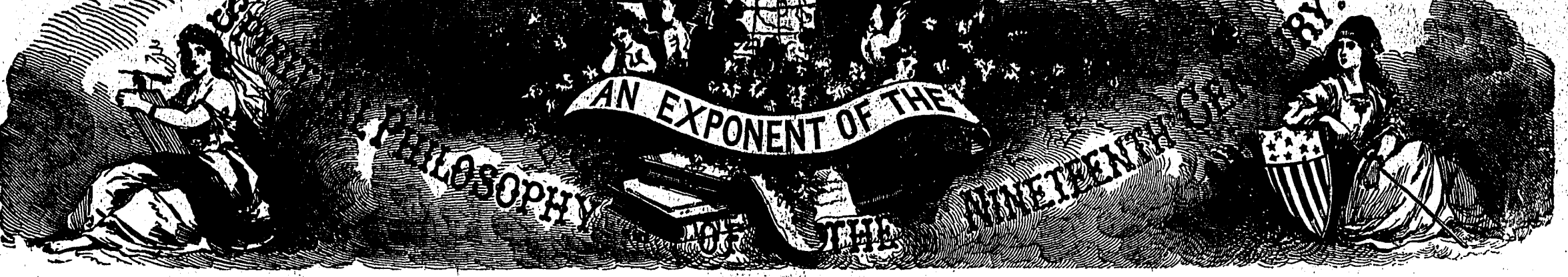


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### "BERTHA LEE;" OR, MARRIAGE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND THIS TALE IS DEDICATED.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,  
BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER,  
Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," Etc., Etc.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

I was hard at work one evening over my algebra lesson, when Miss Lincoln came to the house and asked permission for me to spend the night with her. We went together to Miss Garland's room, where we found her in conversation with "Mr. Calvin." He had not been at Rockford for many months; for he had now completed his studies at the theological school, and was preaching at a place some hundred miles distant. I would gladly have turned back at once, for a strange tremor came over me at sight of him. I certainly was "a nervous little body," as my mother always said, with no self-control; but, fortunately, Miss Lincoln was with me, and her calm, quiet manner gave me some strength.

Permission was accorded me to spend the night with my friend, and we were kindly invited to remain while in Miss Garland's parlor. But Uncle Mudgett was quite ill, and could not be left (I inwardly thanked the old man for being worse that evening), and we hastened to him. It had been snowing and blowing all day; but in the quiet, warm study-room I had not thought of the storm at all; save once, when my seatmate pointed to the snow that had drifted high up on the outside of the windows. Mary wrapped a large shawl carefully about me, bade me put on my snow-boots, and follow her footsteps through the garden. But the path was already filled with snow, and the wind and sleet almost blinded us. It was with much difficulty we made our way, and should have had much trouble but for the lamp which Mary had placed in the window to guide us.

As we entered the house, covered with snow and panting for breath, the old man raised himself in his bed, looking wild and baggard. "And so this is the way you treat me when the wind is blowing directly ashore! I tell ye, we'll be wrecked in five minutes! All hands ahoy! reef topsails! The devil's in the gale!—do ye hear him whistling in the shrouds? He'll have every soul of you to-night! Never mind, Mary, if I go to the devil—I shall go where you—ha! ha! I'd like to have let it all out; how Molly wanted to know the whole of it; but she died in ignorance—bless her old soul! She never harmed a fly! There, do ye hear—there's the devil and all his imps having a concert—hear 'em sing:

'To Davy's locker with ye all,  
Every mother's son;  
When the vessel's wrecked and gone  
Then our song is done!'

We'll strike soon—there's a rook ahead! I know the spot—we're driving right on to her! Helm about! work, my hearties! What's the matter? Ay, I see! them devils are the strongest; ye can't beat 'em—hear 'em yell:

'The wind is piping loud, my boys—  
Then drive the ship ahead;  
The white caps dance upon the rock—  
They'll dance above the dead!'

As he sung, in a cracked, harsh voice, strained to a high key, the wind without screamed in unison, and then moaned and sighed for a moment; and then again it increased in force, and the old house rocked, and the naked branches of the lilacs scraped against the windows with a harsh sound, and we could see the tall, old poplar bending its stiff, gaunt form toward us, and swaying in the storm, as if its roots writhed in agony. I watched it for awhile, as Mary was trying to soothe the old man, when, suddenly, a wild, strong blast came, as if the storm had gathered all its strength for the battle; and the poplar bowed its tall head, and, as I watched to see it rise again, with the lull, suddenly there came a sound like a quick, sharp groan, and the tall, old tree lay prostrate on the snow. The noise attracted the attention of the old man, and he raised his hands, and tried to throw himself from the bed.

"The ship has struck—we're all dead men!" "No, no, uncle," said Mary, her voice calm, and her face, as I gazed upon her in my fright, serene as that of the angel when he came to soothe and heal the sick at the pool of Bethesda; "no, uncle, only the wind has blown the old poplar down; it lies directly across the road."

"The old poplar! the old poplar, Mary? Why, my father said that tree out the very day I was born—so I've heard him say. Where am I, Mary?"

"Why, here, uncle, in our own home—the old house that you said your father built only a few years after the town was settled."

"Oh, yes, yes, so I am; but I thought I was at sea! Is that the wind blowing?"

"Yes; it is a wild night out of doors; but I have kept up the fire, and it is warm and comfortable here. I have your drops all ready—will you take them now?"

"Yes—give them to me!" He took the cup and drank them, and laid himself down gently, merely saying, in a sad, low voice, sad as the wind that was now sighing, in fitful gusts, around the house:

"And so the old poplar is gone! We began life here together, and now we shall end it together! He lies prostrate on the earth, where I too shall lie to-morrow!" and thus talking, he fell asleep.

Mary and I sat together, my hand in hers. We did not speak, lest we should disturb the slumbers of the sick man, but we listened to the wind, and we watched the snow drifting against the window, and once Mary rose, went to the old man's bed, bent her ear to listen to his breathing, then drew the covering gently over him, replenished the fire, and sat down by my side.

A half-hour passed—the clock struck twelve, and at the sound the sick man woke. His eyes looked calmer, and he seemed like one to whom sleep had brought rest and peace.

"Mary," he said, more gently than was customary with him. She sprang to his side. "Mary, it was such a night as this I found your mother on the wreck. I saved her life, and you have rewarded me by your patience and kindness in my old age. I leave you all I possess—this poor old house, and the quarter of an acre that joins it. Your mother was a lady, of good blood and high connections in Lincoln, England; you need not seek them, for they will never own you. You must battle with life as I have done, and, if what you say is true, there is a better world, where there'll be no rich to oppress the poor, and no proud to scorn the weak. I am dying, Mary. I want a minister. Can you get one for me?"

Mary and I looked at each other, and then out at the storm. The clergyman of the parish lived a mile away. What could be done? There was but a moment of hesitation with Mary.

"Bertha, could you find your way to the boarding-house? I will trim the lantern for you. Mr. Calvin."

I could only say "Yes," while she again wrapped me carefully in my shawl, and giving me a lantern, bade me keep as near the fence as possible.

I had not overcome my native timidity, and when I found myself making my way along that path, now plunging into a snowdrift, and now falling against a shrub or stone, my sensations were none of the most pleasant. In one of my first falls I broke the lantern, and had to pursue the rest of my way in darkness. The wind was at my back, which was favorable; but I was driven along almost like a snowflake, till at last, quite bruised and wet, I found myself at the kitchen door of the boarding-house. There was a bedroom near the kitchen, where Bridget slept, and I knocked at her window.

"Let me in, Bridget—please, quick." The noise waked her, but she did not recognize me, and screamed at the top of her voice—

"Thaves! thaves! they'll be murdering me!" and when I knocked again, she ran out into the hall, and screamed the louder, till she roused the house. It was a strange scene, that stormy night; I stood without in the storm, but I could see the commotion within. All in that part of the house were in the hall on the instant, and they looked, strangely enough by the dim light of the hanging lamp; the girls in their long night-dresses and flowing hair, running wildly about. "Where?" "Where?" "Is it fire?" Somebody halloed "murder!" and Bridget, who kept exclaiming to her mistress, "I'm certain, ma'am! there's no mistake at all, ma'am; right at me window a horrible looking man, with great whiskers, ma'am; and I'm thinking the spoons will all be wanting in the morning, ma'am!"

"Only think, girls!" exclaimed some of the scholars, "a great, big fellow, with black eyes and huge whiskers, has been prowling round all night, and knocking at the windows!"

"Oh, dear! what shall we do?" a dozen voices exclaimed at once.

In the meantime, I was trying to knock at the door, though my fingers were benumbed with the cold. No one noticed me for some moments, though I could see them through the side glass. At last one, more observing than the rest, heard the knock.

"There, girls! there he is! don't you hear him?"

"For mercy's sake, don't let him in, Mrs. Norton!" exclaimed a number, as the house-keeper approached the door.

my face, and drawing me at once into the house, and to the warm kitchen, asked me, quietly, how I came out of doors at that time of night. I explained my errand as briefly as I could, and, after sending the girls back to their rooms, she ordered Bridget to make up more fire, while she went herself to call Mr. Calvin.

He made his appearance in a few moments. I was hoping Miss St. Leon would return with me, but she said—

"Tell Miss Lincoln I will come soon; but you and Mr. Calvin must not wait a moment, for you have been detained so long already."

We started without a lantern. Mr. Calvin had trodden that path, before, and knew the way. I followed, telling him that I could walk better thus, which, indeed, was the truth, as the wind was in our faces. His steps were longer than mine, and I found it difficult to keep the track, and was, moreover, hardly recovered from the late excitement. I paused an instant for breath. He turned round—

"You are tired, Miss Lee; let me assist you."

The tone and manner in which he spoke were different from those which he had always assumed toward me; but I declined his offer—

"No, I could walk better as we were."

The next moment I found myself on the earth, having set my foot in a deep hollow, which his longer step had enabled him to avoid. I recovered my feet immediately, hoping I was not observed, but he now drew my arm within his, and though I persisted in saying I could walk better alone, he thought differently. I walked on, impatient to arrive, for I knew Mary was waiting in great anxiety for us. But there was no haste to be made, for we had to battle with the storm, and it was hard to keep erect. Mr. Calvin's arm now encircled my waist, and though I felt much as I would if a snake had wreathed his slimy folds around me, I endured it, for Mary's light was in the window. The next moment we were in the broader path which led to the door, and, with a sudden jerk, I threw his arm from me, and ran on before him.

Mary was sitting by the old man's bed, rubbing his hand, and bathing his head.

"Has it seemed long?" I asked hastily.

Her face was pale and troubled. "I am so glad you have come back, Bertha"—and she turned again to the bed, evidently afraid to take her eyes from the dying man.

"Has he come, Mary? You promised he would be here soon."

"He is here, Uncle; will you see him?"

"Yes; hand me the small trunk in my sailor's chest. There, turn the key; my hands are too weak. Now leave me alone with the minister."

We retired to Mary's room, while Mr. Calvin approached the bed. They conversed awhile, and then we heard the minister's voice in prayer. The door opened gently during the exercise. We knew it was Miss St. Leon. When we returned to the room, the old man had sunk down apparently much exhausted. The little trunk had been replaced in the chest. Miss St. Leon was removing her wraps. She administered some spirit to the invalid. He revived a little, and then seemed to drop to sleep. He remained so till just before dawn, when he awoke suddenly and called for Mary. She took his hand. It was cold. He tried to speak again, but his tongue refused his bidding, and after one hard struggle he ceased to breathe.

There were few real mourners at the funeral of the old boatman. He had been a rough, hard man, and there were even rumors that he had once been one of the crew in a piratical vessel. Few knew him well, and those few were aged men, who could not leave the fire-side on a winter's day. The clergyman of the parish attended, but he had little to say of the deceased. A prayer, a chapter from the Bible, and the singing of a hymn, included all the exercises. A few of Mary's class accompanied Miss St. Leon to the grave. Mr. Calvin was not present. He left Rockford the day after the death; and when I saw him in the morning, he made no inquiry for Mary, though he remained in the dining-room on purpose, he said, to bid me farewell. Does my reader believe in antipathies? I hope so; for it is only in this way that I can account for my treatment of this "good man," as most of the scholars called him. I never met him but with a feeling of recoil; I never saw him depart but with a sense of relief. Was this a girl's whim, or a dim prescience of the future?

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### SERMONS.

IN the winter of 1833, a noted Methodist preacher, who had been a play-actor in England, came to Rockford and held a series of meetings in the Methodist chapel. My friend Anna, who had listened to him in her native town, and was exceedingly interested in his style of eloquence, urged me to go with her to the chapel. Miss Crooks, who, amid the changes which had been made in the rooms, was again my room-mate, objected.

"Why, girls," said she, "it will do you no good, for you will receive as much error as truth. He denies the doctrine of election, and no one can go to heaven unless they embrace this with the whole heart."

"It is not his doctrine that I care for," said Anna; "but, Miss Crooks, he is such a beautiful speaker! I wish you could only hear him. He has such small, white hands, and he uses them so gracefully; and his raven black curls around his broad, white forehead, and his eyes are black and piercing, so that when he looks at you, it seems as if he were looking

(Continued on second page.)

#### The Cathedral of Lincoln.

##### The Beautiful Edifice and Its Choir.

In the last installment of "Bertha Lee," now running in THE BANNER, allusion was made to that grand historic edifice—the Lincoln Cathedral.

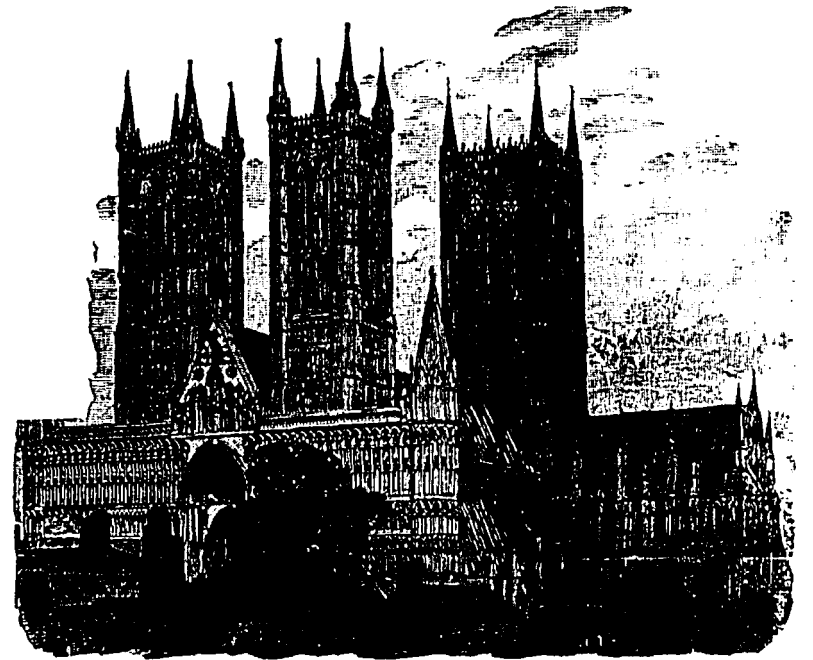
It may be interesting to know more about this beautiful building, and to that end two views have been obtained of Percy Lindley, 379 Broadway, New York, whose "Holidays in England" have made such favorable impression upon those fortunate enough to obtain the work.

In a previous article description was made of

three rude cavernous recesses that they hardly affect the general windowless aspect. Plain almost to severity, the broad lofty wall is saved from monotony by the decorative arading which profusely covers the latter portion, tier above tier. A sharply-pointed gable finishes the composition in the centre, encrusted with ornamentation of the most exquisite design.

The façade is terminated at each angle by tall octagonal star-turrets, capped with spires. Behind the huge wall rise the twin western towers, St. Mary's to the north, and St. Hugh's to the south. Passing round the south side, the noble proportions of the central tower loom up.

The Gallie porch projecting from the south



THE CATHEDRAL OF LINCOLN.

Old Boston. Lincoln is situated a few miles north, on the new route, now so much sought by tourists who wish to combine pleasure and celerity in their travels.

Crowning the city, which itself crowns the hill, the towers of Lincoln Cathedral seem to aspire to the realms of infinity and eternity, calm amid the strifes which have waged beneath their shadows between the varied schools of Christian thought.

The approach to the Cathedral reveals the beauty and grandeur of the building, with a gradual and ever-varying development, which adds no little to its effect.

The earliest cathedral on this site was erected by the first Norman bishop, Remigius, about 1072. A portion of this cathedral now remains and forms the west end. The fire of 1141, and an earthquake in 1185 severely injured the early building.

In 1186 Hugh of Avalon, then bishop, at once made preparations for the rebuilding of the shattered cathedral, of which the first stone was laid in 1192. St. Hugh died eight years later, with the ritual choir and the eastern transept completed, and the larger or western transept begun. This portion of the cathedral supplies us with the earliest dated example in England of the pure Lancet Gothic without any trace of Norman influence.

In the half-century after the death of St. Hugh, the transept was completed, the nave built, and the west front cast into its present shape. The central tower was rebuilt, after its fall, in 1237.



The Angel Choir.

The next bishop, Henry Lexington (1238-1258), obtained the consent of Henry III. to the removal of the city wall; and his successor enlarged the cathedral by erecting the Angel Choir. Thus the erection continued until 1280, when the inauguration of the building took place with great magnificence under Bishop Oliver Sutton, Edward I. being present. Bishop Sutton himself constructed the cloisters, and the cathedral as a whole was then completed.

As seen at the present time, a vast wall, unrelieved by buttress or projection, leaps at one bound from base to parapet; the few windows which break its surface are set so deep in the

transept is one of the most interesting features of the exterior. The meaning of the name is, probably an "outer court," from the expression "Gallie of the Gentiles." It is itself a miniature cruciform church of two stories, on open arches of richest early English. Within is an exquisite arcade, with leaf capitals and a groined roof, the ribs thickly wrought with tooth ornament.

The doorway into the cathedral is divided by a central shaft, supporting arches encrusted with leafage. From this majestic entrance a very good idea of the cathedral's massiveness is obtained. The long-buttressed arch walls of the nave, the gabled northwest chapel, and the western towers with their arched gables, make a most unconventional grouping.

Standing away from the Minster at the southeast corner, the groupings and outlines of the various parts of the fabric assume their full grandeur. In front is the huge east window, fifty-seven feet in height, above it a rich gable, with figures of Virgin and Child. To the right are the eight huge flying buttresses and bold sloping roof of the Chapter-house. The southern transepts stand out, one behind its fellow, like huge sea promontories seen afar from a cliff summit. Beyond the Chapter-house is the Cloister, extending from the northeast transept across a third of the great transept. From the Cloister one returns to the west front.

On entering the nave by the great west door, so grand and beautiful, the first impression is one of space, of lightness, of soft, satisfying tint in the color of the stonework, a deep primrose relieved by the dark shafts and bosses of Purbeck marble. The eye ranges over five hundred feet of harmonious work to the Presbytery window. The idea of space is increased on entering the great transept. An area of two hundred and fifty feet in length closes at either end in a rich rose window.

With space to simply allude to the decorated windows named for important personages, we pass on to notice the broad tower, and the famous bell, Great Tom, of Lincoln, the praises of which have been sung for ages. Its deep tones can be heard all around, and when once heard are never forgotten.

The organ screen forms the entrance to the choir. It is built on to one of the arches of the Great or Rood tower. The Choir is called the grandest architectural study in England. The western portion, St. Hugh's Choir, from the screen to the altar is the finest example of pure pointed work; and the Angel Choir, or eastern portion, is "one of the loveliest of human works."

"No words," says an authority, "can do justice to the consummate beauty of the 'Angel Choir,' which in combination of richness and delicacy of ornament and unstinting profusion of sculpture, leaving scarcely a square foot of plain wall anywhere, knows no rival. The name by which it is popularly known is derived from the sculptures of angels with expanded wings, playing on musical instruments, which fill the spandrels of the exquisitely designed triforium. In singular contrast to these lovely creations a green little shaggy Pook or Robin Goodfellow, with horns and huge flapping ears, sits nursing his right leg at the base of the first vaulting shaft on the north side."

Among the quaint carvings, the poppy-head of the precentor's stall exhibits on one side two monkeys churning; on a second side a baboon, who has stolen the butter, hiding himself among



the trees; on the third side, the thief, having been caught, tried and condemned, is expiating his crime on the gallows; the two churlers pulling the rope, he with clasped hands praying his last prayer. The miserere of a stall on the tier below shows the body of the butter-stealer borne by his hangmen to burial.

The three tiers of canopied stalls, sixty-two in all, were the gift of Treasurer John of Welbourn. They claim, with those of Boston, to be the finest in the country.

By the door in the northeast transept the cloisters are entered. They shelter several Roman remains, a translated pavement, a milestone, some altars and sarcophagi covers.

Returning by the northeast transept, a door below admits to the Dean's chapel, the upper chambers being the Minister's dispensary. The choir-aisles contain the chantries of several bishops. On the south side are two monuments. Against the south choir wall is the base of the shrine of "Little Saint Hugh," a Christian boy said to have been crucified by the Jews in 1255. Chaucer has alluded to the legend in the *Priores's Tale*. The grave was opened in 1790, and a boy's skeleton was found. The old pavement then in front of it was worn into holes by the knees of devotees.

Leaving the Minister one notes the Cantilupe Chantry-house, the Bishop's Palace, and an Edwardian house, least altered of all in England.

And now we are back to Lincoln, once the seat of Wolsey before he became archbishop. As you look back at the beautiful cathedral, you recall the great Cardinal's outburst of passionate regret at the last, and you wonder if his mind did not go back, as he stood there, about to be stripped of his honors, back to the quiet, peaceful days at Lincoln, and the Church of St. Mary—the beautiful cathedral of a more beautiful country.

#### Woman's Work Unlimited.

Miss Dr. Lucy Barnicoat of Boston recently spoke in San Francisco on "Home is not Woman's Limit." The *Examiner* gave a generous installment of the lecture, from which we quote:

"This subject has had wide discussion, and needs still wider investigation. It is too momentous to be solved in a day, in a week, or a month, or even a year.

"I do not think home-life is woman's limit, any more than it is man's. The divine being who created both endowed woman with faculties that are in the main, more acute, more refined than man's. If he had not intended her to use them, would he have given them to her? And a strictly home-life does not allow her to use them.

"Man without woman is practically useless, and woman without man is equally so, and as there is no limit to man's sphere why does man try to chain woman to one beneath his own? The conditions of the world, with all its branches of art, science, literature, and throughout its whole animal and vegetable kingdoms, were never better than they are to-day. The farmer is ever improving the quality of his crops, nor thinks that improvement limited. The horse in the animal kingdom never attained such speed as at present, and who would think of limiting that?

"Why, then, if we improve both the animal and the vegetable world, should we not improve woman's sphere as well? Woman has demonstrated before that she can compete with the sterner sex in nearly every branch of industry, even in statesmanship.

"Women have ruled nations, and been wise and noble queens and empresses. There has been about woman all the dignity, majesty and wisdom of man, combined with a gentleness that woman only possesses.

"True, some of them have been wanton and cruel, but no more so than their age reflected, and was shown in their brothers. As doctors and surgeons they have been successful, nor have they been obliged to cast aside the environments of home to win distinction in the professions. From the pulpit I have heard the Scriptures expounded by a woman with all the force and intelligence of a man, while as lawyers they have been equally successful.

"In Washington Mrs. Belva Lockwood earns an income of more than five thousand dollars a year at the bar, and no one yet found her home not all it should be. If, therefore, women are successful as lawyers, why should they not aspire for greater honors; that of Judgeship itself? I expect to see the day when our Supreme Bench is graced by the presence of a woman.

"Is it any more unnatural for woman to enter what man claims as his sphere, than it is for man to enter the domains he concedes to her, as witness our many male dressmakers and milliners? True, to succeed they must have special qualifications for their business, but if woman shows herself qualified to enter any calling hitherto given over to man should she not do so? But we must give to man some need of thanks, for if he has not aided, he has not retarded woman's progress in the last fifty years, which has been greater during that time than during all the countless centuries that have gone before.

"I predict that in the next century woman will attain a height of advancement not even dreamed of now. Even in the next half century the populace, if they could look back, would wonder at the strange condition of affairs that gave rise to such a topic in the columns of that paper.

"Every man cannot be a father, nor can every woman be a mother, and while the present numerical relation of women to men continues there will be women who will have to earn their own living. Therefore let them enjoy equal rights, equal opportunities with man in every branch of labor, and in the end you will find she is his equal; ay, his superior. Once again, I declare woman's sphere is unlimited."

If your lung trouble is of scrofulous origin, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will cure you.

#### Late November Magazines.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT.—The current number pays a tribute to Luther Colby, which has been printed in a former issue of THE BANNER. A. D. Swan has an article on Spiritualism, in which he defends it against the attack made by a correspondent. "Nature and Revelation," is from the pen of Prof. L. S. Welch, and is worthy careful reading. C. C. Moore tells "How the Idea of God got into the World." J. P. Richardson opens the magazine with an article, "Hear All Sides." There are other good things in this interesting and instructive number. J. D. Shaw, Waco, Texas.

THE THEOSOPHIST.—"Old Diary Leaves," written by editor Olcott, are continued in another chapter in the current issue. "Clairvoyance," is also carried along in a pleasing and generous installment. "Haunted Trees and Stones," is by E. R. B. "Colors and Tones," is by Ellen S. Atkins. I. Anthony writes of "Soul Premonitions." "Sympathy: A Source of Knowledge," is by J. O. Staples, and is one of the best papers in the issue. The articles are all good and entitled to thoughtful perusal. Theosophical Society's Headquarters, Adyar, Madras.

THE LIGHT OF THE EAST.—This is the second number of the third volume, the contents of which are interesting and varied. "Clairvoyance has a good second part in the issue, and 'A Theosophical Tale' is continued from the last number. The other articles are up to the standard maintained by the able editor. Published in Calcutta, by S. C. Mukhopadhyay.

#### Ill-Tempered Babies

Are not dear little babies in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

#### "BERTHA LEE."

(Continued from first page.)

right into your heart, and you can't help trembling; and then he sings so charmingly—sometimes soft and low, as if he would win you to his faith, and then joyous and exultant, like the song of a conqueror. Do come with us, Miss Crooks—do, now."

"Not I," said she, firmly; "there is but one way into the fold, and he that climbeth up some other way is a thief and a robber. I do not believe Miss Garland will permit you to go."

Miss Garland did let us go, Miss Crooks to the contrary, notwithstanding; but perhaps it would have been better for us had she refused; for we were like most school girls of that age—susceptible, impulsive, easily swayed. The speaker was gifted with the graces of oratory—a fine person, a warm heart, and an ambition to count the number of his converts by hundreds and thousands. The first evening he preached from the text, "Come to Jesus." It was full of gentle persuasion; and he, who had learned to modulate his voice, and educate expression and gesture on the boards of a theatre, so as to draw smiles or tears, at will, from the thoughtless crowd who came only to see how fiction could be made reality, had no difficulty now in portraying truth to the mass of upturned faces, who held their breath to listen. They were uneducated and rough, brought together from the workshop, the farm, the fishing schooner and the factory. They had little knowledge of books, save the Bible, and that they had spelled out, and read with a semi-comprehension of its great truths, that left them in a twilight of thought and speculation. This man came, and pictured in simple language—but all the more powerful for that—the judgment hall, the stern Sanhedrim, the timid Pilate, and the faithless disciples. They saw, as never before, the meek, suffering Savior, alone amid his enemies, calm and patient at rebuke and scorn, deserted by his friends, and tauntingly told by the haughty Roman, "Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me." He saw the busy fingers of the spiteful Jew, plating that crown of thorns, weaving in, with wicked art, the sharp points that should pierce the sufferer's head. He saw him standing in meek silence amid the cries of the multitude, "Crucify him! crucify him!" And when at last Pilate, in the pride of his power, would fain force words of self-condemnation from his victim, there came that memorable sentence, uttered, not for the blind, ignorant multitude there, but for the ages to come: "Thou couldst have no power over me, except it were given thee from above." Ay, here was the secret of that power to suffer—of those triumphant words, spoken still later, on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I cannot even now go over the scene of the crucifixion itself without having emotions stirred within me, to which, till then, I had been a stranger. We saw him extended upon the cross, forgetting the intense suffering of his death in his compassion—and "for you he suffered, for you he died," exclaimed the preacher. "Will you turn away? Come unto him, and he will give you rest. Come, poor, weary man, borne down with the burdens of life, come, and he will give you rest—come, poor heart-broken mourner, for whom earth has no more brightness, come to the cross of Christ, and he will give precious balm for your wounded spirit—come, thou aged pilgrim of fourscore, standing with weary feet and trembling heart in the valley of the shadow of death, come to Christ, and he will make that valley bright as the sunlit Pisgah when the departing Moses beheld the promised land." He paused a moment—turned his eyes full upon the seat where Anna and myself sat with two or three more young, blooming, merry girls. "And you, my young friends, come in the brightness of life's morning, when your hearts are fresh as the opening bud; come, before a life of sin and sorrow shall wither the flower, and you have only a faded wreck to offer him who died for you. More beautiful than the priceless gems of the East, more fragrant than the spice groves of Araby the blest, more acceptable than the treasures of earth's mightiest monarchs, is the offering of the youthful heart to its God. Come, then, when beauty tints the cheek, when the heart beats high and warm with the aspiration of youth, when the world is bright before you—come to the Savior, and he will guide you through the sorrows of this life, sorrows that will surely come with time and age, to the world where there is everlasting youth, and where beauty is perennial."

His voice was full of tender pathos, his countenance expressive of deep emotion, and, as he knelt to pray, I believe that tears fell from the eyes of all our group.

At the close of his prayer, he came down from the pulpit, and went from knee to knee, urging people to go forward and kneel at a low balustrade around the pulpit. It was a novel sight to me to watch the variety of character influenced by him—the old man and the child, matron and maid. I was so interested in watching them, that I did not hear the preacher's step, nor know that he was near us, till Anna's sobs attracted my attention. I turned, and saw him entreating her to go with him to the "altar," while she, poor child, shook violently, and seemed so troubled that I threw my arms round her, and whispered—

"Dear Anna, don't, don't, be calm."

"Bertha, will you go with me?" she said, entreatingly.

"Yes; come, too, Miss Bertha," said the preacher; "come to the blessed Savior; let me not ask in vain."

That small white hand with a plain, gold ring on one of the fingers, rested on the side of the pew; it held a perfumed handkerchief; the voice was low and melodious, and we could see now that the curls of the dark hair were of nature's twining.

The whole scene was new to me, and I know not what we might have done had not the clock struck nine at that moment.

We had promised Miss Garland that we would be at home at that hour, and we told the preacher so, and he politely waited upon us to the door. The next evening we went again, and again, and again, often without permission, which was certainly a very audacious act; but so fascinated had we become, that rules would have had little influence over us. We made due confession, and were pardoned; but the very fact of our going clandestinely prevented our "going forward," much to the disappointment of the young preacher, who never failed to come and speak to us. Whether that added a charm to the service, I will not now pretend to say; but I know we thought him eloquent beyond all speakers we had ever heard before.

Older and more judicious critics might have called him redundant in his imagery, and too fond of adjective phrases; they might have objected to his manner, also; to the frequent display of the finely-formed hand and delicate handkerchief; but they were to us only agreeable adjuncts. We emptied our purses into the contribution box, which was sent round to defray his expenses; and we wept over certain little hymn books which he gave to us on the last evening. His popularity in our country increased, and now I frequently hear of him as drawing crowds of delighted schoolers, and often wonder if he ever recalled the school girls of Rockford, whose admiration must certainly have awakened any latent vanity which grace had not subdued. He stirred the waters of the community there, and they did not subside at his leaving; the circle gradually widened, till the whole place felt its influence. But I am anticipating.

Sometime before this I had received Charles Herbert's note, written on his departure for the West Indies. How little I thought then it would be his last!

The coming of the preacher awakened a new train of thought in my heart. I began those speculations which have troubled older and wiser heads—the soul immortal, or whither it goes? Is there a hell? or will it perish with the body? I found sects of Christians differing widely in sentiment, and each one believing that it only held the key to future happiness. Where is truth, and how shall I find it? I ventured once to ask Miss Crooks the question—

"Find it? why, in your Bible, to be sure."

I did turn there, but I say it now, and with all due reverence to that Book which is now I trust a light to my feet and a guide to my path, that only while I read the Gospels could I understand—all the rest, save a part of the Psalms, only plunged me into deeper perplexity and darkness. True, the beautiful sketches of patriarchal times, so full of Oriental imagery, had a charm for me, as for all children; but I was now looking for the mystery of Jewish sacrifices, to be solved, and for gleams of a future life. Alas! I found none in the Old Testament, save that angels came and talked with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Isaiah—that they counseled Daniel, and answered his prayer. Then I prayed that an angel might come and teach me, and then I should know the way. I asked Miss Crooks if that was right.

"Why no, you silly child; what's the use of praying for angels to come, when you can know the way of old? You are like the stubborn Jews of yore. You know the rich man, when he was in hell, lifted up his eyes in torment, and prayed that a messenger might be sent from heaven to his two brethren, so that they need not come into that place of torment. What did Abraham say? 'They will not believe, though one rise from the dead.'"

"But, Miss Crooks, his prayer was answered, for Jesus Christ was sent unto the Jews."

"Yes, and the Jews rejected him."

"But," said I, "this rich man had one good thing in him—a desire that others should not suffer, though he was miserable."

"Well, Bertha Lee! you are a curious child—just as if there could be anything good in a lost soul."

"Lost soul! lost soul!" how those words filled my heart that day. What does she mean? I kept asking myself the question. Night and day it was ringing in my ears. When I awoke in the night I repeated it, and wondered what its full import could be. True, I had heard my mother use similar expressions, and in childhood all those passages of Scripture containing the fearful figures of intense future suffering were familiar, every-day language on her lips. I remembered, too, Mr. Calvin's first address in the stage to me, three years before, and how I trembled at the thought of physical, endless suffering—but that was an idea only of bodily pain—of fire, of agony which the mind could picture more keenly than the tongue express in words. But now the words *lost soul* implied more than that; *soul*, that was not material—it is of a higher nature than the body—it can suffer more keenly, but what that suffering was I could not define. I thought of what the preacher said—"Come unto Jesus," and then I would turn to St. John, and read of Jesus till I was filled with admiration and love. I thought if he were only here, I would go unto him as Mary Magdalene did, and bring all the treasures I had—that I would gladly anoint his feet, and like her, wipe them with my flowing hair.

One Sunday, when I was full of these thoughts, an aged minister preached upon the text, "Follow thou me." He described the character of Jesus in meek, loving language, and I lingered upon his words with a deep interest, till he told us that we could follow him only by being like him, to forgive our enemies, love those that hated us, and return good for evil.

"Have you an enemy?" he said, "have one no longer, but let your love transform his hatred, or if it has no power over him, let it melt the hatred of your own heart, that you bear the weary burden of hate no longer. Look upon the whole world as the children of one Father, alike sharing his goodness, and open your heart, as he does, to all. If there is one person in the wide world to whom you cannot speak words of kindness, one toward whom you harbor a wish for revenge, upon whose head you would willingly see trouble descend, then you are not like Jesus, and the dove of peace cannot rest in your heart!"

"Oh dear!" I said to myself, "what shall I do? There is my mother, and Miss Crooks, and Mr. Calvin; I do not love them, and I am afraid I never shall"—and then the words "*lost soul*" would rise up before me, and I would say—"If I do not love them what will become of me?"

Now Miss Crooks had grown more and more fretful and disagreeable. I wondered if I should make her a present if it would not help me to love her.

I hid hurt her feelings by laughing at her black book; and once, when she was fretting at me because the room was not in perfect order, I said, "I don't like old maids one bit, they are so set and fussy."

She was very angry, and said, "If you mean me, Miss Bertha Lee, you'd better wait till I am an old maid; we do not call folks old maids till they're thirty."

"Lawful sakes! Miss Crooks, do you say you're not thirty? I should think you were all of thirty-five."

It wounded terribly, but terrible was her revenge that very day. When the mail came in she had a letter from my mother, with one enclosed for me.

I do not think my mother meant any unkindness in this—it was one drop of mercy in her heart; and, had Miss Crooks been Miss Lincoln, a precious flower of sympathy would have

bloomed in the heart thus watered; but for Miss Crooks it yielded thorns that pierced me to the heart.

But to the letters—mine run as follows:

DEAR BERTHA—We have had letters from Charles Herbert; he will stay at the Islands for the present. You know he is now about twenty-one, an early age to marry, we think; but he writes that he is to marry a young girl, the daughter of the gentleman they used to call "Uncle Paul." This will explain why you have had no letters from him for so long a time. Your father is in New York, or he would write you to-day. He will be about a week or more on business.

I have not known, Bertha, that you and Charles Herbert were any more to each other than simple friends; but perhaps you had thought that friendship would ripen into a nearer union. You know I never fancied the intimacy, and it has terminated as I supposed it might. Do not let it trouble you too much; but if you wish to come home, do so, and I will be to you a mother and a friend in your trouble. I have written to your room-mate and teacher, Miss Crooks, that you have my full permission to come home if you wish.

Then Miss Crooks knew it! Yes, but not one word of sympathy, only the cruel taunt—"So you don't like old maids, Miss Bertha; better be an old maid, and have no lovers, than a rejected—"

"Stop!" said I, with a stamp of my foot and a flash of my eye, that told too truly of the rising anger in my heart—"I am not rejected. I was never engaged to Charles Herbert. I never expected—" but there I broke down. Grief overmastered anger; no, the falsehood was not spoken. My conscience told me I did expect to spend my days with Charles Herbert; that life would be no life to me without his love, and my heart told me that that expectation was shared with him. There had been no words, for there was need of none. Like two operators, one at each end of the electric wire, we understood the signals without forming them into words. It was enough for us that the electric fluid was there; we asked no telegram in form.

I crushed my mother's letter in my hands, and throwing on my bonnet went out of the house, somewhere into the fresh air, where I could breathe more freely, for I felt as if I were choking, and my heart seemed almost to stop its beating.

Some one has said that the disappointment of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. Oh! what darkness followed my sunset! There was no twilight, not one solitary star, but my heart, struck blind for want of light, groped its way along alone, all alone, not even a reed to bear upon. And that heart was full of hatred toward its enemies, and had not the good man said that the dove of peace could not dwell in such a heart? So I dared not pray—I could not turn to God—I had no earthly friend who could give me comfort. Once I turned my face southward—I would go to New York and find my father—I would walk on and on till I met him. But then came the shame and mortification of confessing the deep love which had filled my heart. No, no—I will bear it alone, all alone.

Now, toward Charles Herbert, strange as it may seem—for it is contrary to the theory of most novelists—I had not one thought of revenge, one emotion of anger. Does not the poet say—

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned?"

But I believe, and experience has confirmed, that where two hearts have truly, honestly, deeply loved, that love will never be wholly rooted out of the heart. However much of the demon I might have when thinking of Miss Crooks, and Mr. Calvin, and my mother, I had only grief and despair whenever Charles Herbert's image was before me. There was a terrible mistake somewhere, but no change in his heart. I imagined everything but that he had proved false, and for a week or two I thought perhaps the letter was forged; but this hope was blown away on my father's return home. He had seen the members of the firm in Boston. Charles was married—married the very day that he was twenty-one. He was a partner now in the business, but would remain on the island. A greater gulf than the ocean was now between us. I walked till the coming darkness reminded me of study hours, and then I turned homeward, passing the house where Miss Lincoln had lived. It looked very desolate and old; I stopped and looked in at the window, and then I sat down on the doorstep. Memories of the past thronged around me. I thought of my friend Mary, happy in her present home, surrounded by those who appreciated and loved her. All her letters spoke thus, and lately there had been a freshness and a charm in them which was new to me—as if there was in her heart a fountain of peace, some hidden source of joy. How I longed to see her, and lean my weary head on her bosom. The wish was hardly formed in my heart, when I thought I saw her come out of the door, with her favorite book in her hand, and read these words—"When all things look sadly around us, it is good to have God for our friend, for of all friendships that God is created to support us in our needs."

The vision was so distinct and clear, that at first I believed it a reality; but it vanished slowly away, and then, as I repeated the words, I remembered that she had used them to me, long, long ago.

But I had no friend. God was not my friend, for I did not love my enemies. The hard, bitter words of Miss Crooks still rankled in my heart, and it seemed almost impossible for me to forgive them. I walked on, listless, indifferent, caring little about my studies for the evening. I had suddenly lost all ambition. Henceforth it mattered not how I stood in my class. I was late, for the clock struck seven as I entered the house, and was going to my room for my books. But the girls were not in the study-room; they were on the stairs and in the halls.

"Oh, Bertha!" exclaimed a number, "where have you been? We have looked for you all over the house. There are no study hours tonight. Miss St. Leon came in just as we were seated, and told us that the celebrated Dr. B. of Boston would preach this evening, and we might all go. Run, quick, and get your bonnet; you like sermons, you know."

One little roguish girl, all dressed, looking bright as a little daisy, came running up to me:—

"You see the Methodists have fired off their great guns, and the Congregationalists are going to fire a bigger. You'll hear it go bang tonight, and blow your curly-headed parson when he will never find himself again."

"Run, quick," said another. "We'll be late, and have to sit back where we can see nobody, and nobody us."

[To be continued.]

Word comes from all quarters that the neatest and most satisfactory dye for coloring the beard a brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

#### Original Essay.

#### THE FORGOTTEN PAST; FACTS AND PHENOMENA.

BY CLAUKE IRVINE.

It is a peculiarity of our time that it ignores facts of history almost entirely, so far as they may go to establish any theory or afford any lesson. "I think it is because people hardly read anything except newspapers, and all are occupied by things of the present moment. Certain it is that old books were read more fifty years ago than they are now. Political questions that were practically settled thirty or forty years ago, arise and are discussed *de novo*, as the lawyers say.

Spiritual phenomena are treated in this same way. The more history and records we have of facts settled under sternest tests, the less we make use of them. Attention is entirely occupied with the present.

Daily do we read expressions in able journals like this: "It is time now for a careful inquiry to be made by scientific men into these wonders, so that the public mind may be put to rest." Just as though the same talk had not been made and the most careful investigations pursued every year since 1848. The vast body of testimony by such eminent persons as the Howitts, Halls, Edmonds, Hare, Mapes, De Morgan, Zollner, Fichte, Crookes, Huggins, Cox, Wallace, the illusionists Bosco and Bellachini, Adair, and thousands of others of either local, state, or world-wide fame, is disregarded as though non-existent.

If the soul of man is indeed immortal, and lives clothed in a body of sublimated material, lives consciously on, all the wonders of Christian and spiritual history are not so marvelous. The wonder is we have so few of them. No doubt Livy is right when he says such wonders are no longer common in his day because of the hard incredulity of his contemporaries. Not only do we neglect to seek, but, despite, contempt and turn deaf ears. "Seek, and ye shall find," is one of those profound truths of that wisest of all books, the Bible.

If the idea of nothing is unthinkable, as Spenser says, and nothing ever becomes annihilated, not even the least atom being lost, of course the mind must continue, being something. But may it not, like gross matter, surrender its parts to this, that and the other? "Perish by language," as Kant says. Let us see: Being spirit, it was prior to matter, and being particular spirit it emanated from the All-Spirit, the everlasting; and here, while clad in flesh, has developed a special individual will. Now will cannot surrender itself to nonentity, for the will is self-existent. In this it is different from any other conception, for all below are dependent existences. This will, then, if clothed in a gaseous or essential body, can continue forever, absorbing motion and dissipating such matter as may approach it—an evolution quite the reverse of that which takes place with all lower forms. Evolution is the integration or taking in of matter and dissipation of motion, and proceeds until quiescence and dissolution set up—which dying is the dissipation of matter and absorbing of motion. But gases, etc., proceed by a reverse method, and live or continue by the method of "dissolution," and hence, I conclude, may continue in same form forever. Indeed, we have an example of gross material forms continuing, to all appearance, on this earth forever; unaffected at least by the slightest symptom of ordinary decay; as where zinc and copper are so united as to set up some kind of electric current all around and through the monuments thus constituted, which have stood unchanged, exposed to heat, cold, wet, dryness, etc., thousands of years. If the slightest film of such envelope effects this, what if the whole body were of this envelope?

This mode of the evolution of the sublimated gases, essences, etc., is declared by Herbert Spencer (page 97 of his work on Evolution). They are not subject to the law of change, decay and decrease which rules all things else. If ever we can demonstrate how the soul lives, it must be by deductions from established laws. A great step was made in that direction when it was found the ordinary law of evolution does not apply to those most refined materials.

Oregon, Mo.

#### The Turning Point.

In many a man's life is some trivial hint which suggests an important action. Many a life has been snatched from the grave by some friend recommending Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm to one suffering from Lung and Throat Diseases.

#### A New Argument Against Corsets.

(From Plowman's Journal.)

This is the shape of a woman's waist on which a corset is laced. The ribs deformed by being squeezed, press on the lungs till they're diseased. The heart is jammed and cannot pump, the liver is a torpid lump; the stomach crushed, can not digest, and in a mass are all compressed. Therefore this silly woman grows to be a beautiful mass of woe, but thinks she has a lovely shape, though hidden as a crippled ape.	This is a woman's natural waist which corset never yot disgraced. Inside it is a mine of health. Outside of charms it has a wealth. It is a thing of beauty true and a sweet joy forever new. It needs no artificial padding vile or bustle big to give it "style." It's strong and solid, plump and sound, and hard to get one arm around. Alas! If women only knew the mischief that these corsets do, they'd let Dame Nature have her way, and never try her waist to "stay."
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Dollier-Beccale Co., Boston, Mass.



## The Spiritual Postroom.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall.

J. B. Hatch, Jr., sends us the following as the remarks in brief, made by J. CLEGG WRIGHT at this hall, Sunday, Nov. 25.

Mr. Wright spoke in his normal condition. When we contemplate the slowness of progress does it not appear wonderful that it contains so much valuation?

In 1853 England, Turkey and Sardinia looked with terror upon the idea of Russia sending ships into the Mediterranean Sea; so they engaged in the Russian War, for which I think every true Englishman is ashamed. Nations, like men, sometimes make great mistakes. When a man gets mad he thinks madly; when a nation gets mad it fights madly; when a divine gets mad he says very foolish things to God, and God must feel ashamed of his servant; when anything is not needed any more it disappears; when nature gets through with man he will live no more.

As new demands are constantly coming upon us, the world will be ever ready to grasp that which is needed; the less we use our power the sooner it will be absorbed.

There was never a time when God was alone; he always had company; he always had an atom to keep him company.

Labor and capital must lose alike; thus we grow.

Religion and politics go hand in hand; they are tied together by the same cord; there are ebbs and flows of liberty. Massachusetts is a stalwart State, and stands out in bold relief in its progress line; but it has failed to do its duty in the line of medical liberty. Thus it is; we must learn the lesson of progress in the study of our time.

Mr. Wright spoke in a trance condition, saying: Again I meet you, and again I am embarrassed; you have no faculty by which you can see me. I am a voice, and as a voice I speak to you upon a subject of interest, especially at this time: "What Shall We Do with the Working-Man's Baby?"

I will delineate the progress of modern civilization, and recall that period when the supreme power was in the hands of the owners of the lands. When the laborer was at his lowest ebb it was like the darkness before the coming day.

In this condition of life man was weak because he had no tools. When a man can wield a tool he becomes a free man, and his opponents die, as it were. Natural progress and liberty keep one another company. No nation with a steam engine, no people with a railroad going through their country, no city with electric light, can be called back to barbarism.

Literature, science, music, painting, poetry, knowledge—all teach progressive industrial development.

Religion with its mythology, medical law with its superstition, were born in the childhood of this race.

Ignorance and superstition are destroyed with the coming of science; but today our nation is being closely followed by the world. The common possession of the earth is knowledge. Now that you can belt the earth in a few days, you find the people alike, and you think what a small world it is. There never was anything like it before. It requires greater statesmanship than before. The world has begun to appreciate and accept Thomas Paine, who says: "The world is my country, to do good is my religion."

Christianity cannot conquer the world, or any religion, however grand. Religion goes down, reason comes up; in the decline of religious bigotry, freedom comes up. When reason asserts herself the inventor will have discovered that which will always live. Man by the power of reason utilizes what the law of natural mechanism has produced.

Industry has supplanted the soldier. The soldier is never realized that he is like the theologian, going down; the soldier to the statesman is the foundation of honor. No landmarks have been left for the guidance of the statesman on his way.

Edmund Burke in 1796 was to the statesman what Edison is to the electric world. Through Burke's intervention he stayed the war.

The more money the manufacturers make, the less wages they pay. They sell to foreign markets at high prices. The time is coming when all the nation will do its own work. What will the manufacturers do when they only have their own countries to sell to?

In the countries of the world where labor is at its lowest there are no carpets on the floor. The average pay in Spain is \$2.25 per week; it takes \$120.00 a year to feed a man; he has therefore \$30.00 left to provide for his family.

In India, I am told, they receive from seven to eight cents a day, consequently the people simply exist upon the most frugal food. A man cannot buy anything but the bare necessities of life; he therefore gives no purchasing power to the nation. To secure a future for the working man, you must find out how to increase the wages.

The first thing for the workingman's baby is "education"; a poor man educated stands on a plane when he can say: "I have a right to liberty and happiness, and have as much right here as any one."

The intelligence of the people will make the people alive to secure the right representatives. When Burke was defeated he made a speech that will live forever. Burke was at once and Paine at the other. Burke said: "When the people return a man to Parliament they return him free; he goes to enact what he thinks right." Paine said: "When the people return a man to Congress he shall act for you, and act as you would if you were there."

The time is coming when the great Paine will be better understood. Direct issue from the people will come. No man or combination of men have a right to kill or trample upon the rights of individuals; every man has a right to his freedom. Your father gave his life for freedom in 1861; it will take a long time to forget the lesson.

The product will come from the land when it shall be tilled by the man who owns it. Now the great problem is, what shall we do with the workingman's baby? First, he must be taught to use his hands; he must go to Nature; he must cultivate a potato where a potato never grew.

The trouble has been in ancient days of building large cities, manufacturing has been established there, a surplus of people flock to the cities, more than can find work, leaving their homes in the country; consequently want and famine exist.

Nature and invention are coming in as saviors, and will find a way to take care of the baby.

Man will live in the country, and toll will again become honest toll; education will unfold the mind. He will want more books—books will be cheap; there will be a demand for higher things than he has had heretofore; and in this demand it will make business more thriving.

When we attain a veto power in legislation the condition in home-life will be changed mightily.

Man is a soul, and those that lived before you exist, and you are going to them, and they come to you; there is a grandeur in the thought "Love for dear ones never dies."

Your work is noble; do that which is laid out for you, ever marching onward to the liberty of mankind.

In the evening Mr. Wright spoke in his normal condition for a few moments upon the trance condition of a medium. He said the mind is the functional expression of the whole of the brain, and then proceeded to express himself in regard to the manner of independent action of the muscles. Mediums cannot be made; you can develop by use that which is already there.

Mr. Wright said he found that the subject he was most familiar with was the easiest for his control to expound, as the spirit hypnotizes the medium and speaks his thoughts; the more intelligent the medium, the higher the thoughts expressed. The grandest test mediums are persons with the best faculties.

Mr. Wright, in his normal condition, said: I regret that I will not have a voice to speak to you for some time to come, but I shall know

there will be others to teach you of the spirit world.

What is my sphere? I have not seen my sphere. What lies about me I cannot see. Man lives in a sphere of magnetism as a bird floats in atmosphere. It lies at the character of mental basis. For example, Emerson, once and now the pride, the glory of the idealistic thinkers of New England, could not account for his rare ability; he was a spiritualistic subject; his sphere put him in rapport with the spiritual, to give to the world such wonderful inspirations.

What I want to do is to place the ideal of man high, that liberty may rise in its glory over the rising generation. You can raise man through his moral consciousness; every man you meet is going to live forever.

Some day when you begin to see what your portion is in the life to come, you will wish you had even done a little better; and that thought will help you to do better, and you will step into the other life, and meet the Educator, who will teach you to go onward and upward, and a grander life will come to you, and you will feel that you are gaining eternal knowledge.

### Vaccination a Danger to the Public Health.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The growing interest in the United States in all questions relating to the public health, and the firm and uncompromising stand taken by the BANNER OF LIGHT against medical monopoly and medical tyranny in all its forms, prompts me again to send you some of the facts which I presented before the Royal Commission on Vaccination in London, and which ought to be known wherever vaccination is enforced.

It has been my experience to devote much attention to the results of vaccination, and to personally investigate numerous individual cases of injury as well as disasters where from three to three hundred children and adults have been seriously, and in not a few instances fatally injured. In several of the worst cases that have come under my notice no official inquiries have been made, but the following may be mentioned as proved by medical witnesses after patient and thorough investigation:

(1.) One of the earliest proofs of the dangers of vaccination will be found in the Report of the Royal College of Surgeons (London), dated Dec. 15, 1806, which says: "The bad consequences which have arisen from vaccination are eruptions of the skin, sixty-six cases, and inflammation of the arm in twenty-four instances, of which three proved fatal." This weighty document, with its incriminating facts, it may be observed, has been ignored by all the defenders of vaccination from the beginning of the century down to the present time.

(2.) Vol. 8 of the Medical Observer, edited by Dr. Charles Maclean, published in London in 1810, pp. 193-197, contains a record of one hundred and fifty cases of vaccinal injuries, with the addresses of ten medical men, including two professors of anatomy, who have suffered in their families from vaccination, together with a catalogue of 535 cases of smallpox, and ninety-seven deaths from smallpox after revaccination with reference to authorities in each case.

(3.) The Lancet of Dec. 15, 1886, under the heading of "Syphilis extensively propagated by Vaccination in France," records how thirty children were infected with severe syphilitic symptoms. The Academy of Medicine appointed two able medical commissioners, Dr. Henri Roger and Dr. Depaul, who after careful investigation reported to the Academy that the children "whom they examined were undoubtedly suffering from secondary syphilis," and "we see no way of explaining this contamination but by vaccination."

(4.) On the 30th December, 1880, fifty-eight recruits of the 4th Regiment of Zouaves at Algiers were vaccinated and syphilized. Five times questions were submitted in Parliament with a view of eliciting the true facts. The answers were evasive, and on the 1st of November, 1882, the disaster was officially denied by the then President of the Local Government Board. On the 7th of November, 1882, I addressed a letter to The Times explaining the position and urging that full information in the interests of the public health and the public safety ought not to be longer withheld.

This appeal proving fruitless, in March, 1884, I visited the Hospital du Dey, Algiers, where the tragedy occurred, and where I met the medical staff, and afterward interviewed well-known physicians and the editors of the principal journals, who furnished me with circumstantial details, including the names, grade and regimental numbers of the unfortunate youths, of whom, after terrible suffering, about thirty succumbed to their injuries. One of the leading physicians, Dr. Emile Bertherand, editor of the Journal de Medecine et de Pharmacie, Algiers, said: "I have seen the infected youths, and the cause of their misery is not disputed. How ridiculous to deny in London what every one here in Algiers knows to be true!"

(5.) On the 25th May, 1883, fifty-eight recruits were vaccinated at the Hospital Dorothea, Holland, which I visited. Seven were found to be seriously injured, whereof three died. After an official investigation, the Minister of War, Mr. Wietzel, admitted the fact and issued a circular notifying recruits that hereafter revaccination was not obligatory in the Netherlands army. This regulation, I may state, had been previously abrogated in the Swiss army for similar reasons.

(6.) In the Appendix to the Official Report of the German Vaccination Commission of 1884 is a memorandum drawn up at the Imperial Board of Health, Berlin, in which it is affirmed "that very serious damage by vaccination has occurred anything but rarely. . . . Thus, up to 1880, fifty cases have become known in which syphilis inoculated with the vaccine virus caused illness to about seven hundred and fifty persons. . . . At Lebus in 1876 fifteen young school-boys were infected with syphilis by revaccination."

(7.) On the 11th of June, 1885, Dr. Von Koehler, Regierungs und Medicinal Rath, furnished me details of the infection of three hundred and twenty children and adults with a disgusting skin eruption, Impetigo Contagiosa, in the Isle of Rugen, by means of "regenerated" vaccine lymph obtained from a government establishment. An expert Commission of Inquiry was appointed by the government, and in an elaborate report it is stated: "The Commission are unanimously of the opinion that the outbreak of the disease has been a direct consequence of vaccination."

(8.) In March, 1885, out of forty-two children vaccinated at Aspières (Aveyron), France, five died as the result of the operation. The facts were officially denied as "a culpable invention of the reporters." Notwithstanding the denial I produced on the 11th of June, 1890, before the Royal Commission on Vaccination, copy of an official report of Inquiry presented by M. E. Dr. P. Bronardel, President of the

Comité Consultatif d'Hygiène Publique de France, in which all the facts are admitted. This report states as the consequence of these inoculations six children died, four in twenty-four hours, one in forty-eight hours; the others (forty-two) were all, or almost all, ill.

(9.) In Le Progrès Medical, Paris, Nov. 3, 1888, containing the report of a paper by Dr. Bourquier on the "Cutaneous Symptoms Consequent upon Animal Vaccination," in which the author referred to the ulcerative vaccination of eight hundred infants observed by Protze of Elberfeld, and to an epidemic consequent upon vaccination with animal lymph, in which sixteen vaccinated children died within twenty-four hours, reported by Prof. Bronardel.

(10.) The Bulletin, No. 31, Aug. 6, 1889, of the Proceedings of the Academy of Medicine, Paris, includes M. Heroulet's narrative of five children vaccinated on the 11th May at Motte aux Bois, and infected with ulcerous syphilis.

It would occupy too much of your valuable space to multiply these cases, of which I have many more authentic examples. It will be seen, however, that they date from the first year of the introduction of vaccination, and are traceable alike to the use of human and animal vaccine. While some of the official vaccinators have received rewards and promotion after fatal vaccination, I have been unable to obtain evidence of any having been dismissed for unskillful performance of the operation—a practical admission that it is the system and not the medical operator that is at fault.

In the Island of Ceylon and in Japan, as I learn by personal inquiry in these countries, and in India, where the vaccine virus is the vehicle for the transmission of leprosy, as shown by numerous high medical authorities in my volume on "The Recrudescence of Leprosy and its Causation," no inquiries into vaccinal disasters are ever instituted, and the unfortunate sufferers in these countries, as well as in our Crown Colonies, are absolutely without redress of any kind.

These facts being true, it follows that to enforce vaccination upon helpless infants, as in England and in Germany, or to insist upon the production of vaccination certificates before allowing children the right to the education provided by the State, as in America, or to compel the vaccination of immigrants, is a form of tyranny and injustice hard to parallel, and is quite unworthy of nations calling themselves free. All patriotic citizens should rise up against this new form of slavery, and give legislative bodies and Boards of Health no rest until it is permanently abolished.

Yours faithfully,  
W. TEBB, F. R. G. S.,  
President of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination.  
Rede Hall, Burnton, Surrey, Eng.

An Unusual Free Offer.

The world is filled with suffering people who can't seem to get well or find out what their trouble is. Such people oftentimes cannot afford the time or expense of a trip to the city, or the large fees charged by the best physicians. It is for just these people that Dr. C. D. Temple, of Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who is without doubt the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, makes the following extraordinary offer: He invites you all to write him about your complaint, tell him how you feel, and all the symptoms of your case, and he will answer your letter free of charge, explaining the meaning of every symptom, telling just what your trouble is and how to get cured. He makes the most careful study of every letter, and his explanations are so clear that you understand exactly what ails you. And it costs you nothing. He makes a specialty of treating patients through letter correspondence, and it has provided a perfect success. He is also the discoverer of that wonderful medicine, Dr. Green's Nervous Blood and Nerve Remedy. Probably you, reader, have some complaint which you don't like explained and cured, and if you will accept this offer, write this successful specialist about it; you will undoubtedly be made strong and well.

IN MEMORIAM.

Resolutions

Regarding the Death of the late Wm. Boyce.

The following resolutions were passed by the Helping Hand Society of Boston:

Whereas, Under the dispensation of the All-Wise and Infinite Spirit, death has again invaded our ranks and taken to the life beyond a loved and respected brother. His life of seventy-one years had ripened into that fullness which comes but from discipline, sorrow, disappointment, mingled into greater proportions with reward, joy and the fulfillment of the heart's desires. For many years he has been an ardent and consistent advocate of Spiritualism. He did not leave this world without leaving behind him a knowledge to his life is but one, and that one is forever eternal.

Resolved, That in the death of Wm. Boyce the Helping Hand Society of Boston has lost a true and faithful member, whose heart ever beat in accord with its noble principles, and whose hand ever reached out in aid of the needy and distressed.

Resolved, That we extend to his sorrowing widow and son our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of their bereavement, and will strive with them the hope of a glad reunion in a better world.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Society, and the same be sent to the family and to the BANNER OF LIGHT.

ALICE S. WATERHOUSE, Committee.

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Mr. Weil answers the many queries which have long and often perplexed persons seeking light in the line of spiritual phenomena, particularly in the line of so-called "earth-bound spirits," and in endorsement of his own opinion quotes largely from this paper. Spiritual evolution is ably treated, and many new thoughts are given utterance. Price \$1.25. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

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### SANCTIMONIOUS IKE.

His quiet ways an honest look  
Won all the dignities at the start.  
His eyes seemed an open book  
In which we read his guileless heart.  
He first showed up at Placer Mound,  
Jest after that big strike,  
An' unobtrusively floated around,  
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

Some thought he was a millionaire  
From Placer, looking up a snort,  
Whiles others said he had the air  
Of some revival gospel chap.  
The boys soon tied him to the name  
Of "Reverend Sanctimonious Ike,"  
Jest 'cause he played the piety game  
So unconcerned an' quiet like.

He nursed the sick; spoke words of cheer  
To them as 'rasled with despair,  
An' at the bed of pain you'd hear  
His low, sad voice in earnest prayer.  
No matter what distress was found,  
You'd see that Sanctimonious Ike,  
Jest like an angel movin' round,  
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

One night the safe, in which war kept  
The dust of all the men in camp,  
War busted open while we slept,  
And by some dream, or cry of thim' scamp;  
We took the trail a-mazin' quick,  
An' soon struck Sanctimonious Ike,  
Leadin' a pack-mule down the creek,  
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

We found the stuff, a' jedge was chose,  
An' our beast, a' jedge was chose,  
The court convened, an' when it rose,  
We took the trail a-mazin' quick,  
An' soon struck Sanctimonious Ike,  
Leadin' a pack-mule down the creek,  
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

—Capt. Jack Crawford.

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Dec. 1.

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In quoting from this BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondence may give rise. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return cancelled articles.  
Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be accompanied by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1894.  
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Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

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While thanking its regular subscribers for their continued patronage, THE BANNER'S publishers desire that this journal, which is devoted to the spiritual movement, as well as to secular reforms in behalf of our common humanity, shall receive ample support from the public at large. COLBY & RICH.

**Christmas Number!**  
THE BANNER will give its readers a treat in remembrance of the great holiday: Our issue of Dec. 22 will contain twelve pages, consisting of Spirit Messages—including one from Spirit L. Colby—Mrs. B. F. Smith, medium; accounts of phenomena, an installment of the current story, "Bertha Lee," a memorial sketch of Luther Colby, from the pen of Albert Morton, Esq., of Summerland, Cal., an essay on Christmas, by W. A. Cram, translations from our Foreign Exchanges, by W. N. Eayrs, and other interesting matters, concerning which more anon.

**A Governmental Threat.**  
The commissioners who have been visiting the Indian Territory under congressional instruction have made their report. It seems that they have arrived at the conclusion that the government pledges given the Indians of the five civilized tribes more than a generation ago must be substantially modified, that is, changed. We have, it appears, made the Indians certain proposals which we (the commissioners) believe to be for their advantage. The language of their report is, that although the United States expressly granted to these tribes the right of self-government, "they have demonstrated their incapacity to govern themselves, and no higher duty can rest upon the government that granted this authority than to revoke it when it has so lamentably failed." The whole intent of the report is to be found in the recommendation contained in that single sentence. It is the same view of the case as is taken by frontiersmen and land-grabbers. Mr. Dawes, however, is neither; he is an ex-senator of the United States; when he had a seat in the Senate he said, on a certain occasion, that a radical defect in all dealings with the red men was that they had held up to them "negotiations in the one hand, a sword in the other." Now he is Indian Commissioner and Negotiator, but how is the case in any way different from what it was?

Naturally Mr. Dawes expresses his disgust at the rejection of the severalty plan by the Indians of the Indian Territory, though the law of his paternity expressly left the five civilized Indian tribes out of the reach of its operation. This exception of course was a recognition of their right to hold to the old tenure in common. The Commission likewise found that the Indians would sell no more land to the government at present; the Creeks and Seminoles had surrendered their claims to nearly two million acres to Oklahoma, and the Cherokees had given up the Outlet, containing over six millions more. Nor do they want territorial government.  
Because they can do nothing in that direction, the commissioners undertake to frighten the Indians, which is the same as threatening them. They do not dare to deny in their report that the United States solemnly granted to the tribes the lands they now occupy, in some of the treaties even specially guaranteeing that no State or territorial lines shall enclose them; nevertheless, they have the presumption to assert that this grant of lands was only "a conveyance in trust." And they argue

In their report that this "trust" has been violated, and consequently "it is the plain duty of the United States to enforce the trust it has so created, and recover for its original uses the domain and all the gains derived from the perversion of the trust, or discharge the trustees." The Indians naturally fall to understand such reasoning as this about a trust that they never heard of before. From wards of the nation they are magically converted into guardians or trustees. The present now threat is simply to discharge them as such trustees, because, as alleged, they have violated their trust! How could they violate it, when they have just learned for the first time that they were trustees?

And, pray, what does this trust consist of? Why, simply a trust to hold these coveted lands in common, "so that each and every member of either tribe shall have an equal, undivided interest in the whole." In order to the perversion of this trust, as the report of the commissioners explains it, a few Indians, half-breeds and adopted citizens hold enclosed, to their own benefit, a great part of the common lands for pasturage and cultivation. And this is called in the commissioners' report such a violation of the trust as entitles the United States Government "to recover for its original uses the domain." This assumption may be thought ingenious as an invention, but it is very questionable whether it will stand. It is too flimsy to stand alone. It is an after-thought, no such supposed trust being created when the grant was made of these lands. The grant never was made on condition that the Indian tribes would always agree to keep their land in common, and never to lease any portion of it for cultivation to their own citizens.

It is not disputed that lawlessness exists in the Indian Territory, and that it must be suppressed. But that cannot justly be made to serve as a pretext for depriving the tribes of the control of their own lands. The Indians themselves explain this lawlessness by the fact that the tribes are overrun with white intruders, whom the United States Government has pledged its solemn word to expel. Yet it has never driven them out, nor are the Indians able to eject them. Even admitting that some of these intruders are due to tribal laws and permissions, it would nevertheless be strange, declares the *New York Sun*, if with a prolonged failure of the Government to execute its own specific pledges in this matter, it should now set up as an excuse for revoking its grants, the violation by the Indians of an alleged trust which perhaps they never heard of till now.

At last aging Bismarck has been parted from his wife of near half a century, and he almost breaks down under the weight of his woe. Though not unexpected by him, yet when the stroke came it was the heaviest he has ever been called to bear. And he does not want to live any longer, because of his loneliness. He had lived with the lost one a longer term of companionship than usually falls to the lot of man. She inspired him, gently guided and governed him, shared with him his triumphs, and became his whole world. Of the inner domestic life which is the enrichment of the life human the outside world knew no more than could be gathered from external appearance and hearsay. That it must have had a depth beyond the ordinary soundings of public estimation is obvious now, if but from the broken-hearted ejaculations of the one who remains bereft. There is a pathos in the simple story that touches all hearts that are human. What a consolation to his brave spirit to realize that the one who has departed is now nearer, dearer and closer than in all the days of their long marital fellowship!

The *Newburyport News* says that the Improvement Society has prepared another historic tablet to be placed on the Thomas Macy house near Bartlett's Corner, now occupied by William Colby, which bears the following inscription: "Thomas Macy, the first town clerk of Amesbury, built this house, prior to 1654. Persecuted for harboring Quakers, he fled to Nantucket in 1689, having previously sold his place to Anthony Colby, whose descendants have occupied it to the present time." The inscription on this tablet will naturally interest many persons who have an affection for the name borne by the present occupants of this old house in Luther Colby's native town.

The new Emperor of Russia, it is said, is about to introduce elementary public education throughout his empire, and also a plan for the establishment of constitutional government. Other great reforms are expected. Stepniak, the leader of the Russian Nihilists, says the new Czar may become very popular if he is discreet. He asserts that a strong feeling in favor of conciliation prevails among the Russian revolutionists. The Czar may make himself, he says, the most popular ruler Russia has ever known. But what the Nihilists are chiefly thinking about is what he is going to do with political offenders.

The ministers are fast getting themselves in condition to take the government of the city of Boston into their own hands, thinking, no doubt, that they know more about the business than all other people put together. They are going at it in the true sensational way, hoping to effect more and effect it sooner thus. It looks as if the pulpits were about to take a rest on the subject of creeds, and start out on politics, etc., in the name of reform.

WILLIAM TEBB, Esq., the zealous and active opponent of vaccination in England, America, and the world generally—especially when it is rendered compulsory by law—has an article on our third page which it would seem no one can read without thereafter setting his face like flint against the disgusting practice of blood-poisoning by statute.

John Hazelrigg writes: "Mrs. M. E. Williams has returned to New York, and will resume her spiritual work, giving her customary weekly sances. She is more determined than ever to energize her forces in behalf of the propagation of spiritual truth."

The remarks of the guides of W. J. Colville, on our sixth page, ex vivisection, and cruelty generally—also as regards the question of meat diet, etc.—can be profitably weighed by every reader of the present issue.

Read what Dr. Smith says in another column as to making THE BANNER OF LIGHT a monument (in itself) to Luther Colby and his work.

Clark Irvine's essay on "Facts and Phenomena," second page, will repay careful perusal.

**The Law of Consequences.**  
Years ago THE BANNER printed a series of papers from the harmonical seer, Andrew Jackson Davis. In one of which essays he conveyed the teaching that the law of consequences was supremely operant in the next sphere of being: That those spirits known on earth as fierce and bigoted sectaries, carried to spirit-life the same combative ideas which had ruled their existence here, and were disposed to aggregate themselves into bodies and communities there, the better to defend their long-cherished views. Swedenborg also, in some of his works, has in a degree expressed the same teaching. Both these authorities have held that only by some enlivening and liberalizing shock—some spiritually-sensitizing convulsion, due to the operation of the "divine gravitation" which draws always upward (as terrestrial gravitation draws downward)—can such self-hypnotized excommunicated intelligences be aroused to a perception of the whole, free and immortal world which stretches around them on every hand, inviting their practical inquiry.

Circumstances have of late emphasized this idea to *The Two Worlds* (newspaper) Manchester, Eng., and the editor of that journal thus sets forth what we believe to be facts of experience, in the great problem of spiritual evolution:

"How many spirit people who went away from earth thorough orthodox believers, whose minds had been lulled to rest with the soothing syrup of orthodoxy; who had fallen into spiritual and mental lethargy resulting from their faith that 'Jesus would do it, do it all'; how many of these spirits have controlled mediums and related their long darkness; their ignorant waiting; their bitter awaking to a realization of their spiritual weakness and childishness? Spirits tell us there are hosts of 'believers' in spirit-life who (the stronger their faith the harder it is to awaken them to their folly) are waiting for 'the resurrection'. They are in a dreamy, semi-conscious state, knowing little and caring less; content to dream on and on 'the same and certain hope of the resurrection' which does not happen as they were taught to believe it would. Because of false training they are unable to realize, and refuse to be taught, that it has already happened for them. We have heard many people say they never really lived until they knew Spiritualism, and then all things were made new, and they first understood what living meant. So these creed-bound spirits know not that they live and may go free, and they will not know. The theological blinkers must be removed from their eyes, and their minds must grow strong and their will active, ere they will be able to think, feel and act as self-reliant, responsible, intelligent and loving beings, and then they will wonder at their previous perversity and blindness."

This knowledge which Spiritualism gives of the disastrous effects of false teaching, of the tyranny of erroneous ideas of the blessed freedom, power and fullness of being, consequent upon knowledge, righteousness, goodness and love should make us earnest, enthusiastic, ay, devoted in our efforts to open the eyes of the blind and set the captives free this side the grave, that they may not be prisoners over there."

This whole outcry of "one vote, one sword," is founded on a fallacy. The barbarous tribes that were wont to put women in the van as fighters have all died out. By the process of natural selection the mothers, who are makers of men, have been guarded in time of war by all nations that were fit to survive. The women have a greater rôle than that of fighting; they are the fountain of the race, at which it recruits its losses, perpetuates its hopes, and conserves the results of victories already gained.—*Frances E. Willard.*

L. Irving Sanborn, 205 West Lafayette street, Grand Rapids, Mich., is about to publish a handy volume for the benefit of associations, mediums, and Spiritualists generally, containing an authentic list of all spiritual societies, speakers, mediums, etc., throughout the United States and Canada; together with necessary information in reference to such organizations, speakers and mediums. He will be pleased to answer the inquiries of all interested. Address him as above.

THE BANNER will print next week the verbatim report of a lecture delivered by Mr. J. Olegg Wright, on the seasonable topic (in Massachusetts, surely,) of "Magnetic Healing."

Prof. J. Jay Watson, formerly of 255 West 43d street, New York, has removed to 284 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Appreciated!**  
Mr. J. Frank Baxter, on Sunday, Nov. 25, completed his engagement in Chicago, Ill., for the present season. The audience crowded the Auditorium Hall, 31st street, and was very enthusiastic and demonstrative over his closing lecture and concluding séance. His work in the city the past six weeks has been excellent, and highly appreciated—the following resolve, passed by a rising (unanimous) vote, amid hearty applause, on the occasion of his closing, testifies:

Resolved, That we, as members of the First Spiritual Society of the South Side, Chicago, Ill., and we as attendants on its services, hereby voluntarily express our appreciation of the work of Mr. J. Frank Baxter, in our midst, that we thank him for his earnest teachings, helpful words and convincing works; and that we bid him a hearty God-speed, and pray for his continued protection and power from the spirit-world.

**A Splendid Holiday Present.**  
The following offer is still open: The Life-Work of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, by H. D. Barrett, now in press, will be sent as soon as issued for \$1.50 to all who will subscribe now, and send the money. After the book is out the retail price will be \$2. Send P. O. order to Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Ridge Avenue, near Greenleaf, Station X, Chicago, Ill.

ANNIE LOUD CHAMBERLAIN, the veteran and inviolable medium, was able, with assistance, to go "down stairs" on Thanksgiving, to join with her father and family in the services of the season. We trust in the midst of the holidays the kind-hearted will not forget her pressing needs, which THE BANNER has often stated to its readers. She may be addressed, Box 64, Mattapan, Mass.

The Metaphysical Lecture Bureau, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York, has a suitably furnished apartment for private teaching, which may be engaged for either private consultation, lecture or class teaching, in any of the various lines of advanced thought. Full particulars can be had either upon a personal call or by correspondence.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE appears in a new cover for its December number. It was designed by Berkeley Updike and J. E. Mills, two young artists of Boston, who have met with considerable success in the line of decorative printing and book-making.

The new cover is printed in red and black, and is simple in design. While in spirit as old as the best decorative art, it shows the effect of the new impulse in decoration. Framed in a panel in the lower half of the cover is a view of a prim garden, of the Italian style, and in the foreground a peacock, with spread tail, stands upon the rim of a fountain basin. The design is drawn with great precision and delicacy. The usual brown paper cover gives place to one of parchment color.

Will our correspondent, Henry Forbes, Esq., supply us with his New York City address?

**Mrs. Williams in Self-Defence.**  
[From Light, Nov. 17.]  
Sir—I thank you for inserting my letter in last week's "Light." Most of my statements have been confirmed in the interviews published in the same issue. In one important particular, however, there is a material difference between the statement of the "conspirators" and mine, for they say that I was caught in man's clothes. This extraordinary assertion I learned for the first time when I read it in "Light," and I herewith pronounce it an absolute falsehood. It is precisely on a level with your fancy sketch of the incident, purely invented, although artistically circumstantial in detail. I assert that my version of the "grabbing" is absolutely correct.

To criticize your representative's interviews with the three women would take up too much of your space and of my time; they are full of errors of detail, even where they corroborate my account, and the speeches attributed to Mr. MacDonald and myself are apocryphal. Moreover, I do not wear false hair; neither do I attribute my phenomena to God Almighty. One of those minor points, however, I must mention more fully. It is wholly untrue that I ran down stairs after being pushed into the dressing-closet (or after running into it of my own accord, as another of your accounts says). I there tried to get a glass of cold water, and while so engaged one of the "conspirators" as they are proud to call themselves—entered the room by the door from the back stairs and handed me a glass. As to passing for Miss Bessie Williams, the statement is too ridiculous, since I am perfectly satisfied with my own name and reputation as a medium, however excellent this good lady's may be.

With the letters in my possession from the Duchess and Madame de Morsier, her friend (and, by the way, a most excellent lady, regarding the transference of the sances to the Rue Hamelin, I cannot believe, without further evidence, that either of them was a party to the "trap." If so, I fear that there exists no longer any such thing as good faith among European Spiritualists.

Unfortunately for me, not a single word of doubt or dissatisfaction with regard to the genuineness of the phenomena at my séances ever reached my ears; but, on the contrary, the greatest delight and astonishment were universally expressed; and my manager's book contains the names of many distinguished people who had expressed satisfaction at our public sances, and made arrangements for private ones. Had the Duchess, or other responsible persons, expressed any doubt as to the genuineness of my phenomena, I should have been perfectly willing to submit to such conditions as they might have completely satisfied them; but that is not the course which the "fraud-hunter" or the "spirit-grabber" ever adopts.

To have opened our boxes while we were sight-seeing in Paris would have been an easier way to "expose" us, for I cannot be imagined to have carried half a shopful of wigs, masks, and so on, about with me all the time. The conspirators, however, could hardly have ventured to break open my boxes without legal authority, for, although I am a medium, I am, nevertheless, an American citizen, and the presence of a representative of the law would have made it impossible to smuggle the dolls and other trappings into my boxes.

The conspirators have the wigs, dolls and masks which your representative and the persons he interviewed say were found in my cabinet, and they may be true enough, although I declare the statement that they were brought there by me a downright falsehood. I, on the other hand, have still my mediumship, and the power of proving that mediumship beyond the shadow of a doubt, which I shall continue to do while my health and strength permit.

Yours truly, M. E. WILLIAMS.  
London, Nov. 12, 1894.

Richard Harte, in *Light* for Nov. 10, writes: "The wig-and-mask theory of Mrs. Williams' phenomena is on a par with the clicking-toe-joint theory of the raps; it seems ridiculously inadequate to any one who knows the facts."

**In Memoriam—Luther Colby.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Absence from home and many pressing cares have prevented me from addressing you before, to add my testimony and meed of praise to the noble life-work of our lately-arisen brother and friend, LUTHER COLBY.

There have been so many beautiful and touching tributes to his memory already published in your columns, that but little remains to be said. From friends far and near the words of sympathy and love seem to come; and it is rare indeed that such a universal testimony is given to the worth and courage of one man, as well as the appreciation of his great work, and is in itself a proof of the hold he had on the affections and esteem of Spiritualists the world over.

I have known Mr. Colby for many years, and I ever found him kind and courteous, always most willing to help any young society and give it a place and a name in his paper, and never refusing to publish anything that might assist the efforts of others in the great Cause he loved so well. I know that I voice the sentiments of every member of our State Association, when I say that we mourn his loss as that of a dear friend and brother. And now honored and revered by all he has gone to that higher life and larger sphere of labor, full of years and honors; yet we know he was with us still.

His name is a household word wherever the BANNER OF LIGHT is known and read, and though loving friends may erect marble tablets to his memory, I think there can be no monument so fitting or so enduring as the pages of THE BANNER he so long and so nobly carried.

DR. E. A. SMITH,  
President of Queen City Park Association, and of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association.

**Passed On.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Still another lifelong friend has passed to the realm of SPIRIT—ERASTUS OTIS PARKER, who, from his home at Buzzard's Bay had bade adieu to the scenes of his eighty years of earth-life on the 29th ult., and with the boatman passed over to the evergreen shores, that his liberal intelligence had, through the hope-inspiring philosophy of Spiritualism, often discerned.

Mr. Parker was formerly a most zealous Methodist, and an earnest "class leader" in his primitive days, when the "slaying power" was the "special interpretation" to save from "Satan's fiery darts"; but as the early manifestations of the New Philosophy dawned, his ever-open and zealous soul was ready to grasp its revelations and joy in its knowledge. Much we shall miss him, for he loved to converse with us of the by-and-by, and we ever felt his clearer visions reflecting light on our minds.

Of Mr. Parker's family but one daughter survives him, with whom he has resided for some years, and who tenderly cared for him through the past year of his declining life-fores.

WILLIAM F. NYE,  
New Bedford, Dec. 1, 1894.

**It Means "The Best."**

Every one who reads nowadays in newspapers, on fact, everywhere, "The Best" name. The name is contained in this little sentence that one who has proved its truth beyond the possibility of a doubt has written, and is expressing himself. After years of experience with cooks and bakers of several kinds, all more or less unsatisfactory, I find in the Glenwood a range that is really the "best for cooking and heating." Its name is synonymous with perfection, and is a guarantee when it appears on a cooking range, or heater, that you have the best that long experience, skillful workmen and the best material can produce. The arrangement of draft is perfect, the quantity of fuel economy of fuel, and the quantity of heat is generated and evenly distributed, making a quick yet thorough baker.—*Boston Household.*

**NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.**

[AN OLD MAN'S THOUGHT.]  
In the jolly winters  
Of the long ago,  
It was not so cold as now—  
Oh! No! No! No!  
Then, as I remember,  
Snowballs to eat  
Were as good as apples now.  
And every bit as sweet!  
In the jolly winters  
Of the long ago—  
Was it half so cold as now?  
Oh! No! No!  
Who caught his death of cold,  
Making prints of men  
Flat-backed in snow that now's  
Twice as cold again?  
—J. Whitcomb Riley.

Mr. Purushotam Rao Telang, a high-caste Brahman of Bombay, writes in the December *Forum* on "Christian Missions as seen by a Brahman," in which he describes missionary work and methods in India, contending that they do more harm than good, and that it is a waste of money. He urges the American people to send educators to India instead of missionaries.

Seventy thousand women cast their first ballots (at the late election in New York), and they voted with judgment as well as with zeal. The women cast ninety per cent. of their registered vote; the men less than eighty per cent. The women cast ten per cent. more than one half the total number of ballots cast in the State, showing that they took more interest in the result of the election than did the male voters. In addition to this, their fervor and earnestness, it is claimed, drew to the polls at Denver alone not less than three thousand stay-at-home male voters.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Thanksgiving (Nov. 29) was generally celebrated as a national holiday—the great "home-coming" season of our country's social life.

Japan will, it is said, now give peace to sorely-smitten China if the Celestials will pay a large money indemnity for the beating they have got, and cede to the Mikado the ground already conquered by the Japanese.

**CHRISTMAS.**  
For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet bards foretold,  
With the ever-circling years  
Come round the year's old;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
That now the angels sing.

The Woman Suffrage Bazaar opened brilliantly at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the evening of Monday, Dec. 3, with addresses by women who have become famous in the woman suffrage and other reform movements—Lady Somerset, Miss Willard, Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, et al., being among them. Miss Willard keenly crystallized the stock objection against woman suffrage in the following stanza of the "Dr. Fell" order:

"I do not like the woman vote,  
I cannot quite like reason quite,  
And so I say it o'er by rote,  
I do not like the woman vote."

**Letter from Mrs. Williams.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Allow me to thank you most sincerely for printing my letter from *Light*. You have proved yourself a true friend to honest mediumship. Surely, my seventeen years of devotion to Spiritualism, and the exercise of my mediumship, endorsed by thousands of honest, intelligent investigators, should count for something against the outrageous attack of the French conspirators, who, at the end of the fiasco, showed their animus by approaching my agent and proposing to hush the whole matter up for an additional one hundred francs.

I am as yet too ill from the shock to more than utter my protest against such harsh injustice. As soon as I am sufficiently recovered, I shall continue my work in behalf of the truth of Spiritualism. Again thanking you, I am, Sincerely, M. E. WILLIAMS.  
No. 232 West 16th street, New York, Dec. 1, 1894.

**Movements of Platform Lecturers.**

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

A correspondent writes: "Prof. Chas. McLean, M. D., (President of the First Spiritual College, 341 Tremont street, Boston,) will answer calls to lecture on Sundays or week days. He is assisted by a reliable instrument, who will demonstrate spirit-power by presenting—on the bare arms—written answers to questions from the presenters."

Mr. J. Frank Baxter arrived in "the East" Thanksgiving morn., and spent a pleasant luncheon at his home. On Sunday last, Dec. 2, he lectured in Somersworth, N. H.; on Thursday evening, Dec. 6, in Stoughton, Mass.; and on Sunday, Dec. 9, he will lecture in Stoughton, returning to Somersworth, for Stoughton, Dec. 16. The remaining Sundays of December he will be in Lynn; the first two of January, 1895, in Meriden, Ct., and the last two in Norwich, Ct.; and the Sundays of February he will be in Boston.

Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson lectured Nov. 4, 11, Flint, Mich.; Nov. 18, 25, Lansing; during December she speaks all Sundays, Sturgis, Mich.; January, 1895, all Sundays, at Muskegon. She is ready for engagements for 1895.

E. J. Bowtell spoke at Rockland, Mass., Nov. 25; he is re-engaged for Dec. 9 and 16. Address 282 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. C. M. Whipple, former President of the Providence, R. I., Spiritual Association, but now the Treasurer of the People's Progressive Spiritualist Association of that city, lectured in Stoughton, Mass., Spiritual Society on Sunday, Dec. 2. She is pronounced by a correspondent to be a grand worker for the Cause, and one who is very benevolent to struggling societies. She may be corresponded with here. She may be addressed, Mrs. C. M. Whipple, 529 Smith street, Providence, R. I.

W. B. Hillier Spencer, illustrated test medium of Boston, will give tests for the Pawtucket Spiritual Association on Sunday, Dec. 9. Mr. Spencer accompanied Dr. H. H. Roscoe, orator and lecturer of Providence, R. I.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter on Thursday evening, Dec. 6, benefited the Stoughton Spiritual Society by a gratuitous literary and musical entertainment. On Sunday, evening, Dec. 9, he will lecture and delineate spirits, if possible, in Brockton.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller's engagements are as follows: First Association of Spiritualists, Philadelphia, month of December; Salem, Mass., Jan. 6; Providence, R. I., 13; Lawrence, Mass., 29; and Brockton, 27; Worcester, Mass., Feb. 8 and 10; Lynn, 17; Stoughton, 24; Manchester, N. H., March 3; Lynn, 17; Norwich, Conn., 24 and 31; Spiritual Conference Association, Philadelphia, the month of April; Greenwich, Mass., May 12; Worcester, Mass., June 12; and terms address 7 Mason street, Worcester, Mass.

Oscar A. Edgerly of Newburyport, Mass., spoke in Worcester, Dec. 2; will be there again the 9th; he is at Meriden, Ct., Dec. 16; 23d and 30th at Lowell, Mass.; January, 6, 13, 20, 27, at Andover, Mass.; and on Dec. 10, 17, 24, 31, at Andover, Mass.

Miss Dr. Lucy Barnicot (formerly of Boston) would like calls to give lectures, followed by tests. Address 27 Oak street, San Francisco, Cal.

The permanent address of G. W. Kates and wife is Manitou, Colorado. Letters to them will receive prompt replies.

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham will be in Rockland, Me., the last two Sundays of December. Societies wishing to make engagements en route will correspond with her at 247 Columbus avenue, (Suite 8,) Boston.

Prof. W. F. Peck and Theodore F. Price began a series of Sunday night meetings in Brooklyn, Sunday evening, Dec. 2, at 102 Court street. Prof. Peck who has been for a series of weeks at Carnegie Hall, N. Y., where he has been drawing audiences which have scarcely grown larger from the first lecture, needs no herald to proclaim his excellence as a speaker. Prof. Price, who will follow the lectures with tests, is also well known for his earnest, unique and interesting spiritual work.

Dr. H. Roscoe of Providence, R. I., gave select readings for the First Spiritual Society of Stoughton, Mass., on Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 29; on Dec. 2 lectured for the Salem Spiritual Society at Oates' Hall; on Dec. 9 he will speak for the Pawtucket, R. I., Spiritual Association. It is hoped that societies throughout New England will keep this earnest worker for the Cause of Spiritualism busy.

**RHODE ISLAND.**

Providence.—Sarah D. O. Ames, Esq., writes: The Providence Spiritualist Association meets in Columbia Hall, 245 Weybosset street. Services at 8:30 and 7:30 P. M. Lyceum and adult class at 1 P. M. Sunday, Dec. 2, Mr. E. Andrus Titus of South Abington, Mass., gave us two grand and instructive lectures. Subjects were taken from the audience: "Spiritualism and the Science of Relations to Society," and "What Good has Spiritualism Done to Society?" Mrs. M. E. Pepper of this city followed with satisfaction.

Sunday, Dec. 9, Mr. E. Andrus Titus will again be with us.



## WASHINGTON NOTES.

## Christian Theology vs. Eastern Philosophy.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The unusual spectacle of a Hindu pagan ministering on Sundays to an intelligent body of Christian antecedents, not to say believers, has been the feature of the month before the First Spiritualist Society of this city. The Chicago Society, over which Mrs. Richmond presides, not being willing for her to remain away two months in succession, she suggested that Mr. Vinodan R. Gandhi of Bombay, the distinguished representative of Jainism to the Parliament of Religions, be engaged to take her place; which was accordingly done, and the result has proved the wisdom of her choice.

Here is a total reversion of the orthodox scheme of Foreign Missions. Instead of the Gospel of Judaism or Christianity being carried to the heathen of the Orient, the tables are now turned by educated representatives of these very "heathen" coming to this country and instructing those who from their earliest years have been taught only Christian doctrines and reared under Christian influences. This is a logical reversal which did not stop half way.

Mrs. Gandhi is a man of striking personality. In public he wears his native costume. He is well educated, a good linguist, but, above all, a philosopher. With the tenets of the various schools of religion or philosophy, both of the Orient and the Occident, he is thoroughly versed. An enthusiastic student, of tireless patience and energy, he is absorbed in his work of education.

His public addresses, replete with the broadest views, are full of ripe instruction, especially with reference to Eastern philosophy, while his discourses on the social life of India, the women of India, the sciences and customs of India, etc., have proved to be marked revelations to his hearers.

In addition to this public work, he has been engaged in delivering two series of private lessons, which have been eagerly sought after and largely attended. In all respects he has been very successful.

The following list of topics reveals the character of these private lectures:

1. Yoga—the Science of the Soul.
  2. The Science of Vibrations.
  3. Power of Mind and Thought-Currents.
  4. Symbols of Ancient Nations.
  5. Planetary Influence.
  6. Philosophy of Gems of Colors.
  7. The Science of Breath.
  8. Magnetism.
  9. The Science of Eating.
  10. Practical Concentration.
  11. Occult Powers.
  12. Esoteric Philosophy—Jainism.
- During the month of December, Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis will renew his welcome visit to this Society. The excellent impression he made last year will surely be accentuated this season, for the better one knows him the better one likes him.

## MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

**Lynn.**—T. H. B. James writes: The Spiritualists of Lynn met in Providence Hall, Sunday last. At 2:30 Conference opened with service of song, led by Prof. E. F. Pierce, Mr. C. A. Abbott presiding at the organ. Mrs. Dr. Dowland sang, and in the latter session a one-act play on mediumship expressed himself, "out-luxuriated Baxter." The lectures were eloquent, his singing, as ever, most pleasing and appropriate; but his descriptive account of over one hour's duration was the climax of all his many previous exercises in Somersworth. It was wonderful and convincing.

Mr. Baxter will come here again Sunday, Dec. 10, and he will be cordially welcomed and most pleasantly anticipated in work and results.

Miss Minnie Soule of Somerville, Mass., is doing effective mediumistic work here from time to time during the week evenings, having become quite a general favorite among those who desire tests and communications.

Mr. Henry Cobb is a young man who, within a year past, has developed wonderfully, and his phases in the direction of personation, transfiguration and even materialization, are very much to be commended. The Spiritualists here are expending great pains, time and means to enliven the mediums they invite, and particularly the home mediums they would develop, with everything that is known and available to the best results, at the same time guarding against the chance-ways, lest imposture from without or fraud from within shall come in enmity between them and their investigative studies.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**Somersworth.**—"Cocheco" writes: Sunday, Dec. 2, Mr. J. Frank Baxter, than whom none ranks higher in the estimation of the people of this vicinity as speaker, medium and vocalist, did good work both morning and evening, and in the latter session a one-act play on mediumship expressed himself, "out-luxuriated Baxter." The lectures were eloquent, his singing, as ever, most pleasing and appropriate; but his descriptive account of over one hour's duration was the climax of all his many previous exercises in Somersworth. It was wonderful and convincing.

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## VERMONT.

**Barre.**—Mrs. Emma A. Nichols writes: Lucius Colburn, who is well known as a good test and trance speaker in the Spiritualist Cause, has been doing a fine work in this place. He came to visit friends in town, and consented to speak for us one Sunday. Those who heard him were so much pleased with him that they kept him speaking from Sunday to Sunday, until finally he was engaged for four months or more. Through his efforts the people here are becoming greatly interested, and are raising money to build a Spiritualist hall, and are very much to be commended, and dedicated to our glorious Cause; and so the good work goes on.

## W. J. Colville's Work.

Mr. W. J. Colville has reopened important work in New York and Brooklyn, where, for the present, he will lecture in Pyramid Hall, 603 5th Avenue, close to 42nd street, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 p. m.; and in Fletcher Hall, 108 W. 43d street, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 p. m. In Brooklyn his lectures are given on Tuesdays and Thursdays in Single Tax Hall, 1188 Bedford Avenue, at 3 and 8 p. m.

His Sunday engagements are at Providence, R. I., Dec. 10 and 23, and Brooklyn, Dec. 30.

In response to special request Mr. Colville will lecture on "Immaculate Conception in the Light of Spiritual Science," at 105 Munroe street, Roxbury District, Boston, Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:45 p. m.

Mr. Colville will be in Boston again in January. On January 6, he will lecture in Lowell, Mass., at 13 in the Boston Spiritualist Temple at 2:45 p. m., and in Charlestown at 7:30 p. m.

## Dr. C. E. Watkins.

There is no doubt but that Dr. Watkins is doing a great work in curing the sick who have been given up by the Regulars.

His parlors at the Parker House are always crowded with patients. He has the gift of healing by the touch of his hand in cases of rheumatism and kindred diseases. His practice is second to none in the State, his patients being in every State in the Union. His late offer to take ten cases of any chronic disease that any Allopath or so-called Regular says is incurable, and cure six out of the ten without medicine, was a surprise to those to whom it was made. The doctor offered to forfeit one thousand dollars if he failed, and if he succeeded they should give an acknowledgment in writing that disease could be cured without medicine. Of course not, because they knew it would injure their medical law, which they are now getting ready to try to have passed. Why could not some such test be made by our "wise men of law on the hill" this winter? We think it might help them to decide if the Regulars are the only ones who should practice the healing art.

Dr. Watkins further says that he is willing to prove to the legislators' entire satisfaction that he has made as many cures of chronic cases during the past year as any two Regulars in the city of Boston; and further, that every patient so cured by him is a patient that the Regulars had failed to cure. Why is it that the Regulars wish protection in their practice? The reason is plain enough. Simply so that spiritual healers cannot have an opportunity to cure their patients and rob their fees.

We hear that Dr. Watkins has some idea of going to California. If he should go it will make no difference in his practice, as his patients are all over the country, and it is not necessary that he should see his patients.

Dr. Watkins will be at the Parker House Tuesday, Dec. 11, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

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INSTRUCTIONS.—1. Do not write upon the envelope of the sealed letter.  
2. One spirit only should be questioned at a time.

3. Those sending letters to this office for answer, should invariably write upon the outside envelope "Sealed Letter," in order that they may not miscarry.

4. As many investigators are liable to patronize this department, and as the idea that sealed letters are opened by steam, etc., was the first theory that suggested itself to the very first skeptic (probably who saw the first phenomenon of this kind, in JUNCTION TO OUR MEDIUMS), let us wish to secure the fact that sealed letters shall demonstrate to them, on the return thereof, that such letters have not been tampered with. For instance, good and appropriate replies have been received since this department was established to letters which, after common sealing, have been sewed together by hand, or passed through a sewing machine; others have been secured by the plentiful use of sealing wax.

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Correspondents forwarding "sealed letters" must also enclose their own addresses and names on an outside separate slip, otherwise we are unable to return their answers.



Mr. John Bailey

## All Run Down

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RECENTLY held at Washington, D. C., will be out of press Dec. 1st, 1894. Copies can be obtained at this office at 25 cents each. All Spiritualists should read it. Sent in your orders accompanied by cash. Reports of Convention of 1893 at same price; also copies of Mrs. Matthews' Occult Physician at \$2.00 each. Spiritualism, Free Thought and Reform for N. S. A. Library. 618\*8

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## REPLY

TO

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The Moon's Signs in 1895.

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Pawnbrokers' Regulations, Marriages, Annulments, etc.

The British Empire, Foreign Food Imported, etc.

Religious Denominations.

Railway Information.

Prime Ministers, Digestion and Nutrition Tables.

Yield of Wheat, The Stars and the Planets.

Value of Minerals, Population, etc.

Agricultural Returns, etc.

Where the Money Goes, Education, etc.

Population.

Eclipses during 1895.

Best Periods for gathering the Planets.

Best Periods for gathering Medicinal Herbs.

List of Herbs Under Certain Planets.

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CONTENTS.

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## SPRIT Message Department.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss Ida L. Spalding, an expert stenographer.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put 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 wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact for publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves our friends in earth-life, so disposed, to place natural flowers upon our séance-table, the reasons for which were stated in our editorial columns of a recent date. Also, we are requested to state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, appearing in this Department, should be addressed to the undersigned.

HENRY W. PITMAN, Chairman.

### SPRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held Oct. 26, 1894.

#### Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Divine Spirit of the Universe, our Father and Mother God, we come to thee at this hour bearing our offerings of praise and thanksgiving for all the blessings that have come to us, and for the love and grace that dwell in thy heart. We ask for the presence of those angel ministers of peace and good-will toward all men; may the harmony that reigns in thy celestial home pervade our atmosphere this hour, uplifting us in spirit, illuminating our souls and quickening in our hearts a love of thee and of our kind. While we seek for knowledge and truth; while we strive to uplift ourselves spiritually and unfold our best and highest soul-attributes, let us remember those who have preceded us in our journey, and who are groping blindly for the way that shall lead us onward and upward in the path of advancement; in all humility of spirit, recalling our own faltering footsteps, let us extend to them a helping hand, a word of cheer, a smile of encouragement, and when they will accept our ministrations may we gladly impart to them the truths which we have received from beneficent and advanced souls who have come to us as instructors and guides.

Our Father, may thy blessing rest upon us in the work of this hour, may strength and wisdom be given each returning spirit to make the best use of this opportunity to awaken in the minds and hearts of the loved ones on earth a desire to obtain more knowledge regarding the life beyond which they are so rapidly approaching, a desire to solve here that each day may see them better fitted to enter upon the life hereafter and take up its duties intelligently, a desire to live the best life possible, not a one for the advantages thereby to be gained for themselves in this world and the world of spirits, but for the power it gives to do good to others and to aid the cause of human welfare and advancement. Unto thee, O Father, we feel assured that by so doing we shall meet with thy approval; and the results we leave in thy hands, our Father, knowing thou dost all things well.

JOHN PIERPONT.

### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

#### Hannah E. Burke.

[To the Chairman:] Good morning. [Good morning.] It is very pleasant to feel that we are welcome to speak here.

Mother, these words I send to you: You feel that you stand alone on the material side of life, but you gain much comfort by communing with us, even mentally. Father and dear brother come with me, anxious that I should speak a word for them.

Mother, you often ask, "Oh! Hannah, why did they take you? Why couldn't they have left one to comfort me in my declining years?" Mother, God knew best. You ask me mentally, "When shall I pass on and be where you are?" Mother, I cannot tell you; that is in God's keeping, and is not revealed, even to the angels. We know that in the Father's own good time you will come to dwell with us. And, mother dear, a house, just as tangible to us as is the one you dwell in now to you, is being built for you.

I know you will go where you can come into communication with us whenever possible; but, mother, please don't make the attempt to go alone, for I know some good friend will go with you when you desire.

I am glad, mother, to see you enjoy those apples so much, that you know Hannah would like if in the mortal, but I gain the spiritual part of them as you partake of the material.

You often think how can I be happy away from you. When I am with you if you are happy I am happy, and if you are unhappy I am unhappy, but I cannot take your happiness or unhappiness away with me to my spirit-home. The Father in his wisdom has made this wise provision for his children.

You cannot have Hannah back in the flesh again, but I know Lucy Ellen will do all she can for you. Not a day passes, seemingly, but that I am with you, one of the best mothers that God ever gave to children.

Be contented a little while longer, and the Angel of Life will come to bear you safely to those who have preceded you to that happy land.

Father sends loving words to you, and wishes to be remembered to Uncle Nathan and all.

I am Hannah E. Burke of Beverly, Mass. The E. is for Elizabeth—my mother's name. My mother is well advanced in years, and she longs to be with me.

#### Benson Sowell.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. [Good morning.] I would not have supposed when in the mortal form that I should ever have been found here, giving what is termed a message; but I thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift that the privilege of so doing has been granted me. I am happy to say that I am with you in every good spiritual work.

I have found the life beyond to be one of progression, and I thank the Father above for death, which is the grand release, that frees the imprisoned spirit.

I was young when I passed away, and knew naught of the other life except what I had been

taught by the church of a heaven and a hell. Owing to his early education, my father refused to attempt to come into communication with me. Oh! what a mistake. It were better to investigate; then if not satisfied leave it there. Those who refuse to investigate and learn of these matters here, have all the more to learn after they pass through the portal of death.

I have advanced in knowledge a great deal since I entered the spirit-world, for my education has been more perfect than it could have been here. I am very happy in my spirit-home, but return often to visit the dear ones in my earthly home, bringing cheering influences which may be felt even if my friends do not realize whence they come.

Boys are ever adventurous, and a treacherous hole in the ice was the immediate cause of my going out of the body. I well remember hearing a voice say, "Benson Sowell is dead." I tried to make myself heard, and said, "No, I am here," but my friends did not hear me. Why? You understand why: I had risen above mortality to the spiritual plane, and was robed in a spirit-form.

I would say to the friends here: Learn all you can while on the material plane of the life you will enter upon when you cast aside the garment of flesh, then you will occupy a higher position in spirit, and will not need begin with your a b's. Do not be so positive that you know it all, and that you alone are right, for another's belief may be more correct than your own. Then be charitable and tolerant, one toward another, and by the interchange of views you may gain much truly valuable information.

Benson Sowell of Bangor, Me.

#### Mrs. John M. Wilson.

While I was awaiting my turn to speak I gazed with interest upon the young face of the previous speaker, and I thought that he must have gained spiritual knowledge very fast since he passed out of the mortal form.

Oh! how strange it seems to me now that people don't try more when in the flesh to learn something of the life beyond. Supposing one has been deceived in the course of his investigations? Tell me what mortal has not been deceived in regard to material affairs?

I understood a great deal concerning mediumship when here, and it grieves me to hear mediums spoken of so harshly and cruelly as they often are. Oh! Father Divine, may mortals learn to be more charitable and more tender of the feelings of those gifted sensitives who are so susceptible to every thought thrown out to them. Instead of seeking to crush another, it is far better to extend a helping hand, and when you hear aught against a neighbor do not tear his heart by running to him and repeating it, for that will do no good. Silence is indeed golden under such circumstances, I assert, and I think you will agree with me, Mr. Chairman.

In my day I was a firm believer in spiritual communion. I was a medium—private, not public—so my sympathies go out to that class, for I understand their trials as otherwise I might not. No one is perfect upon the earth, and even in the spirit-world we do not find perfection. With progression progression would cease, and I am taught by spirits from higher spheres than that in which I dwell that progression continues throughout the ages. We are destined to live and learn and teach, but the teaching comes after we have learned.

When I first learned of Spiritualism it cost something to be a Spiritualist. I gained much comfort by communing with the loved ones who had passed on, but I found that I was not merely to derive consolation from such communing, but that I must impart my knowledge to others with whom I came in contact.

I have often heard my name spoken since passing on to my reward—for what I sowed on earth I have reaped in spirit. What has been my experience will be the experience of all others, for the transition from this life to the next comes to the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned.

In Philadelphia there are many who hold me in memory dear, for, as I said, I was a medium, although not a public one. My name is Mrs. John M. Wilson.

#### Spirit Messages.

The following messages from individual spirits have been received (according to dates) at THE BANNER CIRCLES, through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. SMITH; they will appear in due order on our sixth page.

Nov. 2.—John Bullene; Ellen Raney; Willie W. Everett; Emily Blair; Dr. A. S. Hayward; Dr. Joseph L. Newman; Ida Louise Merritt; Mary Herrick; Mary Nickerson; Charles O. Fogg.

Nov. 3.—Benjamin Stimson; Ella Collamore; Mary Louise Pollock; Elizabeth Chalmers; John Henry Weaver; Ernest Bacon; Lettie Maria Kendrick; Luther Goby.

Nov. 4.—Washington French; Alvira Roberts; Lewis Josselyn; Harry Albert Whitney; Jennie Williams; Robert W. Knight; Sarah A. Potter; Sarah Fote; Jennie Hill; Rosa Fletcher.

Nov. 23.—Samuel Hadden; Theodore Wray; George Ramsden; Adelaide Wright; Lizzie Holt; Henry Everett; Milo S. Ives; Charlotte Worthen.

Nov. 30.—John Henry; Mary A. Morse; Margaret A. Norton; Olive Hill; John Bellows; Charlie Sims; Ed. S. Wheel or.

#### December Magazines.

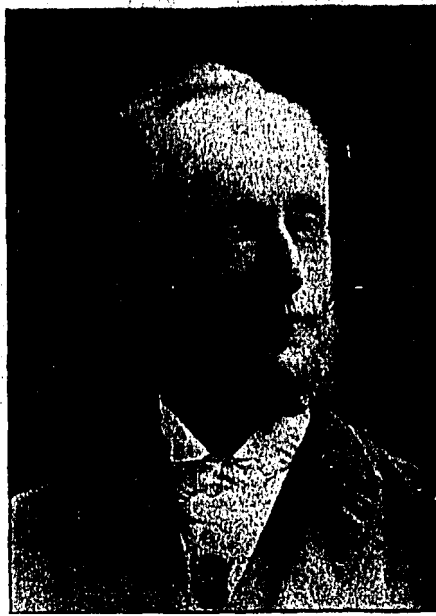
St. Nicholas.—When Elbridge S. Brooks puts his pen into ink to write anything he never writes a poor thing, and "A Boy of the First Empire," begun in the charming November number, made the new volume a magazine devoutly to be wished. It is a romance of the days of Napoleon, in which the great man himself figures. The hero is a street boy who renders a service to Napoleon, is made one of his pages, and finally an aide. He is with him at the most critical times of his life, and eventually takes part at Waterloo. Mr. Brooks carries the reader right along in the French history of the time, and gives a story, which for brilliancy and interest does not waver from the start. Great value is added to the tale by the many illustrations which are presented. In the December number the installment is liberal, and teems with pleasure and instruction. It is a very bright Christmas number, with its handsome Kriss Kringle cover, its beautiful frontispiece, and appropriate poem typifying the holiday festival of the month. This is by Harriet F. Blodgett, "Santa Claus's Pathway," by Julia W. Miner, is very pretty. "President for One Hour," by Fred. P. Fox, tells a pleasing railroad story of duty and fidelity. "Jack Ballister's Fortunes" is as entertaining and eventful as the preceding chapters have been. "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" is by Albert Stearns, and is attractive in illustration and plot. "The Martyrdom of a Poet" is from the pen of Marion Hill. "Fighting a Fire," by C. T. Hill, tells a very truthful and vivid story. The departments are excellently maintained, and verified to the complete satisfaction of all the young people. The Century Co., New York.

#### The Pains of Rheumatism.

According to the best authorities, originate in a morbid condition of the blood. Lactic acid, caused by the decomposition of the gelatinous and albuminous tissues, circulates with the blood and attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and thus causes the local manifestations of the disease. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. It has had remarkable success in curing the most severe cases. The secret of its success lies in the fact that it attacks at once the cause of the disease, by neutralizing the lactic acid and purifying the blood, as well as strengthening every function of the body.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Inquirer, Salem, Mass.] Evolution and Free Will seem irreconcilable, and many of the most learned so think. What are your ideas? Please make it plain as possible.

ANS.—We cannot understand how evolution and free will can seem irreconcilable to any thinker and observer of nature's methods, unless by free will is understood unlimited license to change universal order. There can be no absolute freedom of will unless its possessor is the Infinite Being, all knowing and all powerful.

Human free agency, accountability and responsibility must of course be understood relatively and progressively; but it is clear as daylight to our consciousness, and abundantly demonstrated by actual experience, that we are free, and increasingly free within the circuit of the law, which is changeless, but not undiscoverable.

Before human free agency can be discussed intelligently it is necessary to understand what we are talking about. We all admit the irreversibility of law, and therefore we are agreed that we are not free to alter the regular relation between cause and effect. But notwithstanding this, we are clearly capable of increasing our knowledge, and with it our power of self-directing activity. As we grow in knowledge we grow likewise in ability to govern nature. Man's triumph over nature will be ultimately complete, but at its culminating point it will be lawful, not lawless. We can give no better illustrations than those of the familiar eggs and seeds.

When we are little children we do not know eggs or seeds apart; consequently, though we may have the will, we have not the knowledge requisite for bringing our desires to pass in the way of breeding birds and cultivating flowers.

The will within us is an impulse toward knowledge. We are determined to bring certain events to pass, and the more deeply we are interested in these events, the more resolutely determined are we to accomplish the end. This will to do leads us to acquire knowledge of how to do, and through this new knowledge we legally accomplish results otherwise impossible of attainment by us. Our will is essentially good, and when it is free to act it proves its goodness so soon as sufficient knowledge is obtained.

Evolution predicates growth, expansion, education, and is the means through which all desires are carried out in actual fulfillments. Our freedom of will is our ability to think and do as we please in harmony with universal order. We can, through united will and understanding, make ourselves magnets to attract to ourselves whatever we please; and only to the extent that we acknowledge the power of will are we in any sense free in spirit or capable of turning the tide of events in any direction in which we please that they should flow. Free will is liberated will, and will, like all other faculties, is powerful in action exactly to the extent that it is unfettered. To liberate our will from thralldom and to teach humanity the real divinity of will and its boundless efficacy, is the only way to free the race from the galling shackles of despotism and tyranny. Acknowledge your will, and it will soon convince you of its power.

Q.—[By the same.] Is it wrong to kill any thing, to eat? Are hunters justifiable in their sports?

A.—We are not prepared to say that any act committed for self-preservation ends, and not maliciously, is in the highest sense wrong; nor do we consider sinful any natural act performed in obedience to the highest instinct yet awakened within us. The use of the flesh of animals and birds for food is unquestionably a barbaric use which we shall entirely outgrow as true civilization genuinely advances.

The theory of evolution throws great light on this question, by clearly explaining how man comes to dispense with practices, gradually, which were once necessary to his maintenance. The crudest savages, eat uncooked flesh with great gusto, and are apparently utterly unaware that they are performing a cruel or vulgar act. We look upon them as barbarians because their practices are lower in the scale of progressive behavior than our own. Now just as we can see how degraded their condition is, relatively speaking, so can more advanced intelligences than ourselves see that our practices are comparatively savage. The question of freedom in action comes in at the point where a crisis is reached and where paths divide.

So soon as there are two or more courses open to any of us, and we are called upon to decide between them, to that extent are we free, and so far are we responsible for action; but no further.

Among the causes which determine action it is most unphilosophical to omit the will of the actor, which is certainly a determining factor and one of ever increasing strength and influence, as the evolution of reason proceeds. Animal instinct, whether in bled or quadruped, is always adequate to support the physical frame, and when an animal's body is thoroughly well nourished the animal is in its best possible condition, and most ready for the performance of such service as nature intends it should render.

Hunters are of two kinds, those who hunt for food and are therefore justified, and those who hunt for the sport of killing creatures, and those are not justified by conscience, reason or necessity. If predatory animals, dangerous to man, are killed in self-defense by the brave hunter who works to clear the jungle

the motive justifies the act and the end reveals its reasonableness. Again if hunger presses, and birds and animals are slain for food as quickly as possible, with no needless accompaniment of cruelty, the act is natural and not ill-ill, but when idle people who scorn useful employment are bent on hunting innocent, gentle creatures for wanton sport, such hunting is not only atrocious in the eyes of our moral sense, but intensely dangerous to the welfare of humanity, because such senseless, cruel sport develops ferocious tendencies, which are certainly murderous in some degree.

The hideous practice of vivisection, under cover of medical science, is one of the most hateful and demoralizing practices of the age. It is ridiculous, because it leads to false conclusions more often than to true ones; it is dangerous to society, because it develops inhuman callousness in the persons of those who practice it, and it is utterly unnecessary from a scientific standpoint, just so soon as the clairvoyant faculty is recognized and developed.

The development of noble manhood and womanhood is the most important work in which any of us can engage, and, by so much as excellent character is worth more to the community than mere physical development, we must insist upon placing purely ethical considerations in the foreground of all our teachings.

Fox-hunting, pike-shooting, bull-fighting, and a great deal connected with horse-racing, is stupidly cruel, and should be classed with brutal prize-fighting, and all put down together through the concerted action of all humane persons, regardless of their theological, political and other differences.

As to the practice of flesh-eating: in our opinion it is quite unnecessary, but so accustomed have most people become to their beefsteaks, chops, etc., that they are not prepared to totally abstain from meat all at once. Sudden changes are often ill-advised, but we do recommend that those who take meat three times a day shall try the experiment, for a month at least, of eating it only once a day. When a sufficient variety of other kinds of food is appetizingly served, and fruit is partaken of in abundance, it is quite easy to abstain entirely from flesh of all kinds; but there must be a sufficiency of good, nourishing, well cooked food of other kinds to satisfy the taste of chronic meat-eaters, if they are to successfully change their dietary regimen. The great question is always the moral.

Our opinion is that the least meat that is eaten, provided the frame is well nourished on other foods, the prevailing tendencies to drunkenness and to zymotic disorders will be greatly lessened, and both extreme sensuality and ferocity will abate. Whenever one feels within himself that he ought not to eat flesh any longer, and that he is rebelling against the pleading of his higher self if he continues to do so, the time has come for him to propose to himself a more refined and refining manner of life; but we are not called upon to legislate for our neighbors, nor to follow their consciences in this or any other matter.

If any of you feel impelled to live by a higher rule than most of your neighbors perceive to be necessary, do not condemn their practices, but demonstrate the betterness of your own manner of life by witnessing to its effects in your own constitution. It is always degrading to do anything against which the best in us rebels, but it is by no means loyal or courageous to imitate others, even if we adopt good customs at their dictation, without perceiving the good of them ourselves. Let every one act to his own highest, and thus assist evolution in his own life.

### For the Banner of Light. A SPIRIT'S RETROSPECT.

BY FRANCIS LEANDER KING.

From this bright sphere, unknown to tears,  
I give a thought to long past years,  
When I, a child of earth, as free  
As every mortal child should be,  
And in my inner soul could sing,  
Of all the varied hues of spring,  
Of summer, autumn, sweetest, best;  
In which the fruits are plenteous,  
In green and gold.

Oh! green old earth, I love you yet,  
May once pass ere time shall set  
His signet on your brow.

But mine was not the common lot;  
I saw the world, yet knew it not,  
As others seemed to know, to feel  
Its cruel shafts, as burnished steel  
Within the heart.

Its coldness, all to me unfit,  
As in a home of love I dwelt.  
Its yawningness, an unknown power;  
Its bounteous fruit and beautiful flower,  
Filled hours with joy and sweet content,  
Which from abodes of bliss were sent  
Unchecked—a continuous flow;  
Casting o'er me so bright a glow,  
A halo tinged all things below  
The midnight stars.

Passion? Yes, a jealous stain.  
Love's antidote assuaged the pain,  
And all was harmony again—  
All sadness gone.

Then why should I o'er this bright earth  
Bemoan, bewail the hour of birth?  
Had I not form and face as fair  
As that to which earth's flesh is heir?  
As nature gives in love to all  
Who strictly heed the inner call  
Of Love's Decree?

Had I not wealth of green, green wood,  
In which the golden summer flood  
Of light, did dance gaily along  
Each limb, each leaf; a joyous song,  
Which, undulating, wave on wave,  
Ascends in heavenly bliss to lave  
In sweet accord?

Although the span of mortal life  
Was limited, as was its strife;  
My brief experience was all  
Of nature's needs, the spirit's call  
Was just and true. God knoweth best.  
These earthly robes, at his behest,  
Are cast aside. The spirit free  
Sooths its place in the vast sea  
Of heavenly light.

The early loving, early lost,  
May not be at the spirit's cost,  
The spirit's need, the only guide,  
For which conditions may provide  
In months or years.

Real Merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the kind. Try it.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

"Can I see you apart for a moment?" "You mean alone, don't you?" "Yes, a loan—that's it exactly. I want to borrow five."—Indianapolis Journal.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## Banner Correspondence.

Our friends in every part of the country are earnestly invited to forward brief letters, items of local news, etc., for use in this department.

#### Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—G. W. Whitney gives his views on "Materialization": "I am well aware that there are many people who are skeptical on the question of materialization, among whom are many Spiritualists, and I am free to confess that I do not wonder that they are so, for it is so much to believe; it is so astounding to those who have had no experience with this phenomena to think it possible that our dear friends who have gone from the mortal form and sight can return, and show us again the faces we loved so much, so vivid and natural as to be easily recognized. But in justice to the Cause, and to the many true and noble mediums for this phase of spirit phenomena that I have met, strict fidelity to the truth compels me to say I firmly believe in the ability of the spirit, under correct conditions, to build up from the medium, from the audience, and from the properties and particles of and in the atmosphere, a substantial body, for the time being, for the purpose of expression and identification, a wonderfully real body, apparently endowed with all the vital functions of human life.

I am forced to this conviction by the many and varied manifestations I have witnessed under such conditions as to absolutely preclude the cooperation of the confederate, and which convinced me, if I would believe the evidence of my eyes, supplemented by the sense of touch, that materialization is possible; that it is a grand fact in nature.

I know it is difficult for many to believe it possible for tangible bodies to be produced in this manner, as they do not understand the philosophy of it, or the laws governing it. I am satisfied that it is a perfectly natural law, which spirits alone understand, and they can and do utilize it to 'show us their faces again,' and to teach us that 'there is no death,' but that the ordeal so called is a second and grander birth to a higher and better life.

It is hard for such as have not had the evidence I have had to accept materialization as a fact; they cannot understand how bodies can be produced outside of organic law, and without the germs or formative process of nature, that process by which the majestic oak springs from the tiny acorn, and the 'full corn in the ear' from the germ sown in the soil. The single kernel you plant in the earth. I have learned by research and investigation sufficient to convince me of the continuance of conscious individual life beyond the grave. We are even now spirits, and our earthly bodies are but vehicles through which our spirits find expression. Scientists admit the fact that the atmosphere holds in solution all or nearly all the elements of earth, and chemists teach that vapor may and does become solid substance, and solid substance in turn again becomes vapor; so when we visit our mediums, and see with material eyes their forms limp and unconscious brought from out the cabinet, and tenderly supported in the arms of a veritable tangible being, and whom our arithmetic declares is one more than there was when we closed the doors and opened the séance, and we know no being of solid mold could possibly gain access to the room, the evidence of our senses is to the fact that materialization is true.

It is to a law unknown to mortals, unknown to mediums themselves, and which they cannot honestly and in a conscious condition employ, to produce the manifestations we see; but possessing as they do an extremely high nervous power which may be not improperly termed a psychodynamic force, spirits knowing such personal spiritual power, and understanding the method of its manipulation, utilize it to produce the phenomena called 'materialization.'

As the natural body attracts to itself properties from the air to support and sustain it, so spirits can draw from the atmosphere particles substantial, through this force existing in the medium, for this particular form of spirit phenomena, and show us the etherealized form, the under transfiguration, and often the crowning glory of all—the full form materialized and apparently endowed with all the vital functions of mortal life; and this law by which the vitality of the medium is employed and utilized is a law of spirit volition exclusively, acting upon the mediums, their own will having nothing to do with the phenomena at all, except to passively with which they and their surroundings are calculated to aid and assist the spirit to accomplish this wonderful work.

It is only by such views as the foregoing, vouchsafed me by spirit-intelligences, that I can understand this wonderful and beautiful phenomena. It is in line with human hopes and needs, and forms a strong analogy to the manifestations of the spirit in ancient days.

The Bible gives many instances of spirit-materialization, as witness the visit of the three angels in the form of men to Abraham, the appearance of Moses and Elias on the Mount, when Bible chronology declares they had passed from mortal life many years previous.

The visit of the angel to John on the Isle of Patmos may be cited as evidence directly in line with our argument. Notice the language of the angel when John was about to fall down to worship him as a superior being: 'See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant and of thy brethren the prophets. Worship God.' Could anything be clearer than this declaration that he was but one of earth's children, returned to earth for a time, to do a special work for man?

God being eternal and his laws unchanging, the avenues whereby spirits visited this earth and communed with the denizens must still be open. This I aver, is a logical conclusion, which escape is impossible, and you and I also may hold sweet communion with the dear ones gone before, with the loved of other days, who are ever near us seeking to bless, aiming to comfort, and ever striving to impress upon our minds this beautiful truth—Life and Love are eternal, and that there is no Death as we have been wont to regard it. It is a wide open door leading the emancipated spirit into the confines of the 'life eternal'; the breaking of a day that shall never end; the rising of a sun whose brilliant radiance shall never fade, and where sometime in the grand cycles of an unending eternity, joy, rapture and compensation shall come to every struggling, sorrowing child of earth."

PETERSHAM.—Mrs. William Wade writes: "When I saw the 'memorial number,' with the picture of our departed editor, I looked upon it with adoration, and thought how typical of the man, with THE BANNER in his hand. I caught the inspiration that he rested just long enough to have his picture taken.

As I read the many beautiful tributes paid to this noted man, I feel more than I can express. I send my sympathy to all, and express the feeling that you will be sustained in your noble work, and that Bro. Colby will still assist you in your sacred mission to live without THE BANNER. For over thirty years we have never missed a number. Of the many spiritual papers we read, there is no other that stands so high in my estimation as the BANNER OF LIGHT. What a beautiful name it bears; and how typical of its sacred mission!"

QUINCY.—M. A. Bonney writes: "We had the pleasure of again listening to Mrs. Burbeck of Plymouth, Mass., Sunday evening, Nov. 25.

Her subject, 'What is God?' was treated in an able manner, interesting alike to skeptic and believer.

Many good readings and tests were given, especially to strangers. Mrs. Burbeck always seems to attract a good many outsiders, which fact speaks well for the esteem in which this lady and her influence are held in this place."

#### New Hampshire.

STRAKHAM.—J. J. Clay writes: "Dr. J. P. Thorndyke of Boston delivered two highly interesting and instructive lectures to very appreciative audiences in this village Sunday



Nov. 25. His delineations of character were perfect, and to the point.

This is the second visit here this season, and we regret that his time is so taken as to render it impossible to have him speak for us for the present. His methods are of the order to awaken greater interest in our philosophy. He is not merely a Sunday man, but every day of the week finds him laboring for the Cause so dear to us all. It seems to me it is time our workers did something in the line of missionary work that Dr. Thorndike is engaged in. We have always had a National Organization, let us hope the time not far distant when in every State we shall have a score of earnest missionary workers.

I am glad to notice the efforts of Bro. Thorndike so highly spoken of wherever he has been, and I feel he deserves much praise.

One thing especially I wish to speak of in regard to him, namely, he never speaks slightly of any other medium. Keep him busy, friends.

#### Connecticut.

NORWICH.—Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Sec'y, writes: "Sunday, Nov. 18, Miss Abby A. Judson delivered two interesting and instructive lectures before large and appreciative audiences."

At the afternoon session Joseph D. Stiles was introduced, and received a hearty ovation, giving a brief poem, and some thirty names of spirit friends, saying that he should leave his special work for the evening service, which was carried into effect to the full satisfaction of the audience; more than one hundred and fifty names were given, also many incidents connected with their earthly pilgrimage, which were all recognized as being correct.

Mr. Stiles will occupy our platform again in February.

Sunday, Nov. 25, completed Miss Judson's engagement with us. Her work is valuable to those who aspire to noble and true lives here on this earthly plane.

She expresses much happiness that the light of the new dispensation has dawned upon her soul, and that at times she can enjoy blessed communion with her beloved father, mother, and other dear ones.

Inheriting, as she does, the true missionary spirit, she labors most earnestly to enlighten others, and to teach them the glorious religion of Spiritualism, teaching ever the highest morality, for all who have a knowledge of this new truth have a greater incentive for right doing than any other class of people.

In treating the subject "Where is the Spirit-World?" Miss Judson traced the notions of mankind regarding the locality of heaven and hell from an astronomical standpoint. When men thought the earth was a flat, circumscribed plain, the doctrine of reincarnation was born.

Later notions were limited by the thought that the earth was the centre of the universe. The heaven of the Greeks and of John accorded with this mistaken view. The plan of Dante and of Milton harmonized with the advance of astronomical science, but was distorted by the old theology. Modern Spiritualism, in making the earth and every other planet the centre of its own spirit-world, accords with modern astronomical science, and is therefore, reasonable and natural. Our spirit-world, extending far into space, gives ample room in its ever-widening spheres for all the expressions of individual life that have ever been, or that will ever be, on the physical plane.

#### Illinois.

CHICAGO.—H. Willis writes: "The spirit-healing mediums as factors for disseminating the science and philosophy of Spiritualism, seem to have much less attention paid them from contributors to your valuable paper than they merit."

Our doctors are doing much in a quiet way to advance the cause of truth, and deserve encouragement by way of favorable mention in our spiritual journals. This phase of demonstrating spirit power and intelligence for the good of humanity, is alone handicapped by prospective legislation.

No greater encomium could be pronounced in their favor than the acts of legislation brought about, not by petitions sent in by the people to abate a nuisance, but by the fraternity of M. D's, ostensibly to protect the populace. However plausible their pleas, they hoped thereby to stop the inroads made into their patronage and incomes, all occasioned by the meritorious growth and popularity of spirit-healing.

So often have the "regulars" given up cases to die, and the medium doctors restored them to good health, that merit tells its own story everywhere. By these results encroachments become oppressive, making legislation necessary for protection "of the doctors," not the welfare of the people.

Our medical instruments through whom many exanimate physicians produce miraculous cures, should be regarded as they really are, mediators, and hence the protection so honestly and truly due them. The whole line of chronic and acute diseases yield to their treatment after they are pronounced past all possibility of recovery.

These obnoxious statutes, in a short time, will be regarded as we now look upon the old blue-laws—a by-word.

We have many old mediums well established, with more developed faculties. A month later, none have come to the front more prominently than Dr. Esther Marion, 52 Oakwood Avenue, Chicago. Within two years, her popularity and success as a healing ministry has developed into a fine practice, through uniform success in the treatment of all chronic as well as acute diseases.

#### Colorado.

IDAHO SPRINGS.—Robert P. Milne writes: "I cannot express the joy and happiness this B. N. brings us every week. It is our church. We hold family circles at home, and I am glad to see that we get good results. Readings occur at almost every circle we hold, and answers to all questions. At one circle a lady friend joined us who wrote for us; one spirit signed his name 'Sam Smith.' The lady never knew him, and we all wondered who he could be. At last I remembered a man of that name who was night-walker in this city, and I asked if it were he. The answer came, 'Yes.' Another letter was written by my wife's father in spirit life, and the last writing was as follows: 'Friends, this is grand; have charity.—Dr. Wooster.' I know him before he passed over to the other side, and if he had been still on this plane, and had called in to see us, it would have been no more convincing of his presence than the words written in that letter."

My son, who is only about twelve years old, is mediumistic, and goes into a trance state. Sometimes he will be lifted out of his chair, and fall on the floor in a rigid state; he has also been seen at two different times prior to our sittings. I myself have seen spirits in lighted rooms.

When I was only fourteen years old I saw the spirit of a lady, and I spoke to her, but got no answer; I turned to watch her, and she passed through a door. My mother died in nine days after I saw this form—which was when I lived in Scotland. On the 27th day of March, 1890, there came to my door, as I thought, some one and rapped; I got up and opened the door, but no one was there, and before I retired to bed the footstep came on the porch, and then three raps. I got up and found no one; so I stood with the door-knob in my hand, and again I heard the footstep on the porch and then three raps. I opened the door as quickly as I could, but could see no one. My wife also heard them. The night was clear moonlight. I took down the date, and the first letter I received from my brother in Scotland the night of the footstep was my father's death, which occurred that same night.

#### Maine.

PORTLAND.—Dr. Goodrich, Pres., writes: "On Sunday afternoon and evening E. Andrews Titus spoke for the People's First Progressive Spiritual Society, and was very interesting. He was followed by Mrs. Goodrich, trance test medium, who gave a number of recognized tests."

Dr. Thorndike of Pennsylvania will be with the society in the month of December. The BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the meetings."

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It is unsatisfactory, why not learn what the MAGEE FURNACE would do for you in added comfort and lessened coal bills?

We send descriptive circular with references free of charge and guarantee perfect satisfaction in every particular. The

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**DIRECTIONS.**—Place the Board upon the laps of two persons, lady and gentleman preferred, with the small table upon the Board. Place the fingers lightly but firmly, without pressure, upon the table so as to move easily and freely. In from one to five minutes the third and fourth fingers will move and then the hand will be able to talk or answer questions, which it will do rapidly by touching the printed words or letters necessary to form words and sentences with the forefinger or pointer.

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You can save money by wearing the

**W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 Shoe.**

Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect your feet and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other shoe made. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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challenge the world for any potency which will equal them for keeping your feet warm. These FOOT BATTERIES remove colds and pains from feet and limbs, cause a feeling of new life and vigor equal to the days of youth. Think of the luxury of warm feet all winter in all weather! These MAGNETIC BATTERIES increase the flow of blood, vitalize it and cause a most delightful feeling the moment your feet rest upon these powerful MAGNETIC INSOLES. Every pair gives comfort, and if you keep your feet warm you cannot catch cold. What's the use of suffering from those tired, all-gone, worn out feelings? A pair of our MAGNETIC FOOT BATTERIES will act like a charm on your bottom, and give you a sensation of warmth and vigor at once. Try a pair of them quick. \$1.00, or 3 pairs for \$2.00. Any size, by mail. Send for our book "A Plain Road to Health," free.

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**Miss Judson's Books.**

"Why She Became a Spiritualist." 264 pages. One copy, \$1.00; six, \$5.00.

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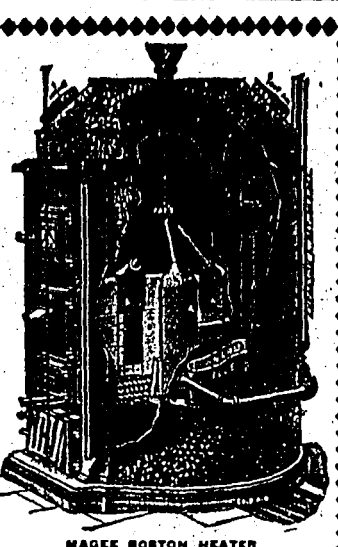
SEND three 2-cent stamps, look of hair, name, age, sex, one leading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power. MRS. DE A. B. JOHNSON San Jose, Cal. Dec. 20.

**FREE** SEND 4 CENTS IN POSTAGE, a look of your hair, name, age and sex, and I will send you a clairvoyant diagnosis of your disease. Address: DR. O. E. BARBOP, Mechanicalville, Iowa. Dec. 1.

**MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, Business, Test and Medical Medium.** Six questions answered by mail, 50 cents and stamp. Whole lot also \$2.00. Send to: OXFORD ST. 100, Boston, Mass. Address No. 40 Union Street, Lowell, Mass. Nov. 24.

**MRS. B. F. SMITH, TRANCE MEDIUM.** Will hold sittings on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week from 9 A. M. to 12 P. M. Sittings given Friday, Saturday or Sunday. Terms, \$2.00. All letters regarding applications for sittings must contain stamp for reply. Verbatim Notes, 25 cents. Send to: Mrs. B. F. Smith, 100 Union Street, Lowell, Mass. Oct. 12.

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**DIRECTIONS.**—Place the Board upon the laps of two persons, lady and gentleman preferred, with the small table upon the Board. Place the fingers lightly but firmly, without pressure, upon the table so as to move easily and freely. In from one to five minutes the third and fourth fingers will move and then the hand will be able to talk or answer questions, which it will do rapidly by touching the printed words or letters necessary to form words and sentences with the forefinger or pointer.

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MRS. IV. H. ALLEN, 406 Washington Street, Providence, R. I. Seances Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:30; also third Thursday afternoon of month, at 2 P. M. Oct. 27.

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**MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, Business, Test and Medical Medium.** Six questions answered by mail, 50 cents and stamp. Whole lot also \$2.00. Send to: OXFORD ST. 100, Boston, Mass. Address No. 40 Union Street, Lowell, Mass. Nov. 24.

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Nov. 17.

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Nov. 3.

**Dr. C. E. Watkins's**

NEXT visit to Boston will be on Tuesday, Dec. 11th, at the Parker House, instead of the Tremont, as heretofore. Consultation free. The Doctor will be pleased at that time to meet old and new patients. Remember the day and place—Parker House, Tuesday, Dec. 11th, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

**J. K. D. Conant,**

Trance and Business Psychometrist.

Sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. 84 Bowditch Street (BANNER OF LIGHT BUILDING), Boston, Mass. Answers calls to lecture or holds public or private sittings. Dec. 1.

**Mrs. S. S. Martin,**

55 RUFLAND STREET, Boston. Seances Sunday, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 2:30 P. M.; Sundays and Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Commencing Sunday afternoon, Sept. 24th, at 8 P. M. G. P. ALBRO, Manager. Dec. 15.

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