Man concludes the universe is the only system of existence there is, except the spirit system into which he passes "up" into heaven at physical death; the other intelligences would probably come to a like logical conclusion as to their system and the one to follow. Indeed, man being once in the spirit system of existence that follows the ether system, with capacities to realize that system, and with no capacity to realize any other, he may follow precedent, and conclude that that is the only system except the one that follows. So that, judging by our own capacity and habit in the matter, the intelligences of all systems of existence know just three things: the system they belong to at the time; the next following system, which to them is heaven; and God, who is manifest in all systems, but whom we may only know as God in the heaven of heavens, which is the end of our pilgrimage. We go "up" to heaven out of the ether system; we would go "up" to heaven out of any other system. Indeed, what we are convinced of in all this is that our only possible chance to reach God is to go "up." But we go "up" by taking on a better and higher nature.

Home, Friend!

His wife (as they start for the ball)—"That necktie of yours is horribly loud." He—"Well, no one will hear it while your hat is in the neighborhood."—Chicago Record.

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Banner Correspondence.

Pennsylvania.

ERIE.—Sidney Kelsey writes: "During the latter part of the late winter-meeting at Cassadaga, N. Y., it was my good fortune to attend several materializing séances given by Mrs. Standard and her son, the late Mr. Lough, of New York. Upon a fine sunny day, by a previous arrangement, agreed upon by a party of twelve persons, about equally divided as to sex, a meeting was held in the forenoon, the room being darkened. Of this number of visitors, four were from Philadelphia, one was from New York, two were from Rochester, N. Y., one was from Denver, Col., two were from Pittsburgh, one was from Buffalo, and the writer was also present."

After a semi-circle was formed in front of the cabinet, Mr. Lough entered it, when the room was darkened by the extinguishing of a single lamp that burned in the apartment, and the audience sat in total darkness. In a few moments divers material instruments were played upon at the same time, this exhibit being followed by the appearance of several luminous systems of light, which were clearly discernible, some floating near the ceiling of the room, others walking with noiseless tread upon the floor. In a few moments the party were startled by the sudden presence in the center of the group of a magnificent figure surrounded by a halo of light, whose vestments glittered with jewels and symbols peculiar to a thoroughly 'clothed' Mason. The spirit advanced, and taking the hands of two of the sitters, gave each in succession the grip of the Master Mason's degree."

The spirit vanished, after which Col. Baker, the cabinet control, called for a lamp, and then the light circle began; during which some thirty spirits manifested, every person of the attendant 'twelve' receiving and recognizing not less than two ascended loved ones. One lady for a Philadelphia party came out, and, taking a seat between her father and mother, conversed lovingly for five minutes or more. The wife of the Denver gentleman materialized in front of him, sat by his side and talked at two different times. Dr. Baker came out of the cabinet, and passing under the semi-circle of auditors, talking and joking as he went, dematerialized directly in the rear, twenty feet from the cabinet, directly behind my chair. We had a fine view, and all in the room saw the manifestation. The doctor's form sank down until nothing but the blue coat in which it was clothed was seen upon the floor, from beneath which screen emerged a female form clad in white, and the coat was 'no more'. The spirit gave her name as 'Juliette,' an old schoolmate of mine who lived on earth sixty years ago. My spirit-wife, 'Mary Jane,' materialized in the center of the semi-circle; she had a pleasant word and smile for each one. Her exit was by dematerialization—a large and commanding male spirit appearing at the point where my wife faded away. This spirit vanished in the same place also, and was succeeded by a noble-looking lady, who, being recognized, made the circuit of the room and entered the cabinet."

This was one of the finest materializing séances that I ever attended, and each of the sitters spoke of it in the highest terms of praise.

The First Spiritual Society in our city keeps up its organization, and is doing quite well."

INEZ.—A. K. Earle, in renewing subscription, writes: "Long may THE BANNER wave, scintillating as it does with light from the spirit-realms—carrying joy and consolation to bereaved hearts."

ALLEGHENY.—"Rodkey" writes: "Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham of Boston has just closed (Dec. 31st) a successful month for the First Society here. She has made a host of friends during her stay."

Her lectures have been of an instructive order, and beneficial to all who have had the pleasure of hearing them; and her wonderful tests have converted many. We all join in wishing her, and also THE BANNER, a 'happy new year.'"

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, so C. Catlin writes, is about to leave her regular society work in this city for 'a two months' professional visit to Washington—not this time, solely in the interest of the National Organization, of which she is Vice-President, but to carry on her own special work of scattering the spiritual seed.

We have had some wonderful lectures. The two discourses morning and evening, Dec. 24th, would have marked an era in the life of any other speaker or cause except that of Spiritualism—so accustomed are we to wonderful things!

The morning discourse on the subject 'Did Jesus of Nazareth ever Live, and was He the Christ?' was a masterpiece of logic, history and verification of the true Christ-spirit, whosoever found. That of the evening, on 'The Christ of the New Dispensation,' was none the less perfect, and a grand prophecy.

On Sunday, Dec. 30, the morning discourse, 'By Blood and Flame,' was a revelation: scholarly, scientific, symbolical, it brought the ancient wonders of the material world to light, and revealed the processes by which nature performs her 'mighty works,' so on to spiritual cycles—making the 'glacial' and 'sun' periods the symbols of the flood and flame of the spirit. The evening 'Prophecies for 1894' was a forecasting of what we may expect this year, and if the predictions are fulfilled to the very letter—as were those for '93, given three and two years ago, and repeated last year, and as were those of perihelion six years ago—then the outlook on the mundane side is indeed sombre and tempestuous; but, as the guides say, 'when mammon trembles humanity rejoices,' so we look for a great harvest of spiritual good—these troubled times.

Our Sunday-school has been unusually active, under the direction of its excellent Superintendent, Mr. Chas. Bushnell, aided by 'Quina.' At the Jubilee we had good reason to be proud of this part of our work, and could safely challenge any Orthodox Sunday-school of twice its size to make as good a record.

During the month we had a very unique entertainment, given by and for the Sunday-school, the principal feature of which was a new musical instrument called the 'Hymnaphone.' The Jubilee enabled us to send something substantial to the Treasurer of the National Organization.

In addition to her regular Sabbath duties, and Band of Harmony on Thursday evening, from which she is never absent except through sickness, Mrs. Richmond has been holding for some weeks special classes on the 'Soul-Teachings.' These are always among the most precious seasons of her ministry; and on Wednesday afternoons those who so desire may have private interviews upon spiritual topics."

The correspondent unites with the society in expressions of sadness at the temporary separation of Mrs. Richmond from these activities; but is sure that her own personal loss will be spiritual gain to the friends in Washington.

Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE.—Leonard Neumeister (President of Committee) writes: "We have many Spiritualists in this city—the gateway to the South—and the Cause is growing. The churches are all represented here with fine buildings, and we Spiritualists in the fullness of time will have our own Temple, dedicated to the cause of truth and progress. It will give us solidity here, and will command respect for our belief, not only in this vicinity, but far into the South. The Temple, when built, will be so constructed as to bring in a good rental from stores and offices, and will give large audience-rooms and rooms for meditation free. The rent, it is expected, will soon pay for the building."

We have made these arrangements for building our Temple: a responsible Building and Loan Association, whose Directors are Spiritualists, will make our building loan, and build our Temple for us, so we can pay for it largely

with its rents, providing the Spiritualists throughout the country will subscribe for shares of stock in their Building and Loan Association in an amount sufficient to justify the Association in making so large a building loan. These shares of stock are for \$100 each, and the dues are fifty cents a month, and the stock matures in eighty-four months; they also have prepaid shares of stock for \$100 each which cost \$50 in advance, on which interest at eight per cent. per annum is given; all funds of the Building and Loan Association are loaned on real estate, and it is the safest investment that can be made, and persons so desiring can withdraw their stock after six months, and receive six per cent. interest."

We don't ask you to take an interest in our Temple building, but we earnestly ask you, brother and sister Spiritualists, in all cities and towns in the north, the south, the east and the west, to take one or more of these Building and Loan Association shares, and enable us to secure the building loan for the erection of our Temple in this city, where it will do the Cause so much good. Any persons who will kindly act as agents to procure a few shares, or will themselves subscribe, or who may wish further information, can address me at 634 Fourth street, Louisville, Ky. I have been a Spiritualist forty years, and have seen it grow from its 'cradle.'"

Ohio.

BERLIN HEIGHTS.—Hudson Tuttle says: "Bro. COLBY: Emma and I send you all the good wishes and greetings of the season—the gladdest of all your years; and let us all unite in prayer that the spiritual movement may fall more into the hands of those who are controlled by its spirituality."

DAYTON.—John Eggleston writes: "From Pittsburg, Pa., I went to Louisville, Ky. I addressed two of the societies in that place, and met many of my old spiritualistic friends—among them Dr. William Ruby, the fame of whose remarkable cures as a healing medium and clairvoyant, physician, insurance, and business man, has been attended to at all times. My visit to his luxurious home found his office crowded with patients from far and near."

Dr. Ruby enjoys one of the finest residences in Louisville, and the deed of this property (\$10,000) was given him outright by a wealthy merchant of that city to express his gratitude to the doctor and his guides for entirely curing him of a distressing malady which had baffled the skill of prominent physicians of all schools for many years."

From Louisville I went to Dayton, O. Here I found a splendid society with a cosy hall and an atmosphere of spirituality pervading its entire movements."

The Dayton society is presided over by John F. Mikesell, an honored member of long standing upon the police force. Well Dr. Mikesell and his lady intelligently perform the respective duties of President and Secretary. Dr. D. C. Martin—an inspirational speaker of rare ability, and a clairvoyant physician of acknowledged worth—is the regular speaker for this association. Dr. M. is also a lawfully ordained minister of the Spiritual Philosophy, and officiates at funerals, solemnizes marriages, etc. I was allowed the entire evening of Sunday, Dec. 23d, and also received a vote of thanks from the society for my ministrations in their behalf. The following (Christmas) eve the members tendered my wife and myself a reception at the best hotel in the city, and it was an occasion long to be remembered by all parties concerned."

I do not call myself a medium, nor a speaker, but my business calls me all over the country, and I am always glad to stand before an audience of intelligent people, and advocate the teachings and principles of a truth—the knowledge of which is a source of great comfort to me. I always do the best I can without money and without price."

Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE.—H. C. Nick, President First Society of Spiritualists, 683 Grand Avenue, writes: "Notwithstanding the many discouragements and obstacles we have had to meet all along the line of our childhood existence as a society, we have overcome them, and the organization is a growing and harmonious body. We have changed the name of our organization from the 'Milwaukee Progressive Society' to the 'First Society of Spiritualists of Milwaukee,' and have taken a new departure by vacating Fraternity Hall, where the association has held its meetings the past year (and which can only seat two hundred and fifty people), and engaging Jefferson Hall, 210 Grand Avenue, with a seating capacity of five hundred."

Spiritualism is attracting much attention, and steadily gaining ground. The best people of the city are becoming interested in the Cause. The truths of Spiritualism once fairly and honestly investigated, means a new convert. All we ask is investigation."

F. M. Donovan of Cincinnati, O., was in this city for several weeks, and accomplished a good work for the Cause by his independent and able writing; he is certainly a wonderful medium for this phase, and gave great satisfaction here; we can recommend him as one of the best slate-writing mediums."

A. W. S. Rothmel of Denver, Col., is with us, and is giving great satisfaction. Every one knows he is one of the grandest mediums of today."

Dr. H. T. Stanley of Hoosac Falls, N. Y., has finished his December engagement here, and has been engaged by our society to serve us for this month; his tests are considered by many quite remarkable."

We would be pleased to hear from any first-class talents to fill our rostrum in any one of the months of February, March, April and May, with terms, and phase of gifts. Our meetings are held at Jefferson Hall, 210 Grand Avenue, every Sunday afternoon at 2:45, and evening at 7:45 o'clock. Admission free. All are invited."

Massachusetts.

GREENWICH.—Juliette Yeaw says: "Monday evening, Dec. 25th, the annual festival of the society here was held. After a chicken-pie supper from six to eight o'clock in the vestry, musical and literary entertainment in the auditorium followed, concluding with a play, 'The Spirit of Christmas,' written for the occasion by Miss Helen B. Lochlan. The varied numbers of the program were rendered with much spirit, and the music was of unusual excellence, under the tutelage and careful supervision of Mr. H. W. Smith."

No indications of 'hard times' were perceived as the trees yielded up their rich tribute to the hands of the emissaries of Santa Claus."

We enter upon the new year with bright omens for the future, and a steadily growing interest in the objects and aims of the society."

The last Sunday of the year was filled most acceptably by Rev. Perry Marshall, now of New Salem, formerly settled over the Unitarian Society of Hartford, Conn. Baffling health compelled him to reside from the ministry to the above mentioned village, where, in devotion to his motherless children and the successful practice of medicine, he has won the love and respect of the people. Occasionally supplying neighboring pulpits, he proves by his eloquence that practice and preaching can agree."

To-day (Jan. 7th) your correspondent has resumed her place speaking to fine audience on the subject, 'The Soul of Nature and the Soul of Religion One and the Same—Liberty.'"

Missouri.

OREGON.—"Hot" writes: "There is not one day of the year on which phenomena establishing the truth of Spiritualism do not occur. Over and over, again and again, the spirit-made, 'Handed' and 'Handed' witnesses have given their written affirmations to facts, any one of which, if true, is enough; and yet so dull, stupidly incredulous, are the masses on this mightiest question, that they still call for evidence, some stupendous phenomenon, to settle the question once for all. Not only incredulous but bitterly hostile are

these people to Spiritualism, and animated by a persecuting zeal; and yet they ought to know that if these things are not so now they never were so, and what thousands of living witnesses cannot prove, the records of the past will abundantly show. They ought also to know that the establishment of these things now renders it highly probable that they were so then; yet they are blinded by what they deem their present self-interest."

Washington.

BANGOR.—J. Marlon Gale writes concerning "Clerical Wisdom Gone to Seed": "The Puget Sound Ministerial Association has resolved to boycott the 'hop,' because some people use it in making 'lager beer.' If these wise gentlemen are willing to sadden their children's bread, and strike a blow at the chief agricultural export of this region—in the vain hope of shutting off the mild beverage of a few of our residents—what will they do with the corn, wheat, rye and potatoes that are used in making whiskey? What with the grapes that make wine and brandy? If the saints and sinners are to be reduced in their food supply to such articles as contain no alcoholic quality, on what, then, shall they subsist? These knights of the black cloth might just as well have resolved that the Almighty has made a mistake in putting the quality of fermentation in the hop and grape, or the alcoholic property in cereals, bulbs and fruits. They might as well have tried to boycott the wells and springs for water is much more largely used in making beer than hops. And why did they spare the barley? If these people are seriously opposed to intemperance, and are resolved to beard the lion in his den, while they are making a 'four-horse' kick at the hop, let them make a 'four-horse' kick at the corn. That is the relative proportion of intoxicant in the product of the two articles."

Vermont.

WEST BURKE.—Mrs. J. S. Kimball writes, on renewing subscription: "I wish I could send a dozen names, but people hereabout are so bound by their theology that they dare not step out of that track as yet. Some, however, are beginning to listen to what you tell them concerning manifestations had in your own house, and desire to attend a circle. We have had great manifestations at our residence, as my daughter, husband and grandchildren are mediums of different phases, and I have the gift of seeing and hearing the dear ones, and can talk with them myself. I am never alone. What a glorious belief is Spiritualism!"

I take much comfort in reading the dear BANNER. We have taken it ever since its publication, and it has brought us truth and light and consolation. Long may Bro. Colby live to spread the truth."

My son-in-law, E. D. Burns, recently celebrated his fiftieth year. A large number of friends came in to remind him that he was growing old; they brought many beautiful presents, among them a silver cup and saucer from his children; presentation speech by Mr. Aldrich, and a response by Mr. Burns, were followed by choice refreshments, and pleasant social converse."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From the home of his daughter, Mrs. Charles Gay, of Milford, Mass., Jan. 5th, 1894, Mr. Lewis Leander Rockwood of Upton, Mass., in his 84th year.

He was one of the oldest Spiritualists, and early became a medium, and through his husband's influence was introduced to many and ones when convinced that their loved ones were murdered, as dead yet alive, and could be seen and heard, and that they were in the spirit world. With him it was not a theory, but a knowledge that there is no death, only a continuous life. He was ready for the change, and with the same composure as if it were a familiar friend, he passed on to the spirit world, and his home in the spirit world is better by his presence."

The funeral service, which took place the following Monday, was conducted by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Universalist, who was benighted the occasion."

From his home in Worcester, Mass., Jan. 2d, 1894, John Ray, aged 78 years.

For forty years he was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and his family was spiritualized with him in this belief, he rejoiced in the truth. When the Death Angel came, he realized that he was to join his dear ones who a few years ago preceded him to that bright world, and whose angel presence cheered him through the long years of his earth life."

From his home in Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 4th, 1894, John S. Rowbottom.

He leaves a wife and two daughters to mourn the loss of his presence in the mortal, but through shared Spiritualists to rejoice that he has passed to the Higher Life. After the death of the veteran President of the Keystone Conference, Hon. Joseph Wood, Mr. John S. Rowbottom was elected by said Conference to fill the vacancy and he faithfully discharged the duties of that office."

Mr. Rowbottom died suddenly, but as a personal friend of mine was fully prepared with the exception of the thought of parting from his loved ones on earth, and longed to be united "over there" with those who had gone before."

From his home, No. 40 Appleton street, Keene, N. H., Nov. 7th, 1893, Horace Jostin, aged 56 years 6 months and 10 days.

He was a true and noble man, and accomplished a great amount of good with the powers that came to him from the angel world. Only a little over a year since his loved ones passed on to higher possibilities, and now he has gone to meet them in the home prepared for him in the beautiful beyond. He leaves two daughters and two sons, and his funeral was held at his home, and was conducted by Mr. A. A. Wiley of Rockingham, Vt."

Dec. 30th, 1893, Henry Thomson, aged 64 years.

Funeral services were attended at his late residence, Germantown, Pa., Thursday, Jan. 4th, conducted by the Rev. Dr. G. C. Beckwith, and Mr. Samuel Wheeler, President of the Spiritual Conference Association, Philadelphia. He was a prominent and honored member of the First Spiritualists Society of Philadelphia, of which he had been president for many years."

He leaves a wife and three daughters, who are sustained in their great bereavement by the knowledge that there is no death."

From her home in Malden, Mass., Jan. 3d, Mrs. Mary E. Senter, widow of Daniel Senter, at the age of 85 years. She was born in Portsmouth, N. H., and lived there until about fourteen years ago, when she removed to Malden. She leaves two children, a son and daughter. She has been able to read for a number of years, but enjoyed having THE BANNER read to her."

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

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, he is desirous to relieve human suffering. I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Nox, 220 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y."

Ground has been broken in the college yard, near Appleton Chapel, for Harvard's new Art Museum. It will be of Indiana limestone, and will cost \$150,000. It is designed by R. M. Hunt of New York. It will be one hundred and fifteen feet long and one hundred feet wide, and, two stories high, with offices, exhibition-rooms and lecture-halls, and large museum hall."

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Changes are constantly taking place which tend to make the world happier and to cause a feeling of joy and contentment to pervade our lives. One of the greatest blessings which has fallen to mankind, and which is indeed the dawning of a new era of life, has just taken place in the well-known family of Mrs. Albert Blanchard, residing at 338 Webster Avenue, Chicago, Ill. She writes the following interesting letter:

"My health has been very poor for several years. I would have sinking spells, and was so weak that I could not hold my hand up to my head. I would have to lie down on the sofa, and was so very nervous that I could not sleep nights."

"My stomach troubled me all the time, and my food distressed me so that I was afraid to eat. I had chills most of the time, and sometimes chills and fever, with trembling and shaking. I was also troubled with catarrh."

"I was so dizzy at times that I nearly fell; I would grab at the chair, and dark spots appeared before my eyes. I could not begin to tell how I suffered. I was so sick I did not enjoy life, and was told that I would not live long."



MRS. ALBERT BLANCHARD.

"I took many remedies and employed several physicians, but received no permanent benefit. I was induced to take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and after using six bottles I found it had done wonders for me. I now feel strong and well, and can walk a couple of miles."

"My stomach does not trouble me and I am not chilly. My catarrh has entirely disappeared. I am so well that I am assisting my husband in the office and help mother when I go home. I hope any one that is not well will try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy."

"My little daughter, Helena, has also been using this remedy with great benefit. She was very delicate and nervous. After taking this wonderful medicine for a short time she gained three pounds, and is not near so nervous as she was. I do not feel afraid to recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, for I know what it has done for me and my little girl, and I would advise any one who is suffering to take it."



MISS HELENA BLANCHARD.

What a beautiful awakening, indeed, is this great discovery from the darkness of disease and the failures to conquer it! What a blessing to all humanity! How grateful must Mrs. Blanchard feel for the cure of her self and child! Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy will do for you all that it has done for her. If you are suffering from any form of nervous or blood disease, indigestion, weak stomach, kidney or liver complaints, take this wonderful medicine and it will cure you. Dr. Greene, the noted specialist in the cure of all chronic and nervous diseases, can be consulted at his office, 24 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., free, personally or by letter."

RECEIVED FROM ENGLAND.

Raphael's Almanac:

OR, The Prophetic Messenger and Weather Guide, FOR 1894.

Comprising a Variety of Useful Matter and Tables, Predictions of the Events and the Weather That will Occur in Each Month During the Year.

A LARGE HIEROGLYPHIC.

By RAPHAEL, the Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century Seventy-Fourth Year, 1894.

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The Voice of the Heavens.

Raphael's Every-Day Guide.

The Farmer's Breeding Table.

Astro-Meteorologic Table.

Table of the Moon's Signs in 1894.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, which treats upon spiritual

REPORTS OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, and

CONTRIBUTED BY THE MOST TALENTED WRITERS IN THE

The Doctor's Sunday evening's discourse of the 18th inst., on "The Voice of the New Year," has already appeared in full in THE BANNER.

At the regular social meeting of the Society, held on last Tuesday evening at Wonn's Hall, Dr. Wills entertained a closely packed audience with a graphic account of some of his memorable experiences as a medium, which, to those who knew him not—and they constituted much the larger portion of the company—these experiences were indeed as a revelation. To say that this rehearsal of his earlier mediumistic life was listened to with rapt attention, and that his auditors were alternately thrilled and subdued by the vivid character of the manifestations, but feebly expresses the truth! The occasion was one of the utmost harmony.

Some measure of his personal success may be gathered from the fact that on announcing his intention to give private lessons concerning soul-culture, three series of classes were immediately organized, which

Message Department.

The Messages published from week to week from the various individuals under the above heading are heretofore given in private, and reported as per letters to our Editor. From this time forward, however, they will be published in this Department, and will be reported as per letters to our Editor. It is especially desired by our spiritual advisers that the Messages published in this Department indicate that the 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 in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine of forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All expressions as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest desire that those who recognize the published messages of their spirit friends will verify them by informing the undersigned of the fact for publication. It is especially desired by our spiritual advisers that the Messages published in this Department indicate that the 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 in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine of forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All expressions as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

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

SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. B. F. SMITH.



Report of Seance held Nov. 3d, 1893.

Spirit Invocation.
Oh! Father God, we would ask thy guidance this hour in every word that may be spoken. Thou art our parent; therefore all humanity are our brothers and sisters, and we belong to one great family. From thee cometh all goodness. Teach us to feel thy power at all times, in order that whatever may come in an antagonistic way we may, through thy spirit, be able to say, as did the Master of old, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Unto thy name, both now and forever, do we give praise.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Mrs. Hannah Richardson.

For many years I was what was termed a mortal—nearly ninety. When I passed the eightieth year I felt I should stay upon this earth-plane long enough to see the coming of the Lord in all his glory. I well remember, when we were living in your good city of Boston, I was attracted by the teachings of William Miller, and many others, who held similar ideas. I believed the blessed Lord would come and be with us as mortals, and I hoped I should live upon this earth to see that day.

In my earlier years I united with the Congregational church, but I never was satisfied. Often I would feel, why was I so despondent? I asked that question mentally many times; yet when I read the good book, and read therein, I felt assured the Lord would come.

When the Angel of Death—no, the Angel of Life—came, and bade me come up higher, that all things were ready, I feared not the change. I passed away in Coleman, Dakota, but once I was one of your people here. Long ago we went into the wilds of Minnesota, where, as old pioneers, we underwent great hardships; but through all that we endured I never weakened in the faith that the blessed Lord was with me. In the wilds, on the prairies, I felt his presence, his staying hand.

When I passed over I left my dear husband, O. Richardson, and my three children and grandchildren. God has been good to them all, and his mercy endureth forever.

I should not have been here to speak to-day only for the kind invitation of Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, whom I knew in your good city.

Was Hannah Richardson of Coleman, Dak., wife of O. Richardson. Somebody, somewhere, even here in Boston, will remember us.

John Kedzie.

Well, I don't know as that spirit needs any of my pity or sympathy; but I certainly do pity her, although she has learned different since passing into the higher, purer, more intelligent life.

Years ago, even in the early days of the Fox sisters, I was about one of the first skeptics to investigate the subject. I believed it, I knew it. Why? I could not help it. When I saw and knows a thing, and is convinced of it through the reason God has endowed him with, why should he doubt his five senses? Many people used to say to me: "Well, John, don't get carried away with this new delusion." I have learned to know it—it is old; there is nothing new about it. Spirits have returned to earth always, but why do we remain ignorant? For fear of being unpopular. Oh! man of this world, never know the kind of the popularity that the church has; but may our spirits be clean and pure and aspiring. I know whereof I speak; and there was not a better friend than I was to mediums after investigating and being convinced Spiritualism was a truth. It is not a new theory, but an old truth revived, and truth will prevail. John Kedzie, Rochester, N. Y. I shall be remembered as one who stood firm by the Fox girls.

Susan A. Gould.

When I was upon the earthly plane I did not know of these things that you speak of—spirit-communion, Spiritualism and the like. When I entered the higher life, which we are all taught to call it, I found living, active people, and I said within myself: "Why, I am not dead! We are not to wait for the resurrection; oh, no!"

To-day, when I asked the guide that stood beside me were all these people were going, she said they were going to a meeting where they could send messages to their friends on earth. At first I felt I should not care to return to earth again, for I suffered much when here.

Twenty-seven years is a very short life on earth when one is a mother; and when I passed on I said: "Oh! Father, do care for these little ones that they may be trained and nurtured in the love that I knew well, as far as Henry had the care of them, they would be, but I feared for others. In a little while I was taught that God would care for all. The ties here drew me back a great deal to the earth, but as soon as one advanced spirit told me I should be earth-bound if I was upon the earth-plane so much, I tried to go onward and upward to a world of spiritual work, and not let it be all of a material nature."

I believed firmly in what is termed the Advent faith, yet I had that creed and doctrine have no hold upon us in the spirit-home, as the people of the spirit-world speak of it, and I do not know why we should not, for we allude to our abiding-place which we must have, and

which is as real and tangible to us as are your homes to you here.

I find that many years have elapsed since they said "Susan A. Gould is dead." I heard my name spoken tenderly after I passed on, and the friends said, "She has gone to reap her reward." It is true that what we have sown we reap; but I will say here I have never behold what they term God only as he is to be seen in all nature—in every little flower and blade of grass. That is a truth we should be taught here. There are so many saddened hearts when we speak of death as it is understood, but which if understood aright to mean the continued life that has come to those who have passed on a little before us, would bring much happiness to the mourning, aching hearts of the loved ones that are left here.

I was the wife of Henry A. Gould of Camden, Me.

J. B. H. Smith.

Yes, I suppose this way is for all who are granted permission to come and speak here by your Spirit-Father. Giving a message, it is termed, but I should call it writing a letter. I feel that it is just as real to sit down here and write a letter to the friends in Baltimore or San Francisco, as it would were I in the form.

When it was said that J. B. H. Smith was dead, I felt to cry out with all the power I could gather, and say: "It is false! I am alive." I went from Baltimore to San Francisco, hoping the change would be a benefit to my companion; instead of that the benefit came to me in passing over, though a saddened feeling overshadowed me at the time by going out so quickly and leaving my companion.

My father has often said, "There is much to learn in this great school of life which we enter after passing from the mortal form." I can only express what thousands of others have done, and say, it is a continuation of life; therefore, I feel it behooves us, while walking here as mortal men and women, to live the best lives we can, for there is no one but what throws his influence into the scale one way or the other.

To-day I am a happy man that I can speak here in this circle-room. I leave this message for those yet in Baltimore, for there is where I was known best, but in San Francisco we made some friends.

Oh! how hard, how hard it was to know I had been taken out of that frame, and had to leave the one that I felt to give a benefit to by going there! God moves in a mysterious way which is past finding out. I don't know of any more truthful passage than that.

I found, on entering the other world and looking back upon my life, that there were many places in my life, that I wished to turn over two leaves at a time. There is no man, as he passes onward and upward, but what has some unpleasant recollections—some more, some less. I felt it was doing me a kindness when the Angel of Life came to me at that time, and I would add, for the benefit of my friends and all on the earthly plane: Live nearer and nearer, oh! mortals, to us in the spirit realm.

G. H. Bradley.

[Apparently giving expression to his thoughts just before the accident occurred which was the cause of his passing away.]

I can hardly see, there is an electric car coming. It is coming fast. I don't believe they have any right to drive so fast, especially where they can't quite see coming round the corner.

[To the Chairman:] I was on my horse, and the next thing I knew I didn't know anything. I was dragged underneath. They have no more right to put a horse under a car, than I have to put a car under a horse. I think that the pedestrian have the right to the crossings. I was on a horse, and this electric car came down upon me as if shot out of a gun. They never looked to the right nor left. I know there was carelessness, but it was not all my fault. The horse was frightened; the noise is enough to frighten any one. Well, as I found afterward (I didn't know at the time), the horse ran in front of the car, and the result of that was, it sent me out of the body, and I would not have given more than a two-cent piece for the horse after that.

I am very glad to report from the other side; it is not another life, but I suppose it is good to make a distinction somewhere, and so they call it the other life; but we are all around you, hourly and daily.

I used to say that thirty-five or thirty-six years was a short while to stay on the earthly plane. I used to say to my brother, the doctor, "I can't understand why they want to drag people into the church. Why don't they let them do as they please? If they want to go in, let them go; and if they want to stay out, let them stay out. There are just as good people out of the Church as there are in it."

I am G. H. Bradley. Was well known in your city, up on Beacon Hill, when you City Council, my brother, the doctor, is also well known here. I am pretty familiar with every street and lane in good old Boston.

Now I wish to add a postscript right here to you mortals that throw out the idea that we as dead people never return to tell the story: We as live people do return, but as to dead people, we are not acquainted with them. This is what I want to add. I have not only spoken thus myself, but I have heard others speak in this way a great many times.

I am very grateful that I am privileged to speak for myself to-day. I don't ask any one to believe the words we put forth, and throw aside their reason, but come together, commune together, and you will be convinced in your own minds that we live on forever, not as drones in the hive, but as living, active entities.

Willie Wiloy.

[To the Chairman:] I would like just to say to you, that I am Willie Wiloy.

In the water to bathe, as I used to like to do, I got in a hole and couldn't get out. Papa felt so bad when he heard Willie was drowned.

I felt just like choking a little, and then I see so many people. Oh! there were so many there, and it seemed as though we were walking right on the water. When I looked up and see them all I saw myself, and I thought there was two Willies instead of one. I used to speak of the mouth and snub nose papa used to speak of. Then Aunt Mary said, "Willie, come with me." I didn't want to go; I wanted to go to the house. I didn't know her, but she talked to me kindly, and after a while I asked, "Am I never to go back to papa?" "No," she answered, "not in this way, but you will go back to him in another way after you have learned now." I didn't know what I had got to go to school for in another school, when she pointed out a place to me, and said: "There is your school; you are not in Virginia now, but in the Summer-Land, where the beautiful angels are, and you will be very happy here."

My papa is Alexander Wiloy of Western Virginia.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.
Nov. 10.—James Putnam; George Brown; Mrs. Mary A. Bassett; George E. Frizier; Hannah Prince; Dudley Culver; B. Wilder.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "BANNER OF LIGHT Establishment" is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold property in its name, we have below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, (here insert the description of the property to be willed) strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

Never trade horses with a stranger who brings his religion forward to secure a trade.—*Galveston News.*

Advance in Price of Coal.

Need not increase the cost of other necessities. Housekeepers and mothers can still obtain the Gal Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk at a reasonable price. Its quality has been maintained for over thirty years without an equal.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COLVILLE.



QUEST.—[By S. W. J.] *Can spirits in this earth's surrounding atmosphere, or above it, read the characters of earth's individual inhabitants from the auras emanating from their brain? and do these auras appear in various colors?*

ANS.—Not only can incarnate spiritual beings read the auras surrounding individuals, but all who are yet incarnate can do the same, according to their measure of spiritual growth and psychic perception. Those who are above earth-bound affections and interests can read to perfection the status of those in lower conditions; but those who are confined to the earth's atmosphere by reason of the sensualism of their thoughts cannot interpret the thoughts of those whose advancement is far greater than their own.

Auric emanations of all colors are good, provided the color is bright and clear; if it is of a hazy or dusky hue, it denotes the reverse of spiritual growth. The most perfect aura is of pure, dazzling whiteness, throwing out scintillating beams of all conceivable hues. No more scientific statement is to be found anywhere than that in the New Testament, where the author, in describing the Transfiguration, says: "His raiment was white as the light." Exactly so; white as the light; i. e., of perfect whiteness, which is the character of the perfect light-ray, but radiating also the light-ray, refracting beams of multi-colored splendor in every direction.

As we can express the white light in three primaries—red, yellow and blue—and also in seven prisms, as does the rainbow, we can understand, perhaps, the meaning of the beautiful apocalyptic expression, "There was a rainbow about the throne." The angels, whose societies are surrounded by a throne of place whence power emanates, give off rays of seven hues of light; their aura is rainbow-like in appearance and intensity; but those who have not yet reached anything like so glorious a spiritual and intellectual elevation have beautiful auras if they are in harmonious states of single or combined colors, all expressive of their special distinctive attainments.

Red always denotes love and all connected with it, viz., will, desire, force, determination, energy, etc. According to the clearness of the red light may we determine the quality, and by means of its strength or intensity the quantity or vigor of the affection. Strong, pure affections show forth in brilliant, fiery radiance of dazzling purity, while illicit affections cause the aura to appear in murky and repulsive shades.

Wisdom and all connected with it, viz., understanding, knowledge, intellect, etc., etc., is golden in its hue; but when knowledge is misapplied or demanded for unworthy ends, the auric emanation appears a dull, repulsive yellow.

A blue aura denotes constancy. Whenever it is clear and bright, it is a sure indicator of truthfulness, fidelity in friendship, and other such qualities; but if dark and murky, then it signifies the hypocritical assumption of virtues not actually possessed.

A green aura denotes, when clear and clean, a natural, youthful delight in externals, prior to a waking up to the more serious and important concerns of life. It may also suggest that the one from whom it emanates is interested in initial steps, and calculated to commence new things, enterprising, but not carrying them forward by his own efforts to a more advanced stage of flower and fruitage.

A brown aura denotes an undeveloped condition of mind and spirit, but if clear and bright, signifies an honest desire and capacity to learn and unfold.

A gray aura is not desirable, as it clearly evinces mixed motives, or a dweller in shadows rather than in light; still, if the gray color is growing lighter, it denotes convalescence or growth to higher states.

A black aura would be distinctly infernal or diabolical, as it would represent all shadow and ignorance, without a gleam of inner light to penetrate its darkness.

All upward-tending auras are good, but downward-tending auric emanations show forth inverted desires, and are consequently abnormal.

Many sensitives can feel auras who cannot see them; but those who are highly developed in perception can detect them in various ways, and every aura is characteristic of the state from which it proceeds. Very powerful individuals, who exert great influence upon their surroundings, can project their thought-vibrations to great distances at will. Persons of a high degree of intelligence, refinement, and of a negative, shrinking temperament, have very light, flickering auras about them, and have no appreciable control over them.

The aura always emanates from the brain, but in well developed organisms it streams brightly from the entire form.

Pathological conditions are often indicated by a lack of auric radiation from those sections of the body which are imperfectly organized. In a spiritual sense, lack of strong character or moral backbone is indicated in precisely similar manner. Aura is generated by decided mental activity.

QUEST.—[By an old Spiritualist.] *Why is it that so much selfishness of late has crept into the ranks of Modern Spiritualism? Why I ask this is because while truly spiritual ethics are being taught, false and untrue ethics are being taught, and the latter are being taught by the mediums of the day. I mean—yet some of these very mediums do not seem to fully live up to the teachings of their own special guides.*

ANS.—While admitting that there is altogether too much selfishness, inside as well as outside the ranks of Spiritualism, we do not think this old serpent has recently crept in to the spiritual movement. The wily snake has been there from the start; but as the ranks of Spiritualism are constantly swelling, and this is emphatically an age of intelligence, the existing selfishness is being made plainly manifest, just as the noble ethical teachings admired by the questioner are coming to the front.

We wish to treat this topic from two sides: First, Spiritualism is becoming popular, and its increasing popularity brings with it a temptation to ambitious persons to enter the ranks simply for personal gain; this is the case with every cause which arrests much public attention. Then there is a false belief in the world, very ancient and very widespread, that one person must rise as another falls; the old demon of competition is regarded as a necessary evil by multitudes, who are not insincere, though mistaken. Second, the ethical teachings given from the platform, which are often

truly sublime, though uttered through the lips of persons who do not live up to them, are modulated utterances coming from a higher plane of consciousness than that which is normal to the visible speaker. Supernormal states of consciousness are occasional, and it is quite possible that a man or woman whose ordinary life is very commonplace may have at times lofty ideal conceptions of a far sublimer career than any he or she could make of his or her own.

Let us be generous, let us let us be just in our judgments of one another. What would be the use of ideals if they were not states to be striven for, and reached through effort? A thief may admire honesty, and be making solid progress toward it, while the world takes note of every time he falls, but knows nothing of how many times he has resisted temptations to steal. The lower appetites in many sensitive persons are not confined to those of any special rank or age; therefore we find the old Adam cropping out in many persons who are regenerating but not regenerated.

The charge of hypocrisy brought against people who say one thing and do another, is not always a fair one. Those who appear as public teachers are in honor bound to teach what they conscientiously feel to be the richest morality. They have no right to set themselves up as infallible exemplars to be copied in all things. Whoever does a wrong suffers, and no one knows this better through sad experience than the foolish people who live far below their teachings: they are the sufferers, and they know it. A drunkard, when he is sober, can earnestly and faithfully advocate temperance, for he knows by actual experience the wretchedness which follows the inebriety. It is always pitiable to see people indulging in such hero-worship that they do not reason upon teachings or apply to them the test of experiment, but blindly adore the speaker, as though he or she, because an inspired orator, must be immaculate or infallible. Teachings are useful to the extent that they are true, and pernicious to the extent that they are false; we need reasons among us, not fanatics who worship favorite deities.

It is self-evidently true that it would be far better for the teachers if they practiced what they preach; but the sources of inspiration will continue to pour truth through all willing channels, as the spiritual end in view is the greatest possible enlightenment of humanity; and if a truth reaches an audience, it is sure to benefit whoever is receptive in that assembly. We know many people who give excellent advice to others, and who do a great deal of good through their teachings to those who follow what they say, while the teachers themselves are constantly ill and unhappy because they fail to practice the healthy teachings which unmistakably benefit all who make them the basis of conduct. Let us weigh all we hear, and hold fast to all we prove profitable, leaving eternal equity to recompense all according to their deeds.

QUEST.—[By Sol. M. Jewett.] *How and when was the English language organized?*

ANS.—The English language is still in process of growth; it is clearly the outcome of many earlier tongues, just as the English-speaking nations are made up of many peoples. The Greek and Latin languages are the chief foundations of the English tongue, though it is plain to be seen that many words are constantly being adopted from French, German, etc., and many new words are being coined every year.

The English language, greatly enriched and purified, will, in our judgment, be the universal language of coming civilization the world over. The organization of the English language is so gradual and progressive a work that its commencement lies far back in ancient times among almost forgotten peoples.

The so-called English language of to-day is growing so nearly universal that the safest answer to make to this inquiry is that the English tongue is the union of tongues, not one language, but one made of many.

QUEST.—[By J. M. Kingman, Pittsfield, Mass.] *An individual recently entered upon spirit-life, but not understanding the phenomena of spirit-return, was yet so held by earthly ties as to come so near to one equally ignorant of spirit manifestation as to produce what is termed obsession. What is the spiritual method of healing in such a case?*

ANS.—The spiritual method of healing, and indeed the only reasonable way of treating such a case, must necessarily be educational. Ignorance being the only reason assigned for the "obsession," knowledge must be the only remedy. We should endeavor to instruct both the seen and unseen parties to the confusion, and this must be done plainly, perseveringly and knowingly.

In such cases there is nothing, at the worst, but an earnest attempt to converse and associate with an object of affection.

Spiritual treatment develops individuality, and also aids the recipient to rise superior to all fear. In a case such as the one referred to, we should say: Acknowledge the presence of your friend in spirit. Speak to him kindly in thought, and explain to him that he must realize that he is now able to help his companion with his own power in the moral sphere of another. Such instances are not rare, but they are often misunderstood, and consequently unwisely dealt with. Spiritual healing recognizes existing conditions, and makes the best of them by intelligently improving them.

QUEST.—[By DeLoss Wood, Danielsonville, Conn.] *If the spirit world is composed of spheres, one above the other, and spirits of lower spheres cannot visit higher spheres; if my mother, for instance, is an inhabitant of the fifth sphere, and I am a spirit, how can I be obliged to remain in the time in the third sphere—when shall we be reunited? Will she not always be higher than I am, thus making it impossible to span the gulf in accordance with natural law? If spirits of higher spheres can visit lower spheres, and make themselves visible as easily as we mortals can make ourselves visible to each other, why are not all spirits Spiritualists?*

ANS.—It is true that there are spheres in spirit-life; but it is not the case that these are so distinctly graded that they necessarily imply locality in space. If a spirit is in the highest sphere imaginable, and you are in the lowest—which is scarcely possible—her exaltation as a spirit, instead of debarring her from reaching you, would enable her the more effectually to minister to your true welfare. The real barrier is always on the side of those who are undeveloped spiritually.

In answer to the last portion of the question in particular we would say that blindness, deafness and other limitations, are only counterparts of mental conditions, and these must be overcome before all spirits can become truly aware of the ministrations of those from the upper spheres.

Your mother and yourself are now spiritually united; her loving thought follows you wherever you may roam; but your conscious recognition of her presence is only commensurate with your own susceptibility.

Spiritual ministry is much more extended than people usually suppose, and even professional Spiritualists often limit it to such outward tests as appeal to their senses; for that reason they fail to experience the abiding consolation which would otherwise be theirs. When you visit a medium, a friend of yours may be described to you, and the message given that he very often communicates with you; but you do not know it.

A great many vivid, helpful dreams, as well as all sorts of peevish but useful experiences in common life, are due directly to the watchfulness of spirit guardians. Power to perceive spirit life is the result of the development of the inner or psychic faculty, usually disowned.

In the spirit-world there are none save the most earth-bound who fail to recognize something of spirit-communion. The state of those who are "dwellers on the threshold" is one of temporary darkness and obtuseness, so that though they know of them and are assisted may not yet be aware of it.

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

Anti-Vaccination "Points."

A Just Query.

That Nestor of the anti-vaccination movement in Great Britain, WILLIAM TEMB, Esq., is quoted by *The Hygienic Review* of London as saying, in the course of a recent interview:

"Doctors are trained to regard vaccination as the greatest achievement of medical research, and the medical journals habitually exclude incriminating facts against vaccination. What is needed is to convert the people. The rank and file have little opportunity to study the question. . . . For twenty-four years I have devoted considerable portion of my time to travelling in Great Britain, the various States of Europe, the United States and the Colonies, to inquire into the methods and results of vaccination, procuring information from public officials and from private persons. I have hardly ever inquired without hearing of injuries, fatalities, and sometimes wholesale disasters, to people in every position of life, which have occurred from the use of every variety of vaccine virus in use. I have also received several thousand letters from parents whose children have been seriously or fatally injured by vaccination. . . . Within the last few years I have investigated fourteen cases of serious injury arising from vaccination within a radius of five miles from my house at Burstow, and several fatal vaccination cases. In London I have attended six public inquests held upon infants whose deaths were due to vaccination, and still the mournful evidence goes on accumulating. Thousands of children are crying for the infantine health which nature offers, but which professional interest does not permit them to enjoy. They may be born of healthy parents, yet they may be exposed to life long suffering and even death by this accursed system of compulsory blood-poisoning. How long shall the hearths of the people be left into them desolate, and Rachels go mourning because their children are not? Relief must come, as it has done in times past against similar State-endowed tyrannies. The SYSTEM which gives a disease to prevent a disease, and takes a toll of children's lives in the process, is anarchical in theory, futile in practice, and is foredoomed to failure."

"The Virus Worked Inward!"

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

A dispatch from Chicago, Jan. 4th, 1894, says: "Leonard Kessner, whose funeral took place yesterday, was killed by vaccination. Three weeks ago the virus was inserted in his arm by Dr. Kippax. The second day after he showed signs of blood-poisoning. Everything possible was done, but the disease made rapid progress. 'The trouble,' said Dr. Sincere, 'was that the poison of the virus worked inward, instead of outward, as is usually the case.'"

Is it not a fact that the virus in the great majority of cases works inwardly? The claimed protective virus does so; according to the medical theory, (main theory, since some authorities differ in their claim as to length of time of "protection" (?) afforded) it effects a permanent lodgment, covering the entire period of life. If this be so, then all the elements entering into the composition of the pus, or purulent matter, obtain a like lodgment, and are carried through life; a fact evidenced in numerous cases, even scrofula and syphilis being developed at times.

In all cases of vaccination where the infection "takes" there is really practical blood-poisoning. This poison weakens the functions of the organism, destroys their resisting power, invites disease, and increases, specially in epidemics, the mortality. Everything which lowers the normal tone of the body and its organs is a menace to the public health.

Death from Vaccination.

The Life of Frances Ashton Ended After Six Years of Terrible Agony.

[This instance of fatal vaccination is an historical one, and is well remembered at the present day, though the decease of the victim took place (we understand) in 1892. A prominent gentleman, doing business in Boston, and who shares with THE BANNER an utter aversion to this health-endangering process, brought this account to our office last week, with a desire that we republish it at the present time, as a demonstration of the great and active peril into which the subject may pass who gives his (or her) body "to the flame" of vaccination with the hope of gaining a future safeguard from a possible disease.—*Eds.*]

NEW YORK, Jan. 17th.—In the cosy little parlor of the old fashioned frame house, No. 224 Beekford street, Greenpoint, last night lay an ice box, covered with a simple white pall. Within reposed the wasted body of a young girl, whose pinched face and spare arms indicated the terrible sickness through which she had passed.

Her father, and other members of the family, frantically bemoaned their loss, and implored the few neighbors who came to sympathize with them in their bereavement, not to allow their children to be vaccinated.

It was vaccination that not only caused Frances Ashton's death, but caused her six years' indescribable pain. The vaccine, which was used with the greatest care by the family physician, Dr. C. A. Walters, of No. 111 Milton street, Greenpoint, developed a disease that baffled the skill of no less an authority than Dr. Janeway of Bellevue Hospital, and a score of other famous medical men, who came to view and study the case.

Additional interest comes from the fact that the family has from time immemorial been opposed to the practice of vaccination, and only permitted it on their daughter because they were anxious to keep her at school, and the authorities had issued an order compelling all pupils to be vaccinated.

The dead girl's father is William Ashton, a toolmaker, and one of the most esteemed residents of Greenpoint. Dr. Walters, he said last night, vaccinated Frances and her sister Edna in December, 1885. They returned to school, and five days later Frances complained of pain in her left side. The pain grew worse, and two days later she became paralyzed. She was unable to move her limbs without suffering torture, and whenever she was touched she screamed with pain. Dr. Walters was puzzled, and called in other physicians for consultation. An abscess formed just over the girl's left knee, and the pain became so intense that she was unable to lie in bed, or stand erect.

For more than four months she suffered thus, and then her parents decided upon having her taken to Bellevue Hospital. While in that institution she was under the almost constant care of Dr. Janeway. Her condition excited the greatest interest among the students, yet her disease could not be diagnosed. The abscess on her knee dried up, and another formed on her left side just below the heart. The pain became worse than before, and the shrieks of the girl continued sometimes for hours.

After being in Bellevue three months her parents took her home. She seemed to improve soon after, although the muscles of her limbs contracted, and she became a cripple. She pleaded so hard to be allowed to go to school that her parents consented, and provided her with crutches. When she left school, after two seasons, the abscess in her side began to swell, and eruptions on the surface of the body aggravated the girl's pain. Every effort was made by the physician to relieve her

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1894.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley Street.—Lectures Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Edgar W. Emerson Sunday Jan. 21 and 22. W. J. J. Davis, President; P. B. Woodbury, Secretary, 189 Commonwealth Street, Roxbury.

The Helping Hand Society of the Boston Spiritual Temple meets Wednesday at 4 P. M. at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Miss Lucette Webster, President; Miss Nellie M. Davis, Sec'y.

First Spiritual Temple, corner Newbury meets Wednesday at 4 P. M. at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Miss Lucette Webster, President; Miss Nellie M. Davis, Sec'y.

The Veterans Spiritualists' Union meets the first Wednesday of each month at Gould Hall, No. 3 Boylston Place, at 7 P. M. Dr. H. B. Storor, President, 406 Shawmut Avenue.

The American Spiritualists' Association will hold meetings every Wednesday evening at 7 P. M. in the First Spiritual Temple, corner of Newbury and Essex Streets. These meetings have for their object the perfect development of mediumship. Investigators are especially invited. All are welcome. P. O. Marsh, Gen'l Sec'y, Hyde Park, Mass.

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 614 Tremont street, at 10 A. M. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor.

The Ladies' Industrial Society meets every Wednesday at 4 P. M. Supper at 6. Entertainment in the evening.

Engle Hall, 610 Washington Street.—Sundays at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 3 P. M. E. Tuttle, Conductor.

Rathbone Hall, 604 Washington Street, corner of Kneeland.—Spiritual meetings every day at 4 P. M. and 7 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.; also Tuesday and Thursday at 7 P. M. W. L. Lathrop, Conductor.

American Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Meetings Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. and 7 P. M. Good mediums, fine music. Miss A. Peabody and Dr. S. H. Nicks, Conductors.

The Ladies' Industrial Society meets every Thursday afternoon and evening at Dwight Hall, 614 Tremont street. Dr. H. B. Storor, President; H. E. Jones, Secretary, 10 Oak Grove Terrace, Roxbury.

Hollis Hall, corner Washington and Hollis meets—Meetings Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Tuesday at 4 P. M. and 7 P. M.; Wednesday at 3 P. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. A. C. Davis, Conductor.

First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, Parkers, 1003 Washington Street—Sundays at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Public Circle last Friday in each month at 3 P. M. Mrs. A. E. Barnes, President; Mrs. E. Mayo, Secretary.

The Home Rostrom (21 Soled Street, Charlestown)—Meetings Sundays and Tuesdays at 7 P. M. Dr. E. M. Sanders, President.

Chelsea.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday at 75 Central Avenue at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. W. Anderson, Chairman.

First Spiritual Temple, corner Essex and Newbury Streets.—On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 14th, W. J. Colville spoke to a very large and deeply interested audience.

The lecturer, who spoke with much force and energy, reviewed the past history of America in general before passing to the present, and to the state of the Republic. The Pilgrims and Puritans were designated as distinct factors in the upbuilding of the republic, the former being embodiments of zeal, courage and determination to be free, while the latter were often bigoted and intolerant, though not without many strong and sterling qualities.

Immigration, which is a source of so much anxiety and contest to-day, was spoken of as, under proper guidance but not otherwise, a real source of strength to the country in the grandest, noblest manner possible. He regarded the motto "America for Americans" as really meaning nothing unless it signified justice to the rights of the new factors.

The negro problem must be solved in a somewhat similar manner. The cotton and sugar plantations of the South are better adapted to the negro than northern latitudes; and the negro, if he is to be a factor in the nation, he is better suited by nature to a semi-tropical climate and to the activities indigenous to the Southern soil than to a Northern one.

The Chinese question is also settled in a similar way. Well-bred Chinese in California are no source of menace to the Pacific Coast, and to legislate against the Mongolian race is decidedly unwise and unconstitutional. Though the opium traffic and other illicit occupations have of course been prohibited by law, no discrimination should be made between offenders on the score of their nationality.

As to the immigrants who crowd the seaports of this land, if properly handled, will be a source of strength, not of weakness, to the Republic; but they must be educated for citizenship before they are naturalized. Though the restriction of voting may appear to some an infringement on liberty, it is nothing of the kind, provided the new factors are educated and pressed equally on all. The absurdity of naturalizing persons who do not understand the Constitution, or extending votes to males because they are twenty-one years of age, regardless of their new factors, while women are denied the ballot, is an insult to moral sense and reason. Let the path to the full privileges of citizenship be free to all of both sexes; but education is an essential prerequisite, for no one can have a rational right to take part actively in what he fails to understand.

The labor problem of to-day, which is the greatest difficulty of all, can be easily settled if reason triumphs over passion. Labor riots, strikes and agitations are mistakes, and the labor leaders are now beginning to plainly see; a strike costs far more than it takes from capital, and at the same time, it aggravates rather than ameliorates a sad condition.

The question of what to do with the masses of the unemployed is a vast one, but it is not difficult to answer, as the remedy for all ills is in cooperation. Let the old idea of charity give place to the higher ideal of equity; provide honest, remunerative work for the unemployed in districts where their services are needed to further develop the resources of the country, which are practically boundless. The labor leaders required are men and women whose tendencies are wholly constructive, who see the folly of irritated antagonism to the existing order, and are capable of so organizing labor's scattered forces that the old system of monopoly may be peacefully and efficiently superseded by a system adapted to the needs of the living present. In every district classes should be formed for training boys and girls in the rights and duties of citizenship, until this instruction is given, as it should be, everywhere in public schools. Industrial training in the schools is entirely necessary, and should be adopted everywhere.

As to the destiny of the nation—nations have to work out their destinies; no prophet can do more than show the tendencies, drift and tendencies, and bid take heed of the lessons of the ages. History does not repeat itself except in harmony with evolution; thus the fate of Babylon and Rome need not be the doom of Columbia. Those who predict pessimism are not acknowledging the new factors, but the modern civilization; they see the plutocratic menace, but they do not behold the influences actually at work to counteract that menace. Striving there undoubtedly will be, the next few years will probably be unquiet, but through the ferment the living power of the spirit of reconstruction will be felt, and abuses thrown off in consequence of the vigorous internal life which will beget new external.

The destiny of the States is to become the home of a vast united people, a new race, the outgrowth of the amalgamation of the best elements in all races. The new race is not born yet, but it is gestating, and ere long it will appear, then, the entire country or most of it is settled, when the vast agricultural and mineral possibilities of the soil are fairly estimated, when education in all its branches has become still more universal, in say fifty years from now, not later than the middle of the twentieth century, this country will resemble a well built, well behaved gentleman, while to-day it may be compared to a nervous, surly boy, not yet trained to understand his own forces or to regulate the abilities within him.

Heaven has Columbia in charge; let no one fear the coming trial, for the result of it will be to purge away the dross and to refine the gold.

Mr. Colville speaks in the Temple (lower church) on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 3 P. M., in a course of lectures on "The Religious and Psychological Problems of the Day." Admission is always free; voluntary collections are taken at every meeting.

Mr. Colville will lecture in the Temple (upper church) again on Sunday, Jan. 21st and 28th, at 2:45 P. M.

Meetings for replies to questions (lower church) Wednesday at 8 P. M.

On Sunday evening, Jan. 14th, Mr. Colville lectured on LAWRENCE, MASS. On Sunday next, Jan. 21st, he speaks at CAMBRIDGEPORT, in Grand Army Hall, Main street, opposite Pearl street, at 7:30 P. M.

His class in Spiritual Science meets at Copley Metaphysical College, 18 Huntington Avenue, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 2:30 P. M. Inquirers' meeting Monday, at 8 P. M.

All letters, etc., for Mr. Colville, may be addressed as above, or care of Colby & Rich.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall.—This large hall was crowded at the morning session, every seat being filled. The service opened with a fine song by Mr. George B. Outter, accompanied by Mr. William H. Boyce upon the piano.

Mr. J. Clegg Wright was again the speaker, and the subject of the morning was Thomas Paine, and His Age of Reason. After a few introductory remarks Mr. Wright gave place to a wonderful control, and spoke in substance as follows:

The mind of man cannot realize the nearness of conscious spirit-life, but I affirm that I am living in what is called the spirit-world. In speaking of Thomas Paine, I shall have to take you to Europe at the time when this wonderful man lived. Federalism was the reigning power at one period, and the feudal lords possessed the land, and the people were in a state of servitude. The order of the day after a long time there came a great struggle for religious and political liberty, better known as the "Dark Ages."

Following this came Martin Luther to make the call of the Reformation, and every reformer since has been putting nails into it.

Oliver Cromwell is another name to be mentioned with honor, as one of the precursors of the immortal Washington and Thomas Paine.

Another name that must be remembered as having presented to the world science and a method which opened the way for reason and justice. But Federalism said that the people must "stand by the church," or their property would be taken from them. The old gentleman of a hundred years ago had nothing in common with the people. He taught them that they must work for the church, because God was looking upon them, and would hold them accountable.

France was under the despotic rule of the people were degraded. This was also the condition of all Europe, and that was the hour when the church should have come to the relief of the people.

In 1789, on the 29th day of August, the Bastille was born in the person of Thomas Paine. Into his breast in later years the teachings of George Fox entered, and he became interested in the Quakers. Early in life he married, but the matrimonial yoke did not suit him, and he became a wandering minstrel.

At that time smuggling goods from France was common, and Paine was charged with being a smuggler, but that was not the reason for his general which have been brought against him for a hundred years.

The speaker here followed the political events in England from the time of King John, describing the different kinds of property.

At that time Edmund Burke had not accomplished his work. Thomas Paine arose out of this state of darkness and degradation, his mind fired with the truth.

The great colonial revolution in this country introduced Paine, and we find him in Philadelphia, trying to establish a government, from which came the Declaration of Independence and the birth of political liberty in America. He was a man who hated America, and that hatred never ceased. Later on England had to see the Federal Union destroyed in the war of 1861; but the people of the North sent their sons to the front with the desire to see the Union saved.

This was the outcome of the spirit of liberty with which Paine was imbued. The principle taught by Thomas Paine was that the people should elect representatives who should meet at Washington, and do just what the people would have them do.

But Thomas Paine in the revolution of France was cast into prison, where he wrote the "Age of Reason." He believed that the Bible was the work of man, and not the inspired rule of God, as was claimed by the Church. I tell you, said the speaker, that the sovereign of the universe never wrote a book, and Paine wrote to prove it. To do good and elevate humanity was the religion of Thomas Paine, and it is the true system of citizenship.

In conclusion, the speaker remarked that Paine was standing among immortals, and that he lived justice and truth to-day. Spiritualism says, "Live well to-day, and the result will be a better world hereafter, not as a reward, but simply in accordance with the law of causation which produces effects." Deeds of wrong make cowards of us all, and we shall not care to meet those we have wronged upon the other shore. Be a man, and your future life will be full of glory. Be a Thomas Paine, however humble the church and priesthood may have ranked him, and the truth shall make you free. Like him, who reached common sense, and showed that immortals, and pass to that land where the theologian will trouble his fellowman no more.

In the evening, Mr. George B. Outter sang, "Watchman, What of the Night?" request. Mr. Wright, his biographer, then said that Paine was a man, and nothing to do with theology; it recognizes no creed, no priests, and no saviors. After another song, the guide of Mr. Wright spoke in answer to several questions presented by the audience.

The following prominent points: The rise and development of man has not always been in accordance with reason. In the beginning he gazed upon the works of nature with awe and wonder. In the early days of the world, he was a savage, and his life was a struggle for existence. Religion, however developed, is a man-made, and will die. The great problem was, why was I born to love and enjoy the beautiful for awhile, and then die? and the ancient philosophers tried to reconcile this and solve the problem.

The lecturer spoke of Babylon as once the greatest city of ancient times, and proceeded to show that Christianity was Babylonian instead of Jewish. The Sermon on the Mount was borrowed from the book of the Egyptian Dead. Biblical citations causes the Church to tremble. Christianity borrowed every thing from Egypt—its heaven and hell, and all the fundamental doctrines of its creed were also borrowed. The Christ is a creation of Roman intellect, not Jewish at all.

The early history of those old countries was closely followed by the speaker, showing that the church of Rome was the result of the religious philosophy of that age. The history of the world in those days was written in blood. The priest and the soldier went hand in hand, and death was the penalty for the heretic. The Trinity must die, and the doctrine of propitiation for the sins of the world by the death of one man is slowly becoming obsolete. The education of the people has produced this. There is no vitality in theology to-day. Science will win, and universal law is to take the place of creedal dogma.

Evolution is going on all over the earth; everything is changing; and Spiritualism is to be the religion of this world. There is no aristocracy in the spirit-world; we have enough of that upon earth. A man passes into the spirit-world with the religion of the present, and he finds no distinctions there, but an equality. Come up, then, to the work of Spiritualism, which teaches that we shall wake upon an eternal globe, where we shall meet those dear ones gone before.

On motion of Dr. Storor the following unanimous vote of thanks was given to Mr. Wright and his talented guides for the four able lectures given:

We are glad to report that our worthy Treasurer, Mr. Hebron Libbey, has fully recovered his health.

The Directors of the Boston Spiritual Temple contemplate the securing of Mr. J. Clegg Wright for a long engagement in the season of 1894.

At the evening session of the standing-room only was the watchword at the door, showing the popularity of Mr. Wright.

Mr. Edgar W. Emerson will occupy the platform the last of Sunday in.

Mr. Wright goes from Boston to Cincinnati, and will return to Brooklyn, N. Y., in the month of February to take part in several discussions upon "Spiritualism versus Christianity." Rev. Mr. Watkins is the only one taking the negative. F. A. HAZARD.

The Helping Hand Society held its regular meeting Wednesday, Jan. 10th, at 3 Boylston Place—Miss Webster, President, in the chair.

In the evening the society tendered a reception to Mr. J. Clegg Wright. The exercises opened with song, after which Mr. Banks gave the introductory address.

dress, followed by Mr. Edson, Dr. Richardson, Mrs. Waterhouse, Mr. Lewis, Kate Spiles, Miss Webster recited "The Maiden's Prayer." Mr. Wright then presented some very interesting remarks. A large audience was present. N. M. Bemis, Sec'y.

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Afternoon, Piano and Cornet duet, Mrs. Nellie Carlton, Mr. Mitchell, invocation and address, Mr. Carlton; Mrs. J. E. Davis, Mrs. E. C. Dickinson, Mrs. L. E. Davis, Mr. E. H. Tuttle, tests; Dr. H. F. Tripp, readings; Mrs. M. Knowles, tests and readings; Miss K. Higbee, questions; Mrs. E. M. Shirley, close remarks and prayer.

Evening: Invocation, Chairman; remarks and tests. Mrs. I. E. Dowling; tests and readings, Mrs. M. Knowles. The Nolen family rendered several selections, which were received with applause; solo, Mrs. A. Sterling; tests, Dr. C. E. Huot, Miss N. Thomas; tests, and mental questions answered, Mr. Tuttle. The meetings throughout the day gave excellent satisfaction. Musical selections, Mrs. Carlton.

Meetings in this hall Sundays, 11 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Wednesday afternoons, 2:45.

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After the march the school were favored with a recitation by Miss Sheldon; Miss Genevieve Bowen gave an excellent piano solo; recitation by Miss Shirley; Mr. Irwin Pratt, who sang for the Lyceum for the first time two weeks ago, to-day again sang for us.

It was stated in the report of last week that Dr. Robert Wood, of the Boston Lyceum, had been invited to meet at his home, 82 Berkeley street, each Tuesday evening. The Doctor was called upon to day, explained the objects of the class, and announced that the meeting might be changed from Tuesday to Sunday.

Mr. Schaller, of the Lyceum Orchestra, favored us with one of his excellent violin solos; reading and remarks by Mr. Wood closed the program.

The Boston Lyceum will be held at the residence of the Old Folks Concert to be held Feb. 22nd at Union Hall, 12 Fountain street, Roxbury.

American Hall.—We had three well attended meetings last Sunday. Dr. Nelke lectured for the forenoon on "The Land Beyond"; afternoon, on "Do Good"; evening, on "Progress of Spiritualism, and Who are the Believers?" All three lectures were well received by the audience. The following mediums were present and gave tests: Miss A. Peabody, Mrs. J. E. Davis, Mrs. E. C. Dickinson, Mrs. L. E. Davis, Mrs. M. Knowles, Dr. C. D. Fuller, Dr. C. O. Gridley, Dr. L. F. Thayer. The music was furnished by Miss Adie B. Lamb, Mr. Charles Weber, zither solo and organ, Nellie M. Shirley. We had also with us the well-known clairvoyant, Mrs. Piper, who delighted the audience with one of her dialect selections.

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Montgomery Hall (735 Washington Street).—On Wednesday, Jan. 10th, our circle was a delightful one, and the attendance and manifestations were satisfactory.

On Sunday last large attendance all day. Morning circle very interesting.

Afternoon and convincing tests by Mrs. J. Fredericks, Dr. Coombs, Dr. A. C. Davis, Dr. Hardy, Dr. E. M. Sanders, Mrs. M. Knowles.

Evening, invocation by the Chairman's guide, followed by a recitation by Mrs. J. E. Davis, Mrs. E. C. Dickinson, Mrs. L. E. Davis, Mrs. M. Knowles, Dr. C. D. Fuller, Dr. C. O. Gridley, Dr. L. F. Thayer. The music was furnished by Miss Adie B. Lamb, Mr. Charles Weber, zither solo and organ, Nellie M. Shirley. We had also with us the well-known clairvoyant, Mrs. Piper, who delighted the audience with one of her dialect selections.

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Rathbone Hall.—Thursday, Mrs. E. Soule, Mrs. C. H. Buttermar, Mrs. A. Woodbury, Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, Mr. Edward P. Weger, Mrs. F. A. Bray, Dr. Tripp, Dr. N. P. Smith, Rev. S. L. Feal of Brockton, participated in the exercises.

Sunday, Commercial Hall, two large audiences, afternoon and evening. Mrs. M. Irwin, Mrs. A. Wood, Dr. H. F. Tripp, Father Locke of Chelsea, Mrs. M. Knowles, Dr. L. F. Thayer, Dr. C. D. Fuller, Dr. C. O. Gridley, Dr. L. F. Thayer. The music was furnished by Miss Adie B. Lamb, Mr. Charles Weber, zither solo and organ, Nellie M. Shirley. We had also with us the well-known clairvoyant, Mrs. Piper, who delighted the audience with one of her dialect selections.

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The Home Rostrom (21 Soled Street, Charlestown). Dr. E. M. Sanders, President. Tuesday's meeting was a success. Remarks and tests, Mrs. Hodgdon, Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Dr. Bell; and readings, tests and personal impressions, followed by the music given by Mrs. Nellie Carlton and others.

Sunday evening, Jan. 14th, a larger audience than usual convened. Mrs. Hodgdon gave invocation and remarks, followed by a recitation by Mrs. M. Knowles. Good music was furnished for the evening.

Our permanent organist, Mrs. Nellie Kneeland, is now on the road to recovery from her severe illness. Q. B.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met on Wednesday afternoon and evening, as usual, at Dwight Hall, 614 Tremont street. Supper was served at half past six.

Evening exercises opened with remarks by our President, Mrs. Maggie Butler. Mrs. Bailey favored us with two vocal selections; recitation by Miss Gertrude Cook, and a recitation by Mrs. M. Knowles.

Good music was furnished for the evening. Our permanent organist, Mrs. Nellie Kneeland, is now on the road to recovery from her severe illness. Q. B.

First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met at 101 Washington street Jan. 12th. Evening exercises consisted of several duets by Miss Amanda Bailey and Miss Wakefield. Opening remarks by Dr. A. H. Richardson, Mr. J. Clegg Wright's address on "Progression" was attentively listened to. Mrs. M. A. Chandler gave tests, followed by a few remarks by Mrs. Abigail.

Next meeting Jan. 10th, at 4 P. M. Directors' meeting at 2:30. E. D. MAYO, Sec'y.

The Ladies' Industrial Society met at Dwight Hall Thursday afternoon and evening, Jan. 11th, in good numbers. It is important that the members of the society attend the meeting for business at 3:30 P. M. Jan. 18th, Masters of Importance are to be decided at that time. Mr. Walker gives a stereoscopic exhibition in the evening which is very fine. All friends cordially invited to be with us. E. E. JONES, Sec'y.

Hollis Hall, 789 Washington Street.—Developing class was well attended and marked progress made.

In the afternoon the following mediums took part: David Brown, Mrs. Dr. Bell, Dr. Sanders, Mrs. Hughes, Dr. Hargrove, Mr. Littlefield, Mrs. C. A. Buttermar, Mrs. H. F. Tripp.

Evening services opened with an organ voluntary; Dr. Magoon followed with prayer; song, Mrs. Kimball; remarks and psychometric reading, Dr. Magoon; zither solo and organ, Nellie M. Shirley. We had also with us the well-known clairvoyant, Mrs. Piper, who delighted the audience with one of her dialect selections.

Saturday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the Union conference, followed by Mr. Edson, Dr. Richardson, Mrs. Waterhouse, Mr. Lewis, Kate Spiles, Miss Webster recited "The Maiden's Prayer." Mr. Wright then presented some very interesting remarks. A large audience was present. N. M. Bemis, Sec'y.

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