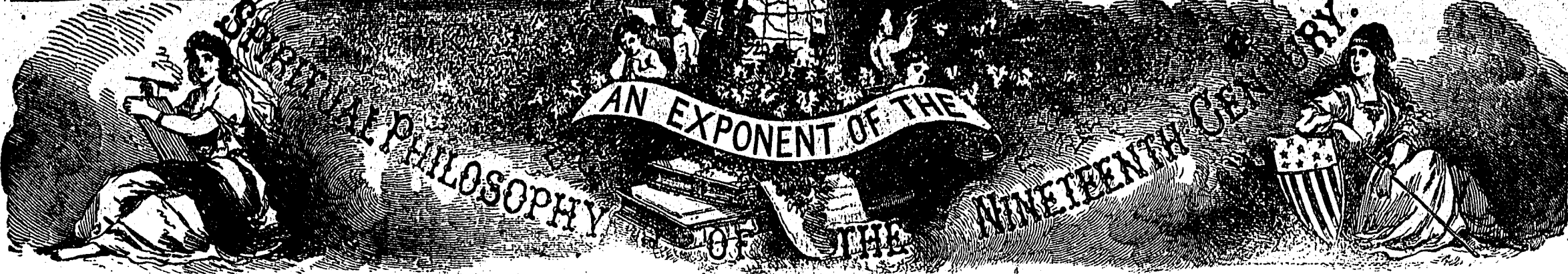


BANNER OF LIGHT.



HARVARD COLLEGE
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NO. 16.

JE-HO-VA-H.

BY LUTHER COLBY

Within the holy realm of deepest Thought,
Where Wisdom's precepts are so fully taught,
Resides a band of Oriental seers,
Whose lives are measured by unnumbered years.
Here beautiful flowers of every form and hue
Glisten in brightness with the morning dew,
Emitting odors of such rare perfume
That keep them ever constantly in bloom.
This is the Land Celestial—this the Throne
Which waits its Wisdom unto every zone;
This, too, doth guide each planet in its course,
From which the spheres derive their mighty force.
This is the Godhead!—this the realm of Law—
From which all Nature doth its incense draw.
Thus much I know! and, knowing, know no more!
And that is why JE-HO-VA-H I adore.
Boston, Mass., U. S. A., 1893.

PSYCHIC GLEANINGS:

A Veteran Gone Home.

BY ALBERT MORTON.

NO. IX.

Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.
—Miss London.

At the time my friend, Luther Colby, with whom I held friendly, confidential correspondence for many years, requested me to furnish, for publication in THE BANNER, this series of papers referring to the labors of veteran workers in the field of progression, we little thought his name would soon be chronicled in these sketches among the number (not "dead") of those "whose spiritual influence is upon his kind," who have risen to higher, boundless fields of life.

It is well that seers, of which gifted persons our friend was one, cannot frequently see prophetically for themselves. In answer to the expression of my wish that he might visit us and take a greatly needed rest, my old friend answered that his legs were swollen with inflammatory rheumatism, "but my head isn't," and he must still struggle on "between brick walls," and added, "But there will be an end to all this by-and-by."

The end to physical suffering soon came, and the friend who was always loyal to the truth, as he saw it, a staunch friend through good or ill report, the too generous and self-sacrificing champion of all mediums, whose greatest fault was the extreme exercise of a grand virtue, charity, is free from the environments of human life, and has passed to his reward as he wished, "with his armor on."

It has been my privilege to converse with many arisen spirits whose earth-lives had been protracted struggles with physical or mental imbalances. The general testimony of these spirits has been that the boundless freedom of the higher life is beyond human comprehension, and to-day my friend gave me his experience in the change of life, as being a happy release from earthly limitations, and stated that he is now free from the carking cares that beset him throughout his protracted and faithful labors in the Cause of Spiritualism.

Our friend was hampered by conditions in all his grand life-work, but he has passed beyond the fetters of materiality, "entered into rest," the rest only to be found by one with his aspirations and honest earnestness of purpose in labors for the elevation of others, unfettered by conditions.

He rejoices in his newly-found freedom; why should not his friends rejoice with him?

The biographical notices of Mr. Colby, in recent numbers of THE BANNER, have been so complete as to require no additions to them; but his work, extending over nearly two score years, in the promulgation of the gospel of Spiritualism, furnishes a grand theme for our consideration. His earnestness and tenacity of purpose, coupled with his great experience in his field of labor, enabled him to do a work for freedom from theological shackles which can be appreciated best by those who have some knowledge of the difficulties with which conductors of spiritual journals have to contend. The mass of readers of our papers class themselves among liberals, but their liberality is somewhat limited by the intolerance manifested toward all who are not prepared to accept their crude conclusions.

One of the greatest stumbling-blocks the editor of a spiritual paper has to encounter is the crass ignorance of credulous believers, who demand the endorsement of palpable frauds under penalty of their displeasure. It is impossible for our editors to steer a satisfactory course in the straits of Scylla and Charybdis—the rough headlands of unreasoning credulity on the one side, and on the other the equally unreasonable demands of the scientists, who parade their ignorance under the cloaks of Psychical Research, Theosophy or Occultism.

Luther Colby was a trained and honest journalist—a rare combination, for honesty is as scarce in journalism, religious or secular, as it is in politics. He was the first to open a public way through which the decarnated spirits could transmit messages of comfort to their bereaved friends, and in doing that he was instrumental in doing a grand, Christ-like work, bringing rest to the weary, comfort to the afflicted, and hope to the despairing. All this has been done through the Message Department of THE BANNER OF LIGHT. The Pharisee and Levite have passed this work with sneers and contempt, but the good Samaritan continued to bind up the wounds and apply the healing balsam regardless of the criticisms of captious or cynical critics. It is an evidence of the generosity of the managers that in this department of THE BANNER they have annually expended, ever since it was founded, means sufficient to more than cover the entire cost of the publication.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



LUTHER COLBY, LATE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

(REPRODUCED BY REQUEST.)

tion of other papers; and this work has been performed by Luther Colby and his associates, with but little return to them, aside from the grand reward arising from the consciousness of a good work being faithfully performed.

The genuineness of the messages was thoroughly tested by the editor, and they were not published until their correctness could be established, which course was continued until their reliability became too well confirmed to require the delay and expense attendant upon such investigation. Several times during my residence in San Francisco Mr. Colby sent me galley proofs of messages which he wished confirmed before publication, and in every instance, when the witnesses could be reached, it was proven that the messages were genuine, and in essential details quite correct. In many instances the recipients of messages came to me, with eyes bedimmed with tears of joy, to request the transmission of their tribute of gratitude to those to whom they were indebted for the assurance that their loved ones held them in tender remembrance, and still lived in a sphere of progression, where the guide of action is the divine law of love.

One instance will serve to illustrate the usefulness of the Message Department. A proof was mailed to me for investigation in which the spirit of a lad gave his name and age, the names of two streets, near the junction of which he stated his father lived, also his father's name and a loving communication. I learned the office address of the father, who was an occultist and artist—a physician in good standing—and called upon him, placing the slip in his hands. I asked him if the information contained therein was correct. Glancing at it hastily, the doctor stepped aside, evidently to conceal his emotion; soon he returned to me and assured me every statement in the message was correct, and eagerly inquired how it came into my possession. I gave him the information and advice required and closed the interview. Shortly afterward I learned the

Materialistic doctor had become an earnest investigator and believer in spirit-communication.

Thus, through the Message Department, an intelligent gentleman, who believed his cherished boy had been buried in the oblivion of the grave, was consoled by the knowledge that his loved one still lived, and was only separated from him by a thin veil, through which he might continue to converse with him.

The objections frequently raised to the common and illiterate messages sometimes given indicate a want of feeling and small spirituality on the part of the critic. An ancient medium did not deem the time wasted which he spent in comforting a poor woman at a well in Galilee, and, in the esteem of grand, philanthropic spirits, perhaps the message conveying comfort to a despairing mother or wife, even if clothed in uncouth language, may be considered as a greater service to humanity than many self-glorifying strainings for scientific reputation, in dry-as-dust disquisitions about astral shells, subliminal consciousness and similar lucubrations, resembling the backwoodsman's trail, which began blind and led nowhere.

This one department of THE BANNER, founded by Luther Colby, is more worthy of being commemorated by an enduring monument than the acts of those whose lives have been glorified in proportion to their ability to direct armies and slaughter men.

The veteran in the field of Spiritualism needs no monument of bronze or stone over the urn containing the ashes of his mortal form, for

"He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds."

But those to whom his years of unselfish labor have been a benediction can honor his memory in no more fitting service than in giving his successors their sympathy and material support in upholding THE BANNER OF LIGHT, which, under his guidance, for many years has illuminated the pathway through the bogs of materialism and misleading theology to the glorious heights of spiritual freedom.

Summerland, Cal.

Founder of the Banner of Light.

LUTHER COLBY (pioneer publisher of this paper), whose kindly features are here depicted, was born on the 12th of October, 1814, at Amesbury, Mass. His parents were CAPT. WILLIAM (a respected shipmaster of that historic town) and MRS. MARY COLBY (who survived her husband many years, and lived to the extraordinary age of eighty-seven, during which time she leaned trustfully on the loving arm and generous support of her devoted son).

His early education was that common to the youth of New England at the time. After various experiences he became connected with the Boston Post (daily), where for some twenty years he served with fidelity and success. Leaving The Post, after a short season of rest he embarked, in 1857, on the publication of the BANNER OF LIGHT, with WILLIAM BERRY (afterward killed at the battle of Antietam) as partner, under the firm name of LUTHER COLBY & CO.—he having become convinced of the truth of Spiritualism through the mediumship of MRS. J. H. CONANT, at Mr. Berry's residence; she afterward served as the first medium for the Message Department, which post she occupied till her decease.

The first issue of THE BANNER was brought out at No. 17 Washington street (old numbers), April 11, 1857. Under varied vicissitudes the paper has been issued ever since—a period of over thirty-seven years—during all which time, and up to his demise at the Crawford House, Boston, Oct. 7, 1894, MR. COLBY was its senior editor.

The history of the BANNER OF LIGHT as a bold, honest and unselfish advocate of spirit-return and communion, is before the world, and can speak always for itself. Since its inauguration it has found its way all over the globe, wherever the English language is known. Its keynote—given, as also was its name at its inauguration, by invisible intelligences speaking through Mrs. J. H. CONANT—has always been to the effect that the mission of Modern Spiritualism is not the organization of a new sect, nor the special separation of its believers from the rest of the world by party lines, but, rather, to furnish a spiritual solvent, in which the existing forms of eschatological thought are to be saturated, illumination taking the place of gloom by the process. To the harmonious outworking of this early ideal MR. COLBY ever directed his energies.

THE BANNER headquarters and material belongings were destroyed by the great Boston fire in '72; and after nearly a year's location at 14 Hanover street, in the autumn of 1873 the publication office was established at No. 9 Bowditch street (then Montgomery Place)—a location which had been purchased and specially fitted up for the purpose by its business manager, ISAAC B. RICH. From this place it still continues to make its appearance regularly.

We also present at this Christmastide a picture of the birthplace of MR. COLBY. The memory of this edifice in the years that are to come will be treasured on the part of the believer in Spiritualism—sharing, with the bronze monument prominently displayed in the public square at Amesbury, the respectful recognition by the people of that signer of the Declaration of Independence, DR. JOSIAH BARTLETT, who was born in the building represented on the left of the Colby Homestead. It may be deemed a marked coincidence that one who wrought so much toward perfecting the steps that led to national liberty, and, later, another who was privileged to work so grandly for the Cause which declares human independence from creed, and freedom from the fear of death, should in different eras first breathe the air of this mundane world in buildings adjoining each other.



FLORENCE MARRYAT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

O Intimate that the interest in the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism is constantly on the increase, is to but faintly indicate the vast current of attention that the Cause is attracting among thinking people, who have either been too much occupied upon the one hand, or too deeply engrossed in their own peculiar systems of thought to give the time necessary for an understanding of the subject. But somehow the light of this truth is forcing its way into all departments of human thought, and making its influence felt to a great degree, until one can see its footprints on all sides, and is forced to acknowledge the great and valuable work that is being done wholly outside the movement itself.

In fact, there are really two kinds of Spiritualism in the world to-day: one that stands forth challenging the attention of every passer-by, aggressive, positive and assertive; the other, quietly working upon the minds of the intelligent, and leading them along, almost unconsciously, to a comprehension of its truth and intention—but so logically and humanly as not to offend or greatly disturb. And as each has the same object in view, namely, the revelation of spiritual law, who shall say that one is not as important and valuable as the other? Indeed, it is not infrequent that the manner of presenting a truth offends and disturbs far more than the truth itself.

No one writer has done more, possibly as much, for Spiritualism, directly and unconditionally, as has FLORENCE MARRYAT by her outspoken and unswerving record of her own personal experiences in the domain of spiritual investigation. She writes like one who has settled an important question, expecting to be believed, because she records the evidences that forces, by their overwhelming logic, the truth home to her own mind. The strongest argument that can ever be presented by the most learned man is the demonstration of a fact, and there are many, and of a most convincing character, and are used to the best advantage when placed in the hands of so clever a writer and earnest an advocate.

Miss Marryat, as a novelist, has been accepted wherever the English language is spoken, for too many years to allow of any eulogy from so humble a pen as mine; but I purpose to consider her work in and for Spiritualism, and to accentuate, so far as I am able, its value to the movement and to the world at large. Having known Miss Marryat more or less intimately for many years, and having been one of the numerous psychics that came under the light of her investigations in the '70's, I am, perhaps, able to understand her better than many who know her only through her earlier writings, or have formed her acquaintance by skimming over her later works.

She is by temperament a sensitive, in the true sense of the word, in whom the emotional predominates, and which sometimes gains the ascendancy: Quick in observation, clear in analysis, and quite able to weigh evidence, form conclusions, and then defend them to the very end of time. However pronounced or decisive her declarations, she absolutely believes them herself; which I fear is rather more than can be said of the various advocates of many branches of theology. She is a firm friend, charitable, warm-hearted and kind, and is greatly beloved by the circle in which she moves. On the platform she holds her audience from the beginning to the close of her effort by that peculiar something which, for want of a better name, we call personal magnetism. She has known sorrow—who that has lived has not? She has made mistakes and blunders, like the rest of humanity; but she has kept her faith in human nature, her belief in the wisdom of heaven, and is inspired by the earnest desire to do all she can to bring the realization of another and a higher life home to each heart. She has nothing to gain, but much to lose, by her advocacy of Spiritualism, so far as the general public is concerned; yet in writing "There Is No Death" she explains why the work was undertaken: "It has been strongly impressed upon me for some years past to write an account of the wonderful experiences I have passed through in my investigation of the science of Spiritualism. I will describe the scenes I have witnessed with my own eyes, and repeat the words I have

(Continued on twelfth page.)



BIRTHPLACE OF LUTHER COLBY.

(REPRODUCED BY REQUEST.)

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 XX.

THE JOURNEY.

"MR. CALVIN GRAY has already been so fully introduced to my readers that they may have a good idea of his person; but as we have had to do mostly with his character, let me describe him. Medium height, well proportioned, dark hair, some two or three removes from black; whiskers, not heavy, but with a slight, very slight tendency to red; face rather thin and long, somewhat sallow; teeth good, large and much disclosed in talking. His dress was invariably black, with a white neckcloth. He wore gold buttons and a gold watch chain. He was scrupulously neat, very particular, quite fussy indeed, and inclined to make a minute examination of his dress and person in the mirror before going out. He wrote and spoke with grammatical accuracy, and his sermons were generally spoken of as "very good," very doctrinal and orthodox. He dealt much in invectives, and more frequently selected his texts, and the readings for the morning service, from the Epistles, seldom from the Gospels. His voice was good, his gestures correct, his pronunciation according to the most approved forms, and he never forgot himself in the pulpit, so far as to improvise at all or speak a word from impulse; therefore there was never any dispute after his sermons as to what he had said—there it was in black and white, written down. To be sure there was no warmth, but then there was no extravagance; no subtle power moved the hearts of his hearers, as with Whitfield and Edwards; but then he had fewer enemies. There was no originality, but then there was no accusation of heresy; he preached theology as he had learned it, and struck into no byways, or made any modifications, or palliations, and he wished his hearers to do the same. This speculative, eyes of disposition, so prevalent in the present time, was his abhorrence. Believe as I preach, and salvation is yours, was the creed. He had the indomitable will and the self-reliance which usually accompanies such a character. When a man believes he is right, wholly right, he is usually positive, decided in his character, and clings with great tenacity to an opinion formed, or a resolution taken. I had some idea of this trait when I said, "I will go with you." I knew full well that was a die cast for life—that my destiny was settled.

I awoke, no, I rose from my bed the next morning with a calmness amounting almost to despair; the one thought that buoyed me up was a missionary's life. How I longed to enter upon that scene of toil and suffering, and for the first time I felt reluctant to pursue my journey. What had I to do with Christianity, and festivities in the home of a Southern planter? What were wedding gayeries to me? I would be married in a plain gray traveling dress, and go directly on board the ship that should bear me to the shores of India. Jewels and gay apparel must henceforth be laid aside.

It was a strange feeling that I had that morning when dressing—new, certainly, to a young girl of eighteen—a perfect indifference to dress, no ambition to be the belle of the town, no betrothed—no joyful, timid delight at the thought of meeting him. I was dressed and reading my Bible when Mrs. More awoke.

"Bless my heart, child, are you up and dressed? You should have slept longer, for we will have a hard day before us. We shall be at Washington by ten, and I am resolved to remain there through the day and see the changes. John Quincy Adams was President when I was here, and now they say I should hardly know the place. They have improved the streets, introduced gas, altered and improved the Capitol, and built some fine national offices; but, dear me, they say that the members are not improved at all; that the ladies are terribly extravagant, and no better than they ought to be, and the men ten times worse. Well, I always said, when Adams went out, that country had seen its best days. I wonder if Mr. Harper will be there to meet us? We shall need him for an escort. You Mr. Gray is a stranger there. Now I think of it, I must lay my black silk and my best cap in the top of my trunk. What shall you wear, Bertha, at Washington?"

"I had not thought of the matter at all."

"Dear me! when I was a girl, I should have had it all arranged days before. It is a pink place for beauty. Take out your pink satin, with the bonnet, Bertha."

"Oh, that is an evening dress."

"La, yes, child, but who knows that you will not go to a party this very evening? When I was your age I attended a ball at the President's, and I wore—let me see, what was it?—oh, a pale—pale-colored crape, embroidered around the skirt, with silver and gold lace around the neck. I danced with Commodore Perry. What do you think of that?"

"I should have esteemed it a great honor."

"So did I. Well, now, who knows but you may dance with a foreign minister, an attaché, or somebody else, and it will end in a splendid match! It is not every girl that can be introduced by Mr. Harper. He rides the top wave. Now hold your tongue, Bertha, and say nothing to the minister. He is one of the solemn kind, I see, and maybe he'll not wish to go to a ball or party; but Mr. Harper can introduce him to the chaplain, or seat him in the library; and then he'll go to bed by the time you are fairly in for the dance."

The breakfast bell rang, or I know not when Mrs. More would have ended.

Mr. Harper was awaiting us in Washington. He seemed transformed; and I fancied that his heart-happiness had purified and elevated him. He seemed like one apart from the factious, busy crowd, and I fancied he lived a hidden life, which was little understood there; and yet it was said that he was always in his seat, and ready to vote on every question which demanded his attention. He could not go with us, but would be at home during the holidays. We had no desire to remain long in the city, and a visit to the Capitol and public buildings, a view of the Senate chamber, and a very brief visit to the turbulent House, satisfied us. We parted with Mr. Gray here, Mrs. More and myself going to Virginia, while he remained a day longer, and then returned to New Jersey, where he was engaged to preach for some weeks.

I remembered well the pleasant hour spent in Mr. Harper's company, the morning before I left, during the brief absence of Mr. Gray to call on a brother minister. We talked of Mary, her life at the old boatman's, her patience and sweetness of temper; and as we talked Mr. Harper's face grew bright with the radiance of a fondly-cherished hope. It was beautiful—the union of these two souls—and realized my idea of perfect human happiness. I dared not look at my own heart then. It was a pleasant smile and a cordial pressure of the hand, when he bade me good-by, and said, "We meet again soon."

"Ah, yes," I said to myself, "how I long to behold you and Mary in each other's society, to see her trust and confidence, to look at the dove folding its wings in a peace that no storm can disturb."

"Bertha, I will write you to-morrow," said Mr. Gray. "Be careful of your health; remember to what you have dedicated your life, and enter not too deeply into the gayeties at Washington."

It was a relief to find myself in the coach surrounded by strangers; and I hoped Mrs. More would be silent for awhile, but I hoped in vain. She kept up an incessant chat concerning her former travels over this road, where they dined, what was their fare, how slow they used to travel, how the drivers drank and swore, etc., till I was wearied, and would come me, I was aroused by Mrs. More.

"There, now we're most at Haven-ton. I do hope they will give us something beside bacon and hoe-cake; that was my dinner when I was here ten years ago; not an egg for love or money. One does want eggs when they get among these negro cooks—eggs, or potatoes with their jackets on. Ain't you very hungry, Bertha?"

It was a beautiful afternoon; the coach drew up at a low house, with a porch running all around it, in which two or three negroes were lounging on wooden seats, and three or four half-naked black children rolling in the dirt before the doors. We had scarcely alighted, when I observed a carriage coming rapidly toward us. I recognized Mr. Harper's carriage at once, and the best horses in old Virginia, which were now put upon their speed. A bright face was peeping out of the window, and the curls were dancing in the breeze. A moment more, and Jim had drawn up with a flourish which was intended to make the poor hacks of the mail coach look with envy upon their better-fed and more aristocratic cousins; but the attempt was a failure, for our faithful animals, that had brought us over hill and dale, had eyes now only for their provender.

Another moment, and I was clasped in Mary's arms. "My poor Bertha, we will nurse you back to health again, and plant some roses on those pale cheeks."

"There, there, that will do—now it's my turn, and here are the roses," said Addie, while she gave me a warm kiss on each cheek.

"Now, Jim, turn those horses' heads homeward and drive at the rate of 2-4-6."

"Not just yet, Miss Addie," said Jim, who was carefully placing blankets over his favorite horses; "ye see, Fanny would like water, and she's so warm I don't dare give it to her now, and Fanny breathes hard, and needs a spell."

Mrs. More was all this time in the house, and I turned to speak with her. She was at the window, looking eagerly at Mary.

"Well, now, if she is a pretty piece of God's work—Mr. Harper is a judge of beauty, certainly!"

Addie kindly invited my companion home with us; but no—Mrs. Green's carriage would come for her. We did not wait long for it, and, bidding her good-by, Addie finally persuaded Jim that his horses might safely be driven two miles, and we were soon going at a rapid rate toward Stanley Hall. The scenery grew brighter to my eyes; I had such confidence in Mary, that it seemed to me as if I would be right, when I had told her my perplexities. There she sat, looking so serene, so quietly happy, as if the well of her joy were deep, and the Lord sat beside it.

We turned into a long avenue of noble old trees, which half concealed and half revealed a quaint mansion, built in rather ancient style, but very pleasing to the eye. The kitchen and offices were not attached to the house, and we saw numbers of black children running about the yard.

A large, hospitable fireplace, in which a huge fire crackled and blazed, sending its ruddy light over a room somewhat richly furnished, in antique style, made our welcome doubly cheerful. A tea-table, covered with a damask cloth, that shone under the light of the ironing, a silver tea-service of old-time style, stood in the center of the room. We lingered here but a moment, for Addie said, "Come to your own room, Bertha, you are weary." I followed her upstairs to a large, commodious apartment, where a fire was also burning, and an easy-chair before it, whose capacious dimensions well entitled it to its name of "Sleepy Hollow." A large bedstead, with ample curtains around it, a carved mahogany wardrobe, a little writing-desk, a few choice books, and a queer-looking table, with feet like a lion, completed the furniture of the apartment. "Here is your own snugery, Bertha, and here, see, is mine," opening a door which communicated with her own room. This was, indeed, thoughtful and pleasant. "I tried," said she, "to induce our Mary to join us while you are here, but she was right, perhaps, in refusing; but she will be with us often. She stays to tea this evening, and when you are rested we will meet you in the parlor. There, now, one kiss, and I leave you awhile—one always likes to be alone a little while after such a journey."

I sunk down into "Sleepy Hollow" and burst into tears. Why is it that kind words and a warm welcome from loving hearts will unlock the heart, and reveal the severity and reproach often hidden there?

The warmth of the fire and my fatigue caused me to fall asleep—pleasant images floated before me; I had suffered, and through suffering and trial had conquered; I was at my mother's feet in Paradise. I was roused from this pleasant reverie by a voice, "Please, ma'am, shall I hang your dresses in the wardrobe?"

I turned and saw a bright-looking colored girl standing near my open trunk. I roused myself, and found I had slept an hour. I made good speed with my toilet, impatient to join Addie. I felt fresh and strong; the way seemed clearer to me, though I still clung to the idea that I must improve suffering upon myself; but beyond, far off in the distance, where the mortal should have put on immortality, I could not see.

We were three at the table, and needed no more, for we had so many school reminiscences to recall. I did ample justice to Mammie's honey cakes, and to the cold meat and biscuit, though I did beg off from the sweets, which were too numerous to name; but Addie said she always ate an extra allowance when ever she thought of poor Miss Crook's sacrifices for Mr. Calvin. At the mention of that name I felt the blood rush to cheek and brow, and supposed I had betrayed my secret; but no, I was safe, because it was beyond even the active brain of Addie even to guess.

After tea I must see "Mammie," who was seated in a large chair in the bake-room, presiding over some huge loaves of fruit-cake, which were now being taken from the oven to frost. I was not disappointed in the old woman; she looked the picture of an African queen, with her gay turban, and her air of authority. It was busy times with her now, for she intended to have the Harper family duly honored as far as cookery was concerned, which, in her estimation, was the most important.

The second day was occupied in entertaining Madame Green's family, and this was but the beginning of daily visits to and from Green Hill to Stanley Hall. Ned was not at home, but he would be with us on the holidays.

Both families were full of expectation and pleasure; the double marriage pleased them well. To be sure, Ned must complete his studies, and Addie was too young to think of becoming a wife yet; but they had loved each other from childhood, and it was expected Mr. Harper would give his consent to their betrothal on his own marriage.

We had a warm discussion upon the bridal dress—Mrs. Green contending for molle antique, with a lace robe over it, and pearl ornaments—Mary expressing her preference for simple white muslin, with no jewelry. She carried the point in her quiet but decided way.

"And now, Mary, tell me all about it," said I, when I found myself alone with her.

"I have a little to tell, she said, only, how day by day, when she was riding home, when he read to me in the library, when we wandered in fancy over the old world, and when we talked of life and its duties, I found, before I was aware of the strength of the feeling, that my heart was worshipping at that shrine. The world was bright in his presence—it was all shadow where he was not—and then I tried to crush the emotion, to avoid him. What could I do? The tendency he to him, save to amuse him for the passing hour."

He whose talents and position might win a wife among the rich and noble of the world—what could he care for the poor shipwrecked child?

When I had such thoughts I would stay at home, and not go to Stanley Hall. I would avoid him if he came here; but he always had some reason for seeing me—a message from Addie, a new book, or what he found was most effectual, some little aid to himself in writing, for he was burdened with so many letters, that it was almost impossible to answer them, and Addie disliked the task exceedingly. Once seated in the library, I would resolve to execute it faithfully; but there was always something to interrupt, some article to read, some subject to discuss, till we would forget our toil, and the interchange of thoughts and feelings. Bertha, I can't tell you how it was, but Knowles expresses it better than I can:

"Love's not a flower that grows on the dull earth, Springs by the calendar, matures by parts—Must wait for sun—for air—for bud—for stem—for leaf—for bloom—"

It boasts a richer soil, and knows a higher seed—You look for it and see it not, And let it grow while you look, The peerless flower is up, consummate in the birth."

Enough, dear Bertha—we learned each other's hearts—that was all.

Isn't it beautiful, this perfect knowledge of each other's hearts? Earth is then like heaven—we know as we are known. We trust, because we see no longer through a glass darkly.

We know by spiritual insight every heart beat, and therefore doubt is lost and faith lives.

I never thought before that days and hours and years are no measure of time. I have lived, oh, how much of happiness, in six short weeks! My whole life before had not so much as one day of this; and then, do you know, that death, which seems so terrible to most, is robbed of even half its gloom? To love, and to have been loved, is a remembrance to carry with us into the next world, a sweet consolation to the one left on earth—for love is vital, immortal; death has no power over it."

I looked at Mary as she talked, her countenance glowing with the all-absorbing emotion of the heart, and something whispered—"Sorrow has taught you wisdom; you are wiser than your friend."

I said nothing, but she put her arms around me, and drew my head to her bosom.

"And now, Bertha, I have something to say to you; you understand this experience. Where is Charles Herbert? I wish he were here with us. Noble and true as ever, no doubt, fighting life's battle manfully, that he may be worthy the precious little heart that is now beating so near mine."

I bowed my face low—I hid it on her bosom; with great effort I suppressed the emotion which shook my whole frame.

"Charles Herbert is married!"

Mary started as if an arrow had pierced her. She would raise my head and look at my face for confirmation of my strange tale, but I kept it away from her; I could not bear the scrutiny of those calm eyes.

"Bertha, do I understand? Married, did you say?"

"Charles Herbert is married," said I calmly, "and married to another. Her name I do not know; I do not wish to know; lest—lest I should curse it."

I raised my head; I was calm now, outwardly so, at least, but Mary was as pale as death. "Charles Herbert married, and you live, Bertha! Ah! I understand now, why that face is so pale, and that form so emaciated. My poor child! my poor child!"

"I would have clasped me in her arms, but I drew back. "And if, Mary, am the affianced bride of another. I am going with Mr. Calvin Gray to India!"

Mary looked at me as one gazes at the insane. This she would not believe, and insisted that I was still under the influence of fever; that I must have nursing and medicine.

I drew the letter from my pocket which I had taken from under the ironing, and she knew the hand-writing, too well. Then I sat down and told her all. Oh! Bertha, Bertha, you have mistaken your own heart. God is merciful; he never requires such sacrifice as this. It was not that you wished to serve him by this act; it was desperation under the influence of a wounded heart. You believed, too, that Charles Herbert would suffer as much as yourself by this rash step of yours. Look again into your own heart—do not wreck your peace for life."

"It is too late to look into my heart now, Mary. I keep it shut; no one will ever have a glimpse of it again. I am going to India. I shall be happy there."

"God grant it," said Mary. "Lie down and rest—you are very weary."

I did so, and she sat by me with my hand (feverish and cold, as it was) in hers. Her face was full of anxiety and sorrow. She was too truthful to conceal it, too penetrating not to understand my heart better than I knew it myself.

She read to me, she prayed for me. She said nothing about Mr. Gray, but I think she was resolved not to let me fulfill my promise to him unless she found some evidence of a stronger attachment.

The morning of the day on which we expected Mr. Harper was bright and cloudless, rather cold for the climate, but pure and bracing.

Addie and myself rode over to Green Hill early in the morning; "for," said Addie, "we will yield her society in the evening to Pa, and you and I, Bertha, will amuse ourselves at home."

We found so much to say, and Madame Green and her daughters had so many plans of amusement, that we remained till after dinner. Mary was more reserved than usual. Like others of deep feeling, she expressed little when she felt the most; but there was a deeper tinge on her cheek and an added brightness to her eyes which I well understood. Now and then I caught her looking earnestly at me, and I would say to myself, "I will wait nothing!"

We left her in her own room, with little Ellen Green, a child of five years, sitting in her lap, to whom she was singing the nursery tale of "Little Dame Crump." She was dressed for the evening, in a blue cashmere, with no ornament but her simple brooch. I went back once to look at her again. Ellen had fallen asleep, and her head nestled lovingly on Mary's bosom. Mary looked up and smiled—a smile that lighted her face and made sunlight all around.

"Come over to-morrow, Bertha—I shall wait you. One kiss more!" and she held out her hand. "God help me to bear my happiness meekly; for it comes from him!" she whispered. I shall never forget her as she looked then.

"Come, Bertha," said Addie, "we'll go and meet Pa. Drive to Downer's, Jim. We shall be there in time, I think," said Addie, looking at her watch.

Jim made no haste; he was too careful of his horses. Addie became impatient.

"The coach never comes in till four, Missus. Them horses never make three miles an hour!"

"No, no, Miss Bertha—when de pale horse comes, he'll see you." I drew back, but we heard a voice:

"Holloa! Jim, here, take care of this horse. Rub him down well; he has been hard ridden."

Mammie June clapped her hands and shouted "Glory!" as if she were in a camp-meeting. It was Mammie! It was Mammie! How lucky I got not nice chicken ready to broil! And she disappeared to her royal dominion, the kitchen.

I left the room to go upstairs, but I had hard-

"Drive to the post-office," said Addie to Jim. There, to her great relief, a letter was found. It was very brief, merely saying—"I cannot come to-day—see Mary, and tell her that I am detained here."

"Strange, passing strange!" said Addie. "My father never wrote me such a letter as this before—not one word of explanation, not one word for Mary, save that simple, cold message, and for once Addie looked grave and was silent."

Jim was sent to Green Hill with the message, and, as I thought of Mary, I wondered if she would bear this disappointment with her usual quiet.

At tea Addie's face brightened—she could not bear to be sad long.

"There, I jes' knew Massa would not come to-day," said Mammie, "for I dreamed last night he was crossing the big bridge to go to Mary, while she was waiting on the other side, and the bridge broke right in the middle. Now I know what dat dream mean."

"Ah, but, Mammie, here is his plate and his china coffee-cup, and I smell the coffee. Bertha and I do not take it for supper. For whom did you make it?" said Addie.

"Oh, la, child, you seem alone; when Massa say he's coming, why Mammie June make believe he is though she know better by the dream—now you eat your supper—dere's ham and corn cake, and dere's cream biscuit and honey. To-morrow I'll make Massa James some tip-top fritters—apple fritters he like when a boy."

Mammie June was in good spirits. Her dream, no doubt, had troubled her, and she said she had detected the fulfillment, and her mind was relieved that it was nothing worse.

"Dem plaguy politics, Miss Addie; it's a heap of work to govern de white folks, and my young Missus used to say de Washington lawmakers did not know how to govern demselves. Ah, me, Miss Addie, den dey can't govern others."

"I wish Pa would let politics alone," said Addie, "better. I do think he might have come; now all our arrangements must be altered. And then, only three days to the wedding! What can he be thinking of?"

After tea we went into Mr. Harper's room; the fire was burning, the slippers were on the hearth, a dressing-gown thrown over the chair, and everything made ready for the occasion.

Addie sat down and wept—that was her way to get the trouble out of her mind, and she usually wept it all away. In a few minutes the clouds passed, and the sun shone.

Jim returned with a note. Madame Green thought that there were some important bills to be passed that day, and Mr. Harper's vote was necessary.

This was satisfactory, and no doubt Mary was by this time sleeping quietly, and dreaming pleasant dreams, and so, with myself, we went down into "Sleepy Hollow" that night.

I had no disposition to sleep, and sat there watching the flickering of the firelight, full of moody thoughts. That brief, unsatisfactory letter was a puzzle to me. It was unlike Mr. Harper. In the busiest parts of the session he had found time to write often. When he had already made his arrangements to return at that time, could he not at least have written Mary a short note of explanation?

I turned it over and over, and was still puzzled. I took a book and read, for, as I said, I was not inclined to sleep.

Midnight came, and found me still up—not reading, but musing on the coals. Suddenly a dark shadow was in the room. I started and turned round.

"Be easy, Miss Bertha—it's only Mammie June. I could not sleep, and I come in to ask if you're troubled about Massa James. I didn't say nothin' to the dear child, 'cause perhaps she hasn't thought about it; but it's on my mind that Massa James is sick. I tole Pomp so; but Pomp, la, he haint no idee of nothin'; he don't see nor hear. He was fast asleep before I done talkin', and I lay thinkin' all about it, till I looked out of the window and see you here, and I come straight here to ask you how to do; 'cause, if he's sick, he must have Mammie June, or he'll die."

I was glad that Mammie June had come. It did me good to comfort her. I was sure that if Mr. Harper was sick he would have written so. I believed he would come on the morrow.

"I hope so, Miss Bertha, and I pray the good Lord not to send trouble. But you see, I was so sure I have lived so long in the family without making my observations, and Miss Bertha, jes' as sure as dere comes a bright day, widout one cloud, I look for a storm. I always want to see one little cloud; den I reckon de storm-king let us be. Dat is tribute money to Caesar. But here now we've been jes' like heaven—too happy, too happy. Miss Bertha, de good angels be camped round about us, as I am sure I have. I don't want wings spread over de house, and I come straight here to ask you how to do; 'cause, if he's sick, he must have Mammie June, or he'll die."

I had feelings similar to Mammie June's; but I supposed my own sad heart had given its gloomy hue to my thoughts.

Mammie June went out, but soon returned with some warm mullied wine, which she made me take, and then said I must go right to bed. Thanks to her care, no gloomy dreams disturbed my sleep.

The morrow came, but not Mr. Harper. At night I sought Mammie June, whose fears were now wrought up intensely.

"He's sick, Miss Bertha—he will die. He must have Mammie June. What will we do? I reckon Miss Mary is sick, too."

"She is very calm, Mammie June. She trusts in God."

"Blessed child! But de trust do not keep de heartache away. Jim did not get no letters. Miss Bertha, I reckon we must do something."

But Mammie June was antcipated. Our prompt, impulsive Addie had decided what to do. She had ordered Jim to be in readiness the next morning to take her to the stage-house. She would go to Washington.

There was no sleep that night for Mammie June. We had to be ready for her journey, that she might be prepared for her journey. A fire had been kept burning all day in Mr. Harper's room. Mammie June had been sitting there to watch it. I went in and amused myself awhile in looking over some pen and sketches made by Mr. Harper when he was in Europe. There was a very fine one of the old cathedral in Lincoln, England, and of the old castle there, and part of a street. I looked at it with interest, as associated with Mary's birthplace. I showed it to Mammie June.

"See there, Mammie; that is a picture of the place where Miss Lincoln was born."

"It is in the old country, Mammie."

"Yes, yes, Miss Bertha—I know. She's come of good blood. Don't Mammie know by de foot, and de hand, and de step on de floor? It is well, because Massa James has some pride in his big heart. He got it from his mother's milk. Sometimes I think maybe he carries it too far. De Harpers are 'fraid some one come in dere family dat ain't like de good old Virginny race."

The clock struck twelve. I rose to go.

"Touse, Miss Bertha, stop one minute. I hear a tramp, tramp, along de road. It sounds like a horse. Hark! it comes nearer. Ah, me! if it should be dat rider on de pale horse! I've looked for him two days and nights."

The sound became more distinct. It came nearer and nearer, till we heard it along the avenue; and then, turning a little from the house, toward the servants' quarters.

Mammie June and I were quickened by her fear. Her face brightened.

"Ah, Miss Bertha, if it be de pale horse, he only arter one ob de niggers. I so relieved!"

I could not help smiling, though I must say I had forebodings lest we had indeed the messenger of evil near us. I was going to the door.

Mammie stopped me.

"No, no, Miss Bertha—when de pale horse comes, he'll see you."

I opened the door when I met Mr. Harper. The bright light of the fire, on which Mammie had just thrown fresh fuel, and that of the candle-labors, fell full on his face. I was startled, for it was pale, and worn, and haggard. He must have been ill or in trouble. He was surprised to see me, but his usual gallantry prevailed.

"Good evening, Miss Bertha. Is Addie up?"

"No, sir, she retired early. We have all been anxious about you, and Addie had decided to go to Washington to-morrow. Mammie June has been much troubled; and not being very sleepy myself, I have sat here with her. She seems superstitious."

"Yes, the colored race are very much so. Are you all well?"

"Yes, sir."

"All well in the neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir. We came from Madame Green's this evening."

"What could there be in my words to pain him? The deadly paleness of his face increased, and I heard something like a half-suppressed groan. I bade him good-night, and he asked me not to call Addie. He would see her early in the morning."

I sat down in "Sleepy Hollow" and mused awhile. Shadows, shadows, everywhere!

CHAPTER XXI.

HEART TRIALS.

DID not wait long after the first beams of daylight shone into my room to waken Addie with the news of my father's return. She sprang up at once and clasped her little hands together.

"Ned will be sure to come to-night, as he wrote; and then—then! Oh, Bertha, we'll have fine times yet! You can't tell how badly I felt yesterday. What if Pa should be sick, and die! I cried myself to sleep with the thought, 'I wish what is that? A carriage at this hour?'"

"Only Jim, with the carriage, as you ordered."

"Ah, yes; the fellow thinks I'll ride to the stage-house, even if Pa is in the house."

"I will tell him to put up the horses—no, I will ride over and see Mary a few minutes. Your father probably rode round that way last night, which made him so late."

"Oh, do, please; and here is a kiss for her! Don't hurry, Bertha; we will have a late breakfast, to accommodate yourself and Pa. How I long to see his dear, handsome face! But I'll not waken him."

the ordinary book is read. At the very outset a deep interest is created which does not abate until the last page is printed. The elements are not only convincing but are clothed in such beautiful language as to render the matter attested truth, so concise, yet voluminous enough to be accepted as such. It is a book that will be read with skepticism, if he be generous sufficient to acknowledge his error. It is a book that will be read with interest and hope. If Mr. Wells's purpose was to enlighten dark minds, and to throw a search-light upon the grand truth that is before the eyes of the world, he has succeeded. Every valuable man, truly he has succeeded. Every valuable man that needs to know about the religion of the future, and the future of the world, will want to read this book. The grand facts—the facts, the source and the consequence of Mr. Wells answers many queries which have long been asked, and which have not been answered. The phenomena, particularly in the line of so-called "double spirits" and in endorsement of his own: of the creation, and many new thoughts are given utterance. Cloth, 1mo, pp. 267.

For sale by AUSTIN & RICH

Onset.—Mary E. Thompson, on Sabbath evening, Dec. 9, spoke at Dr. Lancaster's; Sunday, Dec. 23, she speaks in Belfast, Me., at the home of Mrs. Sarah E. Durham.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

Written for the Banner of Light.

STILL UNDAIMAGED.
Still undaimaged, though doubts oppressed,
One wandered through the night;
In vain he sought to find his rest,
To see the heavenly light.

Still undaimaged, he never lost
His faith, and journeyed on;
No matter what might be the cost—
And lo! he saw the dawn!

New York City. CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, will soon publish a volume of short essays and poems entitled "LIFE AND LIGHT FROM ABOVE," by Solon Lauer, formerly of Meadville. The volume will deal with spiritual life and thought from the modern standpoint.

It is not so much the position a man occupies in life as the way he fills it that constitutes success or failure. The man that does his best in the position in which it is his lot to be placed, and does not attempt to soar beyond his capabilities, is really the successful as well as the happy man.—*Guy's Stationer.*

Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," is to tell in the next issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal* what he believes a "Christmas in the Year 2000" will be like.

Girls are of few days, and full of mischief, and whoever is deceived by them is not wise. When the fair girl chews her gum with much haste, and stamps her pretty foot, then look out! She cometh forth in the evening with low neck and short sleeves, but in the morning she lies in bed while her mother bustles.—*Clifton Forge (Va.) Review.*

It is said that no less than seven of the Napoleon pictures reproduced in the last two numbers of *The Century* were unknown to Napoleon collectors.

"Woe sum ob de bredderen please to 'waken up Sister Watkins, en ax her to go to sleep in de key ob C? Dat high F snoring don't jest cord wit de vox-humana ob yer pastor's voice."

Robert Louis Stevenson, the writer, died at the South Sea Islands Dec. 8, after being ill about a year. He was a native of Edinburgh.

Written for the Banner of Light.

AT CHRISTMAS.

The world converted is to good,
And proves its ancient worth;
Good will of love and brotherhood
Brings happiness to earth!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The first of a series of extraordinary historical Napoleon finds appears in *McClure's* for January, being a graphic account of the Battle of Marengo and of the famous stand of the grenadiers of the Consular Guard, who, five hundred in number, withstood the attack of the whole Austrian army, and have ever since been called the "Wall of Granite." The story is told by one of the Consular Guard, and has heretofore been unknown to Napoleonic scholars, and was discovered by Miss Tarbell during her exhaustive researches for writing her life of Napoleon.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

A correspondent informs us that Walter H. Rollins, 12 Cedar street, Salem, Mass., will answer calls for platform work—speaking and tests.

On next Sunday, Dec. 23, Mr. J. Frank Baxter will lecture for the Spiritualists of Lynn in Cadet Hall, observing "Forefathers' Day" in the afternoon, subject of lecture, "Pilgrims, Puritans and Christians in the evening, when his theme will be 'Christ and Christmas.'" He will lecture in Lynn on Sunday, Dec. 30, also; in Meriden, Conn., the first two Sundays of January, '95, and the last two in Norwich, Conn.; February Sundays in Haverhill, Boston, and F. Alexis Heath, inspirational lecturer and platform test medium, has engagements for Rockland, Me., Dec. 30; Lawrence, Mass., Jan. 27. Will accept calls wherever his services are desired. Terms reasonable. Address 89 School street, Eggleston Square, Boston, Mass.

Oscar A. Elderly spoke in Meriden, Conn., Dec. 16. He lectures in Lowell, Mass., Dec. 23 and 30—then goes to Anderson, Ind.

Lyman C. Howe is speaking at Carnegie Hall, 87th street and 7th Avenue, New York City, this month, and goes to Philadelphia for January. He was engaged for February at the Pensacola Camp, Florida—but as that meeting is now abandoned for this season, he is free to answer calls for February and March. Address 128 West 43d street, New York.

Mrs. M. Knowles, trance and test medium, will accept engagements for platform work for the year of '95. Address 1386 Dorchester Avenue (Field's Corner), Dorchester, Mass.

Mr. E. A. H. Tuttle, lecturer and test medium, would like to make engagements with societies for the season of 1895, with all respect and honor. Will also attend funerals. Address 30 Newcomb street, Boston, Mass.

W. J. Colville's address for the present is 52 West Twelfth street, New York.

Rev. Solon Lauer, late pastor of the Norfolk Unitarian church, Boston, will start soon for California, and would accept a limited number of engagements for one or more of his Boston lectures on the "New Philosophy of Mind" at points en route. These lectures were generously reported by Boston dailies, and attracted much attention, as representative of the scientific progress in the study of mind, as applied to health, ethics and personal culture. Mr. Lauer may be addressed until Jan. 1 at Mattapan, Mass., and from then until Jan. 16 at Willoughby, Ohio.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence.—A correspondent writes: On Sunday, Dec. 16, Mr. W. J. Colville lectured in Columbia Hall, 248 Weybosset street, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., to audiences which completely filled the spacious hall. The Providence Spiritualist Association is, happily, in a flourishing condition, with able officers, a good Lyceum, which meets every Sunday at 1 P. M., and good regular audiences, augmented on special occasions by many intelligent visitors.

Last Sunday afternoon the subjects for lecture being left to the audience, the following were chosen: "The Soul of Things," "The Origin of Nations," "The Influence of the Bible," and "The Relation of Those Who Have Passed Out Suddenly with Their Friends on Earth." The speaker treated these three suggestive themes with power and eloquence, and offered much practical instruction to the highly appreciative audience.

The influence of thought was characterized as boundaries. A remark which specially struck home in this connection was "the mind breathes; it is so we think." Our thoughts being mental outbreathings, they carry everywhere an influence inseparable from the character of the breathers. All things can be animated with our emanations, so that they become conductors of our influence, and they also become related as we are related to unseen states.

A vigorous defense and lucid explanation of metaphysical healing called forth applause. Animal magnetism was assigned to a back seat, and spiritual force placed in the front rank as the essentially potent healing agent.

A fine impromptu poem concluded the exercises. The evening lecture, on "The True Worth of the Bible," was an extremely forcible and highly oratorical presentation of the spiritual truths contained in ancient manuscripts, though veiled in allegorical guise. Ingenuous diatribes were denounced, though the man was spoken of with much respect and good feeling, and his kind-heartedness freely extolled.

Several of the Bible characters were taken as types, and events in their lives brought forward as illustrative of universal principles specially dwelt upon, and the manifestations of the divine power with those of ancient times.

The address was followed with a touching poetical tribute to ariatic works, among whom Luther Colby and William Britten were specially mentioned, along with many illustrious characters of less recent times. On Sunday next, Dec. 23, Mr. Colville again lectures in the same hall, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., on the subject of "The Bible as a Book of Prophecy for 1895," will be given.

[The report of the Secretary, Mrs. D. C. Ames, is fully covered by the above.—ED.]
The Progressive Aid Society, writes Mrs. M. L. Porter, Secretary, had a very successful social Wednesday, Dec. 8. A conference was held Wednesday, Dec. 12, with Mr. Manning. We held a social the first Wednesday in each month.

TO Correspondents.

VANITAS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The obituary you send will be published willingly if you will forward us your name and address as evidence of good faith. No attention is paid to anonymous articles.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Somersworth.—"Ochoeco" writes: On Sunday last, Dec. 16, Mr. J. Frank Baxter of Boston again appeared in Somersworth. His work was replete and complete. He has been here several times of late, but although we have always reported of him faithful and effective work, yet on this occasion he went far beyond all expectation.

He gave two lectures, one in the afternoon to an appreciative audience on "The Catholicity of the Spiritualistic Platform," and the other in the evening upon "The Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism."

While both discourses were timely and due productions, the latter was as if especially prepared for the large audience assembled. Mr. Baxter carried his hearers along with him wonderfully, and the conditions therefore were never better for the exercise in mediumship which followed.

After a quieting song, Mr. Baxter arose and gave a description in verse of the gathering of spirit-friends and of the blending of earth and spirit forces. Then followed one of the most remarkable séances of over an hour ever given in this city. It conveyed to the audience forty-three distinct personalities by name and description, and in the delineating so en rapport with the controlling guides was Mr. Baxter that a hundred or more characteristics and passing expressions carried marked force, and left continual weighty convictions.

A large delegation from Dover Spiritualists present said the meeting surpassed anything of the kind in their recollection in that vicinity.

Sunday meetings in Somersworth are not regularly held, though weekly materialization and test séances are. Mr. Henry Cobb is here, giving finely as materializing medium; grand results are obtained weekly, above all rigid and at times exasperating conditions.

Miss Minnie M. Soule as a test medium has won golden opinions by her weekly visits from Somersworth, Mass., to Somersworth. She gave a grand circle on Friday evening, Dec. 14, and was announced to give another on Friday evening, Dec. 21. Mr. Baxter will appear again here to test mediums and séances on the first two Sundays in March, 1895.

CONNECTICUT.

Danversville.—W. L. Wood writes: A large audience greeted Mrs. Lillie here Dec. 14. Her lecture commanded the closest attention, and her improvisations were wonderful. At the close a gentleman in the audience, not a Spiritualist, moved a vote of thanks to the able lecturer, and that she be asked to come again soon. The vote was unanimous.

We were glad to see in the audience Dr. and Mrs. Clapp of Norwich, who were accompanied by Willard J. Hull, who is speaking for the Norwich Society this month. Mrs. Lillie invited Mr. Hull to the platform, and he gave a ten-minute address that was replete with solid argument.

Our services commenced at 7:30, ending time enough so parties from Norwich can return on the boat train. Edgar W. Emerson, test medium, will give a public séance for us for the January meeting.

Mrs. Lillie will return here at her earliest opportunity. We have added several new members since Mrs. Lillie's lecture.

We expect Mrs. May Pepper, test medium, in February.

Norwich.—Mrs. J. A. Chapman writes: Willard J. Hull delivered two deeply interesting discourses before the Spiritual Union in Grand Army Hall Sunday, Dec. 16. Good audiences were present.

The afternoon subject was "The Trend of Monarchism in the United States." The evening theme was "The Bivouac of the Dead."

Mr. Hull treated both subjects in a masterly manner. His earnest effort to arouse the people to the dangers menacing our Republic is a marked feature of his valuable work.

Mr. Hull always meets a cordial welcome to our platform, and ever says an encouraging word for the Norwich Spiritual Union. The two remaining Sundays of December Mrs. Carrie F. Loring will speak for our Society.

In Memoriam.

The decease of Mrs. MARY LOUISA LYON, wife of Nicholas U. Lyon of Fall River, Mass., who passed to spirit-life Dec. 1, 1894, deserves more than a passing notice.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyon have been long identified with the progress of Modern Spiritualism, and are widely known by the Spiritualists of this country, especially by the lecturers, who for more than forty years have found their temporary home in the congenial family of the Lyons.

Mrs. Lyon was born in Warwick, R. I., in 1828, and had early reached her majority. She had matured a woman of remarkable memory, having no schooling after her ninth year, but retaining accurately and being able to report from memory whatever sermons or lectures particularly interested her. She had matured a woman of remarkable memory, having no schooling after her ninth year, but retaining accurately and being able to report from memory whatever sermons or lectures particularly interested her. She had matured a woman of remarkable memory, having no schooling after her ninth year, but retaining accurately and being able to report from memory whatever sermons or lectures particularly interested her.

Her last directions were that "she wanted no ostentation, no disinterested attendants and no flowers." Her thought about flowers was that the living sick could enjoy them much better than the dead, and wished that the money spent for them might be used in procuring comforts for the sick.

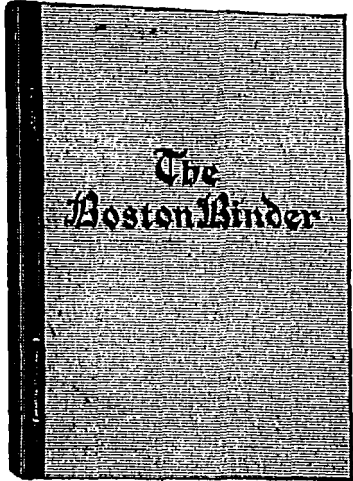
Bro. Lyon receives the most sincere sympathy of hundreds of friends in his bereaved old age.

Dr. H. B. Storer of Boston officiated on occasion of the funeral services.

THE BANNER would also express its deepest sympathy with Bro. Lyon in his bitter affliction. At such an hour how blessed is the assurance of Modern Spiritualism that it is spiritually "well" with the materially vanished loved one.

Reduced rates for the Christmas Holidays, 1894, via Fitchburg Railroad and connections. Round trip tickets, good for continuous passage in each direction, are now on sale and can be procured until Monday, Dec. 24, inclusive, to all leading points at greatly reduced rates. Tickets good for return passage until January 12, 1895, inclusive.

NEW Banner of Light BINDER.



As many of our subscribers have expressed a desire for some form of a binder in which they can preserve the weekly issues of THE BANNER, we have arranged for one that is strong and durable, and will admirably answer the purpose.

The covers are flexible, and will easily hold fifty-two numbers—or a complete year's issue of the paper.

The engraved heading of the BANNER OF LIGHT is printed across the face in place of "The Boston Binder," as is above cut.

Binders the quality and size of the one we now offer usually sell for 50 cents and upward, but by purchasing a large quantity at one time we are enabled to supply them to our patrons by mail, POSTAGE FREE, for

Only 35 Cents.

The Binder is also included, the same as Books and Pamphlets, in our offer made in another column to our subscribers for securing new subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.

My Blood

Became overheated, causing pimples all over me, developing into large and dreadful Eruptions

Mrs. Caroline H. Fuller
Londonderry, Vt.

Sores, the worst on my ankle. I could not step. Soon after I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and two bottles entirely cured me and gave me renewed strength and health.

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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 E. Spalding, an expert stenographer.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in the 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 to 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 express salutations of Truth as they perceive it.

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 facts for publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the 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, pertaining to this Department, should be addressed to the undersigned.

SPRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held Nov. 9, 1904.

Spirit Invocation.

Our Father, who art in heaven, we would come to thee as little children, asking thy blessing upon all humanity, not only at this hour but evermore. May thy bright angels be sent forth to minister to those in sorrow and distress, and may they carry light and somewhat of an understanding of thee and thy laws to those who sit in the darkness of ignorance and error. How oft do we behold mortals sad and hopeless because of their belief that the friends whose mortal forms they have laid away in the grave are now so far away that they take no heed of things material! Open their hearts, oh! our Father, to the reception of the glorious fact that their departed friends not only live but are beside them daily and hourly, ever ready to sympathize with and aid them on every occasion of joy or sorrow.

We thank thee, oh! our Father, for life and its various experiences of prosperity and adversity; we thank thee for the change called death, which lets the spirit free to seek its own in the realms celestial. We thank thee that those who have passed beyond are enabled to return to earth, bearing messages of comfort and consolation to their loved ones here; and may the doorways of spirit communion be kept open and multiply, until all the world shall rejoice in the knowledge of the constant companionship of the angel-world. Unto this end we would labor without ceasing, asking thy blessing and approval on every good work thus undertaken.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Benjamin Simerton.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. I have a handful of friends yet upon the material plane, and I realize that often the thought passes through their minds, "Where are they to-night? Are they with us?" Yes, dear friends, we are with you, and that is why you think of us.

To Wlota, Ia., where I once lived, I am attracted many times. I am attracted to my own, yet wherever I find I can do any good I am ready and willing to work.

Ann, I know how much worried you have had—you and Daniel too—over Charles. I know the sands of life are running low, but I have gained the information from old Dr. Howarth that he may remain yet a long time.

I am pleased to say to you all that you are in the right channel. Learn all you can, then impart it to others. I cannot come quite so closely to John, but I will not complain. I know they would open their doors wide to us all.

Yes, Ann, your mother is here with me, and "little Danny," as you always called him, although man-grown. He sends his love to you all, and says to tell his brother Charlie that not a day passes but what he is with him.

Oh! how pleased I am, Mr. Chairman, to know these doorways are open for us. The good Spirit-President, Mr. Pierpont, always grants our request to speak, but we must wait our turn. I asked permission to speak on two occasions before this, but found the time fully occupied.

My name is Benjamin Simerton. I send greeting to my children, friends, and all who may be pleased to hear a word from me.

Ella Collamore.

It is pleasant to be so kindly invited to speak here, Mr. Chairman. I reported once before, many years ago—not in this room, but where you formerly held your séances—and I felt happier for coming.

I would say now that no better mother was ever given to children than God gave me. She cannot understand why it is, if we are permitted to come upon the earth-plane, we do not come directly to the dear ones in the home and report there. I did, although some close friends doubted it.

Oh! dear friends, do try to learn more of these matters while in the mortal form. I know some progress more rapidly in spiritual truth than others, but I know investigation will prove to you the fact that we not only live, but we have the privilege and power extended to us to return and commune with you if you will only listen to the still small voice of the spirit.

Dear sister Marion, your burdens have been heavy to bear, but never a murmur or complaint have you made. You will reap what you have sown, and we know there are no tares there.

Sweet little Helen is here, and she says, "Aunt Ella, give my love to papa and mamma and sister." Aunt Betsy asks to be remembered to you all, and makes this expression: "Ella, I could not understand when here why Marion and her husband seemed to derive so much comfort from talking of spirits. I felt a little timid," she tells me, "but now I see it is all true." She asks me to say, further, that no better home did she know than when she

stayed with you; but she was glad when the change came.

Dear Marion, you will be repaid tenfold for what you have had to contend with.

Dear Augusta often exclaims, "Poor father! poor mother!" but sends loving words to every one.

In Boston, where I was well known, I forget not one, yet I am attracted to other localities. Helen wishes me to say to Florence that she does sit with her, play with her and move her articles around often, as Florence has told about. Florence finds things moved, and she knows well she did not place them there herself.

I send warm greeting and remembrances, not only to my kindred, but to all my friends everywhere.

Ella Collamore.

Mary Louise Pollock.

[To the Chairman:] I do not know as you will be able to hear me speak. I was so tired, so tired, when I passed to the other land! They called it consumption. I would much rather have lived here longer, but not with the suffering I had. Sometimes I had scarcely strength enough to answer when asked so often, "How do you feel?"

Some of my kindred dwell in New Orleans, but the larger number have passed through the portal termed death. I do not know why mortals call it death, but I suppose it is owing to early education.

James is with me, and I send these words partly for him. It is all well with him now—no more suffering with the head.

I wish to say to Hattie that I did not realize any suffering in passing over, but you all thought I did to the last. I was conscious, but had no power to speak. When the change came you all noticed the pleasant look on the countenance, for the look of distress had disappeared.

[To the Chairman:] I do not know how to thank you sufficiently for listening to what I have to say. For a long time I have had a strong desire to speak here, and Mr. Pierpont promised me that sometime I should have the privilege. To-day, to my delight, he informed me that I might make the attempt.

I wish you could see the large numbers of spirit children gathered here on this occasion, robed in purest white, and they bring an atmosphere of innocence and joy that is very helpful to those adult spirits who desire to communicate, as well as beneficial to the members of the circle on both sides of life. Your table is decked with the choicest of spirit-flowers, placed here by that gentle spirit, Emily Chase, whose mission, she says, is to supply flowers for every circle; and they are greatly appreciated by visiting spirits, for they are as tangible to us as your material flowers are to you. Grandma Pollock says the influence of the flowers and the little ones adds to the harmony that is so perceptible to us from the spirit-spheres.

I am Mary Louise Pollock.

Mrs. Elizabeth Challiner.

The sweet little children, with their bright, eager faces, are a welcome sight to us who are older grown, and the gentleness and kindness of the Spirit-President, Rev. John Pierpont, to these dear little ones is beautiful to behold, for he greets all who visit here, young or old, most cordially.

I do not ask to return here to stay. For many years (twenty or thirty) before I passed on, I took great pleasure and comfort in communing with those who had preceded me to the better land. It was more than a belief, it was a knowledge to me; I knew my loved ones were waiting for me on the other shore, and could return and communicate with me when proper conditions were provided for them.

Many times people would say to me, "Well, you are not sure." We are not sure of anything, but I felt so sure that I had no doubt they would keep their promises, which they certainly did.

Sometimes my friends would say, "What if you should be mistaken?" "Well," I said, "if I am mistaken I certainly gain happiness here in thinking, believing and feeling that I know I commune with not only my dear departed relatives and friends, but with the very angels from bright spheres above that I feel around me." I was firm in my faith, and the dear immortals did not fail me when I passed on.

I know it was hard for you, John. I realized all, yet I was looking just beyond the veil, knowing those dear ones had kept their promises, and would keep the beacon-light shining from the further shore.

I often said when in the mortal that I would not exchange my religion for any other. The church, with its forms, is all right, but I felt there was something more I needed; I felt a reaching out of my spirit to learn more of what lies beyond this earthly span.

I am very happy. I would not return to stay, but I would come every day to my mortal friends, not only in Omro, Wis., but in other localities where I can make myself felt, or perform the mission which has been assigned me of doing good wherever I see the opportunity.

Mr. Chairman, I will not detain you longer; I am very grateful for the few moments allotted me.

I am Elizabeth Challiner, wife of John Challiner of Omro, Wis.

John Henry Weaver.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. (Good morning.) This is a fine morning to us, for no material storms affect the spirit; no, sir, only as we sense them by coming in contact with mortals upon the earth-plane. When we find our friends and neighbors in a depressed state or unhappy, through sympathy we take on the same condition; if they are happy we are happy; but, thank the Father of us all we cannot take these conditions back with us into the spiritual realms, for if we did, where would our heaven be? That is why so many mortals doubt our coming, thinking we would be so unhappy if we were to return to the earth-plane and see our friends in their times of hardship and trial. Perhaps this explanation will serve to remove in part the doubts of some one—at least I trust so.

Wash. A. Danskin, who is here, wants to be remembered to his friends. While I have been speaking he has warmly greeted Bro. Colby, whose hand he has clasped and shaken most heartily.

I have been a silent listener here many times in your Circle-Room, Mr. Chairman, and as I have watched the happy look which came to the faces of those who were giving expression to their feelings in words of love to their earthly friends, I have thought that instead of being a part of the assembly, I would sometime take part and speak myself. To-day the privilege

is granted me, and I gratefully take advantage of it.

I come from Baltimore, and I would like to be remembered to many friends there. Your good paper, which goes all over the world, is circulated in that city, and my friends will read my words in its columns.

I must say that I do not think the circulation of your good journal is as large as it ought to be, especially when we consider the great good it has done, the comfort and light it has carried to the aching hearts of thousands upon thousands. I say earnestly and prayerfully, Mr. Chairman, long may the good old BANNER OF LIGHT wave! And long after you have become the same as I am, may it wave on. [Amen.] I have been told that it was first flung to the breeze by the spirit-world; its mission has been a grand one; but may the great good it has achieved in the past in dispensing light and knowledge of immortal things be not only equalled but excelled in its future career.

John Henry Weaver.

Ernest Bacon.

I greet you, friends, I greet you as mortals, and yet you are fast becoming immortals. These words that I give you to-day I trust may do some good somewhere.

Father, I will address you first, for I know how often these questions have passed through your brain: "Is it possible that you are with me as often as it seems to me you are?" Yes, father, you are never mistaken. Mother is with me to-day, and sends loving words to you. Be of good cheer, dear father; it will be but a step, and you will be with us. How often have we said that we are with you, and whenever I could send a little word of comfort I have always availed myself of the opportunity.

I was a little child when I passed to the Summer-Land, Mr. Chairman, and I have no memory of my life on earth. I have grown to manhood, and been educated in the spirit-world, and the result has been far more satisfactory than it would have been had I remained here and had the greatest advantages. In addition to our spiritual education, those of us who thus lose the experiences it was designed we should gain while in the material form, are obliged to learn the disciplines all mortals are called upon to undergo. We return to our friends here from time to time, when we live closely en rapport with them, sharing their trials, perplexities, hopes, fears and joys.

I send these loving words not only to you, father, but to all in the family. I have a warm spot in my heart for the new mother also.

Keep up your courage the best you can, father. I know you sometimes feel to falter a little by the wayside, but besides your spirit-friends you have many good friends upon the earth-plane. Sometimes when your spirit seems heavy and depressed I ask for advanced spirits, with their uplifting influences, to come to you, and smooth your pathway.

Dear Grandfather Bacon sends kind, loving words to you all.

I desire so much to commune with you privately, father, and sometime the privilege will be given me—yes, and to mother and aunt, who is also here.

I feel to say to you, father, that I have made considerable progress; yet from a child of one to over thirty years, I should have been a poor scholar if I had not made some advancement.

Father, when your spirit passes over the crystal river we'll come to meet you. I know a few upon the earth-plane cling to you closely, but many are waiting on the other shore to clasp your hand and welcome you home to dwell with us. I shall be glad when the welcome summons comes, but I will be patient and await God's time.

My father is George A. Bacon of Washington, D. C. He is a good, true friend to THE BANNER, and a friend to all humanity. My name is Ernest Bacon.

Little Maria Kendrick.

[To the Chairman:] Please, sir, the man here—they [meaning the spirit-guides] tell me to say the Spirit-President, Mr. Pierpont—said I could come and speak. [Yes, I'm glad to have you come.]

You did not know me, did you, Mr. — Mr. Chairman? Is that right? [Yes; I am the Chairman. What is your name?] Not now—I don't want to tell you now; I'll tell you before I go.

He says—the spirit man that sits on the other side of the table [Mr. Colby]—he says he likes to have the little children come here. He says he loved all good little children.

Oh! I wish I could make my mamma know I come right home, but she don't know it. I lived in New York. My mamma's name is Maria. She don't know I've come here. [Perhaps she will read your message in the paper, then she will know you have been here.] Yes, sir, she sees the paper.

I go home so many, many times, but they don't hear me, I go in so easy. Sometimes little Walter looks up and all around, and I think he sees me, but they don't know that.

I'm Little Maria Kendrick. Maria is mamma's name; that's why I had that.

Ida Pitman comes here to-day, too. She lived in Pittsfield, Mass., before she went to the Summer Land. Her Gran'ma Pitman is with her.

My gran'ma called me Letitia, but that is n't a pretty name.

Once we lived in New Jersey, but not the last time. Papa went to the coal mines in Altoona.

I was only a wee little girl, but I can remember when the lady in the pretty white dress came for me. I would be seven, I guess, now; I was 'most two when I went away.

I go to school, and I've got a teacher. Her name is Miss Annie Thompson.

Luther Colby.

[To the Chairman:] Good morning, good morning, Mr. Pitman. I think it is about time I got my voice.

Oh! I'm so glad when these little children come; they are so natural, they act out their own individuality so perfectly. I wish you could both see the natural, childish way of that little one.

How is Brother Rich? [He is well.] That's good.

I made the promise that as soon as I could I feel pretty weak still I would report here.

That was just grand—George Bacon's son's coming and talking.

I want to be remembered to all here in this establishment.

And I want to be remembered to "Mr. Forest"—that's Frank Morrill, George Morrill's son. He'll know whom I mean. I always called him Mr. Forest, because he once thought he had played a nice trick by going to a me-

dium and giving that name. His name is Frank Forest Morrill.

I feel a little tired. I have not got strong yet, but I shall.

Above all things, I want to be remembered to Mr. and Mrs. Thaxter, they were so kind to me; and the nurse also. Well, I suppose if I went on I would enumerate the whole of them at the Crawford House.

I want to say here, Bro. Rich, I materialized and presented myself to you, but it was not a very strong manifestation. I am gaining strength, though, all the time.

I have materialized for the benefit of Bro. Foster of Providence, and I was not very strong then, but I said it was Luther Colby; he ought to know who that is.

There is good harmony here in this Circle-Room, Mr. Pitman, and I shall try to have it maintained, for there can be no success without it. I am the friend of you here, and say to the medium I am her friend, too.

I want Bro. Rich and Bro. Day to know I have even more of an interest here than I had before.

George Morrill, Bro. Berry, Bro. White, Thomas Gales Forster, Mrs. Conant, Jennie Rudd and Wash. Danskin are all here to-day. Rev. John Pierpont—it is the Rev. John Pierpont—controls these circles as much as he ever did. I know it!

It was grand to see that body, the house I had lived in, cremated; and if I had fifty friends to lay away I would have their bodies disposed of in the same manner. Fire is purifying, and I think I feel stronger in spirit because of its effects on the material form.

Bro. Rich and Bro. Day know I am satisfied, and I want Brother Moses to know it.

About my work: I think I can be of more help now than when here. If we can only have harmony (and I know we have), and pull together, everything will come out all right. I'll do my part; I'll do everything in my power to help, for we want the good work to go on. I feel the friends of the Cause will come to the rescue, as they have promised.

I am satisfied with the paper, I am satisfied with the spirit-world, and the promises the good spirits made me have come true. I want that put down in italics.

At first I went to my father's and mother's home, but I am not to stay there all the time. It will be a sort of office, where Bro. White, Bro. Berry and Bro. Wilson will come to meet me a part of the time.

Sometime I shall report again—in fact, whenever I have a few remarks to make, for, as Mr. Pierpont says, I am a sort of privileged character.

Dear Nona Belle, this medium's guide, is as good and pure a spirit as I ever met—a good, kind messenger spirit, none better. Lotela is a good spirit, too. I always said that when here.

I smile to see Emily Chase come here every time, and place these vases of spirit-flowers on the table. She is a good, kind true spirit.

I send greetings to all. Luther Colby.

(The medium frequently made gestures and gave utterances peculiar to Mr. Colby, and which would have been easily recognized by his friends.—CHAIRMAN.)

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. 16.—Washington French; Alvira Roberts; Lewis Joselyn; Harry Albert Whitney; Jennie Wilman; Robert W. Knight; Sarah A. Potter; Sarah Fote; Jennie Hill; Rosie Fletcher.
Nov. 20.—Samuel Hadden; Theodora Wray; George Ramden; Adelaide Wright Tully; Lizzie Holt; Henry Revett; Milo S. Ives; Charlotte Worthen.
Nov. 20.—John Henry; Mary A. Morse; Margaret A. Norton; Olive Hill; John Bellows; Charlie Elms; Ed. S. Wheeler.
Dec. 7.—Amos Walker; Hattie L. S. Harris; Annie Stout; Susan P. Fay; Susan R. Holden; Maria Howland; Dr. Jabez S. Holmes; Tom O'Riley; Clara Wellington.
Dec. 7.—Nattie J. Wentworth; George Beckwith; Matilda S. Grantman; Theresa A. Metcalf; John than Hosmer; Charles Hayward; Mary A. Wheeler-Wood; Louisa Theobald; John Pierpont.

December Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY opens with part two (the conclusion) of Mary Halleck Foote's powerful garrison story "The Trumpeter"; Sir Edward Strachey in "Christmas Eve," etc., at an English country house, gives much interesting and valuable information regarding the social history of the approaching festival; Agnes Reppel dabbles in "Ghosts," but she does not (as is usual with this charming writer) seem at home with the theme; she humorously gives even the work of the Psychic Research philosophers the following "left-handed" blessing: "I sometimes fear that modern gists are being lured to their destruction by the new semi-scientific methods of research, which beguile them with a show of respect and a little worthless notoriety, but which in the end will rob them of their heritage—that shadowy power which has come down from the dim past to be bartered away at last, like Esau's birthright, for a mess of pottage"; "The Christmas Angel," by Harriet Lewis Bradley, is an effective narration; the late Dr. O. W. Holmes finds at the hands of the present editor a pleasant memorial concerning his closer or looser relationship with The Atlantic in all the years during which it has been published; these articles, with others not here enumerated, poems, the regular departments, etc., make a good holiday number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—Edgar C. Beall opens the current number with a paper, "Studies from Photograph," and tells about Archibishop Corrigan and Oliver Wendell Holmes, giving faithful portraits of both, with admirable sketches of their careers and attributes. Prof. Nelson Sizer, under "How to Study Strangers by Temperament, Face and Head," writes about Jonathan Trumbull and Albert Gallatin. "Musicians and Poets" concludes in Dr. Van Cleave's able manner. Mrs. Wells has a sketch of Rev. E. A. Smith. The graduating exercises and alumni dinner of the American Institute of Phrenology are printed in full. S. Rosalie Hill writes on "Child Culture." Henry Clark presents "Some Phases of Hypnotism." Editor Beall has an editorial on "Clairvoyance." Fowler & Wells Co., New York.

THE KINDERGARTEN NEWS.—Mary J. Garland opens the current issue with a biographical sketch of Madame Matilda Krieger, following a portrait of the well-known Kindergarten. "How They Spent Christmas," by Alice Lotherington, is a pretty story. "Winter Coats" is one of Annie E. Poulard's best anecdotes. The editorials are rare and timely. Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.

ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE.—The opening paper is "Christmas at Tin Cup," by Ella W. Fesslie. "Married by Santa Claus" is from the pen of William Perry Brown. "My Cousinship" is one of Elizabeth E. Hasler's best stories. "Timely Topics," "Practical Occultism" and "Health and Hygiene" contain many choice things by prominent writers. St. Louis Magazine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

RECEIVED: AMERICAN FEDERATIONIST, official magazine of the American Federation of Labor, 14 Clinton place, New York.

NEW OCCASIONS.—[November.] John C. Kimball's lecture before the Brooklyn Ethical Association, "From Natural Selection to Christian Selection," with an abstract of the discussion of the subject by A. Emerson Palmer, comprises the contents of the last issue received. O. H. Kerr & Co., 178 Monroe street, Chicago.

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

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Adele Stanton, Centre Sandwich, N. H.] What class of spirits control materialization? Do they really wish to perform a good mission, or do they only work for pleasure? Would a good, progressive spirit control two or three mediums for materialization, and call himself "Tom," to one, "Harry," to another, and "Dick," perhaps, to a third? If his motive were good, why this deception to make each medium think she has a different control from the others, when it is one spirit doing it all?

ANS.—The question of materialization is one which invariably leads to so much controversy, no matter from what standpoint it is discussed, that we feel unwilling to give any more decided views on the subject than our actual knowledge and experience warrant.

The philosophy of materialization is not difficult either to state or comprehend, as it is simply a declaration of the unlimited power of the human spirit over the crude elements of the external world when it has gained the right and ability to exercise such rulership through repeated experimental attempts crowned with eventual success.

The very highest intelligences connected with this planet are the superintending guides of all triumphant demonstrations of the power of spirit over matter; therefore the most convincing materialization must proceed from a very wise and competent spiritual source, acting, however, through the agency of less advanced intelligences, who are employed as intermediaries.

As to the so called materializations which are only transformations of the medium, these are not fraudulent, but, being mistaken for what they are not, they often lead to much embarrassment, and even reprimand, on the part of those who do not comprehend their real nature.

As to a familiar spirit calling himself by different names in different places, we are not prepared to say there is any dishonesty involved in such assumption of various names, as we do not understand that any test of identity is attempted; therefore the name assumed is no more than a literary pseudonym, or a character assumed by an actor.

We consider that if mediums are so anxious to each have a different guide, they are actuated in such desire more by personal vanity than by real desire to accomplish good. It cannot signify, if communications are reliable, whether one spirit influences twenty mediums, or the twenty have each a distinct guide. When people look less to personalities and more to principle, there will be less self seeking in their own personal spheres, and therefore less likelihood of their attracting undeveloped influences. We must judge all manifestations by the direct evidence they bring of the source whence they proceed, and as the mere giving of a name is of no great account from an ethical or intellectual point of view, we hold that practical inquirers who are on the road to knowledge of spiritual truth must attach less importance to mere accessories, and far more to the character of the teachings given and influence conveyed.

Wise, truthful intelligences always prove themselves by the wisdom of their counsel, and by the aura which surrounds them. This individual influence cannot be simulated, any more than the personal magnetism of one person can be imitated by the attempt to deceive on the part of some one whose temperament and condition are widely different, necessitating a totally opposite emanation. Wolves may don sheep-skins, but sensitive people know the difference between a bark and a bleat, and they can detect the animal despite its borrowed clothing.

We know of no sure way of testing influences except by relying upon intuitive discernment, and this always reliable detective ability can only be cultivated by persistent living on a plane of absolute truthfulness in thought, word and deed. If one can be deceived it simply proves that his judgment is not very keen; thus instead of denouncing those who have deceived us, the practical step for us to take is to seek diligently to unfold our own faculty for spiritual discernment. It is a consolatory thought that no falsehood has any power unless some one mistakes it for a truth. As our intuition grows keener through exercise, we shall be forever free from the entanglements of error.

As to spirits working for good, or only for pleasure, it is quite possible that pleasure can be found in doing good, as only the mischievous take pleasure in causing annoyance or confusion. The higher intelligences find their only pleasure in conferring blessing upon those with whom they work. To associate the idea of pleasure with usefulness is the only elevated and rational view to take of pleasure.

Q.—[By the same.] When a spirit-band has tested and tried a medium in every conceivable manner to prove her worthy, is it not equally fair for the medium to try the spirit, and see whether or not they are such as might lead her into mischief? Can you propose a method for her to follow to secure this knowledge?

A.—The only practical way to test a spirit, or a band of spirits, is to take careful note of their teachings and foretellings, and let the evidence rest upon the nature of what is advised and communicated.

There are three ways to test unseen influences which we have always found fair and reliable:

1. What is the moral effect upon you when you have allowed yourself to be influenced? Are you morally uplifted? Are you rendered more alive to a sense of right? Are you induced to be more equitable in all your dealings? If the moral influence is clearly elevated

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Written for the Banner of Light,
ALIENS.

To be what others are not!
To be not what others are!
Oh murmur a prayer for the souls who dare
To follow their guiding star!

If our thoughts to others seem strange,
If our ways are not as theirs,
For this shall they hate us, or loudly berate us,
Counting unworthy our prayers?

Are we not men and women,
Though we walk not the broad highway?
Though lonely the beat that our weary feet
Shall tread till the dawn of day,

The world with its throbbing hands
Would stifle each song at birth,
And the soul whose flight is toward lofty height,
It would stubbornly chain to earth.

Yet whether we rise or fall,
Or whether we are free or bound,
The stars and the sun their courses run,
And the world goes round and round.

DORRIS U. LEE.

Letter from Giles B. Stebbins.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I recently returned home from a ten days' tour, mostly in Grand Haven on the shores of Lake Michigan, west of Grand Rapids, where I spoke in the Unitarian Church three times, and was at home with Capt. Nathaniel Robbins and his wife. He is a Cape Cod sailor—on the Atlantic and Lake Michigan for some thirty years, and for the past ten years Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service on Lake Michigan, visiting twenty-six stations every three months; sending oars, sails, chains, ropes, blankets, etc., to every station when needed, and paying the expenses of all—a competent and faithful and very busy agent of the Government in a needed and humane work. Mrs. Robbins is an earnest Spiritualist; her sister, Mrs. A. N. Kelley of Benton Harbor, is an excellent private medium, whose recent visit to Grand Haven had awakened new interest in the hearts of several intelligent women. Some of your Cape Cod readers may know these natives of Harwich.

At Grand Rapids, the Universalists are regretting the departure to New York of Rev. Charles Hubner, for twenty years their minister—an eloquent and able man, large enough always to treat Spiritualism with respect. The Unitarians are suffering from sundry clerical troubles; the Spiritualists have one healthy society, with Dr. Batdorf for a competent President.

At Saginaw, D. P. Dewey of Grand Blanc, near Flint, is speaking for two months. He is known as skilled in raising pure merino sheep on his farm, is a man of integrity, held in high respect where known, and having unexpectedly developed inspirational powers, is being called out to speak. I have known him for years, and marked him as a true man.

I see you criticize the *Boston Herald's* statements about Prof. Lodge of London and Spiritualism. *The Herald* is slow—an unpardonable sin in the newspaper world. In the summer of 1893, at the Psychological Congress of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, I heard a paper sent by Prof. Lodge read, in which he gave critical difficulties in the path leading to alleged spiritual messages, saying in substance: I do not put these difficulties in any carping or unfriendly spirit, but with the wish that they may all be overcome and so the truth be clear.

To that Congress was sent a careful report of test sittings with Eusebio Paladino of Milan, signed by Aksakof and a score of eminent European scientists. It has taken *The Herald* eighteen months to find out that persons "who are somebody," are beginning to look with earnest respect at the possible reality of spirit-presence!

The truth is that the "pride of science" is giving way. Under the psychical research banner a goodly and growing company of men from the recognized ranks of science are moving toward Spiritualism, looking with new respect and desire for light from the spirit-world. From the inner life to the life beyond is but a step. Whoever studies the first earnestly will find himself on, and then over, the borders of the second, will indeed find them one and inseparable. All who enlist in psychical research may well realize that the great spiritual movement stirred the air and made their work possible, and thus be just to the critical care and skill of its pioneers, and such recognition we can meet fraternally.

There are plain signs of a growing respect of all manner of liberal and natural religionists for wise and eminent Spiritualists—a "unity of spirit which is the bond of peace." This can be hailed with no yielding of our convictions.

Among Unitarians, Universalists and others who believe in progress in religion, a growing number, gifted with prophetic insight, begin to see that their very life depends on the acceptance of the great truth of spirit-presence, and of the ideas to which that truth leads.

Surely the pioneer work of the past forty-six years is telling as never before. Well said that inspired Quaker, George Fox: "Truth above all things beareth away the victory."

Yours truly, G. B. STEBBINS.

143 Pitcher street, Detroit, Mich.

Letter from Prof. Wilder.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Friends of medical freedom have a robust winter's work before them on all hands. The President, I notice, has recommended a National Board of Health; and it will be the prelude to some legislation to unify State legislation, and make the rules more stringent. Massachusetts is booked for a special dose; and Connecticut and Rhode Island, and perhaps Maine, will have to take their medicine.

The less religion men have the more tenacious they are of the forms and observances; and the less medicine men know the more voracious they are for "protection," and the "regulation" of practice. Yet with united action it might be held fast till the wheel turned again for broader liberty.

It is from money interests, and not conviction, that the enactment of medical bills proceeds: Nowhere are they desired by the people; nowhere do they further the knowledge of medicine; neither do they tend to reduce the death-rate; but they are the product of combinations as rotten as the trusts that now narrow individual rights in all the avenues of business.

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HOMES AND

Florence Marryat.

(Continued from first page.)

heard with my own ears, leaving the deduction to be drawn from them wholly to my readers. I have no desire to start a theory nor promulgate a doctrine; above all things I have no desire to provoke an argument; for were I called upon for my definition of the rest promised to the weary, I should reply, A place where every man may hold his own opinion, and no one is permitted to dispute it. I do not expect to be disbelieved except by such as are capable of deception themselves. They—consolers of their own infirmity—invariably believe that other people must be telling lies. Byron well said: "He is a fool who denies that which he cannot disprove." It would demand time and trouble and money to see what I have seen, and to some people, perhaps, it would not be worth the outlay. Spiritualism, I have always felt, must either be a humbug or a very solemn thing. I have proved Spiritualism, after twenty years' experience, not to be a humbug, therefore I regard it in a sacred light." There certainly could not be a plainer statement of one's position, or in fact a more honorable one to occupy in starting out to record one's individual experiences. She seems to anticipate that the mediums she names will be criticised as having been detected in fraudulent practices, and she thus meets that issue: "I am aware that these mediums have been said afterward to have been untrustworthy. So may a servant who is perfectly honest while in my service, leave me for a situation where she is detected in theft. That does not alter the fact that she stole nothing from me. My business is only to take care that I was not cheated, and I have never in Spiritualism accepted anything at the hands of others that I could not prove for myself." All the above shows Florence Marryat as I have known her, and her long account that follows on is just in keeping with this spirit of earnest, honest investigation and inquiry. She is herself so intensely mediumistic and impressionable that she would be likely to receive more convincing phenomena than many others who go into Spiritualism not with the idea of finding out the truth, but with the purpose of proving all the falsity they can. Our convictions are bound to be somewhat affected and colored by the attitude we assume toward the truth, and an absolutely negative state of mind is an impossibility upon a subject concerning so much of vital importance to human life and happiness. It was not, however, until two years after the publication of her first spiritualistic venture that she came out positively, and accepted the philosophy, as well as endorsed the phenomena. But when she placed her American interests in the hands of so able a publisher as C. B. Reed, who is making occult literature a specialty, and concerning whom I shall later on have more to say, she felt, and that her publisher would stand by her in so doing. Accordingly "The Dead Man's Message," a clever description of life after death, was issued, and to be quickly followed by a sequel to "There Is No Death," entitled "The Spirit-World," which from beginning to end is a valuable compendium of spiritual laws, clear-cut logic and marvelous occurrences, and which is destined to do more for the Cause of Spiritualism than any of the previous works of this justly-celebrated author.

She says truly that the cry of the world is: "Show us our dead! Give us some sign that they still live and that we shall live with them"; and she proceeds to add much and important testimony to the proof already adduced, culled from her far-reaching personal experiences, which are simply incontrovertible. The most interesting part of this work, however, is where she touches upon the philosophical side of the question, shows the attitude of our present day religions, and gives some very important advice to Spiritualists themselves, which is much needed both sides the Atlantic. Miss Marryat is a member of the Catholic Church, but her theology must have been pretty thoroughly upset, for she says: "The Catholic Church allows that spirit communion is both possible and true, but diabolical—unless confined to the authority of herself. The priests know better, but they have no desire to raise the veil. If they admitted the teachings of Spiritualism, and taught the people to seek advice and counsel of those who are nearer to God than mortals can be, what further need of their own services? They would no longer believe that a man's word could either condemn their souls to hell or give them the entrance into heaven; they would begin to use the conscience that God has implanted in each one of our breasts for the purpose of warning us what to follow and what to avoid—they would, in one word, be FREE. I know this is a most terrible sentiment to issue from the mouth of a Catholic; but if to be a Catholic is to be blind, deaf and dumb, I give up all claim to the title." There can be little doubt left as to the position she occupies in regard to her church after the above; it is too unmistakable, and yet so deservedly a true statement, that it compels acceptance. The reasons given are cogent and explicitly stated, while the great good possible for Spiritualists to accomplish, by working in a kindly spirit, by trusting to the guiding power of the spirit-world, and by presenting a solid front, is bound to receive the endorsement of every one who has the welfare of this truth at heart.

"The Spirit-World" is destined to create more interest and accomplish more lasting good than any of her other works, though perhaps "The Dead Man's Message" will be read with equal interest. The criticisms of the former work have been universally kind and appreciative with one exception, and from the not over facile pen of W. T. Stead, whose attack upon Miss Marryat's honesty and truthfulness is as unwarrantable as it is unmanly. I may be pardoned if I devote a short space to answering what, to me, seems more inspired by personal feeling than love for the verities. He thus speaks in the October *Borderland*: "Miss Marryat is the last woman in the world who would be suspected of scientific accuracy or intense spirituality of thought." What have either of these to do with stating a truth? If certain phenomena have occurred to the lady in question, no amount of invidious criticism can gainsay them. In fact, very few people would think that Mr. Stead himself was either very spiritual or scientific in any department; but that has not prevented him from asking the world to believe in his own mediumship, which rests entirely upon his personal statement, and is of no earthly value so far as proving the possibility of spirit return. He also intimates rather strongly that Miss Marryat is writing for money, and is simply romancing; that her stories are really made

wonderful in order to sell them. That is a serious charge, and one that any opponent might be guilty of, but scarcely a man who is himself selling spiritual literature for the money it will bring.

Just as he expects us to believe him, so should he be willing to believe others who give their honest testimony to what they have experienced; and that, too, without any disparaging criticism from him. Miss Marryat may be pardoned if she is enthusiastic; better even to accept more than the truth, than through scientific egotism to shut the door in the face of truth, because it may not always come in the desired garb. Albeit that Mr. Stead does not quite approve of Miss Marryat, he has adopted some of her valuable suggestions, and is trying to put them into force in the "Borderland."

We cannot close this article, incomplete as it is, without personally thanking the talented authoress of "There Is No Death," "The Dead Man's Message," and "The Spirit-World," for the great and good service she has rendered the age in which she lives. And if sometimes there are thorns beside the roses, she is not to let the pain they cause destroy the beauty of the bloom with which they are covered.

JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.
New York City.

Original Essay.

CHRISTMAS.

BY W. A. CRAM.

The seer and prophet are always the forerunners of the men of science and practical art. For years, even centuries, the common people may accept in faith and hold in sacred trust the prophet's vision and revelation of a new and higher life to be. By slow and patient growth, however, this faith and trust in the prophet and his mission are at length fulfilled, in the natural science and art, the great common knowledge and use of the millions.

Is this the end, henceforth no more vision and prophecy? Far from it. When science and practical art have attained the vision and prophecy of a diviner life of some earlier age, still over this natural science and art opens the rising soul's vision, descends the higher Christ voice, revealing the more and better life to come.

Jesus of Nazareth has stood as the spiritual prophet and king of Christendom for almost nineteen centuries. What is his revelation and life to us and for us now?

He taught and lived a higher idea and law of salvation and morality of angels and unseen worlds, and of immortality. What of this gospel and life of his to-day, in relation to our common daily lives? Of salvation Jesus proclaimed that God was no niggard or partialist, that he was equal to taking care of all his creatures. The grass of the field, the worm, the fowls of the air, the vilest sinner and purest saint, all alike were within his infinite care.

Did not Jesus teach that real morality is more to be measured and judged by the spirit and purpose, than by the outward form or deed?

If in spirit and purpose you love, long and strive for what is true, beautiful and good, a multitude of outward sins and corruptions of body will be forgiven you. Many of those counted thieves and outcasts, he said, stood morally more upright and clean before God, and in the sight of heaven's angels, than many of the sanctified priests and titled rich. Why? Simply because many of the thieves and outcasts, even in the pollutions of their bodies and degradations of the world, loved, prayed and strove fervently and much for a better life, while the priests' sanctity and the respectability of the rich were often only of body and show, the real purpose and spirit of their lives being vain and low.

The poor woman who gave two mites for God's service, gave more than the rich who gave great treasures, because she gave more love to God and man with her two mites than they with all their royal gifts.

The prodigal and magdalene were nearer heaven than the self-righteously contented and vain rich man and priest, not because they were outwardly dissolute, abandoned and outcast, but because, even in this kind of life, they scorned and hated it, hungering and striving for a higher; while the soul of the rich man and priest was often imprisoned in self-righteousness, asleep or smothered in the vanity of riches or sanctity of clothes.

This was the new morality of Jesus: He taught and lived the infinite life and power of the unseen and spiritual world of being over us and for us. Through the aid of the unseen energies and life he wrought his marvelous works, prophetic of a great rich knowledge and power of life coming to mankind.

He taught his disciples how God's angels in the unseen heaven still held them all in loving care, that they need have no fear in darkness or light, in joy or pain, in life or death; all was well, since the glorious world beyond death was more real and eternal than this; that to die was to live more and better.

Now these great doctrines, and this new life of Jesus, have been accepted as the Christian revelation, and salvation of all life, not as a science or understanding of nature and life, but as a belief. It was simply a glorious saving faith. To believe in Christ was to be saved. There was an imperishable soul of truth in all this. In this Christ-faith millions through all the centuries have lived and died lives of heroic strength, of beauty and peace. But humanity moves onward. Inward vision becomes outward seeing and understanding, faith grows to science, belief ripens to daily deeds.

To-day the prophet voices of salvation from death and hell, spoken eighteen centuries ago, grasped so long by faith, lived in simple child-trust, has become the calm strong assurance and understanding of science and reason.

Science and reason proclaim and confirm more and more to the understanding of the millions, that nothing can be lost from the universe of being, neither of body nor soul; that God and nature are as careful of the worm and beast as of the noblest human creature; that God will not, cannot annihilate even the soul or body of the sand-grain, since it is a part of his own body and being.

We grow into the strong assurance and abiding trust that the soul of the Infinite and Eternal dwells in, giving form and life alike to the crystal, the worm and man, as to Christ, and heaven's high angels. There can be possible no more loss or annihilation for the worm, or Judas, than for Paul or Jesus; only more life, and better, through the eternal ages, to all if to one. Is not this growing into the Christ gospel?

Slowly the individual society and State are discerning and are practicing the moral law of Christ, as the only true safety and wealth of

individual and nation. To see and to know that a soul of beauty and goodness is in every outcast and criminal, never to condemn in hatred, but in loving righteousness to strive to save and bless, this is safety and wealth.

The "supernatural and miraculous" of Jesus's revelation and life are becoming a part of our common knowledge and daily life. Through eighteen centuries of growth we have climbed, through science and art, up to the understanding, the natural law of a part of the supernatural and the practical use of the miraculous. To heal the sick, cast out devils, give sight to the blind and help the lame to walk, through unseen agencies and energies of the spiritual world, to call to aid heaven's legion of angels, is no longer far-off miracle but home-life.

What the seer and prophet of the spiritual and unseen proclaimed and foretold of the vast new, higher kingdoms of life to be gained, we are entering upon. The elements and energies, the life flowing about us and into us from the world beyond this world's death, that once started as a ghastly terror or heaven's rare miracle, we have come to see and know as simple and natural as the growing corn or the happy ways of home.

Still before us stretch the new domains of being. We attain to the rich, glorious heights of one degree of the supernatural and miraculous, to find it a more fortunate nature and a happier home, from whence again we discern, with seer's vision and prophet's dream, a still higher and better, sometime to become actual.

By strong, untrifling faith for many centuries Christendom has clung to the glorious idea of immortality revealed by Jesus. To-day we stand on the threshold, or have just stepped over into the infinite, wonderful kingdom of unseen and spiritual worlds and life that unfolds us.

We are beginning to hear voices beyond the "grave," to feel the pressure of the loving hands of the "dead," to see dimly the faces of those who have passed over our world's borders into the faith land of the Christian.

Thus the lands and homes of the "dead" are becoming as near and real to us as the lands beyond our seas, or our neighbors' homes and kind voices over the way. In daily life of thought and love, of study and work, we are learning to live with the unseen beyond death as naturally and assuredly as we live with our friends in England or Egypt, or with our kindred next door. Thus we mark the progress of eighteen centuries. Immortality is no longer held in the sole assurance of faith in Christ, but by increasing millions in the strong assurance of knowledge and science.

Is this the end? Are Christ and faith outgrown? Henceforth is there no higher salvation of faith for us? No new, more blessed miracle of the Lord? No risen Christ proclaiming a diviner immortality in store? Must we keep Christmas only in memory and thanks giving, and not in hope and aspiration?

For all the wonderful discoveries of science and art in the past, for all the fulfillment of our higher hopes and aspirations attained, still before and above us stretches the infinite unseen and unknown, as our soul's immortal heritage of lands and homes and life in the eternal beauty and love and good of God.

Before us the living prophet, and Christ rises and ascends. By undying faith we still climb, by unflinching hope we still are strong.

Not in memory and thanksgiving for the past alone would we keep Christmas, but in boundless hope and aspiration also for the future, for the Christ from God new born, and ever going before us in the kingdom and home of the spiritual.

What Spiritualism Stands For.

Dr. George A. Fuller spoke at the weekly meeting of the Worcester Association of Spiritualists Nov. 25, and *The Evening Gazette* gives the following as his remarks:

"Spiritualism stands for the freedom of thought and speech. Spiritualism does not stand to day for what it did twenty five years ago, for there has been a progressive movement from the old landmarks and old opinions in the direction of a higher unfoldment of thought and action. There has been a growth of Spiritualism as there has been in other orders of life, but the great central idea is the same to-day as it has been in ages past—the fact of man's immortality and the intercommunion between spiritual and material man."

"A Baptist minister recently said that there were two conditions in the other life—eternal happiness for the elect and eternal misery for the damned. According to him this life is one of probation—there is no probation beyond the grave."

"Our religion differs widely from this view. We do not claim to know what lies beyond our vision and scope of thought, but we do claim to know that the future life is higher, nobler and purer than the earthly career."

"Spiritualism stands for the unfoldment of all the latent powers and possibilities of the individual on the material side of life. It goes deeper than the deepest depths of our being, and stands for the immortality of the soul, in matter how low or vile the physical being in which it finds environment."

"It stands for the unity of purpose in humanity, and for the union of all sects and races into one grand communion of thought and of action."

"It recognizes all reforms for the elevation of the human race, and stands for free thought and free speech. You may think that these two are one and the same, but yet they are not."

"All prevailing religions have retarded human progress. We are in the night of discontent all over our country, and Spiritualism has the only platform that offers a solution out of our present financial and commercial difficulties. Despite opposition, the day will yet come when women will stand by the side of men, freely entitled to the ballot, and election to all offices now held by the dominant sex."

"Spiritualism stands as a protest against the prevalent misery of the times. It stands out against those great monopolies that are grinding down our people, sinking them deeper and deeper into the degradation of destitution and poverty."

"From the higher and nobler spiritualistic forces in man there shall yet arise a Moses to lead us out of the misery into which mistaken political action has led us."

"Our creed stands for a high development of moral law, and teaches the great ethical truth that men should do right, not through hope of reward or fear of punishment, as taught by religions of the day, but that he should do right because it is right, uninfluenced by selfish considerations of emolument."

"What were the forces at work that made the tanner of Galena the leader of our vast armies in the great civil war? What the force that put a backwoodsman in the White House, and guided his hand over the paper into the immortal proclamation of emancipation of millions of enslaved blacks? What power placed Jeanne d'Arc at the head of the armies of France in the ages that have gone by? What made the camel-driven Mahomet the founder of a great creed, which still vitally influences thought and civilization, though centuries have accumulated since his hebra to Medina?"

"It was inspiration from the other side of the life, the death, the transcendent power of Spiritualism, which stands for intercommunion between those who have passed beyond and those who yet remain in this life."

"Spiritualism stands for the expansion of

thought and purity of character: It stands for a nearer and closer relationship of love, of purity and growth; it stands for communion of intelligence between the spirits and material man; it stands for free speech and free thought, for individual growth and intellectual unfoldment of the forces and faculties that make human reason a medium of understanding between man and the higher elements of existence. It comes into homes as a comforter of sorrows and a solace for the loss of ones dear and near to us. It lifts bowed heads and relieves aching hearts."

THE UNFINISHED WINDOW IN ALADDIN'S TOWER.

I lingered by the flowing lighthouse in vacant mood at falling eve, Reluctant, at the beck of night, the ever-witching scenes to leave, And on the crag of Drachenfels, as purple shades began to lower, A ruined arch brought back to me the story of Aladdin's Tower!

A score of years have silvered o'er the temple bright with sunset youth, Since last I marked the view I loved, and age brings now a solemn truth, That nothing perfect comes to us, it hovers just beyond our power, And crouches in a window owns, unfinished, in Aladdin's Tower!

We strain and grasp and just do pass the perfect in its ideal truth, And hoary age, a boy again, repeats the heedless faults of youth, The world is pained with perfect creeds, and codes to meet the changing hour, But every point of view shows still that faulty window in the Tower.

That something short of perfect peace, that last ambition sorely missed, The chain which galls in secret 'neath the ropes of The world-chase for the happy man, the evils under which we cower, Are standing proofs of ownership, in common, of Aladdin's Tower!

We seek the best, the better fates! We crave perfection's glowing goal, And on the wearying chase we drag, with halting steps and pulses cold, Would you be happy, wise and true? Would you be braver, better men? Turn inward every critic eye! Scan not Aladdin's Tower again!

That one unfinished window gapes forever o'er your neighbor's wall, Now when the royal secret's learned, it is not in his tower at all! Go on your way with brighter heart! Be good! And love and love the best!

Turn your eyes inward, and begin to finish your own Tower yourself.

RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE

Classification of Books on Spiritualism.

INQUIRIES frequently are made by our correspondents as to what books are best adapted to attract the attention of their friends to the subject of Spiritualism, and those who wish to investigate its claims, or meet the wants of others desirous of informing themselves of its history, its phenomena and its philosophy. In response to these we present the following classified list, which we trust will prove to be satisfactory:

Primary Works. WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM? An able and instructive address, clear, concise and comprehensive, delivered in Music Hall, Boston, in 1867. By Thomas Gales Forster. Price 10 cents. IS SPIRITUALISM TRUE? An able presentation of irrefutable affirmative evidences. By Prof. William Denton. Excellent to arrest attention, and lead to investigation. 10 cents. SPIRITUALISM: A SCIENCE, A PHILOSOPHY, AND A RELIGION. A lecture by Hon. Sidney Dean. 5 cents. LIGHT ON THE HIDDEN WAY. With an introduction by Rev. James Freeman Clarke. Written by a lady not a Spiritualist, it gives convincing evidences of the nearness of the so-called departed, and the possibility of daily communion with them. \$1.00. SPIRITUALISM DEFINED AND DEFENDED. Lecture by Dr. J. M. Peebles. 16 cents. THE MISSING LINK IN MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. A. Leah Underhill, one of the Fox Family. A reliable account of the first spirit manifestations at Hydesville, N. Y., in 1848, and immediately following, with steel portraits of the family—father, mother and three daughters—their trials and triumphs. \$2.00. MODERN SPIRITUALISM: THE OPENING WAY. By Thomas B. Hall. Of special interest to church members. 50 cents. GIST OF SPIRITUALISM. Five lectures by Hon. Warren Chase. 50 cents. THERE IS NO DEATH. Florence Marryat's personal narrative of her experiences during an investigation of spirit phenomena in England and the United States. Treating largely upon Materialization. In paper, 50 cents, cloth, \$1.00

Aids to Investigators. SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUALISM. By Epes Sargent. A book for thinkers, in which is shown that Spiritualism is a natural science, and that all opposition to it under the pretense that it is outside of nature is unscientific and unphilosophical. \$1.00. PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE. By Andrew Jackson Davis. The first book written by its author directly upon its subject. Its value and importance to an understanding of Spiritualism has led to its translation into French and German. \$1.25. IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN? A lecture delivered in the United States in 1887. By the distinguished English scientist, Alfred Russel Wallace. 5 cents. RESEARCHES IN THE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM. By the famous scientist, William Crookes, F. R. S. This and the preceding represent the best thought in England. \$1.25. IS MATERIALIZATION TRUE? With eleven other lectures inspirationally given. By Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. Paper, 35 cents. Cloth, 50 cents. MATERIALIZED APPARITIONS: If not Beings from Another Life, what are They? The results of investigations at many séances. By E. A. Brackett. \$1.00. RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM: Its Phenomena and Philosophy. In this Samuel Watson, thirty-six years a Methodist minister, records his principal experiences during a critical investigation of nearly all phases of spirit manifestation during twenty seven years, commencing with a belief that it was a delusion, and a determination to prove it such, and ending with the conviction that it is a truth of inestimable value. \$1.00. INFERIOR LIFE: SPIRIT MYSTERIES EXPLAINED. Illustrative facts of intercourse with spirits in ancient and modern times, and a treatise on the laws and conditions of mediumship. By Andrew Jackson Davis. \$1.50. LIFE IN TWO SPHERES. By Hudson Tuttle. An aid in the acquirement of a knowledge of the truths of Modern Spiritualism and directing the attention of others to them. Paper, 50 cents. Cloth, \$1.00. ANSWERS TO EVER-RECURRING QUESTIONS, embracing points of peculiar interest connected with the Spiritual Philosophy. By Andrew Jackson Davis. \$1.50. EPITOME OF SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRIT MAGNETISM. Their verity, practicability, conditions and laws. By A. S. Hayward. 25 cents. MIND-READING AND BEYOND. By Wm. A. Hovey. The larger part is a compilation from the report of the London Society of Psychical Research. \$1.25. UNANSWERABLE LOGIC: Twenty-four Spiritual Discourses, given through the mediumship of Thomas Gales Forster. These lectures give a very complete presentation of the phenomena and teachings of Modern Spiritualism, comparing them with those of the past in respect to life here and hereafter, and showing most conclusively that they are identical with the foundation facts and principles of primitive Christianity. \$1.50.

Mediumship and Circles. MEDIUMSHIP. A course of seven lectures by Prof. J. S. Loveland. \$1.00. MEDIUMSHIP: ITS LAWS AND CONDITIONS. By J. H. Powell. 10 cents. MEDIUMSHIP. Experiences of Mrs. Maria M. King, author of "Real Life in Spirit Land," etc. 10 cents. RULES FOR THE FORMATION OF CIRCLES AND CULTIVATION OF MEDIUMSHIP. By Hudson Tuttle. 5 cents.

Experiences with Spirit Phenomena. WHAT I SAW AT CASSADAGA IN 1883; together with a Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Preliminary Report. By A. B. Richmond. \$1.25. MY EXPERIENCES AT SITTINGS WITH VARIOUS MEDIUMS. By Francis L. Smith. 75 cents. THE SPIRITS' WORK; What H. L. Snydam Heard, Saw and Felt at Cassadaga

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