





pieces of food, having been first put into Mrs. Gray's mouth, about to be transferred to Lily's, and then forward, and taking the child, said: "Oh, don't, Mrs. Gray! I know it's wrong, for Dr. Cameron says that a child should never eat such food until its teeth are formed; besides—"

I stopped short, for I felt it would be rude to tell her that I did not like to have food thus prepared. It was well I stopped there, for she was angry enough then.

"I don't think that Dr. Cameron, or my son's wife, can tell me anything new about raising children. I have had a husband and seven children, and have buried the father, and five of the children, and surely ought to know something about infants and sickness."

I made no reply, but carried Lily to take her afternoon sleep. When I returned to the room Mr. Gray and his mother were engaged in conversation, and the former said:

"Oh, no, it can't be possible; he's a dark, mysterious man, whom nobody knows, or cares to know. But Helen must stop her recollections at once."

"What did she say to you in the study to-day?" said Mrs. Gray, who seemed inclined to continue the subject, notwithstanding my presence.

"She said, decidedly, that she would not marry the deacon—it was of no use to urge her. The truth is, her head is full of foolish, romantic notions, which she has imbibed, in a measure, from Bertha. Bertha," he added, turning to me, "the reports are that Helen has been seen walking with Dr. Cameron; that he has called her to see her, and that you encourage the intimacy. Knowing as you do our wishes with regard to Deacon Abram, I ask an explanation of your conduct."

I felt my spirit rise and my cheek flush at this assertion; but as it is the truth only that would, I was enabled to reply calmly:

"So far from that being the case I could with greater safety trust her happiness with the deacon: he has an honest, faithful heart, and loves her sincerely."

"Why, then, do you not give him encouragement? To-day he said to me, 'If your wife were only on my side—but she has never spoken one word of encouragement.'"

"Because I am assured Helen does not love him; and a marriage without love is not a marriage without God's blessing—that only is heaven's certificate. The State may sanction, and the priest officiate, but there is no true marriage."

Mr. Gray was silent, but it was the silence of suppressed anger; he was pale around the mouth, and the lips were firmly set, but his eyes flashed a glance at me which made my heart stand still. I was thinking only of Helen when I spoke, but had I not pronounced condemnation upon myself?

"I think you are very peculiar in your notions," said Mrs. Gray, "and if everybody thought with you, there would be few marriages."

"And less misery!" I could not help adding. "One thing is certain," continued she, with a raised voice; "this is no place for Helen when I am not here; such romantic notions will unfit her for the realities of life. We are poor, and Helen can hardly afford to throw away such a chance as this. The deacon has the best farm in Vernon; he is a truly good man, sound in doctrine and right in practice; he loves Helen, and I think if she had been only under my influence and Calvin's, she would have learned to return that love."

"Never!" I said, with emphasis. "Helen knows her own heart, and she will be true to herself. It may lead to suffering and sorrow. I fear it for her; but the end will be peace."

I could have said more—for the spirit of prophecy seemed upon me—but I checked myself.

"That will do," said Mr. Gray. "Perhaps you would do well to write a novel; it would take, I fancy, especially with sentimental school girls, and swarthy Spanish-looking adventurers, who come into a place without reference or church-membership."

I made no reply, but, waiting a few moments to hear what further charges were brought against me, I found that Mr. Gray sought his newspaper, and his mother her sewing, I went into the kitchen.

"I'm glad you've come," said Aunt Paul, "for your mother Gray has been in the kitchen giving me some lessons in cooking. She says I must put no more eggs in my doughnuts—it's a piece of extravagance; that my pie-crust is altogether too rich; and she has made some for a pattern—come, just taste of it; it's tough as leather, isn't it?" Then she went into the cellar, and examined the preserves, and is full of astonishment at your profusion. "No wonder," she says, "that Calvin complains of his salary—it is enough to ruin any man. I found her in one of the chambers yesterday, examining the feather-beds; and she insists upon it that there are too many feathers in them. Two of them will make three, she says, and she proposed to me to help her change them."

"That is cool," I said. "Why, my father gave me those beds just as they are—and I would not have them touched."

"Oh! but you are a mere child, and need guidance and teaching! Now, Mrs. Gray, I do not wish to make trouble with your relations, but if you could get the little Irish girl that we had last winter when you were sick, to stay awhile in the kitchen, I will go away a few weeks and see my son that lives in Yorkshire; and when Mrs. Gray leaves, if you wish, I will return. She prefers to manage the household, and I am afraid that she and myself will not live harmoniously together."

Now Aunt Paul did not tell me that she had heard the subject of her dismissal discussed by Mrs. Gray and her son, and that she was only anticipating their wishes. The good soul knew how much I loved her, and how necessary she had become to me; she knew, too, how much pain it would give me to have her dismissed by them, and she doubted my power to retain her. It grieved her to part from me and Lily, and I think she hoped that Mr. Gray would favor her return when his mother should leave; but she had her fears that it might not be so. This, however, I learned afterward, and therefore willingly gave my consent to her departure then, as she needed change and rest.

My father and mother, however, came the next day, and Aunt Paul remained with me during their visit, and everything moved on with its accustomed regularity, her housewifery and culinary skill being the admiration of my father. Lily was, of course, the centre of attraction to my guests, and even my mother seemed more gentle and kind than was her habit formerly. Eddie was in school, preparing for a college course. Joe sent Lily a package of sweetmeats and an India rubber rattle, which last was quite a favorite with her. My father said Joe should come to see the baby soon; I felt as if the darling could have no warmer friend, and I determined she should learn to say "Uncle Joe."

My friends stayed but a few days; one of those days was Sunday, and my father said that he had heard but few sermons better than Mr. Gray's morning discourse, from the text "What is truth?"

"I think, Bertha," he said, "that Mr. Gray improves; his style is good, his delivery, if not graceful, is dignified, and his arguments terse and weighty; perhaps he is more useful here than he would have been on missionary ground."

I made no reply to the last remark, for it was still a sore subject with me.

"Are you not happy, my child?" said my father, tenderly. Lily was sitting in my lap as he spoke, and her little hands were playing with my curls. I clasped her closer to my bosom, and said:

"Can I be otherwise than happy, father?"

"Children are a precious blessing, Bertha," he replied; "I well remember your mother's happiness the year after your birth. And yet he did not seem quite satisfied with my answer."

My father gave me money to buy a carpet and stove for Aunt Paul, and I pleased myself with the thought of having them in her room when she should return. She left the day after my father; I missed her sadly. The awkward Irish girl was but a poor exchange, even in the kitchen, and of course out of it she had no sphere. Aunt Paul could make a bed and wash the baby with more skill than any one else; then, if I were weary and dispirited, she always had a promise from the Bible; if I were impatient or faithless she prayed with me, and if I grew faint and worn with night-

watching and anxiety, she knew best how to cook the delicate quail, or the bowl of oysters. I went away and wept a little—just a little—for my childish habit of shedding tears was not wholly broken.

Mr. Gray's mother assumed at once the management of the household, without any acknowledgment of another head. I did not feel this to be right, but I was overruled by her stronger will, and partly by a wish to have no contention with her; but I resolved to watch my beds, and as Aunt Paul had baked a large quantity of pies and cakes, I thought I would remain quiet for the present. But not so did the Irish girl resolve, and in less than a week there was trouble with her, and one washing day about noon she left us literally "in the luds." It was difficult to procure another, and we lived without one for some time. In six weeks we changed three times, for either through my own want of skill, or the girls' incapacity, or a dislike to Mrs. Gray, we could not retain them. I was very weary of this life, and was very thankful when my father sent for me to come home and stay a few weeks. The weather was very mild for the season, and Col. James had kindly offered to take me in his carriage, which he fitted very comfortably for the purpose. Mr. Gray did not object to this arrangement, as it saved his purse and his time. My mother Gray said that it would be just the time for me to go, as she could take care of things in my absence. Helen was to go with me, but return in two or three days.

Never were two ladies better cared for than we were by the gallant old bachelor, and Lily was perhaps the happiest of the group. Though all of us found it very agreeable, the Colonel was very entertaining with his reminiscences of younger days, and as he had been a great traveler, he had a fund of information that never failed him. He told us the story of the watch, with many little additional particulars.

"There was something in the adventure," said he, "that excited my curiosity and interest for a long time. I would give the value of the watch for a sight of those two faces again. That of the lady was fair and delicate, with a profusion of brown hair, and a soft hazel eye, such as we seldom see. The man's face was a study; and though I saw it only when under the influence of pain, it was an index of a marked character, powerful either for good or ill. Once since I have met such a face: it was in the town of B., at a trial in the court room; but it vanished in the crowd, and though I tried to get a glance of it again, it was in vain. Sometimes I have thought he was one of a band of robbers that at that time infested the east of England. If so, he was a leader; there were romantic stories told of one such, who was a scion of nobility, but, disgusted with a life of folly and fashion, quitted it for the dangerous sport of a free Robin Hood life in the woods. My friend Herbert insisted upon it, Mrs. Gray, that the lady's picture bore a strong resemblance to yourself; and it was in this way he obtained the watch. And that reminds me that I met a gentleman in Boston last week that had just returned from the West Indies, and had seen the Herberts. Poor Lillian is pining for Vernon and her little Lily. Her health is not good, and she will return as early as the season will permit; no medicine so good for her as the society of her pet."

When we arrived at my father's we found Joe on the door-step. He had been seated there some hours, they said, to catch the first glimpse of "baby." His withered, wizened face lighted up with a pleasure that made him look beautiful to me, and when I put the child in his arms, and said, "This is Uncle Joe, Lily darling!" and she, not knowing what was said, but understanding it was somebody mother loved, put out her little fat, chubby hand, and stroked his face, and crowded and laughed, it was too much for the poor fellow—the big tears ran slowly down his cheeks. This introduction was the beginning of a warm friendship between the two.

My visit home was pleasant, dimmed only by the absence of William, who was again in the Sandwich Islands on business. Edward came home to see me; he was a fine manly boy, just ready to enter college; still his mother's idol. She had sacrificed everything to him, the happiness of her husband's children, and even her own personal ambition—for though possessing a passion for dress, she would part with all but bare necessities, if it were required, to furnish him with pocket money. So intense was her love, or worship, or ambition—I hardly know what to call it—that it was oppressive even to the object of it, and I think he had some perception of its selfishness, and half suspected that were he deformed or imbecile, the love would be diminished thereby. But he had a fine person, a noble heart, and a good intellect, and the ambitious mother looked forward to the close of his college life with great eagerness and fond hope. I could not help sharing it with her, and I entered into his future plans with an interest second only to hers.

My father never seemed nearer or dearer to me than during this visit—he shared with Joe the care of Lily—she, however, rather inclining to the latter, but preferring these two to any nurse, even her mother. I loved to watch my father with Lily in his arms; it recalled the "long, long ago," when I sat so proudly on the same throne. I saw with pain that the gray hairs had increased on his head, and that his step was not so firm or buoyant; and now and then he would say "I am tired," which was a strange phrase on his lips. What a shudder comes over the heart when we perceive for the first time that a father is growing old! It comes suddenly upon us at last, and the feeling is so painful that we put it away, and if it returns, allow ourselves only to think of a long old age, full of quiet, and of pleasant memories—an old age that we can watch, and comfort, and care for.

But he looked young compared to Mrs. Towle. She still came to wash, for my father was one that loved familiar faces in the kitchen, as well as in his office and parlor. She was worn and old; for, she said, the world had gone rather hard with them. Her husband, she declared was the best man in the world, and she would not change him for the President—no, not even the old hero Jackson!—but somehow or other he had not the "gumption" to get ahead.

"Sometimes," said she, "I think he's too honest for the rogues around him—he can't think anybody will be so wicked as to cheat him, and so, if he gets any money, it is soon gone. The children are doing well, and will soon be able to take care of me. Thank God, they are good children with no bad habits—that is a great blessing! I see, Bertha, a poor woman like me that has to work hard for a living, can pray for her children, if she can do nothing else; so, when I stand at the wash-tub and pray that their little hearts may be washed and made pure by divine grace; and when I hang the clothes out in the pure and bright sunlight, I look up to the sky and pray that my children may be clothed in white robes, and stand in the sunshine of God's love upon the highest heaven. It sounds queer, I know, to have such thoughts when one is scrubbing and rubbing in the kitchen; but I have not time to dress and go to meeting like fine ladies, so I make a meeting of my own."

As Mrs. Towle spoke she was fondling my baby. "There, now, look at the little darling! bless her heart! that's your mother's smile; it does me good to see it. What a comfort she'll be to you, Bertha! I've had a house full of children, and not one too many; sometimes, when they came, I could not tell where the bread was to come from to put into their mouths, but it was always 'made sure' in some way—and then to think of having them all round you in heaven! Sometimes when I think of that I'm willing to die right away, and go first, that I may be there to meet them when they come. I have one there, you know, and it will make death easier, because it opens the door to her—it was my first-born. I gave that to God, just as the Jews gave the firstling of the flock, the precious lamb without spot or blemish. God preserve this one to you; but remember, if he does take it, though you may be in such darkness that you can't see a ray of light for days and weeks, yet there will come a time when you can look up, and your eyes will be opened to see a new star in heaven! Don't forget it; I feel drawn out to say it to you now. I've a notion, (it came into my head all of a sudden one day) that when God takes our children from us, perhaps he gives 'em to those we love, that they may be taken care of in that way; who knows but my angel child is with your mother! It's in my head that she is, and it's a great comfort to me!"

It was pleasant to hear the good woman talk, and I felt like a child again when I went over the river to her own home, as full of children now as ever, though no babies.

I lingered at home some days longer than I intended. I was never as happy there, save in the earliest days of my childhood—perhaps never as happy in my life; for, since Lily was born to me, I had learned trust and faith in God. At least I thought so, and often said to myself, "I will never doubt his love again." I asked Mrs. Towle if she noticed my father's care-worn look, and change in his step.

"Lal yes, child, but no need of spectacles for that—I've seen that he has some secret trouble that weighs upon him, but perhaps it's nothing but the infirmities of age, which we must expect by this time. He came over here one day not long ago, and he sat down in that old arm-chair, and we talked an hour about old times—and he made me tell him over and over about your mother's death, (it was with her, you know, and so was your father, but he was so overcome he did not know all she said.)"

Husband, I'll cross the dark river first; but I'm not afraid—you are with me here, and I see an angel in white robes coming from the other side—I'll ask him to come for you, too, when God calls you!"

The women in the room thought her mind was wandering, but maybe it wasn't. Who knows what dying folks see when this world is shut to them? Anyway, your father seemed to want to hear it again, and when I had repeated it, he sat looking into the fire without speaking for some time.

When I left Oldbury Lily cried because Joe was not going with us, and poor Joe found it hard to part from the baby.

Dear Oldbury! As we drove slowly through it that bright day every street through which we passed, and every house almost, was dignified by my memory—there was an old wood-colored house, sunk part way into the ground, where a revolutionary pensioner lived who used to tell me stories of the revolution. There he is now by the chimney-corner, with a dark velvet cap on his head; he is weary with this world, and is waiting his discharge. In one room of that next house is a venerable old woman, to whom I used to carry a chicken and a mince pie every Thanksgiving, and she would put her hand on my head, and say, "The Lord God of Israel bless you, my darling!" Now we are out of this long, narrow street, into the broad avenue which is the pride of the city, shaded by venerable elms, and adorned with fine mansions. Now comes the old turnpike road, made familiar to me by my old school days—every poplar and old pollard willow is familiar as the face of a friend. I miss the old pine-wood; but, as we ride through, I recall vividly the robbery. Here is the very place, near the solitary pine—the last of the grove which some kind hand had spared.

"Stop a minute, Col. James! There, right there, he came out and seized the reins—and on this side, near that old stone, the other appeared. What a difference there was in them! The one, a rough, coarse Irishman; the other—ah! now I recall his face, the very expression, as he looked at me; there was not a bit of the ruffian about it, but sad and gentle. Strange, passing strange—it is so like—well, what fancies we have!"

I was talking to myself, for the Colonel was watering the horses; but a strange, curious fancy haunted me all that day, very odd, indeed, but the reader shall learn it.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## LOVE'S TRIALS.

IT was a mild April day when we entered Vernon, a forerunner of spring, a sort of "promise to pay," that was very pleasant to look upon. The village itself had become endeared to me, for as a clergyman's wife I had found much that was bright and sunny; it was not all shady to me, and more than one kind friend smiled a welcome as we drove through the main street. At our own home Helen was watching for us, and when she threw her arms round my neck I saw the tears start in her eyes as she said:

"Oh, Bertha, how much I have wanted you!"

"Poor girl! I know she was in trouble, and my heart ached for her. Mr. Gray was more cordial than was his wont; he appeared very much as he did the evening long ago, when I came from Elmwood—almost fond and affectionate. I am sorry to say that it did not warrant corresponding feelings in my own heart; I think I liked Mr. Gray best when he was most stern and reserved—perhaps because that mood was most natural to him—and perhaps because woman's heart is an odd, strange thing, full of whims."

His mother was at the Sewing Society, and we had not the pleasure of her company at tea; but Mr. Gray petted Lily, giving her sugar, and allowing her to sit upon his knee, and even condescending to baby-talk. His eyes had an unusual brightness, and Helen and myself were thrown into a little wonder at this peculiar mood for the jagged maul, and even attempted a few jokes, things we had never noticed before. Helen was pleased, for she thought he had missed his wife and child, and was filled with pleasure at their return.

He did not, however, spend the evening with us, but remained in the study. Now the study was a place almost tabooed to the rest of the family. Mr. Gray was very neat and particular, and preferred taking the charge of it himself, seldom permitting any one to do it for him. He could not study with the baby in the room, he said, and did not like playthings about. In the summer I had sometimes carried a vase of flowers and placed it upon the table, but he said they annoyed him; there was danger of overturning them, and the withered petals dropped upon the table. He wished nothing in his study that would divert his mind from his sermons. So, gradually, the study became a place consecrated wholly to his use, and I seldom ventured there. This evening, however, after baby was asleep, I thought I would go in and sit with him—perhaps he would like to have me. I entered quietly, but found him sleeping soundly on the lounge. I laid a shawl over him, and returned to my room, where Helen sat watching Lily, and singing in a low voice—

"Should all the race of nature die,  
And none be left but he and I,  
For all the gold, for all the pear,  
For all the lands both far and near,  
That ever lost or won,  
I would not wed the earlie's son!"

As she finished, I took it up and sung—

"But Nora's heart is lost and won,  
She wedded to the earlie's son."

She looked up, archly, and replied—

"The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight are there;  
They sought her both by tower and hall—  
The lady was not seen!"

"She's o'er the border and awa'!  
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean!"

"Seriously, Helen," I said, as I took my sewing and sat down in my accustomed seat by the fire, "how fares it with yourself and the deacon? If you could return his honest, sincere affection, I think life might be very pleasant to you."

There was the least curl of her pretty lip as I spoke, and the next instant a tear in her eye: "And you, too, Bertha?"

"No, Helen—no, I will never advise you to accept the hand without the heart; but be aware, dearest, how and to whom you yield that precious treasure. I fear it is already lost. When love enters the heart where there are gray hairs on the head, it makes a strong fortress there. This passion is as much stronger as the experience is broader, and mind and body more mature."

"Gray hairs, Bertha! precious few of them, and if there be some, the head looks all the better for the thread of silver."

"Yes, it is a noble head, but far from being a perfect one; and the face—ah, Helen! I tremble for you if your happiness for life is borne by the heart of which that face is the index."

"What do you see there, Bertha?"

"Some of the lowest passions with some of the noblest virtues—a strange mixture of good and evil; a character to love and fear, but not a companion for the quiet fireside."

"Do you see no struggle there of good with evil?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"And the good has conquered?"

"Not always; for there are the Java winks of past compulsion, where the seething, fiery passions have overleaped their bounds."

"Bertha," said Helen, as she looked earnestly at my face, "when you would say such things against him, you say it against the convictions of your own heart. You well know your own strange interest in him; and you may not suspect it, but he has similar feelings toward yourself. It was this which first led to our own more intimate acquaintance."

I could not deny this; but on the other hand I felt anxious for Helen. I could see only trouble for the future. She had steadfastly refused to see the deacon again, and her mother, indignant at this, insisted upon her returning home with her.

Mrs. Gray owned a small farm not far from Vernon, which she managed herself. It was on a lonely road, some distance from any neighbor, so that their only society was a maiden sister of Mrs. Gray, a coarse, rough woman of sixty, and a hired man. It was a dull home for Helen, and Mrs. Gray intended to make it duller, if possible; so dull that Deacon Abram's pretty white cottage, with its agreeable neighborhood, might seem more attractive.

Helen submitted without a murmur, and seemed more cheerful at the change than I expected. I was the sadder of the two when we parted. The house was very lonely without her; and the first evening, after Lily was asleep, I sat down awhile with my sewing, but I was so lonely that I ventured into the study. Mr. Gray was reading. I sat awhile till he laid down his book, and, wishing for some excuse for my intrusion, said:

"I came in, Mr. Gray, to see if you can send for Aunt Paul to-morrow."

He rose, put some more wood in the stove, sat down, wrapped his study-gown around his knees, tilted his chair back, and looking at me a half a minute before he spoke, at last replied:

"Mrs. Gray, when I married a wife, I wanted a helpmeet. You were anxious to go to India, to toil for the heathen beneath a burning sun, and in a climate where Americans live short lives. Neither danger nor toil discouraged you; and you professed great disappointment when I settled in this pleasant parish. Whether those professions were real, your own heart can answer. At least, you have now an opportunity to test your love for labor. My salary, you know, is but eight hundred dollars per year; this, with house-rent, wood and all the other things, will barely pay our expenses for the year, and when hired labor is added it materially increases the outlay. My mother says that you can save me a great deal by performing your own kitchen work. I think now you may begin."

I sat silent for a moment. I thought he might be right. I had never been accustomed to household labor, and of late the care of my child had absorbed my time; but I would now try to do as he wished, and I expressed myself thus.

"Very well," said he; "I am glad that you view the matter in the same light with myself. An Irish girl, whom I have engaged, will wash for us."

He then turned to his book; and I sat awhile, till I became sleepy, and rose to leave. It had been my custom since Lily's birth to keep the watch in my sleeping room, and not finding it there this evening, I went to the place where it usually hung in the study for the purpose of taking it with me. It was not there.

"Have you the watch, Mr. Gray?"

"No—I have sold it!"

"Sold my watch, Mr. Gray!" I exclaimed. "I would not have sold it for twice its value!"

"But I got three times its worth."

"But, Mr. Gray, it was my watch, given to me before my marriage. I valued it too highly to part with it on any terms."

I thought I had fully explained to you the rights of a husband over his wife's property.

"But, Mr. Gray, this was an uncalculated exercise of power. How could you do it?"

"Who gave you that watch, Bertha?"

The blood rushed to my face, and I felt conscience-stricken; it was too true that I had valued the watch for the giver's sake. Such ornaments were of no value to me in themselves, as I never had a fancy for jewelry of any sort. It was the last token of my childish friendship; everything else had been sacrificed, and had I not, in my heart, dedicated that to Mr. Gray? It was his in a higher sense even than the one in which he viewed it. Yes, he was right here; I must submit; better perhaps for my peace of mind that I should do so at once and cheerfully. But it was hard—so hard that I had to struggle with myself before I could reply.

"Mr. Herbert gave it to me—(how my voice trembled!) I thought you knew it, or I would have told you."

"I did know it; and as I saw you valued it, I thought it best to part with it, especially as I was offered a sum, as I told you, thrice its value. Sit down a moment; I have something to say to you."

I trembled and grew sick at heart, but I obeyed him.

"Bertha, I am not ignorant of your childish attachment, nor of Mr. Herbert's treatment of you; his conduct should have weaned your heart wholly from him—perhaps it has, I have watched your conduct carefully; I have watched you when you supposed I was not near, and I freely acknowledge that I see nothing to censure. But the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked; you cannot trust your self, and I have therefore a few rules which I wish you to heed. Next month the Herberts will be here. I do not wish you to go in there while Mr. Herbert is at home; I prefer that there should be less intercourse between the families."

"But, Mr. Gray, you would not surely deprive Mrs. Herbert of the privilege of coming to see the baby? She returns early on her account, and it would be cruel for us to separate them."

"No—unless she makes too much of a pet of her; we must not have the child spoiled. If I see any danger in that way I shall interfere myself."

I went to bed that night with a sore heart. I did not sleep much, and when the first daylight streamed into the room I rose and went down into the kitchen. Mr. Gray always laid abed until breakfast time; it was his custom to sit up late at night in his study, and sleep later in the morning.

I had just kindled the fire, a task which took some time for want of skill, and was making biscuit, when I heard Lily cry. I could not go at once, but hurried to get my hands out of the dough and my biscuit into the oven.

When I went up to the chamber the baby had climbed upon the side of the crib, and was looking in vain for me. Not finding me there, she had set up a doleful cry. Her father had once laid her back in the crib and bade her lie still, but she had thrown the clothes off and was repeating her moaning for me. Mr. Gray had raised himself up, and was about to strike her for climbing up again, when he had bidden her lie still, but I sprang forward and caught her in my arms, and ran down stairs.

I managed after awhile to get some breakfast on the table—but, oh dear! my biscuit were heavy and sour! In my haste to go to the baby, I had forgotten my soda. They were not eatable, and we had to make our breakfast without them, much to Mr. Gray's chagrin. The next morning I took the baby with me when I went down, as Mr. Gray said that he could not be disturbed in his morning slumbers. But the room was cold, and I was so long making a fire that we were both chilled, and took cold.

I found my labor rather hard, more perhaps from want of skill and strength than from any other cause. Mr. Gray told me that I should get used to it by-and-by; but it grew harder every day, and I mourned for Aunt Paul most sincerely. I grew thin and ill, but I would not complain—perhaps as the weather became warmer I should feel better.

One day, toward the last of April, Mr. Gray went to exchange with a brother minister who lived only a few miles distant; he left early on Sunday morning, intending to be at home the same evening. The minister who preached did not stay with me, but with a sister who lived in the village. During the day it commenced raining, and toward evening it increased to a fearful storm of wind and rain—the latter poured in torrents. I knew Mr. Gray could not return, and I prepared myself to stay alone at night; something which I had never done before in

my life. It was very dark, with no light, and not a cheerful word, for the wind blew, rattling every window and shaking every door. I lay in the cradle, went round and round it, and tried to read, I am naturally very timid, and that night every shadow startled me. I sat but a few minutes with my book in hand, when the door bell rung with a sound that echoed all over the house. I was too timid at first to go to the door, but gathering a little courage I took the lamp, and shading it with my hands went carefully onward. As I opened the door the blast blew my light out; the person, whoever it was, stepped at once into the passage and closed the door, as the rain blew in fearfully.

"Good evening, Mrs. Gray," he said, as he stood upon the door-mat, wiping his wet feet. "Allow me to take my rubbers off here?"

"It was so dark that I could not see his face; but that voice! I knew it now! I was sure of it. It was the same that once said to me in the pine wood, 'Be quiet, child; I would not harm you to save my life.'"

[To be continued.]

## A TALE OF THE DRAGON.

Brave General Tso, from the land of Hoang Ho, Was famed from Peking to Hong Kong. He knew not defeat, nor would he retreat From a foe, he was ever so strong.

He cared not for Nordenfled, Maxim or Lang, And he sneered at the undersized Jap. So he swore by the pigtail of Viceroy Chang That he'd give the intruder a rap.

He marshalled his forces from Che Foo and Chwang, And Yalu and Pongsan and Chow, And Yeu Chung and Tsun Ming and Ning Po and Tsung.

And the black flags of Sin Yang Kau, With Generals Paowul, Jinkwol and Wang, Brave Tso marched ahead of the fray, A bee line they made for the town of Ping Yang, Which was ever so distant away.

In Pechili Bay, at anchor there lay The fleet of the terrible Ting, Who had promised Tso to the battle to go, With his man-eating war-ship Gin Sling; At Ping Yang plumed Tso to devour the foe

Who had crossed from Shikoku to Seoul, And he swore by the God at Lin Hung Choo That he'd send every Jap into Sheol. But, lo and behold! every Chinaman bold Has been



## 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.

**MARLBORO.**—Sarah L. Hurd writes: "I would like to give emphatic endorsement to the sentiments expressed by the guides of Wm. J. Colville in BANNER of Dec. 8, in answer to question regarding 'killing animals,' and especially on the 'eating of flesh,' and was further pleased to see editorial reference to and sanction of the same.

It is one of the most important reforms, if not the most, demanded at the present day. As the article referred to says, 'There must be a sufficiency of good, nourishing and well-cooked food of other kinds, if one is to successfully change his regimen of diet.'

Herein lies the cause of frequent failures in the attempt, and we are reminded of personal experiences and experiments involved in such a change, made about four years ago by a whole family.

Feeling there must be some healthful literature on the subject, after much inquiry and delay we were able to obtain address of *The Vegetarian Messenger*, London, Eng., and *Food, Home and Garden*, published in Philadelphia (310 Chestnut street) by the Vegetarian Society of America, organized in 1890, with the Rev. Henry S. Clubb as editor. Both of the above are monthly publications.

Mr. Clubb is pastor of a Christian church in that city, one condition of membership to which being entire abstinence from flesh in diet.

These publications contain lists of quite extensive libraries on the subject, and in themselves give monthly to their readers fresh, wholesome directions for pure, healthful living, and abundant testimony of the good results therefrom.

This information is contributed hoping it may serve another, as it would most gratefully have served your correspondent four years ago.

Among Spiritualists there are some prominent for their high, pure, spiritual standard in preaching and practice, who in both proclaim vegetarianism as conducive to such results.

Besides Mr. W. J. Colville, Mr. M. S. Ayer of the Spiritual Temple, Boston, Mrs. H. S. Lake of Cleveland, O., and Dr. G. C. Beckwith of Well, now in Denver, Col., are known as hearty co-operators in this reform.

The November number of *Food, Home and Garden* contains an extract from an address by Mrs. Lake published in and copied from a local Cleveland paper, with her portrait, and this commendation of her work by the editor: 'No lady in this country has done so much to aid the vegetarian cause as Mrs. Lake.'

The extract is in her most characteristic, forcible vein of thought and expression. This reform should and must be recognized by Spiritualists as among the foremost.

**HAVERHILL AND BRADFORD.**—"E. P. H." writes: "Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes was the speaker before the Spiritual Union of Haverhill and Bradford Sunday, 23d ult.

Her afternoon discourse was a recognition of the return of Christmas, in most entertaining terms.

The evening inspirational theme was the advance of art, literature, religion, discovery and science of living. The outflow of her control is in the form of a carefully written address, read from manuscript before her, but no manuscript is ever there. Her inspirational delivery is in a marked degree phenomenal."

**WORCESTER.**—Fred L. Hildreth, Conductor, writes: "The Worcester Children's Progressive Lyceum had its annual Christmas tree at U. V. L. Hall at 7:30 Tuesday evening.

The exercises consisted of original poem, 'Christmas Time,' F. L. Hildreth; piano solo, 'Minuet a la Antique,' Hattie F. Smith; reading, 'The Bells Across the Snow,' Mabel Woodward; song, 'Baby's Prayer,' Flossie Isaacs; reading, 'Little Mary's Wish,' Ida Yates; song, 'Jingle Bells,' Frankie Burgess; recitation, 'My Wife's Vacation,' Bertie Clapp; reading, 'Santa Claus's Stoking,' Hattie W. Hildreth. Spirit. Lionel Burnett, son of Mrs. Burnett the author, controlled Mrs. Conklin and gave a description of his home and occupations in spirit-life, which interested the little ones very much.

This is a new feature, introduced into our Lyceum each Sunday, inviting these little children to control our mediums and speak.

Then followed Santa Claus, personated by Harry Hammond, who gave the children their presents from the well filled tree. Suspended around the platform were seven beautiful wreaths for the members who have arisen but are not forgotten. Our hall was full. All seemed happy, and each went home smiling."

**BOSTON.**—T. Kiernan, President, writes: "The Society of Spiritual Endeavor met as usual on Tuesday evening, Dec. 18. The President opened the meeting by reading extracts from the report of a recent meeting of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research, held at the rooms of the Boston Society of Natural History." Prof. William James of Harvard University occupied the chair at this meeting. F. W. H. Meyers read a paper reciting the wonderful experiences of W. Stanton Moses of Oxford University, England, in automatic writing, and of Prof. Oliver I. Lodge in 'unusual physical phenomena.' Prof. Lodge, F. R. S., is one of the first physicists in Europe, and in company with Prof. and Mrs. Sidwick, Mr. Meyers, and Dr. Ochrowski of Warsaw, visited the chateau of Prof. Richet on an island in the Mediterranean last July and witnessed the phenomena produced in the presence of the medium named Eusapia Paladino, an ignorant Italian peasant woman. Prof. Lodge dismisses all notion of accounting for what he saw on that occasion on the hypothesis of fraud, collusion with confederates, concealed apparatus or collective hallucination, all the phenomena being put to the severest tests science could command. Prof. James, commenting on the facts, said they were bomb-proof, and that the phenomena were now established on a scientific basis.

Prof. and Mrs. Sidwick, who have been studying the physical phenomena of Spiritualism for twenty-five years, have now consented for the first time to record their conviction that the phenomena were genuine. Prof. James added that the Society seemed about to enter on a new phase of investigation along this line, which promised to be of great importance.

Behold, how good a thing it is, and consoling withal, to have our scientific brethren admit, even so late in the day, that we are not, after all, the victims of superstitious madness or hallucination.

A fine discussion followed, Mr. E. J. Bowtell handling the subject in his usual able and interesting manner. His work cannot be praised too highly.

The guides of Mrs. Buck and Mrs. Robertson gave a large number of most satisfactory tests of spirit return, many of them to strangers here.

Miss May French gave a pleasant entertainment of songs and humorous readings. Prof. Rimbach rendered two fine solos on the cornet, bringing an instructive and happy meeting to a close."

## California.

**SAN FRANCISCO.**—Frank Stevens writes: "Spiritualism in San Francisco, as in your city, is making many converts at the present time, and the outlook seems promising of a genuine revival; not that we are having a boom, for that is generally followed by a collapse, which time alone can eradicate.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists, which is the wealthiest and most influential society in the city, has been very fortunate in engaging the services of Walter Howell of New York, and though he has been only one month with us, he has endeared himself not only to the hearts of the society members, but to all the Spiritualists of the city.

Mr. Howell has all the qualities which go to

make a gentleman, besides being an eloquent and logical reasoner; but it is the faculty he has of making himself sociable with everybody he comes in contact with, that has given him so many warm friends among the Spiritualists of this city. He is truly a credit to our Cause, but he needs no words of mine to praise him, when such men as William Emmette Coleman publicly acknowledge his capabilities as a lecturer, scholar and gentleman.

The Society of Progressive Mediums, a society formed to assist all local mediums when in difficulty, is doing a good work, and since Mr. Jones has become President of it, the attendance has largely increased and the interest that has been shown goes to prove that they have the right man in the right place. The talent he has had on the platform would be a credit to any society.

Besides tests from local mediums, the large audiences have listened to addresses by Prof. Swartz of Chicago, Walter Howell, and Dr. Lucy Barnicot of Boston; another one who is doing grand work is Mrs. Maggie Waite, who has just passed through a long illness, lasting several months; she was able to commence her public work three weeks ago; she is a great favorite here, as is shown by the large audiences that greet her, many having turned away for want of room. Her mediumship seems to be stronger than it was prior to her illness; the tests are remarkable for their accuracy.

Still another favorite worker with us is Mrs. E. L. Watson, who speaks monthly in our city, and has been the means of doing much good to the Cause.

I hope that some of your readers who persevere this will awaken themselves to do their duty in trying to increase the circulation of your paper by bringing it to the notice of their friends, and after reading, give it to some friend. It was through a subscriber that I began to take the BANNER.

## New York.

**BROOKLYN.**—W. J. C. writes: "At Kings ton Hall, Kingston street, corner Atlantic Avenue, the afternoon session Sunday, the 23d ult., was addressed by Prof. G. Sterling Wines, on 'Our True Self; or, Self Knowledge the Foundation of all Knowledge.'

Mr. J. C. Bartlett, conductor and medium, followed with quite a number of tests, which were recognized—one coming home to the writer—after which Mr. Wines closed with two phenomenal readings, that of Mr. Bartlett being exceedingly satisfactory.

Mr. Bartlett deserves mention for the persistence with which he has kept open a meeting in this outlying section, though it has been but of little financial return to himself."

**NEW YORK.**—Charles E. Sumner writes: "Among the many excellent clairvoyants and trance mediums in New York City it gives me great pleasure to say a few words of a young man who has but recently developed. I speak of Mr. Selwyn McDonald of 57 East Eleventh street. Although he is not what is termed 'out in public,' I have had the good fortune to witness his astonishing tests. Slate-writings in various colors, produced between closed slates and without any pencil, have often been given through his mediumship, besides clairvoyance and automatic writings.

Although but a mere boy, he has often been inspired to lecture to our little private circles in a very creditable manner.

We are anxious to have him appear on the public platform, but his relatives are at present opposed. He may be secured for home circles by addressing him as above."

## Maine.

**PORTLAND.**—H. C. Berry, Clerk, writes: "Dec. 16 our platform was occupied by the Rev. S. L. Beal of Brockton, Mass. His afternoon subject was 'The Bible and Spiritualism,' evening. 'Why a Spiritualist?' and 'Organization.' This was Mr. Beal's first appearance before our Soc. etc. His lectures were very much liked by all, that of the evening closing with a strong plea for organization.

Our Lyceum is progressing finely, and the sessions are very interesting, many of the children reciting, short sections and singing. The interest is increasing, and we hope in the near future to have a large Lyceum.

Dec. 23, at 7:30, we held a very interesting social meeting. In the evening Mrs. A. W. Smith lectured. The subject was, 'Is Spiritualism a Religion, and are We Immortal?' It was a fine lecture, and was listened to with close attention.

Mrs. Smith is ready to answer calls to work in the Cause. She is a fine inspirational speaker, and gives psychometric readings; we can recommend her to all societies wanting speakers; her address is 94 Smith street, Portland."

## Rhode Island.

**PROVIDENCE.**—Mrs. F. H. Roscoe, Secretary, writes: "Sunday, Dec. 23, at 2:30 o'clock, the People's Progressive Spiritualist Association held a fine Christmas service, participated in by some of our best home mediums, including Dr. F. H. Roscoe, the well-known lecturer and reader; Mrs. C. M. Whipple, who read a most excellent essay in defense of Spiritualism and our Philosophy; Miss Lena S. Johnson rendered two very fine solos; Miss Lulu Buffington gave two excellent recitations, which were applauded; Mr. J. S. Scarlett, our President, made the concluding remarks.

At 7:30 the services opened with an invocation appropriate to Christmas by Dr. Roscoe, after which Mrs. C. M. Whipple, our Treasurer, read an ably prepared article entitled 'The Transmigration of the Soul,' which was listened to with great interest.

Dr. Roscoe read a Christmas poem; Miss Lena S. Johnson rendered a number of fine solos during the evening; Mr. J. S. Scarlett made remarks appropriate to Christmas; Dr. Roscoe followed by reading Sir Edwin Arnold's beautiful poem, 'He and She.'

## Michigan.

**DETROIT.**—Augustus Day writes: "I feel I have long neglected my duty in not sending you something as to dear Brother Colby's transition. If not too late, I may say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant' of the world of humanity on both sides of the mystic river. I seem to feel his presence at this hour, having just read his first communication in the BANNER."

On my last visit to Boston, I was with him very much, occupying a room in the Crawford House on the same floor near his, and I recall with pleasure the many harmonious visits at the table and our room. I shall never forget his nobility of character and gentility of soul beaming from his pleasant face."

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Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

In 1874 I saw my mother kneeling in the snow to pray at a saloon door, and I crept out by a side way, stepping softly in the sawdust, ashamed of her. That day a work cost her her life, but the saloon did not even pause, and her only child sped downward to the hell of darkness, but that snow-day prayer persisted at God's throne through thirteen awful years, and for her impotency he could but always hear and when I "would," he spoke to me, and speaks—and will speak on—and on—until on some sweet Christmas eve I find my mother's arm again, and leaning on her great heart, celebrate the end of the crusade.—J. G. Woolley.

In view of the woman suffrage attained in certain Western States, a local wag at a banquet in Denver, Col., given in honor of the women candidates for the Legislature offered this toast: "To the women of Colorado: God bless 'em. Formerly our superiors; now our equals."

**FREE** A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases to any address by the REV. E. K. KONG, F. O. WAYNE, IND., Dec. 23.

## IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? [?]

BY IZZIE DOTEN.

"Quit Patit'ur l'Inett."

"Who suffers, conquers." He who would attain that perfect peace which fears not loss nor pain, Through calm endurance must the victory gain."

Thus said the spirit; and my soul replied: With bleeding feet I walk o'er paths untrod; Oh, sacred patience! with my soul abide."

Long had I watched, anxiously had fed The lamp of life for one whose pathway led Down to the land of silence and the dead.

And now, while midnight, with its shadows, lay Across the pathway of the coming day, The tide of life was ebbing swift away.

I knew that Death, with eyes of tender bloom, Whose hands so often pluck life's fairest bloom, Watched with me in the silence of that room.

I feared him not, he seemed so calm and still, Nor did I count it as a deadly ill The perfect law Death waited to fulfill.

And yet life's mighty problems vexed me sore; And ever as I scanned their meaning o'er, The darkness deepened in my soul the more.

I thought of all that made life desolate—Of cold suspicion and of cruel hate, Of hope deferred, and help that came too late;

Of feet stridden downward to the tempter's snare, Of lips that quivered with a voiceless prayer, Of souls that sat in darkness and despair;

Of patient brows that crowns of suffering wore; Of sad farewells, that tender heartstrings tore; Of sweet young faces seen on earth no more.

And as I deeply mused thereon, I said "If I were God, and he were in my stead, I would not rest till all were comforted."

Then through the lonely places of my soul A sense as of a Living Presence stole, Strong to sustain, and tender to control.

It spoke no language, and no voice was heard, Yet all my soul with eager longing stirred To catch the import of that living word.

And thus it spoke: "Seek thou to do and be; Life must be lived before the soul can see The meaning of the Inner Mystery."

The morning came, and also came the end. I saw the great white calm of Death descend And seal with peace the forehead of my friend.

Then o'er my soul went surging to and fro A nameless longing to more surely know That which my doubting heart had questioned so.

I gently laid my hand upon that head, White with the snows the passing years had shed; "Was life worth living, oh! my friend?" I said.

And lo! as kindred souls in silence blend, He answered, "Be thou comforted. Oh! friend, Life is worth living. Death is not the end."

What was, and is, and ever more shall be, Enfold us all in its eternity, And blest indeed are those whom Death makes free."

My soul was satisfied. I raised my eyes, Filled with the tears that would unbidden rise, And read life's lesson in the morning skies.

Above the mists and shadows of the night The new-born day climbed up the golden height, And all the stars went livid, lost in light.

Thus, like the stars, our lives with light shall blend, And onward still from height to height ascend. Life is worth living. Death is not the end."

\*This grand poem—worthy the pen of Tennyson—was, we are informed, first delivered by its author, Miss Doten, at the Lake Pleasant (Mass.) Camp-Meeting, several years ago. The then editor of *The Religious-Philosophical Journal* "Discovered Country," the chief theme of "Oceanides" the lines that he requested permission to print them in his paper—from the columns of which a correspondent has copied them, with the request that they be also published in THE BANNER.—Ed.



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Mr. Weil answers many queries which have long and often perplexed persons seeking light in the line of spiritual phenomena, particularly in the line of so-called "earth-bound spirits"; and in endorsement of his own opinion quoted largely from the paper, "Spiritual evolution is a by-product, and many new thoughts are given utterance. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 267. Price \$1.25.

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She became fearfully nervous and run down, and this was followed by a most severe attack of St. Vitus' dance. She grew worse, and physicians could not cure her. She finally got well, however, by a method which astonished all her friends.

"It affords me the greatest pleasure," said the professor, "to state that my daughter, who was a sufferer from nervousness and St. Vitus' dance, and who was treated for same by prominent physicians in Brooklyn without result, was completely cured by using two bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy."



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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1895.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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

## New Trial Subscriptions!

The BANNER OF LIGHT will (as announced in its prospectus) be furnished to NEW TRIAL subscribers at 50 cents for 3 months.

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.

## Happy New Year!

Another of Time's familiar landmarks is reached with the coming of a New Year. None of us can tell what is our allotted experience for the twelvemonth before us, or what is the destined event. It is at least certain that not all of those who are mortal at the beginning of this new year will be such at its close. There is nothing to lament in the entertainment of this thought; what is the substantial difference whether the last of earth comes to us today or to-morrow? We should be prepared to make the change at all times by the sincere discharge of present duty and a constant striving for perfection; then all will be as well with us if we go hence or are still here; it is not for us to determine; God knoweth, and God alone. Let us not cease for a single moment to remember, however we may be occupied for that moment, that we are just the same spirits in this life that we shall be hereafter. There is no death of the spirit. What we call death is but unmasking; putting aside the outer garments; expanding life into new relations.

On these recurring periods of an annual experience it is profitable, as it is natural, to turn the past over reflectively in the contemplation, searching for the good and the bad in our lengthening lives, "taking stock," as it were, to ascertain the assets that still possess value, and separating that which has been done by us with sincere intent and aspiring motive from the errors and mistakes, the ignoble and mean that cast their baleful shadows across our advancing pathway to our journey's end. In this occupation, which in fact is only what we ought to follow each day of our mortal lives, we obtain a much needed insight into the real motives and inspiration of our conduct, and thus become better qualified to go on to perfection as its law is written in our inward hearts. The human heart is subtle, and therefore requires to be continually reminded of the ideal which is the image of God within. Holding fast to this, struggling and aspiring to attain to its imperishable purity, it steadily becomes purged of that which is reckoned to be sin and grows more and more toward perfectness in all its ways.

To give heed to injunctions like these at the present time is to practice the wisdom which is before all other forms of wealth, and to employ to its highest advantage the occasion which a New Year always brings. That it will be in consonance with the many years' teachings of THE BANNER, it is not necessary to assert. If such be the harmonious intent of its readers and friends, they are sincerely invoked to continue and increase their assistance and support to this paper in the year now at its beginning, while all is fresh and new, and the invisible coöperators are ready to unite in the worthy endeavor. With the present year the work of THE BANNER will be established anew or be suffered to lapse into desuetude. It is far, very far more for the benefit of its readers and the advocates of the great Cause of Spiritualism than it can possibly be for that of those who seek only the responsibility for its issue, that this urgent suggestion is now appropriately offered. Let the grand army of Spiritualists now decide for their own welfare in deciding that THE BANNER shall flourish as of

yore. We leave all entirely with them. The verdict is now in their hands. And so a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

## England and "the Missionaries."

John Bull is beginning to set up an outcry again. It is all about the outraged missionaries who are practically invisible in the great populous ocean of China. Having years ago forced opium upon the powerless Chinese in order to create a profitable market for the product of its India poppy field, Christian England is now in an incipient panic over the pretended danger to her missionaries in that same China by the invading armies of victorious Japan. What is really meant by this sudden alarm cry is to enlist the sympathies of the United States, to the extent of inducing our people to influence their Government to somehow intervene on Christian grounds. The fact is, England is threatened in respect of the stability of her trading, or selfish, interest in China, and so calls on us to come to the rescue of the missionaries from their alleged peril. She is concerned for her profits, not for the cause of religion particularly. She gets behind this missionary screen as a duck-shooter secretes himself behind his ingenious barrier, and then asks us to take the risk of doing the shooting for her. We hardly think it will quite suit our prudent convenience.

Nevertheless, the American Board of Foreign Missions has turned its pious attention to the matter in its annual report. The report admits that Japanese thought concerning missionaries has undergone a change in the last few years. The missionaries of the Board are not so freely invited to aid in preaching, teaching and publishing as formerly. So they are turning their attention to other forms of what they regard as missionary work. They are in China and Japan to stay as long as they can. But what are they among such a multitude? This very report says that there are only about fifty missionaries in the field of the North China mission, with its population of twenty millions. The income of the Board for the last year is stated at over seven hundred thousand dollars, of which New England contributed over one-half. Thus does the report of the missionary Board echo the cry of England, whose leading reviews have over and over held up the whole missionary business to public ridicule, if not contempt. Just now, however, England is concerned for her trade in China, and her leading periodicals are wise enough to keep mum on missionaries.

If this war on China by intelligent Japan shall result in exploding the foolish fallacy of the whole missionary system, it will not have been in vain, if it should accomplish not much else.

Just previous to the war declared by the English government against a king of Abyssinia—in which he was of course killed for the surer effect, and his people tumbled in the dirt—the king said to the English representatives who held an interview with him: "It is the custom of your nation to send *preach men* to a country first, then the *traders*, and then the *soldiers*. I prefer to deal with the *soldiers* first." That is the way it has been tried to work in China and Japan. The English have favored China from the first in this war with Japan, and solely for trade reasons. They oppose Japan because her ships take their trade from them, in India and elsewhere. Now it is proposed, on the pretext of danger to the foreign missions in the East, to drag the religious element of England and the United States in to the work of downing Japan because she is proceeding to conquer China. It would be such a nice thing to have us of the United States pull the British chestnuts out of the hot ashes—the United States the burnt cat and England the cunning monkey.

How is it that Japan, conceded to be far ahead of China in civilization, is more likely to disturb the missionaries than the Chinese are? There is a slight inconsistency here somewhere. What business have either missionaries or merchants to meddle with this war matter anyway? Only a few months ago, a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* set down the emphatic remark that in common honesty, social customs and sound morality, Japan had nothing whatever to gain in being converted to Christianity. Then there certainly is nothing more to be said. Let China's punishment go on until Japan is satisfied. It is no business of England how badly the stupid old opium-eating empire is whipped. Just now Great Britain is working the missionary dodge to obstruct the progress of Japan. If she had no right to take the aggressive against Japan before the outbreak with China, that simple occurrence clothes her with not a whit more right than she had before. She is an old pharisee, talking religion for trade purposes.

## Protest of Medical Practitioners.

We are indebted to Dr. T. A. Bland for a printed four-page circular containing a protest against Medical Monopoly, addressed to both Houses of Congress, in which are stated the objections of the Eclectic Medical Society of the District of Columbia to the House of Representatives' bill before the present Congress. The bill is professedly for the regulation of the practice of medicine and surgery in the District. The protest is made that medicine is not an exact science, and therefore there can be no standard of qualification for physicians that is based on scientific principles. Also that it would be unjust to give any one set of physicians, or any number of sects, any such legal advantage over the rest as is proposed. It further condemns a medical censorship that gives power to exclude from the privilege of treating the sick not only physicians who are not medical college graduates, but those who hold diplomas from the best medical colleges of this country and Europe.

The protest proceeds to show that the provisions of the bill conflict with the inalienable right of the people of the district to employ as physicians whom they please, or to refuse to employ any of them and trust to the curative forces of nature. Medical monopoly and religious monopoly are equally wrong. It is likewise charged that the provisions of the bill are despotic. While the avowed purpose is to protect the people from quacks, the real purpose is to protect the old school physicians against the competition of physicians of the reform schools. The allopathic medical society of the district prepared the bill and alone advocates its passage. Freedom is essential to progress in science no less than in religion, politics and other departments of thought and action. All the protection against quackery required is to be had in stringent laws against malpractice. The issuers of this circular declare their readiness to unite with the other medical societies in holding all physicians strictly responsible for their professional blunders.

## Interesting Seance at the Temple.

An audience of nearly a thousand persons had an excellent opportunity Sunday morning, Dec. 30, of witnessing wonderful and convincing phenomena through the mediumship of Pierre L. O. A. Keeler. The seance took place in the First Spiritual Temple, corner of Exeter and Newbury streets, Boston. President M. S. Ayer explained the work of Mr. Keeler in the past, and apologized for the conditions under which the seance was being held on this occasion, the light from the outside being quite strong, and casting rays, such a manner as likely to interfere with successful materialization.

Mr. Ayer invited any persons who wished to examine the cabinet to go upon the platform, and several availed themselves of the privilege—among them a person who stated he was a doctor of divinity, and another a professional gentleman. These two examined particularly every point, part and crevice of the cabinet and its surroundings, lighted matches, pounded and shook the cabinet to their heart's content, seemingly. They both took occasion to remark that they were satisfied as to the conditions.

A lady and gentleman then came up on the platform by invitation that two persons act as a committee; and preparations were made in the usual way for the manifestations. First came raps announcing the presence of Spirit "George Christie." Then the committee felt touches; then the musical instruments became active, not only in sound, but in motion, and flew about in great activity. The box used to carry the guitar became an agent in the demonstrations, and the two gentlemen sitting in front of the cabinet received severe hits. Then a tambourine flew around on the end of a cane in such a state of swiftness as to defy human judgment.

More musical sounds were heard, after which the committee retired, and a new one was substituted—the doctor of divinity being one of the two. The manifestations continued in about the same manner, except that the skeptical gentleman, after seeing hands, and feeling severe punches, looked over the curtain, which was about half way up the front of the cabinet, but acknowledged that he saw no human form attached to the hand.

Soon after another gentleman entered the investigating committee, and the skeptic took his place again among the audience.

Messages began to manifest, and over fifty spirit-friends were recognized by persons in the audience.

The persons who had served as committee made statements as to the reliability of what they had seen and heard, and all acknowledged to a non-acquaintance with Mr. Keeler.

Mr. Ayer invited all to attend another similar seance next Sunday morning.

Several persons remained after the seance, and congratulated Mr. Keeler upon his success.

Much valuable matter (in the way of articles from correspondents, etc.) was put in type for this issue, which from lack of space must perforce await its publication until next week. A similar difficulty has once more overtaken our editorial department—State Convention and other reports taking temporary precedence.

We received a pleasant call at our office on Monday, Dec. 31, from Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader of Philadelphia—an enthusiastic worker for Spiritualism, and a skillful reporter of current events, as THE BANNER's columns have often borne witness in the past.

President H. D. Barrett, of the National Spiritualists' Association, Washington, called on us last Monday, having arrived in Boston to attend the yearly meeting of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The installment of "Bertha Lee" this week is the record of the heart trials of New England's toiling maids and wives half a century ago or more—and ends with a startling episode.

## "Mystery Minstrels."

We are requested to state that a company of young ladies will give a performance under the above title at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the evenings of the 18th and 19th of January.

The entertainment is being gotten up at great expense under the management of Mr. J. J. Coleman, an expert in such matters, and it will be first-class in every respect.

These young ladies who are engaging in this enterprise are earnest in their efforts, and will devote the entire proceeds of the entertainment for the benefit of that most worthy object, the Children's Progressive Lyceum. We trust all who can do so will purchase tickets and attend the performance.

Tickets may be obtained at BANNER OF LIGHT office.

Mrs. Ella Sullivan, mother of the well-known singer and medium, Charles W. Sullivan, passed to spirit-life on the morning of Saturday, Dec. 29. The funeral services were held at her late residence, 32 London Street, East Boston, on Monday, Dec. 31, at one o'clock p. m. Mrs. Sullivan had attained the age of eighty-five. Her decease, we are informed, has proved the verity of a vision, which appeared to her talented son when he was so much reduced by sickness last year. He was given a sight of his spirit-father, and as he (Charles) knew himself to be so near death, he felt that either he had passed on, or was about to do so. But his father said, in effect: "You are to return to the earth for your mother." The recovery of Mr. Sullivan from that sickness is regarded by his many friends as little short of an Orthodox "miracle"; and father and mother are now once more united in the land of souls.

W. J. Rand of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been ill with pneumonia since Nov. 23. His friends at one time had little or no hope of his recovery. He is now slowly convalescing, and will be out of danger in a few weeks.

By reference to Mr. Biddington's letter on second page, it will be seen that Lake Pleasant is moving in the way of obtaining water service for the campground—and none too soon, as since demonstrated by the following dispatch to the Boston daily press:

LAKE PLEASANT, MASS., Dec. 28.—Fire this morning, starting from a defective chimney, burned three cottages here, owned by Thomas A. Gordon of this place, Frank Jordan of Boston and C. E. Jackson of Littleton, respectively. The loss is about \$2000. Only half-a-dozen families live here during the winter, and it was through their efforts and the snow on the roofs, that the two hundred and fifty buildings in the village escaped destruction.

FIRE!—The City Hall of Biddeford, Me., with entire Public Library, destroyed on the morning of Dec. 30—loss nearly \$125,000.—The celebrated Delavan House, at Albany, N. Y., was consumed on the night of the 30th ult. There were one hundred guests; five were injured; twelve women (help) burned to death. Money loss, \$250,000.

Earthquakes are again shaking up Sicily.

## The Public Health and Constitutional Liberty.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: By special invitation, Philip G. Peabody, President of the Constitutional Liberty League, will address the Second Nationalist Club, Arcade Hall, 7 Park Square, next Sunday evening, Subject, "Medical Legislation in America and Europe."

His half-hour lecture will open the League's Public Health Campaign. Both those who favor and who oppose medical legislation are invited to attend and review the address in short speeches.

It seems hardly possible, but nevertheless it is true, that the cause of the fifty-five million on our map wears W. L. Douglas Shoes. Did you ever realize what an immense undertaking it is to supply one article of wearing apparel to over one million people?

## The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists.

## ANNUAL CONVENTION.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by H. W. Pitman.]

The Association met in the First Spiritual Temple, corner of Exeter and Newbury streets, Boston, Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 10:30 o'clock. The attendance at the opening was quite large. Dr. George A. Fuller, President of the Association, called to order; Francis B. Woodbury was Secretary.

On motion of the Secretary, the session was adjourned for an hour's recess, and a conference was held. Mrs. R. S. Little introduced President Barrett of the National Spiritualists' Association, to preside, who made a five-minute address. He spoke for coöperative effort, and complimented the Massachusetts Association upon its usefulness and interest in the National Association, which now numbers over a hundred in its membership. President Barrett spoke in favor of more medical liberty, and believed in unity to bring about right results. A school for the instruction of mediums is necessary, in order to prepare them for further development and protection, as well as for an unfolding of their powers. He wanted to see a home erected for mediums who were living in the streets and in rest.

Mrs. M. T. Longley spoke earnestly in favor of a home for mediums. There is a "Mediums' Rest" at Onset, but it is not a home in the true sense of the term. There should be a refuge where the mediums, who have become worn out in the service, shall have a place to be cared for when feeble in health, and who have no other life and no other powers for others. It is an important work to be done.

Dr. E. A. Smith, of Queen City Park, spoke for organization in order to bring about effective work against medical proscription. He wanted all to rally and defend those who are practicing outside the regular schools.

Mrs. Mary E. Cadwallader was called upon, and made a vigorous appeal for a mediums' home—not for charity, but in justice. For herself, she felt to devote her time and money in behalf of those who have been made feeble by faithful service. She despised the idea of charity for them; it is only right that there should be liberal dispensing of money; the mere pitance given by a sectarian advice of any kind is not enough; let us have a home in the true sense.

Dr. Charles W. Hidden of Newburyport spoke of the courtesy he had received from the Board of Registration. He spoke earnestly for organization, and to bring about the school for mediums, for their better education. He will elevate the intelligence of the controlled, and bring platform work above the level it now enjoys.

Dr. Smith, Mrs. Longley and Dr. Field spoke on the medical bill, and the conference concluded. Dr. Fuller again resumed the chair, and made an able report. He said that the work of the Association during the year has been getting on line. We have not been able to place any missionaries in the field, for lack of funds. The Association worked assiduously to prevent the passage of the present obnoxious medical bill.

One of the important branches of the work, he said, has been that of ordaining ministers. Under the charter of the Association, no one can be ordained a minister unless he is a member of the Association, and mediums can be ordained, as by other religious bodies, by vote of the directors of this Association, thereby making our mediums on a par with our religious speakers. We have outlined a good deal of work for the year to come.

President Fuller spoke of the good coming from organization, and said that the influence and coöperation of mediums and others have been extended the Association. We want harmony in our work, and welcome all who will assist us.

Francis B. Woodbury, Secretary of the Association, submitted his report. After alluding to the process of organization on every side, he reported that he had been the present medical bill; speaks of the ordination of ministers; asks for the sustenance of a healthy, progressive State Association; suggests that a committee be appointed to watch the interests of Spiritualists, and mediums particularly, at the State House; expresses fear that objectionable laws, or amendments to laws, to regulate the mediumship, may be passed. The Executive or Legislative Bodies should use every effort to repeal the laws relating to capital punishment and compulsory vaccination, as being disgraceful to modern civilization. Church property ought to be taxed, and the ballot should be extended to women in equal rights with men.

Spiritualist women, mothers and daughters, should not affiliate with the unfaithful W. C. T. U.

Financially the Association is all right. The report closes with a tribute to the work and worth of Dr. Fuller, President of the Association.

W. H. Banks, Treasurer, reported the receipts for the year as \$130; expenditures, \$120.

The report was adopted by acclamation.

Mrs. R. S. Little paid a glowing eulogy to Luther Colby and his work for the Cause of Spiritualism, and moved the appointment of a special committee on resolutions on his transition to the higher life.

The Chair appointed Mrs. Little, Mrs. M. T. Longley and Woodbury C. Smith.

Harold W. Wiggin and Rev. S. L. Beal were appointed a committee on general resolutions.

Mrs. Little made an explanation of the by-law relating to membership and formation of local societies.

President Fuller noted the great good done by the BANNER OF LIGHT, and spoke earnestly for subscriptions to this paper.

John F. B. Woodbury and Mrs. John Wood were appointed a committee on nominations.

T. H. B. James, as chairman of the auditing committee, reported the accounts of the Secretary and Treasurer to be correct.

Adjournment was made at 1 o'clock for dinner.

## AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Association convened at 2 o'clock, the Temple being well filled with prominent Spiritualists.

The committee on resolutions on the transition of Luther Colby reported as follows:

Whereas: In the fullness of time and in accordance with natural law it has been the privilege of LUTHER COLBY, the standard-bearer of Spiritualism in America, the loyal and faithful friend of mediums, and the staunch advocate of the principles of the Association, as expressed by his communicating spirits from the Higher Life—to pass to the activities and enjoyments of the Spiritual World; and realizing that in his removal the Cause of Spiritualism loses from the number of its noblest workers, the most devoted defender of Truth, and a financial supporter of mediums and laborers generally in the field of Spiritualism, according to his means; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Massachusetts State Association, in convention assembled, this first day of January, 1895, places on record in its archives, and before the world, through the columns of the spiritual press, its deep and sincere regret at the removal of Luther Colby, and that it will have sustained in the transition of such a noble, unselfish and able advocate of the Cause of Spiritualism, as Luther Colby, the veteran editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Resolved, That while we recognize that our loss is his gain, yet we feel that although others will carry on the work that he has laid down, and do so according to their own light, and in a manner creditable to Spiritualism and honorable to themselves, yet we cannot but feel that the Cause will be the poorer for the loss of Luther Colby, and that it will be many years before the Cause will rally from the effects of the loss sustained in the ascension of the venerable man we honor and love.

Resolved, That the resolutions be placed on the records of the Massachusetts State Association, and that a copy be furnished the BANNER OF LIGHT and other spiritual journals for publication.

MRS. R. S. LITTLE, WOODBURY C. SMITH, Committee.

Mrs. M. T. LONGLEY, J.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously.

Regular business not being ready, Rev. Juliette Young herself, in a novel position, she thought that speakers should always be ready to respond. She expressed herself in sympathy with the objects and work of the Association. Great good was accomplished by a State Association in former years. The Cause was awakened by missionaries. That Association disbanded on account of circumstances beyond its control. To-day we are beginning to feel the need of systematic, organized effort.

We shall be more sure of victory and the success of the Cause we love, if we are united in our work. We can better combat the power of the medical monopoly by organized effort. We should not allow talcans to be given us to be buried; we must join hand and heart to carry on our work.

Dr. P. F. Field spoke in favor of the removal of the restrictions in regard to the practice of medicine. He read the Massachusetts law, and quoted from Gov. Greenhalge's first inaugural address. Dr. Field foresaw even more stringent legislation interfering with the rights of the people to decide still further whom they shall employ in their families. He spoke of the work of the National Constitutional Liberty League, which work is to defeat bad measures.

Dr. Field dissected the various sections of the medical bill, and stirred up a great deal of interest in favor of the views that he presented, as evinced by the remarks of the speakers.

Mrs. Little moved that a vote of thanks be given Dr. Field for his able presentation of the subject. The vote was carried unanimously.

Dr. Charles Eldred was called upon to speak on "Organization." He said:

The tendency of the times is in the direction of a consolidation of interests; centralization of power. This is shown in the syndicate and trust combines, and is equally noticeable in the churches, and the more prominent fraternal associations. There is hardly a village in all the land which cannot be reached by the telegraph, and the other, while the cities and legislative centers the power wielded is tremendous. The explanation? Organization, pure and simple.

The spirit of organization is in the air, and if Spiritualism is to become more than a mere name in the history of this nation its followers must become organized; must unite, promptly and thoroughly. Organization is the only way to success.

A preliminary organization has been effected, it is true, but there is much yet to be done. They tell me that the Association leaders have made some mistakes during the past year, and if this be true, I am glad of it.

Believe me, as I am glad of it, I am glad of it.

Believe me, as I am glad of it, I am glad of it.

Leaders have aimed at the practical rather than the ideal, and for taking such a stand they deserve praise, not censure.

Mistakes are a part of our inheritance, and are inevitable in the early stages of any great undertaking. Mistakes are human finger-marks, and I am glad our structure bears a few. It augurs well for the future, for intelligent people who make mistakes are able to profit thereby.

To err is human—to forgive, divine." Spiritualists, of all others, should be broadly tolerant, and should not only overlook the trifling errors of the past, but rally to the support of the leaders, to the end that fewer mistakes be made in the future.

Instead of holding aloof, unite with the Association; give the leaders the benefit of your wisdom, and aid in directing the organization aright. Criticism inside, not outside; it will be better for the Association, and better for the Cause of Spiritualism.

The famous societies of to-day did not achieve success at a single bound, and the same will be found true of the gathering of Spiritualists together by the strong ties of association. I take time, and requires gentle tact and infinite patience.

Our baby is one year old—almost old enough to stand alone. The little fellow needs a deal of care and attention. Let us all join hands in the goodly task of assisting our child to take the first steps in that walk, which, lightly direct-ed, means so much for Spiritualism.

It is wrong to allow Spiritualism to remain in lax condition. The results of the pioneer work of the past half century are being absorbed by others, and unless we have a care we shall be left to subsist on the chaff, while the wheat of Spiritualism is garnered by our opponents.

Consideration is as true in the church as in secular life, and under the guise of church unity a movement is making to accomplish by diplomatic means things which could not, perhaps, be achieved in open warfare. Legislation is being secretly influenced, and in one State after another laws are being engineered on to the statute books aimed directly at Spiritualism.

Spiritualism is in danger, and unless Spiritualists arouse themselves, and perfect an organization powerful enough to influence legislation in turn, then Spiritualism is certain to be crowded to the wall.

It is useless to urge that the "liberal tendencies" of the times will prevent legislation adverse to any sect; "liberal tendencies" do not count with the average legislator; he is moved only by the weight and power of organization.

United in one mighty organization, with a central and parent body at the nation's capital stretching its protecting arm and hand over the land, and Spiritualists will command respect, and prevent adverse legislation by a display of strength. To organize is to win; not to organize is to lose. We have now.

"United, we stand; divided, we fall."

There are grave faults in Spiritualism; in organization lies the remedy. There are tares in the spiritual garden; the weeding-out process is best directed by organization. There are wise reforms to be brought about; organization offers the only reliable method.

We need schools for the development of mediumship, and for the cultivation of platform talent; we need spiritualist press and lecture bureaus; we need spiritual homes for the true and the tried who have fallen in life's battle; but such things can only be brought about by means of organization.

Then again, lack of unity, a lack of harmony among Spiritualists, the direct result of lack of organization, is slowly but surely driving our brightest and brainiest workers into other fields. A radical change is necessary; we must right-about-face, or Spiritualism will suffer.

The duty of Spiritualists is plain: We must perfect and extend our organization as rapidly as possible; we must reduce spiritualist phenomena to the basis of certainty; we must freeze out the trickster and the fraud; we must send the weaklings to the rear, and bring our brightest and best minds to the front; we must elevate Spiritualism, and make it worthy; all this we must do, if we would have Spiritualism command the profound respect of its followers and the world.

H. D. Barrett moved that Dr. Hidden be requested to prepare his remarks for publication as a tract. The motion was carried unanimously, and Dr. Hidden promised to perform the service.

President Barrett of the National Spiritualists' Association then spoke on "Ordination."

He said one of the questions is, "Have Spiritualists any right to ordain their speakers as ministers?" He gave the opinion rendered in the case of Edgar W. Emerson against the Commission. The first question asked by the Judge of the Court in this case was: "Is Spiritualism a religion?" He answered: "Yes, it is a religion." He then asked: "Have you any chartered societies?" Both being proved in the affirmative, the judge ruled that these chartered societies had the same rights as the churches to ordain ministers. But another question came: "Have you any tenets of belief?" which was answered by Mr. Barrett by giving the following seven articles of faith in the Spiritualist church.

1st. A majority of Spiritualists believe in a great life-principle diffused or differentiated throughout the universe.

2d.



her unjust imprisonment also Mrs. Lois Walbroother of Appleton, Wis., for her persecution also to Dr. J. W. Lawford of Kentucky, and to all others who as spiritualists workers have suffered at the hands of their Christian opponents.

Resolved, That the immediate pardon of Dr. Chase is hereby demanded as an act of simple justice.

Resolved, That we recommend the holding of public meetings in various sections of the State as the Board of Directors may direct.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted. The Committee on Nominations reported as follows: President, George A. Fuller of Worcester; First Vice-President, Mrs. Elmina Loring, Hingham; Second Vice-President, Rev. R. L. Beal, Brooklyn; Third Vice-President, F. A. Wiggin, Salem; Secretary, Mrs. M. T. Longley, Boston; Treasurer, Wm. H. Banks, Boston; Directors: J. B. Hatch, Jr., Boston, Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie, Melrose, Mrs. Carrie Loring, Braintree.

Secretary Woodbury was delegated to cast a ballot for the Association, and the above named were declared elected for the ensuing year.

Dr. Fuller thanked the members for their continued confidence, and pledged himself to duty.

A special committee on legislation was appointed, consisting of Henry W. Pliman, Dr. C. W. Holden and R. A. Wiggin.

A vote of thanks was given retiring Directors Young, James and Fox for their services the past year.

Rev. Mrs. Yeaw made remarks explaining how she came to have the clergy of other denominations take part in her ordination.

Miss Alice M. Thorne of Marblehead recited "Destiny," and was well received.

Dr. A. H. Richardson was introduced as "A Spiritualist way back in Deuteronomy," which closed the afternoon session.

Mrs. Loring thanked the Association for her election as a Vice-President.

Adjourned to 7 o'clock.

## EVENING SESSION.

The evening session was continued with marked success. Addresses were made by Rev. Juliette Yeaw, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, President Barrett, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Mrs. M. T. Longley, and others. A fuller report of this session will be given in our next issue.

(Special to Banner of Light.)

## "Straws in the Wind," or Spiritual Cleanings.

BY JOHN WM. FLETCHER.

This has, without doubt, been one of the most trying years in Spiritualism, both within and without the Cause. The movement is now becoming so generally recognized as having come to stay, that the enemy realizes the necessity of opposing its progress, and the unprincipled opportunity of using its influence for personal motives only; while the earnest advocate and adherent has not as yet resolved upon any consistent plan for placing it before the public upon anything like a permanent basis.

The effort to form a National Association would be a step in the right direction if there was any unity of ideas among Spiritualists themselves; but since no two can be found who agree upon either the phenomena or philosophy, that endeavor, no matter how good the intention, does not seem likely to represent at best more than the belief of a certain portion; while every penny-a-liner in the land will continue to impeach the usefulness of well-attested mediums, and the general press will give ready acceptance to all efforts of this kind.

Exposures, which amount to nothing, have been rife, but being so saturated with personal animosity, have failed to throw any light upon the vexed question as to what is, and what is not. The public has become so thoroughly alive to what is going on that its opinions are less and less shaped by what appears in the sensational press. The *New York Herald* is perhaps in the van of reform so far as advocating advanced religious ideas; the Rev. Dr. Hephworth is doing a vast deal toward overcoming prejudice in various directions, for he appeals to the emotional element intellectually, and gives a fuller reason for the faith that is within. A clerical critic thus speaks of work in this direction:

"Mankind is awakening to the fact that religion is something else than cult or ritual. That it is, in fact, a life. Man is essentially religious. It is the fact, however, that the churches are emptying. But that does not prove that man is irreligious. It is due rather to a lack of religion in the churches. Men are tired of the continual thrashing of old straw. The clergy are ministers and stewards."

A physician who deals in long disquisitions and theories will never enjoy a lucrative practice. The patient wants to be cured, no matter by what theory. Mankind is desperately tired of disquisitions on the temperature of hell.

I do not know whether you read the sermons published every Sunday in the *Herald*. I read most of them. They furnish religious light to many men out of the churches. They are a great help to those in trouble. They are phenomena that illustrate the fact that just such literature is needed. They furnish a proof positive that mankind is essentially religious."

The above is "way off" from a theological point of view, but it voices at the same time a sentiment rapidly growing prevalent in the community. Paul Bourget, the distinguished writer, whose "Ouvre Mer" is creating such a sensation, devotes also a large amount of space to a Boston medium, which will surely be read with the greatest interest, although I am not able to recognize of whom he is speaking. I think, however, it is in reality Mrs. Piper, whose remarkable psychical powers have excited much interest on both sides the Atlantic, and of whom he thus speaks:

"But of all the passions, that which reasons the least is that of the supernatural when it has possession of us, and that we believe that this passion is in the blood of the race, since we are close to Salsation, that little seaside town, the theatre, just two hundred years ago, of a terrible persecution for witchcraft, in which twenty persons were condemned to death! Heaven be praised, contemporary manners and customs are gentler, and the peaceful interior of Mrs. Piper's house is a risk of being troubled by a like inquisition to that of the terrible Protestant ministers of 1602. A little girl receives us, all smiles, and conducts us into the parlor, saying that her mother has had a great many sittings during the past few days, and that she is very tired. The furniture of the room is just the same as that of hundreds of others of the same class which I have seen. She, herself, is a blonde, of blonde, bloodless, pale and animated by eyes so strangely light and so fixed, that to confront the contracted pupils of the heart of the heart, causes you an inexpressible uneasiness. She is, however, very simple, and when she speaks it is with a gentle and languid voice.

She tells you that she is not equal to the demands upon her, that her trances her too much, although that she has given a great number of bad sittings, so greatly is she suffering from her nerves. And in truth, when one sees her entering into her 'trance,' as she calls it herself, it is easy to understand what such an organism must expend in vitality under such a shock. . . .

I imagine that the American, who interests himself in these phenomena of double sight, does not know himself. What attracts him in similar experiences is, first of all, the need of excitement which follows him through all the vicissitudes of fortune, and which is ever as intense as upon the first day. Then there is a certain nervous want of balance, from which so many persons suffer here. It is a reaction against the habitual excess of positivism in the world around, and it is above all the immortal instinct of the heart of man—more alive in these nature, more genuine and more intense to pierce that veil of mystery which human life is enfolded. By a sort of compensation, wherein a philosopher would recognize the great law balancing the organs, this sense of mystery becomes more acute in a country where everything is too loud, too definite, too visible as the most striking in the psychology of men of action, this presence in them of a superstitious faculty, the more awakened as they themselves are more resolute and thoughtful. Napoleon has furnished a very startling example of this. Being the man of action that he is, and to such a point of intensity, the American also could not fail to have his knowledge that the heart of the heart, and why should I not acknowledge that in the course of sances, such as Mrs. N— gave us that day and on another occasion, it is impossible not to admit certain phenomena, which, in fact, remain entirely inexplicable from the purely natural point of view."

Thus writes one of the cleverest men of his time, who, on a visit to this country, has carefully recorded, and as earnestly observed, all the varying features that appear on the surface of our distinctive civilization. Little do we realize how far-reaching is the work of the public medium—or value its results to the movement itself. No matter how beautiful the philosophy, it is the demonstration of facts that raises Spiritualism head and shoulders above all the systems that have preceded it.

As I heard a simple woman say at one of the camp-meetings years ago: "You can't expect people to believe nothing till they have seen something." A trifle paradoxical without

doubt, yet in her meaning there was the suggestion of an apparent truth.

Again, we have a whole page devoted to our old friend, Mr. M. B. Little of Glens Falls, N. Y., who has had remarkable experiences with an agent spirit, and who treasures many wonderful pictures, a few of which are reproduced in the issue before me. The whole article is told in a respectful and sensible manner, and concludes with these words:

"All this Mr. Little, a sane and sensible man of the nineteenth century, religiously believes, and the veriest skeptic who knows him will assuredly believe in his belief. It is a wonder-story hard to parallel, and attested by mighty material facts."

So it will be seen that despite everything the high wall of prejudice is being broken down, slowly but surely. And while we may expect an attack upon our Cause, at any moment, in the columns of the same journal, we are grateful for an occasional "let up." Formerly it was all attacks; now there is a more equal division.

Trinity Church is at present being "haunted over the Cause" at a great rate; it is one of the richest church organizations, owns large amounts of property in the lower parts of the city, which are crowded with poorest of the poor. There is now an inquiry into its methods going on before the Tenement House Commission. Trinity Church will be busy for some months in repairing its tenements here, instead of peopling the heavenly mansions beyond.

Mr. Chauncey Depew, one of the best known figures in New York club life, and a clever after-dinner speaker, has been discoursing upon "Drunkennes," for which he says there are three remedies:

First, the State cure, which means punishing the drunkard by arrest, fine and imprisonment. Second, the medical cure, whereby, through the introduction of certain drugs into the system, the drunkard becomes disgusted with drink.

Third, the church cure, where, through religious hypnotic influence, the man gains a certain control over himself.

The first can hardly be very successful in a State where the license law prevails, and there are thousands upon thousands of liquor shops. The second is, perhaps, the best solution, as many can bear witness to, while the third is, to my mind, no remedy at all. Drunkenness is a disease, and must be dealt with as such from a purely medical point of view. Not alone with drugs perhaps, but through them and a development of will power which shall help the spiritual man to gain the ascendancy and finally dominate all lower conditions.

But I must draw this long letter to a close by wishing all my numerous friends and readers "God speed" in whatever work they are attracted to, hoping they will feel, as I do, that there is never a word spoken or a finger lifted in vain. That we may never live to see the sun rise upon the fulfillment of our fondest hopes is true, yet we will work on with courage all the same, knowing that we are alone responsible for the seed-sowing, and that the higher powers govern the harvest.

May you, Mr. Editor, enter into your year's work full of courage and hope, being helped, as I am sure you will be, by those wise, unseen attendants whose mission it is to bring truth and peace to the world.

## Cleveland (O.) Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

While wishing you, Mr. Editor, and the entire staff of the pioneer spiritualistic journal of the world (the stanch old BANNER OF LIGHT) once more a Happy New Year, I will, with your permission, supplement that wish with a few items that may prove interesting to your readers.

Our *Lucyann Christmas Festival*.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum had its commemoration Sunday afternoon (23d ult.), and the event was pronounced by little and big a grand success. Mr. Arthur I. King and Mrs. Carrie L. Hopkins presided. The exercises opened with a Christmas carol, sung by the Russell Family, and the chorus by the entire Lyceum. Recitations and songs from the little ones followed; closing with the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus, in an entirely original dialogue (written by Mrs. Mattie McCaslin for this special occasion); the distribution of presents followed. The program was well planned and latest style silk hat. Bro. Hull goes to Columbus, O., from here for the entire month of January.

*Foreword Address of Rev. Moses Hull*.—Sunday, 30th ult., closed the three-month engagement of Mr. Hull in this city; although the ability of Mr. H. was well known in Cleveland before, he has this time won fresh laurels for himself. Many receptions have been given Mr. and Mrs. Hull while here by their many admirers, but the crowning one was the surprise given him at Mr. D. Bodefeld's, 426 Prospect street, Monday, 24th ult., when he was made the recipient of a rare new and latest style silk hat. Bro. Hull goes to Columbus, O., from here for the entire month of January.

*A Public Wedding*.—Mr. Fremont Powers and Miss Lucy Burton of New York were united in marriage at the close of the services of the Cleveland Spiritual Alliance Sunday, Dec. 16, in Army and Navy Hall, by Mrs. H. S. Lake. A large attendance was present to witness the ceremony.

*The West Side Lyceum*.—N. B. Dixon, Conductor, celebrated Christmas with appropriate exercises, and the distribution of presents. The Sunday afternoon lectures by Mr. Hull have given the West Side Society a boom, which will, no doubt, greatly increase and strengthen it.

*Spiritualists' Bible Class*.—A Sunday morning Bible class now meets regularly at the home of Mrs. Kemp, the materializing medium, 527 Scoville Avenue, led by Mr. Wilmot, a new comer into Spiritualism, who is developing into a very fine trance medium. When the class grows too big to meet in private, it is proposed to hold these meetings in some public hall.

*Itinerant Mediums Now in Cleveland*.—Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield Pettibone, in addition to their private sittings and semi-weekly séances at their parlors, 147 Prospect street, have been holding very successful public séances for physical manifestations weekly, in Army and Navy Hall. During this month they propose answering calls at several towns in Michigan, commencing with Detroit. Mr. Bert Woodworth of Meadville, who recently arrived in this city, I understand is to accompany them on their trip. Mr. W. has recently filled a very successful engagement in the "City of Straits." Mr. Rothwell is still here. Mr. A. W. Sawin of Buffalo has left Canton, and Mrs. Elsie Moss has returned from Canada to this city.

*The Cleveland Institute of Anthropology*.—Lately chartered by the State of Ohio is not entirely a new organization, but an evolution of the Cleveland Phenological and Psychological Society, organized some few years since by Mr. D. M. King of Mantua, who has until lately held the positions of lecturer in or out of the city. He was a well-known, highly respected and successful business man, and a member of many societies. The attendance at the funeral services aggregated several hundreds, and the Lodge of Odd Fellows to which he belonged conducted the ceremonies.

*Installation of Lyceum Officers and Reception*.—Special installation exercises will take place in Welger's Hall Sunday, Jan. 6, when the new Conductors, Mr. B. F. Fellows, and other officers for 1895, are installed. Following which a public reception will be tendered Miss Eva Davies of Chicago, a former Lyceum Leader, who is spending a three weeks' vacation at the home of her mother, Mrs. Jennie Davies, Past Guardian of the G. P. L.

A Happy New Year to all.

Fraternally,

THOMAS LEXER.

LIVE MATTER for December gives evidence of its progress, success and ability. What it has to say it says right out and to the point. It is decidedly opposed to the combine against printers. Welsh, Freeman & Co. are the publishers, 163 and 165 Pearl street, Boston.

## Dyspepsia Cured

"My wife has been a great sufferer with dyspepsia for over four years. Three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla have perfectly cured her. At times the lightest food would distress her terribly. She could not sleep well nights and she said no one could tell how badly she felt. She was also troubled with sick headaches. She had tried different kinds of medicine, but none did her any good. At last Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and one bottle did her so much good that she took two more and now she is perfectly well. She is not now troubled with any sick headaches nor bad feelings, can eat heartily and sleep well. To Hood's Sarsaparilla belongs all the credit."



Mrs. Otis Merritt so much good that she took two more and now she is perfectly well. She is not now troubled with any sick headaches nor bad feelings, can eat heartily and sleep well. To Hood's Sarsaparilla belongs all the credit.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**  
with any sick headaches nor bad feelings, can eat heartily and sleep well. To Hood's Sarsaparilla belongs all the credit.

OTIS MERRITT, Addison, Maine.

Hood's Pills cure headache and indigestion.

## Mr. Colville's Work.

On Sunday, Dec. 30, W. J. Colville conducted Christmas exercises in Walsh's Academy, Classon Avenue, Brooklyn.

At 11 A.M. the discourse on "The True Message of the Christmas Bells" was a strong statement and powerful plea for the recognition of that universal fraternity which lies at the very core of all noble human living. The leading points in the address brought out strongly the attitude necessary if we would receive the fullest inspiration. The scriptures of Bethlehem are characteristic of simple-minded, honest hearts, which, though perhaps utterly unschooled in worldly wisdom, are ever open to celestial influx, and are ever ready to attend to angelic ministrations because they are unclouded, and faithful to the highest light accorded them. The fear which overcomes them at the approach of the angels is due to their ignorance of the true character of the phenomenon which is appealing to them— for as soon as they understand the real purport of the heavenly communication they are filled with great joy, as they learn that the tidings convey peace and good-will to them and to all people. The occupation of the shepherds is suggestive of any work in which we may be honestly engaged; and it is into the midst of our common engagements that the highest illuminations always come.

The wise men from the far East, led by the star, stand for those whose scientific attainments lead them to longer and more strenuous study to the same conclusion. They come early, by those who are simply open and receptive to immediate spiritual revelation. The note of universal good will in the heavenly song is twofold; the glad tidings are only accepted by those who are in the state of good will—though they are intended for all mankind. All things do work together for good, whether we know it or not; and the consciousness of the glorious truth that all is for the best dawns upon us only after we have reached a degree of spiritual development far above the present average status of the multitude.

In the afternoon at three a large number of questions were ably answered, some of which, bearing specially on mediumship, will appear in due course in the Questions and Answers department of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

In the evening at eight the large hall was completely filled, and the lecture on 1894 in retrospect, and 1895 in prophecy, was pronounced a masterly effort by the highly intelligent and deeply interested audience. It has been with so warm a reception that many requests have been made for its publication. If it is again delivered, and reported, the manuscript will be furnished to THE BANNER.

Mr. Colville's Old and New Year's lectures, Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, in New York and Brooklyn, will be referred to next week.

On Sunday next, Jan. 6, W. J. Colville will lecture in Lowell, Mass., in Exchange Hall, at 2 and 7 P.M. Afternoon, six subjects from the audience. Evening topic, "A Review of 1894, and a Bright Prediction for 1895."

## MR. COLVILLE IN BOSTON.

W. J. Colville will be in Boston for the next two weeks, and during that period will deliver two courses of six lectures each in the lecture-room of Copley Metaphysical College, 18 Huntington Avenue, on Wednesdays and Fridays, Jan. 7 and 14, 9 and 16, 21 and 23, 23 and 30 P.M.; Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, Jan. 8 and 15, 10 and 17, 12 and 19, 8 P.M. He will speak in Cleverly Hall, North Abington, Monday, Jan. 7, 7:30 P.M. Subject, "A True Estimate of the Bible—A Friendly Reply to Ingersoll."

All letters, etc., may be addressed care BANNER OF LIGHT.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Dr. G. C. Beckwith-Ewell has a few open dates in 1895, and may be addressed at Denver, Col., Box 667. He will return East in April to meet engagements.

E. J. Bowtell was engaged at Quincy, Mass., Dec. 30; speaks at Waltham, Mass., Jan. 20. Address 282 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* is authority for stating that Frank R. Ripley, "an orthodox Spiritualist," addressed a meeting Sunday, Dec. 23, at the Association's hall on Camp street, on Re-incarnation. At the close of the address, it says, he gave a series of manifestations: "Invariably there was some one in the audience who recognized Mr. Ripley's description of the unseen visitor as identical with the characteristics of some lately-deceased friend or relative." He never failed to give the spirit's exact language as he claimed to receive it.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter will speak Sundays, Jan. 6 and 13, in Meriden, Ct.; and Sundays, Jan. 20 and 27, in Norwich, Ct. In due time the dates for New London, Noank or Mystic, Danielsonville and East Hartford, will be named. Monday evening, Jan. 14, he will lecture in South Norwalk, Conn., and on Tuesday evening, Jan. 15, in Greenfield. February Sundays are secured for Berkeley Hall, Boston.

May S. Pepper is quite ill at her home in Providence, R. I., and has been obliged to cancel her dates for the present.

Dr. C. H. Harding's address for the month of January is 9 Elm street, Augusta, Me.

G. W. Kates and wife will lecture in Denver, Col., during January. Their address is Moulton, Col.

Harlow Davis, platform test medium, serves the Progressive Spiritual Association at the Amphion Theatre, Brooklyn, the last two Sundays in January. Has open time in February for societies in vicinity of Philadelphia. Is engaged in March 17 and 19 at the Norwich, Conn., Spiritual Union. Address him at 211 East Fourteenth street, New York City.

Mrs. M. W. Leslie, inspirational speaker and platform test medium, has open dates for January and February. Terms liberal. Address 587 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

## A Few Words

With the Subscribers for the Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am daily in receipt of letters and of questions by word of mouth asking me how soon the Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism will be ready. Until now I have not been able to answer. I now have a letter from any publisher stating that if the book does not exceed 400 pages he will have it ready to go into the mails by the first of February.

I announced that it would contain not less than 300 pages; I am now trying to keep it within the limit of 400 pages and hope to succeed, and yet to make it what its title-page indicates, an "Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism; or, A Concordance to the Old and New Testament Scriptures, which Prove or Imply Spiritualism."

Seven hundred people have subscribed for this book, with the promise that they should have them at \$1.00 each, or at the rate of seven for \$6.00, or fifteen for \$10.00. Whether the book contains 400 pages or 100 pages, every one who subscribes before the day of its publication shall have it at the above rates. The subscriptions to the Encyclopedia are now due. I hope to have every one of them in, so that the printers can have the last dollar of their pay before I take a book from them. If the subscribers will generally respond to this notice it will save me several dollars of expense and much time in writing postal cards. Honestly think no Spiritualist can afford to do without this book. Those wishing it should send in their orders and their money immediately, so that our printers can know how large an edition to publish.

Respectfully,

MOSES HULL.

## RHODE ISLAND.

Providence.—Sarah D. C. Ames, Sec'y, writes: The Spiritualist Association meets in Columbia Hall, No. 248 Weybosset street; services at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M., Progressive Lyceum and adult class at 1 P.M. Sunday, Dec. 30, Mrs. Abby N. Burham, of Boston, Mass., spoke ably, and gave recognized tests to all sances, afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Burham is with us again Sunday, Jan. 6.

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Being desirous of largely extending the circulation of the **Banner of Light**, the publishers of that paper have decided to make the following offer for a limited time:

We offer to any subscriber who is now receiving the **Banner of Light**, for every new yearly subscriber which he or she will secure and send us, accompanied by the full yearly subscription price, \$2.50, the privilege of selecting any books or pamphlets from among those advertised by us, either in **The Banner** or our Catalogues, to the amount of \$1.25—one-half the price of the subscription; and for every new six months' subscriber whose name they will send, accompanied by \$1.25, we will allow them to select books or pamphlets to the amount of 50 cents.

We prefer to supply these books or pamphlets at the time the names are sent in, but if any of our subscribers desire to wait until they have secured a number of new names before making their selections, they can send us the names and addresses as fast as they obtain the subscribers, and we will give them orders for the amount of books to which they are entitled, good for any time within three months of the date of the order.

Our patrons will please notice that the above offer is not in the nature of a premium to new subscribers, but an inducement to old subscribers for securing new ones.

Any new subscriber to **The Banner**, upon receiving the first copy of the paper, becomes at once fully entitled to receive the benefits which we offer above for any new subscribers which he or she can secure for the paper.

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## SPECIAL DEDUCTIONS.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at 243 Alexander street, Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 5.

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

J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

## 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 miscarry.

4. As many investigators are liable to patronize this department, and as the idea that sealed letters are opened by steam, etc., was the first theory that suggested itself to the very first skeptic (probably who saw the first phenomenon of this kind, IN 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 sealed 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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IT IS THE BEST FIT FOR A KING.  
\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.  
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Jan. 5. Fred Crockett, No. 314 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. RECEIVED FROM ENGLAND.

## Raphael's Almanac

OR, The Prophetic Messenger and Weather Guide, FOR 1895.

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

A LARGE HIEROGLYPHIC. By RAPHAEL, the Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century Seventy-Fifth Year, 1895.

Seventy-Fifth Annual Address. Monthly Calendar and Weather Guide. The Voice of the Heavens. Raphael's Every-Day Guide. The Farmer's Breeding Table. Astro-Meteorologic Table. Table of the Moon's Signs in 1895. Symbols, Planets, Moon Signs, etc. Useful Tables, Weights and Measures. Royal Tables, etc. Current Garden Measures; Fish Table. Ready Reck



## SPIRIT Message Department.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

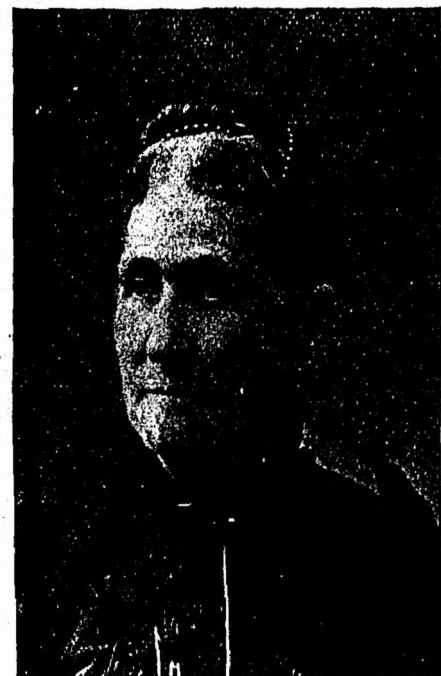
Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department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

### SPIRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of seance held Nov. 16, 1894.

#### Spirit Invocation.

Unto thee, who art the source of all wisdom and power, we uplift our hearts in adoration and praise. The grandeur of thy handiwork appeals to us in the mighty universe of worlds that sweep majestically in their appointed orbits; thy matchless skill is displayed about us everywhere, in singing bird, fragrant flower and stately tree; from the cloud-topped mountain, that uplifts its head to the smiling skies, to the grain of sand upon the sea-shore, we behold thy wondrous design; and thy watchfulness and care over us, thy mortal children, is made apparent daily and hourly. We realize that we do not pursue our earthly careers unaided by thee, our Divine Parent, but that every event of our lives is designed for use in the way of our spiritual, moral and mental advancement. If we but learn to meet it aright. Our cries of distress and despair, our prayers to thee for strength and assistance, never fall on a deaf ear, for thy heart, that God of Love, beats in sympathy with our own in every trial. In thy wisdom thou hast ordained the vicissitudes of earthly existence; in the sunshine of prosperity our lives blossom out in joy and in happiness, but in the storms of adversity we gain that depth and strength of character which we could not otherwise obtain, and thus are fitted to take another step in the pathway of progression.

Be with us during the services of this hour, our Divine Parent. Give power and knowledge to thy returning children to so identify themselves to their earthly friends as to add another link in the chain of evidence of the immortality of the human soul that thou art presenting to thy mortal children. May the words that are uttered here-to-day carry with them an influence from this place that shall be an incentive to higher living by those who shall peruse them. Bless all assembled here this day, in spirit and in mortal; bless thy children everywhere; and unto thy name will be rendered praise and thanksgiving evermore.

JOHN PIERPONT.

### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

#### Robert W. Knight.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. I guess I put a good deal of force on the medium's brain as I took control; but how old do you think they called me when I went out? [I don't know, I am sure. How old were you?] Over ninety, and I prided myself on being about the oldest resident in Portland, Me., but to-day I feel to be about twenty-five.

I was an old shipbuilder, and I am still interested in those who are engaged in that business to-day. There is a law of attraction that brings us back to watch others at our old pursuits.

I well remember when I first became interested in that business, and it paid me pretty well. I remember, too, long back in the past, when I was a little lad, my father asked me, "What kind of business do you intend to follow, Robert?" "I don't know," I replied, "I have not got there yet." But when I was attracted to this work and made up my mind to follow it, I did so with quite a degree of success.

I am pleased at receiving an invitation to speak here to-day. Many years in the past I did make myself known—not through this brain—some other one; I don't know where, I don't know who, but I did. However, that did not satisfy me forever. I've asked quite a number of times if I could speak here, and the answer always came, "Sometime when there is an opportunity," and that has presented itself to-day.

I wish to say to the old neighbors and the few kindred still upon the earth-plane, that I have never had a desire to return here to stay, but I have many times had the desire to come into communication with my friends. I have only done so silently, but they need not think I have had no interest in their welfare, for I have, and wherever I could exert my influence for good, I have been only too glad to do so.

[To the Chairman:] If you will announce me as Robert W. Knight, I shall be very grateful for your kindness.

#### Sarah A. Potter.

The questions have been asked frequently, "Why does not such-and-such an one report at the BANNER OF LIGHT Circle-Room?" "Why do not more come who lived at the South, or in other localities from which we do not hear?" I cannot answer these questions, only in this way: No earnest spirit who possesses the requisite knowledge and power to control the medial organism is denied the privilege of speaking here when there is time, and we denizens of the spirit world who visit these séances understand when we ask the kind Spirit-President, the Rev. John Pierpont, if we may manifest, and he answers, "Not to-day," that he has a good reason for his refusal.

When I have come close to some of my friends I have often thought, "Oh! what a mistake to go through this world as if it were all of life." Yet I do know there are times when they feel that we who have passed on cannot be far away, but they think no further than that.

Ellen, I know of the many changes which have come to you, for when we are upon the earth plane we are cognizant of what is taking place here. I knew also when sickness came to you, and you were ministered to by kind ones in spirit whom you could not behold, although you felt that there must be a power aiding you. How often people here say, "It was God that took care of me." Yes, it is God's power, but it is given through his ministering angels, who attend you and ever seek to guide and guard you from all harm.

I speak to you, Ellen, but my words are intended for the rest also, and they will understand why I speak in this way. I would that you all would seek to learn more of that which concerns your spiritual welfare while you are upon the earth plane, for it will be a great aid to you when you come to dwell with us.

In Memphis, Tenn., a handful of my friends still dwell. Ellen Potter, to whom I have been addressing myself, Mr. Chairman, lives in Opelousas, La. She was there during the Rebellion. I am Sarah A. Potter.

#### Sarah Pote.

Mr. Chairman, I am happy to be able to come to-day.

This message I send to you, Alice, and to mother and George. Mary is here, and increase is with me—your father; he knows the changes that have been made in business, and he says: Be careful what you sign.

Alice, dear child, grandmother has been a true mother to you in every sense of the word, and my prayer is that she may stay with you a long time in the home where you are so happy. Changes have come, it is true, and I have been aware of them all.

I should never have thought, while in my material form, that I would sometime speak here, but I am very glad to do so, and I am aided by those here whose duty it seems to be to give strength and courage to those who seek to return with loving words to the dear ones on earth.

Alice, my dear daughter, "mother" has never forgotten you. When I left you I asked God to take care of you, and He has done so; and when your father came to meet me I asked again that mother might be spared to you long, and she has been, for she is now over eighty, but I still pray to the Father in heaven that she may tarry many years longer. Be kind, be charitable, be gentle; and seek to fulfill your mission well.

When you were in Melrose I was with you daily. Since the change has come, and you have gone further off—into Reading—I have visited you the same. I am glad to feel that we are welcome there as are his own people. There are some who doubt our coming, and even our very existence; but, dear child, learn all you can of things spiritual, for it will aid you much when you pass through the portal termed death.

My name is Sarah Pote. I passed away at East Boston, Mass., many years ago.

#### Jennie Hill.

[To the Chairman:] I would like to speak to you, sir. [You are very welcome.]

I lived in Springfield, Ill. I've been in the Summer-Land a long time. I was only four years old when I went away. I remember a little about living here, but not much. Grandma Hill says I'd be about twelve now. I'm quite a large girl now, but you understand, Mr. Chairman, that when we come on to the earth-plane we take on the feelings we had when we passed away.

My mamma's name is Mary Jane, so I suppose that is why they call me Jennie.

I want to tell my people here that I am attending lectures. My teacher says I am very proficient in my music. I go to school every day. We have only one session, then we take lessons in painting and drawing. My teacher in painting is Mrs. Lottie Blair. She used to live only a little way from Boston—at Rook Bottom. She used to paint, and she used to come to Boston, too.

Oh! I want to tell you one thing more, Mr. Chairman: Mr. John G. Whittier visits our school, and he puts his hand on the children's heads and speaks so kindly to them. The spirit gentleman opposite [Mr. Colby] says I could not have better hands on my head. I did not know Mr. Whittier here.

I want you to say, please, sir, that I'm Jennie Hill.

#### Rosie Fletcher.

What a pleasure it is, Mr. Chairman, to watch the little children as they personate themselves so perfectly. I love children, so happy, mischievous and innocent, and I do not wonder that mortals shed such bitter tears when the little ones are taken out of the household.

I was but a child when I passed on, and dear Grammie, I know you have drunk deeply from the cup of sorrow, at the loss of the physical presence of your loved ones, many times. When Belle went, you felt, as though you could not have it so; but could you see how happy we are in spirit you would not mourn so deeply.

Dear Aunt Ella, learn all you can of the life to come, while you are on earth, and you can easily do so, for you have good medial powers.

I did not think of speaking when I came into this meeting to-day, but Belle urged me so hard, because she wanted me to speak for her also, that I could not well refuse. She sends loving words to John and to her darling child, Walter. She sends warm greetings also to her dear father and mother.

Belle and I are happy together. She saw me before the spirit took its flight. She asked mentally that God would take care of dear Walter, and in a few moments she was gazing upon the sweet faces of those who had come to greet her, among them Brother Walter, who said, "Sister Belle, I warmly greet you." He passed away when a little child, while she grew to womanhood and became a mother ere she went to the Summer-Land.

Dear Grammie, you are not alone, even though it may seem so to your physical senses. In a little while (for a few years will speed swiftly by), grandpa and all the rest of us will meet you when you shall cross the crystal river to our beautiful shore.

I know you often say in your heart, Grammie, "How long it seems, Rosie, since you were taken away." Yes, as you reckon time it is a long while, but every hour is filled with so much activity, so much that interests and engages our earnest attention in the spirit-land, that the time seems short to me.

Father and mother stand beside me, and send warm greetings to you all. They speak of you collectively, because there are too many to mention individually.

Dear Uncle Fred, I know you are anxious to come into communication with Isabelle, and you will do so in a very little while; then wait patiently until the opportunity presents itself. Aunt Mary, you cannot yet be reconciled to

her going, but the time will come when you will grieve less and be comforted with the assurance of a blessed reunion hereafter.

Dear Grammie, Aunt Ella, each one in the family, I send this message to you all. Belle is with you daily, and also visits her home, her father and mother. You look upon the vacant chair, the vacant place at the table, John, but she is with you, and she will care for you and minister to your spiritual wants as she could not were she in the material form. You will say to this, "But I needed her so much here." So she feels, but in God's wisdom she was removed, and he knows what is best.

Be patient all, for the time is fast approaching when the grand reunion shall take place, and we shall eagerly and warmly greet and welcome you to our home above.

I was called Rosie Fletcher, but I was named Rosabelle. I lived in Lowell, Mass., but some of the friends I speak of are in Wellesley.

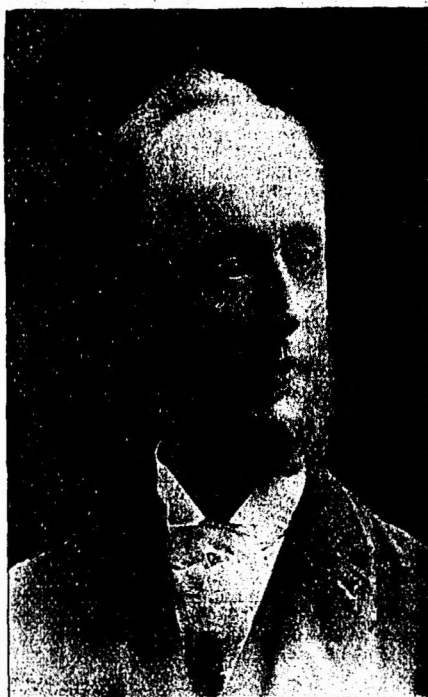
#### Spirit Messages.

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

Nov. 23.—Samuel Hildren; Theodore Gray; George Rausden; Adelaide Wright Tufts; Lizzetta Holt; Henry Revett; Charlotte Worthen.  
Nov. 30.—Mary A. Morse; Margaret A. Norton; Olive Hill; John Bellows; Charles Elms; Ed. S. Wheeler.  
Dec. 9.—Harry L. Telf; Capt. John Lindsey; Alexander S. Telf; Anna Howland; Mattie O'Riley; Clara Wellington.  
Dec. 16.—Nettie J. Wentworth; Mattie S. Grantman; Theresa A. Metcalf; Jonathan Hosmer; Charles Heyward; Mary A. Wheeler; Louise Theobald.  
Dec. 21.—Harry L. Telf; Capt. John Lindsey; Alexander S. Telf; Anna Howland; Mattie O'Riley; Clara Wellington.  
Dec. 28.—Sarah J. King; William H. Brown; Hannah E. Lucas; Theodore Grant; Hannah Constantine; Charles Wass; Hannah M. Bates; John W. Harris; Isa Richardson.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

[On account of the non-arrival in the mail of the expected MS. therefore, we are obliged to omit the usual Answers to Questions this week.—Ed.]

For the Banner of Light.

### The Reception in Spirit-Life of Luther Colby.

Written by "Ouna," through her medium, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond (Water-Lily).

How rejoiced we all were, on the spirit side of life, when we saw that at last the noble chief (Colby) was to be set free. He had suffered so much in his body, and his mind had been so often disturbed of late, that we knew the transition would bring great release.

Little do mortals know (or realize if they know) what it is to be enfranchised from the limitations of time and sense.

We had all watched over and tried to relieve his sufferings—I mean "Tulu" (Mrs. Fannie Conant), Vashiti, Dr. Pike, the Indian "medicine men," Dr. Rush, and all of the Colby-chiefs' "children," (the spirit-messengers whom he had adopted as his own,) when the Willis chief (Fred L. H. Willis, who was with him much during the last days) was trying to help and soothe him.

We knew how he would be missed; but there is always a lessening of the seeming importance of human places, and even duties, under the great stress and urgency of the mighty angel who comes to disenthral.

He alone, of whom this is written, knows his own inner preparation for this yielding up of the strong fortress in earth-life, in which he had fought the battle for truth from the ramparts of his own integrity, strengthened ever by the unseen, yet palpable ones, who loved him because of his devotion to the truth of Spiritualism.

With a strong nature, engaged in a work in earth life that is paramount, and accustomed for two-score years to wield the instrument more mighty than the sword in a cause most sacred, it is not strange if at the gateway of the Change called Beautiful there was a struggle, like that of the meeting and hesitation, of the incoming and outgoing tides, the ebbing and flowing of the life-forces of an impulsive, turbulent, impetuous, child-like, generous, loving and noble heart.

But it came, the Great Supreme, and he was free and aware.

Oh! how I wish you could know—you, dear child, who may be reading this with eyes dimmed with tears of sorrow, blind, earthly, but tender, human sorrow—what this release really is. Happily, perhaps, human beings dread and shrink from for themselves, and mourn when it comes to others, the one Supreme Benefaction of existence; otherwise earth could not retain them.

Now it had come! He wants me here to say that he never for one instant lost consciousness—either of where he was in bodily form, of what was transpiring in the room with the house of clay, or of what was passing in his own experience. Just as he was when the kind friends in earth-form stood around, so he was, as far as consciousness was concerned, when he recognized the added company into which he was admitted by added perception.

That which transpired before us all, and of which he was the most conscious, was truly remarkable: There was an instantaneous sloughing off of every pain, care, vexation, weakness, trouble; I never saw a spirit that had suffered so much from these afflictions in the body, so absolutely and instantaneously freed. His spirit sprang into his new existence as an acrobat might leap from a prison of paper, or a giant, aroused, might spring from gyves of straw. The vigor, fervor, faith in humanity, hopes of youth, all came forth, illumining and transfiguring him instantly! The exclamation

was like a prayer of thankfulness that escaped from him, although unique for a prayer: "By Jove! I feel as young as I did fifty years ago!" What is thanksgiving but the grateful recognition of blessings?

"Tulu" was first to meet him in special recognition; then one by one he perceived his friends and guides, according to their spiritual nearness. We wreathed for him those priceless flowers from our home, of which he had fashioned such an abundance: flowers of the kind deeds; acts of benevolence unseen of mortals; true generosity in loving and giving. Ah! how his spirit humbly and as a child received this tender ministrations. Through whatever scenes with friends of childhood days, guided by mother love and paternal joy; through whatever reunion of sacred friendships, unsullied, undimmed by time; through the meeting and mingling with those who were his own, we may not follow: Spirits who in outward life have been as true and unswerving as was he to his convictions, find their own without any intervening shadow.

But he had his way about flowers and groves, shady walks and murmuring streams, reproductions of the familiar scenes loved on earth; scenes where he had been wont to take refuge from arduous labor, beside the sounding sea and along the rugged shores of rock-cliffed New England. He had his way; for we perceived him in our pearly canoe—propelled by white swans, heralded by white doves, with flower garlands to guide the winged, fairylike steeds; amid soft musical numbers and chantings of numberless spirits who rejoiced in his release from earth; above, around, shone the light of the wondrous realm, pulsing in welcoming waves of joy, while far beneath (not in space but condition) rolled away the vanishing shadows of earth-pain and care. Yet ever from scenes of beauty and visible forms of loveliness he would turn to us—to the spirits of the forms he saw, and say ("in thought more palpable than speech"): "These are my messengers, my spirit children, and all these [thinking of those whom he had met] are my friends."

Those who have aided him in spreading the gospel of Spiritualism, who have watched and guarded the unfurling of THE BANNER from week to week; those who have prompted, led, checked him (when needed) during those years of service for truth, have no need to make room or place for him in their counsels. HE IS ONE OF THEM!

### Spiritual Phenomena.

#### Materialized According to Promise.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The writer would ask space to inform your readers of a remarkable occurrence that took place in our materializing séances in Somersworth, N. H., under the mediumship of Henry A. Cobb, a citizen of this place, and known from boyhood by nearly all the circle, and personally known to all to be above trickery and imposture.

The manifestations came under the direct observation of the writer, and were as follows: About two months ago Mr. William H. Rich, than whom no more honest man exists, at a Sunday evening séance was called to the cabinet by Lucille Western, one of Mr. Cobb's cabinet controls, and was told by her that when he went to New York (and it was generally known that he was going some time that week) if he would go to 345 West Thirty-Fourth street he would find a medium by the name of Effie A. Moss, and if he would attend one of her séances she would materialize and sing to him.

Mr. Rich announced to the circle what had been said, and the name and address of the medium were taken down by the writer; the name of this medium and her location were entirely new to every one in the circle, including the medium, Mr. Cobb.

On Friday morning following Mr. Rich called at my office to say that he was about to take the train for New York, and that he should go to the address mentioned above, and if he found things all right and Miss Western came he would ask her to come back to our circle and inform us of the fact before he should arrive, adding that from the nature of his business we need not expect to hear anything until the Tuesday séance following, at least.

He went to New York, arriving there in the forenoon, and failing to do any business that day, started early in the afternoon for 345 West Thirty-Fourth street.

Arriving there, he inquired for Mrs. Moss, and was delighted to discover there was a medium there by that name. He was invited into the house, and found that a séance was then about to be held. He obtained permission to remain, and with fifteen others patiently waited to see what would be the result.

Several materializations occurred, and everything was going on as usual, when "Lillie," the little cabinet control, was heard to say from within the cabinet, "This is so funny," repeating the exclamation. On being asked by some one of the sitters what was "so funny," she said: "There is a spirit materializing in here who says, 'I promised to come, and I am here,'" and Lillie asked the sitters if any one, there could tell what was meant.

Several answered that they could not, but Mr. Rich, who is a very secretive man, though he thought he understood, said nothing, and awaited further developments. No one in the room ever saw him before—ever heard his name or where he came from.

Pretty soon the well known voice of Miss Western was heard within the cabinet, singing "Then You'll Remember Me," rendering it beautifully. After the song was ended, she came out and called for Mr. Rich, of whom she asked when he came to the cabinet if she had not redeemed her promise; and upon being assured by him that she had done so in a most satisfactory manner, she led him into the middle of the room and introduced him to the circle, telling them he was a friend of hers who lived more than three hundred miles from there, and whom she had promised if he would come there she would materialize for and sing to him; she then asked the sitters to bear witness that she had kept her promise. Then she took Mr. Rich back to the cabinet, and he asked her to come back to our circle on Sunday evening following and announce the fact that she had fulfilled her agreement with him.

At our Sunday evening séance here in Somersworth, at about 8 o'clock, Miss Western materialized, called me to the cabinet, and said to me that she had met Mr. Rich at the place named, in a séance of the medium named, and had sung to him as she had promised to do, and requested me to so announce to the circle, which I did before taking my seat. No one in the meantime had heard a word from Mr. Rich since he left our city.

On the same Sunday evening he was again at the circle of Mrs. Moss, and at about 9:30 o'clock Miss Western materialized, and calling him to the cabinet said to him that she had been to Somersworth that night, and had notified our circle of what she had done, and that he would hear from it when he got home, which he most assuredly did.

If we put any dependence in moral evidence, or have any faith left in human honesty, what conclusion can we draw from the above, other than that the angel-world is constantly and persistently trying to impress upon mortals the living truth that "death is but an event in life," and "that death does not end all," and further, that our loved ones are not lost, but may and do return to us?

WM. S. PIERCE, Pres. of Spiritualist Society, Somersworth, N. H.

### Spirit Concert by the Hutchinsons.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Last evening, the relatives of Mrs. Abby Hutchinson Patton and the Hutchinson Family of singers residing in Orange, four in number, together with two ladies from outside the family, met at the request of "Aunt Abby," to attend a concert which the family were announced to give in spirit land on Christmas Eve. She thought some of us would be able to hear the singing.

We gathered around a small table. Abby came through her niece Marion and wrote, "Turn down the gas and have Ludlow sing 'The Farmer's Daughter,' so as to collect the forces."

Ludlow Patton, Abby's former husband, then sang "The Farmer's Daughter," a song composed by Abby's brother Judson, accompanying himself on his banjo. While singing Mr. Patton felt himself touched gently on his shoulders and sides several times by the spirits. On the last verse Abby and her brothers joined in the singing. Their voices were faintly heard by most of those present.

Abby then requested her great-grandniece Helen, seven years old, to recite a piece. She complied by reciting "The Owl and the Pussy Cat." This was encored by both spirits and ourselves. In response to the encore Helen recited Mrs. Fanny Gage's "Perplexed Housekeeper," to the delight of spirits and mortals.

Abby next asked us to listen and hear the Hutchinson Family sing "The Old Granite State." In this song the family gave some account of themselves when in earth-life. The quartet was distinctly heard, as also the applause of the spirits which followed the singing. The table was rapped upon loudly by the spirits in imitation of applause, and we mortals clapped our hands most vigorously to show our appreciation of the effort the Hutchinsons made to give us some Christmas cheer. The family awakened in their spirit auditors a glow of enthusiasm much like that of their earth-experiences.

The next request from Abby was to have her former husband, Mr. Ludlow Patton, sing "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," which he did, accompanied by Marion, his present wife, on the piano. The Hutchinson family were distinctly heard to join in singing the chorus to the three verses of the song.

The Egyptian spirit, Vanchi, the control of the late Mrs. T. F. Dean, of Onset, then made herself manifest. Mr. Patton felt a weight on his right shoulder. Vanchi said she was sitting there, and had spoken into his ear the word "bravissimo," as her recognition of his fine rendering of the song he had just sung.

Abby informed us that there was a large gathering of spirits to hear her brothers and herself sing. They wanted to hear some of the old songs that they were accustomed to hear the family sing when in earth life. In response to many requests, she said that she would now sing the first part of Tenyson's "May Queen," and if we would listen she thought some of us could hear her. Then followed the rendering of that famous song in Abby's most buoyant and bewitching style. Her intonation was perfect. The effect on us mortals was very exciting. When she finished the song a well-merited measure of approbation was awarded to her by her spirit hearers. If Tenyson had been present (perhaps he was) he could not have longed for a truer embodiment of his own "Queen of May" than then stood warbling forth in strains so musical a poetry which is beauty and music in their most glowing forms.

Those of us who were clairvoyantly able to see Abby, reported her as appearing as she was when at her best in earth-life.

Abby declined to sing another solo, as she wanted her brother Judson to sing his song of "Calomel," which he composed long years ago. He then sang the said song, to the delight of both audiences, spiritual and earthly. His enunciation was clear and distinct, and his violin spoke the word "calo-mel" just as it used to do in years gone by, when singing the song to his earthly audiences. Anybody who ever heard Judson sing the song was more delighted to hear it than to take the drug. I would much rather hear him bring out in his quaintest tones that "calo-mel," than to give it to others to take.

Marion then went to the piano, and her Aunt Abby played through her an original piece, which she named "Silver Bells." It was sweet, new and bell like, and Abby promised to enlarge and improve it for a future occasion.

The Hutchinsons then sang a closing piece, bidding good by for the present to brothers and sisters in both spheres of life. They gave thanks for the kind reception given them, and announced another concert for Thursday evening, Dec. 27, 1894.

It has been generally believed that this world would never hear again the Hutchinson Family in song, as all but one had passed into spirit-life. Last night's experience shows that they still live, and, under favorable conditions, can be heard again somewhat as of yore.

The singing of last night brings to mind the beautiful verses of the celebrated Quaker and spiritual poetess, Mrs. Mary Howitt, concerning the Hutchinsons. I recall only a few of the lines:

"Band of young apostles;  
Such to me ye seem;  
As I list your singing,  
In a rapturous dream;  
Taint of earth I see not  
In your clear eyes shine;  
You to me resemble  
Nature's all divine;  
Pure, seraphic creatures,  
From some higher sphere,  
Who, but for love and pity  
Never had been here,  
Who, but for human fellowship,  
Had never shed a tear."

Orange, N. J., Dec. 25, 1894. N. W.

Dandruff is due to an enfeebled state of the skin. Hall's Hair Renewer quickens the nutritive functions of the skin, healing and preventing the formation of dandruff.

#### Convention in Vermont.

The twenty-sixth Annual Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association will be held at Essex Junction, Vermont, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 11, 12 and 13, 1895.

The Convention opens at 2 o'clock P. M. Friday in the Folsom House Hall.

In addition to the State speakers, the managers have engaged E. A. Wiggin of Salem, Mass., the well-known lecturer and test medium.

Good music will be furnished under the direction of Miss Angie Truax.

Board at the Folsom House \$1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents.

One session will be devoted to the Equal Rights Association. There will be test séances and entertainment evenings, with a small door fee.

Essex Junction is a central point, and this is the Annual Convention, and officers are to be elected for the ensuing year. Let there be a good attendance.

The Central Vermont Railroad will sell tickets for fare one way from the following stations: Bellows Falls, Ludlow, Rutland, Mount Holly, Brandon, Middlebury, New Haven, Windsor, White River Junction, West Randolph, East Granville, Rotorbury, Northfield, Barre. Tickets will also be on sale at the following stations at 2 cents per mile: Swanton Junction, St. Albans, East Georgia, Georgia, Charlotte, Bolton, Waterbury, Middlebury, Montpelier, Cambridge Junction, Jeffersonville, Cambridge Junction.

A cordial invitation is extended to all those having dues, please remit to the Treasurer, J. A. Crockett, Waterbury, Vermont.

By order of the Board of Managers. JAMES CROCKETT, Sec'y.



as never-failing amusement and recreation for all classes, while for the scholar it invites the most careful research and investigation—apparently forming the known, the material with the Immaterial. Size of Board, 12x18 inches.

On the laps of two persons, lady and gentleman preferred, with the small child, fully but firmly, without pressure, upon the table so as to move easily and steadily will commence to move, at first slowly, then faster, and will then be able to rapidly by touching the printed words or letters necessary to form words

by COLBY & RICH.

# **MAGAZINE** **\$1.** **New York Advertisements**

**John Wm. Fletcher,**  
CLAIRVOYANT PSYCHIC, 108 W. 43d Street, New York, C. U. S. A. Hours 10 to 4 daily. Public Séance Thursdays, 7 P. M. Lecture and Psychological tests, Sunday, 8 P. M. Endorsements by Florence Maryatt, Alfred Russel Wallace, and the Spiritist Press.

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Business Medium, Clairvoyant Medical Diagnosis and  
Tennis \$2.50. Sunday Séances 8 o'clock. Will go out for  
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 cles, Tuesday and Thursday evening 30 30 West 59th St.  
 Dec. 22.

**LIFE OF MOLLIE FRANCHER. Cloth, \$1.50**  
 I send for it. HOWARD TOWER, 57 5th Av., New York  
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**DR. F. L. H. WILLIAMS**  
May be Addressed until further notice.  
No. 243 Alexander Street, Rochester, N. Y.

**Dr. WILLIS** may be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the diagnosing of disease psychometrically. He claims that his powers in this line are *unrivaled* and combining, as he does, accurate scientific knowledge with keen and searching psychometric power.

Dr. Willis claims special skill in treating all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Cancers, Scrofula in all forms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all the most delicate

Dr. Willis is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when all other means have failed. All letters must contain a return postage stamp.

*Send for Circulars, with References and Terms.*  
Jan. 6.

# How to Get Well

Magazine, the  
to the interest of  
and Nationalism.  
JES A. B. 188, 1904

**BY T. A. BLAND, M.D.,**  
*President of the Eclectic Medical Society of  
District of Columbia.*

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**ESAU;**  
A Political Novel of Purpose and Power  
BY T. A. BLAND, M.D.

This is a war story, a love story, and an *exposé* of political crimes of the war period.

SOME OPINIONS OF IT.

"It is a powerful story, with a noble purpose."—*The Atlantic*.

"I read it with thrilling interest. The fate of Esau to stir the blood of every American patriot."—*Wap. Jo.*

"It is a most thrilling story of war, love and tragedy in a new line, and will fill a new channel of thought writing it you have served well your country."—Hon. Davis, M. C.

"It is entitled to a place in the front rank of reformation."—Hon. O. M. Kern, M. C.

# Rock.

"It strikes the wall square on the head. The people waking up to the oppression and injustice to which they have been subjected. The story of 'Esau' will help them to see both the cause and the remedy."—*Senator Kyle.*

"Dr. Bland's book, 'Esau,' is a story which tugs at heart-strings from beginning to end. I wish every work in America might read it."—*Antie L. Duggs.*

"It gives, in a clear and bold way, the history of the

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*Universalists*. The story

**Hypnotism:**  
**Its Facts, Theories and Related Phenomena**  
 With Explanatory Anecdotes, Descriptions

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Dénhed; Hypnotic Clairvoyance; Crystal Visions; Magic and Od; Hypnotism and Animals; Hypnotic Miscellaneous; Natural Somnambulism; or Sleep-Walking; Introduction to Hypnotism into Chicago; Public Press Comments.  
 Octavo, cloth, pp. 304. Price \$2.00; postage 13 cents.  
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cents; paper, 40 cents.

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**H. H.**

The Poems contained in this volume are indeed  
Whisperings, and are calculated to elevate the thought  
bring sunshine into the hearts of its readers.

**FORMING**  
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**BRITISH.**

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Price 25 cents.  
For Sale by RICH.

**Hymn.**  
FANNIE A. HAVEN.



BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1896.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

**Boston Spiritual Temple, 101 Washington Street.**—Sunday, Jan. 5, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Meetings for the purpose of spiritual development. Dr. H. B. Storer, President, 64 Shawmut Avenue.

**First Spiritualist Temple, Exeter and Newbury Streets.**—Sunday, Jan. 5, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Meetings for the purpose of spiritual development. Dr. H. B. Storer, President, 64 Shawmut Avenue.

**Children's Progressive Lyceum.**—Sunday, Jan. 5, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Meetings for the purpose of spiritual development. Dr. H. B. Storer, President, 64 Shawmut Avenue.

**Madame Hall, 616 Washington Street.**—Sunday, Jan. 5, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Meetings for the purpose of spiritual development. Dr. H. B. Storer, President, 64 Shawmut Avenue.

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MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

**Katharine Hall, 44 West 14th Street.**—Sunday, Jan. 5, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Meetings for the purpose of spiritual development. Dr. H. B. Storer, President, 64 Shawmut Avenue.

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MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

**Lynn.**—**"Sagamore"** writes: J. Frank Baxter continued and concluded his recent engagement with the First Spiritualist Association on Sunday last, Dec. 30, with two timely and valuable lectures. It being the closing Sunday of the year, and so near to New Year's day, he discoursed in the afternoon upon "Wishes and Resolutions, and How to Actualize Them," and in the evening upon "Spiritualism's Great Gift to Humanity." They were intensely interesting lectures, offering entirely new trains of thought, and were thoroughly appreciated by the audience present, the evening assembly being very large, and brought out many of Lynn's able men and thinkers.

Members of the Hutchinson Family of singing fame were there, and the venerable John Hutchinson sang and congratulated Mr. Baxter warmly. The séance of one hour which Mr. Baxter held after his lecture was one of the most successful of his career, and was not only absorbing, but effective in results, many absolute tests being given, and recognition and acknowledgment from friends and relations present being freely tendered.

Fortunate are those societies who have secured or can obtain Mr. Baxter's services of song, lecture and mediumship, and the First Association of Lynn feels pleased to say that in March, 1895, Mr. Baxter will occupy its desk again, including at that time the great anniversary occasion.

In February Mr. Baxter will gratuitously assist the exchequer of the Association by giving one of his versatile and unique entertainments of recitations and songs.

On Wednesday P. M., Dec. 26, the Ladies' Aid, an auxiliary society, gave a supper which was largely attended, and in the evening offered a fine entertainment, concluding with Kris Kringle and his tree.

The members of the Lynn Lyceum were present, and many took part. Mr. Baxter received the assistance with his very Christmas songs. The tree afforded a gift for all, and to not a few many presents were given.

Mrs. M. C. Chase, the President, was bountifully remembered by appreciative members, and Mr. Baxter was not overlooked. It was a very joyous occasion, and one long to be recalled with pleasure.

**Providence Hall, 21 Market Street, Sunday, Dec. 30.** T. H. B. James writes, under the auspices of the Spiritualists of Lynn, Joseph D. Stiles was the speaker and medium. T. H. B. James presided. Prof. E. F. Peirce led the singing, and Mrs. Melissa K. Hamill presided at the organ.

At 2:30 Mr. Stiles gave an invocation, grand original poem, and a masterly lecture on "The Philosophy of Natural Life in Material and Spiritual Spheres," followed by fifty names and messages from spirit friends.

Mr. John W. Hutchinson gave well chosen remarks on the duty of man to man.

In the evening Mr. Stiles gave an invocation, poem on "The Philosophy of Natural Life in Material and Spiritual Spheres," followed by fifty names and messages from spirit friends.

Next Sunday, Jan. 6, Dr. George A. Fuller of Worcester will be our lecturer and medium.

**Mugford Hall, Marlborough, Thursday evening, Dec. 26.** A good audience. John S. Burton presided. Joseph D. Stiles was the speaker and medium, and gave 25 names and communications. Dr. Wm. Franks gave remarks.

Next Thursday evening F. A. Wiggins will lecture and give tests.

**Salem.**—Mrs. G. R. Knowles, Sec'y, writes: Sunday, Dec. 30, Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant of Boston, a fine psychometrist, gave some exceptionally fine readings and tests, afternoon and evening. Strangers in the audience received good proof of spirit-return, and of a life beyond the grave. We consider Mrs. Conant one of the best psychometrists readers that it has been our pleasure to have with us.

The singing by Miss Bailey, Mr. LeGrand, Mr. Kenney and Mr. Penhall was fine as usual.

Last Friday evening, Dec. 28, the Lyceum children had an entertainment, and Christmas presents were distributed from a wigwag by an Indian Princess, impersonated by Mrs. Annie Webb of the Lyceum.

Next Sunday, Jan. 6, Dr. George A. Fuller of Worcester will be our lecturer and medium.

**Marlboro.**—"Correspondent" writes: The new "Ladies' Progressive Union" opens its lecture season with the New Year, with Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes as speaker, on Jan. 6, afternoon and evening, at Mechanics Hall, corner of Lincoln and Mechanic streets.

It is hoped the zeal of its members and all interested in spiritual progression will overcome all opposing elements in the weather, and financial support be given if attendance is unavoidably prevented.

**Worcester.**—Mrs. D. M. Lowe, Cor. Sec'y, writes: Prof. W. F. Peck closed his engagement with the Worcester Association of Spiritualists Dec. 30. His discourses are always replete with spiritual thought and instruction, and he always finds a warm welcome with our people.

The Woman's Auxiliary will meet on Friday afternoon, Jan. 4, with Miss Lizzie Adams, 64 Hanover street. All are cordially invited.

**Springfield.**—T. M. Holcombe writes: Mr. Theodore F. Price of New York City is now ministering to our needs, and by his eloquent and instructive lectures, supplemented by character-readings and tests, is doing a noble work. He will remain with us during the month of January.

[The remainder of this letter will be used next week.—Ed.]

**Malden.**—S. E. W., Secretary, writes: At Odd Fellows Hall, Sunday evening, Dec. 30, Miss Abby A. Judson spoke to a large and interested audience. Her lecture, on "The Real Nature of Spiritualism," was an instructive lesson to all.

Next Sunday, Jan. 6, Rev. S. L. Beal of Brockton will lecture.

**Haverhill and Bradford.**—E. P. H. states that last Sunday Dr. C. H. Harding gave two interesting discourses, followed by conclusive illustrations of mediumship in psychometry, before the Spiritual Union, which were attended by large audiences.—Next Sunday Mrs. C. F. Loring of Braintree will occupy the platform.

**Fitchburg.**—E. O. P., Secretary, writes: Mrs. M. C. Chase of Lynn was our speaker for Sunday, Dec. 30, her subjects being, "The Complexity of Human Endeavor, and the Mission of Spiritualism and the Duties of Spiritualists"—which were well handled. She also gave tests, and read two original poems of high merit.

**Lovell.**—E. Pickup, Sec'y, writes: Dec. 30, Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly of Newburyport addressed good audiences here. In the afternoon his subject was "Spiritualism as a Conservator of the Good of the Ages." In the evening he answered six questions sent up by the audience. After the lecture Mr. Edgerly gave a number of psychometric readings, which were all recognized.

**Stoughton.**—A correspondent writes: Sunday, Dec. 23, Nettie Holt-Harding of East Somerville occupied the platform in a satisfactory manner.

Sunday, Dec. 30, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles of Boston spoke for our Society afternoon and evening.

Lawrence.—Dr. C. A. Stevens writes: Mrs. Effie I. Webster of Lynn was with us Sunday, Dec. 30. Her tests were excellent and greatly appreciated.

Mr. L. L. Whitlock of Boston will speak Sunday, Jan. 6.

Brockton.—L. E. Stone writes: The people of Brockton had a genuine treat yesterday (Dec. 30). Dr. Arthur Hodges and F. Fox Jencken occupied the platform in the evening at Ladies' Aid Hall. The society was certainly fortunate in securing their services.

Always

pure, wholesome, sure, full weight, the same in quality, reasonable in price, a favorite where once tried.

Cleveland's Baking Powder

The best that money can buy.

Cleveland Baking Powder Co., 81 Fulton St., New York.

CONNECTICUT.

**Meriden.**—E. E. W., Sec'y—in the course of a letter which we shall print next week—states that the Psychical and Liberal Association there for the past two Sundays has been enjoying the ministrations of F. A. Wiggins, of Salem, Mass. Next Sunday J. Frank Baxter will be the speaker.

**Norwich.**—Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Secretary, writes: Sundays, Dec. 23 and 30, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring of East Braintree, Mass., spoke before the Spiritual Union, giving two very excellent addresses each Sunday—supplementing each address with spirit-messages and delineations.

Mrs. Loring presents both philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism in a convincing manner. A marked feature of her mediumistic powers was the description of beautiful spirit-pictures which were presented to her clairvoyant vision. She gave also recognized tests. Some of the old workers and one of the founders of the Norwich Spiritual Union came in spirit to give words of comfort and good cheer.

The first two Sundays in January Mrs. R. S. Little will occupy our platform. [The account of the Lyceum's Christmas will appear next week.—Ed.]

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stops the nauseous discharges of catarrh, and cures the complaint.

MINARD'S

King of Pain. LINIMENT

RELIEVES Sore Feet, Stiff Joints, AND PAINS IN Back, Chest, and Sides.

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THE GREAT Remedy for all Aches and Pains. IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, IN LARGE BOTTLES AT THE POPULAR PRICE OF 25 CENTS.

It is the King of PAIN. MINARD'S LINIMENT MFG CO. BOSTON, MASS.

Banner of Light

BINDER.

The Boston Binder

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

Only 35 Cents.

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

MEETINGS IN CHICAGO.

**First Society of Spiritual Unity** meets at Union Post Hall, 33 South Dearborn street, every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Speakers, Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, permanent speaker, E. N. Pickering, President.

**First Society of Spiritualists** meets at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard, corner Ogden Avenue, Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Speaker, Mrs. Cora L. Richmond.

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The First Association of Spiritualists (founded 1820) met at First Association, 1000 Locust street, Phila., Jan. 5, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Speakers, J. C. Steinmetz, Vice-President, E. C. Cadwallader, Secretary, Frank H. Morrill. Services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Lyceum at 7 P. M.

Spiritual Conference Association meets at the northeast corner of 8th and Spring Garden streets every Sunday at 7 P. M. S. Wheeler, President, 475 8th street.

**MEETINGS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.** First Society, Metacott Hall, 15th Street, between E and F. Every Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. M. O. Edson, Pres.

Second Society, "Progressive Spiritual Church," meets every Sunday, 7 P. M., at the Temple, 615 G Street, N. W., opposite Pension Office. Mrs. J. D. Compton, Pres.

what had been done in different States, and what would probably be attempted this winter in Massachusetts, to increase the power of the "regular" medical fraternity.

Mrs. Dr. F. Miller suggested the formation of small societies to work against legislation for medical monopoly.

Dr. Scott answered questions, and spoke of "Old School" amendment already threatened in Massachusetts.

Dr. Coombs gave astrological and psychometric readings; others at the evening session discussed the question and gave tests of spirit power.

Miss Edith Marble sang two solos. She has a remarkable voice, full, powerful and sympathetic; her execution is excellent.

These meetings are held at Abbottsford Hall, Waverly House, Charlestown, Sundays at 11 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

**Hollis Hall, 789 Washington Street.**—A special correspondent writes: Dr. Frank Brown presided at all the meetings. The test and developing circle in the morning was very interesting. Mr. Emerson and Mrs. Nutter gave some convincing tests; Mary F. Lovering presided at the organ.

In the afternoon and evening, after opening songs, Miss Vaughan read the scripture lessons, and Dr. Brown offered the opening prayers. The tests and impersonations were of quite an unusual character, and greatly interested several skeptically-inclined people. Mrs. Nutter, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Woodbury and Mr. Hardy gave very good tests. The singing of Mrs. Alice Wilkins was very good; her phenomenal powers as a musician and also a test medium are quite extraordinary. Mrs. Wilkins will be with us one more Sunday.

The Tuesday and Saturday afternoon meetings, held at 3 o'clock, have been steadily increasing in interest. Mrs. Carrie Bishop has presided at these in the absence of the President; good mediums and healers are always present. Saturday is especially devoted to healing.

**Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street.**—E. H. Tuttle writes: Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 26, there were remarks, tests and readings by Mrs. B. Robertson, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. F. Stratton, Dr. C. E. Huot, G. B. Emerson, E. H. Tuttle, and others; poem, Mrs. E. A. Chase.

Sunday, Dec. 30, the morning developing and healing circle was a success. In afternoon and evening there were song, by Mrs. N. Carlton; remarks, tests and readings, by Mrs. J. E. Davis, Mrs. J. E. Woods, Mrs. L. M. Field, Mrs. M. Knowles, Dr. J. T. Coombs, E. H. Tuttle; songs, Little Eddie; remarks, etc., by Dr. Leighton, Mrs. B. Robertson, Mrs. F. Stratton, Mrs. E. B. Downing, Mrs. E. Taylor, Mrs. C. H. Clarke; mental questions were answered by Mr. Tuttle.

A testimonial will be tendered Mrs. C. H. Clarke in this hall Monday evening, Jan. 7, entertainment to consist of speaking, readings, recitations, musical selections, etc.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT for sale each session. We wish to thank the publishers of this excellent paper for the favors extended the past year, hoping that the New Year may prove a happy and successful one to all.

**Elysian Hall, 820 Washington Street.**—W. L. Lath