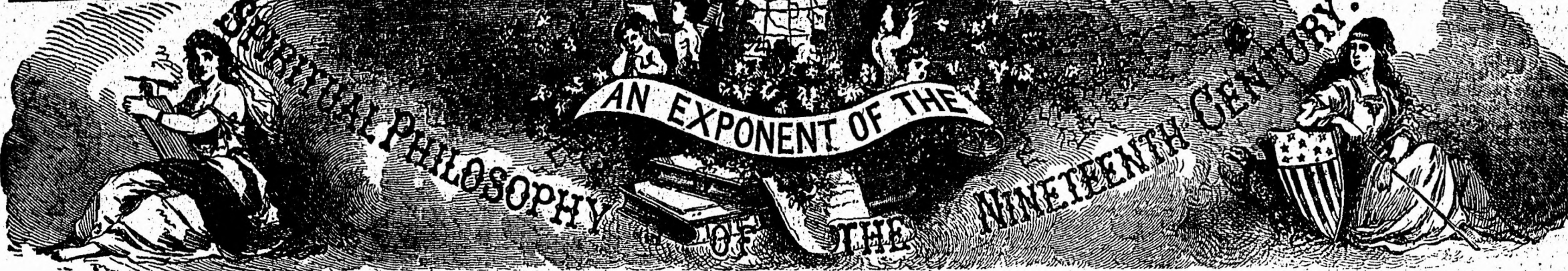


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

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

TO THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND THIS TALE IS DEDICATED.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER,

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," Etc., Etc.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

CHARLES HERBERT'S WIFE.

"MARRY, will you go home with me?" I asked, a few days before leaving Stanley Hall. Madame Green answered: "She is my daughter now," and threw her arm around her, caressingly. "You will not leave us, Mary—we cannot spare you. Two years from now, Bertha, when my Emma is eighteen, we will take a tour of the Northern States, and Mary will go with us; I hope to visit her old home. Then we shall surely seek you, and renew this pleasant acquaintance."

Two years! where shall I be then? I said to myself—in India, teaching the little Hindoo religion of the Bible. I was to return to Rockford one year, and complete my course. In the meanwhile Mr. Gray was to preach in the United States, devoting part of his time to special preparation for his missionary work. I was a little surprised to find myself, on my return, an object of interest in the school. The knowledge of my engagement had preceded me, my mother not being at all anxious to conceal it. I was Mr. Gray's affianced bride, and dedicated to the missionary cause—a future heroine or martyr; for the memoirs of Mrs. Judson had been read by the young ladies, and the true heroism of her life and her heroic character fully appreciated. It had all the charm of a romance, and the beauty of truth. It was an honor to be a part of the teachers, and a sort of consecrated character among the scholars. It was stimulating to spiritual pride, and rather tended to aid me in my determination. My former roommate, Miss Crooks, was not there; Miss Garland, in mercy to her feelings, had sent her to the far West as a teacher, where her firmness of character, her black bow and her adored home puffs had won the hearts of a devoted home missionary with four children. Oh! those children! I laid awake nights commiserating their fate!

I look back now and smile at the amount of self-righteousness which I managed to accumulate that year. It was the camel's load which never could have gone through the narrow gate called *The Needle*. I dressed in plain, dark colors, with no ornaments, and fasted once a week; read no books but my Bible, and one or two devotional works. My studies were Algebra, Butler's Analogy, and Evidences of Christianity. The hours for recreation were spent in religious conversation with my companions, and all the evenings not devoted to study were passed in social prayer-meetings. I kept a daily journal of all the phases of my religious feelings, now full of rapture, looking from the heights of glory, and now in gloom, in the depths of gloom and despondency—all these were carefully noted, as if they were of importance to myself and the world. I lived on the plainest of food, and ate only a small quantity of that to accustom myself to the self-denial of a missionary. If a scholar was gay and worldly, and inclined to ridicule serious matters, I considered it my duty to converse with him at all times, and to point out the ridicule and reproach which I might thus incur as borne for Christ's sake. I was becoming fitted for Mr. Gray's purpose, and it certainly was a pity that our intention of going to India was not fulfilled immediately on my leaving school.

Our marriage, which was to have been in the spring, was deferred to October, on account of the severe illness of my youngest brother, Edward. For some weeks he lingered on the threshold of the grave; and during that time my mother's usual firmness wholly forsook her. She could not trust herself with the charge of his medicine, nor stand near him when he had intervals of derangement, caused by the excitement of fever. The thought of losing him nearly deprived her of reason. The little boy was a missionary's life seemed more and more difficult to endure—and without informing me of his change of purpose, he accepted the call to settle among them. I felt at once that I ought to be free; but how could I confess the motive of my heart in making the engagement? I think my mother had some suspicion of the real state of my heart. She sent for me to come home, and kept me constantly with her, and busy in preparation for the marriage. She was indulgent and liberal; but her gifts and her labor were not appreciated by one whose heart was indifferent to a bridal paraphernalia, and looked forward with little pleasure to her new home. Sometimes, when at home, I would start from my bed at midnight, and walk the room with a determined step, saying, "I will break this hated chain. As soon as day dawns, I will make a frank avowal, in writing, to Mr. Gray. He shall know all." But the day found me shrinking and fearful. Once I took courage, and expressed my feelings frankly to my mother. "Perhaps," I said to myself, "she will pity me, and aid me to free myself." She listened kindly, and in a voice of unusual mildness, replied:

"Why, my daughter, your feelings are not peculiar. Every woman shrinks from this change in her life, and the more as she approaches it. I think more highly of you for this timidity and reluctance. It argues a humility of spirit which will render your future life more happy. You cannot now retract—it is too late; for it is better not to vow, than to vow and not pay. The course of God will follow you, and your whole life will be filled with remorseful regret. Do not allow yourself to indulge in the thought; it is but the temptation of an evil spirit, to which you should say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

Then she would propose a ride, or a walk, in search of furniture or housekeeping articles, or a call upon a friend. She was shrewd enough to keep Mr. Gray away. He was not to come till the wedding day. Ah! this was a masterpiece of policy. Had he come only one day before, my heart would have betrayed itself. But, as my readers will remember, (and I wish they would now turn back to Chapter I.) I did not see him until dressed for the ceremony. Let me not dwell upon that scene. A bride of six months, and would fain forget her wedding day!

Such has been my life; for I have given a faithful transcript of the past. But one thread of silver runs through its otherwise unvarying shadow—my childish attachment for Charles Herbert, but now to be remembered no more.

"Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and forever."

While I have lingered over my journal, Helen has come home. I had much difficulty now in keeping the secret of my little garret retreat. Sometimes I rose early, just as the first light of morning peeped in at the little window; but, fortunately, after a few days, she joined a class of young people in the study of chemistry. It was taught by a gentleman who came, they said, from B—, a large town three miles from Verona. He is very popular in the village for his skill in performing experiments, and his thorough knowledge of the science which he professes to teach. They call him Dr. Cameron; but I cannot learn that he is a regular physician, though he has prescribed for his pupils in one or two cases of illness, and with great success. Helen has never missed a lesson, and all the class seem equally attracted to the new teacher. I have not seen him, but I am half determined to join the class, and were it not that I wished my time to myself for awhile each day would do so.

June—the month of roses! How beautifully the garden at Elmwood looks! I do not walk there now, as I did before I learned who owned the place. I was sitting at the window with my sewing to-day, when an old gentleman, with a broad Panama hat, a gold-headed cane, and a loose-sleeved sack, came slowly down the garden path, and seating himself in the summer-house, or "grapey," began to smoke a cigar. He was a large, portly man, with a bronzed complexion. When he lifted his hat, as he did to catch the breeze—for it was a warm day—I could not help admiring his broad forehead, and his noble-shaped head, nearly bald, with the organs of benevolence could be seen from where I sat as plainly as the little mounds of myrtle in the flower-beds. In a few minutes he took out a newspaper, and, throwing himself back in the broad garden chair, which I should think had been made expressly for his use, looked like contentment personified. He had not been there long when she came running out. Ay, I knew her! It is as if the picture had stepped out of the frame! Her golden curls are rippling over her brow and neck, and her step is light as a fawn's. See! she does not mind the newspaper at all, but springs upon the old gentleman's knee, and throws one arm caressingly round his neck. He lets the newspaper drop, and turns toward her, while she kisses his cheek, and then nestles her head on his broad bosom. I can see a whole heart full of love in his face as he looks down upon her. She remains still but a moment. Now she is up, and has gathered a handful of rose-buds, and some sprigs of myrtle, which she weaves into a wreath, and places upon her head. She is dancing now; but soon a barking is heard, and a little pet dog comes running toward her; in a moment he has a wreath around his neck, and, by his motions, he seems to be trying to dance, too. The old gentleman looks on as if he enjoyed the sport; the newspaper is at his feet, and also the half-smoked cigar. Now they have stopped dancing; for the young girl (I can call her nothing else) has discovered a bird's nest in a rose bush, and claps her hands with delight. See! she is counting the eggs—one, two, three! The dog barks, and jumps up at it, at which she shakes her finger at him. What a bewitching little creature she is, and how lovely she looks in that blue lawn morning dress! I wonder what in the world she has discovered now—she is looking this way and smiling, and has directed the old gentleman's attention here, too.

Now I see! Auntie Paul is hanging out clothes! She is in her usual working costume, a very dark gray dress, in which two broad, more would not be superfluous ones, the sleeves are very scant, and her hair is drawn very tightly to the back of her head. Dear Aunt Paul! I wish you were not so much of a non-conformist; but your heart is full of rare gems—like the pearl oyster, your beauty lies hidden beneath your exterior! How particular she is in hanging out those clothes—every one put on with mathematical accuracy as they were expected to step down, and march in rank and file to the house when dry. Her nicety and precision attract the old gentleman's eyes; but his companion seems highly amused at something, perhaps Auntie's costume. Well, there is a contrast between them, enough to make my picture more perfect. But see! who is coming now from the house? Ah! Charles Herbert. I should know that prompt,

decided step; slower, however, than formerly—a tropical climate may have caused that. How quick she hears the step, and turns round. Now she runs toward him like a child who expects a welcome; and she does not expect in vain. She can stand under his extended arm; she draws the arm around her, and they walk on together. Now they are all three in the grapey. Charles—Mr. Herbert, I mean—is trying up a fallen vine, and pointing out something to the old gentleman, some improvement I fancy. She has curled herself up with her little dog in her arms, on one of the hard garden settees. Charles—Mr. Herbert—disappears for a moment, and returns with cushion and shawl, and places one under her head, and the other tenderly over her. Now she is asleep; the flower has folded its petals, and is quiet; now the two gentlemen light a fresh cigar. The paper is picked up, and they sit with their chairs tipped back, and their feet raised, evidently having a nice time of it. And me? Why, I should have stitched two wristbands, and I have only one half done. Now, Bertha Gray, you go into your little sleeping room, where there is a window, and that looking out upon a dead wall, and stitch away two hours, repeating meanwhile the ten commandments, the multiplication table, and then the list of England's sovereigns from William the Norman to Victoria.

I had gone only as far as Richard of hateful memory, when Mr. Gray came in.

"Bertha, I am tired, and will lie down awhile; but, as I shall not sleep, you may read aloud this treatise on the 'Freedom of the Human Will.'"

I took it readily, as a drowning man a plank, and plunged into the treatise at once, determined to understand the writer's reasoning; but my poor little intellect soon got lost in a fog, like a small fishing smack off Newfoundland, and, as I carried no light in my bow, I was in danger of being run down by the larger craft. After staring on awhile in the fog, I actually foundered on two rocks, viz., the terms "subjective" and "objective"; and I reckon I'm not the first one that has struck these reefs. After that I read mechanically for an hour, till, on looking up, I found Mr. Gray was asleep. How long he had been so, I could not tell; but I returned to my stitching, and to my lessons as far as George III. when the door-bell rang. I went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! they were the very persons I had just been trying to forget—Charles Herbert and his wife!

"I am glad we have found you at home," said Mr. Herbert, as coolly as if he supposed I, too, would be glad.

"I've said the little fairy at his side," we heard the day called—I was so sorry—I took care to know they were out before I went, and you were ill when we called here. Only think! we have been here six weeks, and never have met before; and I was thinking so much of living near you! Charles told me that you were his oldest and best friend; and I knew you so well that I needed no introduction. I never saw you at the window, and I told Charles that we would come, and make sure of you."

How faint and dizzy I felt, as the little thing rattled on. I thought I could not speak; but Mr. Herbert did not wait for me to do so. As soon as there was a pause, he remarked—

"I was not aware, Bertha, until after your marriage, that Mr. Gray was settled in this place. I am hoping that you and Lillian will see each other every day. My roses were more perfect, she said; the very little buds destroyed all the beauty of her choicest. We sat down in the little arbor that was on the boundary line of the two gardens, and Lillian was chatting as fast as her little tongue could run, when the gentlemen joined us. Mr. Gray was making some complaint of the parsonage, and the selfishness of the parish committee. 'There were no more apples on the tree,' he said, 'and the other fruit was not choice or valuable.'"

"Never mind, Mr. Gray," said Lillian, laughing. "Bertha and I are going to pull down this fence, and there are plenty of summer harvest apples this side. Come, Bertha—may I call you Bertha? I like the name so much, and Charles does too—do you know?" and she whispered in my ear, "I think he loves you, next to me, of all the world. He loves his mother best—dear woman! you know she died at our house in Trinidad, only a little while before we were married. He mourns for her yet—no, he'll not let me say mourns; for he says the life she now lives is so much more beautiful than a life on earth can be. It is queer to talk so, isn't it? I never want to think of death, or hear any one else talk about it. I want to live always, and never grow any older, and have Charles live, too, just as he is now. I think he's handsomer now than he was five years ago—don't you?"

"He was a fine-looking boy."

"Yes, so I have heard father say. Oh! come and see father; there he is in the garden with Green. He's had his steaks, as he calls it, and he will feel in good spirits."

The gentlemen had already gone forward to look at some fruit trees in blossom, and we followed.

"And this is 'Bertha Lee,'" said the old gentleman, kindly. "One of my friend James's pets? Welcome to Elmwood, where we hope to see you often." And he gave me his arm to walk with me to the orchard. From there we went to the greenhouse, where grapes were already ripe, and the old gentleman ordered the gardener to fill a basket of grapes and another of strawberries for me.

I turned to Lillian and whispered, "You have introduced me to your father, but you have not told me his name."

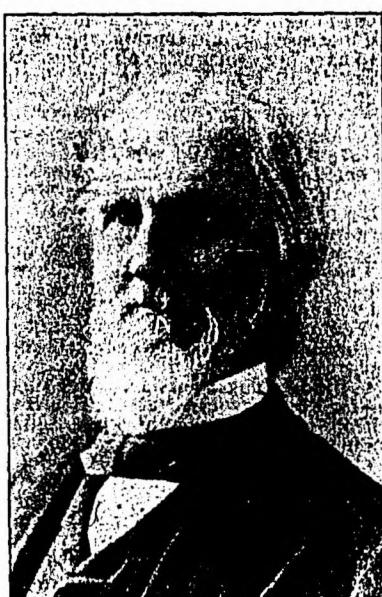
The merry laugh was contagious.

"That is just like me; but then, there was no need of it. You certainly know Charles's Uncle Peter—Uncle Peter Gomer. He wasn't his real uncle, you know, but dearer than any uncle could be."

Here was a little light. And so Charles's wife was Uncle Peter's daughter!

After this call there were few days that I did not see Lillian. If she saw me in the garden she was sure to come; if she rode out, the carriage must stop for me, too; if they had fruit or flowers which were not in our garden, a

(Continued on second page.)



Alexander Wilder

DR. ALEXANDER WILDER is of Puritan extraction, and a lineal descendant of Thomas Wilder, who emigrated from England about 1638, became a freeman in Charlestown in 1640, and afterward removed to Lancaster, where he left a numerous progeny. Dr. Wilder's great grandfather, Jeremiah, went from Lancaster to Petersham, in Worcester County.

Dr. Wilder's mother, Asenath by name, was the daughter of William Smith of Barre, the son of Robert Smith, an emigrant from the county of Derry, in Ireland.

On the maternal side she was descended from the Williams family of Watertown and Marlborough.

Col. Abraham Williams, of pre Revolutionary times, was his great grandfather. The Fullers, including Margaret Fuller-Ossoli, were also his descendants. The subject of this sketch descended from Elizabeth Boardman, his third wife, of the Boardmans of Cambridge, and has a distant relationship with the wife of President John Adams. He is, therefore, a Yankee of the Yankees, with a tinge of the transcendental, mystical and positive in his blood. Perhaps more obstinacy than discretion.

Phrenologists set him down as one with very large veneration and firmness, large conscientiousness, marvelousness, benevolence, ideality, comparison, eventuality, individuality, destructiveness. He is passionately fond of study and literature of all kinds; averse to controversy, but eager to clear away whatever obstructs his course; has a very retentive memory, and has taught himself the French and Hebrew Languages, besides Latin and Greek, and a little smattering of some others. He left off going to school at fourteen, and taught at fifteen.

Dr. Wilder's "Anthropological Description" by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, is as follows:

"In the case of Dr. Wilder, the most careless observer could not fail to see the remarkable development of the front lobe of the brain, the elevation in the region of firmness, and the irregularity of the lateral regions, indicating a marked, decided and peculiar character of great intellectual activity."

Intellectually, Dr. Wilder should be remarkable for the readiness and extent of his observation in the acquisition of diversified knowledge, historical, geographical, astronomical, biographical, professional, or pertaining to the business affairs of life; he would necessarily become highly intelligent, learned and well informed in any pursuit in which he might engage, whether literary, professional or practical. His abilities are not of the constructive, creative or profoundly philosophic character, but would be displayed by general intelligence, intuitive quickness and correctness of perception and judgment.

Pliability is not a prominent faculty; hence he is rather positive and fixed in his views, and does not yield to the current of fashion or example, but maintains his course inflexibly—not being aggressive or contentious, but quick and forcible in resisting dictation or encroachment. He is not gregarious or adhesive, but would feel independent of parties and cliques, and is apt to resist their dictation and to express himself with considerable freedom.

The sentiment of authority, or love of power, as well as liberty, is strong, and leads him to act decidedly and independently.

He has a considerable degree of irritability and temper, but has, at the same time, a large endowment of patience and fortitude, which enable him to control this feeling, without, however, attaining real tranquility under annoyance. That patience and fortitude, however, enable him to persevere faithfully in difficult undertakings and to struggle manfully with the difficulties of life.

He has not much of the covetous, social and gregarious ambition which belongs generally to the leaders of society, but has an intellectual ambition and an unflinching will to carry out his purposes. He is disposed to be a bold, independent thinker, basing his opinions upon extensive induction rather than on speculation, and on personal observation rather than on authority or hearsay. In observation he is very quick in seeing and deciding upon what is before him, and is therefore able to transact any business with rapidity.

Though of a restless temperament, and quick, keen sensibilities, his predominant tendencies

are toward intellectual pursuits, in which, by concentrated effort he might attain the eminence due to merit, but not the fictitious reputation won by social intrigue and pandering to public prejudice."

Dr. Wilder was born at Verona, N. Y., on the 14th of May, 1823. He was the sixth son of Abel Wilder, a farmer, who had emigrated to New York in 1813. He early exhibited a passion for reading and critical study, learning the alphabet at three years of age, and had mastered the routine of common school instruction at ten. He next took up history, botany, chemistry, Latin and Greek, partly with the aid of teachers, but principally alone. At the age of fifteen he taught a district school, at eighteen compiled a treatise on English Grammar.

He early took a deep interest in psychical problems. When animal magnetism became a subject of experiment and investigation in this country in 1840, he gave it much attention, and became familiar with the subjects of thought-transference, clairvoyance, clairaudience, as well as anesthesia and spiritual communication.

During the winter of 1844 he procured employment at Orange, Mass. One day in April, he was engaged in cutting wood. He was felling a dead pine, from which all the limbs and small parts of the top had decayed away; it caught against another tree close by, requiring the work to be done over again. As he was chopping, he felt the inward impression as of a voice peremptorily speaking: "Step back!" He obeyed on the instant, stepping back about eight feet. As he did so, a segment of the tree, which had been broken, fell to the ground, right along his steps, with such force as almost to bury itself in the soft earth. If he had waited or stopped a step short of where he did, it would have hit and crushed him.

At other times he had noted voices somewhat in the same way, warning him of individuals, dissuading him from contemplated action, suggesting things to be done, etc. He was often hesitant about heeding them, often apprehensive that he might be in some occult way prompted or mesmerized; yet generally when he has heeded these monitions he has had no occasion for regret.

From his study of the functions of the brain and nervous action, he has adopted the belief that much of our apparent impression or supposed intuition is from action of the psychical principle in the cerebellum. Impressions made upon the mind, subjects for consideration, etc., call the brain to action; but after a little they are transferred to the cerebellar function—the sub-conscious brain. Then they are digested, considered, and conclusions formed, which, being then transferred to the conscious brain, appear like communications from another world, and actually are what modern scientists misname "unconscious cerebration."

He by no means doubts the actuality of communication from the supernal world, and other spheres of existence; but regards much that seems to be such as really the outcome of one's own sub-conscious mental action.

In boyhood he became a member of the Congregational Church of his native town. At the age of seventeen, having undergone a change of sentiment, he withdrew. He associated for a season with the Perfectionists, and was familiar with their most distinguished members. But close observation assured him that they were sadly misled; and as soon as he could do so he severed all familiar relations with them. A year or two later he made the acquaintance of the late Prof. George Bush, and became an eager student of the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, whom he never has ceased to admire. He, however, has learned pretty thoroughly the lesson: "Call no man master; call no man father upon the earth."

Through his kinsman, Dr. George H. Lee (Prescott), he became possessed in 1847 of the volume, "Nature's Divine Revelations." Visiting New York in December, 1848, Prof. Bush told him of the rapping phenomena then first made public. He had already read a variety of such books as the "Memorable Relations of Swedenborg," Bulwer's "Zanoni," and such literature of mesmerism as he could obtain. Hence, disclosures like those of Hydeville found him ready to hear and understand, and in a certain degree to sift and criticize. It was as a student eager to learn the truth, and not as a seeker after marvels, that he prosecuted investigation. Like the Jesuit Rabbi, he considered the pen of the saint superior to the vision of the prophet.

Leaving the homestead, he engaged for two years in teaching and practicing medicine. He had taken the opportunity in 1845 and 1846 to read at the offices of Dr. Lee and Dr. Josiah A. Gridley. This he had supplemented by later study, though not with the intention of becoming a physician; but happening to be present at the opening of the Syracuse Medical College, and the professor of physiology being absent on account of illness, he addressed the class upon the cell-theory, then a novelty in medical doctrines. The managers were not willing to let him go, and so he dropped farming and remained, lecturing to several classes on physiology, chemistry and anatomy.

He then accepted an engagement as associate editor on *The Star*, of which the Hon. S. Loring Judd (now of Chicago) was editor. In 1854 he became clerk in the Department of Public Instruction, then created at Albany, and served two years. Hon. Victor M. Rice, his kinsman, was President. At his request, Dr. Wilder then became editor of the *New York Teacher*, an educational journal published at Albany. The winter of 1857 he spent in Illinois. He was at Springfield in January, and drew the charter of the Normal University.



Nervous Complaints: Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming the



## Original Essays.

## THE FESTIVAL OF LIGHT.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

When the early nations tried to preserve some record of their speculations on the origin of the races, on the cause of good and evil, on the order of the natural world and the meaning of the starry heavens, they traced on stone the emblems of their conceptions and the signification of their studies; and we find records of sun-worship, fire-worship and sex-worship, on the ruins of buried cities—as of Babylon, Nineveh; even in Central America.

It is interesting to trace the growth of ideas in any direction, but the moment we attempt to find in old symbolism a confirmation of modern investigation we are obliged to tread carefully, our way becomes clogged by abstruse questions, and we try to attach old systems to new. That is like putting a new patch on an old garment.

In the very earliest days there was an effort to discover methods of communion through invisible sources between the world of spirit and the world of matter; and the idea prevailed that images could be so consecrated that they would attract spiritual forces. Thus the winged bull of Nineveh personified the Cherubim, and the winged serpent represented the Seraphim.

The very earliest form of worship that we find recorded is the astronomical, when the sun and star-gods claimed the worship of many nations. It probably required many ages to outwork the theology that was the result of nature and the starry heavens. Men devoted their lives to the study of the heavens. They were priests, and were termed the "episcopacy." They pictured the starry firmament; and the constellations to this day are called by the names they gave.

At the Christmas festival it is interesting to note how the rejoicings of the ancients accord with those of to-day. The sun-god in December was believed to have descended into hades for three days. This is when, in the sun's course through the Zodiac, for three days he remains stationary. The Greeks accounted for this natural solar obscuration by the descent of Orpheus into the realm of Pluto. On the 25th of December the sun reappears to commence his ascent. The constellation of Capricorn signified the renewal of life, and the sun in passing through this constellation appears in a rebirth.

Year after year added something to the fables connected with this astronomical religion, until it became a religion of forms, ceremonies and symbols. Probably every symbol had a corresponding spiritual significance. Thus was evolved by the ancients the exoteric scheme of creation, of sin and the redemption of man.

At the Christmas season—when the darkness of nature is about to give birth to new light—we find the whole Christian world rejoicing with great joy, and this is well, if only we do not let the rejoicing be idolatrous. It is nature that is calling to us because of the certainty of law, of the abiding and ever-recurring order in the universe.

But we must remember that all symbols have a spiritual significance, and that when we feel joy in the sun, we must take the unveiled allegory, and look beyond to the revealed religion—that is, the religion that science has given us of nature—and the spiritual religion that is the result of the growth of the reason of man.

We see in December no veiled, hidden god; only the unchanging law of the seasons. In the passage of the winter solstice we are glad that the sign of spring has come by the longer days and shorter nights.

So we who have demonstrated the immortality of the human soul, and have learned to trust in the infinite and eternal good, find a spiritual significance in the season. We rejoice in the renewal of life, in all the saints and martyrs that have lived and suffered for humanity, and have risen to become angels of the world. We rejoice that Jesus is set as an example to the human race, and in his ascended life we try to more clearly find that path of light that no veiling of the natural light can dim; and, without hidden sign or symbol, to fix our eyes steadfastly on the great future of humanity, when men, redeemed by the love of their natures, shall know themselves sons of God.

## SIGNS OF PROGRESS—CONSERVATIVE LIBERALISM.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

The daily and Sunday papers in the great cities are fast becoming allies to the Cause of Spiritualism; not by openly and vigorously championing the Cause, for that would defeat the work; but by giving place more and more frequently to able articles, conservatively guarded, in which the central ideas of Spiritualism are plainly set forth and attractively outlined. Usually they fortify against prejudice by Bible quotations and references to opinions of great men in the Church, realizing that about ninety-nine per cent. of the faith and judgment of humanity is founded on the authority of those whom they are taught to regard as learned and wise, and therefore safe to accept as oracles of faith. The energetic molders of public opinion that wield this most powerful agency, the daily and Sunday newspapers, begin to realize a demand for spiritual literature, and as fast as they become aware of the call they make haste to supply the need, and thus the work goes on.

The *New York Herald* has been doing a good work in this line for a long while, at intervals; and now it is out with a volume of *Herald Sermons*, a collection from the Sunday articles of George H. Hepworth, fresh and progressive and conservatively liberal, with a good coloring of Spiritualism illuminating its pages. The *Sunday Herald* of Dec. 9 prints "Some specimen extracts" among which are the following:

"Nobody knows where heaven is, but everybody knows there is a heaven somewhere." "Man's creed is to be a long one; but God's is very short." "This is the truth; that we shall know each other without a doubt; that we shall love each other through-out eternity, provided our love is that of souls rather than of bodies." "Life is given that we may learn how to live." "Take love away and life would not be worth living." "Throw your creeds to the winds, for they are a snare and have produced confusion." "Death makes every man financially bankrupt." "The religion which teaches you to save others is a great deal better than the religion which prompts you to save yourself."

His sermon in the *Sunday Herald* for Dec. 9 is headed, "Invisible Beings," with two texts; Luke, 7: 21, and Hebrews, 1: 14, "Are they not all ministering spirits?" etc.

It is clearly spiritualistic throughout, and as "average" readers can digest, but to radical Spiritualists it would doubtless seem tame, and religiously conservative. But the radical extremists of the rank and file of the army of spiritual believers would not be tolerated, nor read if printed, except by the few who do not need them. Many radicals are too impatient for the recognition of their ideas, and by too vigorous crowding repel, in-

stead of converting, and thus weaken their influence, and delay the time of success. Aggressive radicalism is a necessary and wholesome element in the field of reforms; but if all Spiritualists were iconoclastic radicals, they would make a gulf so deep and wide between themselves and the millions who need something into liberal life and intellectual habits, that there would be no correspondence between them; and no useful results could follow outside of their own social and mental spheres.

How often are we regaled with an hour's oration upon the Bible, or church creeds, with a fusillade of ridicule, and censorious sarcasm, and iconoclastic eloquence, all wasted because no one that is within ear-shot of the speaker needs it. Those who need education out of old rut are conspicuously absent; and their absence is largely due to the style of attack that has so often offended and repelled them—or their friends—and convinced them that there is no good in Spiritualism.

Extremists are always narrow; they see but one side to the questions they discuss, and therefore magnify the value of their own ideas and sentiments, and ignore or belittle the virtues of others. They cannot be truly just, however honest in purpose and true to their convictions. Yet it is this type of mind that moves the world on progressive lines by aggressive energy and special concentration; but without the conservative complement, with its broad, generous, cultured liberalism, radicalism would run mad and ruin its own ideals.

## Banner Correspondence.

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

## Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—F. A. Heath writes: "A grand concert was given in Red Men's Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 11, as a testimonial to John H. Nolen. The Nolen family are well-known in spiritual circles by their promptness in responding to all calls made upon them, being always ready to contribute to the entertainment at any meeting where any member of the family is in attendance."

A large gathering of friends were present, this evening. The entertainment was in charge of Joseph C. Jenkins, comedian, and opened with a piano solo by Mr. Walter Hayes. The father of the family, J. C. Nolen, gave several very fine recitations during the evening. On coming to the platform, John H. Nolen, the beneficiary of the evening, was received with unbounded applause, and gave us a very interesting sketch of a "dude," followed by several scenes from real life. Miss Lizzie M. Nolen read a selection entitled "Old Age," and receiving a hearty encore, she told us that the boys would do when the world busts through."

The singing of Little Eddie was an especial feature of the entertainment. Singing and dancing by the children of the Lyceum were fine, especially the skit dance by Baby Lou and serpentine dance by little Justine McNaughton and Helen Higgins.

The entertainment closed with a character sketch, entitled, "The Good-Natured Man," by the Nolen family, and was a complete success."

GREENFIELD.—C. F. S. writes: "There is at the present time considerable interest in and about this town regarding the Cause of Spiritualism."

On Thursday evening, Nov. 8, Mrs. May S. Pepper was with the Greenfield Spiritualist Society for the first time. A large and noteworthy audience was present, composed of Spiritualists and church-members of different denominations.

More than pleased with the lecture presented, followed by tests of spirit presence, in Union Hall, I was authorized to come again, and on Thursday, Dec. 6, Union Hall was well filled for the second time with people from Greenfield and vicinity, among them a retired judge, who, I venture to say, received more light in an hour regarding the future life than he had received during his forty or fifty years' attendance at the Congregational church. He tried hard to lead "Bright Eyes" from her course, but did not succeed. Bright Eyes said, "I can contradict and Judge here, which I could not do in court." A large number of tests were given that evening, and every one recognized.

Many inquiries have been made regarding her coming again; showing that Mrs. Pepper has made herself welcome in Greenfield. She is a good test medium, demonstrative and phenomenal, and needs only to be visited by skeptics to set them thinking. What she does is in the light. She tells of departed friends and their peculiarities before they passed out of this world, to friends who sit in the audience, and who have never been introduced to the lady, and know nothing about her.

J. Frank Baxter will be the speaker for the Society Jan. 15, and on Feb. 24 Mrs. Pepper will be with us again.

LAWRENCE.—Mrs. Carrie M. Couch writes: "Fred W. Tabor of Boston gave two sances in this city. One was given at the German's society, where none could speak English, and some one had to interpret the little address which the control usually makes before entering into the cabinet, as neither of them could speak German."

The most wonderful thing to me was that all the forms that could speak spoke in German. "Little Jimmie" did many of his wonderful tricks, as he calls them. This was one of them: I gave him my handkerchief, and he passed it back to me through the solid curtain, and I could not find the hole that I drew my own handkerchief through."

## New York.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—Dr. W. B. Mills writes: "Our Society held its annual meeting the 18th inst., for the election of two Trustees for three years. J. P. Allen and Elmer Ellsworth were elected."

The report of the standing of the First Society was read, and shown to be in a healthy condition, being free from debt.

At the same meeting the officers for the year 1895 were elected, as follows: Dr. W. B. Mills, President; George R. Burrows, Vice-President; W. B. Westcott, Treasurer; Dr. G. W. K. Clark, Levi Parrie, Collector; Mrs. W. B. Mills, Mrs. E. Ellsworth, Miss Colby, Miss Allen, and James Gaylor were chosen Soliciting Committee.

After Jan. 1 we hope to hold meetings each Sunday. Dr. W. B. Mills has full power to engage speakers, and all desiring to visit Saratoga and occupy our platform may correspond with him. Address all letters to the President, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., P. O. Box 64."

BROOKLYN.—W. L. Cochran writes: "Noting in THE BANNER the advertisement of Miss Lottie Fowler of Baltimore, I was impressed to write to her, and received such satisfactory answers to my questions that I can cheerfully recommend her to all who wish to consult a good and reliable medium."

## Ohio.

CLEVELAND.—T. Clifford, Corresponding Secretary, writes: "Mrs. H. S. Lake, our pastor, is under engagement with the People's Spiritual Alliance for the entire year, which will not end until July 1, 1895; and the trustees of the Society, as well as the membership at large, are so highly pleased with the quality of her lectures, that they have no desire for a change. Mrs. Lake's addresses are simply a feast of reason, and her enunciation of the plain, unvarnished truth, regardless of the consequences, has won even the admiration of her enemies. The trustees of the Alliance are with her in her work of reform, and are confident that the earnest efforts of this gifted woman to brush aside the cobwebs of superstition and convey light to the people, will meet with proper appreciation in the near future."

## December Magazines.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.—The special features of the current number are: "Alexander III., a tribute to the late czar, by W. T. Stead; 'On the Threshold of Universal Peace,' 'Re-establishment of Olympic Games,' by Albert Shaw; 'Why Not More Forest Preserves,' by Robert Underwood Johnson. The regular departments are rich in variety and quality. 'The Progress of the World' is remarkably fine, and the 'Record of Current Events' has never been excelled in this or any other magazine. The number contains new portraits of sixty men and women of the day, and about forty other timely illustrations. 'The Leading American and foreign magazines and periodicals, are well worth careful reading. The Review of Reviews Co., 13 Astor place, N. Y.

THE COMING DAY.—The opening paper of the current issue is an Advent sermon, 'In What Sense is Jesus Christ a Savior?' 'If Jesus Christ Came to London,' 'The Atonement' comes to a conclusion in this number. 'Holiday Glimpses,' 'Notes by the Way,' 'Hawthorne Notes,' and other papers, are well written and ably edited. Williams & Norgate, Henrietta street, London.

OCCULTISM.—The seventh number of volume two contains articles on 'Labor,' 'Christ,' 'Wonderful Psychic Power,' 'The Horoscope of Franz Hartmann,' 'Why I Use a Medium,' 'Magnetism is Life,' and other interesting reading. Joseph M. Wade, Dorchester, Mass.

VACCINATION INQUIRY AND HEALTH REVIEW.—The current issue abounds in able papers treating of the abolition of compulsory vaccination. From every available source comes the wise intelligence that vaccination is harmful, and unproductive of good. From a careful reading of the magazine, it is learned that anti-vaccination is increasing in England, and not a few startling cases are cited to show that vaccination has been the cause of revolts against further enforcement of the law. E. W. Allen, Paternoster Row, London.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT.—The contents of this issue are varied, able and interesting. 'Cursing,' by J. P. Richardson; 'James A. Froude,' 'J. M. Wheeler,' 'An Immortal Doctrine,' R. B. Marsh; 'The Alleged First Cause,' C. H. Wise; 'Responsibility of the Teacher—of the Parent,' George H. Dawes; 'Crusade of the Church against the State,' C. B. Walte; 'Nature or God,' Otto Wettstein; 'Fallen Man,' and other editorials, are among the subjects presented. J. D. Shaw, Waco, Texas.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD [November] is diversified in contents, treating of alchemy, magic, divination, Rosicrucianism, astrology, occultism and mysticism. 'Devotion' is by E. Killigbury; and 'The Comparative Value of Certain Bases of Belief,' by R. W. Corbet, are some of the important and interesting papers. Arthur Edward Waite is the editor, and has many choice things in his department of interest to Spiritualists. James Elliott & Co., Fleet street, London.

"Ah, good! Ah, gah! Belb gib bah, hah!" said the baby. "My joy, isn't that wonderful?" exclaimed the delighted father. "If he has n't got our old college yell of '91 I'm a ghost!"—Cincinnati Tribune.

No Woman Can Be Happy and light-hearted when painful female complaints crush out her life.

If she is melancholy, excitable, nervous, dizzy, or troubled with sleeplessness or fainting spells, they are symptoms of serious female weakness.

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## Oceanides.

This second volume is graphically described as a 'psychical novel.' In this respect it is the most general tone, it differs from the more occult and spiritually inspired 'Discovered Country.' The chief theme of 'Oceanides' is the stern law of natural 'unity' existing between the male and female individualities of the human family, and the mistakes and consequent unhappiness which result on earth from such mistakes."—Emma Hardinge Britten, in the *Open University*.

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## Philip Carlisle: A Romance.

The hero of this thrilling romance is introduced to the reader as a bright, manly lad of twelve years of age, residing in a quiet village in America. He was rescued by a pirate from the hands of a slave, and had been adopted by the steward's wife. At the opening of the story, however, he is thrown upon his own resources, and, meeting a hermit who lives in a cave on a mountain outside the village, they are of great assistance to each other in many ways. The hermit, who is a musician of rare endowment, teaches young Philip his wonderful art, and in time the latter becomes equally skilled. The varied experiences of Philip are graphically described in the volume. The fact of spirit return and communication, and been conveyed to him by the old hermit (a sensitive) in early life, and the child, who was also mediumistic, had been gradually developed until he proved a useful instrument for the spirit world. The story is not only entertaining, but it contains much that is valuable and instructive, and constitutes a book that should be read by all Spiritualists.

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BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERS.

Each has a little garden patch Of land, an acre or more, Close to his very door; And stocked it is with every fruit That growth from the seed— Grows, too, the poisonous weed!

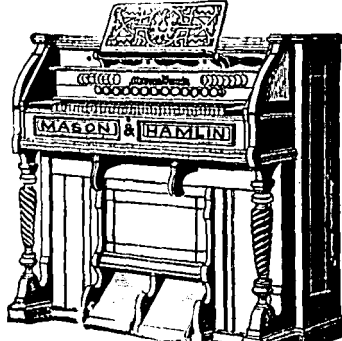
Each keepeth under bolts and bars The gateway to the nursery beds, Where friend nor stranger treads; For he holdeth of his land in fee "To trench and prune, and make increase" Thus treadeth in the lease.

So close the paling shuts it in I think God meant to give us place To meet him face to face; Breathing the air that's waited o'er From the eternal hills that bound This consecrated ground.

For, walking in this garden fair, Have we not all, oh! plainly heard A voice our whole heart stirred? Glad, for the weeds of self uproot; For every tender with that grew, Some kindly act to do.

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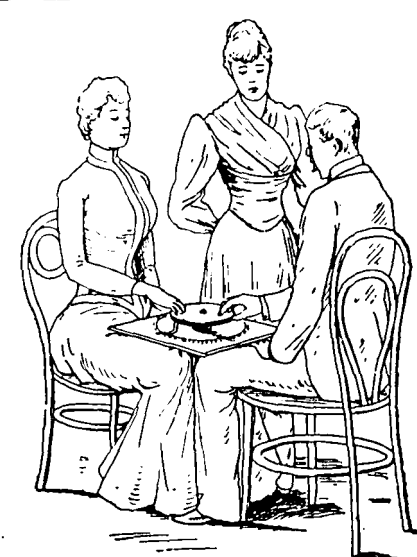
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In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open to the expression of independent free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give utterance. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return cancelled articles.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1894.

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This liberal offer is made in order to introduce the paper to those who have not yet formed practical acquaintance with its valuable and sterling contents.

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

COLBY &amp; RICH.

## The Reign of Sympathy.

It has been well said that sympathy is going to be the savior of the world in the coming century. Sympathy with and for others is the subtle power within us that transcends all the processes of reason, and sets aside every maxim of calculating prudence or confirmed selfishness. It is the very essence of altruism—that love for others which exceeds all love for ourselves, which makes morality benevolent, allots every portion to those outside of the limits of our own being, and delights in sacrifice that rewards through the act itself far more richly than the receiver can be benefited. The world is assuredly getting cured of its selfishness. Experience is teaching it the lesson it most needed to learn. Love for others, for the neighbor, is coming to be recognized as the nearest and highest of privileges, which are far above duty. Benevolence is a principle to which the world is giving its hearty acceptance more and more. Philanthropy is fast becoming so common as to be contagious, men and women who possess wealth bestowing freely of their store to purposes of pure benefit for those around them, or bequeathing in their last testaments the property they held but in trust for the help of those who are called less fortunate than they.

All this is based on sympathy, is bred from it, is its practical fruit. Even human curiosity is a lower form of human sympathy, and what we habitually resent as inquisitiveness is but a disagreeable form of its primitive expression. Love to God comes always first, because from that love is born love to the neighbor, which is love to our fellow-beings, to all persons and things of God's creation. Love is the law of life, the governing and inspiring power of the visible universe. No evil-inclined being could have launched it into its mysterious existence, sustained it through its means of development, held all its innumerable parts in their ordained places, and peopled all in obedience to a law that has never been proposed for our cognition. Before that divine law we all stand as children, happy only as we are children of obedience.

In the economy of human affairs either this wonderful creative and sustaining law is to be recognized as supreme, or else in its absence a law wholly opposite. Between the two there can be no compromise, for neither would have anything to yield in order to come to a middle understanding. To admit that a law thoroughly evil supports and inspires the existent known universe is to traverse the truth with an insanely impossible supposition. Evil is never a creator, but ever a destroyer. It never builds up, but always pulls down. It is evil because of its opposition to good; yet not an active agent and opponent of itself, but rather a co-operation of human ignorance, indifference and error. It exists, in fact, only in our subjective consciousness, and therefore does not exist at all, save as we ourselves endow it with reality. Either one or the other, love or hate, good or evil, must necessarily be supreme here and everywhere, now and forever. If evil, then of course all good is out of the question: If good, then there can be no evil, since all must be good, and successful hostility to it can have no existence. Only the good is desirable, is profitable, contains the assurance of happiness. In

the course of this moral schooling, and in order best to promote its ends, inequality of human condition is allowed to exist; one enjoys far more and better opportunities than another; one is sick and the other is well; one has abundance, and the other has nothing. It is not altogether of shrewd and sharp human calculation that one person is rich in the worldly sense while his neighbor is poor; the allotment is by no means strictly of calculation and thrift; what we call fortune deals continually in the matter, and a good providence wills it always for the best.

But wherefore such inequality in human affairs as to cause suffering and misery—it may be asked. Let us all believe that there is no accident in it, no uncontrolled middlemoresome of an evil principle. How else would the divine principle of virtue ever have had birth? One suffers, another feels for his sufferings, and does what he can to allay them and bring restoration to pass. Hence sympathy, which engenders neighborly love, gets by giving, enriches by sacrificing. It is sympathy, the prime offspring of love, that makes human society possible, thaws out with its warmth the selfishness of man, warms to benevolent action, stimulates philanthropy, and at last spiritualizes the entire being and lifts it to a higher level of expansion. Sympathy is the power of love expressed in action. Sympathy both excites and unifies, burns away the latent dross of our earthly natures, purifies the common desires so as to put them in a condition for expansion and growth, prepares the soil of our earthly nature for the reception of the precious seed of spiritual life and its sustaining truth.

Whoever thinks the statements of the creeds are essential, through human acceptance, to salvation, reckons without any true knowledge of the springs and motives of the characters of men. It is sympathy that is to become the law, and present the God. Christ taught the divine lesson summarily, in that he went about doing good. His sympathy went out not only to the lowly and the destitute, but even to his enemies and revilers. If Christ were to come to Boston, would he find the law of sympathy prevalent and supreme? If not, it would not prove that at some indefinite time in the future it will not become so, since it is only over this wide avenue of human intercourse that the hearts of men travel in company and are made kindred indeed by means of the conjunction. "The union of all who love, in the service of all who suffer," is the maxim happily framed by Mr. Stead. It can hardly be improved upon. Because mankind is united only, therefore in loving others we best love ourselves. It is a mystery which willing practice alone will serve to explain.

## The Banner Poor Fund.

At the close of the private circle for messages, held Friday, Dec. 14, at this office, the following appeal for contributions to our "God's Poor Fund" was made through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith, by the Spirit-  
President, JOHN PIERPONT:

The approach of the holiday season, which is hailed with such gladness and joy by the warmly-clad, the well-housed and well-fed, brings to the poor and unemployed members of society increased burdens and suffering. By them the long and dreary winter, with its cold and frost and biting blasts, is greeted with dark forebodings. The long continued season of business depression has been keenly felt by our faithful mediums—the chosen instruments of the angel world to bring light, knowledge and consolation to the denizens of earth. There are also in the spiritualistic ranks many old-time workers, who, having given unselfishly the best years of their mortal lives to the work of promulgating the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, or in other ways having sought to build up the movement of Modern Spiritualism, now, grown old and feeble, find themselves without the means to supply their wants during their last days on the material plane. The state of such is indeed pitiable, and excites our deepest sympathy. They feel that they have outlived their days of usefulness on earth; the friends of their youth and middle age have passed to the spirit land, and they walk the shores of time seemingly alone, waiting with anxious eye and listening ear the approach from across the waters of the Angel of Release to bear them to their own.

"God's Poor Fund," established long years ago by the spirit-world, has, as we know, been the means of relieving untold distress and the increasing demands upon it from all parts of the country the present season have been so great that I am impelled to make an appeal to the generous public for aid to help carry on this beneficent work. Contributions sent to the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT will be duly acknowledged through the columns of this journal. The smallest sum will be gratefully received, as well as the largest, for the influence of good-will sent forth with the widow's mite may be an inestimable blessing to the needy recipient, giving him courage and strength to bear his burdens, as well as relieving his immediate necessities.

"God's Poor Fund" is always open to the reception of contributions from the generous-hearted and benevolent, and all may be assured that every dollar is most judiciously expended. The work of this department is never suspended, and will, we firmly believe, be continued for many years to come.

Trusting that these words will meet with a ready response from far and near, I send them forth hopefully, and heartily thank the kind-hearted donors in advance.

In the death of Rev. David Swing the Central Church of Chicago feels the necessity of terminating its existence. His church was a gathering of kindred spirits around a strong personality that drew them like a central magnet. The cause of the disbandment of his supporters as an organization is directly the opposite to that in the case of Rev. Mr. Talmage. It is not that the men and women who sustained him in preaching his ideas have relaxed their hold in the least on them, but that his church was a strong personality at the most, and there is no organized form to it that is capable of carrying these ideas any further. Entrenched authority may and does do what no single man is allowed to do. Authority persists, while individuality goes out with the departure of the individual. All this simply illustrates once more the power of joint action, united and resolute endeavor, to effect what no single person can unaided. With the man who was able to collect such various forces about him as an active centre goes his prestige also, and another cannot take it up. A one-man church may be good while it lasts, but it is impotent as against a congregation. And once let the latter become indifferent and dissatisfied, and either the church is closed or the creed is modified to suit the need. The lesson is only taught again in the failure of Rev. Talmage to continue his church establishment after three successive burnings, and under a heavy load of debt, that the profession of sensationalism in pulpit or press is short-lived and wearisome above all things to those who at first are captivated by it.

## Medical Tyranny in England and Massachusetts.

An amendment to the medical act proposed by doctors of England will, if adopted and made law, deny to everybody the right and privilege of getting either professional herbal treatment, or in fact medical treatment of any sort, except from the "Regular" physicians. That will be personal liberty indeed. No autocrat without the form of law could exercise a more absolute power over his submissive subjects. This absurdly monstrous amendment would set up a law that subjected any person who supplies, administers or prescribes medicine otherwise than as this law permits, to a fine of twenty pounds, or one hundred dollars, or to imprisonment. A medical botanist accordingly addresses *The Two Worlds* in vigorous protest against the popular submission to such abominable tyranny as this, and expresses the belief that Spiritualists at least cannot be so apathetic as to allow such monstrous proposals to become law without opposing them. Therefore he makes an earnest appeal to the secretaries of all societies of Spiritualists in the kingdom to ask their societies to adopt an appropriate resolution which he submits. There are one hundred and fifty-five societies, and that means an expression of the opinions of some thousands of persons.

The resolution makes a strong protest against the passage of any amendment such as is proposed to the medical act, believing that "it would bring an invidious encroachment of monopolies and a serious interference with the liberties of the people." We should decidedly say so. Now what this London and County Medical Protection Society is trying to bring about is just what the "Regular" doctors are united in their efforts to accomplish here in Massachusetts and over the whole country. Monopoly in any form is bad enough, but when accompanied with the exercise of a tyranny that possesses the power to fine and imprison, not for crime but for humbly disregarding a law that makes benevolence itself criminal, it becomes intolerable to all people who have ever tasted the wine of freedom and lived under the broad charter of equal liberty. That the plot to bind personal freedom hand and foot in this matter is to be again launched upon the incoming Massachusetts Legislature, is sufficiently obvious. Spiritualists and Liberals, and all who are jealous of the continued enjoyment of their freedom, cannot be too alert and active in planning an earnest campaign for the rescue of the common rights that are threatened to be snatched from them.

## States that Have Doctors' Plot Laws.

We are in frequent receipt of letters from correspondents asking us what States in this country are hampered or are free in the direction of medical practice. Desiring to put the main facts of the case in "a nutshell" for our readers, we wrote to Mr. J. Winfield Scott, Secretary of the National Constitutional Liberty League (headquarters in Boston), and requested a report from him—which we here append. It is worthy the reflective consideration of all friends of man's constitutional liberty of choice as to medical adviser, etc. The "Regulars" are fast working their way toward a position where they can change the question in the general Adam-Abel-Cain investigation, to the affirmation, "I am my brother's keeper."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Maine and Rhode Island are the only remaining free States. Healing mediums may practice in Connecticut, providing they do not prescribe remedies, and in Massachusetts, as you know, if they do not prefix Dr. or annex M. D. to their names.

True, mediums do practice in many States un molested, but they incur liability to arrest and a fine or imprisonment.

Maine and Rhode Island will doubtless enact restrictive medical laws this winter. At least great preparations are being made to that end. Friends of medical freedom in Maine and Rhode Island should be on the alert.

J. WINFIELD SCOTT.

## A Kindly Christmas Remembrance.

We received a visit from Mr. W. F. Nye of New Bedford, Mass., on the 22d inst., when that kindly gentleman proceeded to express to us the "good wishes of the season" by renewing his own subscription, and presenting a list of eleven subscribers to whom he desired us to send THE BANNER as a Christmas present at his own expense. We thank him heartily for this highly-appreciated gift, and feel certain that those who receive the papers will also add their thanks to ours. Would there were many others among the Spiritualists of America and elsewhere to emulate the generous example of Mr. Nye.

The New York City Indian Association held a meeting recently at the residence of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, for the purpose of helping to direct public attention to the wrongs done the red men. Mrs. Quinton, the President of the Association, made an address on the work of the organization, and Hon. Chauncey M. Depew descended on the good qualities of the Indian, and on the injustice and ill treatment which he had received from the superior white man. Bishop Wright of the Methodist Episcopal Church also addressed the meeting. The published report of the proceedings states that if sympathy alone could right the wrongs that the red man has suffered, the stain on the national escutcheon would then and there have been washed away. The object of the Woman's National Indian Association is to secure for the Indians legislative and legal help, which they badly stand in need of, and also to secure instructors to educate them.

John Hazelrigg reports that the Psychic Union of New York City meets every Wednesday evening in the parlors of Mrs. M. E. Williams, 232 West 40th street. The meetings are chiefly informal—in which all "psychic" topics are open to discussion. All who come through the invitation of members are cordially welcomed.

Mrs. Amy Vesper of Concord, N. H., writes that she has taken THE BANNER ever since its first issue, which is saying a good word for it, surely. She further says that she could not do without it in her old age, and hopes for its continued life and prosperity.

The husband of Mrs. MARY NICKERSON—whose spirit message appeared in THE BANNER of Dec. 15—called at our office recently, and desired us to say that he is much pleased with her communication.

Mrs. H. S. Tufts informs us that she verifies as truthful the message of Spirit BENSON SEWELL in BANNER for Dec. 8.

## The Matter of the Responsibility.

Of a hypnotic subject for acts done in an alleged "mesmeric" condition has frequently been considered, and decided on in the courts of France, and other countries of the Old World—and adjudicated in different ways.

The Boston Sunday Herald of Dec. 23 has a special dispatch from Wichita, Kan., whereby it is asserted that the attorneys for the defense in the MacDonald-Patton-Gray murder at Wellington successfully maintained the theory that their client acted under hypnotic influence, and MacDonald was acquitted of the murder of Patton on this ground.

Anderson Gray, the man who hypnotized MacDonald, was found guilty of the murder a few days ago, and received a death sentence.

It was shown that Gray wanted Patton killed; that he came to Wichita, and employed MacDonald to go to his farm, and immediately gained a complete mastery over MacDonald's mind: After which, what transpired was considered by the jury as the logical sequence of the condition produced.

## Kind Words for the Banner.

Mrs. E. F. Brookbank, Canandaigua, N. Y., writes in renewing her subscription: "As the shadows lengthen I find [THE BANNER] more and more of a necessity of my life; and pray that it may wave until all the weary children of earth may read its glad tidings."

A. M. Brooks, Rockford, Ill., on renewing the subscription of F. H. Brooks of the same place, writes:

"The dear old BANNER! How any Spiritualist can get along without it is more than I can understand. Even if one does not agree entirely with it, its very fearlessness and outspokenness make me want to cheer each time I see it. Long may it continue under the new editors, as of old."

Prof. J. R. Buchanan passed the eighty-first year mark in his life on the 11th instant, and is greatly enjoying the sunny climate of San José, Cal. His many friends congratulate him that life has been prolonged so long and that he is so well in health. Mrs. Buchanan is also receiving congratulations because of the prospective good fortune which has befallen her in form of a colossal legacy from the Hyde estate in England. This bequest, Dr. Buchanan informs us, was told from the spirit-side many years ago, and confirmed recently by spirit-guides. This piece of good news came on the anniversary of Prof. Buchanan's birthday, which makes the occasion all the more marked and pleasant. Prof. Buchanan makes an announcement on our fifth page, to which attention is directed.

W. P. Williams, Salem, Ore., writes, on renewing: "The enclosed is intended to pay my subscription to the BANNER OF LIGHT for one year from Dec. 29, at which time my 'trial' subscription ends. Your paper is the most interesting and entertaining of the many weekly journals which are regularly seen by me. I wish it the success and wide circulation its elevated tone deserves."

Judge Nelson Cross, a veteran Spiritualist of the most pronounced type—who is well-known as a worker to the friends in New York, and to the readers of THE BANNER as a vigorous and interesting correspondent—is at present pleasantly located in Boston. We trust that we may hear from him soon, in the way of contributions to our columns.

HON. LUTHER R. MARSH will contribute to our next issue an essay embodying "SOME THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY YULE TIDE—AND THE NEW YEAR OF 1895."

"THE ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS" will be sketched with a steady and skillful hand in these columns next week, by DR. F. L. H. WILLIS.

"STRAWS IN THE WIND, OR SPIRITUAL GLEANINGS," by JOHN WM. FLETCHER, will appear next week.

Dr. Dumont C. Dake has met with great success during his stay in Boston; and in compliance with the wishes of many of his patients will further prolong his stay in this vicinity. He will, however, make regular visits to New York, and can be consulted at the Continental Hotel, Broadway and 29th street, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2, 3, and 4, 1895.

Aug. P. Lighthill, M. D., Washington, D. C., says of "How to GET WELL AND HOW TO KEEP WELL," by T. A. Bland, M. D.: "I have read it with pleasure and profit. It is a most valuable family physician and guide to health. If it could find its way into every house, the health of the people would soon be greatly improved." For sale by Colby & Rich.

## Sustain the Banner.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Each edition of the BANNER OF LIGHT presents articles in memory of the noble founder of the most noble paper—the most enlightened one of our century. These encomiums are indeed a proof of the true love of their authors; the response regarding assistance ought to come promptly from the masses. Those who ever had to do with the publication of a journal, know of the expenses which are connected with such a work; know of the never-ending work of its editors and publishers—and surely they have to put up with, coming mostly from those who are benefited by the publication of such a paper.

Any one who has followed the ups and downs of the BANNER OF LIGHT must have become acquainted with the struggles of Mr. Luther Colby and his partner, Mr. Isaac B. Rich; and those who were permitted to look behind the curtain know that the losses of the concern from time to time would in their extended history figure up to such an amount as would be surprising.

If the readers of THE BANNER take this into consideration, it will surely stimulate them to thank Luther Colby, the man who had not alone the conviction but the courage to give to the world the truths of the everlasting life and love, in spite of all the opposition and losses he had to encounter.

And readers, you, who are, indeed, mostly benefited by the publication of the noble BANNER OF LIGHT, stand by this journal; show your appreciation of the noble work of the noble founder, Luther Colby! Let no harm befall this great monument of truth and love; stand shoulder to shoulder in support of it!

The best monument you can erect to the founder is by keeping the BANNER OF LIGHT alive and let me add "truth" alive by sending the names of new subscribers (cash enclosed) to the publishers. By so doing you will spread the grandest of grand truths, and will assist in erecting the greatest monument to the great man, Luther Colby, who lived, fought and suffered for you—whose teacher, brother and friend he was and still is! S. H. NELKE, Boston, Dec. 20, 1894.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We shall be obliged to our readers if they will send us the name and address of any Spiritualist who is not a regular subscriber.

## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

## DECEMBER.

Oh! holly branch and mistletoe,  
And Christmas chimes where'er we go,  
And stockings pinned up in a row!  
These are thy gifts, December!  
And if the year has made thee old,  
And silvered all thy looks of gold,  
Thy heart has never been a-cold,  
Or known a fading ember.  
The whole world is a Christmas tree,  
And stars its many candles be;  
Oh! sing a carol fully,  
The year's great feast in keeping!  
For once, on a December night,  
An angel held a candle bright,  
And led three wise men by its light.  
To where a child was sleeping.

—Harriet F. Blodgett, in St. Nicholas for December.

Rev. Geo. E. Ellis, D. D., LL. D., the eminent historian and divine, was found dead in his study Thursday evening, the 20th inst. He had been out as usual during the day, and must have passed away without a struggle. Dr. Ellis was Boston born, and has passed his entire life of eighty-one years in and about his native city, and was a prominent figure in its literary, historical, religious and social life.

The Boston Post has said the finest, finest thing of all the utterances concerning Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Dr. Holmes was always in his prime."—Adams, Col., Journal.

So far as the returns have come in there have been four deaths of football players as the result of this season's rules of play. The number of those made invalids, or maimed for life, is still indefinite.

WANTED TO SEE.—"What is the matter with 'Fido,' that you are watching him so closely? 'Charley'—Cause mamma said your hat was enough to make a dog laugh, and I wanted to see him do it."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mark the young man who is coarse and disrespectful to his mother. No roseate pathway can be hers who shall sustain to him the relation of wife, says an exchange; not the happiest will be the lot of those who shall come to be his children. Not to be envied is the neighborhood, even, in which he must be recognized as a citizen.

That "Adam" Christmas loved with cause  
We cannot but believe;  
For while he had no Santa Claus,  
He had his Christmas Eve.

—New York Mercury.

Any church or chapel committee thinking of purchasing an organ (or a piano) should certainly send for the illustrated catalogue of the Mason & Hamlin Company. Mason & Hamlin manufacture many styles of instruments, especially for church and chapel use, and the celebrated List Organ is without question the finest instrument of its class. Address Mason & Hamlin, Boston, Mass., and catalogues will be sent free.

A notable example of a big result produced by small means is found in the fact that lead-pencil users have whitened away several big forests of cedar trees in Europe, and the supply of wood suitable for lead pencils is practically exhausted in the old world. An order has just been placed by a noted German firm of pencil-makers with a California lumber company for a large quantity of Sequoia wood, which is found to be the best wood now available for pencils. The Sequoia is the big tree of California. It seems too bad that the grand old giants should be sacrificed, and especially that their end should be lead pencil shavings.—N. Y. Sun.

Guns are only human, after all. They will kick when the load becomes too heavy.

"Two heads may be better than one, under some circumstances," muttered the bass drum, "but they have brought me nothing but sound beatings."

This pig went to market,  
This one refused to come;  
But the one that takes two seats in a car  
We wish would stay at home.

Christmas seems to call out many pigs of this sort in the cities.

"What paper does Grabber take?" "Sometimes the Janitor's and sometimes the boarders'."

"People are talking so much about epigrams in novels," said the young woman. "How would you describe an epigram?" "An epigram," said the young man, who is not a literary or any great extent, "is a sort of joke with a clean collar and its Sunday clothes on."—Washington Star.

A Brussels dispatch states that a monument to Fr. Damien, the leper's friend, was unveiled Dec. 16 in Louvain, amid great rejoicing of the people.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE SOUL AND TIME.

The years depart, the years return,  
The while our souls unfold;  
Wisdom and truth in love we learn,  
We're growing young—not old!

WILLIAM BRUNSON.

Teacher—"John returned the book. In what case is book?" "Duff Boy (after long thought)—"Book-case."—Good News.

SEASONABLE.—"Papa, will you buy me a drum?" "Ah! but, my boy, you will disturb me very much if I do." "Oh, no, papa; I won't drum except when you're asleep."—Ez.

## INFELICITY.

There is no shirt, however washed and mended,  
That hath due buttons there;  
There is no pat of butter—real or pretended—  
Without its crust of sin.  
There is no babe that does not suck his finger,  
And howl till all is blue;  
No organ in the street that does not "linger"  
A little longer, loo.

There is no vacant space on which some blackguard  
Sticks not his big fat finger;  
There soon will be no field without a placard  
Bealouding soap or pills. —New York Mercury.

How the doctors did run for the school board. It looks as if "M. D." were the lucky letters.—Boston Record.

It will be no fault of the Allopahthefraternity in Massachusetts if these "M. D." letters are not "lucky" in getting from the next Legislature additional privileges of "running" for plums.

"Is Mister Dolan very sick?" asked the sympathetic neighbor. "Yes," the doctor said the day before yesterday to diagnose his case. "Go to the 'plaster'!" "Diagnose it." "Mrs. Dolan, take my advice. Put a mustard plaster on 'im an' trust to luck. More people nowadays is kilt by the doctors than by the dyspepsia."—Washington Star.

When, says the Christian Register, it rains cats and dogs, it may fairly be called beastly weather.

[WOMAN REMEMBERED.]—If you were to ask Mr. Moody (the Evangelist)—if it would never occur to you to do—what, apart from the inspirations of his personal faith, was the secret of his success, of his happiness and usefulness in life, he would assuredly answer, "Mrs. Moody."—Prof. Drummond, in McClure's Magazine for Jan.

If you like THE BANNER, speak a good word for it whenever you have a chance. It will be appreciated.

(From Light, Dec. 8.)

## Grateful Acknowledgments of Human Kindness and Sympathy.

To the friends—now numbering over a hundred, who have sent me letters of tender sympathy in my hour of the deepest affliction of my life—my loss on earth of the noble husband who was my str. et, my companion, my very life and being in this hard struggling world, I hereby ask permission to tender the warm thanks which I simply cannot write.

May all and each of my loving correspondents find their generous efforts at consolation returned to them in their own hours of suffering and affliction. It is the prayer of the grateful friend,  
EMMA HARDING-BRITTON.

The Ladens, Humphrey, street,  
Chestam Hill, Manchester.

Always Has A Good Effect.

ROXBURY, MASS., Dec. 12, 1894.—Whenever I get run down and nervous I procure a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon feel its good effects. Mrs. LEWIS B. TOLLE, 21 Bartlett street.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.



## MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

**Lynn.**—**"Baginore"** writes: The exercises of last Sunday, Dec. 23, in Cadet Hall, were worthy of more than a passing notice. Two distinct anniversaries offered occasion for commemorative service in respect to each historical event—the landing of the Pilgrims, Dec. 21 (N. S.), 1620, and the alleged birth of Jesus, Mr. Frank Baxter, the lecturer and medium for the Society, gave appropriate selections and lectures. In the afternoon his discourse was a most instructive and entertaining one, with "Pilgrim vs. Puritan" for its title. A song service of patriotic pieces, led by Pres. James Kelly, opened the session. Mr. Baxter followed by reading the old Mayflower Compact, and singing "The Breaking Waves Dashed High." He then gave a lecture, which was listened to and applauded by a very sizable and appreciative audience. It closed with the stirring song, "The Rock of Liberty." In the evening, before a large audience, Mr. Baxter, after a song service, read beautifully and effectively Miss Lizzie Dotson's Christmas poem, "Ecco Homo," and sang a Christmas ballad, "Home Pictures." His subject was "Christ and Christmas," and for an hour he held his hearers riveted in attention by his treatment of the subject. After singing "The Star of Bethlehem," whose rendering was heartily applauded, he arose and opened his address with an exquisite and impromptu piece of poetry. The address, occupying nearly another hour, was rich in matter, and was listened to and applauded by a very sizable and appreciative audience. It closed with the stirring song, "The Rock of Liberty." In the evening, before a large audience, Mr. Baxter, after a song service, read beautifully and effectively Miss Lizzie Dotson's Christmas poem, "Ecco Homo," and sang a Christmas ballad, "Home Pictures." His subject was "Christ and Christmas," and for an hour he held his hearers riveted in attention by his treatment of the subject. After singing "The Star of Bethlehem," whose rendering was heartily applauded, he arose and opened his address with an exquisite and impromptu piece of poetry. The address, occupying nearly another hour, was rich in matter, and was listened to and applauded by a very sizable and appreciative audience. It closed with the stirring song, "The Rock of Liberty."

**Lowell.**—**E. Pickup, Sec'y,** writes: On Saturday evening, Dec. 22, a supper and entertainment were given by the ladies, which were very successful. Several pieces of music were rendered by a male quartet; duets and solos on the piano by Miss B. H. Perham and Miss Ida Brooks. Miss Maud McRae and Mrs. Wright each gave several selections. J. B. Jackson was the chairman and sang several songs. Sunday, Dec. 23, a supper and entertainment were given by the ladies, which were very successful. Several pieces of music were rendered by a male quartet; duets and solos on the piano by Miss B. H. Perham and Miss Ida Brooks. Miss Maud McRae and Mrs. Wright each gave several selections. J. B. Jackson was the chairman and sang several songs. Sunday, Dec. 23, a supper and entertainment were given by the ladies, which were very successful. Several pieces of music were rendered by a male quartet; duets and solos on the piano by Miss B. H. Perham and Miss Ida Brooks. Miss Maud McRae and Mrs. Wright each gave several selections. J. B. Jackson was the chairman and sang several songs.

**Malden.**—**S. E. W., Secretary,** writes: The Malden Spiritualist Society had on Sunday, May 8, a paper of Providence, assisted by Dr. Arthur Hodges of Lynn, also Mr. Fox Jencken, who gave physical manifestations. The hall was filled with a large and appreciative audience. Next Sunday we have with us Miss Abby A. Judson.

**Lawrence.**—**Mrs. Carrie M. Couch** writes: We are to have Fred W. Tabor of Boston with us Wednesday evening, Jan. 2, at 7:30 o'clock, when he will give physical manifestations at Pythian Hall. There will also be readings, recitations, etc., by others. Mrs. Johnson will give readings. A quartet will render musical selections.

**Fall River.**—**Mrs. R. L. Grinnell, Sec'y,** writes: The Spiritualist Society here had, Dec. 16, the services of Madam Duffy of Providence, R. I., a fine test medium. Dec. 23, Madam Bruce, test medium, occupied the rostrum, giving perfect satisfaction. Dec. 30, Madam Duffy will be with us again.

**Ware.**—**Mrs. D. M. Lowe, Cor. Sec'y,** writes: Prof. W. F. Peck occupied our platform Dec. 23, and in his usual eloquent and forcible manner gave two able discourses; he will also serve as speaker next Sunday, Dec. 30.

**A Mine of Marvels.**  
The Security Safe Deposit Vaults and Their Wonderful Equipment as They Now Appear.

The vaults of the Security Safe Deposit Company, Boston, are the strongest and best-equipped in the world. Layers of tempered steel and tons of granite are reinforced by human watchfulness and electrical mechanism, so perfect that no paper can be pushed, bonds and securities, of plate, of valuable documents and personal property of every description, are as safe from thieves hands as though they reposed in the centre of the earth.

The company has recently enlarged and improved its establishment. It was fine before. Now, it eclipses anything on the planet, and is worth a day's study and investigation. Occasionally a space-writer of imaginative tendencies will attempt to do the impossible, to prove that the burglar is close behind the safe in point of intelligence. But the most skillful burglar that ever lived stands no more chances of getting at the hoarded treasures under the Equitable than of climbing to Sirius.

It is a fortress that nothing short of dynamite could shatter. Its walls are made of first 44 inches of steel, then a layer of railroad iron which weighs fifty pounds to the foot, next a layer of iron plate, and finally a layer of masonry; lastly is a beautiful safe of Italian marble.

To reach the inside it is necessary to pass through one of two doorways. The doors are made of steel, and are built up of layers of polished steel, and looks like a section of a barrette from the *Massachusetts*. It is a marvel of mechanical skill and ingenuity. A sheet of plate glass covers the intricate lock mechanism on the inside surface. Here wonderous chronometers control a motor which, at 4 o'clock, shoot to a dozen huge bolts and the door is fast until 9 o'clock next morning, when the clock-work releases the powerful spring which draws the bolts back, and there is the door is swung back, but there are two others of steel grill-work. To one of these President E. H. Andrews only has the combination; to the other, Sup't F. G. Storey alone. Even if these two should work in collusion, the crash of a warning would apprise every one of what was going on.

Inside are the eight thousand boxes, ranging from the great safe-hired by railroad corporations, to little drawers into which only a few papers can be pushed. Some are secured by combination locks, known only to the lessees, and others by pass-keys, but in every case a master-key must first be used by the vault keeper, who has been satisfied beforehand of the right of the keyholder to open the box.

Outside there are clean, fresh, convenient rooms for the use of customers, even to the keen pair of shears for cutting coupons. And there is a sumptuous reading-room, with its bookcases and magnificent mahogany for general use.—*Boston Journal.*

## Correction.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I dislike occupying space with a purely personal matter, but a paragraph in your issue of to-day's date calls for a line of explanation.

Do not own property in Ocean Grove, N. J., or elsewhere, but have a small cottage there. The erroneous statement made by your informant may thus be easily accounted for.

The only aid I expect or desire from Spiritualists is that they will put at my disposal the opportunities as possible of appearing upon their rostrums. The more frequent the engagements the cheaper I can work and maintain life. To poor and struggling societies, and to individuals who, out of the crowd, endeavor to hold meetings where there are no societies—whatever remuneration they may be able to offer—I have never refused my services. I never will.

282 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Dec. 22.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

The many friends of Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson of the Hollis Hall Society, Boston, Mass., are informed that she is slowly recovering from nervous prostration at her sister's home in Troy, N. Y., and will before long be able to return to Boston, and take charge of her meetings.

Miss Abby A. Judson will speak Sunday, Dec. 30, at Melrose Highlands at 3 p. m., and in the evening at Odd Fellows Hall, Malden. While in the East Miss Judson can be addressed at the General Delivery, Boston, Mass., as well as at Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. Maggie Waite has recovered from her late illness of over eight months and has again resumed her public work. She will be East again in a few months, and open engagements from societies as a platform test medium.

Bishop A. Beals will speak Sundays of Jan. '95, at Bay City, Mich., and at Sturgis, the Sundays of February. Can be addressed at these places for engagements for March.

Societies wishing the services of A. E. Tisdale the month of February, the two last Sundays in March, and the month of April, can address him at 517 Bank street, New London, Conn.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter, in Cadet Hall, Lynn, next Sunday, Dec. 30, will give services *a propos* to the going of "Old Year" and the coming of "New Year." His evening theme will be "Spiritualism's New Year's Gift."

Dr. C. H. Harding's address for engagements until further notice will be: 9 Elm street, Augusta, Me.

Mrs. Kate B. Stiles has a few open dates for January and February, 1895. She can be addressed at 120 Dartmouth street, care of Dr. E. A. Pratt.

F. Alexis Heath, inspirational lecturer and platform test medium, speaks in Rockland, Mass., Dec. 30; will be in Lawrence, Mass., Jan. 7. Will accept call wherever the services of a test medium are required. Address 80 School street, Eggleston Square, Boston, Mass. Justice of the Peace; Registration papers executed.

## The Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts State Association.

Will be held at SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, corner Exeter and Newbury streets, Boston, Tuesday, January 1, 1895. Business meeting at 10:30 A. M.

Two grand mass meetings at 2 and 7 P. M. Addresses by Prof. H. D. Barrett, President National Association; Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, President Massachusetts State Association; Mrs. S. L. Lillie, Vice-President Massachusetts State Association; Mrs. Mary Caldwell, Philadelphia, Penn.; Mrs. M. T. Longley, Mrs. Carrie Loring, Rev. S. L. Beal; Dr. Charles F. Johnson, Rev. A. T. Thos; Oscar Edgerley; Dr. Charles H. Harding; Dr. Arthur Hodges; Thos. Grimshaw; Rev. Juliette Yeaw; Mrs. Hattie C. Mason; Mrs. N. J. Willis.

If possible Edgar W. Emerson, F. A. Wiggin and Miss Abby A. Judson will also be present. Questions of importance to Spiritualists will be discussed. Let every Spiritualist who believes in protecting and uplifting medium attend.

Let all who believe in medical liberty rally. FRANCIS B. WOODBURY, Secretary Massachusetts State Association.

Please forward annual dues of one dollar to Wm. H. Banks, 77 State street, Boston, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I would say to your correspondent, Foster Edwards: Dear Sir and Brother—The Massachusetts State Association has not issued any Ordination Certificates. When it does they will be in the hands of the Association.

All interested in ordination, medical liberty, a free platform and free press, should attend the convention of the State Association on New Year's Day, when these subjects, and many others, will be discussed. F. B. WOODBURY.

To Correspondents.  
R. G. PARIS, FRANCE.—We regret to say that we have not the address of your correspondent in Boston, and therefore cannot forward your letter and pamphlet to him. If you have since learned his address, please notify us.

Sealed Letters Answered.  
The terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, including three two-cent postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within four or five weeks after their receipt.

We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactorily, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, but do as well as they can under the circumstances.

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

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

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

Address all letters to JOHN W. DAY, BANNER OF LIGHT, 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass.

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

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at 243 Alexander street, Rochester, N. Y. Ja.6.

John Wm. Fletcher, 108 West 43rd street, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Oct. 6.

J. J. Morse, 28 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$8.00 per year, or \$1.50 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 for six months.

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## VERBATIM REPORTS OF PROCEEDINGS OF NATIONAL CONVENTION

RECENTLY held at Washington, D. C., will be out of press Dec. 17, 1894. Copies can be obtained at this office at 25 cents each. All Spiritualists should read it. Send in your orders accompanied by cash. Reports of Convention of 1893 at same price; also copies of Mrs. Adeline's *Devil's*. Physician at \$2.00 each.

FRANCIS B. WOODBURY, Secretary, 350 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C. Nov. 24.

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## SPIRIT Message Department.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact for publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves 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, appertaining to this Department, should be addressed to the undersigned.

HENRY W. PIERPONT, Chairman.

### SPIRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held Nov. 16, 1894.

**Spirit Investigation.**  
Oh! thou Infinite and Eternal One, in whom we live and move and have our being, we render thanks to thee at this hour for all the blessings which are ours. We would ask that thy bright ministers of light be sent not only here but into every home, that those who are sad and sorrowing may be comforted, that those who are ignorant may be given light and intelligence and learn that their loved ones are not so far away as mortals place them in thought. Teach them more submission; teach them more charity.

Be with us during the services of this hour. May each returning spirit give some token of his identity so clearly that it may be a proof to his friends on the material plane that he still lives.

We thank thee, Oh! our Father, for all the blessings thou hast bestowed upon us in the past, for those we receive in the present and for the promises thou hast given us for the future. We would become more humble, more charitable, more spiritual, we would live nearer to thee, and we would learn more of thee and of thy laws by which we are governed. We desire the guardianship of the angels, and through their ministrations may we become more like unto them. We ask thy blessing to rest upon all here assembled and upon all humanity, not only now but evermore.

JOHN PIERPONT.

### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

#### Washington French.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. [Good morning.] A large company has gathered here in spirit to-day to listen to what may be said by those who gain the permission of kind Mr. Pierpont, the President of your circles, to control the medial organism to send a loving message to some dear one still on the earthly shore. I have attended many of the meetings that you have held here, and I cannot but say he is a faithful worker, for I have never found him absent from his post.

I am attracted here principally to send a message to my children, who I know will be glad to hear from "father." I am happy to say to them that not a day passes but what I am with them, and their mother also.

Fred, I know you have taken steps rather quietly to see if you could not sense the presence of father and mother around you. Mother sends love to you all.

Nettie, Mary, I know of all you have had to pass through. When we are upon the earth-plane we are cognizant of what is transpiring here, but when in our spirit-homes we do not know what is taking place in the mundane sphere. It is well that we do not, for, with the sympathy we have with you, we should be unhappy even amid the beauties of spirit-life, when you were unhappy or greatly troubled.

Poor Nettie, how much you have had to contend with, but I know the angels have sustained you. John Franklin has been kind, very kind, and I may add that he has followed in my footsteps in being so tender with you. And Mary has stood by you, while her spirit-children have been in the home often.

If you mortals could only realize more of our presence, how much happier you all would be, and how much happiness it would give us.

Your Aunt Mary comes near as I am speaking, and asks to be remembered.

There are many people in Quincy, Mass., who will remember me; I know I am not forgotten.

Mary, I think I would let the affairs rest just as they are at present. I cannot be personal in public, but you will understand to what father refers. It will all come right in time. Let things rest, for I know the valuation will be more in time to come.

These loving words we all send to you, children, asking that the angels may be with you, may guide you, and when you shall hear the summons to come up higher we shall meet you and greet you joyously.

I was Washington French of Quincy, this State.

#### Alvira Roberts.

[To the Chairman:] Your Spirit-President, the Rev. John Pierpont, has kindly given me permission to come to-day and send a message to those of my loved ones who remain here in material life.

I learned much of spirit-communication before passing over. For over twenty years I had the comforting assurance that the loved ones who had passed through death's portal were able to return and be present with me. What a consolation the dear BANNER OF LIGHT was to me! I looked forward eagerly to the time of its advent every week, and when it did come, how earnestly I scanned every page. I particularly enjoyed the Message Department, and even thought of the time when I, too, might be permitted, as a spirit, to send a message to my friends. I loved to read the messages, even

though they were not from my own friends, for in them I perceived evidence of a continued life and the continued love of those who had passed on to the spirit-world for those whom they had left here on earth.

All was done for me that kind hands and loving hearts could do.

Dear child, how your heart ached when you knew my spirit had taken its flight; yet you felt to say, "It is well with mother."

Kind neighbors, loving friends and dear relatives came to meet me, as I felt assured they would when I passed to the other shore, each one eager to clasp me by the hand and welcome me to my spirit home. How beautiful are the sweet reunions in spirit-life, when the father, mother and loved ones crowd about the newborn spirit to greet its entrance to the Summer-Land. It is as if one had been across the water for years and had returned to be eagerly welcomed by the dear home circle.

I shall be remembered in Strafford, Vt., where I passed away. My name is Alvira Roberts.

I know my message will bring comfort to some lonely ones, and make them realize not only my presence but that of their other loved ones in spirit even more than they do now. They understand in a great measure that we are with them, but they will receive even more tangible evidence of our visits to them in the future.

I used often to ask myself the question, "Why need there be this thin veil between mortals and immortals?" I cannot answer that any more now than then, for it is not made plain to me. In the wisdom of the Father, we are not permitted to know all that awaits us in that paradise-home where loved ones watch and patiently await our coming.

These loving words I send first to my kindred, then to my friends and neighbors, and lastly to all humanity, trusting that some proof of my identity which this message contains may prove to some one the grand truth of the immortality of the human soul.

#### Lewis Josslyn.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. I greet you kindly. [Good morning. I am glad to meet you.] I admire these fresh-out flowers that adorn your table to-day. Many little children are attracted here by them, and their fragrance and beauty are grateful to the large children, too. Their delicate hues are painted by the hand of God, who bestows upon man every good and perfect gift. Then let us as mortals and immortals render thanks to the Great Whole for life and for the disciplines of life. I think—yes, I firmly believe, that the trials and afflictions that come to mortals only tend to bring them a little nearer their heavenly home, and cause them to think more of things eternal.

No mortal can realize the joy it is to an immortal, when he returns to material life and manifests, to be recognized by his earthly friends and greeted kindly. Sometimes when visiting séances I have heard a mortal ask of a spirit friend who was trying to identify himself, "Who are you? What is your object in coming here?" That is not a very pleasant greeting, do you think so, Mr. Chairman? [No, I do not.] If mortals would remember that we are people still, and treat us in the same courteous way that they would were we yet in our physical forms, it would be far more agreeable for us when we return. I do not blame any one for asking us who we are, but I do think we might be spoken to politely as your brothers and sisters still.

I am Lewis Josslyn of Tyson, Vt. I have friends there and in surrounding towns. I delight to meet with them when they hold their sessions.

#### Harry Albert Whitney.

[To the Chairman:] Please, sir, the Spirit-President said I might come. [That is right. I am glad to have you come.]

I don't know when I went to the Summer-Land. Auntie cares for me—the one I call auntie. She says I was a wee little baby when I went away. I don't remember it.

Auntie don't let me forget my people, because she takes me to see them often. They live in Providence, R. I., she says. They gave me a name, but auntie always calls me Bertie. My name was Harry Albert. Isn't that a pretty name? [Yes; but what is your last name?] Whitney—Harry Albert Whitney.

I don't remember living here, but auntie says that is because my little brain was too weak.

All the children are here, for papa and mamma had some others that went to the Summer-Land before I did, but I don't know them.

I've been to school since I went to the Summer-Land. One of my teachers is Miss Cary. Auntie says the first one was Miranda Burke.

Auntie was a grown lady when she went to the Summer-Land. She says I would be eleven or twelve now if I had lived here, she thinks, but that doesn't matter, for we don't count time as you do.

#### Jennie Willman.

How sweet is the manifestation of these little ones as they come to send their messages of love to the dear ones of the household who mourn their children's early departure. Yet these little human buds expand in the spirit-land more perfectly than they could here, for their education is more natural and complete, and they grow into a noble and beautiful manhood and womanhood over there, for there is naught to blight or dwarf their development.

How oft the words come back to me, "I would not live always." Oh! yes, I would, but not on this earth-plane.

When called to pass, into the spirit-world I did not think for one moment that I should be alone, for I saw Sister Lily at once. She came close to me first, then dear Grandma Gross reached out her hand so tenderly to me.

My words are first to you, mother, then to father, sister Mabel and all. I am happy, very happy, and I was so glad when I passed on that Lily and Cousin Belle were there to welcome me.

Now, Charlie, I have something to say to you. I have waited a long time, hoping, trusting you would go where you could communicate with me. I know one time you thought you would, but circumstances over which you had no control prevented your doing so. However, I feel to say to you here that you will sometime.

I felt a little diffident about coming to give this message, but as I have been urged to speak by Uncle Fred and Uncle Frank I will do the best I can. I have never spoken in this Circle-Room before. I have been here and listened to the communications as they were given, and I read many of them while in the mortal.

Mother, drop not a tear for your children three who are here to-day. Seymour, dear

brother, who passed away when a little one, is now grown to manhood, and I love him as dearly as I love those who are left upon the earth-plane. Make as little as possible of the trials which have come in the home through some others, for we know the time will come when each mortal must meet the results of his life here.

Mother, how kind you have been to my darling baby. I asked God when I knew I could not stay to take care of my dear little girl and boy, and he has done so.

Most assuredly I know of the changes that have had to be made in the home. I have felt sad sometimes, but still I know everything will work out right.

Try to be happy, and try to keep in the memory of my children the fact that "mother" still lives, and tenderly watches over them daily and hourly.

Lily sends loving words to you all, as does also Belle.

Mabel, make conditions to come into communication with us whenever you can. I would like to extend loving remembrances to Annie, one of your dearest friends. Jackson would like a word also. Say to him and Aunt Jeanette that we never fail to visit them with the others. I am very grateful that I am permitted to visit my friends so often. When the desire springs up in my heart I am quickly beside you, so rapidly does the spirit travel.

In Windham, N. H., where my dear parents still reside, the Angel of Life came and bore me away to the Summer-Land. There was no suffering, no pain; on the contrary, it was a pleasant passage over the crystal river.

Although I am very happy in my spirit-home, I am attracted to the earth-plane a great deal by my love for my children, my husband and all the dear ones of my heart.

Grandmother Gross sends warm greetings to you, mother.

My name is Jennie Willman.

#### 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 lists.

Nov. 18 (Continued).—Robert W. Knight; Sarah A. Potter; Sarah Pote; Jennie Hill; Rosie Fletcher.  
Nov. 22.—Samuel Hadden; Theodora Wray; George Ramsdell; Adelaide Wright; Lizzie Holt; Henry Revere; Milla B. Ives; Charlotte Worthen.  
Nov. 30.—John Hearn; Mary A. Morse; Margaret A. Norton; Olive Hill; John Bellows; Charlie Elms; Ed. S. Wheelor.  
Dec. 7.—Amos Walker; Hattie L. S. Harris; Annie Stolt; Dec. 8.—Fay S. Sargent; Annie Rowland; Dr. James S. Holmes; John O'Riley; Clara Wagoner.  
Dec. 14.—Jacob Hedley; Nettie J. Wentworth; George Beckwith; Jacob S. Grantman; Theresa A. McNeil; John Thomas; Mary A. Wheeler; Mary A. Wheeler; Louisa Theobald.  
Dec. 21.—Harry L. Tait; Capt. John Lindsey; Alexander A. Cummins; Charles Gibson; Annie Maria Osborn; William S. Sloane; Emma Sloane.

### A Tribute to William Britten.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Seeing in the BANNER OF LIGHT a touching notice of the passage to the higher life of that noble gentleman and faithful Spiritualist, William Britten, from the pen of the much beloved and gifted lady who was for twenty-four years his devoted life-companion, I cannot refrain from requesting your insertion of a few words from me in respectful remembrance of a friend whose kindness I shall never forget.

Not only has it been my good fortune to know Mr. Britten through his public efforts, but I have had the true pleasure of friendly and business relations with him on several occasions, and never did I meet a truer gentleman or more loyal advocate of the noble causes he untiringly espoused.

Some years ago, when I was in full charge of the Berkeley Hall meetings in Boston, and also of the house on Tremont street, where the smaller meetings of our Society were held, Mr. and Mrs. Britten worked with me in the lecture courses, and on two occasions Mr. Britten came on from New York in advance of his talented wife and made arrangements among other things for those magnificent discourses, illustrated with stereopticon views, which Mrs. Britten delivered as she only can.

Seeing a great deal of Mr. Britten at that time, and cooperating so divinely with him in the needed undertakings, I found him invariably kind and generous, thoughtful for others, and so versatile in manifold accomplishments that I often thought how delightful it would be to have such a man for a father.

A ripe scholar or a more charming conversationalist I never met; and these graces of mind and conduct, added to his sterling ability to direct and to direct to mention, constituted him one of the most delightful of counselors and helpers one could possibly discover.

Gifted as this nature's nobleman was in many intellectual and other ways, he was so thoroughly dignified and true a gentleman that he would do with his own hands, with alacrity and skill, many a piece of work which the pseudo-aristocrat would scorn as beneath him, and it was when engaged in humble, useful, helpful ways that Mr. Britten's fine, noble nature revealed itself most strongly.

Mrs. Emma Harding-Britten, with his loving and effective aid, has written a work, as yet unpublished, which is a monument of literary and historic worth that should be in the library of every Spiritualist on the face of the globe, who can in any way afford to secure it. In what better way could the many, many friends of this tireless worker for human advancement show their appreciation of her matchless efforts, and at the same time help themselves to one of the richest literary treasures ever offered to the world, than by immediately bestirring themselves to see that this great work is published?

Mrs. Britten has completed it. It is in two large volumes, and as a history of spiritual workers is unique and valuable for all coming generations.

The cost of issuing so large a work may be beyond the means of a single person, but the cost is very slight when divided among the many. Here is an opportunity for erecting a memorial to the brave, good man who has now passed within the veil, but lives and works truly as ever, yet, more powerfully than ever before for the dissemination of truth, and the consequent elevation of humanity.

W. J. COLVILLE.

#### New Publications.

BOOK OF THE FAIR.—Part eighteen of this celebrated book, describing the great World's Fair, is resplendent with elegant engravings depicting the art department, and causing one to feel that he is truly in the midst of the Exposition's fine productions. There is this added interest to the Fair itself: the beautiful language in which the book is clothed makes the latest volume brightly entertaining and historical. One learns much more about the artists and their works than it was possible to get at the Fair. The reproductions do the originals great credit. There are several full-page engravings, all fine compositions, and many of them studies in nature. There is nothing left undone in the portrayal of all that was best at the great Fair, and it would seem, almost, as if the time taken to have made the journey was wasted, so good is the counterfeited representation in this highly wrought work of art. The Bancroft Co., Chicago, Ill.

RECEIVED: DIVINITY OF THE FLESH, No. 1 of the Black Flag series, a library of practical occultism. Occult Publishing Co., Kansas City, Mo.

#### The Food Exposition

Is an educator for housekeepers. You are not obliged to attend it to appreciate the value of Borden's Peerless Evaporated Cream. Your grocer can supply you; always ready; uniform results assured. Insist upon having Borden's.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By J. E. Washington, D. C.] When the spirit of our mortal brother, Paul, was caught up into the third heaven (or sphere), was it simply assumed by Paul, or was there laid upon him an embargo, that it would be unlawful for him to reveal what he had seen or heard uttered or, in either event, would the progressive spirit of the present age come within the sphere as enunciated by Paul? Is it not lawful, for scientific reasons, for mortals to delve into the secret arcana of Nature to discover its laws by which the Infinite Spirit created and upholds and moves the universe of worlds? If so, have we not in the present century made rapid strides in the investigations by and through Modern Spiritualism, into many of the truths underlying the spirit-realms—involving the eternal abode and future homes of all spirits?

Has the Controlling Intelligence ever visited the third heaven (or sphere)? If so, was any embargo laid upon him, as in the case of Paul?

ANS.—We teach emphatically that it is our highest privilege and plainest duty to impart all the knowledge we possess, so far as we are capable of making it plain to our students; but there are many forceful analogies tending to show that Paul's position is not inconsistent with the principle we lay down, and upon which we base all our efforts.

Pupils have to be educated step by step, and it is clearly necessary that they pass through the first and second before they enter the third grade school. All the way from kindergarten to university there is a ladder of learning, and the steps must be mounted one by one.

Truth, as it is understood in the third heaven (celestial), is not intelligible to those in the second heaven (spiritual), and, again, what is known in the second is not understood by those in the first heaven (natural). These three distinct heavens are discreted as schools or colleges, not by any arbitrary law of special privilege, for there is none such, but by the capacities of souls in different degrees of expression.

We should not use the word law in the sense in which our questioner has quoted it, except as signifying that it is in strict accordance with law to accommodate revelation to the requirements of those to whom the truth is being revealed. Paul had earned the right to a vision of the third heaven before he saw into it, and while he was incessantly striving to elevate the congregations to whom he ministered, he was impelled to assure them, as an encouragement to their further progress, that higher revelations awaited them as yet impossible by reason of their lack of growth.

Q.—[By Mrs. H. A. McF., Geneseo, Ill.] The guides of "White Rose" have given me the following definition for "karma": "The name for the principle which makes character through the results of action." Is this correct? If so, will you explain from your standpoint whether character is an achievement in all life-action?

A.—We have no objection to the definition of karma given above; we can indeed see how such a definition is calculated to explain the law of unvarying sequence clearly to many minds as regards its relation to character-building.

Our definite interpretation of the word karma is simply the law of cause and effect. When we speak of karmic results, we mean the inevitable consequences of thoughts, words and deeds. From such consequences there can be no escape, except through the operation in another direction of the same law which has brought to us a penalty for our errors.

Sanskrit literature, which is extremely ancient, emphasizes the supremacy of law in the universe exactly as this doctrine is now being taught by savants in the West. If law is supreme and inviolable, man has certainty on which to build. We cannot dodge results or evade consequences, but we can act so lawfully that blessed shall be in our reaping because we are wise in our sowing.

The tremendous liberty of man when he knows the law is almost appalling. Freedom of action assumes Titanic proportions, as man with giant strides evinces his power over all terrestrial things, while the stupendous law of being smiles serenely on human conquest, crowning every effort with indubitable success.

At first sight it often appears that the supremacy of law, once admitted, kills at a blow all sense of human freedom. So shallow a conclusion is utterly contradicted by the practical achievements of living science. It is because of the supreme inviolability of law—the certainty that no one and nothing can change it—that science steps forward majestically and with certain tread, knowing that when the law is discovered and its requirements met, all things are possible except violation of the law whereby they may be accomplished.

In seeking to develop character, we need only learn the law whereby certain attributes can be unfolded, and as all we ever endeavor to bring forth is already contained within us, the work of evolving or edifying any notable quality inherent in man becomes a matter of scientific progress.

Psycho-physical laboratories are modern institutions, devices of practical philanthropic utilitarianism of to-day, which bear considerable resemblance to the far-famed schools of the prophets of ancient times in Egypt, India and other Oriental climes, as well as to the reformatory measures always adopted by those wise teaching angels who, through specially-prepared channels all over the earth, have imparted a system of philosophy whose motto is ever and only, "Overcome evil with good."

Character is potentially a possession; its evolution is an achievement. The character we unfold and display we have achieved just as we achieve all results through industry. Two truths need to be distinctly borne in mind if we would develop character: 1. Such character as we are desirous of unfolding does certainly inhere; 2. This inherent character may

be likened to the germ of plant or bird concealed in seed or egg—it needs a favoring environment for its education.

All successful sociological effort is based on the foregoing propositions, for apart from them work would be too uncertain to inspire much enthusiasm even among the most benevolent. We cannot build other people's characters for them, but we can teach and assist them to build their own, and this can be accomplished in many instances far more by silent spiritual appeal than by any external measures.

Q.—[By Anna Lukens, M. D., New York.] Why are we dependent upon power outside of ourselves to manage the body when it is no longer intact—notably in cases of severed arteries and broken bones?

A.—This question almost answers itself when one considers that all so-called accidents are due to lack of perfect mastery over the body.

The question before all intelligent students of Spiritual Science is not whether we shall set our broken bones and repair our severed arteries by thought, but whether we cannot learn so to live that we shall steer our barks clear of all misadventures. Effects flowing from their own causes are revelations to the thoughtful student of the mental states which are manifested by and through them.

If a man loses his balance on a ladder, and falls, through fright or even carelessness, it is clear that he had not attained or had temporarily lost a state of equilibrium. When we break bones or sever arteries, we phenomenally confess to some degree of weakness, and are therefore dependent for the time upon the good offices of our neighbors. At the same time, it is not impossible for you, if you quickly gain control over yourself, to do all that needs to be done without assistance from another. When we are weak and have fallen, we usually need another to raise us, and mutual service is always according to spiritual law.

The great question lying back of all these inquiries is, How far can we attest our own inherent divinity by demonstrating our power over the weaknesses and liabilities to which all are subject until we have conquered them? A thoroughly orderly life is always self-possessed and calm, never in a hurry, never perplexed, but always open to intuitive illumination.

We never counsel rash neglect, but regard it as by far the best course whenever we are in difficulty to summon the best aid procurable and allow others to help us, as we should be ever ready to help them in time of need. It is quite within the province of a man or woman to thoroughly master the organism, and whatever leads to such mastery should be most cordially welcomed, and all that calls it in question peremptorily dismissed. But though man's potential force is equal to save him from injury in all emergencies, the evolution of this inherent ability is a gradual, progressive work.

### OUR DEAR DEPARTED.

To treasure not their memory, but forget them  
For other loves and joys—  
And should they seek to whisper tidings, set them  
At naught, as trivial toys—

Is false to nature's tenderest, holiest teachings;  
The laws of purest Love,  
Implore our hearts with earnest, strong beseechings  
To cling to friends above.

And seek from loftiest realms of life immortal  
The guidance mortals need.  
The strength to enter yonder pearl-gemmed portal,  
And grasp our heaven-sent need.

So shall our hearts burn fervently within us,  
As comfort rich descends  
From friends to give us courage, and to win us  
To life's divinest ends. J. S. DRAFER.

### Verification of Spirit Message.

I write to verify a message published Sept. 22, in your valuable paper, the BANNER OF LIGHT, from ARTHUR RUSSELL, which is regarded by all his friends as very characteristic and true in every particular. During the five years since he passed over he has repeatedly manifested through many of our platform test mediums, such as J. Frank Baxter, Edgar Emerson and others, and on several occasions through the mediumship of Mrs. Effie Moss. He has materialized, so that I have been able to hold loving communication with him, affording convincing evidence of his identity. I am the one he refers to in his message as "Grandpa Russell." SAMUEL RUSSELL, Cleveland, O., Nov. 15, 1894.

No other medicine has won approval, at home, equal to Ayer's Sarsaparilla in Lowell.

### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Boston, Mass., Dec. 9, Mrs. E. A. Edwards, daughter of Henry Roberts of Gardiner, Me., aged 4 years.

For many years she was well known as a participant in the musical exercises of the spiritual meetings of Boston, and had many friends.

A loved son passed on to the other life in the early spring; since then she has often been crying out for him.

We know our sister has reached "that kingdom called Home." A. S. W.

From Leominster, Mass., Dec. 8, Abby Kelly, eldest daughter of the late John and Abby Nourse, aged 48 years.

Miss Nourse was forewoman in the comb manufactory of Titon & Cook. Saturday evening, while returning to her home, in crossing the street she was struck by a horse and run over by the carriage attached, who never fully regained consciousness, and quietly passed away early the morning of the following Monday.

She was a lady of great strength of character and indomitable courage and perseverance.

She was an ardent Spiritualist, and had done much for the Cause. She was fully in sympathy with the Woman Suffrage movement, and a member of the local league.

Named for the noble Abby Kelly Foster, she honored by her the name she bore.

Her funeral took place from her home with her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Chandler, and was very largely attended. Rarest floral offerings of varied designs filled the room where the body lay.

The service was conducted by the writer. My her sister, brother and their families be comforted in the bereavement that shone upon her pathway. JULIETTE YEAW.

From Pembroke, Mass., Dec. 13, 1894, Thomas J. Turner, aged 89 years 8 months and 13 days.

Mr. Turner had been a Spiritualist for thirty years—every year making him firmer in his belief that death was not death, but life. To him life's taper was not extinguished the evening—rather death was the morning, and he had no need of the present light, so passed into the presence of the greater.

D. J. Bates, North Attum, Mass., writes, additionally, of Mr. Turner: "He was a firm believer in the power, which he exercised freely, and with good results. With positive assurance in the life beyond, he calmly waited the transition. Mr. and Mrs. Bates, of the same faith, ministered blessings during his declining years, and were faithful to the trust. Rev. O. Y. De Normandie of Kingston officiated at the funeral."

From Stockton, Me., Dec. 5, Mrs. Emmeline Randall, widow of William Randall, aged 83 years.

Mrs. Randall was a believer in our Philosophy, and often taught the presence, during her sickness, of her father, the late Rev. H. G. Carley of Prospect, Me., a Free Will Baptist minister. The Bangor Commercial says of her: "She who walked faithfully as wife, mother, sister, neighbor and friend, has been called to a higher life. She was







